Her Perspective:

Gaia speaks about her true story

By Alloya
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Dedication

To the Goddess Lilith, the wrongly accused
Acknowledgements

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I would also like to thank my friend, Kirael, who so patiently drove me on the road trip during which I first began my communication with the Goddess.
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I was staying with my friend, Kirael, in Arizona, USA. I had been there for two weeks running seminars and doing healing sessions. When this was complete, I was asked if I wanted to travel with her and another friend to Arkansas. They were going to drive in their pick-up truck to a crystal dig. They hoped to dig for crystals. Of course, I was very happy to join them. On the night before the trip, I had stayed at Kirael’s house, sitting in her front room whilst she packed and organised for the trip.

Feeling a little bored with nothing to do, I decided to meditate. I closed my eyes, taking several deep breaths, and went into an altered state. This meditative state I was used to, but what came into my mind’s eye was new to me. I saw, in vivid detail, what looked like the planet Earth as a female goddess. Her skin was blue and green. I could see the landscapes of the world map covering her body. She was beautiful; her eyes warmed me in a way I had never felt before.

“I am the Goddess,” she said.

I could feel my kundalini energy stirring and, as it did, I moved more deeply into an
altered state. I felt detached from the three-dimensional reality; I felt like I was moving back in time.

“\textquote{I want to tell you my story,}” she said.

The Goddess began to tell me her story. First, it came in words – a soothing, motherly voice full of love and warmth. I tried to write it down, there and then, but I could not keep up. It was hard to write it down and be in the altered state at the same time. I paused after what must have been about an hour to look at my notes, only to find they made no sense. I began to feel overwhelmed. How, on earth, was I going to write this?

In my mind’s eye, she began to show me pictures to go with her words. She showed me standing with pieces of paper floating all around me in a spiral.

She said, “\textquote{Do not worry. This story you already know; it is coded into the cells of your living body. When you come to write my story, all of this will come flooding back.}”

For the next hours, she told me her story in words, pictures, and very intense feelings, feelings that seemed to come from my bones. Once Kirael was packed, we all jumped into the pick-up truck and began our long journey to Arkansas. As the journey went on, I moved so deep into the void to
communicate with the Goddess, I could not hold onto reality. I managed to explain to Kirael what was going on and that I was finding it difficult to speak, eat, or drink. She did not mind and was very supportive and understanding.

For the next hours, the Goddess told me her story. Not only did she tell me it within my own mind, she also used the landscape and even the billboards to convey her message. She told me she was in the landscape. As we turned the corner, I was amazed to see what looked like a naked woman lying in the land. The curves of the soft hills made the curves of her body; trees represented her hair, and there was even a small copse of trees for her pubic hair. I cried; it is one of the most beautiful things I have ever seen. As I moved deeper and deeper, even shop names, street names, billboards and signs all seemed to have a message and confirmed or enhanced her story. I was reading the landscape, she said.

As we came to Arkansas, I noticed the name of the place where the crystal dig was. It was called “Story.” I thought this was so funny, I had to stop myself from laughing out loud. I did not want Kirael to think I had lost it; she had been so understanding and
patient with me. I had not spoken much along the trip, eating nothing, barely able to drink.

We got to the crystal dig and set up camp. We, then, went to sign in so we could begin our dig. I could not go anywhere near the opening to the mine. I shook uncontrollably. The crystals were too strong for me. The owner told me many people travel from far and wide to come to dig, only to get here and find they are unable to because of their reaction to the crystals.

So I left Kirael and her friend to dig, and I went deep into the forest, and that is when I lost all connection to the normal third-dimensional world. I communicated with the forest; I became the forest, watching a film that ran constantly in my mind.

I was taken back to the beginnings of time, and Gaia was telling me her true story. Kirael was busy, and I was left alone for hours on end. My only companion was a local dog who seemed to arrive from nowhere just to see me. He would come and see if I was okay, stay for a half-hour, lying on my feet, and then he would get up and run off, only to repeat the same thing all over again an hour later.

The Goddess told me he was not only making sure I was physically okay, but he
was also grounding me as he knew I was close to flying off into another reality, and she wanted me to stay sane if I was to write her story.

On what I think was the third day, I suddenly came back to Earth with a bump. I was hungry, thirsty, very disorientated and feeling rather unsafe. I explained to Kirael how I felt, and it was decided it would be better for me if I travelled back to another friend’s house in Phoenix by Greyhound bus. She took me to the station, saw me onto the bus, and wished me well. I settled down and closed my eyes and slept. I do not know how many hours I slept, but when I awoke, a man sitting opposite me said, “Oh, you are alive. We thought you were dead. You have slept the whole trip. You have not got up to even go to the bathroom in hours.” I just smiled at him, still unable to really speak out loud.

Once I was grounded back into this reality, I thought that would be it. I had only scraps of paper as notes which made no sense. The experience and the information were beginning to fade. I sighed; I felt like I had failed the Goddess. I enjoyed the rest of my visit and returned to Cornwall in England. One month later, I sat in meditation. All of a sudden, the Goddess was there.
“You can write my story now,” she said.
I went to my computer and opened a document and titled it, “Her Perspective.” The words just began to flow. She showed me pictures to reinforce the story and guided me to put key words in search engines to find information on the myths and legends she referred to.

It was amazing – this new way of finding information on the Internet. She would tell me one word; sometimes, I had no understanding of the word or could not see how it had anything to do with the story. However, if I put the word into the search engine and then clicked on the first link that appeared on the page, it would surprise me beyond belief. It would instantly take me to myths from ancient peoples and ancient texts. This way of finding information has stayed with me ever since, like some form of divination.

I sat for hours, day and night, not able to really sleep for long because of the excitement of writing more of the story. I moved through the story in much the same way as I had done on the road trip but, this time, I was a little more grounded and able to eat and drink. Once the story was complete, I felt drained and slept for almost
24 hours before waking to re-enter my mundane life, once more.

I do hope it brings the reader as much enjoyment as it did for me while writing it.

All my love,
Alloya
Part One
First Contact

I had heard people talk about the Goddess but, to be quite honest, I had turned my back on her because I thought she was a myth and worshipped only by sad fat women in long dresses.

Whenever I came across her energy, I was met with weird Pagan rites and strange old hippies trying to dramatise their lives with such things. Until the day on Trencom Hill, for me, she was just a story.

The rain was beating down. It was hard to see any of the landscape below as it was shrouded in mist. I sat upon a rock, perched upon the top of the hill. There were many women there, some visiting from Germany. They were attending a seminar during which they visited all the sacred sites of the southwest of Cornwall, England.

I was tired, wet and cold. We had been dragging ourselves around the countryside with the rain beating down all day long, and I was struggling to find any enthusiasm.

“Close your eyes,” said the leader. “Feel the energy of the place.”
This was the last thing I heard her say. I was no longer in the rain, yet the mist was still thick. Up ahead, I could see tiny balls of light. As they got closer, I saw that they were lanterns – the lanterns of a procession of women moving towards me. They wore white gowns and veils across their faces. I watched with tears streaming down my face as these women slowly became like the mist and went into the Earth. I could see inside of the hillside where there were caves and tunnels.

“These are Priestesses,” I thought.

In that moment, I began to feel a presence, unknown to me, strange. It made my body ache. The emotion was too much to bear as I wept.

“She is leaving,” I heard a voice whisper.

I saw the brides of the Goddess, walking with anguished faces, tears falling from their eyes as they began to fade from sight. Their heads were bowed down in resignation as, somberly, they walked into the Earth. Hidden from view, or perceived only as energy, these female forms were the hidden ones, the hidden women. I could feel the energy within me seeping down my body into the very Earth. For a moment, I thought I would die.
I had little or no understanding of what I had experienced. All I knew was that I had felt a being called the Goddess who was now sleeping inside the planet awaiting her rebirth.

I knew that when she left this world, she had taken the energy of her Priestesses with her. Like water, she had seeped inside every crack in every rock, running further and further down inside the very womb of the Earth. There she slept, holding all female power within her arms, waiting for the day when she could rise like a spring inside of the body of every woman and every man on the planet. I had no more understanding than that.

I pushed the experience away from my mind, but my body would not let me forget. Odd things were happening to me. I felt a strange and strong power in my bones; it made me feel sick and tired. Suddenly, I heard the voice of the seminar leader, and I came to, rain dribbling down my face.

We moved on from the hilltop to the Men–An–Tol, a holy stone – a circle with a hole in the middle. Its name means “stone of the hole,” and there is a lot of folklore attached to it. It was a fertility stone. Women passed through the stone on a full moon to please the Goddess so she would give them a baby.
The women attending the seminar had been divided into groups, and each group was supposed to design its own ritual at each sacred place. I must admit, I was not interested in rituals, so I watched on, but I did not take it seriously. There was much commotion as the women forgot who was supposed to be doing what. One woman poured a glass of red wine onto the stone.

As she did, I felt a sudden pain and blood ran down my legs. I was bleeding heavily. I was embarrassed and shocked. I was not due for my menstruation for two more weeks. My friend kindly whisked me home so I could change my blood-stained clothes.

“What on Earth was that?” I thought. In all the times I had been to these sites, I had not experienced anything more than rain and wind and wanting to go home. How could I experience this? I was not of this Earth. I knew nothing about her and only wanted to live this life and, then, be freed to go home to my planet in the stars. I felt totally isolated from the Earth and the human experience. As a soul, I had been on a very long and adventurous journey through the cosmos and its many levels, only now to find myself in a strange human body on an even stranger planet.
What did I know about being female? What did I know about the Goddess?

I knew nothing about the Goddess or her ancient culture. All I knew was that she had been present a long time ago, and there was little knowledge of her other than in myths and legends of old races of men. Yet, this event stirred something in me, something very deep in my bones. This sparked an inner yearning, a searching for something, but I had no idea what I was searching for. My body knew. I could feel it stirring and hurting from deep inside. I was not used to feeling my body so much as I was very ungrounded. I was not sure I liked it.

Soon, I returned to my normal life and, I must admit, I forgot her again. She must have been still working with me, but I did not notice it as being her. Over the next two years, periodically, I had strange dreams and past-life memories. Many of these memories were accompanied by spontaneous kundalini activations. It felt like these stories, these memories, were coming from my skeleton.

Poems formed, often, in my consciousness. In the silence, I heard a voice, dark and bewitching. As I listened, the eerie voice began to echo through my mind. I saw images of a dark-faced female with
cold piercing eyes and a frightening energy. She was my shadow side – the voice of the dark female.

In lives past, I drew my own blood to honour the Goddess, the dark face of the female.
I re-affirm my commitment to the Goddess, through the Serpent.
I am a Pythonian priestess.
The serpent is rising within me.
I am Ohmarna Rey; I walk the path of the Goddess.
I walk the route of Kali – Ma, Lilith, Hecate and Morgaine.

Where did these words come from? I often found myself saying such things when I was in a trance, walking in the woods near my home. They were, often, accompanied by images like a film, often cloudy and only half seen. Energies and feelings would rise through my body. Some brought pain from my muscles and blood. I began to have past-life memories which were physical and strong. Some would make me vomit.

So I had been here on Earth before! Now, I was really confused. In my entire soul journey during this lifetime, I had never had any past-life memories. Lots of off-planet existences which I could remember very well
but, to be honest, I thought I had never been to Earth before.
  Slowly, I began to piece together a story.
Serpent Priestess

I had been here before, many times. I had memory after memory of being a priestess of one sort or another, worshipping different forms of the Goddess. They were all dark.

My kundalini fired and surged up my spine, bringing both pain and pleasure. With it came memories of strange temples with serpents, both physical and ethereal, and myself dancing and moving like a serpent, entranced and hypnotised. There were strange rituals, sacrifices, often with lots of blood. It was an intense energy that was sexual and sensual. My bottom three centers felt like they were on fire. I felt I was going crazy!

I began to enter a deep and potent trance, and as the colours began to settle, once more, a scene – a tale – began to surface from the depths of the ancient memories within my subconscious mind.

I had been a serpent priestess and had worshipped both Kali and the Goddess Kundalini. Over this period of time, I awoke a force inside of me that was powerful, sexual, and alive. I must admit, there were times when I could not control such a force. The
memories were strong, and I began to write
the stories so I could channel the energy
rather than be consumed by it.

The air in the temple was thick and
pungent; the aroma of incense covered up
the smell of blood and sex. Dark was this
place. The atmosphere was thick with the
vibrations of a presence, entering the nostrils
like a strange smell. In the temple, the
warmth of flaming torches heightened the
already searing heat of the blazing sun.

The passageway was narrow and low. She
moved her body close, it touched the sides,
and they were hot and strangely sticky. Her
head was reeling. She was adept at this,
changing frequency was not so difficult, and
she had done it many times before.

As she entered the temple, she felt the
first initial response that her consciousness
had to the presence that inhabited this place.
She felt a strange numb feeling in the centre
of her forehead – her third eye was
activating. She felt almost drunk, very warm,
and extremely sensual.

She moved through the main entrance
hall. All around her were woven baskets, all
containing snakes. Snakes of all kinds
writhed and slithered across the floor. It was
a dangerous thing to enter the temple
without being at least skilled enough in consciousness to be able to remove any fear you might have of these creatures and allow yourself to fall under the hypnotic trance that these sacred beings induced.

Making her way safely across what appeared as a writhing mass of shiny, smooth bodies, she entered the mouth of the passage that took her deep into the rock, into the pits of the temple. She vomited, a strange reaction that she sometimes had to the snake energy.

They said it was because she held the energy of the snake in her body too long. Without allowing the energy out, it was like holding her breath. The snake energy was a poison if not cleansed completely from the body. Those adept at this form of worship knew full well how dangerous this practice was. But the rewards were great, the intensity of the experience exquisite.

As she made her way along the passage, she could hear a distant bell, high pitched, constantly ringing. The noise was shrill; it felt like parts of her brain were being stimulated.

Her consciousness began to change. She staggered. She must keep it together, but the energy was so strong. She was breathing far too slowly; she was almost passing out.
She steadied herself on the wall. She could feel the energy of the presence permeating the walls of the passageway.

She slithered her body along the wall, rubbing her sweating skin up and down the surface. Becoming highly aroused, she was purring like a cat. She quivered with anticipation. Every hair on her body stood on end, every single sense heightened, aroused from its slumber. Her brown-skinned body was strong and toned like a ballet dancer. She was a dancer, a Snake Dancer.

Over the years of communing with the snake energy, she had begun to change her appearance. She had become slighter and her limbs more elongated. Her eyes were large, and even her pupils were strangely shaped like the slit pupil of a snake’s eye. Her hair was black and long, down to her waist, tied in masses of tiny braids. A silver thread was woven into the braids to represent the snake that wove its way through her life.

She was a devotee to Kundalini; she was a Pythonian Priestess. She was naked except a silver and gold chain that tied around her ankles, wrist, and neck and finally passed between her legs. This represented the snake that was to possess her body and soul. She had a ring through her belly button that
a smaller chain passed through; this then split and passed through two silver rings that were pierced through her nipples.

Lips and tongue were also pierced with large studs. These studs were placed in prominent places on the body to activate snake channels. This allowed the energy of the snake to pass through the body without combusting the body into flames. The energy of the snake was pure electricity and, without these conduits, its currents would, literally, fry the body. The purpose of this was to transmute the body, to channel the snake energy to transcend the material realm.

She made her way down the dark passage. A reddish glow could be seen appearing at the end. She could hear the alluring sound of the Snake Goddess. It was an indescribable sound, almost like whispers of shadows – dark poisonous tones that would enhance the thrill but shorten the life.

Gasping for breath, her excitement had begun to heighten. Wide-eyed and sweating, fear and anticipation raced through her body. She turned the corner and came out of the mouth of the small passageway.

Before her was a twenty-foot statue of the Snake Goddess, Kundalini. The body was like a woman but so much more sensual looking
with the most exquisite scales that glistened in the candlelight. She had her eyes closed with the look of sexual ecstasy on her face. Her third eye was fully open with a red stone that glistened with intensity as if it had its own inner light.

All around were hundreds of candles, sending shadows across the walls. The walls were ribbed as if inside the giant belly of a serpent. The covering was a strange, mirrored tile that resembled pearl essence snake skin. The floor was completely covered with snakes. They, too, glowed in the candlelight. They were not physical snakes but ethereal.

Walking slowly, trying not to stumble, drunk on the energy and the fear of what she was about to do, she made her way into the pit of snakes.

They writhed and swirled around her ankles. Inviting her, they sensually rubbed their bodies against her moist skin. It was ecstatic, like being gently stroked by a hundred lovers’ fingers. Sensual and sexual, she rocked backwards and forwards, the trance taking over.

The energy moved up her body. At first she only felt it as a pleasant tingle at the base of her spine. This, then, intensified until
a warm glow could be felt, beginning to heat the lower three chakras.

She began to move in circles, her feet firmly planted on the ground, her eyes opening and closing with ecstatic pleasure. The movement was for a purpose – it tranced the dancer out, elevated her consciousness, and spiraled the snake energy up from the lower dimensions into the body to activate the chakric system as it ascended the spine.

As it hit the base chakra, it surged energy up into the next, turning her on, on all levels. The sexual centre activated. She gasped with pleasure as the snake energy curled and seduced its way into her. She orgasmed over and over, and she threw her head back as the energy ascended further up her body.

As it came out the top of her head, she began to swoon. This was the moment the energy of the snake completely took over. Falling to the floor, into the sea of snakes, she lost consciousness for some brief moments. The snakes possessed her. They entered her body through key points – the mouth, third eye, throat, belly button and between the legs.

As she regained consciousness, she was aware of another presence that possessed
her body. It was divine. Her sexual pleasure and response were heightened beyond anything known in an earthly body. Her very atoms were speeding up. She began to undulate, and as she got to her feet, she began to dance.

She began to move her head in spirals. Pleasure rushes ran up and down her spine as she used her dance to accelerate the frequency of the snake. To raise the body to the consciousness of the snake enables you to pass into the realms of the Goddess and become one with her.

She spun her body around and around, spinning her head in the opposite direction to align the polarities of her body, to allow the electrical current that was beginning to build, to flow. She threw her head back and opened her mouth wide.

The Goddess entered her and the chains around her body glowed hot with bright blue flames. She contorted and writhed, her frenzy of movement heightening. Foam appeared from between her lips. Blood began to flow from her eyes and mouth. From between her legs she was hot and wet; blood ran down her inner thighs.

With one last fling, she landed on the floor in a pool of blood. For, now, she was bleeding from every pore in her body. That
was the way of the cleansing – it was ecstatic. She lay there before the feet of the Goddess, her eyes rolling in her head, only the whites showing. She shook with the current as it ran through her body.

As she looked up, she saw the ruby stone glow. She was dying, ascending into the belly of the Goddess. This is what she had been waiting for. All that had been was in preparation for this moment. She knew she would be reborn into the raised consciousness of her Serpent kind.

I realised this was a healing. As these stories appeared on the paper, I could feel all the feelings and emotions coming up. I felt crazy, dark, dangerous, fierce, and sexual, but I could not stop. There were more stories to come. I had always known that I had a dark past as a soul. After all, I was both the light and the dark. I had integrated my dark side, or so I thought. Now, it was time for the darkness within my body to come up to be healed.

I used a technique that I had been trained to teach whereby you call in your soul and breathe it in to every cell of your body. You allow it to share your experience with you. You show it your pain in the body, in whatever way it manifests, and allow any
emotions and feelings to come up and express them. This process is often accompanied by past-life images, feelings, and information, in words, about the issue from the soul.

I felt this energy digging deeper and deeper, uprooting my shameful past. But, I must admit, I liked the power whether it was dark or not. It made me strong in my body, made me feel myself in a way I never had before.

My thighs and lower back hurt and ached like the pains women get when they menstruate. I could feel the memories coming from within these places. I had a very dark and hard point in my lower back. I explored this and discovered a darker story than the one before, trapped in my body.

Through writing the story, it released itself in a flood of anger and intense emotions. But it was finally healed and free.

The only way I can explain my journey is to say that my true consciousness came from a distant star to Earth. On its way, it experienced itself as a myriad of different dimensional beings. It had never experienced itself as a female human before; to that day I was unsure as to whether I have been in any sort of human physical body.
As for my human earthly consciousness – the everyday me – I always felt out of place and extremely homesick. I did not feel human, not understanding their weird ways and emotions. I did not feel female, though I did not feel male, either. I felt androgynous. It was so odd, the distinction and separation of the sexes. It was confusing to me. I felt very cut off from deep emotions and feelings except the crippling agony of homesickness. I wanted to leave, discard my body, and go home. To say I was out of my body was an understatement.

As the journey proceeded, I became aware that I would have to enter my body fully and complete my journey – to get to the crystal core at the centre of the planet. I knew that I could not get there in the ethereal body that I was now in. I would have to enter the physicality of the body and use it as a vehicle to travel to the centre of the planet.

This was harder than I thought. During one healing session, a facilitator helped me enter the body for the first time. It was on this day that I realized I had a hell of a long way to go. I had a dislike for the body and physicality. I experienced this planet as dark, and I had lots of healing and balancing to do.
My soul experienced the next few years as an opportunity to remove its judgments of earthly life and began to come to grips with its experience here. All through this process I, as soul, experienced the body as something that was still separate. Soul also looked at the body as if it was a machine without a consciousness of its own.

Through the experience of this serpent lifetime, I began to realize that body had its own story to tell. It did have a consciousness, of sorts. It had a voice, too, but just a different language. My higher self explained to me that I had only seen the male frequency of my existence, the “starry” self. Now, I was to experience the female frequency, the earthly “body” self. The serpent was going to help me remember and awaken the sleeping being that slept in my cells.

I had always been fascinated with snakes and recalled a poem I had written three years previously. As I read it again it, too, stirred strange memories and feelings that tingled and pulsated in my bones and blood. My body was showing me, in no uncertain terms, that this was real, true, and a lifetime I could really call my own.

Serpent Dancer
Lost in times past, lives unfolding reams upon reams.
Holding on to dreams long ago, cloudy and forgotten.
There is a cold heart in the mountain; it sounds a lonesome beat.
The blood runs through my veins, constant and rich.
My bones ache as I walk this path; my dreaming wakes the serpent beneath my feet.

Lost and entranced by the rhythm of my own soul.
The sound of the desert haunts me, calls me, and beckons me to join those that are leaving.
Dark and cold tunnels await me, deep in the mines of my own existence.
Caught in the spider's web, trapped yet not against thy will.
Naked, the soil tastes rich in my mouth; the Serpent Dancer is rising within me.

In times past, we wore our beads with pride. Their blood tasted sweet on our tongues, knowledge endless, ancestors bound in time.
The serpent enters me; forked tongue drives through me like a cold blade.
Death awaits me; its sweet lament sings me to my bed.
The men wait in the shadows, unknowing the force ignites, they fear us.
We are the serpent dancers.
Wine red and pungent runs like blood through my veins.
The drum beat pounds in my chest.
HE is here, we can feel him rising, and HE is alive within the fruit on the bough.
His secret kept safe in the pearl of the sea, we will feast on his body tonight.

The fire in the centre, woman alive, naked, blood and mud smeared over our bodies.
Our temple the trees, our canopy the black of the night, our light the stars.
The liquid, thick, foul yet potent, a sacred brew from a recipe long gone.
We live life, we know death, and we see love in all the land.
Swirling around and around and, still, the drum beats on.

The mist rolls in from the mountains, tendrils of ghosts, of heroes dead and gone.
Feathered guardians stand in all Four Corners. The pool is dark and still.
We scream and wail at the moon; ecstatic shivers run up our bodies.
The lizard is inside me, opening me to secrets within my bones and flesh.
They walk out of the trees, their bodies sinewy and strong.
Their skin shimmers with scales, their yellow eyes flashing in the moonlight, lizard lovers unite.
The forest eats my soul; it claws and grasps at my flesh, ripping and tearing, the pain, the ecstasy, sexual rapture, Earth unbound.
The ropes are tight against my wrists, the steel cold around my neck.
She howls and bays at the moon, the river flows over her body.
Her breasts erect and cold, sweet and warm between her legs, the fire burns on.

The ground hard beneath her feet, her muscles ripple her passion rising.
The hunt is on, her victim lost in the darkness of her belly.
Screaming, she pounds the Earth; laughing, she sings her mighty passion.
A hawk screeches overhead; she soars high, the forest beneath her; she swoops and caresses it like a lover.

Safe within the roots of an old oak, she sleeps, her body black as ash.
Silently, she falls back into the mist that announced her arrival.
With a last gasp, the forest falls silent.
A closing eye catches the fire light, a soul-catching gaze.
She walks paths built by ancient hands, forgotten by all except one.

Who was she, this dark female within me? I could almost feel a presence, my inner dark
female as she began to make herself known to me through poems, images, feelings and emotions. I called her Ohmarna Rey.

The kundalini is all powerful, unstoppable, erotic, terrifying, yet a most beautiful force. In many lifetimes, I went to great lengths to assist my alignment to Kali. The Goddess of death, destruction – trying to find the way of the serpent. The thread snaked its way through my lifetimes; sometimes, I lost the way. I ventured on to the dark path of the venomous viper.

Other times, I would succeed in raising my consciousness, dancing with the Sacred Serpent. My path was an extreme one, as you will see.

The snake began to itch beneath her skin. The venom she had taken from the silver vile was now acting not only on her physical body but, also, her soul. She jittered as the venom, the poison, moved into her bloodstream. This golden liquid that, if taken whilst raising your vibration to a certain level, would allow you to commune with Kali. Be one with her. That is, if it did not send you crazy before you got that far. The venom seldom killed, but it had a very strong hallucinogenic property that made it one of the most powerful “trips” on the planet.
A pain, a violent stabbing feeling pushed up against the back of her eyes as the poison entered her brain. She fell to her feet. She became aware how numb her body already was, yet no pain was felt. She got to her feet and saw the blood gently flowing from her knee. She reached down and, wiping it from herself, whispered “Kali-Ma” as she licked her fingers clean.

The streets were overcrowded with people all trying to get to one temple or another for Nagapangene, the fifth day of Sharhan, which was an important snake festival. The weather was sticky and hot. She pulled the cloth around her head. It was not wise to be seen as a Serpent Dancer with the crowds so excited. Usually her kind was respected, but with so much snake energy around, it was not a wise thing to do.

Here in Vadhu, the energy had gone bad. Whores and thieves congregated on every street corner. It was not safe to step out after dark, no matter who you were, but at the time of the Serpent festival, it was even more dangerous as many were drinking too much and ingesting strong hallucinogenic herbs and potions. Men jeered at her as her cloaked body slipped silently through the streets. She would not give herself to a man; she would only give herself to Kali.
She moved silently and undisturbed until she came to the secret entrance to the temple of Kali. As she entered the dark passageway, she could hear screams, screams of the dying. Behind this eerie sound, chanting could be heard – “Kali Ma.” There was madness in the air; the energy within was chaotic and wild. She passed quickly along the passage. There was the most awful smell, like fresh blood.

As she turned the corner, she came into a small dimly lit room with many more women gathered there. Dressing, they adorned their bodies with jewelry, perfumes and oils. The atmosphere was incredibly sensual and sexual. It was as if the very air contained the anticipation of what they were to do. She began to prepare herself, oiling her smooth body. She was small and very thin, but her legs and back were powerful. Years of riding the snake had made her strong even though she seldom felt nourished. Her hair was long and tied in one plait that was matted and heavy. A single red stone was placed upon her forehead and a silver chain around her waist.

All over her body were welts and cuts, tattoos of snakes spiraled around her belly and thighs. There were patterns, literally, carved into her skin, patterns of beautiful
snakes and serpents. She had her tongue pierced with a large gold ball. Strapped around her lower leg with a black braid of hair was the dagger of “KaliStar.” Its handle was made from black obsidian, its blade sharp and clean. This was no ordinary blade; it was the blade of sacrifice, the giver of Blood. She did not use this weapon upon any other; its sweet kiss was saved only for herself, for she had made those scars on her body, each one done with the most utmost precision and intention.

She could taste the potent venom in her blood. She laughed as the first rush of snake energy forced its way up her spine. As it came surging past her stomach, she projectile vomited all over the wall of the room. One of the other women shrieked with excitement as she and others ran screaming like banshees into the main temple hall. Steadying herself, whispering “Kali,” she passed into her altered state of reality.

The noise was incredible – drummers everywhere, playing a fast hypnotic rhythm, and there was a smell of death. The crowd was screaming and shouting in a frenzy. It hit her like a wall; she nearly fell backwards. She lurched, once more, and fell to the floor.

The crowd pointed and shouted, “Kali, Kali.” She got to her feet; she opened her
mouth wide and screamed the most bloodthirsty cry of death. She began to dance. Her hips moved in circles, gyrating in sexual pleasure. Her kundalini energy was on fire. The venom saw to that. If you did not ride the snake through this part of the initiation, you could resort to having physical sex with the nearest male. It took training to be able to harness the snake energy.

“Kali,” she chanted, over and over, whilst she twirled her head around and around. The movements, at first, appeared as if they were the dance of a mad person, but if looked upon carefully, there was a pattern that resembled the mass of snakes that now lay twined around her feet. One struck and bit her. She just laughed. She was totally tranced out. Her eyes were big and black; no colour of her strangely blue eyes could be seen.

Taking the dagger from her braid, she held it up to the giant statue of Kali that now stood at the far side of the hall. With many arms, some holding the heads of dead men, its tongue protruding in a violent gesture, it created an awesomely terrifying sight. The steps were all covered with blood from the Kali initiates before her.

The crowd’s noise got louder. They, too, were moving into a hypnotic frenzy, urging
her on to the point where she thought she would lose her mind. She could feel the poison of the snake in her bones and blood, her skin itching with desire, an overwhelming carnal desire.

She raised the knife up to the crowd and then put the blade against her lips and pushed it in, letting the blade slip, slicing into her bottom lip. The blood dripped off her mouth onto her breasts. A point of pleasure, the lips trapped energy. This, now released, made energy surge through her body, sending her into rapture. Her eyes turned a strange yellow colour before turning black again.

The venom overwhelmed her. It was more potent than usual. Snakes were everywhere. She no longer felt herself. The pain from her wounds and the loss of blood which lay in pools at her feet made her head spin. She almost lost consciousness. She swooned.

Was this from the pain or the pleasure? She was being possessed; demonic, evil energy crawled and crept its way into her. She fell on her knees at the foot of the statue. A small snake began to rise up her body. She began to fit and shake as the serpent bit her over and over. Her skin was a strange green and yellow hue. For a moment, she resembled a serpent.
She looked up at the statue, tears in her eyes. She was a lost soul, and she had no choice. Holding her blade high against her wrist for the crowd to see, she slashed open the veins of both arms, severing the main arteries, letting the blood flow down her arms and onto the steps.

Relief flooded her body. All her life she had secretly wanted to sacrifice herself to Kali. All her life she had wished to remove this dense body to ascend to the love of Kali.

“I give myself to Kali,” she whispered as she died.

But did Kali really hear her?

Ohmarna Rey speaks:

Many religions prescribe some form of torture, humiliation, or personal sacrifice as a requirement to become closer to Goddess/God. The worship of, and reverence for, Kali Ma is one way of embracing the darker face of the Goddess. Many are reclaiming a connection with this fierce Goddess. Feminine power has often been represented as negative. Reclaiming this Goddess is a way of reclaiming your sacred right to rage. She is both an unimaginable horror and abundant bliss, eternally intertwined in the dance of my being. I
sacrifice myself to her everyday in the pleasure I get from experiencing the haunting reality of my birth and eventual death. To feel the rage that fuels the sacrifice of the self is exquisite, divine, real. When you sacrifice your body to a higher source, you experience the divine rapture of freedom, sexual and sensual elevation and complete remembrance of the Goddess. Though painful, those selves before me thought it was a successful route back to the Source of all creation, and who am I to argue. I cannot deny I have a tendency towards this; the snake has taken me into the darker aspects of myself. It has crawled its way into the depths of my subconscious, seeking out that which I hide.

I am Ohmarna Rey.
I like my pain.
My sexuality is my fuel, my fire!

Kali's dwelling place is the cremation ground, a place where the five elements are dissolved. Kali took me to the place of dissolution. Through her, I could dissolve my attachments, my anger, sadness, and any other binding emotions, feelings, and ideas that held me in limit. Through her, I became free. She took me deep inside myself, deep inside my bones, stirring memories. These
memories were not in the mind but bubbled up from the marrow in the very depths of my earthly nature. I could feel energy stirring from below my feet, snaky and sensual. It began its way up my legs; a deep and almost painful ache was felt in my muscles as the snake of Kali moved up my legs. It activated my base chakra. An immense and intense fiery energy began to spiral at the base of my spine.

I began to feel overwhelmed. It was so intense as it moved up into my sexual centre, my Hara centre. I could, literally, feel this centre opening and spinning faster and faster. This was incredibly sexual – not a nice, warm, soft female energy but a strong, overpowering desire for sex, a carnal desire.

My body was hot, on fire. For the first time in my whole life, I felt “in” my body. I had intense energy rushes that pumped up from the base of my spine, surging up to activate the next centre, the solar plexus and power centre. I was shown images to explain how the energy of the snake was a part of the planet, and by activating this energy and allowing it to move up through the body, I could ascend my consciousness. Kali showed me, in graphic detail and with very emotional feelings, the past lives I’d had where I had embraced this spiritual path.
Ohmarna Rey speaks:

The dark Goddess is stirring awake and arising from her deep feminine abode from within my body. I can feel her unmistakable power, experiencing ancient rites of initiation at every level of my being. It is an urge that cannot be refused. The serpent within me is rising; it will show me the way. I am becoming a vehicle for snake Earth energies. Come – together, we can become the spiral-dancers, life-celebrating, spirit-intoxicated people of the Serpent.

Many lives have we danced with the serpent, riding the energy into a renewed consciousness of self. A potent force, a means of evolution on a highly spiritual level, but like all pathways, it has its pitfalls. One of these is the addictive, hypnotic energy that the serpent carries. Like a poison, it creeps into your soul and, if not ridden correctly, will carry you into the oblivion of the self. Who would choose such a path? What being would walk this potent track? Someone who wanted to experience the very extremes of physical/spiritual evolution, the very extremes of both light and dark. There are many roads back to God, and this is one such way. Not all of them are of the Light.
Some pathways are about little, numerous steps through lives and experience. The Serpent Way is one that is perilous, treacherous, yet ecstatic and enlightening. To choose the Serpent Way, the path of the Hidden One, is to be brave of heart, conscious of mind, and alive in body. I, Ohmarna Rey, choose this way, for I am the darkness, the perverted, the strange, the taboo.

The serpent path is a way back to God or, should I say, the Goddess. I was shown a lifetime where I had ascended my body into the void of the eternal mother. In this lifetime, it was explained to me that I had successfully anchored high frequency energies in my body that had allowed me to embrace the full power of the snake which lived beneath my feet.

Riding this energy correctly had enabled me to use it as rocket, to catapult myself up in vibration. I had spun the atoms of my body so fast that I had passed out of the confines of physical reality and had become one with the Goddess, experiencing myself everywhere in the whole of creation. It was one of the most ecstatic experiences I have ever had, remembering this former lifetime. I
was an adept, skilled, and very enlightened being because of this serpent practice.

It was during the age of Scorpio that I had worshipped the Pythonian aspect of the Goddess. I had been on the planet in the ancient times even though, in my current lifetime, I had considered myself a newcomer to Earth. Yet, as I listened, more information in memory and feelings began to surface.

I was also shown when I did not ride the serpent correctly. It was during this time that the Kali energy in me went bad. I could feel it; there was a passion within me to kill myself, not from a depressive hopelessness but from a powerful, crazy, bloodthirsty desire.

Many times, I had lived out this negative path. The black side of the serpent was to be intoxicated, overwhelmed, and out of control. Over the next few months, this energy, moved into my consciousness and showed me images, stimulated feelings and sent energy rushing up and down my spine, clearing the channels, releasing locked away feelings, clearing my karma. It was difficult not to be overwhelmed by the serpent. It would move up my spine, activating the base and Hara centres. That I could handle, but as it moved up to the solar plexus, the power that was released almost made me mad.
It was so overwhelming; I would shake and scream. The intoxication of the snake energy was very powerful. Snake energy was sexual, sensual, frightening, thrilling and crazy. The snake, for me, was coiled energy. I learnt how to move this energy up and through until I could allow the energy to sit in the solar plexus, the centre of power.

"Take back your right to rage," Kali said.

A new anger, terrifying and fierce, began to rage from the pit of my stomach. What was I angry about? Who was I angry with? The feelings were intense, but the information was yet to be discovered. I wanted to kill, murder; this energy was very powerful. It was my rage. I wanted to kill myself, not in a sacrificial way or in a depressive way but in an overwhelming, crazy, wild fury. I wanted to rip the flesh from my bones; I wanted to cut and slice.

I did not act out these tendencies, but I examined them and experienced the energy they contained to the fullest, through writing stories that were strange and gruesome. Or, dancing wildly to hyped-up beats and having dangerous sex with a new and excited partner. Riding the energy of these experiences and, finally, laying them to rest.
healed and cleansed them from the body as something new begun to stir in the bones.

I realised, within my physical form, there was a dormant, sleeping being that would, one day, awaken from its slumber. Just like the “Sleeping Beauty” story, she is encased in a crystal in the very core of the planet. I would have to do some digging, if I was to find her.

I felt like I was right inside my body, riding the serpent, which had taken me in downward spirals. Not only into the very centre of the planet but, also, to the very centre of myself. I felt I had to find my inner female self, for without her, how would I find the Goddess?

But as I have said, I did not feel female; I did not even know what it was to be female. So I began to search.
At first, I searched outside of myself. On every plane or dimension of existence that I had ever encountered there was always an aspect of “self,” that represented that particular level, there to meet me. Where was my womanly self, my inner female? Why did I not have any real sense of being in connection with the planet? How could I really connect with the Earth Goddess? How could I get to know the representative of my female self?

I looked about me at the examples of femininity that were already here on the planet. I looked at magazines and media of all kinds. All I saw was plastic, shallow beauty – women manufactured, with no sense of self. I looked at the downtrodden faces of the women all around me, and I was disappointed. Everywhere, I saw women without any power, no life in their bones. I saw women trying to gain men’s attention by manipulation and deceit. I did not like what I saw.

How could I be this? If that was all there was to offer a woman, then I thought I would not bother! “This is not a real woman. Where is the true woman?” I thought.
The forest is cold and dark, thick in its foliage, tangled in its thorns. A pathway guides the seeker, hopefully, to their destination. Deep in the forest, a feeling is slowly spreading, welcoming, and drawing you nearer. Hawk flies overhead, screeching, its warning ignored; you walk on. The pathway disappears; only the senses of the feet will guide you now. Move branch and bough, guided movements like an animal in hunt. Seeking, searching for her. The hidden one.

In the clearing, a fire quietly burns. The air thick with anticipation. She is there. Tending the fire, blackened ash on her face. Old hag woman Crone of old. Matted hair with toothless grin. Sucking the meat from the bones of her last hunt. Cackling, she laughs.

"Whose bones are those that you feed upon?" You ask. "Why they are yours!" She grins.

I moved into meditation, moving deeper and deeper inside of my bones. I was
searching for her. She must be in there somewhere. It was only through my journey into the forest to meet my hidden woman was I to realize there was much more to the Goddess than just the Kali rage and power. There was another way to the power of the female, other than just through the route of the sexual.

There was a power of the female that lay in the bony fingers of the Crone. She was the hag, the wise one with accumulated knowledge through the journey. She held information that was kept secret in the density of my bones. She represented transformation, death and the time of harvest. She was Hecate.

_The Crone feeds on my bones, eating all the wisdom and knowledge that is held in my body. She harvests my death and births me anew._

_“Give yourself to me fully, and I will rebirth you in an energy that will surge through your bones, bringing life where there was death, and warmth where you were once cold,” the Crone said._

Crones are often portrayed as the old witches, stirring up their bubbling cauldrons. However, she was my counselor, healer, and advisor. She was the one who could reveal
and teach her secrets. In the “burning
times,” an older single woman was
considered to be doing evil practice with
witchcraft and was, therefore, persecuted.
The burning times saw many great wise
women being burned or hanged. Their
knowledge was a threat. Their traditions are
now lost, their knowledge hidden. The dark
moon hides the Crone.

“It is now time to recognise the ending
and to allow the natural cycle to continue. I
allow you the understanding of life's journey,
to see the beauty beyond the physicality, to
see the beauty in death, as well as in life. I
am the Crone; I am Medicine Woman. I am
old bone hag, Sheila Na Gig, ancient
Goddess of death and rebirth. As the Crone,
I am solitary; I am only found in peaceful
solitude, in the quietness of your bones. You
must deal with your solitude; this is my
influence. You must find peace in silence, to
be comfortable with your solitude. I am the
ending and the beginning. I can teach you
rituals/spells. These practices will involve the
banishing. The banishing of your pain and
fear from your life. I will show you how to
live again through your own death,” the
Crone said.
What had to die was my pain, my fear and my terror of being a woman. The Crone had stirred something in me, a memory that was none too pleasant. A memory of fire flames, hot and searing, burning flesh and deathly screams, memories of persecution, unimaginable pain and loss. The Inquisition started back in the 12th century. Its main purpose was to crush the Goddess worshippers and disempower women without any mercy.

This was not the only time of pain and persecution that I remembered over the next few months of healing. Crone Woman took me through lifetime after lifetime of rape, pain, and death brought on by the hands of others, many of them men. The pain was deep, the images awful and terrifying with much crying and screaming. I cleansed the memory from the cells of my body. With each healing session, I could feel the energy returning to my bones.

I knew all about the Inquisition; however, the story did not stop there. After reliving the persecution and torture of these lifetimes, I went further back, experiencing slavery on Roman galleys, harsh lives in Arabic cultures, and death at the hands of heartless and cruel men. However, it was not always men who caused this pain. The
betrayal by other women was too much to bear. To be betrayed by friend and sister was the worst pain of all, pleading for life, looking into the eyes of the persecutors only to see horror staring back at you.

Hecate, Sheila Na Gig, Kali, the dark faces of the Goddess, the Crones of Creation – all escorted me through my pain, carried me upon their boat to the other side, to be reborn again.

“Before you can bring me back into your body, there must be room for me. Your tendencies must be seen. Your wildness must be tamed. When your anger is owned, then your pain is transformed. Only then can you serve me,” the Crone said.

I was angry; a rage had begun to explode from the cells of my body, not a crazy, wild rage (a Kali rage), but a roar and powerful animal rage, a force that needed to express itself before it ate me alive.

“I am Sekhmet; I am unbridled passion, the rage of the Mother Lioness protecting her young. I am the fire of life that exists within the nucleus of every cell, in every living thing on Earth. For it is this fire, loaned to the creation process, that breathes life into that
which is created. Do NOT take me lightly. I am the Right Eye of Ra, the vengeful Daughter; I am the upholder of Ma'at – that which is Truth. I protect those whom I love with devotedness that only a mother can."

With the patience of a cat, the lion-headed Egyptian Goddess, Sekhmet, had been waiting. The spirit of the cat moved smoothly along the corridors of my mind. Sekhmet, for me, represented the balanced use of power. Not the force behind the history of violence and the abuses of power that is associated with the patriarchy on this planet. Such men were Sekhmet’s greatest enemy. The Sekhmet inside me was reclaiming her power.

With the power of Sekhmet in my body, the fire of the lioness surging through my blood, I wanted revenge. I wanted to fight. With Sekhmet’s help, I released lifetimes upon lifetimes of pain and terror, the pain of being female. Is it any wonder that after all this persecution, the anger of the female is alive and ready to raise its ugly head? Sekhmet needed to be loved and tamed.

Roaring like a lion, I would make myself hoarse with the anger that exploded from my body, feelings of revenge easing the pain. I was healing, freeing myself from the hatred
of man. Feeling compassion, I began to have new understanding about the game that occurred between the female and male vibrations on this planet.

The legend recounts that at the origin of time, men conspired against their Creator. After considering the matter, Re decided to send his Eye in the form of a lioness, Sekhmet, to chastise them. Sekhmet wreaked havoc and would have devoured all humanity had not Re, stricken with regret, then had the ground covered with red-dyed beer in place of blood. Sekhmet, deceived by the colour, drank up the liquid, became drunk and fell asleep, thus sparing mankind. This took place, however, very far to the south of Egypt. It fell to Thoth, disguised as a monkey, to bring Sekhmet back into Egypt. When they arrived, Thoth plunged her into waters, in order to “quench her heat.” And, thus, it was that the bloodthirsty lioness was transformed into the gentle cat, Bast.

The memories of the worship and communion I had experienced with the darker aspects of the Goddess had embraced me fully. I reveled in the darkness for a few months, exploring all the memories, images, and feelings that went with this new and exciting adventure. I began to ask questions of this new inner friend. Now that I was
aligned with this new frequency, I was going to make the most of her.

I had always thought that Goddess worship was only for fat, robe-wearing, feminist hippies. However, the Goddess had come into my life with no prompt from me, or so I thought. I did not feel that I had much to do with this planet and even less to do with the ideas of a Goddess consciousness. Now, I found myself venturing into a conversation with the Goddess herself. I had called out to her, or my body had. It was as if she was asleep in the very densest parts of my body, and my soul’s presence in the body came as a wake-up call to her, and this is where the story began.
Who had I worshipped before? Who, of the many faces of the Goddess, had been shown to me? The Goddess began to show me more past lifetimes where she had been a very prominent aspect of my life.

“Do you remember Isis?” she asked as I fell into a trance-like state. “You worshipped her with all your love and all your dedication. You were a young initiate of eleven years old. You were innocent and pure of consciousness. You went to the temple every day. You would look up at the beautiful statue of your Goddess, Isis. As you gazed at it, in a reverent trance, you would see the tears flow from the eyes of Isis; her worship was waning and her power was dying. No one else could feel the pain that was to come, the pain of not having the Goddess, Isis, to hold the world in its arms. The thought of what was to come was too much for a “scrying eye.” Yet, you were relieved of your painful life by poison on the temple steps,” the Goddess said.

I remembered the reverence and loyalty that I felt, in that lifetime, to my beloved
Isis. My whole life was dedicated to her. My mother and sister before me were Isis Initiates and I, too, followed the bloodline. I gave my whole life to my Goddess. Every thought I ever thought was a prayer to Isis. In the memory that she showed me, I got a real sense of how it was to be in the energy of the Goddess. I was completely in alignment and attunement to her. Isis held the frequency of the mother. Her love was overwhelming and nurturing; it was simply beautiful.

I bathed in the energy of the Goddess, Isis, and passed beyond the veil of time, living in the memories of Ancient Egypt where I’d had lifetime upon lifetime of female incarnations. I had come to know the beauty of the worship of the Goddess through my passion for Kali, but Isis showed me another face, a different kind of worship, yet with the same amount of devotion and surrender. Through this lifetime, I learnt how to honor the Goddess, to give myself to her, not in a chaotic, dark energy as with Kali, but with energy that can only be described as pure devotion.

“I am the Goddess of Moon. The Cow is my sacred animal because I nurture and feed mankind. The horns of the cow create the
base of my crown and represent the moon upon which is set the solar disc. Thus, I represent both male and female divine principles. I was the sister and wife of Osiris, sister of Set, and twin sister of Nephthys. I symbolize all that is true and pure in woman, and my devotion to Osiris is a legend,” Isis said.

Isis and Osiris were the rulers of Egypt. Set, the brother of Isis, was jealous and wanted the throne for himself. When Osiris returned from a journey, during which Isis ruled in his absence, Set and his followers invited him to a banquet. Set brought out a magnificent chest and stated that whoever could fit inside it would be given the chest as a gift. Osiris climbed inside and, of course, it was a perfect fit. Set and his followers then nailed the lid shut, covered the box with melted lead, and threw it into the Nile. It floated out to sea where it, eventually, washed ashore, and a tree grew up around it. Set, himself, took the throne of Egypt.

When the tree was cut down to make a pillar for the palace of the king of the land, it gave off an exquisite scent. So wonderful was it that Isis received word of it in Egypt. She travelled to retrieve the chest, hiding it in the swamps that belonged to the Cobra
Goddess. Then, using the magic she learned from Thoth – creating light with her hair and wind with her wings – she revived her husband’s body long enough to conceive a child with him, Horus.

Set had no intention of giving up his throne and, while hunting, found the chest that still held the body of Osiris. Unfortunately, Isis was absent, so Set cut Osiris's body into fourteen pieces and scattered them throughout Egypt. When Isis returned, she was grief-stricken and immediately went looking for the pieces of her husband’s body. She found all the pieces but one, for Osiris' manhood had been eaten by a Nile crab. Isis joined the pieces together and performed the first rites of embalming and the rite of rebirth, giving Osiris eternal life. Osiris then ascended to the immortal world, and Isis hid her son from Set, again in the swamps of the Cobra Goddess, until Horus was strong enough to avenge his father.

Isis was a mother Goddess, a fertility Goddess, and a Goddess of marriage. Isis was the divine mother. Isis represented female fertility; she was the Goddess of the Earth, the feminine part of nature. The Dog Star, Sirius, the brightest star in Canis Majoris, was the star of Isis. A symbol for
Isis is a star (Sirius) before the solar disk. Isis was also the protector of the dead, the giver of death, and the restorer of life.

I was very honored to feel this connection and remembrance of my Isis lifetimes. It put me in touch with another aspect of the Goddess, the aspect of the Mother. I felt the old memories stirring in my bones, memories of when I had given myself to her fully. I gave her my life.

“You have given me your devotion and your life many times before. Do you remember me when the warm waters of the ocean caressed your body?” the Goddess asked. “Do you remember me, Yemaya? I am Yemaya – Goddess of the Ocean.”

A memory surfaced.

We walked into the ocean; we were naked, only pearls and coral jewelry adorning our bodies. We walked and swam into the sea, far out into the deep ocean. Treading water, reefs of flowers all around us, we swam in a sea of petals. The men from the boats had put them there. The boats were all around, and they were beating their drums, louder and faster. We looked at the intense faces of the beautiful men; it
pained them to see us sacrifice ourselves in this way. We had no choice when we were called by the Goddess of the Ocean; we must go to her.

We tread water until our legs and lower body were completely cramped and numb. The waves were crashing over our heads. At first, we tried to stay afloat but, soon, we surrendered ourselves to the Goddess – Yemaya. We dropped to the bottom and, as we did, we shed all the layers of our earthly selves, all the fear, pain and anger. We transformed our consciousness into a light body. We dropped and drowned; it was a beautiful feeling of surrender and peace. We were one with the Goddess; we became her mermaids and swam away.

"I am Yemaya, the Yoruba Mother of the Sea, mother of all life, the sea, the source of all life."

"Yey Omo Eja," is her name. It means, "Mother Whose Children are the Fish, the Mermaid." Yemaya is the West African Creation Goddess, often depicted as a mermaid, who is associated with the moon, the oceans, and female mysteries. She rules the conception and birth of children and ensures their safety during childhood. She is
portrayed as a beautiful woman; she is a powerful protector and sustainer of life. She is a merciful Goddess, invoked for aid in love and healing. Yemaya illustrates the ebb and flow of female power. She does not resist the inevitable, nor does she attempt to control it, but maintains balance in the dance of life.

Yemaya was raped by her son. Yemaya's curse of her son during this violent, incestuous act caused his death. In remorse, she chose to die upon a mountain peak. As she died, her womb spilled forth the fourteen Yoruban Gods and Goddesses. The breaking of her uterine waters caused the “Great Flood,” which created the oceans. From Yemaya's bones the first human woman and man, who became the parents of all mortal beings on Earth, were born.

I remembered being this priestess; we used seashells as a communication device to talk to the frequency of the Goddess. The energy of the ocean began to bring more memories; other stories began to come in like threads. They began to weave a carpet of vivid colour and symbolic tales. The energy of the Goddess became a much richer force within me.

“You are, indeed, remembering past lifetimes. They are yours, but they are also
archetypal forces that are present within all female psyches. These forces are made manifest in your reality in the form of myths and legends, stories from ancient records held deep within the earth of the planet. I am the Goddess. I hold all the archetypal stories that have been going on, on this planet, for the whole of time. I am the lady of history or, should I say, Herstory.

“Within my body, I hold all the records of all the events that have gone on before, between the male and female energies on this planet. All the myths of the gods and goddesses are kept secret in my body. My body is your body. As I awaken within you, I activate memories and stories from their silent abode in the very density of your bones and in the matter of the rocks of the planet itself. Your body and the planet are, indeed, one. As the planetary consciousness wakes up, so do you. As the information is released from the codes held in your bones, I will be there.

“There is a lot said about the records of Earth; people search the planet for these records. They will not find them this way. The records are in your bones. When you go to a sacred place, the frequency of the place activates the codes of information in your body. You will remember many times and
many stories, and as you travel around this planet, you will discover many exciting tales being told in the vibration of your bones. From your bones, I can talk to you, for I am the Goddess within,” she said.

The activating Goddess energy within me had, indeed, shown me a story or two already, but I had the idea that this was not the end. I had, at one time, thought I had never been human before, feeling very confused by the being known as female. Then, to discover that I had, indeed, been female was a big revelation to me.

Kali had shown me the power of the snake, which seemed to show its face in every story. The Goddess and the serpent were intricately linked. I reveled in the sexual power that I had discovered, firing myself up, raising the kundalini up the body, clearing systems. I was healing beliefs about women having no power, taking back the power, and releasing eons of pain and anger towards persecutors of the female. Reliving past lives where I was abused with no power of my own. Feeling lost where the only connection to the Goddess was angry and dark. The warmth of Isis and Yemaya had shown me how to go deeper, surrender to
the pain within, and release ancient memories of sadness and loss.

I began to wonder how many times I had worshipped her in one form or another. It was then that she showed me lifetimes where I had given myself to her completely. I began to explore why this kind of worship had gone on. How had this energy, this powerful entity, been so prominent and strong a force in my existence one minute and be gone, with hardly a trace, the next? Memories were rising up from deep within me, memories that, up until this point, were completely hidden.

Maybe you would like to remember, too?

Close your eyes, take a few really deep breaths, and take your conscious awareness into the very bones of your body. Give your body the permission to unlock memories to be released and cleared. Take another deep breath. Allow yourself to relax, be in your body, and allow the memories to come up. You may get definite information like images or words, or you may just get intense feelings and emotions. Be honest and truthful with yourself. Allow the feelings. Take yourself into the feelings and allow them to talk to you. Call in the energy of the Goddess. Call her in and allow her to build in
the air around you. Do not worry if you cannot see or feel her; just trust that she is there. As she is in the air all round you, you can breathe her in. Breathe her in to every cell of your body. Allow her to share the experience with you; allow her to help you unlock the memory, heal the wound, and take back the power. Allow the healing.

Can you remember the love of the Goddess? How everywhere was the Goddess, all of creation was the Goddess, and so was your body? Your soul, your beingness, was held in the safe, warm arms of the Goddess energy that was so prominent on the planet. Remember the temples and the devotion that you so easily felt towards a living, breathing Goddess. You could feel her everywhere – in every leaf, every tree, and in the heartbeat of every mighty mountain. Can you remember when the temples fell, when they fouled the holy wishing wells?

Remember the rape, the abuse, and the pain. Give it all to her, surrender your pain to her, and let her heal you. Your grief is over; you are free from your abuse, your loss, and your sorrow. Feel the bones becoming lighter and allow her to breathe life into you, once more.
The Goddess Speaks

I went to visit some friends in Arizona. They were travelling across states to Arkansas to go to a crystal dig, so I decided to go with them. As I looked out the window, watching the beautiful landscape of Arizona and New Mexico pass by, a trance came upon me.

I could not speak, or eat, or sleep for the next three days that we travelled across America. I could hear the Goddess talking to me. It took all my concentration. I could hardly speak to my friends. I managed to explain that I was talking to the Goddess, and they kindly allowed me to do as I wished. I felt like I was on a drug; I was in a totally altered state. My eyes were wide and my energy levels on a high. For the next three days, the Goddess talked to me non-stop. At first, I tried to write it down, but as tiredness set in, I was forgetting more than I was writing.

“Do not worry,” she said. “When you come to write the book, you will remember.”

A book? What was she talking about? She explained to me that she wanted me to write
her story. Not only were there words, spoken with an ancient Old English tongue, but there were, also, images in my mind to give me a visual version of the story.

“What story?” I asked.

“My story from the very beginning to now,” she said.

She told me about her life and all about the various beings that had come to visit her and the many deaths and the births. She wept as she told me about the misunderstandings about her and how her myths were, now, full of lies.

“You must write my story,” she said. “I am everywhere. This land is my body.”

As we turned the corner of the road, a line of hills could be seen in the distance. As we got closer, I gasped as the whole line of the hills formed the curves of a naked woman lying on her back in the sun. There was a forest for her hair, the curves of her breast, a little dip where the belly button would be and even a small copse of small trees that looked like her pubic hair.

This was the beginning of a visual film layered in the landscape. As the Goddess
told her story, she showed me rocks, mountains, trees and whole landscapes that visually aided her. This went on for three days and nights until I was burnt out, tired, and confused.

I returned to Arizona, shortly afterwards, and tried to ground myself and get myself back to my normal consciousness. When I was back in my normal reality, I was confused as my notes made no sense. Many of her words were, now, floating from my mind, and I only had strange and scattered memories of the images she had shown me. How was I going to remember? How, on earth, was I to write her book?

“It is in your body,” she said. “It is stored in your bones, and when you come to sit and write, I will be there to remind you. This book will not be like anything you have written before. This book is a book of emotion and image, story and song. You will speak from yourself to give the story proof; you will express that which, up to now, has had no space.”

So, I sat down to write!

She, indeed, was there in all her glory. I could feel her energy creeping up my legs, not as strong as the kundalini activations but
pleasant and warm. I could feel her telling me stories in whispers, like they were being told in circles. Many of the other beings that I had channeled gave me the feeling there was a beginning, middle, and end to the information that they wanted me to write. However, with the Goddess, it was not like that. She thought in circles, not in straight lines. It was hard to keep her focused; she was emotional and prone to going off on a tangent. Just like the roots of a tree, she spread herself far and wide.

Her energy was strong and powerful in my body. Now that I had removed all my blocks, her energy flowed through me unobstructed. I was in her flow. As she retold her story from within my bones, I sat and wrote her story.
In the Beginning

In the Beginning, it was all-dark; nothing stirred in this lonely space. The waters were deep, the abyss lay waiting. Silently breathing, the eternal night lay for all time.

Before the gods, before the Earth, the Void birthed a son. The Nameless One, the Universal Dreamer.

Deep within the Void, the Dreamer lay dreaming. Unconscious of its existence. Sleeping to itself.

In the beginning, before all time, before anything had yet come to be, the Universal Dreamer (the Source) lay, nestled in the darkness of the Void. Within its dream, there were movements and patterns, patterns that were exquisite to the eye and ear. As it dreamt, something began to stir deep within itself.

The Universal Dreamer felt, for the first time, a feeling that it had never experienced before. It wanted to know more of this feeling; it desired to know of itself. With this new realization, came the first desire, the
first need. This desire ignited the Universal Dreamer, sparking the very beginnings of creation. This feeling gave it the urge, the push, the desire to be. From this creative push, a new being was born.

SHE

Pure Female Force.

The Goddess.

Expressing herself through a wave of emotion, emerging from the Void itself, the Goddess was born. Exploding with force and power, her body began creating the physical. She was to become the Goddess of the universe of form. She spiraled around and around, and through her dance, many stars and planets were born. Within her gown of heavenly night, many stars shone like pearls on a dark seabed. The Universal Dreamer watched, as the ecstatic Goddess, orgasmically ventured out into the darkness.

The birth of the Goddess from the Void was the process of the transformation of invisible energy (the Void) into all fundamental physical matter. Imagine, if you will, a void – a dark space – and from this void, a being is born. To create something from nothing is a cosmic paradox. Just as life
appeared from nowhere, the Goddess birthed herself and then went on to birth the entire universe. This is how everything was first formed. The stars, planets and everything else, including humans, were brought into being through this process.

The birth of creation was a great initial explosion of physical matter, the Big Bang. The matter had been transformed (created) from pure energy (literally out of nothing – the Void). What was, then, to follow was an orderly development of the stars, the galaxies, and the Earth.

*From the Chasm, the Abyss, the Black Gulf.*
*She was born.*

*When above, the heavens had not been formed,*
*when the Earth below had no name,*
*Tiamat brought forth them both.*
*Tiamat, Mother of the gods, Creator of all.*

The Goddess moved her body through the deep folds of the Void, creating ripples in the Nagual – the Nothing. Within the folds, new movements were created, movements that would later become the cosmic cycles of the galaxies and planets. Within her dance, she divided the heavens from the Earth, and the day from the night.
“I am the Cosmic Mother. I was there at the birth of the universe. I was the womb of the Void from whence all came. Birthed from the Void itself I, through my desire, became the mother of all. From my body, all was born into creation. Deep inside of myself, I could feel the light of the Source, warm and bright. I was not alone; I could feel the whole of creation. I could feel the stars as they span in the night sky. I could feel the hearts and minds of a thousand different beings that inhabited the growing universe. In all the great cycles of spirals, I was present. I watched the rise and fall of mighty stars. I watched the birth of new consciousness, new systems and new beings. All was as it should be, all was in harmony. I moved my consciousness into all the new creations around me. Finally, settling in the space that would later become known as Earth,” the Goddess said.

In the infinite moment before all time, the Goddess arose from the chaos of the Void, birthing herself into creation.

Not a single being had been born... not even herself.
Separating the skies from the waters, she moved in spiraling patterns of light. As she danced, her ecstacy began to increase.
Deep in herself, she created everything that is in form.

Her movements made the wind and Air was born.
And all began to breathe.
Light emanated from her dancing feet; she became like the Sun.
The stars shone in her hair.
Comets moved through her body.
Fire was created.

The waters rose in tidal wave and river.
Water created flow and movement.
She brought forth the Earth.
The shores became her bed, the fertile lands, her womb.
The mountains, her full breasts, her streaming hair, the trees and plants.
She saw all that was and is yet to be, all was born of her sacred dance.

Hanging like a jewel in a star-shot sky, she waited. She was hardly a distinct body of form, more like a heaving mass of creative power and force. She was moved by desire alone! She moved her body in undulating waves of pleasure. She was the Goddess of Form, the birther of dreams. These dreams were to be realised in the physical world of pattern and form.
Waiting in the Void, her desire mounted her. The movement increased, the very beginnings of birth were near. From this swirling mass of energy, a creative pattern began to form, inspired by the Angels of Light, sent by the Source itself. Distinct and shapely forms could be seen in the movement of the waters, of the body of the Goddess. Earth rose with the impulses, writhing, as mountains began to form. Valleys rose to become mountains; mountains plummeted to become valleys.

Through the eons of time, she moved and created and recreated her body over and over again. Her landscape was in constant movement. From her fertile body, she birthed every mountain, every valley, and ripened every seed that would later become the trees and animals. She was the well, the source of all form on the planet called Earth. She was Paradise!
“I am the mother of dreams,” the Goddess said. “Close your eyes and allow your mind to become quiet for I have many things I wish to show you. Allow the images to form in your mind’s eye.”

I found myself looking down from a point in space. I could see a sphere of colour and sound, spiraling around and around in orbit. The sphere was vibrating and pulsating with life and power. It was a beautiful sight to see. From my right-hand side, an amazing being of light with silver wings appeared. It was descending the dimensions, carrying with it the light of the Source. He moved into a spiral as he moved closer to the sphere. He now resembled a fiery flying serpent.

I watched, mesmerised, as he merged his energy with the energy of the sphere. I watched as the sphere responded. As the energy of the Winged Being and the Sphere touched, a cascade of colours and sounds emanated from them both. It looked like they were making love. Then, I realised the sphere, was Earth.
“This is my Twin Flame, my beloved from the stars,” the Goddess whispered, her face flushing with love as she spoke. “I am his female counterpart, the manifestation of matter; he is the light, the unmanifest, the pure thought of the Universal Dreamer.” Bowing her head and sighing, she said, “I felt the Bright One, the Twin Flame. His divinity swept through me like a solar wind. His love for me was softer than silk, sweeter than honey. I felt him as he brushed his gentle light across my dark skin. His love for me was exquisite. I rushed with energy as he made love to me.”

Dreaming dreams within dreams, a scene began to form. Hanging in a sea of darkness, the Source of all creation and life-force lay dreaming. Resembling a huge ball of light, it slept, its luminance radiating out into the Void like a halo in the night sky. It was breathing; pulsating energy and light rippled through its massive body. Out from itself, a beam of light could clearly be seen piercing the darkness of the Void.

The beam of light began to refract and reflect, creating a multi-dimensional light matrix. Separating into many shards of light, the intricate patterns moved away from the
body of the Source and began to go out into creation.

They were the very messengers of the Universal Dreamer, the very thoughts of God. They each carried the same creative power, equal to the Source itself. They were more than mere Angels; they were the breath of the Universal Dreamer. These Beings were the Elohim, the Twin Flames of every human heart, and the Thunder Beings of Native American myths.

Elohim (in the Old Testament) is the Hebrew word for God. ELO is feminine, HIM is masculine. The Elohim were divine entities of both masculine and feminine energies. The Elohim represented nature in balance, no separation between the masculine and feminine, both positive and negative, two sides of one whole.

The Elohim were encouraged by the Universal Dreamer to give birth to soul aspects, extensions of themselves. A descending and growing hierarchy of souls, then, ventured on a great cycle of evolution and creation. They moved away from the unity of the Universal Dreamer, down through worlds of matter. These evolving soul aspects created, during their long descent, more and more complex and dense
material worlds in which to inhabit and experience.

“Dropping down through the dimensions, we flew,” the Twin Flame said. “Creating a body of ethereal light, we glided safely down into the multi-universe. Passing through star gates and portals, we became denser as we moved closer and closer to the dimension of pure physicality. As radiant light beings, we inspired new galaxies into being. We breathed life into the forms that now inhabited the universe. We made our epic journey, following the call of the Goddess. We were going to Earth.

“We remembered the first time we set eyes on her beautiful form. We remembered the first time we felt the pull of her energy body, enticing, calling us. Her body was beautiful and radiant; she stood out against the darkness of space. Like a blue and white pearl, shimmering in the sunlight. She was, as yet, not solid in form or substance. As we looked, we could see a writhing movement on the surface of this cooling planet. It was a serpent spiral.

“We watched as the silver serpent spiraled around and around, creating new patterns and forms in the energy of the Earth. We watched as the image changed until it
resembled a woman in the throws of orgasmic passion, writhing and moving in ecstasy.

“Over eons of time, the Earth began to cool and became more and more solid until the landscape could hold its shape, and the physical body of the Goddess began to appear. Mountains could be seen rising up from her body as valleys dived into the crevices that made her womanly curves. Her breasts were full; water ran from mountain streams, cascading over the mountain peaks that formed her nipples.

“She was in constant movement. Fire burst forth from her body in the form of volcanoes. The Earth shook as she birthed herself over and over again. We watched and waited. We called her ‘She who shapes the sacred land.’ Her passion was fiery, her creativity abundant, her sensuality electrical and alive.

“We wanted to propagate new life, so we came to Earth. We seeded our thoughts, our designs that we carried from the Universal Dreamer, from the central sun of this universe, into the body of the Goddess. She allowed the life force to flow through her, transforming and creating new life from old. We were amazed and honoured to be loved by the Goddess. Many beings we had met on
our travels and many planets we had discovered in the universe, yet none were as beautiful.

“We watched as the forms took shape, at first within the matrix of thought that made up the mind of the Goddess. We watched as a giant matrix, resembling a spider’s web, began to spread across the whole planet, within and without. We watched, mesmerised, as light began to pulse along the silken threads, looking like a giant brain with it neurons flashing on and off. Information in design was being created, waiting to be born in form through the body of the Goddess. We watched, amazed, as the Goddess, as Grandmother Spider, began to weave her web of creation.”
Grandmother Spider

Grandmother Spider - She birthed herself from the Void.
Working with the power of thought.
She dreamt thought into substance.
She began to spin.

She wove the sacred spiral upon which the whole universe was born.
Stars hung like dew drops on a spider's web in morning.
In the vortex, the place where she was born, she began to dance.
She took the sacred rattles and four sacred bundles out of her pouch.
She dreamt herself four daughters – one black, one red, one brown, one white.
She placed one daughter on each bundle and danced and dreamed and thought them alive.

Grandmother Spider and her four daughters dreamt the Earth.
When it was ready, the daughters came to Earth to live.
They became the mothers of the first human families
and the sacred Grandmothers of the four directions.

A long time passed. Grandmother Spider grew lonely for her children.
After wandering the Earth, she decided to make a home.
She built her lodge in the forest near a meadow where a shaman and his apprentice lived.

She and the apprentice became lovers and together they had many children. Eventually, a drought came over the land and there was nothing to eat. Spider Woman's children were crying because they were hungry.

She went to the shaman and his apprentice and said, "You must kill me, so my children will not go hungry."
At first, they refused because they had both grown to love her.

She wandered around with tears in her eyes looking for something for her children to eat. When she was sure she could find nothing, she insisted, "Kill me. It's the only way I'll ever be happy again."

When they finally agreed, she instructed them in how it was to be done. First, they prepared a field by removing the rocks and larger plants. Then, they used their digging sticks to roughen the surface of the soil.
Next, they cut Spider Woman's heart from her chest and planted it to the west of the field. Then, they dragged her body across the field until all the flesh was worn from her bones. Last, they planted her bones in the east of the field.

When they were finished, the Thunder Beings came to mourn her passing. Their tears made the land fertile, green and magic. From Spider Woman's heart grew the first oak tree. It had acorns of many kinds. From Spider Woman's flesh grew corn of many colours. From Spider Woman’s bones grew the sacred herbs for healing and ritual for when we want her to hear our dreams. (A Native American Indian Creation Myth)

“I am Grandmother Spider; I am the creator and weaver of life.”

Grandmother Spider spun two silver strands – one went north to south and the other west to east – that connected the four corners of the Earth. Her colours – yellow, black, red, and white – represent the colour of all peoples and reminds us we all come from the same source.

I am the Master Weaver.
I am the Weaver of the web of fate.
I am Wisdom, Creativity, and Divine Inspiration.
I am a Shape Shifter, full of understanding of the patterns of illusion.
I am the female energy of the creative force of life.

Spider Woman was the Weaver. So, she set up her loom on top of the mountain, took up her shuttle and began to weave. This time, as she wove, whenever one thread crossed another, a living thing appeared. She wove roses, lilies and many other beautiful flowers into this world. She wove fruit trees and nut trees and covered the land in mighty forest. She wove all manner of birds, fish and insects into her web. She wove deer, buffalo, coyotes and all of the animals. And every one of these living things was connected to each other in her weaving.

Then, she stopped weaving to look at it. It was very beautiful and very full. Yet, it was not finished. There was still something missing, so she started to weave yet another time. This time, the crossing threads created human beings – men, women and children.

And each human being that she wove into her Great Web was connected to every other – to the other animals, to the plants, trees, flowers, to the mountains, seas, desert, even
to the distant stars. Every human being and, indeed, everything that Spider Woman wove into her Great Web was interconnected.

The weaving of the Web is the development of the thoughts and aware consciousness of the Goddess of Earth. Just like the silken threads of a spider’s web, this web of consciousness intersected to incorporate the whole of the planet.

Within this matrix, the Goddess could design and create forms in which beings of pure energy could incarnate into. Just like neural pathways in the human brain, the Goddess created for herself a matrix of energy that was capable of holding thoughts and having inspired ideas of its own. From this matrix of thought, the Goddess created many patterns within it that would later become physical forms.

The Web connected all of life, not only on Earth but, also, all beings that inhabited the universe. The Web was made up of highways of light. These highways curled back upon themselves and returned to their original cosmic centre. They carried pure information, as light, back to the Source. You could call it the Universal Dreamer’s nervous system. These highways connected all of universal expression together in intricate
patterns of light that resembled a spider’s web.

Grandmother Spider weaves the realities of Earth. There are many realities, all going on at the same time. There are parallel realities that provide many and varied experiences, all occurring on Earth at once. The Goddess, in her spider form, aligns all the different realities together and allows them to cross over each other.

When you are running along in alignment to your own spirit, then you enter the synchronized world of Grandmother Spider. When Mathematicians came across fantastic formulas that explained the universe, they were tapping into the energy of Grandmother Spider. Magicians of old knew about the secrets of this realm, for this is the level in which you can perform miracles and magic. The sciences of chemistry, biology and psychics were inspired by the consciousness that exists upon this spider level.

Through aligning yourself to this aspect, you can begin to develop the skills needed to consciously create your own reality. In symbolic story, the spider weaves the realities and the fairy tales and all that you, as humans, can imagine.

The Universal Goddess, Mother of All, emerged out of her planetary creation
nucleus like a plant from its seed. She erupted into life in one massive orgasm. She manifested the Universal Matrix of Creation within her body, her form. She became an earthly, creative organism as she birthed into life. As Grandmother Spider, she spun her web, working to the divine blueprint of the Source itself, brought to her by the Elohim.

The web extended over the whole sphere. Forms and shapes of beings, yet to be born in form, could clearly be seen as the web became the matrix of the Dreamtime. New forms were birthed in the Dreamtime, new species, and new creations. The universal life creators, the Elohim, were now free to create new life forms using this universal matrix that had formed itself as a sentient physical entity.

Within this matrix, this spider’s web, the Goddess became a framework in which to hang other forms and creations upon. The Elohim inserted their creative designs from the Universal Dreamer itself into the matrix of thought that was now the Earth.
Elementals, Devic Kingdom & Fairies

The Goddess floated in the abyss of the outer darkness before the beginning of all things. She looked into the curved mirror of black space. She saw, by her own light, her radiant reflection and fell in love with it. She made love to herself and called her, "Miria," the Wonderful. Their ecstasy burst forth in the single song of all that is, and with the song, came motion. Waves poured outward and became all the spheres and circles of the worlds. The Goddess became filled and swollen with love. She gave birth to a rain of bright spirits to love the worlds as she did.

As the Goddess and the Elohim made love and exchanged and merged their energies, sparks of light could be seen to fly from their bodies. A rain of bright sparks then fell into the soft folds of the Goddess’s body. From this impregnation, she birthed a multitude of bright children to love and play in her world. These were the Elementals. The Elementals were born as etheric intelligent beings to live upon the Earth.
These beings later became the guardians of Earth. They were spiritual entities of a different dimension. The Twin Flames projected a small part of their consciousness into the Elementals’ bodies.

The Twin Flames could no longer visit Earth as she had become too dense in vibration for their light bodies. Earth was designed to be a planet that could sustain physical beings and forms. As the planet cooled, it became more solid and denser in vibration. The Twin Flames could not be on Earth in dense bodies, so they projected an aspect of themselves onto Earth as Fairies. Through the Fairy bodies, the Twin Flames could be close to Earth and keep a connection to her.

Living in the realms of the fourth dimension, the Elementals attached themselves to one of the four elements of fire, earth, air and water. Other Elementals were birthed into being – Nymphs and Sprites of the Water Kingdom, Gnomes of the Earth, Sylphs of the Air and Salamanders of the Fire Kingdoms. These were later known as Fairies.

The Elementals of the Plant Kingdom cared for the development of all plant species that spring to life from the soil of the Earth. Just as the human body possesses the
spiritual life energy of love and light, so do inanimate forms. Quartz crystals grew slowly, deep within the Earth, their growth nurtured by the loving consciousness of an Elemental being.

_Crystal Deva._

_The consciousness of the stones and minerals._
_A collective mind, the essence of all crystals._
_The manifestation of the undifferentiated creative source of law, rhythm, and power of the universe._
_Aware, conscious, and able to communicate._

You may sense communication with the crystal Devas as energy. Or, you may receive words or images, colours, music or just an intuitive sense of knowing. You may not consciously sense the Deva, yet may still be interacting with them; often, sudden insights are the result of assistance from the Devic Kingdom. Meditation and observation on and with nature (including the stones and crystals) can enable you to encounter the gateways to awakening this communion and communication.

It is possible to experience the Deva as a spirit essence, providing an overview of the spirit of the stone. During this process, you may feel an embrace of energy that may or may not be accompanied by messages
perceived in words or visions, colours, or physical and emotional sensations.

Going into meditation and communing with crystal Devas is a way of receiving energy and information pertaining to life and the crystals. Crystal Devas often carry and convey ancient records and wisdom via the crystals. The Devas can really help with your healing and spiritual evolution, and you can help them in the harmonizing and in achieving the highest evolution of manifested reality.

When you approach a Deva and are open to receive contact with a respectful and appreciative heart and mind, then such transient sensations can develop into a deep communion with the Goddess.

*A link to the Goddess.*
*A connection with Earth.*
*The heart of Gaia.*

*See the colours and the spirals in the centre of their collective resonance.*
*See the spiral, pulsating with living energy, that travels beyond the universe.*
*Crystalline structures, mirroring the cosmos, for all is crystalline in the universe.*

The original Fairies that came to Earth resembled balls of light. They were created
by the love between the planet and the Elohim. The planet was in its early stages of physical development. It was an ethereal place, and it resembled paradise.

As the aspects that were Fairy merged with the ideas that were forming to create the Earth, the Fairy energy solidified and individualised to create a splendid Kingdom, a dimension that aided Earth in her creation.

"I felt implanted life, seeded into the sacredness of my womb," the Goddess said. "I felt the seeds of the Source being planted in my fertile body. I felt them grow deep within me, their roots taking hold. I felt them pushing their heads through my tender skin, reaching for the sunlight that now bathed my beautiful body. Swooning in the ecstasy of birth, I created plants and mighty trees to cover my bare skin. I began to manifest in the forests that spread across my body. Clothing myself in a green gown of leaves and a crown of flowers, I walked through my landscape admiring the reflection of my beauty. All was paradise."

Fairies have existed with the other spirits of nature on Earth from the first beginnings of life. They are part of the complex web of consciousness that interlinks with the
Earth’s. They came into existence to tend the Earth and to transform spiritual energies and lock them into the physical plane.

There is a vast, shoreless, boundless, etheric field populated by billions of Elementals. They are far more numerous than human beings or any other organic beings in the universe. The Fairies are an ancient line of consciousness. They, too, evolve but in a way that is largely outside space and time.

The earliest Fairies were what you would now call Elementals. They were conscious but with only a limited sense of self-awareness and a high degree of instinctive action. As with all conscious creation, over vast periods of time, these Elementals became more aware. They attracted to themselves the building blocks of a higher consciousness and began to strive and to understand a method of evolvement within their own spiritual natures.

“We have existed for many eons of your time as a consciousness brought into creation as part of the inner workings behind physical existence,” the Fairies said. “These processes change over time but are constant in their work to maintain and co-create the universe in cooperation with all other beings...
and forces. We are part of this web of creation, this 'loom of life' as it has been called. We will be here long after you have gone (changed form), working and creating, in love and harmony with all those who contribute to the inner life of this existence. We were on the Earth from the beginning, and we will be here after she has gone. We love the Goddess; we took her energy and wove patterns of new species of tree, plants, and flowers. Each species was given a protector and nurturer in a Fairy body."

Fairies can grow in their capacity to absorb the light and love of the universe. Many, many times they were absorbed back into their form of universal consciousness and then reappeared to do more service for the Earth. Gradually, as experience and needs dictated, they became attached to the higher forms of Fairy. They evolved by the universal principle of resonance. They began to take on some of the attributes and duties of these higher fairies and, so, changed and evolved. They were aware of the universe around them, the other creations and beings, and the ebb and flow of life.

Fairies consist of a more ethereal substance than a human body. They can change their bodies, at will, into different
forms. There are many, many races and sub-types of Fairy. It is the plasticity of their ethereal bodies and their ability to blend with their immediate surroundings that often make them appear different, in different places. The consciousness of the Fairy is a form that is deeply intertwined with the consciousness of the universe itself. They received their purpose instinctively and knew what needed to be done from the moment they came into creation.

Over millennia, the lands of the Goddess were filled with wonders. Beings of purest energy were born. Elementals spun from crystalline fire and molten Earth, shone with the light of the sun. The silvery stars lit the night sky brightly, and through the light of Earth’s creation, the Fairies danced.

"We loved Earth and did all we could to keep it safe and beautiful. We helped baby birds that had fallen out of their nests to return to their mothers. We watered the flowers so their blooms would be bright and colourful. We talked to the trees as they reached for the warmth of the sun so that they would give us shade and a place to live. We were friends to all who came to the forest to discover the magic within."
We are the Fairies; we are our Mother’s blessing.
Our home is the Fairy realm, "the land of the ever-living."
By air, we created the seed.
By fire, we warmed it.
By water, we nourished it.
By Earth, we caused it to grow.
From the Goddess, we drew the power to make all things possible.

“Now, with the love of the Fairies to look after and nurture my growing body, I was developing into a fine and beautiful planet. I was becoming a garden of such beauty and power. With the sweet singing of the Fairies, I began to create ferns, flowers, and trees. I made love with all the bright ones, creating a world of dreams and visions. I danced in the moonlight as the night unfolded its wings and whispered its secrets to me. I watched with bated breath as the Fairies danced to their merry tune. From the clouds of energy that emanated from their bodies, I could see the beginnings of a new dimension forming. A dimension made from dreams – the Dreamtime.”
The Dreamtime

The Aboriginal Dreamtime is that part of aboriginal culture that explains the origins and culture of the land and its people. Aborigines have the longest continuous cultural history of any group of people on Earth. The Dreamtime is the story of how the universe came to be, how human beings were created, and how the Creator intended for humans to function within the cosmos.

"I am telling you this story from within the Dreamtime," the Goddess said.

All through my initiation with the Goddess, I was very aware that the story she was telling was coming up from the Earth. I was reading the energy of the Earth, and if I dug deep enough, I would bypass the modern human story that over-layered the true story that was, often, very deeply buried. I could feel information in energy coming up through my body and finding a
voice in my mind. As my feet touched the Earth, she began to speak to me.

"You are reading the land," she said.

The Australian Aborigines speak of jiva or guruwari, a seed power deposited in the Earth. In the Aboriginal worldview, every meaningful activity, event, or life process that occurs at a particular place leaves behind a vibrational residue in the Earth just like plants leave an image of themselves as seeds.

The shape of the land – its mountains, rocks, riverbeds, waterholes and unseen vibrations – echo the events that brought that place into creation. Everything in the natural world is a symbolic footprint of the metaphysical beings whose actions created the world. As with a seed, the potency of an earthly location is wedded to the memory of its origin.

The Aborigines called this potency the "Dreaming" of a place. This Dreaming constitutes the sacredness of the Earth. The Aborigines also say that only in extraordinary states of consciousness can one be aware of, or attuned to, the inner dreaming of the Earth.
So, apparently, I had been Earth Dreaming. I had been Earth Dreaming before when I first went to Munich in Germany. As my feet touched German soil, I began to feel sick and very lightheaded. I knew this was no illness; I was energy sick.

Over the next two days, I had lots of strange body feelings as the energy came from the Earth up into my body. I could feel the ley lines under my feet, and some were in a desperate need of healing. I was also aware of the Dragon consciousness that was there; he, too, was not happy.

Over the week that I stayed there, I spent most of my time doing clearing and Earth healing. At this stage, I was not aware of the Goddess at all and had no idea of what I was doing. I just followed the guidance of my higher self and did as I was told. I allowed the energy to move up through my body, and I did whatever I could to clear it from myself – transform it.

Sometimes, I would dance and sing. Other times, I would rage and roar. I expressed whichever emotion was needed for the release of the negative energy that had been planted into the Earth. And, together, we began to transform.
“All the ancient people knew about the Dreamtime. Before I was dense, totally third-dimensional, I vibrated at a higher rate; I was fourth dimensional. I was ethereal and made of energy. As I dropped in vibration, my energy became denser until the fourth dimensional energy began to take hold of shape and form. Souls began to incarnate into the Fairy bodies.

“Many levels of consciousness happily shared my world with me. Together, we dreamt a new reality, a new dimension, which we called the Dreamtime. Many of the ancient people had access to the portals into the Dreamtime. The Dreamtime still exists; third-dimensional reality and the Dreamtime exist side by side. One day, in your future, you will be of a high enough vibration to have access to this place.”

The Dreamtime
The Time before Time.

A long time ago, in the Dreamtime, before there were men or animals, plants, or any other thing, there was the Rainbow Serpent, which was the mother of all. She moved around in the darkness before there was the sun and the moon in the sky and created mountain ranges and deep channels where her great body wound its way. Where she
thrashed her tail, great rifts appeared, and there were great hollows where her body had lain sleeping. After a time, the Rainbow Serpent decided that it was time to create life for the world. So at the place called Uluru (Ayers Rock), she gave birth.

She gave birth to the Frog tribe and the Kingfisher tribe. But the Kingfisher people couldn’t see to fly, and the Frog people didn’t have any water to live in. The Rainbow Serpent told the Kingfisher people what they must do. The Kingfisher flew up into the sky and shot down at the Rainbow Serpent’s head, splitting it asunder with his long, sharp beak. Out of her stomach leaped all the animal tribes of the world and all the spirit beings. The sun leaped up into the sky to light the world for the tribes, and the moon jumped up to take his place in the night sky. The Frog tribe started singing with delight as the blood of the Serpent flowed out of her body and into the channels cut by her travels, into the deep chasms to become the sea. The vibrant rainbow-coloured scales of the Serpent flew up into the bright sky to become a flock of the Rainbow tribe, and the image of her colours were left on the sky as the rainbow, the reminder to all the tribes of their common mother. (Ancient Aborigine Myth)
Rainbow Serpent & Eurynome

I am the Serpent Goddess.
I weave the serpent spirals.
I am the Sacred Serpent,
with a mind of magic, and tongue of truth.
I am the charmer of Earth’s primordial garden.
I am the creator of the labyrinths within.

I am the Serpent Goddess.
Creating power and passion, circling the Earth
with divine visions.
With insight and imagination,
I weave the strands of many lands, into an intricate and shining reality.

I am the Snake Goddess.
I dance on scaled floors.
I writhe and move, creating mosaic patterns in time and space.

The creation of the universe was by Eurynome, the Goddess of All Things. Eurynome was born from Chaos. Her first work was to separate the water from the sky. When she had accomplished this, she began to dance across the water. It was a beautiful, sensual dance of creation. As she danced, she danced south, faster and faster.
She danced until a wind grew behind her. Eurynome caught this new wind between her hands and rubbed it into a snake. The snake, called Ophion, watched the Goddess. He saw Eurynome dancing across the waves and was filled with lust. He coiled his body around the Goddess seven times and made love to her as she danced. Impregnated by Ophion, soon the Goddess lay the Universal Egg. Ophion wrapped his body around it seven times at Eurynome's bidding. As it opened, the Earth spilled forth, populated with animals and plants. (Ancient Greek Myth)

Before the planet had become egg-shaped or round, it was a long tail of cosmic dust, moving and writhing like a serpent. It looked like a snake with its tail in its mouth; this is the emblem of eternity in its spiritual and physical sense. The coils of the snake symbolize the motion and also the orbits of the celestial bodies. The serpent with its tail in its mouth is the symbol of eternity, for in this position, the body of the reptile has neither beginning nor end.

The head and tail represent the positive and negative poles of the cosmic life circuit. The symbol of the serpent twisted around the egg represented both the motion of the
sun around the Earth and the bands of astral light that moved about the planet.

Gigantic snakes, winding over the whole universe, over the sun, moon and stars can be seen on ancient vases found in the deserts of the Middle East. This indicates that early civilizations worshipped the Serpent. The snake can also be found below a growing plant or above the belly of a pregnant woman. The snake is, thus, seen as a symbol of energy, life, and power.

The serpent spiral is one of the most widespread symbols of the Goddess. It appears in American Indian, Asian, African, Australian and European art, most often as a coiled serpent. Early Sumerian and Akkadian artifacts show pictures of a tree or pole that is called the "axis mundi" or the world axis. It is intended to be the centre and support of the world. Guarding this tree or pole is a snake or pair of intertwined snakes.

Genesis, in the Jewish scripture, talks of a tree that is guarded by a serpent. All primordial serpents of myths are derived from a Sumerian arch-serpent in subterranean waters whose name was Zu. This old Sumerian serpent-Goddess is the ultimate archetype of the Goddess of the watery abyss from which mortal life arises and to which it returns.
Goddess Zu & The Tree of Life

Zu stole the Tablets of Law and hid them on a mountain top. Ninurta defeated Zu and rescued the tablets. Stopping the universe, spinning back into primordial chaos.

“I am Zu. I am the Goddess of the tree of life. I stand guard in the branches. I am coiled around the roots of the tree, for I am its mistress. The tree of life is the map of the serpent spirals (the DNA) as it grows from its roots in the soil of the Earth. I am the serpent who grew wings and flew the night skies as Zu the thunderbird. I am the feathered serpent. I am the storm bird of the rains and winds. I am the celestial soul self of the serpent of Earth, the Goddess. I have been known by many different names. There were gods that came from the stars; they lay claim at my door. They changed my name and my sex. They used and abused my wisdom and knowledge within the DNA to create monsters of their own. They took my story of creation, replacing me with their male gods. Later they demonised me. Either way, I was not amused.”
The knowledge and direct experience of the Goddess was once revered throughout the world. Now, it has been lost and obscured by patriarchal repression and distortion. Different aspects of the original Goddess have survived in various cultures and deities; However, within many of them, the names and gender was changed. The Goddess was changed into a male god. Or, the patriarchal forces demonised the Goddess, calling her a monster.

The lion-headed bird is the Zu bird, of Sumerian and Babylonian legend, which nests in the sacred Halub tree that was planted by Inanna who, then, stole the Tablets of Destiny that give order to the universe. These tablets belonged to the primordial serpent, Tiamat.

The Zu bird is equivalent to the Indian great eagle, Garuda, which attacks the Tree of Life. Garuda represents the flight of the spirit into freedom on its liberation from the dominion of mind and body.

A Dragon had built its nest at the foot of the tree,
the Zu-bird was raising its young in the crown,
and the demon, Lilith, had built her house in the middle.
The Tree of Life represents the map of the DNA as it evolved on this planet. It is a living library of information on how to create forms and physical beings. Zu is the Goddess of the DNA and the Tree of Life and the serpent pathways. Gods coming from the skies would have had to tame or conquer Zu, if they were to know her secrets of the serpent spiral. The DNA Creator gods coming from the stars would have had to learn how to manipulate the serpent DNA coil, in order to create new beings. Those gods from the stars that had no respect or honour for the Goddess would have seen this as a battle between them and a mighty serpentine monster. Patriarchal forces would have felt threatened by Zu’s power, so they changed the stories to fit themselves. Thus, Zu was changed from a beautiful Goddess of the Tree of Life to a monstrous demon that must be destroyed.

From the deepest space within.
Waveforms of a high order resonate codes.
The DNA, the magic and wonder of all that is.
A bridge between multiple dimensions of matter and divine.
Travel the serpent path into the many-faceted realms of light and awareness.
There are double serpent DNA strands within the nucleus of each and every cell in the body. This DNA, this biotechnology, contains over a hundred trillion times more information than your most sophisticated storage devices. DNA is composed of a hyper-sophisticated language. The dual ribbon DNA winds around itself, forming a twin-bodied serpent.

There are two serpentine symbols associated with medicine today – the staff of Aesculapius and the Cadeuceus. The Cadeuceus is a figure that consists of two entwined serpents encircling a wand or rod. It was carried by Hermes, in Greek myths, and Mercury in Roman mythology as the messenger of the gods. It was a symbol of authority and protected the herald who carried it. The Cadeuceus also represented the kundalini of Indian religions.

The rod is the Axis – Mundi – the world tree and Yggdrasil – the tree of life. The central phallic rod represents the potential of the masculine and is intimately surrounded by the writhing, woven Shakti energies of two coupling serpents. The rod also represents the spine while the serpents conduct spiritual currents along the Ida and Pingala (channels) in a double helix pattern known as the human genome.
The Tree of Life is an important symbol in nearly every culture. With its branches reaching into the sky and roots deep in the Earth, it dwells in three worlds – a link between heaven, the Earth, and the underworld – uniting above and below. It is both a feminine symbol, bearing sustenance, and a masculine, phallic symbol.

In Jewish and Christian mythology, a tree sits at the centre of both the heavenly and earthly Edens. The Norse cosmic World Ash (Ygdrassil) has its roots in the underworld while its branches support the abode of the Gods. The Egyptian's Holy Sycamore stood on the threshold of life and death, connecting the worlds. To the Mayas, it is Yaxche whose branches support the heavens.

_I am Zu, fertility Goddess._
_I am the Mistress of the Tree of Life._
_I am a serpent with a human head._
_I am the Serpent, light of the sexes, opposition of contraries._
_Female and male together, a twin to itself._

_Cosmic serpent._
_Casual and timeless._
_A master of the vital principle and all forces of nature._

_Embrace the ancient serpent coil._
_The mysteries of the primeval beginnings._
Unravel the clues of life, unceasing, continuous, branching out in roots innumerable. Forever sending forth the serpent coil of living things.

Form from the formless  
Life from spiral void  
Twin spirals descend through heaven’s light.  
Sending patterns of light in design into the matrix of the Earth.  
Bringing new designs from the Source above, to be birthed within the belly of the Goddess. Twin serpents swirl in light to create from their energy. Divinity in form.

There is intelligence within the DNA due to the presence of the serpent Goddess, Zu. Through her, the DNA has the capacity to make choices. This operates inside every cell of your body. DNA is, itself, a kind of coding system called the genetic code. DNA is minded and conscious; it is the living language, substance of life, and it lives inside all the cells of all life forms on Earth.

The whole essence of the DNA double helix is that it is both single and double. It can only duplicate itself due to its double-ness. This twinning is the basis of life. At the beginning of your life, you were one cell and, then, the DNA in that cell duplicated itself, and you gradually unfolded into a being of
100,000 billion cells. Each cell contains an exact copy of the original genetic message, which is twinned each time a cell divides.

On the river of life and death, we ride.
Source of the ancient memories.
Fluid of the void.
Waters of the womb.
From the never-ending flow, we emerge.
Purified, experiencing total oneness.

The secrets of life and death.
Spiraling double helix.
Tree of life.
Evolutionary ladder to heaven.

Enter the mysteries of life, death and transformation.
Step upon the threshold of spiritual flight.
Fly with the Eagle; see the luminous energy body that transcends.
Pass through the open mouth of the black jaguar, guardian of the first death.
And creator of the dark void and seek the first mysteries of the universe.

The kundalini, literally, means coiling like a snake. It is a coiled serpent at the base of the spine. The coiled spring is untapped potential energy. This energy is described as a sleeping serpent coiled three and a half times at the base of the spine. It is a
storehouse of creative energy awaiting the command to spring into action. Kundalini is the active property that functions under the direction of Universal Law, DNA, and the subconscious mind.

In Eastern legends, she is a Goddess, and to know her is to possess the wisdom of a creator. Uncoiled, streams of creative energy known as prana are released, drawing energy from the inner levels of consciousness for mental creation or for physical procreation. All serpent worship and initiation surrounds the awakening of the kundalini in the body to transmute it into light. This is a mysterious, but natural, process in which transformative energies surge through the system, bringing about a dramatic transformation of mind, body, and soul.
Goddess Kundalini

I am Kundalini, the divine mother of all form.

Coiled in sleep at the base of the spine, the serpent power of the Goddess Kundalini gives life. When she awakens and begins to rise, the forces within (Shakti) merge with the powers on high (Shiva), consummating the sacred marriage. From this union of earthly and heavenly energies comes spiritual rebirth and wholeness. As the fluid of light spins the chakra wheels in the body, it cleans out the old impressions of past lives.

*The kundalini is an all powerful, unstoppable, erotic, terrifying, yet most beautiful force.*

When the Goddess Kundalini has travelled up the spine to meet her divine mate, the union of spirit and matter are consummated. Kundalini is known in the Eastern world as the Goddess Shakti. When Goddess Shakti is awakened, she sweeps us up in her tremendous passion to reunite with her Lord Shiva in the crown chakra. This mystical marriage symbolizes the combining of the male and female energies within the body and the awakening of multidimensional
consciousness. Then a soul can truly inhabit the physical form and live its divine purpose on Earth.

*Cosmos lovers hover above.*
*Comets streak across dark celestial skies.*
*BIRTH waits safely, in womb space.*

*Tree of life, sacred road to the heart of the cosmos.*
*Underworld, Earth, and celestial.*
*Primordial, sexual, vital, and cosmic.*

*Serpent of life, awareness.*
*Kundalini, ascend.*
*Spiraling DNA around,*
*the body of the Universal Tree.*

The cosmic serpent was revered through all time as the source of creation. When the matriarchal societies in ancient times were crushed by the patriarchal invaders, they changed the stories to fit in with male dominance on the planet. They changed the story; the serpent became a villain, replaced by *Yahweh* as the creator. The serpent was defeated by a mighty God. Or, so the stories say. Zeus was once a serpent Goddess that was perverted into the patriarchal God of Olympus.
Cosmic serpent Minia, her head is the sky and her tail, the waters.
Mawu-Lisa formed the Earth.
Da Ayido Hwedo flows like a snake through creation, holding all of Earth together since all time.
Serpentine Goddess, Tiamat – the watery abyss from whose body the universe was born at creation.
Prima Materia – out of which all else is made.
The Goddess’s First Born - Pan

The Goddess was born out of the Universal Dreamer’s desire to know itself. The Universal Dreamer was bored, lying forever, infinitely held in the arms of the Void. The Universal Dreamer was, after all, everything and nothing. It was dreaming it was asleep to itself, not conscious of itself as creation. It wished to know of itself and, through this wish, came the first desire. This desire rippled out into the Void, affecting all unmanifest energies. This desire brought things to be, created new life, and all of creation was impulsed to Be.

Who could have known the desire would become a longing? The Goddess had always been part of the whole, feeling no separation between herself and the Source. They were One and the same, equal and powerful. With this desire, she felt, for the first time, the separation. It tore her into pieces. For the first time, she felt the pain of rejection. She found herself separate from the Source and engulfed by feelings of loss and need. The Source (He) became aware of the split and wanted to know her – this Goddess of desire – with all her pain, urges and longings.
We all know this feeling of longing. Many think it is a human condition; in truth, it comes from a much deeper place. Every being that has ever been expelled from the Source has had this urge, this desire, this need, this longing, to go home to the Source of all creation.

This longing that we all experience, comes from a deep place within the soul; it is the need to touch the sacredness of the Source. It is the constant searching for a love, sublime, pure, and serene. Beyond all time and space, this need embraces us. Nestled in the heart of the human soul, it waits, throughout lifetime upon lifetime. This urge, this desire, haunts us.

“Many names and faces you have known throughout this long and ancient time of Earth,” she said. “From my body, you were birthed just like all the other forms and beings that make up this reality. I was lonely, sitting there in dark space, far from the love of the Source. I longed to be held in a warm embrace. It had been such a long time since I had felt the kiss of my Twin Flame on my skin. Held in solitude, I struggled with my pain. And from this longing, an idea, an inspiration came to me in the darkness. I took the creative, divine
essence that filled the secret well inside of my body. I used the sacred waters to nourish a being that would become my lover, my brother, and my consort.”

Serpent King.
Adonis, Amon-Ra, Cernunnos, Dionysius, Eros, Faunus, Hades, Horus, Nuit, Lucifer, Odin, Osiris, Pan, Thor, and Woden.

Aphrodite compelled Myrrha to commit incest with Theias, her father, the king of Assyria. Her nurse helped her with this trickery to become pregnant, and when Theias discovered this, he chased her with a knife. To avoid his wrath, the gods turned her into a myrrh tree. The tree later burst open, allowing Adonis to emerge. Once the child was born, Aphrodite was so moved by his beauty that she sheltered him and entrusted him to Persephone. She was also taken by his beauty and refused to give him back. The decision was made that Adonis was to spend one-third of every year with each Goddess and the last third wherever he chose. He always chose to spend two-thirds of the year with Aphrodite. This went on till his death, until he was fatally wounded by Ares who was jealous of Adonis. (Ancient Greek Myth).
From the Goddess’s body, she birthed her first son; he became her constant lover and companion. He was brought into being through initiation by water. From the sacred waters, all was birthed. From the amniotic fluid of the Goddess, all was created. In the very centre of the planet, there is a well spring of the essence of eternal life, the womb fluid of the Goddess.

Water is both a giver of life and a path to the Underworld. The Goddess is lady of the rainbows, dweller in the moist realms, and lady of the moon who pours the waters of nourishment onto the Earth.

Her son was the living and Holy Spirit of the Void, the boundless darkness and the light burning within. He was portrayed sitting in a lotus position with horns or antlers on his head, long curling hair, a beard, naked except for a neck torque, and sometimes holding a spear and shield. His symbols were the stag, ram, bull, and horned serpent. He represented virility, fertility, animals, physical love, nature, woodlands, and reincarnation.

“I took the serpent spirals of DNA and wove a new being. I birthed a being strong of heart and body, free of mind, and playful in nature. He was my son and my lover. I
took the designs and energy that was given me by my Twin Flame and created, for myself, a being that could keep me warm on cold winter nights.

“No longer was I able to feel the love of the Source. I was cut off from the rest of the universe. Held in the darkness all around me, I began to dream. I dreamt of a love so pure, alive and true. Yet, as my dreams continued unrealised, I began to feel the longing, the desire. I began to dream for myself a lover, perfect in every way. A being like myself, birthed from the fertile waters of my body.”

The Greek word “Pan” means “all” – all in the universe. Pan is the archetype for the great forces of nature. Firmly grounded in the element earth with his hooves, he reaches for the sky with his horns where he spiritually meets the great Goddess. With his panpipes, he produces the harmonic music of nature sounds and the music of the spheres. The seven reeds of his pipes stand for the seven musical notes, the chakras, and the planets of the solar system.

Pan connects the cycles of nature, the masculine and feminine forces, and all the different elements. Pan’s pipes represent the seven chakras as they awaken, as the
kundalini surges up the spine in ecstatic reunion with the Goddess. Just as there are seven musical notes on a scale, there are seven chakras that Pan plays into harmony. As Pan plays his pipes, he calls all elements in the four bodies – physical, emotional, mental and spiritual – into alignment with the harmony of the universe.

“I am the potent force of nature,” Pan said. “You have known me by many different names. I am the Horned God, Pan, and Dionysus, and many more. I do not care what name you call me as long as you do not call me too late for the party. You have forgotten me. You have pushed me back into the recesses of your minds. You have locked me away. I am here to remind you. Do you remember me? Do you not remember when you danced with my energy in your body? Do you not remember when you ripped the clothes from your body and smeared mud on your naked skin? They called the ones that danced with me witches. They demonised me; they called me the devil. This is not my truth.

“I am God of Fertility, a god of potent power. I am sad within. There were times when you worshipped me in joy. There were times when you tasted me in the vine and
the wine. These times have gone. The churches have demonised me; they made me evil. And they made those who danced with me sinners. There were, once, festivals where we danced together with joy. These festivals were stolen from me. They took my rituals, placed them under another name.

"When you bring trees inside of your homes in winter, it is for me you celebrate, not Christ. These rituals were stolen from me by thieving Christians. When you give your children eggs at Easter, this was once my ritual, my festival, my joy. You once ate the bread of my body and drank the wine as my blood.

"Are you willing to remember me? Are you willing to rekindle the flame? The next time you sip your wine, think of me. You need me as I need you. No flower can bloom without my energy. No fruit can ripen in the sun without me. I do not wish for worship; all I ask is for you to remember me. For through me, you will find your connection to nature. You will feel my fertile, potent power in your blood. Together, we will birth this planet anew. Together, we will bring back paradise. I ask, are you willing? Are you willing to throw out all judgments of me and see me in my truth? Do you have a big enough heart for a devil?"
“The Goddess and I are both the same. I was birthed from her body; she is my sister, my mother, and my lover. I am the Goddess in male form; I am both. Look for my face in the trees. I am the old man with the beard that looks between the leaves. This is not your imagination; I have been watching you. I am life-force. Embrace me and you will live, really live. Are you alive now? Would you like to be fully alive? Feel my energy; I am not separate to you. I am the desire in your belly. It is only the mind that denies me. The desires of the body will bring you life, for the body has wisdom. It will speak to you through your desires; this goes against all teachings, does it not? Throw out your teachings and live.

“Your teachings are manipulated by minds. How will you ever know they are the truth? When I awaken within you, there will be much celebration. When the Goddess and I walk out across your land, hand in hand, you will feel our vibration through the soles of your feet. Feel me in your blood; feel me in your desires and allow me. In harvest time, you bring fruits. You lay them at the feet of another god, not at mine. If only one small piece of this fruit was dedicated to me, I could return. Hold a feast in my name;
raise your glasses in cheer. I promise I will be with you.” Pan

“Pan played his pipes and soothed me of my sorrow,” the Goddess said. “He played to the stars in the night sky; he played to the forests of trees. He played to the night and to the day. His sweet melody loved me; its vibrations rang through my body. As I listened, I began to forget the Twin Flame from the stars. Pan was now my lover. Pan was my Lord of the Woods, my forest lover, my ecstatic dancer. He was a great god of joy and good humour; his laughter could be heard ringing through the trees and mountains.

“Pan, now, was my lover, my fulfiller of sexual desire. How he loved me. My erotic nature was now satisfied; my sexuality honoured and allowed. I began to remember myself for who I was – a creative, potent, fertile Goddess. Together we made sweet lovings. His passion matching my own, we rode the ecstatic waves of pleasure. Pan’s pipes called all the energies of the universe together. His music married the two spiraling serpents of the DNA together. New beings could be seen gestating in the matrix of sound and energy that Pan and I created.”
Pan became especially enamoured with a water nymph named Syrinx. He pursued her, but she escaped him by fleeing to a river where she was changed to a stand of reeds. Pan finally took some of these and fashioned the instrument known as "Pan's Pipes," on which he played to console himself.

Pan, lord of the dance.
Wild wondrous Pan, the forest's sire
King of the ancient wood
Prince of seed, beast, plant and tune
Dancing in the light of the dappled moon.
The woodland king, the lord of the trees,
Friend to the moon, stars and the breeze.
A fertile and creative force
Returning us to the wildness of our source.

Pan is lord of life and the giver of life, yet he is also lord of death and resurrection. For, like the Goddess, the nature of her horned consort is also dual. For the horned god is not only the hunter, he is also the hunted. He is the sun by day, and moon by night. He is the lord of light, and he is also the lord of darkness, the darkness of the shadows, the darkness of the depths of the forest, the darkness of the depths of the Underworld.

The Horned God is also the spirit of vegetation, of the green and growing things, of the vine, of the forest and of the field.
Dionysus, Adonis, and many other vegetation and harvest gods were all, often, depicted as horned – wearing the horns of the bull, the goat, the ram, or the stag. This aspect is the dying and resurrecting god who dies with the harvest, who is buried as is the seed, who then springs forth anew, fresh and green and young. In the spring, he is reborn from the womb of the Goddess.

Pan’s ecstatic worship was so hated by the Christian Church that they used his description as their devil and called him the lord of all evil. Yet, to the ancients who worshipped him, Pan is all, and all is Pan. The Horned God is not the devil, except to those who fear and reject nature, the powers of life and human sexuality, and the ecstasy of the human spirit.

The Consort of the Goddess.
My Law is Harmony with all things.
Mine is the secret that opens the gates of life.
And mine is the dish of salt of the Earth.
The body of Cernunnos.
I give the knowledge of life everlasting, and beyond death.
I give the promise of regeneration and renewal.
I am the sacrifice, the father of all things, and my protection blankets the Earth.
Miria (another aspect of the Goddess) was swept away, and as she moved out from the body of the Goddess, she became more masculine. First, she became the Blue God, the gentle, laughing god of love. Then, she became the green one, vine-covered, rooted in the Earth, the spirit of all growing things. And, last, she became the Horned God, the hunter whose face is the ruddy sun and, yet, dark as death. Desire always draws him back toward her so that he circles her eternally, seeking to return in love. All began in love; all seeks to return to love. Love is the law, the teacher of wisdom, and the great revealer of mysteries.

I experienced the consort a few years ago. He was a snaky, earthy Gaian man. I felt he was like Pan. He was the man in nature, slightly demonic. He was part of the trees. “The fruit on the bough,” he said. I was a little scared of him; his energy was very primitive, wild, dark, taboo, ancient, a potent force.

I felt he had other names – Dionysius, the Corn God of the British Pagans, the Green Man. He came from the forest and, usually, in the night. I knew this was what the Church called the devil. He was my lover, not my Twin Flame love from the stars, pure and of God, but a dark lover of the Earth, of
Gaia, of the Goddess. I began to feel the Goddess, the essence of the form. This energy was sleeping in my body, all bodies and all forms. The Serpent King, through my lover, awoke her and her expression and power. It was terrifying and ecstatic. As I merged more with the Goddess, I realised she was searching for something under every leaf and stone, searching for him, the Serpent King.

I am a stag of seven tines,
I am a wide flood on a plain,
I am a wind on the deep waters,
I am a shining ray of the sun,
   I am a hawk on a cliff,
I am fair among flowers,
I am a god who sets the head afire with smoke.
I am a battle waging spear,
I am a salmon in the pool,
   I am a hill of poetry,
   I am a ruthless boar,
I am a threatening noise of the sea,
   I am a wave.

I saw him once in the form of a tree, in a sacred tree in Cornwall. Lightning had split the tree in two parts. One part was the female; the tree looked just like a naked female body but without a head. Just like all the Goddess statues of old.
“I am the Goddess,” she said. “Pure intuition, no mind, no head, only body.”

Then, I looked to the other part of the tree, the male side. The tree looked like a male body with a huge phallus but, then, I saw that this being also had breasts.

He said, “I am the man of nature, Serpent King; I am also the Goddess expressing itself as a male body.”

He could be both a man and a woman. He was both.

HE is here, we can feel him rising, and HE is alive within the fruit on the bough. His secret kept safe in the pearl of the sea, we will feast on his body tonight.

“I am the Green Man, I am the Horned God. Do not confuse me for being male (as you understand masculinity), this is not my truth. In truth, I am the Goddess in male form.”

I am life!

Turn the male to the female. I am she who adorneth the male for the female.
I am she who adorneth the female for the male.
Dumuzi

In Babylon, Ishtar meant “Star” – the light of the world. She was also known as Ashtoreth, Har, and Hora. Her primordial origins were from the magical tree of life, the sacred serpent. Her chief consort was the son/brother/lover, Dumuzi, meaning “faithful son.”

The Grain God, Dumuzi, was fated to meet a sacrificial end. At this time, the Goddess' lover descended to the Land of No Return, the Underworld, and life on Earth became sterile, scorched and parched by the rays of the high summer sun. The Goddess annually mourned the loss of her beloved. Naturally, she would eventually retrieve him so that the eternal annual cycle could be acted out, life affirmed, and life restored.

The Goddess is the ever-bearing, eternal mother of the Earth, and the God is the reincarnation of the Goddess. He becomes the lover and son, over and over again. This symbolism can be found even in the simplest patterns of nature. Plants grow in the spring, thrive in the summer, and die in the winter, then come back in the spring.

Dumuzi is born in the spring, matures in the summer, becomes the Goddess's lover,
and dies in the winter to be reborn, again, in the spring. He fertilizes the Goddess during the summer solstice and impregnates her. He is the fertile, potent masculine principle who, as lover of the Goddess, unites with her in sacred sexual union, and so the endless cycles of life are continued.

The energy of the Horned God is vast, earthy and powerful. He is the laughing, free, rejoicing spirit of the wild. This was the male that loved every aspect of women, seeing the divine Goddess within each woman, igniting the flame of passion within her so that she could flow with the ecstasy of life and sexual energy in her body. In that merging of body and divine energy, in the sacred marriage, the masculine principle is reunited with his own origin, the source of life in the Goddess. It is a mutual love and a divine unfolding.

However, the myths changed and the great Goddess became an evil enemy that had to be conquered. In many myths, worldwide, the Goddess is depicted as an evil and terrible monster. In many, she is brutally killed and torn apart and her son lover destroyed or demonised. In the West, the Horned God, Pan, became the devil, the sexual demon. He became the master of hell, to be feared by all good souls. The Goddess
and her lover – the potent, empowered female and male – became a threat to patriarch hierarchal order and had to be controlled.

“The Green Man, my consort, is the enforcer of the laws. He is the sun and the seasons, being born, dying, and being reborn in a constant cycle. He is my divine child, the son who becomes my equal partner. He is the forest, the clear blue sky, and the soil beneath your feet.”

As I looked at the tree that had been struck by lightning, I noticed that the female side of the tree looked ancient and very wild. It was covered in vines, and it appeared as if snakes were wrapped around its boughs. Then, I looked at the male side. It was completely different; it had a profusion of leaves and foliage. It seemed as if it had been designed. I looked at both sides, and I could see how wild and out of control the female was as compared to the meticulously designed male side.

The Goddess said, “In the beginning, I was alone. I was wild and unruly. I was fertile, yes, but a little untidy. I birthed Him from my body, and he took the threads of
my creation and wove a carpet of impeccable design. Together, we made a great team. The fairies joined in; we began to transform the wildness of Earth into a garden of paradise.”

The male aspect of the Goddess is the force behind the arranging, managing, and designing of the garden of Earth. He is Lord of the Forest, a natural healer. His energy is often tricky and moves through the shadows. He is the magician of the shady places, Lord of the Underworld. As the healer, he brings health and prosperity back to Earth. As the trickster, he is carefree and full of laughter. As the magician, he is the wise man who can help you discover great knowledge. As the Lord of the Underworld, he is the escort into the next life.

I am Dumuzi; I flood the Earth with warmth. I encourage the hidden seed of creation to burst forth into manifestation. I am the spirit of all beasts wild and free. I run with the stag and soar as a sacred falcon against the shimmering sky. The ancient woods and wild places emanate my powers, the birds of the air sing of my sanctity.
I am the harvest, offering up grain and fruits beneath the sickle of time so that all may be nourished.

For without planting there can be no harvest; without winter there can be no spring. I am the thousand named Son of creation. Know that by all names, I am the same. (Taken from Ancient Sumerian Tablets)

“There was a great distance between us as I birthed him from my body. Separated, he was no longer a part of my womb. I felt like a mother who misses her baby within her belly, now birthed into the world. I was in pain of the longing to be one with him again. My desire, this need to be one with him, seemed to create a manifestation of form, a twinning of energies. Life was designed anew. The rejoining, the remixing of our energies created new beings to live upon the planet. Our serpent energies twinned and mixed together, creating endless possibilities.”
The Cosmic Egg

In the womb of the Goddess Isis, the twins twist and twin together in the throes of love.
They are born; they together create the opposites of day and night, male and female, life and death.

In the beginning, there was an empty darkness. The only thing in this void was Nyx, a bird with black wings. With the wind, she laid a golden egg, and for ages she sat upon this egg. Finally, life began to stir in the egg and out of it arose, Eros, the god of love. One-half of the shell rose into the air and became the sky and the other became the Earth. Eros named the sky Uranus, and the Earth he named Gaia. Then, Eros made them fall in love. (An Ancient Greek myth)

Earth’s first born.

Born of the cosmic egg.

Primeval Atom

Matter floating in chaos.
The seed of all beginnings

Womb for which 'woman' is named.

The symbolism of the egg is an important factor in many of the ancient myths and creation stories. Creation myths that tell of the sun coming forth from an egg are quite universal and can be traced back, at least, as far as ancient Egypt. The Egg of Brahma is the story of the cosmic embryo, and embryology is the basic study of creation.

The egg also expresses the primordial form of everything manifested, from atom to globe, from man to angel. Everything is circular. It is the emblem of eternity and infinity. The Virgin Egg is the microcosmic symbol of the macrocosmic prototype, the Virgin Mother, the Primeval Deep. The formless chaotic egg is primitive chaos, or a featureless, undifferentiated universe. This is the most frequently found primordial energy of the universe in creation myths.

The first living thing was P'an Ku. She evolved inside a gigantic cosmic egg, which contained all the elements of the universe totally intermixed together. P'an Ku grew by about 10 feet each day. As she grew, she separated the Earth and the sky within the egg. At the same time, she gradually
separated the many opposites in nature – male and female, wet and dry, light and dark, Yin and Yang. While she grew, she also created the first humans. After 18,000 years, the egg hatched and P'an Ku died from the effort of creation. From her eyes, the sun and moon appeared, from her sweat, rain and dew, from her voice, thunder, and from her body, all the natural features of the Earth arose. (A Chinese Myth)
Titans & Giants

The Clash of the Titans.
The Roar of the battle.
The Labours of birth.
The Titans are born.

The Titans were the first born of Gaia. Titans and Giants are, essentially, spiritual beings. Their bodies were zones of the planet or continents, oceans, mountains, volcanoes and vast weather patterns. This is why tradition attributes tidal waves, earthquakes, eruptions, and storms to the actions of Titans or Giants. The Titans are the bodies of vast beings, dismembered or willingly sacrificed to create the world.

There was Mir, the Ice Giant, whose skull made the vault of the sky in Norse myth, and the dismemberment of Ra in Egyptian myth. In the older Greek mythic traditions, the Titans were originally deities of the seven planets (Moon, Sun, Mercury, Venus, Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn). They descended into the body of the Earth. They existed long before the gods and humans were on the planet.

Earthquakes and large Earth changes are affected by Earth’s planetary orbit and by its relationship to solar and other planetary
forces. These all act upon, and interact with, Earth’s oceans, plates, and the deep telluric or underworld fires, the star-fire in the heart of Earth. The Titans and Giants were the forces that were shaping the planet. They were primitive creatures of massive size and were the personifications of the forces of nature.

They were associated with coming into being, with development of life on Earth, and with the transformative (to you, destructive) forces. If you meditate with the Fairy beings and request them to make contact with the larger beings, the Titans and Giants, this will bring you a stream of consciousness that is non-verbal, not limited by time, and deeply healing.

*In the beginning, there was only chaos. Then, out of the Void appeared Erebus, the unknowable place where death dwells. All else was empty, silent, only endless darkness. Then, Love was born, bringing a start of order. From Love came Light and Day. Once there was Light and Day, Gaia, the Earth appeared. Then, Erebus slept with Night, who gave birth to Ether, the heavenly light, and to Day the earthly light. Meanwhile, Gaia alone gave birth to Uranus, the heavens. Uranus became Gaia's mate,*
covering her on all sides. Together, they produced the three Cyclopes, the three Hecatoncheires, and twelve Titans. However, Uranus was a bad father and husband. He hated the Hecatoncheires. He imprisoned them by pushing them into the hidden places of the Earth, Gaia's womb. This angered Gaia and she plotted against Uranus. She made a flint sickle and tried to get her children to attack Uranus. All were too afraid except the youngest Titan, Cronus. Gaia and Cronus set up an ambush for Uranus as he lay with Gaia at night. Cronus grabbed his father and castrated him with the stone sickle, throwing the severed genitals into the ocean. From his spilt blood came the Giants, the Ash Tree Nymphs, and the Erinnyes. From the sea foam where his genitals fell, came Aphrodite. (An Ancient Greek myth)

Billions of years ago, the planet had no oxygen in its atmosphere and no ozone layer, so poisonous ultraviolet rays from the sun hit the surface directly. The molten centre of the planet was extremely hot, and volcanoes erupted constantly, forming the mountains and landscapes. Water droplets, contained in the atmosphere, could not settle as liquid or ice because the surface was so hot.
This was the famous time of the Titans. The Titans embodied good and evil. They took the form that most suited their needs and fought countless battles on the primordial frontiers of the Earth. Life on Earth slowly multiplied, and the gods became more powerful and the battles more intense. When life had spread to all corners of the Earth, the skies shook and the Earth trembled with the fevered pitch of the Titans’ battles.
Single-Celled Organisms

Thousands of years later, the planet had cooled, and volcanic eruptions were less common. Water now settled and created oceans. Green algae formed in the water, which photosynthesised and produced oxygen that went into the air. The oxygen formed a layer of ozone which protected the Earth from poisonous ultraviolet rays from the sun. Land began to drift apart, forming continents. The Earth's surface and atmosphere were now stable enough to support primitive life.

Single-celled organisms began to develop in the seas that covered the planet. Most of them were very simple single-celled bacteria that fed on the chemicals in the ocean's waters. This single cell spontaneously emerged as life, from a primordial soup of chemicals in the ancient ocean, the womb of the Goddess.

This was the first spontaneous emergence of a cell with DNA. The cell perpetuated itself by feeding on the primordial soup to form interlocking chemical reactions. The sets of cells could even replicate whenever a few drops of the soup splashed into another pool to start a new cycle. New chemicals would
initiate mutations, leading to new and more complex sets of cells. This was all due to the fact that chaotic systems, like weather, can be easily affected because of their extreme sensitivity. Very complex systems can spontaneously create order from chaos.

The cells multiplied, divided, and recreated more and more variations of the original one cell. The evolution of life, from its beginning through the development of the primitive multi-cellular organisms, took billions of years.

"Everything comes from my body. You cannot create without me. I am the crucible that transforms the base elements to create life. I am the dark womb that holds the night. I guard the gateway into the Void. From my darkness, many forms, beings, and gods were born. I am your Mother and the Mother of all, all in form."

In the beginning of Earth’s creation, there was only the female. All human fetuses are female until chemicals known as the androgens affect the chromosomes and, thus, create a male. To explain further, to
produce a male, hormones must be added, and the basic development of the fetus is female.

A single cell develops physically into a human being by a process of continuous division and subdivision. When a cell reproduces, the mother cell does not remain intact but, actually, becomes the two new daughter cells. Since the same protoplasm is present in the daughter cells as was in the mother cell, the two daughter cells still comprise but a single organism, one living being. The same thread of life of the original cell, the same protoplasm, continues coursing through every cell in that body.

When a cell divides and subdivides, no matter how often, the same cellular material, the same protoplasm, the same life passes into the daughter cells, and the granddaughter cells, and the great-granddaughter cells, going on forever.

Life was derived, originally, from one single cell, fertilized in a bolt of lightning as the Earth cooled. This bolt of lightening was the sweet touch of the Twin Flame (Elohim).
The Goddess showed a very strange film to describe this process to me. The planet, Earth, formed as a naked female body. It was completely covered in green forests. As I watched, I saw small bud-like beings birthed from her body, as if sprouting. I watched as the buds took form and definition. I watched as the Lilimi populated the planet.

The Earth lay dreaming her fertile dreams. Huge trees and vegetation, larger than anything you could possibly imagine, covered the whole surface of the Earth. No longer was she a fiery molten ball, now cooler and wet. The moisture blocked out the harsh rays of the sun, making it the most perfect environment for lush and gigantic jungle.

The jungle was thick with life. Birds and animals, long since extinct, mingled with plants like vines, curling like the coils of a giant serpent. The Goddess lay birthing herself over and over again. Now, no longer content to recreate her sacred landscape that made up her female body, she turned her hand to new works of creation. And through her, the Lilimi were born.
The Lilimi were not dense or solid; they were like life protoplasm that had morphed and birthed itself into many new forms. The Goddess, just like the cells, had divided and subdivided herself without losing her life force. The one had become many. Just like the Universal Dreamer had birthed the Angels, and the Angels had birthed stars, she too began to create.

The Lilimi with their supple bodies, their skin changing like that of a chameleon, perfectly camouflaged in their environment, began to populate the Earth. They were a part of nature; they were nature; they were the offspring of the Goddess. The life force, the biology, like a virus out of control, the Lilimi multiplied as the Earth teemed with life.

New creatures were formed as the Twin Flames gave the Goddess the ability to design her own forms of life. The Lilimi, the daughter cells, reached up to the stars and caught the sweet love of the Twin Flames as they sparked new life into their bodies. Lightning bolts of blue hit the surface of the planet, bringing the Lilimi ecstasy and, in turn, ecstasy for the Goddess.

The Jungle is thick, the atmosphere heavy. A bird screeches; the air is thick and wet. There she is – a Lilimi. Her body is
naked, smeared with mud and slime. Her hair is tangled in wild dreadlocks, her form muscular and strong. Her eyes are wild and shiny like an animal's, her teeth sharp and white. Yet, for all her appearance, she is not physical at all. Not as we know it. She can merge herself with nature, become one with a tree. Watch as she seems to fade in and out of the jungle behind her. Can you feel her energy? It is wild, chaotic, fertile and potent.

She looks hungry, not for food but for the opportunity to birth new life. She awaits eagerly the return of the Twin Flames to bring her new designs, to birth new beings from her fertile body.

She is self-impregnated. She was originally birthed from the single life cell that came from within her mother’s body. Just like the Goddess before her, she creates herself over and over, being the mother to many. Yet, the Goddess is still there; she is one singular consciousness in many forms. The Goddess sees through many eyes and hears through many ears.

*I am Lilim
A prototype of new life.
Pure female, a version of the Goddess.
A Daughter to myself.*
Long, long ago the First Woman, the Goddess, became fully grown in four days. She did not love all of the men, but she did like the handsome ones. Of all the men, however, she thought the most attractive was the Sun God. Of course, she thought he could never be her husband. To her surprise, one day, the Sun God came up behind her and gently tickled her neck with a feathery plume. She was engulfed with warm sunshine, and in a magical way, the Goddess became the wife of Sun God. He fathered her first born, a son. Not long thereafter, the Goddess was resting beneath an overhanging cliff when some drops of water fell upon her. Soon, the Goddess gave birth to a second son, fathered by the Water God. Because the two boys were so close in age, they became known as the Twins of the Goddess. (Native American Lore).

First, there was the Goddess who birthed herself from the Nothing. Then, from her body, she birthed her son, Dumuzi, as the one became two. Then, the two – the Goddess and her lover – made love, creating new and more complex forms of beings. Some very simple life forms appeared. The Lilimi lived in the soupy mixture that would, eventually, become the world's oceans. No
one really understands how these first life forms started, but they did.
Earth continued to birth more and more complex forms from her body until the single cells began to divide. It took another 2.5 billion years for them to get together and form a sort of city of single-cells that all worked together but at different jobs. Some were in control of eating, some controlled movement, some reproduction. This was the first complex life form.

Up until about 500 million years ago, everything that could have been considered an animal was kind of squishy and slimy like big slugs or jellyfish. Then, a very important creature appeared in the seas. This small animal was called a Pikaia (pie-KI-ya), and it was only about two inches long, but it had something no other animal had ever had before – a spine. This would make it the ancestor of every fish, bird, reptile, and mammal.

It wasn't long after Pikaia appeared that many different types of fish began to evolve. A few simple creatures began to leave the water for the safety of the land. These pioneers became insects and, along with plants, would be the first to colonize the land. Insects were the first creatures on
Earth to leave the sea, but fish weren't far behind.

Some fish learned how to gulp air and started to develop lungs. Eventually, these simple lungfish began to pull themselves out of the water using their fins and, gradually, these fins, through the process of evolution, developed into simple legs.

At this time, life on land was much easier as food was plentiful and there wasn't much competition, so these early visitors were able to prosper relatively quickly. They, soon, developed more advanced legs and feet and evolved into the first amphibians. Life on land was easily as complex as that in the sea. There were lizards, amphibians, insects, lots of plants and a new kind of creature – reptiles.

The most interesting types of these creatures were the mammal-like reptiles. They were divided into herbivores (plant-eaters) and carnivores (meat-eaters) just like the Dinosaurs. They ruled the land until the middle of the Triassic period when Dinosaurs first appeared on the scene.

Dinosaurs first emerged during the Triassic Period. This was the time when evolution determined the basic form that defined the Dinosaurs. The Jurassic period was the time when Dinosaurs became the
true rulers of the land. It was a time of great diversity among the Dinosaurs, and there was a general explosion of life throughout the world. Birds, as we know them, took to the air, and in the sea, water-adapted reptiles grew to immense sizes. Insects and plants also diversified.

At the end of the Jurassic period, the continents began to divide into separate and distinct land masses. This resulted in worldwide climate changes that allowed flowers and grasses to appear for the first time. This was also a time when some of the most well-known Dinosaurs walked the Earth.
The Great Bombardment, Marduk (Niburu) & the Dinosaurs

Many large beasts were born from the union of the Goddess and her lover. The Dinosaurs, huge and powerful, began to roam the ancient forests of Earth. However, they were soon to come to a very violent and abrupt end.

After the Earth was formed, there were many planets still in the solar system. These showered the Earth in what is called the “Great Bombardment,” which was so intense that the Earth's temperature increased significantly. A mass extinction of many creatures happened during the Cretaceous Period. An asteroid, six miles in diameter, is believed to have hit the Yucatan Peninsula. Shock waves reverberated around the Earth. Debris flew high above the atmosphere, raining down with incinerating heat.

Later, dust and aerosols blocked the sunlight and temperatures plummeted. Photosynthesis stopped and animals disappeared, including the Dinosaurs. Many plant species disappeared, and the diversity of plankton fell sharply. Approximately 85
percent of ocean-dwelling marine animal species were lost.

Many years ago, a planet that has often been called the 12th planet, or Niburu, was coming back into orbit in Earth’s solar system. Niburu is on a very wide arc of progression in the heavens, and it comes into Earth’s sector of space every few thousand years as it moves on great time cycles. Being a planet of massive proportions compared to Earth and having a magnetic field twenty times more powerful, Niburu had a harsh and damaging effect on Earth. Marduk was a being from Niburu who took on this story and placed himself as the main character.

Marduk (Niburu) was emitting radiation in his approach to the other planets in the solar system. He stirred up electrical emissions from these planets. Passing by Neptune, the gravitational pull from that planet caused Marduk to be pulled into the vicinity of Uranus. Chunks of matter were then torn off, creating satellites that orbited around Marduk. Moving past the very large planets of Saturn and Jupiter, Marduk’s path was tugged inward into the centre of the solar system towards the planet Tiamat (Earth).
The satellites of Marduk crashed into the planet, and an immense bolt of electricity shot into Tiamat, extinguishing her life force. After completing its first solar orbit, Marduk came back again and hit Tiamat directly, splitting her in two. The upper half was hit by satellites, and this part became the Earth. The lower half was smashed into a million pieces and became the asteroids, the belt of planetoids and pieces of rock that lie between Mars and Jupiter. Tiamat’s largest satellite, Kingu, became the Moon. This disrupted the Earth’s weather patterns, causing heavy rains and flooding, and terrible winds and earthquakes. (Sumerian myth)

The Mesopotamians (ancient cultures of the Middle East) believed their world was created after the Gods sent Marduk, the Warrior God, to defeat the oldest of the Goddesses, Tiamat, and the patron of Primeval Chaos. Tiamat created terrible Dragons, Serpents, hurricanes, and tempests. Marduk was summoned to kill Tiamat which he did.

Could this be what killed the Dinosaurs? There is good geophysical evidence for the occurrence of an asteroid impact at the end of the Cretaceous period – 65 million
years ago. A band of clay, rich in the mineral iridium, and deposits have been found at many places in the world; this mineral is rare on Earth but more common in meteorites. It has been suggested that the impact would have triggered a nuclear winter scenario that would have caused the death of the Dinosaurs, as well as several families of birds, mammals, and marine animals.

“For those of you on Earth who cannot see the complexities of the designing of the universe,” the Goddess said, “these bombardments may have seemed violent and damaging. If you look at the violence of the chemical reactions that occur in the creating of a star or galaxy of stars, you will see that the universe is one giant, complex system of death and rebirth. This is the separating and merging of many different energies.

“Life as a planet in the universe is a life of magnetism and repulsion. From time to time, my magnetic force field attracted unwanted visitors. The dance between Marduk and I was bloody but not without its prize. For now, bathing me in twilight was my beloved son, the Moon. I did not blame Marduk; I had a softer heart than that. Though I did miss my huge beasts who roamed the land,
grazing in the peace of my forests. Now, they were no more, the table wiped clean. I suppose I would just start all over again. I took a deep breath, licked my wounds clean, and breathed out new life.”

Now that the Dinosaurs were extinct, the once dark and sheltered mammals strode into the daylight. They moved quickly to occupy available ecological areas. The planet was recovering from her injury, and fertile life slowly began to creep back. Many new animals began to roam paradise as Earth moved into her Age of Mammals.

Among these were the primates that had evolved 30 million years earlier as forest-dwelling creatures. Prior evolution and radiation of flowering plants, grasses, and fruits, provided an Eden-like world, in which newly evolving mammals could go forth and multiply. The Goddess was reborn.

Gone are the beasts of huge proportions.
Gone are the birds of many colours.
Gone are the dreamers.
Struck down in their prime by a roving hot rock.
Serpent Beings & Dragon People

Planet Earth lay dreaming her dreams. She was a radiant beauty, a green and blue sphere, spinning around the sun. Earth was an exquisite gem hanging in a spiraling galaxy, an inter-dimensional doorway to other worlds. The Earth was young and untamed, playing and dancing in the Void, her coat of fire swirling around with sparkling trails. Among this feast of flames, in the magic of the first days, Dragon was born.

Dragon made its way through the burning wilderness, flying, splashing in rivers of shining red lava, creating its first paths, on the shy hardness of a fresh ground. Earth subsided in her fiery birth, the fire disappearing, little by little, from the surface of the great sphere.

Another kind of life came, populating the seas and shores. But the power of that primary fire remained like embers forever glowing in the eyes of the watchers, the Dragons.

This beautiful jewel of a planet was beginning to attract off-planetary visitors. The Serpent Beings, along with the Dragon People, were the first who came to Earth,
eons ago. They were the first to arrive from deep out in space. Finding the outer surface unsuitable to them, they began to dig.

“They went into my Inner Earth,” Gaia said. “There are many dimensional worlds within the Earth, many passages and portals to unknown realms. The Serpent and Dragon Beings were the holders of creative designs and creation codings. They carried these with them from within the Void, from the place of my birth.

“I remember the Dragon People, how they brought the magic, how they sang to the crystals as they birthed them into being. I remember the Dragons as they took my innate ability to create new forms, working with the crystals to create a link across my entire planet. A crystal grid – a Dragon network – was beginning to take form within me.

“I just watched and waited. I was open to the new and curious beings now coming into my body. I was amazed at their unique designs of creation that they brought with them from deep within the cosmos.

“The Dragon People worked with the crystals, and they linked them around the Earth into a crystalline grid, made up of Dragon lines or ley lines. An electromagnetic
energy field formed around me. I was wet with moisture. From this moisture came new life.

“The surface of my body began to change. This Dragon grid created a vortex, a portal for other beings to come here from other star systems. Other beings began to come to play in my primeval garden. Many came to bring their unique genetic make-up, to create new life forms from their own design.

“The Dragon and Serpent Beings could travel through the dimensional doorways into my Inner Earth. The spiraling Serpents created doorways that led into the Serpent tunnels that, in turn, led deep inside my depths. At every vortex point where the Serpent spirals of life-force cross, there were inter-dimensional energy portals that acted as doorways into other realms. Later, the Ancient Ones built pyramids, temples, and standing stones to mark their positions.”

In the centre of the Earth, there is the Ancient Serpent Woman.

As she writhes, she creates divine love and wisdom that radiates out, throughout the whole planet.

Ancient Wise Serpent Woman holds the light codes, the DNA of all of creation, deep within the very centre of the Earth.
I remembered the first time I met the Serpent Princess. I was lying in a bath, washing my body with soapy water. I felt entranced. I closed my eyes. I was no longer me. I was a Serpent Princess. I was lying in a pool of warm, oil-like liquid. The pool was covered in the most exquisite mosaic tiles, creating complex and organic patterns. The tiles shimmered with iridescent colours that resembled snake skin.

As I looked around me, I could see that I was in the most amazing building. Or was it a temple? The walls were curved with no straight lines; the ceiling resembled the inside rib cage of a beast. Was I inside of the body of another snake? Everywhere shimmered with opaque light. It was very dreamy and misty. I felt ecstatic.

I looked down at my body. It was still human shaped, but it was stronger and suppler like a snake’s. My skin was covered in scales. As I looked, I could see the most amazingly intricate patterns all over my body. I picked up a mirror and looked at my face. I had no hair and my eyes were almond shaped with the most incredible turquoise blue pupils. A beautiful gem of green shone
from a place in the centre of my forehead. I was transfixed.

I could feel what she felt like in her dimension. She was part of the Void, and even though she manifested into the universe as a Snake Goddess, she was only half here in consciousness, the other half being in the Void. She was aware that she was only projecting herself here from far out in the dream space.

The Snake People travelled through portals and star gates, which gave them the ability to travel through the multi-dimensional universe. She was a very beautiful and sexual being. With every breath she took, ecstatic energy waves rippled through her body and rippled out to influence all beings in her affection.

She was a Princess of the Serpent People. She was part of a royal family of Serpent consciousness. She was part of the family of Shi – Naga. With her family, she had ruled the Snake People for thousands of Earth years.

Two dark black Snake Beings entered the room, carrying bottles with coloured liquids inside of them. They were not like the princess; they were a deep black colour with bright yellow eyes. They were male, and I realised they were the lesser caste of the
Serpent People. They entered the pool and slowly, and very sexually, began to rub the oils from the bottle onto the skin of the Serpent Princess. It seemed to be a highly sensual and ecstatic experience for them all. The princess began to swoon as the black snakes began to dive beneath the surface of the pool.

They merged their bodies with the liquid there-in. They became the liquid. The Princess with her many colours, too, began to merge. The colours swirled about, creating a vortex of energy. A portal opened. The swirling colours of the princess vanished through the black hole. And Ananda Lahari vanished into the Void.

*Ananda Lahari*

*Naga, “the eleven-headed wave of bliss upon which the gods are carried into eternity.”*

Ananda Lahari speaks.

“I am the Serpent Queen of the myriad tunnels. I am mistress of the Void. I call all unmanifest energies through my body to bring them into manifestation. I am the truth of being in form. I have lived deep inside of the Earth for thousands of years. Can you not hear me calling from deep under your
feet? Deep in the bowels of the Earth, I secretly wait for you.”

Serpent People are called Nagas. The word “Naga” comes from Sanskrit and means “serpent.” Naga refers to a group of Serpent deities and demi-humans. The most powerful Nagas can be found in Hindu mythology, in the Vedas and the Puranas. There are Naga kings, the greatest being Sheshnaga, born of the residue left over after creation, with 1,000 heads formed into a giant hood. Earth is said to rest on his hood, and his venom ends all of creation at the end of each great cycle of life.

The women of this race are called the Nagin. These Serpent women are strikingly beautiful with the power to transform, at will, to a cobra. Or, to a half-snake, half-human figure. A precious gem is embedded in their skull that gives them magical powers.

Within the Earth are subterranean places where there are very beautiful houses, gardens, and places of sense enjoyment that are extremely opulent. Here, the Naga live in royal households. In these palaces, there is a high standard of sensual pleasure, wealth, and influence. The Naga have constructed many brilliantly decorated and beautiful cities. The houses for the leaders of these
places are constructed with the most valuable jewels, and they are always crowded with exotic birds and creatures.

The parks and gardens are breathtaking to look upon. The trees in these gardens are abundant with fruits and flowers and are extraordinarily beautiful. There are many lakes with clear, transparent water, decorated with many flowers. There is a special energy there. It is sweet and pleasing, and this brings great enjoyment to the senses. There is no sunshine in these subterranean realms. Time is not divided into days and nights, and fear produced by time does not exist.

The Serpent People create their own light by radiating it out from the gems that are embedded in their heads. The light is very opaque and luminescent. They drink and bathe in juices and elixirs made from herbs. This makes them live very long lives, free of pain and disease. They are free of fear and anxiety. They have no fear of death due to the attainment of spiritual knowledge.

The Nagas are the spiritual Serpents of Light. They are subtle, benevolent, wise and endowed with the spiritual power to cast off the body when they have grown too old. They, then, assume another younger one, at will. These Serpent Beings coalesced from
Earth's biosphere (its fertile, life-supporting environment). Then, they achieved consciousness and, later, split into fertile fragments, each one of which birthed a new being. The Kumaras (Androgynous Serpents) live here in the worlds within Earth; they came to Earth many thousands of years ago. The being known as Sanat Kumara is part of the Serpent consciousness.

_The Snake Goddess from the abysm,_
_C'Qua, Snake being from the Orion Delta._
_Ni-Ka-Ra Serpent Queen in the serpent caves of OeiOlN._
_Ka serpent of wisdom_
_Sexual, beautiful, sensual, a Pythonian priestess._
_The serpent within me is rising; it will show me the way._
_I am becoming a vehicle for snake Earth energies._
_Come, together we can become the spiral-dancers._
_Life-celebrating, spirit-intoxicated people of the Serpent._
Lucifer and Draco

“It was not just I that was demonised and set apart from the rest of creation,” the Goddess said. “Some of those who fly with wings were also banished as I. How I could cry for my brother, Lucifer. I remember him as he fell through the dark skies like a brilliant falling star. I opened my body wide to embrace him. Like a glowing seed held within the fertile dark soils of my body, he slept. There, the seed would lie dormant for thousands of years until the light of the Source, once more, touched my fertile skin with a lover’s hand and impulsed the seed to grow from within its darkened depths.”

“How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning!”

The name Lucifer means “light-bearer.” He is one of the Seraphim, sometimes called the fiery, flying serpents. The Seraphim are the angels that came first and are closest to the throne of Universal Dreamer. They exist in the uppermost part of the angelic hierarchy. They are said to encircle the throne, existing off the love emanated by the
Universal Dreamer. This burning love keeps them ever close to the throne, and they bear love and light to the lesser choir of angel. In this form of fiery serpents, it is said that the light they give off is so intense that not even other divine beings may look upon them. It is said that there are four of these angelic beings.

Lucifer Universal Soul.
Matrix of the universe.
Mysterium Magnum from which all that exists is born by separation and differentiation.
A light with its shadow side!

As the Universal Dreamer lay dreaming, it birthed two rays of consciousness out from its body. It dreamed into reality two new dimensions of thoughts. From these waves of consciousness, two very special beings were formed. These two beams of light began to criss-cross over each other, creating new angles (angels) in the matrix of light and dark that was now forming. These two Lords of Duality were the most powerful rays ever created, one expressing the positive – the light, the other expressing the negative – the dark. The Universal Dreamer watched in awe as the two energies interacted with each other, creating a dynamic exchange, merging and separating again and again.
One of the Lords was Michael and the other was Lucifer. They were brothers of the highest kind, one and the same being. They were the Archangels Michael and Lucifer Morningstar, the bringer of light. Michael used his power to create the first matter, and Lucifer's will shaped it into suns and, thus, the universe was created.

Lucifer knew the understanding of knowledge from beginning to end. He knew all of existence. Lucifer and Michael chose different paths that were divinely inspired by the Universal Dreamer. It was a game to the Creator. Michael remained connected to life and to the Source, to all that was created, to the original plan. He remained connected to the formless and connected to the light.

Lucifer created a Merkaba, a synthetic field that was a space-time dimension in itself and was able to move through all space, time, and dimensions. The Merkaba is a crystalline energy field, integrating specific geometric shapes, that expands around the body. This acts as a wheel of consciousness, or a space ship, in which to move through dimensions.

Within this vehicle, Lucifer began to create a separate reality from the Source. He created a reality where beings could go and forget they were God. This was ordained
because the Universal Dreamer wanted to experience what this was like.

The Universal Dreamer needed Michael and Lucifer’s assistance in conducting an experiment with the forces of darkness and light in order to better understand, live, and master them. The emphasis would be on darkness and negativity, for it was the least understood aspect of the Universal Dreamer’s creation. The Universal Dreamer wanted to learn about and master negativity, its shadow self.

Michael’s role would be to play the protector of real and eternal life. Lucifer would be the lord of illusion. Their assignment, using the negative aspect, was to create something better than real and eternal life. Although they were brothers and loved one another, in the interest of the experiment, they assumed the role of adversaries.

The Universal Dreamer enigmatically evoked a secret, unseen energy of consciousness that was designed to monitor and grow progressively as the battle between the two adversaries, Michael and Lucifer, was taking place. It was designed to incorporate within itself the outstanding and beneficial aspects of the lengthy struggle. Within this
struggle was the possibility of the emergence of a new seed of consciousness.

At first, the two energies – negative and positive – were very far apart from each other, but as they struggled in opposition, they began to come more into accordance with one another through their experiences. The space between them became less and less as they came closer to Earth. Earth was their ultimate destination where the assimilation of their adversarial energies would occur. They came, accompanied by the developing new seed of consciousness that was coming to Earth with them.

*Merge light with dark.*
*What do you get?*

*New consciousness!*
*New Life!*

Losing consciousness in their struggle, they were unaware of the new seed of consciousness (the ultimate future) that hid in their pockets, secretly accompanying them through the universe in their constant struggle. All through the drama, the seed of consciousness absorbed their positive qualities. Inspiration and spirit pushed the seed’s vibration into higher and higher levels. It was learning to experience and
master negativity, in order to bring all aspects of itself into harmony.

The Luciferian Rebellion was a battle between two faces of the same one being. Michael against Denied Michael (Lucifer). Michael-the-Creator-God against Lucifer-the-Creator-God’s-Shadow. The Rebellion was the outward expression of Michael and Lucifer’s internal struggle with any form of creation that challenged their own. Whomever challenged Lucifer’s version was met with rage and fear. Whomever challenged Michael’s reality was met with judgment and damnation.

As they ventured out on their journey of discovery, they began to fall into the extremes of polarity; the two Lords were forced to deny the twin of the other. One battled for the light, the other the dark, yet both played the same game. The War of the Angels was a mighty battle, in which the Creator was against the Creator; God was against God, each splintering away from each other. And as the battle drums played, the Universal Dreamer curiously watched on.

*Fallen Angels*

*Denied shards of Michael’s Light.*

*Fractured eons in time.*

*Michael’s fear, a creation out of control.*

*Fear manifest - the Rebellion.*
All choices are equal in the eyes of the universe, and we are always in the process of choosing something. When you create a Merkaba internally using love, it becomes a living field around your body, but when you create it externally, you don't have to use love – you only have to use the calculating mind. Lucifer manifested a Merkaba outside of himself and fell into the darkness as a pattern of light. As the war raged, Lucifer was finally conquered and was banished from Heaven.

But was he?

"I fell through choice" said Lucifer.

*Fallen through choice.*
*Falling for an eternity.*
*Falling into the bowels of Hell.*
*Deep inside the Earth.*
*Lucifer waited.*

A third of the angelic hosts were brave enough to dive from their heavenly abode to follow Lucifer. When an impulse, an idea, came from the Source of All Light, there were many eager to follow this new and exciting endeavour. In the entire universe, there was not a place where the inhabitants did not realise that within each and every
one of them they held the key to all life, the original seed from the Source. The idea was to create a place – a place of such density, such darkness – that the love of the Source could not penetrate.

What would appear as a harsh opportunity for growth was seen by some of the angels as a challenge, an adventure that simply could not be missed. The entwined and unified angels of light readied themselves in preparation for such a challenge. Excited and inspired by the challenge, they began to disentangle their energies from each other, separating themselves. They vowed to always hold the other within their heart so that no distance would truly separate them.

One was to leave to go on a journey of discovery, to complete the task of creating the place of forgetting. The other would stay behind in the light planes, holding the idea of the other's true form, in readiness for a time when it, too, would dive into the dimensions below to create a journey of its own that would, ultimately, lead it to the discovery and reunion of the other.

One stood poised on the edge, readying himself for his leap into the unknown. He proudly stretched and flexed his mighty wings to take flight. Fearless and strong, he
willingly and excitedly awaited his descent into the cloudy realms below him.

Michael, with bated breath, watched and waited. Michael, too, was excited and eager to watch the splendour that this challenge would create. Never had there been any distance between them. Never before had they been separated by time and space.

Lucifer was to fall as fast and as long as he could until he hit upon a dimension that was so dense that it was capable of housing the place of forgetting. He was to sleep and clothe himself in the matter, becoming dense in form, taking himself into a place that would forget its origins. All that lived upon it would live a strange life devoid of the light of the Source. He was to hold the idea of the Source deep within himself until he was awoken.

Michael was to remain behind in the planes of light until such a time when the impulse from above would come for him to carry the seed of consciousness. Then, he would search the dimensions below for Lucifer.

“I was not always like I am now. I, too, bathed in the love and light of the Source of all creation,” Lucifer said. “I, too, was a being of light and love. I, too, knew myself...
as an aspect of God. I, too, knew myself as God. Do not mistake my arrogance as unique to myself. All beings outside of your polarised thinking experience themselves as the spark of the Creator. For, God has many faces. It is only beings in the polarity of good and bad that see creation as anything else.

“I must take credit for holding you in this mode of forgetting. As the story tells, my job was to hold the forgetting. It was a challenge for beings such as myself to move into the Void and create a space that was outside of God. Could it be done? We were curious to try. God granted us free will, the power to decide, to create a choice. I stood at the crossroads, and God gave me a choice to go one way or the other. The signs said: ‘To God, this way. To the Darkness, this way.’ I had to choose. I took a deep breath and, curiously, stepped into the darkness.

“The rebellion was real, yet created by God itself. One-third of the angels followed me in rebellion against God. Many came, brave and curious aspects of God, falling into the darkness, the unconscious part of God’s creation. We fell into the Void to hold the forgetting, to create space for the intense growth of all. So, my lawlessness was encouraged, my rebellion smiled upon by a loving God.”
In a pattern of light, he fell. As an idea in light, a fallen angel not cast out by God but surrendering to a higher purpose, an impulse from the Source. Encased within the safety of the loving embrace of the Dragon of Creation, Lucifer fell still further into the darkness. As he radiated the “forgetting energy” out from his centre, a strange phenomenon began to occur. The energy created level upon level of polarised realities.

At first, there was only a slight, disconnected feeling from the Source. As the process proceeded, the levels became denser and denser, creating more and more levels of forgetting, until the Dragon of All Creation could be seen to split in two.

_The Golden Chain of Hermes, two snakes; one black, one white, pode and anti-pode, (+1) + (-1) cancelling each other out._

As he fell, he wrapped cloudy veils of illusions around himself. These veils were to become the reality of planet Earth, weaving together, creating the illusions. He slept, encased in the hard rock of the forming planet. Safe from harm, he was to be undisturbed until he was able to awaken and take the planet to the light by his awakening.
As he fell through the darkness, the reaction to his presence created wisps of energy that swirled and spiraled like mist on an early morn. As he descended further and further, the wisps of energy became denser and denser until a form could be seen quite clearly.

It was a Dragon with giant wings, a serpent of the Void, the Unknown. Encased within the safety of the loving embrace of the Dragon of Creation, Lucifer fell still further into the darkness. A mighty Dragon of light and dark, of polarity, of duality divided was born. As Lucifer came to his resting-place, the Dragon divided even more, splitting and separating. This Dragon of creation would make this the final resting place of his heart. The Dragon, the serpent of energy, danced and wove a beautiful pattern of light, creating the ingredients to create physical reality. The pattern came to rest in the darkness.

The Dragon, succumbing to the sleepy sedating energies of the forgetting, fell asleep, too, drifting into a dreamtime where it created and dreamt dreams of a planet that could express all of its energies in an illusionary way. The hallucinations wove together until a physical planet could be seen hanging in the furthest reaches of the Void.
There it hung, all alone, illuminated by pinpoints of light that had now been created all around it. Isolated from that which it could see, it lay sleeping, nestled in the womb of the Void, and unknowingly looked upon by the stars of consciousness that danced all around it.

Gaia was her name – Giving Animated Intelligence Actuality. She made possible the Dragon dreams which, in turn, were able to manifest through the forgetting that Lucifer held in the centre of the planet. The Dragon created herself and became a skeleton framework in which she could hang her dreams upon. And, so, the place of the forgetting was created and planet Earth was born.

The Universal Dreamer knew, all along, how the game would end. The two extremes of polarity – Lucifer and Michael – would become one and the same energy when they merged together in the energy of the Earth. Through her womb, all would be born anew. New life would birth from the seed of consciousness.

Lucifer lies suspended in the cosmos. Cocooned in the darkness, wrapped around a glowing light. A light that looks like the gentle radiance of the sun as it sets, warm and nurturing.
When the Universal Dreamer hurled Lucifer down the pit of nothingness into the Void, a spark of electric ignited the Prima Materia. Lucifer, whilst operating on Earth, was programmed to forget his Source and play a genuine role. Realizing that it would be impossible to return, Lucifer began his reign in Hell and became the undisputed Lord of Darkness. He became the most powerful of demons and rarely ventured from his throne. Lucifer ruled Hell for ten billion years; he manipulated the beings that lived in Hell. He set them one against the other, let them faction, divide, and plot against each other. Soon, darkness awoke and a civil war in Hell arose.

And I saw an angel come down from heaven, having the key of the bottomless pit and a great chain in his hand. And he laid hold on the Dragon, that old serpent, which is the Devil, and Satan, and bound him for a thousand years. And cast him into the bottomless pit, and shut him up, and set a seal upon him that he should deceive the nations no more till the thousand years be fulfilled: and after that he must be loosened. (The Bible)
It was a solar eclipse in the year 1999. I stood on a hill overlooking St. Michael’s Mount in the Bay of Penzance, Cornwall, England. It was a dark and rainy day. Many people were disappointed as we all feared we would not see the eclipse for the clouds. Nevertheless, we decided to climb the big hill and watch anyway. The rain beat down hard against our faces, and we became impatient. The dark clouds billowed and swirled above our heads. The Mount looked dark, a rock in the middle of the sea, with the castle atop its summit.

On the third dimension, it was the home to Lord St. Levan, but on other levels, it was the home of the Dark Lord. Many of us had had dreams about the tunnels and caves under the Mount that could only be accessed from under the sea. I’d had dreams where I fantasised that it was the home of Lucifer.

Was this the portal into the Underworld? No wonder they chose to build a Christian monastery on it, dedicated to Michael. How else would they control this potent force of energy?

Suddenly, the light changed to strange pale silver; this was the eclipse. The birds squeaked and squawked, the dogs barked. This surprised us as we had been told that in
the moment of eclipse, all is silent. I began to shake. A strange energy was beginning to rise. Many were scared.

Out from behind the Mount rose the darkest, blackest cloud, in the form of an angry Dragon. It circled the Mount three times before moving off above our heads to the West. As it merged with the other dark clouds, a strange and cleansing wind blew through us. Not around us, like normal wind, but through us.

Everyone, wide-eyed and buzzing, said, “Did you feel that wind? It went through me.”

Someone said, “He is gone now. He is free and we can play now.”

I knew this person spoke about Lucifer and the dark Dragon. The person who spoke was a six-year-old boy.

_The Goddess, Diana, was the first created before all creation; in her were all things. She split herself; into darkness and light, she was divided. Lucifer, her brother and her son, herself and her other half, was the light. When Diana saw the light was so beautiful, the light which was her other half, her brother Lucifer, she yearned for it with great desire. Wishing to receive the light again into her darkness, to swallow it up in rapture, in_
delight, she trembled. Then Diana went to the fathers of the Beginning, to the mothers, the spirits who were before the first spirit, and lamented unto them that she could not prevail with Lucifer. And they praised her for her courage; they told her that in order to rise she must fall. (Ancient Greek Myth)

Lucifer descended down below into the deepest recesses of the Earth. His castle perched on a jagged precipice above the pit of hellfire. Serenaded by the ceaseless whine and roar of the flames of Hell, Lucifer slept. In his 100,000 year sleep, he had strange dreams that revealed powers and dominions of which he had not seen before. The power came from a mysterious place just beyond the outer reaches of the outer darkness. From the shadow came whispers, calling to Lucifer, calling softly. Whispers of a spell to unleash unimaginable powers. Lucifer eagerly listened in the darkness.

People have a mistaken idea about good and evil. Lucifer is not evil; he’s one of the Archangels whose job it is to hold one of the poles. His love was so great that he was strong enough to do it. The Archangel Michael holds the other pole. They are both the same. They are the infinity symbol – a
sideways elongated 8. One energy swirling and recycling into the other.

If you are in so much fear that you deny one of the poles and judge it, you are out of balance. Your ego is terrified of being annihilated, and it is this energy of feeling so separate from everything that has you so terrified and fearful. When you embrace both poles of life and see everything as a teacher, then you realize there is Love and Oneness behind everything.

The New Age seeks to denigrate the dark. They speak only of the light. But they misunderstand the true significance of the dark and of the black. They fail to realize that there can be no light without dark. They fail to see that the light can only be perceived through the background of darkness. This misunderstanding is a great one and needs to be overcome if they wish to succeed in a pursuit of truth.

Within Black is all things.
All things manifest from the Black.

The oldest mortal race were the Dragons. Before the world was complete, the Celestial Dragons came and made Earth their breeding ground. Over the eons, the generations of Dragons became more adapted to living on Earth than in space, to
which most of their ancestors returned, over time. Yet, many remained to create new beings from within the confines of the labyrinths that lay throughout the planet.

One of the oldest Star Races in this sector of the universe was the Reptilian. The system of the Draco, the home of the Reptilian, existed long before Earth’s system. When life and form were implanted on Earth, this type of energy was utilized by the Universal Dreamer, by the life force itself.

These Reptilian beings descended from Dinosaur ancestors, in the star system of Orion. They created, for themselves, a mighty empire that spanned the whole of the Orion system and beyond. Their empire was matriarchal in thinking; it was ruled by Queens. In many of the Reptilian and Snake Being systems, the female is the head of the hierarchy.

There are many different races of Reptilian Beings from many different places in the galaxy. The Reptilian humanoids – the Dracos – lived within a series of deep cavernous systems beneath the Earth. These caverns provided the humid and stable atmospheres that their race needed to survive.

The Dragon People were once good, kind, and peaceful. However, Lucifer saw this
Reptilian Being, which was intelligent and cunning, and promised this creature power over all of nature. All that the Reptile and its seed would have to do was surrender their bodies to indwelling or incarnating fallen angels. In doing so, the Reptilians lost most of their individuality and power of choice.

Lucifer convinced the Reptilians to join him. They allowed the Luciferian to incarnate through their race; in return, the Reptilians were given supernatural power over nature.

Through Lucifer’s influence, the Dragon People discovered magic and the laws that governed its use. They began to walk the path of greed and power. They began to walk the dark path. They were seduced by it and became twisted, greedy, and cruel.

The Serpent Beings that were still held within the light were shocked by this development and, thus, closed the gateways to their tunnels. The Dragons, carried away with their greed and evil ways, separated themselves from the light and began to play a different game. They became committed to the dark side of the universe.

Over many years, the Dragon People degenerated due to the fact that they had lost the pure imprint of life force. Their Serpent DNA had been diluted and lost. They had to resort to keeping records of their
bloodlines and marrying each other to try to find the missing links in their DNA helixes. They practiced sexual ceremonies and ritual breeding, all in a desperate attempt to retrieve something they had lost.

Through the Luciferian influence, the Draco, and many others like them, lost their ability to activate the kundalini fire. Without this ability, it was impossible for the Reptilian DNA to entwine with itself. This entwining process is how the DNA within the body aligns itself with a soul wishing to incarnate. The Reptilians were unable to open themselves to any other energy other than that of the dark vibration. Because of this, their race was unable to evolve and spiritually ascend in dimension. This held them in one reality that was very polarised – light against dark – and caused the Reptilian races to de-evolve and descend in vibration.

Dragon legends tell that the ancient Dragon ancestors spanned the stars with their knowledge and mechanical skills. As they ventured out, they began to forget the gods that had created them. With this, they gave up their virtues of good and embraced their vices of evil. The gods smote the ancients, destroying them and their vast cities of steel that spanned the worlds they had consumed.
Now, cut off from their Serpent brothers, they began to fall. They became the fallen among the Draco bloodline. The Egyptian God, Set, manifested himself in the form of an enormous serpent; he was one of the most powerful of the ancient gods. He spawned other serpent-like beings. Set was the God of the Dinosaurs and other Reptilian life forms that dominated the Earth during the Mesozoic Era. Set spawned a mortal race of humanoid, sentient Reptilian beings that became known as the Lizard Men.

_They walk out of the trees, their bodies sinewy and strong._

_Their skin shimmered with scales, their yellow eyes flashing in the moonlight, lizard lovers unite._

The Earth was invaded many thousands of years ago by an army of Dragon People that arrived in huge ships, according to ancient Hindu text scriptures, (the Bhagavata-Purana, Mahabharata and Ramayana Scriptures, dating back to 3000 B.C.). They speak about flying machines called Vimanas that flew, not only through the skies but to the stars, as well.

Early Chinese texts tell of long-lived rulers from the heavens that flew in "fire-breathing dragons." The Reptilians did not consider
themselves aliens to Earth; they claimed Terra Earth, the third planet from the sun, to be their home a long time before humans arrived.

The Dracos dwelt in subterranean habitats under pyramidal structures. The subterranean crypts of Thebes, on the western side of the Nile, extended towards the Libyan Desert and were known as the Serpent’s catacombs. The Draco were very interested in exploring the subterranean world of the Earth. The crust of the Earth was twenty miles thick and very porous. It possessed life-sustaining substances such as air, water, flora, and fauna and, in some areas, a diffused atmospheric illumination, created by the powerful underground electromagnetic currents.

Below the crust there were other cavities, the infernal regions.

Draco speaks.

“What you humans fail to grasp is the concept that we were here first. We inhabited your world eons ago. The Earth was a fertile, wet, and dim place. It was perfect for our species. We liked the warm, moist atmosphere; we crawled our way into
the Inner Earth, resting in the shade as all
Lizard Beings like to do from time to time.
We claimed Earth as our own. We planted
our flag into the fertile soil and said, ‘This is
ours.’ We merged our energies with the
Prima Materia, and new beings were formed.
Secretly, in the genetic laboratories deep
within the Earth, we began to create.”
The Nommos & Dolphin People

The Nommos were also here on the Earth, at this time. They were amphibious beings sent to Earth from star system, Sirius. The name comes from a Dogon word meaning "to make one drink," and the Nommos are also called Masters of the Water, the Monitors, and the Teachers.

The Dogon tells the legend of the Nommos – awful-looking beings who arrived in a vessel along with fire and thunder. After they arrived here, they put out a reservoir of water onto the Earth and, then, dove into the water. The Nommos were more fish-like than human and had to live in water. They were saviours and spiritual guardians.

The Nommos divided his body among men to feed them. They gave all their life principles to human beings. The Nommos were a race of beings that resembled the physical forms of dolphins and whales. They were very advanced, using advanced knowledge of sound. The Goddess welcomed all and birthed new forms into which the beings from the stars could incarnate.

The Nommos were the first living beings created by Amma, the Sky God and Creator
of the universe. He soon multiplied to become six pairs of twins. This is a metaphor for the original 12-strand DNA. The present physical human DNA contains two strands that hold the genetic codes for physical evolvement.

One twin rebelled against the order established by Amma. This is the one source splitting into two polarities – yin and yang – as it enters into the electromagnetic energies of the third dimension, just as Lucifer and Michael did. This split destabilizes the universe. In order to purify the cosmos and restore its order, Amma sacrificed another of the Nommos whose body was cut up and scattered throughout the universe.

The Egyptian Goddess, Isis, is sometimes depicted as a mermaid. She is also linked with the star, Sirius. According to the legend, a spaceship arrived from the sky and landed, on three legs, with a great noise and wind. After the landing, something with four legs appeared and dragged the vessel to a hollow that filled with water until the vessel floated in it. At the same time, a new star was seen in the sky (a mother ship of visitors). The Dogon call this space ship, "Pelu Tolo," star of the tenth moon.

_They came for us_
_From Ursa Major’s Child_
At first, the Dolphin People were in a relatively passive relationship with the Reptilians that lived inside of the Earth. However, this harmony would not last for long. Soon, all would change. The Dracos of Earth were not alone; their dealings and behaviour were recorded and sent back to the Draco star system. The Draco, hearing that there was harmony on Earth, sent messages of a new plan to the Earth-bound Reptilians. Over the next two million years, Reptilians of the Draco star system forced
the Reptilians of Earth to destroy and eliminate the Dolphin people.

Many weapons were made.
Many wars were fought.
The Goddess sighed in disbelief.
Just when it was going so well.

The plan by the Reptilians was for a total genocide of the dolphin species. The Reptilians wanted to wipe them out. The Dolphin People had to have a plan. They came up with the plan to set off fusion reactors that lay at the bottom of the oceans. Once detonated, all Reptilian life would cease to be.

“What had they done?” the Goddess said.
“I was suddenly awoken from my dreams. I felt such a pain as they detonated the reactors. An intense shock wave of energy coursed through my body. I felt sick; I felt radiated and poisoned. I felt the pain of the Reptilians as their bodies could not withstand the shockwaves of the explosions. I felt them dying by the thousands, screaming. It was unbearable. Even though the Draco were unable to ascend into the lofty realms above, they were still able to communicate directly with me. I saw them as my children; I protected them. Even when they used their
dark spells on me to control my weather patterns, I did not really mind. After all, all children must get up to some mischief, once in awhile. Why were they hated so much? I knew they could be a little aggressive sometimes, and they did have a tendency to want to abuse and conquer other beings, but they were my Lizzies, and I loved them. If only those who made decisions in the stars had come down to Earth to really see what was going on, rather than sitting at lofty heights, deciding the fate of lesser beings. Maybe, just maybe, it could have been different. Well, what has been cannot be changed, and so the story goes on.”

When the Earth was still in her early stages of development, the planet was invaded by various groups of extra-terrestrials that all, one by one, declared ownership of the Earth. It was now a planet of both positive and negative beings, a planet of duality. Because of the extreme negativity that was present on Earth, she was set aside as a quarantined area. The Reptilian civilization destroyed, those remaining were forced into deep caverns and others had to leave Earth all together.

Many Draco left to the stars.
Many Nommos went into the oceans in a body of light. 
And all was, then, quiet.

“You know the pain of being a mother, even if you are not one yourself; you can see it in the eyes of any mother. To watch your once-loving, cuddly baby grow up to be a murderer or rapist is too much to bear. What went wrong? What did I, as a mother, do wrong? I, ultimately, blamed myself. I had opened up all levels of my being, opened my body wide and birthed all manner of life for these creator gods to incarnate into. They were now my children; I was mother to all. I gave them my gift of free will as this is my purpose in the universe. How was I to know they would turn into little monsters? I did not judge them. How could I? I was their mother. So, I lay back and simply allowed. But, within my passivity, I had allowed my body to be used as a battlefield. My once beautiful paradise was now a burning field of death.

“For my sins, I was quarantined, set apart from the rest of the universe. Others in the universe now saw me as a bad planet to visit. I felt the energy barrier that those on high placed around me, separating me from my love in the stars. I felt the pain of isolation, and I was alone. I was judged and
condemned. My name was now blackened, my heart broken. I went inside of myself and, I must admit, I began to brood.

"Feeling deep within me, I could feel a new emotion rising. I was, secretly, hiding a small resentment. Not towards my offspring, my loved ones. No, towards those in higher realms that only seemed to govern and rule from on high. They were not venturing down onto my surface to experience what it really was like on Earth. No, they stayed in their bodies of light, not willing to incarnate into a body of flesh. They could not surrender to me but just looked down and made their decisions. Those unseen ones from on high wiped out another of my races of children. Once more, the table was swept clear. I, again, took a deep breath and breathed out new life.

"Whilst all the drama was going on, on the surface of my planet, Serpent beings lay secretly in the tunnels inside of my body. They had been busy in the darkness, busy creating. They had merged their energy and ancestral knowledge with that of my energy and had created a new being. Not entirely a physical being, more ethereal, fourth dimensional. The Serpent sons and daughters began to move out of the tunnels
and secretly hid themselves in shady hollows and wooded valleys.

“You see, not all the Serpent People were lost in the wars between the Nommos and the Draco. The Serpent Beings, with their knowledge of Inner Earth, tunneled deeper and deeper, far away from the traverse that was occurring on the surface of my planet. Safe in their subterranean palaces, they began to use the knowledge of creation and DNA to create new life forms that they could move their consciousness into. These were the original Serpent seeds.”
When Athena pushed Hephaestus from her, to safeguard her virginity, his semen fell onto the ground. And from it grew the Serpent Erichthonius. The three daughters of Cecrops, the first king of Athens, and a half-Serpent man were given a box, which the Goddess told them not to look into. But two of the daughters were overcome by their curiosity when, opening the box, the sight of the divine child-snake drove them mad. (An Ancient Greek Myth)

The symbolism of the box in the Athena story represents a crucible, or vessel, in which DNA (represented by the two snakes) is alchemically mixed and transformed to create a new being. This crucible contained a pulsating crystal infused with a living light. Under guidance, it emitted rays of force. It was constructed so as to become an instrument, a device, a store-house containing the power to generate the very highest creative cosmic frequencies, capable of transforming matter into pure energy-force and energy-force into matter. This box had the ability to harmonize divine potencies
with the material frequencies of the Earth. And, thus, through this, the Serpent seeds were born.

The god, Set, walked the Earth in the form of a snake before the human race existed. A race of beings sprang from his loins, and these were the race called the Giant-Kings. This race created many marvels including stonework and strange jewels. The Giant-Kings were, literally, giants and while not immortal, they lived extremely long lives. They had Serpent-like appearances; they radiantly glowed. They had an alabaster-white skin and golden-glowing eyes. They had the innate ability to use magic. They worshipped the Serpent Lord, Set, as their deity.

The Great Serpent was, originally, the God of the Snake-Men or the Serpents that speak. A dying pre-human race of elder Earth. The Giants found the daughters of man to be fair and began to have children with them. Seeing the others from the stars arrive in their ships of light, the sons of the Serpent hid in the tunnels, awaiting Earth’s destiny.

Medusa, a serpent-haired Goddess. 
An energy that leads into the depths of the mysteries. 
Find the riches buried in the blood and bone.
Medusa, Goddess of Death and Life held as one.

The Sanskrit word for Medusa is Medha, which translates to “sovereign female wisdom.” Prior to Medusa's de-evolution as a snaky-haired monster in Greek myth, she was worshipped by the Libyan Amazons of North Africa, as the great Serpent Goddess, the destroyer aspect of the triple Goddess. Her face was hidden, since to look upon it was to see one's death, as Medusa saw into the future.

Greek myth portrays Medusa with writhing serpents for hair and, often, with wings. In Old Europe, Medusa, the Goddess is shown surrounded with animals, primarily birds and serpents. Birds resting on her shoulder or flying about her head represent her abilities to give and take life in her dark, or crone, aspect, as well as representing heaven and the sky. Snakes are seen coiling about her arms or legs or entwined throughout her hair, whispering into her ear.

Serpents represent the cycles of life, death and rebirth and the connection between the underworld and the Earth plane. Medusa also was known as the Goddess of Righteous Wrath, representing the wisdom that is forbidden, yet liberating. What came to be the horrifying face of Medusa, capable
of turning men to stone, was originally Medusa's ceremonial mask. The mask, with its unblinking, all-seeing eyes, denotes Medusa's immense wisdom and her ability to see through all illusions to the hidden truths.

This mask, also called the Mask of the Gorgon, was used to guard and protect the Divine Feminine Mysteries from men. The de-evolution of Medusa was intended to end the tradition of honouring the female power as divinity, during a time when patriarchy was on the rise with a new, male-dominant orientated religion.
The Races of Man

Earth was to be reseeded. There were seven root races of man through all the ages of Earth. The external forms that covered the divine astral bodies of early man changed with every root race. And when the form and physical structure of the flora and fauna of Earth changed, the root races also changed with her. The root races had to adapt to the ever-changing conditions of life on the Earth. Souls expressing themselves as humanity tried continuously to mould and occupy a physical body but failed, time and again, during the first two root races of man.

These first forms of man would seem very peculiar to modern-day humans as they did not resemble what is known today as a human body. Their bodies were gelatinous, soft, pliable and flexible, not having developed a skeleton structure yet. Their bodies were huge and monstrous. They reproduced though a strange process of “budding.” They excreted large amounts of what you would call sweat. The sweat would crystallise and gather in giant pools. The sun would then impregnate it, and the reproduction process would continue to
produce new offspring. This was very similar to the process of cellular mitosis.

The Goddess later cooled and hardened her body, providing a vast new continent. It was located at the poles and it was surrounded by a red ocean of fire and vapours. Immense monsters could be seen to move on the surface of the lava that made up the fiery oceans. These monsters were an offering from the Goddess. Most of the souls of Man refused to occupy these monstrous bodies. Through lack of love, vitality and sustenance, these monstrous forms were left to perish. Nature, the Goddess, had failed. Man would not incarnate. Seemingly, all was lost. But, over time, another continent was formed to become the abode of the first beings in spirit and flesh.

“I saw the souls of Man falling from the skies like a thousand shooting stars,” the Goddess said. “Opening my body wide, I embraced them all where they fell. I could feel humanity’s presence as it walked my shores in ethereal bodies of light, waiting until I had created a form, a body, they could later incarnate into. Gathering them to my bosom, I nurtured and created forms that they could live in upon my planet. But they turned up their noses at my beautiful
creations; they called them monsters. To me, they were my children. Imagine my disappointment when the souls would not stay. I could have created humanity a body on my own, if they had only waited.”

Throughout successive eons, these early races of Man remained tied to the Earth as a shadow. Eons and eons passed. The Earth grew cooler. Gradually, a glacial era invaded the planet. Simultaneously, vapours around the Earth ceased and the light appeared. The Earth became covered in the most luxuriant vegetation ever known. But finally, again, ice covered all as a white shroud and turned the eternal springtime into an endless winter.

The souls that repelled the monsters and, previously, failed to occupy a physical body tried it again. These souls gathered together physical atoms around their ethereal bodies in order to penetrate into the mass as it took form.

One of the things that the Goddess had shown me had always been a bit of a puzzle to me. In the early days of her awakening within me, she was not all-together bright. Not to call her stupid, but she was a little confused and had large gaps and holes in her memory.
She showed me an image of beings of light coming down to the Earth. At first, I thought they were the Elohim, or the later-Fairy aspects arriving on Earth. But she corrected me and told me that they were much later in her story. I watched as these sparks of light came to the Earth. However, as soon as they came into contact with her, they were pulled into the density of Earth. This made them unconscious; in a way, they had entered the Void. They had lost their spirituality. Their divine light had been put out in the darkness of the Void. When I asked the Goddess who this was, she did not know. I found this very interesting, later, when I discovered these were the souls of humanity in their first root race.

Nature was not animated by their spirit; again they did not succeed in the formation of the real human, Man. The second form of Man was then birthed from the body of the Goddess and, over immense cycles of time and evolution, the form developed into an egg-laying creature.

At this time, the perfect hermaphrodite appeared. Human souls in this stage of evolution ceased to be sexless and became hermaphrodites. They began to lay eggs. These beings were called Hyperboreans. There were several stages to their evolution.
Serpent-Fish, to the forming of a spine, to the formation of a Man-Fish, to the perfect Hermaphrodite.

They had a third eye that gave them psychic powers and allowed them to function without a brain. This race was androgynous—double-sexed beings with twelve strands of DNA. They were a kind of Cyclops from the days of old. They had a physical nature that can best be described as plastic in its ability to change form and shape shift.

“We were Hermaphrodite. Itzhim and Itzme. We would twine and twist around each other like two spirals of light. We were one and the same. We were male and female as one, twins of each other. Our love melted with the trees and plants, animals, and the birds of coloured plumes. We were one with nature; we were one with the Goddess. We were eternal and alive in the setting sun and the drying leaf. We were the manifestation of the love of paradise. He was me and I was him. Itzme and Itzhim.”

I remember Mu. For that is the true name of what was later to become Lemuria. I went to visit Los Angeles. I had read that it was special because it was one of the last places of the Motherland, the land of Mu. Reading
this inspired me and fascinated me. As soon as I arrived, I became very sick and feverish. I retired to my bed, which was said to be over a vortex of energy. As I closed my eyes and relaxed, a vision, a memory, began to surface.

The planet, Earth, was not so dense as it is for us now. Its energy fields swirled and twisted in all the colours of the rainbow. The Earth was like a mouldable, pliable substance that could be changed and formed into new creations. This world was not so permanent; it had a temporal and flexible quality to it. It could be inspired and directed by thought. Beings could come to this planet and could manifest their creative thoughts, their ideas, in a living, breathing dimensional form.

The consciousness of this planet was a living conscious being, the Goddess. She created trees, valleys, flowers and mighty oceans and mountains. It was paradise. The love frequency that was present, at this time, was incredible. The whole planet oozed love – a sensual love, sexual, creative, biological, wild and overwhelming. For that was the way of the Goddess.

With every thought, waves would ripple out. This shifted the form of the planet, and the landscape would shift and change. It was
beautiful, the colours vivid and alive. Rich, lush jungle covered the land of earliest Mu. There were beings there. They were of one vibration, two bodies, and one soul. Itzhim and Itzme were one being in two bodies. Their bodies were fine and beautiful; their vibration one of light and love. Unified as one, they would appear as a beautiful light being with wings of rainbow. As they separated, playing with the frequencies of male and female, Itzhim and Itzme would change their forms to resemble light bodies.

They could play with the changing environment, separating themselves from each other, though briefly, to make love. They could exchange their energies, merging and unifying their love. They also made love to the planet with every feeling of pleasure they experienced. They were very aware of the presence of the Goddess. They exchanged love with their home as if they were all one. As the planet began to drop in vibration, they transformed themselves into dolphin body and swam the mighty oceans.

Consciousness of sexual identity is so strong that gender may seem an essential part of being human. Yet, I have noticed that the main theme that underlies most world mythologies and religions say that humanity, originally, was not divided into sexes.
The Bible, for instance, states that the first human beings were created male and female. In other words, as androgynous beings. They were a double-sexed race separated into two sexes. They were separated by Zeus into male and female halves "like a hair dividing an egg," each half, thereafter, seeking the other in order to complete itself. Or, so the story goes.

The hermaphrodites had grown too ambitious; Zeus decided to split them each in half. After doing so, he discovered that the now-separate sexes spent all their efforts trying to join themselves back together. "Neither would do anything without the other." Zeus, then, moved their "privates" in such a way that when any two embraced, they might conceive and, thus, propagate. This became the energy of innate love for one another; that which drives us to couple is to make the two into one. (An Ancient Greek Myth)

As humanity became more physical, it developed human consciousness centres to express its aspects through. Mental forces entered consciously into human awareness. This point was the defining moment in our evolution, immortalized in myths around the
world as the coming of mind. This was the emergence of human selves. It was the bipolar activity of their mental faculties that caused the androgynous humans to gradually separate into two sexes. At first, occasional individuals were born in one or the other of the sexes until, finally, sexual beings became the normality and androgyny disappeared.

Zeus charged Apollo with the duty of bisecting the humans. The neck was turned around so that this new incomplete body would be able to fully view itself as a continual reminder of what it had lost. Thus, these strange quadrupeds were made into bipeds. And they were lonely. After the division, the two parts of Man, each desiring his other half, came together and, throwing their arms about one another, entwined in mutual embraces, longing to grow into one another. They were on the point of dying from hunger and self-neglect because they did not like to do anything apart. (Ancient Greek Myth).

A perfect match exists for each person, a literal other half, two pieces of flesh that were once one flesh.
“Apollo did not respect me, the Goddess in form, the essence, the intelligence of the Prima Materia. He cut into my Rainbow Serpent’s body. He divided and split my beloved being in two. He separated the sexes and created a being that he and his friends could incarnate into in order to live upon my paradise isle. Through this separation, a grave injury was done to the relationship between male and female. They were driven apart and, over time, began to physically manifest great differences between them.”

Limiting consciousness through separation and polarity.
An illusionary mindset, one principle dominating the other.
Magnetic-electro energy.
Gender, storing energy and the force of action.
Magnetic feminine force, projective masculine energy.
Yin and Yang.
Forces in a constant cosmic dance.

The sexes were separated so that mankind might understand the operation of the principles and characteristics that the Universal Dreamer possesses. Without the physical counterpart of the male and female principles, there is no way to understand the
invisible, spiritual, creative process of conception. From these opposites – male and female – comes a new creation. The curse is to be rendered half a person, a being looking for the other half, longing for a coupling that will bring absolute fulfillment.

I long for him and him for me.
Separated by fate and a decree from on high.
Forever searching under every stone, and leaf,
constantly haunted by a memory of a love, divine and true.
The pain of separation.
Divided in order to divide.
Constantly seeking unity and completion.
Always only half of something.

Itzme speaks.

“Who were Zeus and Apollo to do the splitting? Who were they? Embraced in pure love, we moved our bodies around and around each other so that there was no separation between us; we were one on all levels. Moving our forms through the beauty of Earth, we were in ecstasy. We were happy. I remember looking up to see star ships of light in the night. At first, I thought they were shooting stars, but as many began to come closer and closer to the Earth, we
realised they were the ships from the distant stars. I remember the laser light of blue neon shooting through the night sky. The laser cut through our body, separating us in flesh and soul. The pain was unbearable. They split us in two; no longer were we one. They took Itzhim away in their ships of light. They judged me, said I was bad, female, a woman with no mind. Now, I stand upon a lonely ridge looking at the night sky, but Itzhim does not return. My heart aches. I curse and shake my fist at those beings from Sirius Star.”

Itzme was not happy with the separation. She was accused of having no mind. I had always believed the Sirians from the star, Sirius, had brought humanity the ability to think and have a mind. Was this idea – that Itzme was punished because she had no mind – a symbolic representation of the separation of the rational male half of the mind from the female intuitive half? Was this the beginning of the dominance of the rational male mind and male dominance on the planet? Was this the beginning of the judgment of the female, woman, and ultimately the Goddess?

Is this searching still going on today? We all think it is because of love. Is this just a
cover-up for an ancestral biological natural desire to come together with another person as one? We like to think that we seek our other half because of spiritual reasons, but is this the truth? Maybe, it is a bodily, earthy desire that is inherent in the human DNA, a memory of our other biological half, our hermaphrodite self. Are we all wishing to return to the divine bliss of being at one with our other self, our true partner in body? Are we all looking backwards, wanting to return to the womb?

The Earth was still a very volatile place in the times of Itzme and Itzhim. Frightful explosions shook the Earth and opened deep grooves inside of her body. The Earth groaned and moaned with growing pains. She shook and quaked. Opening up her body wide, she swallowed them whole. Paradise was lost. This was the first fall of the root race of man. However, it would not be long before, again, Earth would be reseeded. Like a young, beautiful, fertile woman, it would not be long before more curious travelers from the stars would come and impregnate her fertile womb with the fetus of a new creation.

The Lyrans, Sirians, and Pleiadians from the neighbouring stars had a plan to genetically modify the primitive species that
the Goddess had so fondly tended. Their new home on Earth was called Hybornea. Hybornea would last for roughly one million years and would be a complete Lyran and Sirian civilization.

The Lyrans were very authoritative. This is where mankind gets his authoritative sense from. They saw humanity as their offspring, their children, and often took upon themselves to play a parental role. They were very strict.

The energy of religion on Earth is formed around the matrix of Lyran thought forms. These Lyran thought forms hold the structure for the creating of belief systems. You might say they were like father figures. Humans both loved them and feared them, much like an authoritative parent.

The Lyrans wanted to dominate and rule mankind. The Sirians had a softer, more serving, nature. The Sirians did, however, have a negative quality that caused them to, sometimes, poke their nose into places where it was not wanted. They thought they knew best and were very zealous with this approach. The Pleiadians had a very deep love of mankind. They nurtured and protected it, like a mother.
“I loved all my children the same, as all good mothers do,” the Goddess said. “What amazing beings were walking my Earth in this time. There were divine people of light, walking inside of dense flesh bodies. But, soon, this was all to change. For I looked to the stars and saw the return of my rebellious child, Draco.”

When the Reptilian races returned to the solar system, they saw that humans now inhabited most of it. All that was left of the Reptilian Empire was a small colony on the planet, Maldek. The Reptilians decided it was time to establish their authority in this region of the galaxy, once again. So they began a series of attacks. They wanted to systematically destroy the small human colonies on Mars, Venus, and Earth. This destruction left Mars without most of its atmosphere and hydrosphere (oceans, rivers, and streams).

I dreamt I was on another planet. I thought it was Earth, but when I looked closer, the sky was red and the ground was all sand – red sand. I was in a city very much like a city on Earth with transport and people. It was very physical, a third-dimensional place. There were people there,
too. They looked just like us, very much like the Chinese people on Earth.

All of a sudden, there was a commotion between them. Someone told me that there was going to be a disaster, and we were all going to be killed. I was scared and tried to find out more, but everyone ran away, terrified. There was panic.

Inside of every planet there is a Dragon consciousness, a matrix of consciousness that makes up the bones of that planet. Earth has one as does Mars. These Dragon Beings are immense and create the physical universe. They hold the planet in the dimensional vibration frequency that is chosen by the essential being that resides within its body.

The Dragons sleep inside of the planet until it is ready to ascend the levels of dimensions. Then, they awaken and fly (so to speak) through the dimensions and ascend the very atomic structure of the planet into light. This process usually happens gradually and in harmony with all life on and around the planet. However, if this is artificially triggered when not all on the planet are ready, then it can have devastating effects. This Dragon consciousness is the Merkaba of the planet. Beings were inspired to activate the Merkaba
(the Dragon consciousness) by artificial means.

I saw the Dragon in the centre of Mars; it was red without any wings. It was not ready to awaken and ascend. It did not have the wings to fly. It was angry and scarlet. I remember someone saying that if a Dragon did not have wings, then it was not evolved as it could not fly.

“'They have awoken the Dragon,'” the man screamed as he ran by with his arms full of possessions. As a Marian, I knew what this meant. The Dragon was not ready. As it awoke, it would pull all of matter up through the physical dimensions. All the atoms in the body would begin to vibrate at a faster rate until there was friction in the cells. This would create a spiritual fire. We would all be killed. We were not ready; no one was. The spiritual elite, the priesthood, had been playing with new technologies way above our evolutionary know-how. They must have been given it, by someone else; it was far too advanced for our civilization. They had plans to ascend our planet to the light.

People were screaming as many knew that there was nowhere to run. The sand beneath our feet was beginning to ripple as if a giant serpent was beginning to rise. The
vibration began in the body like a washing machine on spin cycle. It was not unpleasant, at first, but as it increased, the body began to activate its survival codes and push its preservation panic button and fear took over.

I looked to the skies to see hundreds of ships taking off from the surface of the planet. The elite were leaving, evacuating a dying world. I looked to my left to see a woman burst into flames as her body could not take the raise in frequency. The planet began to shake and fire filled the air.

I awoke to find that my whole body was covered with deep black bruises. I could feel the memory in the cells of my body. And, also, I could feel the fear. Throughout the day, I healed my memory and watched as the bruises disappeared. I was fascinated; the body had reproduced the memory of Mars as bruises on my body.

Nowhere was safe? Earth's Hybornean colony was later destroyed by a series of vicious and premeditated massive attacks that killed all humans and thoroughly obliterated all aspects of human civilizations. The outcome was that the Reptilians, again, controlled the entire solar system.
Lemuria and Atlantis

Thousands of years later, star souls from the Pleiades and Sirius began to visit Earth and incarnate into the Lemurian bodies, which the Goddess was now creating during the times of Lemuria. The Sirian souls that, now, entered the Lemurian bodies granted them the gift of the mind. After thousands and thousands of years of evolution, beings from the Sirian system had developed for themselves very high minds, indeed.

In Lemurian days, ancient humans were just beginning to perceive in a mental, mindful way. The early Lemurians were considered mindless, without a brain. When the Sirian souls incarnated into the bodies of the Lemurians, they triggered dormant codes in their DNA, triggering the development of a brain and mind.

When Itzme speaks about the Sirians taking Itzhim away in their ships, she is referring to a Sirian soul incarnated into Itzhim’s body and giving him the ability to think. This process separated them from each other; no longer we they one being. They were now split into two, male (intelligence) and female (intuition).
Humanity was given the ability to evolve and develop a brain, in which to have conscious thought patterns, by the Sirians. The Sirian souls brought with them the light matrix, which is the blueprint of the matrix of the human mind. Once this had been aligned with the biological processes of the primitive body, the mind and its thought patterns began to create a brain in which man could think. The development of the brain was halved into two hemispheres, just like the separation of the sexes.

In the later half of this period, humans began to have more aesthetic values. The arts began to flourish, and the Lemurians began to recognise colour and sound. The Lemurians evolved and developed a culture that prospered for thousands of years, developing for themselves a huge and thriving civilization.

The human souls demanded their bodies to stand up, to perfect the spine. Now, the spine was perfect and hard, and all nerves were developed. All that was needed was the forms to come into contact with the minds of human souls so the wonderful organism could work. However, their first efforts were in vain.

Kundalini, the Goddess of the vital power, granted them the gift of manifesting their
inner powers outwards. Through the gradual separation of sexes, a fever of pleasure and sensuality in the flesh of the new men was born. Gradually, they forgot the divine and intuitive powers and just desired the pleasure of the flesh. They were eager for mating, and this new pleasure brought a new fruit. Two beings of opposite sex were now able to procreate.

Not all of the Lemurians were able to hold and develop the apparatus for a mind. Therefore, they were considered mindless. Most of the advanced souls started experiencing carnal pleasure with the retarded types, those still deprived of mind. This brought about a terrible degeneration.

"If you eat the fruit of the forbidden tree, or if you mate with females of degenerate races, you will die and lose the fruit of your race, since you will be fathers of monsters and not of human beings."

The Lemurians were cursed, and those souls that waited for their turn to dwell among men, refused to occupy those half-human bodies.

Itzme was in pain. She had no understanding of what had happened. One minute, she was united, as one, with her
other half, Itzhim; now, she was alone and lost. She represented the pure female energy with no mind. Itzhim represented the male side, the intellect, of the brain that was just beginning to form. There was a split of the sexes on all levels. Not only were the hermaphrodites split in a biological sense, but they were also split in soul.

A fragmentation occurred on all levels. The female aspect of the whole, represented in the right side of the brain, felt isolated and cut off from her male, left-brain counterpart. This developed a brain and mind for later humans that was polarised and dualised into male and female that manifested in the separation of gender. This gap grew bigger between the male and female and the two functions of the brain (the intellect and the intuition) until it could no longer be bridged.

The Lemurians were giants whose physical beauty and strength reached their climax in accordance with evolutionary law. The records speak of them having giant bodies and heads. They built great images, 27 feet high, to represent the size of their bodies. They were inward-looking people with immensely developed third eyes that they used to see the inner sun.

Lemurians believed that to look within was to know the divine. They were free from
stress and disease and lived to be hundreds of years old, developing their E.S.P. abilities incredibly. They could astral travel from their bodies, at will, and could project themselves into other dimensions. They were extremely telepathic and could teleport from place to place around the planet. They were a peaceful, vegetarian-eating, nature-respecting culture. The Lemurians lived in relative peace and harmony for thousands of years, but it was all, soon, to change.

The Lemurian people began to be aware that something was changing. They began receiving information that the Earth was going to go through a very dramatic shift. These Lemurians were very much in touch with the land. The Earth spoke to them and they listened. In these Lemurian times, the Earth was still in a process of shifting and moving her landscape; she was still volatile and wild.

The Earth’s inner terrestrial fire caused the Earth to crackle and explode. Every mountain was a volcano throwing up continuous fire and lava. Giant Lemurian flora covered the belly of the Earth. Immense green layers gradually became ferns. The land was rich and fertile, fed by the constant ash that spilt out of the fiery
volcanoes’ mouths. And, for awhile, it was paradise again.

The actual disintegration of Lemuria occurred over a period of many thousands of years. It was accomplished as the outcome of a series of volcanic disturbances that, gradually, undermined the substrata, making up the foundations of the continent. These explosions and earthquakes were due to the influence of a bright star that passed by the Earth, causing great disturbances. And Lemuria fell.

Atlantis was the daughter empire of the Lemurian culture. The Atlanteans began to develop independently to the Lemurians, focusing on technology and matter. The disaster that was the fall of Lemuria was brought about by their Atlantean brothers and sisters who had gone over to the dark side. Black magic was rife, and evil thoughts came into the minds of the Atlantean Priests.

The Lemurians had little interest in the technology of the Atlanteans and did not interfere with their development. They were peace-loving people. The Atlanteans made plans to destroy Lemuria.

In the times of Lemuria, the Earth’s moon had a satellite. The Atlanteans, (with the help of the beings from the dark star) moved the orbit of the satellite of the moon and
caused a major imbalance in the equilibrium of the planet. This caused earthquakes and volcanic explosions that eventually sank the land of Lemuria.

The rise of Atlantean civilization...

The first settlers of Atlantis left the continent of Lemuria seeking a new home. And wonderful Atlantis was born. The Atlanteans were inventive, far beyond the wildest imaginings of modern scientists. Their fantastically advanced technology afforded consummate leisure, comfort, and a vast abundance of material things. Unfortunately, the people were much too preoccupied with the pursuit of physical pleasures and with the accumulation of luxurious possessions; this shortcoming ultimately resulted in their downfall.

Internal conflict arose. As they began to develop their colony, the Atlanteans felt their culture was better and more advanced than that of their Lemurian sister. This, eventually, led to a feeling of separateness. The remaining Lemurians would not bow down to the hierarchical rule of Atlantis and was forced to, literally, go underground. Today, they form what is known as the Kingdom of Shamballah.
At this time, the Atlanteans started experimenting with people’s DNA and genetics in order to make them more controllable. This resulted in people’s consciousness being reduced, life spans contracted, and psychic/spiritual abilities decreased dramatically. Slowly, the Atlantean rulers authorized a series of grotesque experiments. By the time of the Atlanteans’ demise, they had created a human with limited consciousness. Remnants of full consciousness remained, lying dormant.

Many extraterrestrial races were visiting Atlantis, at this time, and some of them interfered with the plan and experimented with mixing human and animal genes. There were many grotesque creatures or half-human animals with hooves, claws, feathers, wings, and tails on human bodies.

There were two factions of Atlanteans – the Sons of the Law of One and the Sons of Belial. The Law of One were those forms of a spiritual and peaceful nature. The Sons of Belial were more physical and selfishly exploited the Earth.

Some of the Belial Priests began to create things from dark magic, which had been drawn from the Earth, given to them by the dark Reptilians that hide in the tunnels inside
of the Earth. The most highly evolved began
to practice magic, Atlantean magic. They
controlled the kingdom of the elementals;
they controlled the weather, lightning and
storms. They could use the power of the
elementals to manifest riches beyond their
wildest imagination. Words of power and
carefully planned rituals were developed to
enrich the Priests.

This magical work was the misdirection of
white magic so openly used in those days.
They used magical devices to wreak havoc
on the people of Atlantis, as well as upon the
Earth itself. Many hideous forms of torture
were devised, not only torture for the body
but also for the soul. These dark priests
found ways to harness the energy of the
incarnate soul and manipulate and control it
against its will. The energy bodies of people
were rearranged, misaligned, and caused to
derop in vibrational frequency.

The ego, as you know it, was developed in
the Atlantean times. They found ways of
trapping the consciousness awareness of self
in the body, causing the person to feel cut
off from its higher aspect. This was the
beginning of intense egotistic and
competitive behaviour that was sourced in
the fear of being cut off from the divine.
You see, beings with a full twelve strands of DNA had a direct route to the divine. A cosmic staircase, if you like, directly to heaven. With the Atlanteans’ tampering of the DNA spiral, beings were no longer able to ascend the ladder to the higher dimensions.

The Belial forces lost sight of their true spiritual nature and created destructive weapons. The Sirians had visited Atlantis from space and introduced the Atlanteans to advanced crystalline power generators. Eventually, the whole civilization was powered by a great crystal. The Atlanteans used large crystals and created extremely destructive Death Ray devices.

The Sun Priests that stayed true to the sun (light) began to notice signs in nature that concerned them, for these were the signs of imminent danger for the Earth and the people of Atlantis. Destruction was coming to the land. The Sun Priests observed the flight of birds, the formations in clouds, and they listened to the wind and water as nature spoke to them, warning them that a great cataclysm was about to strike down the Atlantean culture. The holy men tried desperately to warn the others against the uses of dark energies taken from Earth, to no avail. Finally, destruction began.
In the first hours of dawn, a great shaking of the Earth began. The Sun Priests selected their belongings and headed toward the ships they had built and left Atlantis to shake, crumble, and eventually sink.

The High Priest struck the crystal of the Great Temple in Atlantis’ capital, causing the fragile Earth’s equilibrium to destabilise, having disastrous consequences. They manipulated the crystals in the crystal temples. These crystals were responsible for maintaining two frozen layers of water, above ground, that protected people on Earth from the harmful sun's rays and, also, ensured a stable weather pattern at all times. This caused the firmament (the water layers) to be broken down. Water, thus, poured down onto the surface causing what is known, biblically, as the “great flood.”

The fall of Atlantis.
Pandora's Box was opened.
A magic waned over the planet.
A terrible cataclysm.

There were warnings. The thunder could be heard from miles away. Dark clouds covered the sky. The weather patterns were changing drastically. The Earth quivered. Strange activities were seen in the night skies. Glowing lights moved swiftly through
the darkened sky. The Earth was shouting. Buildings began to crumble. The crystal temples shattered. Everyone ran for shelter, but there was none.

Suddenly, the sky was filled with huge metallic ships, shining their bright lights through the clouds as if to signal the Earth below: “Time to leave.” But this was not an invitation to everyone.

The ocean swelled with gigantic waves, waves that washed up on to the land and took with them homes and families. Without warning, volcanoes spewed red-hot ash into the high-vaulted arc of sky. The thunderous waking of the sleeping volcanic giants in the centre of the island shattered the tranquil peace over the valley.

When the seas fell calm, the island was no more. Far beneath the surface of the, now, peaceful ocean, lay the remains of an island, once filled with hopes and dreams. Gone were the great edifices of light, the magnificent buildings. Gone were the thousands of villagers, the Priests and Scientists. Gone were the golden temples that held prayers, devotion, and trust. Atlantis was no more. The golden age of Atlantis was gone.

The Lemurians were the ancient ancestors of the Native Americans. They prepared
themselves for a thousand years to be the keepers of the records of Earth. Then, they went underground. While underground, they learned to live there and use the underground environment for their sustenance. They built very supportive and loving communities inside the Earth. When the flood of Atlantis came, all the people who were underground were safe from the waters, even though many, many people on the surface of the Earth perished. When the waters receded, the people emerged. The land they once knew was, now, very different.

This emergence from the Earth is the point at which the Native Americans' creation history begins. They were not the only ones to go underground. There were also the Aborigines of Native Australia.

We were the Lemurian Dreamers.
We lived inside the Earth, safe from the destruction up above.
We taught our children well, but even with our elevated consciousness, we could not remember.

Throughout all the Americas, there are legends of archaic avenues, racial memories of subterranean passages stretching for miles. After the great cataclysm, the ancestral North Indians
lived in the vast cavern complex until it was safe to return to the upper world.

“The Mandans, of the northwestern states, say the first man to emerge from the tunnels were the Histoppa or the “tattooed ones.” Having left safety too soon, they perished. The rest, who remained below, waited until a bright light dispelled the darkness on the surface.”

“The Apaches have a legend that their remote ancestors came from a large island in the eastern sea where there were great buildings and ports for ships. The Fire Dragon arose, and their ancestors had to flee to mountains far away to the south. Later, they were forced to take refuge in immense and ancient tunnels, through which they wandered for years.”

The Lemurian clans could no longer live on the surface. The clans decided to explore the caverns underneath. For hundreds of years, the clans used stone magic, though sparingly, to construct three great cities in the caverns they had discovered. These cities were named Atlantia, Avalon and Pandora.

“In the beginning, the Earth was covered with water, and all living things were below in the Underworld. Then, people could talk, the animals could talk, the trees could talk, and the rocks could talk.
“It was dark in the Underworld, and they used eagle plumes for torches. The people and the animals that go about by day wanted it lighter, but the night animals – the Bear, the Panther, and the Owl – wanted darkness.

“Still, the people were below and did not see many things, but the Sun stayed higher up and saw more. The Sun looked through a hole and saw that there was another world, this Earth above. He told the people and they wanted to go there, so they built four mounds by which to reach the upper world. In the east, they built a mound and planted it with all kinds of fruits and berries that were black in colour. In the south, they built another mound and planted on it all kinds of fruits that were blue. In the west, they built another mound and planted upon it fruits that were yellow. And in the north, they built a mound, and on it they planted all fruits of variegated colours.

“The mountains had stopped growing, while their tops were yet a long way from the upper world, and the people debated how they could get up to the Earth. They laid feathers crosswise for a ladder, but the feathers were too weak and they broke. They made a second ladder of larger feathers but, again, they were too weak. They made a
third ladder of eagle feathers, but even these were not strong enough to bear their weight.

“Then the Buffalo came and offered his right horn to make a ladder. Three others came and offered their right horns also. The Buffalo horns were strong and, by their help, the people were able to climb up through the hole to the surface of the Earth. But their weight bent the Buffalo horns, which before were straight, so that they have been curved ever since.

“When the people had come up from under the Earth, they fastened the Sun and Moon with spider threads, so they could not get away, and sent them up into the sky to give light. But water covered the whole Earth, so four storms went to roll the waters away. The black storm blew to the east and rolled up the waters into the eastern ocean. The blue storm blew to the south and rolled up the waters in that direction. The yellow storm rolled up the waters in the west, and the vari-coloured storm went to the north and rolled up the waters there. So were formed the four oceans in the east, the south, the west, and the north.

“Having rolled up the waters, the storms returned to where the people were waiting at the mouth of the hole. The Earth was now all dry, except for the four oceans around it and
the lake in the centre where the beaver had dammed up the waters. All the people came up. They went east until they came to the ocean; then, they turned south until they came again to the ocean; then, they turned west until they came again to the ocean; and, then, they turned north. And as they went, each tribe stopped where it would.

“But the Jicarillas continued to circle around the place where they had come up from the Underworld. Three times they went around when the ruler became displeased and asked them where they wished to stop. They said, ‘In the middle of the Earth,’ so he led them to a place very near to Taos and left them there, and they went back inside the Earth.” (Jicarilla Apache myth)

When Atlantis fell, the Earth left the higher dimensions and entered the realm of the third dimension. With the descent into the third dimension, the remaining human race lost consciousness of the Oneness of all things. Polarity and duality awareness took over and, instead of harmony, more and more opposites entered the consciousness of human beings. Even the elite priesthood was affected, and they dogmatically defended their truths.

Who was it that corrupted the Atlantean consciousness?
A group of Reptilian Beings from the Pleiades had infiltrated the Atlanteans. The Reptilians were a renegade or rebel element that did not adhere to the laws of the universe. You see, there were wars going on, in the heavens.

The Galactic Federation and the renegade Reptilians fought countless interstellar wars for many thousands of years. Treaties were drawn up and contracts signed between the various groups, but the renegade Reptilians would not align with the good of the whole. These space battles are expressed beautifully in the film, “Star Wars.” The “war between the gods” as referred to by ancient Greek and Egyptian mythology was, in actuality, a battle between the extraterrestrial races over the question of non-intervention or direct contact and manipulation of mankind on the Earth.

Many different beings from the neighbouring stars began to form into one or another group. Star systems all over the galaxy began to align with either the Galactic Federation or the renegade Reptilians.

These Lizards made physical contact with the early Atlantean people. Their descent from the sky, their technology, and physical appearance made the Atlanteans regard them as gods. Shortly thereafter, the
Reptilian god, Poseidon, began to conduct physical sexual involvement with the Atlanteans.

I remembered the genetic experiments of Atlantis. You would have thought that it all went on inside of a laboratory, in nice little test tubes, but it did not. I remember how they herded the human females, taking them like animals in slavery. I remember how they broke the spine of the woman so she would not faint from the pain as the Reptilians mounted her.

It was hideous, cruel, and a memory I would rather forget. Imagine the horror of realising that you were to give birth to a half-human, half-Reptilian baby, a monster. Many women did not survive the birth. They were thrown aside and the experiments went on and on. Hideous forms were birthed from our bodies, only to be let free to roam the land in their ugly and malformed bodies. Maybe the flood was a blessing in disguise; after all it wiped clean the hideous monsters that the breeding had created.

When the gods began to physically interbreed with the Atlantean people, this created a royal lineage. The royal bloodlines were put into positions of power and rulership over the Atlantean people. The royal lineage of kings and queens came to
rule over Atlantis and plant the seeds that would produce a new cross-race among the Atlantean people. These ruled Atlantis until the event of the great cataclysm, which brought the Atlantean age to a close.
The Anunnaki

Wormwood.
Niburu, dark star.
The Winged disk, of the star of the east.
The Blue Messianic planet.
An Anunnaki Battle Ship.

Niburu is the name given to the home planet of the Anunnaki Overlords that came to rule on Earth thousands of years ago. The planet was home to the great Anunnaki god, Anu.

The Ancient culture of Sumer worshipped these Anunnaki beings as gods. Seeing them come from the skies in golden ships of light, early primitive man must have thought they were angels.

Niburu was originally a planet with an atmosphere and life-supporting systems. However, many times in its history, this giant planet was thrown out of its orbit. One of these times was during a catastrophe that occurred in the Sirius B system. This catastrophe had devastating effects on the Niburu planet.

Sirius B once existed as a red giant star. It exploded and, then, collapsed in on itself to become the white dwarf that it is today. In the course of this event, one of the planets
in the Sirius system, the planet Niburu, got blasted from its orbit. It came to rest in the Pleiades (also known as the seven sisters) and is, often, thought to be a Pleiadian planet. Eventually, it was gravitationally captured by Earth’s sun and, thus, became the “twelfth planet” of Earth’s solar system.

Niburu was a huge planet with an intense magnetic force field. It moved through the heavens on a very wide arch, wreaking havoc in its wake. It often appeared as a bright star in the sky. Its brightness was due to gold dust that was suspended in its atmosphere. This gold dust was used to maintain its environment and repair the damage that occurred during atomic attacks in numerous galactic wars.

Niburu became a ship when it was converted from a near-lifeless form into a spaceship. It became a battleship; it was outfitted for war and destruction.

_The Egyptians called it “the bright star of the crossing.”_

Anu was the head of the Anunnaki family. Anu’s presence was recorded in the Babylonian/Assyrian texts as a celestial star god. He was the Great Father and King of the Gods. The royal line of Anu created for themselves a rigid, ruthless, authoritative and destructive empire for the family of An.
First was Nammu, Goddess of the primeval sea.

A cosmic mountain formed in the sea, made of the perfect undifferentiated union of the god of heaven, Anu, and the Goddess of Earth, Ki.

Anu with Ki gave birth to Enlil, the Air God and Storm God. Anu the father, carried off heaven, while Enlil the son, carried off his mother, the Earth.

The moon god, known as Nanna, was the son of the Air God, Enlil, and the Earth Goddess, Ninlil.

With his mother, and the help of Enki the Water God, Enlil produced plants and animals. Men and women were created by the combined efforts of the Sea Goddess Nammu, the Earth Goddess, Ki, and the Water God, Enki. (Sumerian Tablets)

The people of Niburu were often referred to as Anunnaki, or the Nephilim. The word “Anunnaki” literally means “those who came from heaven to Earth.” In the Old Testament of the Bible, these heavenly visitors were called “Anakim.” The biblical tradition says the Nephilim were on the Earth before the flood and afterwards.
“The Nefilim were upon the Earth in those days and, thereafter, too. Those sons of the gods who cohabited with the daughters of the Adam, and they bore children into them. They were the Mighty Ones of Eternity, the People of the Shem.” (Genesis 6:4)

Niburu was populated by a variety of Reptilian races and was governed by an elite aristocracy known as the Nefilim. The word itself, “Niburu,” is an Orion word that means “the joining of two tribes.” The Anunnaki were a complex interbreeding of many different lineages. They were a cross-breed of Reptilian/Orion lineage with that of Sirian/Pleiadian humans.

The Anunnaki were one of the most technologically advanced alien races at that time. They were a conquering race, full of fierce and lustful feelings. Their consciousness was full of deceit and jealousy. The Elite were often incestuous, keeping their royal Anunnaki bloodline intact.

The Anunnaki were biological beings with an extreme pride and arrogance. They had a great appetite for conquest and control. They tried to quench their insatiable thirst by controlling other beings and having dominion over other alien races. The Anunnaki
conquered many vulnerable races and
developed and imposed complex and
oppressive systems throughout all the worlds
they conquered. They devised many cruel
and devastating weapons that they used
unsparingly on their victims. They were also
very advanced in their knowledge of mind
control and abuse. This they developed to
control and manipulate their captives.

“We are the Ellamin. We have a sad and
disturbing tale to tell. We inhabit a small
planet in the Orion system; we call her
Ella. Our planet was beautiful to behold. The
whole of our planet from surface to core was
made of dense iron ore crystal. We, as a race
of beings, evolved from the very crystals
themselves. We lived in a peaceful and
harmonious society. That is, until the
Anunnaki came. They did not want to kill us
or take advantage of our bodies. No, it was
much worse than that. They wanted our
minds.

“As an Ellamin, we had grown to be great
psychics. We had immense telepathic
abilities and were able to manifest with the
mind. We had never used our abilities in a
negative way until the Anunnaki conquered
our world. Negativity was not a concept
within our minds. We had no concept that
any beings in the universe could align with the darkness, as the Anunnaki did. We had no idea that they could infiltrate our consciousness as they did. We had never been under such an attack before.

“I remember how they captured our minds. I remember metal rods as they were inserted directly into our minds. They harnessed our psychic abilities and used them to bring destruction and harm to other alien races. Since the attack from the Anunnaki, we (the whole of the Ellamin race) are held captive on our home planet. We are now part of a giant crystalline structure that is used to control the brain patterns of all within its field. We are like a psychic battery to the Anunnaki. They use us to fuel the artificial matrix that they place over other vulnerable races of beings to manipulate and control them.”

The Anunnaki were dominant in many places in the galaxy. At this time, they also occupied the planet Mars. They had a major influence and hand in the activation of the Merkaba that destroyed Mars’ atmosphere. Wanting to rule from more than just the third and fourth dimensions, the Anunnaki wished to ascend their race into the fifth. However, when beings artificially ascend, they set off a
chain reaction within the universe. They leave the parts of themselves that were unable to ascend behind. These parts are the dark, ignorant, un-evolved aspects.

These aspects contain the karmic patterning of the overall being, and the dark aspect becomes an entity in its own right. It has thoughts and intent and is often completely disconnected from its ascended self. Anu, in his incomplete ascended form and his family with him, were now free from all the morals of their ascended selves. Only the negative and dark remained. They were cut off from the light of the Source, the Universal Dreamer. They moved out into the galaxy and became the feared Anunnaki. They conquered and colonised many systems and were finally interspersed throughout the Orion, Sirian and Pleiadian stars.

The Anunnaki’s genetic technology was very advanced; they had taken their scientific prowess to the point of excellence. They were very interested in the structure of the DNA and the designing and constructing of artificial life forms. They were master geneticists. They conducted extensive genetic engineering and engineered a Reptilian hybrid race that they used for conquering and controlling the other races.
The Reptilian hybrids were sent by their masters, the Anunnaki, to fight in wars and to serve them as conquering armies. There were many different types of Reptilian hybrids that came from this experimentation. Various species including the birds, reptiles, fish, and plants were used in their experiments.

The Anunnaki also practised bestiality. They created monstrosities, some of which are legendary. Some were half-animal, half-human. Others were half-bird or half-fish. Many of these creatures were destroyed as experiments gone wrong, yet some survived to become the slaves and servants of the family of Anu.

Niburu was returning from its long journey around the Sun. Niburu is on a very wide arch in the solar system of Earth; it was last here 3,600 years ago. Some say that it will return in the year 2003. Even Nostradamus talked about “the planet behind the sun.”

Quatrain 2.46

After great human misery a greater approaches,
the great motor of the centuries renewed:
Rain, blood, milk, famine, weapon, and pestilence,
in the sky fire seen, dragging long sparks. - Wormwood.
(Nostradamus)

The Anunnaki observed Earth from their Niburu planet. They had been watching the goings on for quite some time. They had been landing on the surface of the planet in secret, manipulating the dark Priests of Atlantis from behind the scenes. The Anunnaki saw it as a great opportunity to have a piece of Earth for themselves.

They were, initially, led by the rebellious child, Draco. The Anunnaki thought of themselves as superior to Draco yet, later, they went on to use the draconian ways to hold domination over the entire planet. At first, the Anunnaki had a relatively harmonious working relationship with the Draco Reptilians. However, later in history, many wars were fought between them.

As the Anunnaki came to Earth, they realised that Earth was a magnetic-only planet. Over many thousands of years of evolution, these incomplete aspects, the Anunnaki, developed for themselves a genetic code that was incapable of sustaining life in a magnetic form. They, themselves, had become electrical in nature. They required electrical energy to sustain their health. They could not survive in the
magnetism of the Earth. They would need to change her energy, if they were to inhabit the planet.

The Anunnaki did not have the technology to alter Earth's energy, so they looked to their Orion brothers to send them scientists who would go to Earth and alter the Earth's energy from magnetic-only to electromagnetic in nature. This would allow the Anunnaki to land and conquer the Earth.

All through the communication with the Goddess, I was shown a film – a collection of images and feelings that were transmitted into my mind. The Goddess showed me images of the gods (the Anunnaki) coming to Earth. They looked like blue wheels of light; they were pure electricity. As they came into the magnetic gravitational force field of the Earth, they were pulled into her like a male lover is seduced by a beautiful female. The Anunnaki were being drawn into the energy of the Goddess.

The Goddess showed me how, as they came into contact with her, an energetic dance occurred between them. She swallowed them whole and pulled their electrical bodies through her death portal into the abyss, the Void. The other gods watching this from the safety of Nibiru were appalled and angered by this.
They experimented for many years to overcome this. As they waited, the energy of the Goddess had a strong effect on their consciousness, and they were slowly drawn down the ladder of descention into the lower dimensional realms. The Anunnaki, being predominantly male in their consciousness, were beginning to have a dislike, that later developed into hatred, towards the Earth.

“How can this un-evolved planet be conscious?” they asked.

They could not see the Goddess within every living cell on Earth. They could not see the essence in the form. They could not honour the processes of the Goddess, the divinity in matter. They would not pass through the death portal and honour the ways of the Goddess of death and rebirth. They wanted to be immortal.

“Like a beautiful female, she lies naked in her velvety black sheets. Alluring and tantalising. Seducing and enticing. ‘Come to me,’ she whispers, drawing us closer and closer. Her magnetism is strong and powerful, but we do not resist her charms; we are attracted to her energy. We move closer. What a beauty she is. We admire her
from afar. Slowly turning, spiraling her energy body out into space to meet us. We are fixated; we are hypnotised and, unknowingly, we are caught. We are being drawn into her; we do not resist. We are close now, being pulled faster and faster towards her open legs. We are hungry for her now; we are mad, insane for her. We cannot stop ourselves. But we must stop; we have lost control. We try to pull back, but we cannot. We no longer have the power; her magnetic forces are rising up to tear us from our lofty position in the heavens. She is opening her legs wide. Between the red folds, there is a point of darkness. It is the entrance into the Void, the gate of death. We have lost our power; we are no longer the victor; we are the seduced, the foolish. We will find a way to overcome this temptress who offers love and gives only death. We will find a way to rape her of her energy without giving any of our own." (Niburu)

Being electrical in nature, the Anunnaki had driven a wedge between themselves and the energy of the Goddess who was magnetic in her expression. Male energy is electrical and female is magnetic in this polarised and fragmented universe. Even though the Anunnaki still chose to separate
into two sexes, they were predominantly male in their consciousness. The females from Niburu were warrior-like and aggressive.

This separation between them and the energy of the Goddess meant they would not merge with her and take the path of all biological life forms, which is to pass through the death portal and die. They viewed the energy of the Goddess as a dark and dangerous force. This is why the Goddess is portrayed as a monstrous Dragon in many of the Sumerian myths that described the Anunnaki’s story.

The Anunnaki desired immortality. Even though they lived hundreds of Earth years, they wished to defeat death by extending their lives. As the Anunnaki shifted their whole focus to immortality, they became preoccupied with the physical plane and its many comforts. This became their only goal. Self-gratification and pleasure became their main passion, often at the expense of others.

The Anunnaki chose to alter the energy of Earth to be more conducive with their plans of immortality. Physical plane comforts became all-consuming; the desire for pleasure and power became the main focus of the Anunnaki race.
For a long time the Anunnaki appeared as Reptilians. However, due to the hatred of the Reptilian races that encumbered the universe, the Anunnaki decided to go undercover. They could shape shift. Reptiles on Earth, such as chameleons, are very efficient at changing their colours to evade a pursuer. Colour-shifting evolved, over millions of years, giving the Reptilians the ability to change the atomic structure of their bodies. Their bodies were not solid. They were atoms spinning at a high-speed. It was possible for the Anunnaki to bind the atoms of their bodies into any form or shape they desired.

So why did they come to Earth?

The Anunnaki came to Earth seeking the element that could give them immortality. This element was gold.

_The Reptilian gods and children of the gods “shone like the sun.”_

An image began to form.

_It was dark, the middle of the night. There, on the hilltop, was a group of primitive women, the descendents of the Lilimi, the ethereal daughters of the Goddess. There were thousands of them, all of them looking into the night skies. They_
were all making a funny, excited whine that sounded like the noise pet dogs make when they are just about to be taken for a walk. I looked into the sky to see what it was that was causing all the commotion. Balls of golden light were dropping onto the surface of the planet.

The Lilimi thought it was the return of the Twin Flames, but as they ran to meet the golden ones, they suddenly realised that they were not the Elohim but lesser gods from the stars.

The Goddess began to tell me how these lesser gods were just that – lesser. They were not elevated, enlightened beings like the angels. They were only where they were in power and dimension due to an artificial ascension through using the mineral gold.

The Anunnaki came to Earth to mine her gold. They alchemically changed the gold’s composition and created a new substance. The substance the Anunnaki made by alchemically transforming gold gave them the ability to shape shift. Gold gave them, within themselves, a conductor of energies. This allowed them to hold amazing amounts of energy within their bodies. This process activated the DNA and light body, giving them the ability to travel interdimensionally
and shape shift. Thus, they could manipulate and control their own Merkaba vehicles.

*Gold, the element of Kings.*
*Gold, the dreams of a rich man.*
*The rare gift of the universe.*
*A corruptible ore.*

Manna. (Mono Atomic Gold Powder)

The alchemists of old knew what they were doing when they tried to turn lead into gold. Their quest was to accomplish the Master Work. In other words, to prepare the Elixir of Life. They were taught that the key to success was to divide, divide, and divide. Their aim was to free the atoms of the element gold from the confines of its crystalline-like structure.

During this process, base third-dimensional gold transformed into mono atomic gold powder, also known as Manna. This was known as the Star – Fire of the Earth.

*Star fire of the Earth.*
*Prima Magma.*
*The Philosopher’s Stone.*
*The elixir of life.*
*A gift with a price.*
On a stone tablet found at a Hathor temple on Mount Horeb, there shows Sobekhotep, “Overseer of the Secrets of the House of Gold,” standing behind Hathor, offering conical cakes. These cakes are Manna, Star Fire, a white powdered gold. This mono-atomic gold, was produced through a high fire alchemical process and was, then, consumed by the Pharaoh to feed his light body. This is what the Anunnaki came to Earth for – mono-atomic gold. They came to steal the Star Fire of the Earth.

Many planets in the universe contain minerals, diverse and numerous. There are also many planets that contain gold. Gold is a great holder of information. The gold that was deep in the bowels of the Earth was holding the energy and the secrets of the Goddess. As this Earth Manna was ingested, it brought the Goddess’ secrets of creation and her ability to create realities into the hands of the Anunnaki. They stole the Goddess’ wisdom, her elixir of life.

When Manna is consumed, it increases the current carrying capacity of the nervous system by ten thousand times. Ingested Manna breaks down the psyche and gives the recipient illusions of grandeur. The soul loses the skill to make the inner gold / the inner fire. Manna blows up the spiritual ego, to the
point where the person proclaims they are enlightened, ascended, and spiritually evolved. The truth is they have only over-inflated their spiritual body.

The inflation of the spiritual body allowed these beings artificial ascension to the higher fifth dimension. However, they were, and still are, unable to ascend any higher as they do not have the natural means to do so. They are only where they are because of the artificial ascension of their spiritual body. They are, therefore, stuck in their current dimension.

To descend in dimension is to fall in consciousness. If they allowed themselves to do this and go through the natural process of the death portal, they would be reborn anew. The Goddess would cleanse them of the karma that is incurred during such an artificial ascension and allow them to rejoin the ascension ladder and naturally ascend up through all dimensions back to the Source, the Universal Dreamer.

Unfortunately, these beings have such over-inflated egos, they will not succumb to such a thing. They, secretly, hold great judgment toward the energy of the Goddess. They will not allow themselves to lose their status of consciousness as they pass through the death portal. So, they stay stuck in their
artificially created fifth dimension world. They have not transcended death and, therefore, need certain elements to stand in their positions.

They need energy to keep them sustained. Many of these beings become vampiric, sucking the life-force of lower dimensional beings to feed themselves. Many New Age followers worship these beings only to become food for these artificially ascended masters.

Ingesting Manna can give telepathic abilities. It also gave the Anunnaki the ability to levitate and/or bi-locate. They could project their thoughts into other peoples’ minds and resurrect their dead. In effect, the evidence suggests that an individual taking Manna can become a fifth-dimensional being, even if it is only artificially!

The Anunnaki were mortal like any other being in the universe. They were born, grew old, and died. They fought with each other, loved each other, and shared many other similarities with the human race. They sought release from their mortal existence; they wanted to transcend into perfect beings of light. They wanted to build a perfect society of utopian perfection with each member of the race, a godlike being.
After many eons of searching, they finally found a way to achieve their goals through the ingestion of Manna. They wanted to become that without shadow, but they refused to give up their darker sides. The first few Anunnaki to transcend caused an unexpected side effect; they left their darker halves behind to wreak havoc in the universe.

The shadow Anunnaki began to fight each other in wars of unparalleled destruction. They brought forth allies from darker places both in their minds and in the physical dimensions. They controlled many of the star gates in the galaxy, controlling the passage of many different races.

"The gold of that land is good." (Genesis 2:11-12)

The ingesting of Manna is, symbolically, represented in the film Dune, adapted from the book written by Frank Herbert, one of the finest, most widely acclaimed and enduring science fiction novels of this century. Set on the desert planet, Arrakis, Dune is the story of Paul Atreides who transforms into a messianic figure called the Muad’Dib. Arrakis is the sole producer of the Spice Melange. The spice is very similar to
Manna. I recommend the book and the film. Watching this stirred many memories within me.

“In this time, the most precious substance in the universe is the spice melange. The spice extends life; the spice expands consciousness; the spice is vital to space travel. The Spacing Guild and its navigators, who the spice has mutated over four thousand years, use the orange spice gas which gives them the ability to fold space that is travel to any part of the universe without moving.” (Taken from the book, Dune.)

Anu, along with his two sons, Enki and Enlil, and daughter Ninkhursag, landed on Earth and went ashore. First, they built a mission control centre called Nippur. This provided a flight corridor for shuttle-craft. They also built orbiting space stations to use as holding places for the precious gold that they ferried to Niburu. They stationed, on Earth, Anunnaki miners to mine the gold that was shipped back to Niburu.

In their shape-shifted form, the Anunnaki were very tall and have been called the Nordics or Blonds. They were said to emanate a golden glow from their auric
body. This was due to the ingestion of Manna. Some were bald, including the females, with large elongated heads. The men wore thick black beards and some even sported horns. Because of their Reptilian genes, sometimes, a small tail could be seen. They appeared like gods to early man.

The Anunnaki were third/fourth dimensional beings. They had the ability to control the weather, which they used to scare and impress primitive man. It is not hard to see why early man thought these beings were gods. The Anunnaki spoke from inside of the clouds, caused a bush to burn, and even appeared in visions. With this kind of fourth dimensional trickery (enabled by the Manna), the Anunnaki appeared as supernatural beings to the men that lived in caves.

It is not strictly true to say the Niburu were called the Anunnaki. Their rank and file were known by the term Anunnaki. The gods, the royal family of Anu, were called the Nefilim. The ones who stayed in the shuttle-craft and orbiting space stations were known as the Igigi. Those who remained on Earth to mine the gold were called the Anunnaki.

The Anunnaki worked in the gold mines for one hundred and fifty thousand years.
They, literally, breathed and ate dust from morning till night, mining the precious gold.

In the beginning, Enki, son of Anu (expert in many fields) thought the oceans could be mined for gold. Yet, the effort was too much and time-consuming, so then they looked to land mining. Still, the work was too hard. The earthbound Anunnaki had had enough and so they rebelled.

When the gods instead of man, did the work,
    bore the loads,
the gods' load was too great, the work too hard, the trouble too much.
The great Anunnaki made the Igigi carry the workload sevenfold.
Anu their father was king, their counselor warrior Ellil, their Chamberlain was Ninurta, their canal-controller Ennugi.
They took the box of lots, cast the lots; the gods made the division.
Anu went up to the sky, and Ellil took the Earth for his people.
The bolt, which bars the sea, was assigned to far-sighted Enki.
When Anu had gone up to the sky, and the gods of the Apsu had gone below, the Anunnaki of the sky made the Igigi bear the workload.
The gods had to dig out canals, had to clear channels, the lifelines of the land.
The gods dug out the Tigris River and then dug out the Euphrates.
In the deep they set up the Apsu of the land, inside it raised its top of all the mountains. They were counting the years of loads the great marsh; they were counting the years of loads. For 3,600 years they bore the excess, hard work, night and day. They groaned and blamed each other, grumbled over the masses of excavated soil. (Sumerian stone tablets)
Ape-Man

The first biped Ape-Man appeared on the Earth 3.2 million years ago. This was the beloved of the Goddess, her pure Earthman. Bipedalism is the most distinctive, apparently earliest, defining characteristic of humans. Homo erectus was the first hominid to disperse over a wide area of the old world. The species existed for over 1.5 million years.

Telltale cut marks on the surface of animal bones reveal that early humans were using crude stone tools to smash open bones and extract the marrow. Stone tools allowed early man to get at a food source that no other creature was able to obtain, bone marrow. This fuelled the increase in the Ape-Man’s brain size, allowing them to make more complex tools for survival.

Their bodies were like modern-day humans but their faces were still ape-like. They ate raw plants and meat, so they needed strong jaws to chew their food. They made stone hand axes, wooden spears and containers. They built huts and helped each other to hunt big game and gather food.

These early Ape-Men had intelligence and wisdom; this was given to them by nature
herself, the Goddess. They had a natural and deep connection to the Goddess, and they respected and honoured her in nature.

“I loved the Ape-Man,” the Goddess said. “I moved my consciousness into the hairy beings that were now coming out from the trees to survey the grasslands that began to sweep across my land. I inspired them within their dreamtime. I gave them visions to instruct them on how to survive and thrive. They were my creation and I was well on my way to creating man, a form, a body that could contain the pure light of the Creator. I was doing perfectly well on my own, using the love of the Serpent King to impregnate my body, to create beings that were capable of reaching sentiency. I did not need those lesser gods of the skies interfering in my plans. However, I was a planet and being of free will, a planet of free choice. I could not refuse any visitors and so they came.”

Two hundred thousand years ago, Neanderthal man lived across Europe and the southwest of Asia, from Britain in the west to Iraq in the east. In order to survive the Ice Ages, they evolved physical adaptations to the cold and became the Neanderthals.
The Neanderthals were committed carnivores, and in order to obtain enough animal meat to survive, they needed to be skilled hunters. Social relations were important to the Neanderthals, and these were maintained by a feeling of connectedness that ran through their clan.

Reconstructions of Neanderthal throat anatomy provide good evidence that they could speak. Early Neanderthal man did not speak a language; he did not need to. He had enough of his DNA intact to be telepathic with those in his clan. Certain sounds were used to express emotions, but they never were constructed into a structured language as it was not needed.

Neanderthal man was completely connected to nature, the weather, the movements and habits of animals, as well as being totally in touch with the energy of the Goddess herself. They could hear her voice in the song of the wind through the trees. They could see her reflection on the water that filled stream and river. They could feel her nurture them from within the flesh of the animal that they had just hunted and killed. They were free and alive in nature.

They could hear her speak to them in their dreams and visions. When they slept in their deep caves within the Earth, they felt
close to her, a closeness that modern-day humans can only imagine. During these dreams, she would appear as a bear archetype to move them and guide them in a certain direction. She inspired them within their dreams to use certain herbs and plants for medicine and cooking. She taught them the ways of the female, her cycles, and her fertility.

Each animal was a sign as was a change of weather. All of nature was a school of learning for Neanderthal man. And he learnt well. He thrived in the most adverse weather conditions. They survived and adapted to intense Ice Ages that covered the planet, at this time. They moved in harmony and connection with the divinity of the planet. Neanderthal man was totally at one with the Goddess.

Neanderthal ancestors began thinking and acting along lines that are now regarded as religious or spiritual. The burial rites of Neanderthal men and women show the first evidence of religious activity among humans. The Goddess was worshipped from primeval times over long Ice Ages. Neanderthal shrines have been found with pictures of Iggdrasil, the European Tree of Life, depicted inside.
In fields, forest, and caves across Europe and the Near East, farmers and archaeologists have found buried strange female shapes in the form of small statuettes. They often have their sexual characteristics exaggerated – large breasts and buttocks and swollen bellies. These are representations of the archetypal Earth Goddess; she was the symbol of fertility, motherhood, generation and procreation.

Caves in Switzerland, 75,000 years old, have been found to contain a Neanderthal shrine in which seven bears skulls had been placed in the right alignment to the constellation of the Great Bear. This indicates a reverence to the collective spirit of the bear as an individualised higher intelligence like a god or spirit.

It was invoked in order that the clan could achieve what they wanted in life and death. The clan aligned themselves, specifically, to the bear, adopting it as its guiding force and spiritual guardian. It was the chosen symbol of the clan, indicating the clan’s strength in relationship to rival tribes or clans. They would dream they were at one with the collective spirit of the bear.

The Neanderthal era was the beginning of a veneration of the generative powers of nature through the woman as a
personification of the Divine Mother. The Goddess was the woman herself, not an etheric counterpart that lived in the sky.

So what happened to Neanderthal man? It was once believed that he developed into Cro-Magnon man and, later, became modern-day humans. With the advance in science of DNA decoding, scientists have now said that modern humans do not have Neanderthal ancestors in their family tree. The DNA extracted from the ribs of a Neanderthal was found to be too distinct from modern human DNA to be related. Scientific findings support the idea that Neanderthals did not interbreed with early modern humans and contributed little or nothing to the present human gene pool.

So where did they go, or what killed them off?

After several years of mining gold on Earth to repair the atmosphere of their home Planet, Nibiru, several of the lower-ranking workers of the Anunnaki rebelled. Seeing this as a threat to the survival of the family of Anu, Enlil (Anu’s first son) was prepared to declare war on the rebel Anunnaki. A solution was proposed by Enki (Anu’s younger son). This proposal involved the creation of a slave race of genetically engineered humans to mine the gold.
The other leaders of the Anunnaki asked, “How can you create a new being?” He answered, "The being that we need already exists; all that we have to do is put our mark on it.” This being was Neanderthal Man.

What the Anunnaki had in mind was to upgrade, genetically, the existing primitive man that were already on Earth by adding some of the genes of the more advanced Anunnaki. The Anunnaki possessed the genomic science. They knew the secrets of the serpent spiral, the DNA.

When the leaders of the Anunnaki approved the project, they said, “Let us fashion the Adam.”
The Adam

Enki, with the help of Ninharsag, the Chief Medical Officer of the Anunnaki, embarked on a process of genetic engineering by adding and combining genes of the Anunnaki with those of the already-existing primitive man.

The Garden of Eden was situated in what is now modern Iraq. It was the scientific station of the Anunnaki. This was the place of their genetic experiments. This is where they first made Adam.

“All over my body there are vortexes of energy and power,” the Goddess said. “They can be likened to the human chakric system. There is a giant network of intersecting lines that criss-cross each other at certain points. These points are the places of power, an immense reserve of my creative power. Many of these vortexes can also be used as portals into other worlds and dimensions. Through these vortexes, I communicated with all that inhabited my world and also the planetary beings that inhabited the planets that made up our solar system.

“Deep inside of myself, there is a secret well of divine, creative essence. This essence
rises up like a spring from a mountain. It rises through my body to appear at the surface in places where the vortexes are the most potent. Eden was the most powerful and potent of the vortexes. It was where my fertile, creative, divine power emanated with a mighty force.

“The Anunnaki when choosing a place to conduct their experiments would, of course, have chosen a place where my energy was the most powerful. They constructed energy grids around this place and barricaded me in. They fixed and tied me with ropes of consciousness. They harnessed my power, my essence, and used it as if it was their own.

“They had lost their respect for me many years ago. They had dropped in consciousness due to staying too long in the aura of my energy. You see, I was anchored into a very dense and polarised reality. Any beings living upon my surface or living in my atmosphere were under the influence of my energy. With the being known as Lucifer hidden in the depths of my belly, holding the energy of separation, beings coming under my energy were often affected and would fall in consciousness.

“The Anunnaki were furious about this and blamed me for their descention. What
they did not realise was they were drawn to me by a karmic debt that could only be realised and healed by my sweet hand. They had no choice. They could go no further in their consciousness without the clearing of this karmic patterning, which they all carried within their DNA.

“"I gave them the choice, as I am a planet of duality; I am both light and dark. They could have chosen to honour my divinity and the offspring of my body, the Ape-Man, my beloved. But they did not. Their choices were influenced by the fact they had fallen quite considerably in consciousness. At first, they came to my planet in their electrical bodies, but they were pulled by the magnetism of my form into the portal that leads to the Void. They were no more. This is when they first began to realise that I was a conscious and alive being.

“"Long gone were the Niburu that inhabited the Niburu planet when it was a life-supporting, alive entity. No Anunnaki alive had any memories of Niburu as a living being. Their only memories were of a planet designed and reconstructed as an artificial world, a battleship. They did not have the concept that a planet, such as myself, could be divine. They could not see my divinity in my form; they could not see the essence in
the form. They looked upon me as a man who wants to rape a woman, with no regard for her as a human being, treating her as an animal. They wanted to take and rape and abuse me. They took my energy in Eden, and they controlled me and used and abused my energy for the perversion of the experiments.”

Enki and his scientific aide, Ninti, combined the DNA of the Anunnaki with the DNA of the Neanderthal man. They implanted the hybrid DNA into the egg of an Anunnaki female (similar to cloning) and implanted the fertilized egg into the womb of Enki’s consort, Ninki. After several attempts, an Anunnaki/Neanderthal hybrid with a limited intelligence inherited from the Anunnaki and strength inherited from the Neanderthals was created. In Sumerian Mythology, the hybrid was named Adamu, which in Hebrew means "the perfect earthling.”

“He of the Earth."

"Then, before there was any rain, He formed man from the dust of the Earth. He blew into his nostrils the breath of life, and man became a living being. The Lord God planted a garden in Eden, in the east, and
placed there the man whom He had formed..." (Genesis)

“Let us fashion the Adam in our image and after our likeness,” said the Anunnaki. “Belet-ili, the womb Goddess, is present. Let her create a mortal man so that he may bear the yoke. So that he may bear the yoke, the work of Ellil. Let man bear the load of the gods! Belet-ili, the womb Goddess, is present; let the womb Goddess create offspring, and let them bear the load of the gods! You are the womb-Goddess, to be the creator of Mankind! Create a mortal that he may bear the yoke! Let him bear the yoke, the work of Ellil, let him bear the load of the gods!” (Both taken from the Gilgamesh - Sumerian tablets)

The Anunnaki kept filtering and fixing the Adam until he was perfect. Through a process of genetic manipulation, beings that the Anunnaki called Lulus were created by Enki and Ninhursag. These beings were unable to reproduce and, thus, required the female Anunnaki to birth them. They furthered their experiments and, later, developed a new creature that could reproduce independently, whom they named "The Adam."
When, after much trial and error, a “perfect model” was attained, Ninharsag held him up and shouted:

“My hands have made it!”

Neanderthals completely dominated Europe for 200,000 years. However, 40,000 years ago, a new competitor appeared on the scene. Cro-Magnon with a higher level of intellect and better weapons invaded from the east. The Cro-Magnons killed the majority of Neanderthals, and those who remained alive escaped to remote parts of the planet. It was a very severe fight as the mass burial places of Neanderthal men with broken skulls and other injuries prove. The Anunnaki Elite murdered the entire Neanderthal population after they had finished using the Neanderthals as specimens for genetic experiments. Modern genetically manipulated man began to populate the Earth.

“Oh how I loved my Hairy Man,” the Goddess said. “He loved me from within his body; he talked to me with every breath of his body. His clans whispered to each other within their minds. No verbal words were needed. Now, that is all gone. He was my
prodigal son. I thought he would go far. Can you imagine what you as humans would be like now, if you had a few more Neanderthal genes? If only they had left the Serpent spiral intact, how splendid your forms would be now, how awake your minds, how alive your hearts. I am saddened and miss my Hairy Man.”

Over many years, the Anunnaki developed religions by corrupting the spirituality of the indigenous people of the Earth. Different religions were set up in direct opposition to one another in order to breed disharmony, distrust, confusion, war and arrogance. They tried to eliminate the worship of the divine Goddess. However, there was so much resistance that the Anunnaki set up replacement stories for the various cultures. They corrupted the Goddess’ image by falsely attributing her with lustful, vengeful, and jealous qualities.
Garden of Eden

“So what of Eve and the Garden of Eden?” I asked the Goddess. “This is the story as I know it. Adam and Eve were the first gardeners. They lived in the Garden of Eden, a perfect place with no thorns or weeds and where plants produced their fruit easily. God told Adam to cultivate the garden, keep the garden, name the animals, and eat of the garden's fruit, except from the Tree of the Knowledge of good and evil. God said that he would die if he ate the fruit.

“Later, Eve was deceived by Satan speaking through a serpent and ate the fruit. She, then, took the fruit to Adam and he ate it, knowing he was doing the wrong thing. Because they disobeyed what God had explicitly told them and chose to believe Satan, they began to experience spiritual death and, soon, physical death. God expelled them from the garden. Adam and Eve sinned by placing their desires above what God had told them and, through this Act, sin entered the world. No longer would it be easy to harvest fruit. Thorns and weeds would make planting and harvesting hard labour. Men would have to work to eat.
Women would give birth in pain. Animals became dangerous and carnivorous.

“The story of Adam and Eve has powerfully touched people for thousands of years yet, today, there are widely differing opinions about the truth of the story. Some people insist that we must accept it as being, quite literally, true. Others see it as a myth with no truth and no value in it. Still others see the story as being symbolic, containing a deeper meaning. For the past two thousand years or so, the story of Adam and Eve has communicated social and religious values to Western civilization. Whether you regard the story as a folk tale or not, it has successfully presented its ‘truths’ about women. Throughout the Christian period, the story of Eve has provided men with the reason why they should restrain and restrict the social, sexual, religious, political, and economic freedom of women. It has also given men the justification to hold women responsible for all the misfortunes suffered by Mankind.”

“Why, it is all of the above and more,” the Goddess said. “Modern-day humans cannot take this story seriously because it does not fit into the logical way they perceive the world. No longer do they consider themselves to be living in the world of myth
and legend so, therefore, they dismiss it as pure fantasy with no worth or value. Myths create your world and mine. As the stories change, so do I. The characters take on power or lose it as the stories are retold over and over again.

“Eden was indeed beautiful as was the entire planet. What made Eden special to the Anunnaki was that they had found a way to harness the energy of that place to aid their creation. Can you remember earlier when the Anunnaki said, ‘Belet-ili, the womb Goddess, is present; let her create a mortal man’? They were referring to me. They used my energy and ability to create form to create a being that would, later, become their slaves. They designed rigid energy constructs that were capable of harnessing my power.

“My creative power comes from a well in the very centre of my planet; it moves through my body as water. Sometimes, this essence moves up through the rock to the surface and bathes the surrounding land in my pure creative force. These places are potent; ancient man knew this well, more so than modern-day humans. Where the springs surfaced, pools of energy that constantly moved in spirals were formed. These vortexes of energy connected across the
whole planet. The whole of the Earth was bathed in energy from a network of my essence. Some of these vortexes were more powerful than others, some covering vast stretches of land. Eden was the richest. It was the womb of my body."

Suddenly, I was in a garden; it was beautiful. Was this Eden? I thought. I looked up to see a large metal structure that was also anchored into the ground with large metal feet. It was made of complex geometric shapes, all in metal. Within the structure, the energy was buzzing. It made a sound like the electricity you sense around a pylon. The electrical energy was full of static that could be seen as tiny blue sparks of light in the air.

Underneath the protection of this force field of energy, I saw the Anunnaki. They were strange beings in some sort of suits made from gold, and even though I could not see what lay underneath the suits, I knew they were, somehow, pure electricity. This structure not only harnessed the energy of the Earth for their experiments but also provided an atmosphere in which they could live. The energy was strange, too. It was very clinical, very sterile. I experienced the same feeling when I was too long in airports.
“The Anunnaki came and used large rods of metal to anchor their energy here and also use the energy of my essence,” the Goddess said. “The Anunnaki knew how to use such constructs to harness and control and trap energy. They used the wisdom and power of geometric forms and shapes to harness energy. Sacred geometry can be used as a positive tool for good or a negative tool for bad. By constructing a massive and complex energy prison over Eden, they were capable of living here and using my energy for their creative experiments. This environment provided for the Anunnaki a place where they could be on the Earth, but not of it. They could live here without being touched by my times, cycles, dreams or vibration. They took my sacred space, sterilized it and used it as their laboratory.”

According to midrashic literature, Adam's first wife was not Eve but a woman named Lilith who was created in the first Genesis account. Only when Lilith rebelled and abandoned Adam did God create Eve, in the second account, as a replacement.

Adamus – both male and female, Adam and Lilith together as one.
“There is a misconception that Adam was originally male,” the Goddess said. “The early Anunnaki experiments created a being called the “Adamus.” This being was both male and female. This being was both Adam and Lilith. Theses beings were too intelligent and could not be controlled by the Anunnaki. They were as powerful as the gods themselves and were in ownership of the full twelve strand DNA spiral. So the Anunnaki split the chromosomes and created Adam.

“In some versions of the story, God (the Anunnaki) created Adam and Lilith at the same time. Some perverted the story and to make a distinction between Adam and Lilith, it was said that Adam was made of clay and Lilith filth. In some ways it is a lie, yet in other ways it is the truth. Adam was made of a substance that was of the Earth, yet had been moulded and formed into pre-decided form. Lilith, on the other hand, was pure and of the Earth. The Anunnaki created Adam; he was made of the genetic manipulation of the Neanderthal genes. Lilith, the filth, was already there; she was already alive within both the female and male bodies of the Neanderthals. She was purely of the Earth, not tampered with and complete. She had all the strands of DNA intact and rode the serpent.
“The Goddess energy was too strong in the Neanderthals and the Anunnaki could not control them whilst they had such a connection with nature, the cycles and rhythms of life. They were able to talk directly to nature and each other only within their minds; no words were needed. Lilith surged through the Neanderthals’ veins. This was not conducive to the Anunnaki’s plan, so they banished her from Eden.

“They took the Neanderthal DNA and mixed it with Anunnaki genes. The Anunnaki kept filtering and fixing the being until he was perfect. Through a process of genetic manipulation, beings which the Anunnaki called Lulus were created by Enki and Ninhursag.

“These beings were unable to reproduce and, thus, required the female Anunnaki to birth them. They furthered their experiments and, later, developed a new creature that could reproduce independently whom they named “the Adam.” They took the already limited genetic information from the prototype Adam’s DNA serpent and created Eve.

“They did not like the offspring that Lilith had to offer. The beings she created were too powerful. They needed a modified lesser being to be the mother of all. During this
tampering, the Anunnaki removed the third strand of DNA of the Serpent. This strand served to unite left and right brain functions and provided immediate and direct (links) to the collective consciousness and me as the Goddess. Early man had the ability to communicate telepathically, leave their bodies at will, and to use the full potential of both the left and right hemispheres of their brain. They were a perfect race, living in what was then a perfect garden. After the Anunnaki had interfered with the Serpent, the DNA spiral hung in tatters."

"Then, God made Eve from Adam's rib."
(Genesis 2:20-23)

The Sumerian word “ti” means both “rib” and “to make alive.” In ancient Mesopotamia, Ninti, whose name means both “lady of the rib” and “lady who makes alive,” is the Goddess who helped birth the Adams. The double meaning may explain why Eve, who is called “mother of all living,” was created from Adam's rib (an otherwise very odd piece of male anatomy to choose).

The Anunnaki made the male-female being and
then caused one side, or sex, in each being to remain latent.
“In some ways Eve was not unlike Adam,” the Goddess said. “Eve is not really a woman; she is a half man. Yet, nothing that is created through my energy can be completely cut off from my female power. Little did the Anunnaki know that I was sleeping within that rib that they took from Adam to create Eve.”

The Tree of Life, my DNA serpent.  
The Tree of Knowledge, my sexuality.  
Secretly sleeping inside the bones of both Adam and Eve.

“And God made grow out of the ground every tree pleasant to sight and good to eat, and the tree of life in the midst of the garden, and the tree of knowledge of good and evil. And God commanded Adam, saying: You may eat from all the trees of the garden, but do not eat from the Tree of Knowledge of good and evil, for on the day on which you eat of it you shall surely die. And God said: It is not good for man to be alone; I shall make him a helpmate.”  
(Genesis 2:9,16-18)

This is the story as I know it. Adam and Eve, the first man and woman, were living in paradise. They were naked and unashamed.
They could communicate directly with God. God told them that they were free to enjoy everything but they should not eat of the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil. Enter the serpent. He tempts Eve and she eats of the fruit. Eve, in turn, seduces Adam. Suddenly they are overcome by an overwhelming sense of shame. They are particularly ashamed of the sexual parts of their bodies, which they cover up with fig leaves. As a result of their action, they are cast out of the Garden of Eden.

The fall of Adam and Eve revolves around the eating of the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil. There is no such literal tree. The fruit of knowledge is, therefore, not a literal fruit but a symbol of a forbidden act. In the Old Testament, knowledge of a woman means to have a sexual relationship with a woman. Picking a fruit is also an analogous way of expressing sexual union.

"The Serpent was me!" the Goddess said.

In Genesis 6:2-4, it is recorded by the Anunnaki (who wrote most of the Old Testament) that "the sons of God" (the Anunnaki males) "saw the daughters of men that they were fair."
The Anunnaki believed that the “sons of God” were lured to Earth and corrupted by the indigenous women of Earth. Just like the Goddess herself, they saw all women as seducing, evil temptresses. The “sons of God” abused and horribly mistreated the indigenous women of the Earth to set the example of a model for the indigenous men of the Earth to then follow. This was the very beginning of the pattern of male dominance on Earth and the demonisation and the oppression of the female.

I remembered a seminar that I had taught. During this time, I played a game of energy with the people attending. I held the energy of the Earth and sat in the middle of the room. Each of the people attending channeled a different being who was affecting the Earth now. Each being would come forward and interact with the Earth, in both feelings and words.

When it came to the turn of the Anunnaki, they would not come forward to meet the Earth. The Earth, through me, said, “Why do you not come to me?” The Anunnaki said, “You are a whore who entices us to your bed, only to eat us in the morning.”

“The Anunnaki ‘sons of God’ thought they were lured to Earth and corrupted by the
indigenous women of Earth,” the Goddess said. “In fact, the women of Earth, at that time, were purer than the males, and they were revered by the males because, spirituality, they still retained closeness to me, the Divine Mother. The Anunnaki had to twist the story to make it appear that women were a gender that could not be trusted and that they must be oppressed by the males. “Many of the Anunnaki men took Earth women and had cruel and horrific sexual acts with them. Not unlike that which they had watched Adam have with beasts. The offspring of such a breeding created babies that were too big for the Earth woman’s body and, thus, Eve was punished with the pain of childbirth. It was the direct result of breeding with the Anunnaki Gods. “The Anunnaki did not always agree on things. Both of Anu’s sons, Enki and Enlil, fought constantly. Enki was a half-breed, a mixture of Serpent people and Anunnaki royalty. When Anu first came to the planet, he saw that the Serpent and Dragon People were already here. They did not wish to share their planet so to marry their two races. Anu bred with a Serpent Queen and she birthed Enki. “With his Serpent blood in his veins, he heard my whisperings in the Serpent
tunnels, and he was inspired to save Mankind from the fate that his pure Anunnaki brother, Enlil, proposed. Enlil became angry with the Anunnaki and their sexual activity with the humans; he feared his genetic lineage would be tainted. He was also angry that there were now so many humans. They were breeding and multiplying. Enlil created the first famine in the land and, for this, it is written that Adam and Eve were banished from Eden.

“Up until this point, the humans had been fed and nurtured by the Anunnaki. They had no need to look for food as did the Neanderthals. They were given all they needed by the Anunnaki gods. The story of the Garden of Eden is a symbolic tale to tell how it was for early modified man and women to survive once the Anunnaki had driven them from Eden to survive in the world on their own.

“Enki loved his creation, and he did not want to see them go the same way that the Anunnaki had done before them. The Anunnaki bred with Earth woman and, from their loins, they created kings of men. They offered the kings of men the elixir of life, the Manna. Enki realised how it had been for those who had ingested this substance, and he advised Adam and Eve not to partake.
Instead, he advised them to follow the way of the Goddess, leave immortal life to those with over-inflated egos and pass through the death portal into the Void. Just as is natural,” she said.

So Adam and Eve were thrown out of paradise.
Part Two
Lilith

Lilith was the first wife of Adam. That was all I knew about this aspect of the Goddess, but the name haunted me. I fell into a trance one afternoon whilst I was meditating and felt myself going down and down into the very bowels of the Earth. I felt as if I was going there to find someone very important, someone I had forgotten.

First Encounter of Lilith

The tunnel dark and low, its walls wet and strangely hot.
The air musty and smelling of death.
The atmosphere eerie and strange.

A sound from a distance, a roar like a tiger in pain.
A flaming torch in the centre of the now open cavern.
A small barred opening into the floor.

From the darkness, a cry can be heard.
It is the weeping of a woman, abused and imprisoned.
Who is this, trapped in the bowels of Hell? Surrounded on all sides by symbols of power?

Why it is Lilith, the She Demon.
Her face pushes hard against the bars,
Barring her teeth and snarling like an animal,
she says,
“WHY?”
Blood, filth and bruises cover her once-pretty face.
The rage in her eyes is only lessened by her tears.
She screams and throws herself against the far wall of her prison.
Fresh blood falls down her face.
She is mad, crazy and dangerous.
“Why won’t they let me out?” she screams.

Beating the floor in a wild rage.
It would seem that she is possessed.
Yet as her rage subsides, no longer having the power to continue,
She falls to the floor and weeps like a baby, howling in pain.

For She is the wrenched, the lost, and the alone.
She is the Banished One.

For the first time Lilith speaks!

From within her prison, Lilith began to speak, her voice whispered. At first, her eyes flashed from side to side as if she was nervous that someone would overhear her.

“In the beginning, I was not as I am now.”
I was strong, yes, but also gentle.
I was powerful, yes, but also yielding.
Now I am no longer myself.
I have been perverted, sanctified and bewitched.
I have been raped, abused, punished and denied.
For what, I am still trying to discover.
For me, I did no wrong, only expressed myself in the ways that were natural to my being.”

She took a deep breath as if she was struggling with the memories that were beginning to surface. Her face began to soften, her posture relaxing as she told her tale.

“There was a time when I was the governor of this planet, not in structure or system, but in a fluid, self-perpetuating, unconscious self. There was a time when I could stretch my creative fertile body across the wide expanse of this planet. I remember the planet when it moved in undulating and ecstatic vibrations as the creator gods stimulated it into being. I was honoured, then, as a creator of form, a birther of beings.”

She smiled, if only for a second, the memory sweet in her mind. Then, her
expression turned to a crazy panic, full of rage and fear.

“Now, I am hidden, confined to live forever in the darkness. I am confined to live in the dark caves of this underworld. Lying naked in a pit of black and poisonous serpents, for now they are my only companions. I am mad; I have been driven this way. I am dangerous. Fear me! You do not know what you are playing with. Nothing can tame me. Lilith just is!!!!”

She screamed – a wild and crazy sound. She ran around her cell, whipping the ground with her dreadlocked hair, with a frightening and wild look in her eyes. I moved away from the opening and waited until her mad frenzy subsided. I was scared of her. Who was this mad woman who talked about once being a Goddess? She moved swiftly to the opening and looked through the bars, her expression fearful and desperate.

She said, “You cannot control me for I cannot control myself. I am a wild and potent force. I am unstable and ruthless.” Clutching at her hair, she said, “This urge. Where did it come from?” She held her head as if she was wrestling with some demon inside of herself.
“For it is not I, in truth. I feel hypnotised, allured and intoxicated. Help me!” she begged, holding the bars, trying desperately to get out. How long had she been here in this cell? How long had she fought to escape, even though it was futile?

“I want to escape this Underworld,” she said. “I want to rise up through the black rock and spiral from my hell prison to dance in the sunlight.” She held her head back and, for a moment, looked like she was in ecstasy.

“I want to scream at the world that I am here, and I have returned. I want the women of this planet to know me in their bodies, know me from their bones. I want the men of this planet to feel me within their forms and realise me!

“I am within every living form, silently sleeping in the life force of the cells themselves. I am the potent power that has yet to be recognised, honoured, and set free. My serpent consciousness is sleeping, dreaming realities at the base of the spine. I want to free the serpent, allow it to uncurl its many coils until no longer seen in the darkness. It can transform and take on the form that it is, in its truth – the Dreaming Rainbow Serpent.”
She began to move her body and touched herself in an almost erotic way. She looked as if she would swoon. Lifting her hands above her head, she cried, “The ecstatic, illuminating, powerful, enlightening serpent power will rise up through the bodies of those that can take such a force and light them up until they become a beacon in the night. This beacon will radiate such a light in the darkness that the Twin Flames will see this light and

**Remember!**

“For they are sleeping in the dreamtime of this universe; they are not aware enough to notice me. With this light, they will notice.”

Suddenly, her expression changed, and she threw herself like a caged beast, angrily, at the bars of her prison.

“But first, YOU must free me,” she snarled. “They will not let me out.”

For a moment, the sadness returned, and she bowed her head and whispered as if she was embarrassed. “I am out of control in this reality of yours. My urge to merge, to live and to be is too much for them to handle. I am perverted, strange, taboo for too many. For me, it is just living, being! I cannot conform. I do not know how. I cannot lessen
myself. I am Lilith.” She looked away and hid her face behind her hair.

“Before the lesser gods came to this planet, all was in harmony. The planet was without solid structure or form. It moved in a constant, ecstatic rebirthing of itself, over and over again. The angels came in pairs, twins of a kind, spirals of light that twisted and turned in ecstatic union. They moved into the space that would later be called Earth. They brought with them the songs of creation, the ecstatic power of birth and manifestation.

“The Elohim were beautiful to look upon. Light radiated from their form. All the galaxies and stars could be seen spiraling inside their bodies. Male and female vibration, not the same as the divided half beings that are now seen mirrored in human form, but the true positive and negative vibrations of the star Gods and Goddesses.

“There was no one God, one presence that governed and ruled with a rode of iron. There were many with the graceful faces of the Elohim, the creators of this universe, the creative thoughts of the Creator itself.

“In my early years, I was a beautiful, young maiden awaiting the admiration of a passing god worthy of me. The Elohim came, the bright ones, the shining ones. They
graced the surface of the planet with exquisite patterns of starlight, carrying the energy of all male gods and female goddesses to Earth. Their love-making, the exchanging of energies, moved me into my deep unconscious dreaming, and I began to awaken to my creative abilities. They ignited me, sending a bolt of light running through the matrix of Earth, which was just beginning to form. The impulse, the ignition began the creative spark.

“I awoke and began to create forms to house their essence. I began to create mountains within my body, mighty oceans, and as the Twin Flames brought more and more creative designs from the Creator itself, I redesigned myself over and over. I was that Goddess,” Lilith said, looking through the bars, tears filling her eyes.

This was an aspect of the Goddess I had never encountered before. Images of a caged beast woman flooded my mind’s eye. Her hair tangled and dreadlocked, her face bruised and smeared with dirt and blood, her body naked, muscular, glistening with sweat. I saw her in a caged dungeon; it seemed as if it was in the very centre of the planet. All over the walls of her prison were strange
carved symbols that seemed to glow when she moved near to them.

She was wild and strong, driven mad by her confinement. Her hands ripped to shreds, her nails long gone trying to claw her way out of the prison. Her voice was hoarse like a man; she had been shouting for such a long time. She was not the usual face of the Goddess I had come to know, but the wild side I was yet to embrace.

“From my body came an overwhelming creative explosion,” Lilith said. “I lay back with my legs wide, birthing every tree, bird, mountain, river and glen from my form. I was paradise; I was female, all giving, all surrendering, and beautiful and wildly out of control. My fertility was that of a young, potent maiden. I was in constant bliss, and all that shared their consciousness with me could feel me pulsating in their form, their body. The energy of my whole self was an ecstatic and fertile potent life force and force of life. I was ripe!” She touched her belly affectionately as if she was with child.

“The Twins above created the Fairies and Devas and projected their consciousness into the light Fairy bodies to experience their creation. As the growth of Earth proceeded, it became more and more dense, eventually
dropping in vibration to the point where the Twins could no longer come here in their angelic forms. They had to project a small part of their consciousness into the Fairy bodies. The love-making of the Fairies warmed my body, designed and manicured me. I was beautiful and everywhere was paradise. I was not known as Lilith, as yet. There was no need for names.

“I felt my Serpent of life moving within my body. I knew I was blessed with the creative ability to design form. I was a headless being with no mind of my own, but as I merged my consciousness more and more with the Twins, I began to awaken from my stupidity and design beings of my own. They were not on par with the splendour of what the angels graced my body with. But I tried; I had a go at it, and I was pleased with my creation. The being I created was me. I birthed more of myself. I called them Lilimi.”

She shyly looked to the ground as if she was embarrassed of her creation, as if it was not worthy. Who had programmed her with such things? She was an incredibly emotional being, her mood changing in an instant from rage and madness to sadness and remorse.
“Everything is born of the female. I am female. Lilith is me. I birthed myself, and I gave myself form – independent, yet, dependent upon my energy – and I became many. I became the Lilimi.

“Lilimi was no ordinary being. She was the Goddess in form, and she was form in divinity. She was beautiful in a wild, animal kind of way. Powerful and strong, she had instinctual abilities beyond anything known. She lived from the wisdom of intuition with no mind to speak of, no thought to utter in language, no structure, only freedom and movement within the matrix of Earth.

“As Lilimi, I could move my body through the matrix and merge myself with nature. I could unify myself with the trees, waters, mountains and mighty oceans. I was everywhere and everywhere was within me. I was happy, then, before the others came. The ones with the big heads and the over-inflated consciousness (Anunnaki). Before they came, I was happy.”

The anger surfaced, once again, and she spat and cursed their name.

“I was an experiment, of a sort. The creator gods came here and impulised me to create forms, so forms I did create. One of which were the Lilimi. They could take their power directly from the surrounding nature.
They were not entirely third-dimensional, at this time. They were in bodies that were more ethereal in nature. They had intense and potent snake consciousness. They permanently housed the fully awaken kundalini energy as the Serpent in their bodies. They were true Serpent Dancers.”

Suddenly, she began to spin her head around and around, gyrating her hips, building herself up into frenzy. I could see one of the serpents at her feet, black and poisonous, beginning to crawl its way, entwined around her leg. She threw her head back and made a sound of pleasure as if she was orgasming. Gasping with pleasure, she fell to the floor, breathing hard, and then slowly rose to her feet and whispered.

“There is more here that I need to remember. I have been asleep in this cave for too long. I have been hidden for so long, ignored and denied for such a length of time that my memory is short, and I am covered with a blanket of pain. So let me go on, even though there are holes in both my memory and my story to you.

“Why the Twins left, we did not really know. We just could not feel them anymore. The memory of them, at first, was enough.
But as the language of time began to speak, we were lonely. We did not have the rational or logical mind to know and understand such things, but we knew and felt deeply abandoned. Lost, in a hole of sorrow that was as deep as the deepest well, as dark as the loneliest mine. We turned to nature in our sorrow and took our love from other places.

“Now the planet was becoming more and more dense. Many species were being birthed, in form, with the passing of time. I, as Lilith, played with them all. We, the Lilimi, looked longingly to the stars for the return of the Twin Flames, but they did not come. No more would their graceful feet cherish our land. No more would we feel the imploding of life as we merged our consciousness with theirs.

“We were designed to birth, and birth we did, but without the seeds of creation, how could we know life? Earth is a fertile, form-creating being. I am that being; I am the creator of thought in form. Without thought, I can create nothing. I have no ideas, designs of my own.

“So, for a time, I was alone on the planet, giving birth to forms, using the impulses, the ideas, the thoughts from the creator gods, the Elohim, as my inspiration. The Earth was
like a jungle without design and complexity until the Fairy consciousness came. They were the caretakers of the newly birthed nature. They brought wonderful songs that had form and structure. They sang the Earth anew, and the whole planet became paradise. It was the jewel of the universe.”

Tears begin to fall from her eyes; she was weeping. Grief swept over us both. “We awaited the Twins’ return, but they did not come back to us. We looked to the stars to see the golden radiance that was the indication of their return, but the only things we saw were falling stars that we wished upon to return them to us.”

The sadness I saw in that woman’s eyes was the same pain that all women carry. That deep and inherent feeling within our bones that there was, once, a lover that was taken from us and is yet to return. Maybe this is the Lilith energy within us that is feeling this. Maybe this is Lilith’s story.

“Then, one day, we looked to the skies,” she said, once more changing her emotion to one of hope and joy as if she was re-enacting the scene over and over to express her story. “They were coming, or so we thought. We saw the golden light, though different to
what we remembered. We thought it was the Twins. How wrong we were!

“We saw their golden shimmering bodies and thought they were the light. This stirred a memory in our bodies. Memories of long ago when we could merge our ethereal bodies with that of the Twin Flames. It was ecstatic.

“We would gather on hilltops, our bodies naked, dirty, hair matted – ugly to some, but wild, alive, and free. We were ripe and open to the energies that graced us, falling from the sky like shooting stars. We were open to the Twin Flames. We did not know them as this as we were without mind to conceptualize, but we knew that, deep inside of us, there was a wild and abandoned love for the golden ones.

“We were without speech, but excited yelps and tones could be heard ringing from our mouths as the golden ones came closer. As they approached us, we could feel our consciousness merging with theirs, and it was an elevated and ecstatic experience for us. We could feel the information that the golden ones planted in our DNA. We knew that born from the creativity of our bodies many beings and forms would come to be.

“We saw the golden light and the shimmering bodies as they descended into
Earth’s atmosphere. We ran to the hill tops. Could it really be them? We could feel the memories surfacing as the image we now saw in the night sky stirred our hidden places. We remembered, and we ran to the hilltops in excitement and longing.

“As this golden light came closer, we saw that the golden ones, now, no longer had golden wings as angels but encased themselves in metal vehicles – wheels within wheels. We were confused as to this new guise of our Twin Flames, and the energy felt a little, if not a lot, different. But who were we to compare? We were totally open to the new forms that they took.

“It was only when the beings within these vehicles came to greet us did we know that this was not our beloved Twin Flames but Anu and his many legions. Some would call him God; I would not bow my head before him. I say he is an over-inflated consciousness as many others that began to land on our planet as the years passed by.”

In Ancient Sumerian lands of long ago, Lilith spirit of the wind did fly. Spirit of the great Goddess, Queen of Heaven, Lady of the Air, and Mother of the Moon. Lilith's flower, the Lily, the magical Lotus. In the beginning a virgin (belonging to no man).
One aspect of the Triple Goddess.  
She stood upon the protection of lions and was Lady of the Beasts.  
The wisdom of the night Screech Owl her only companion.  
She the instinctive soul of the living Earth.

Who are you Lilith?

Moving closer to the bars, she began to whisper. “I am an ecstatic and potent force that has been long hidden in the Underworld of this planet. I am the creative female force that resonates with every touch of your skin. I am the ever-lasting energy of a multitude of pleasures. I am sensuality, sexuality, abandonment and power. I am the deep red of a rose, the flicker of a candle flame, the soft lament of some lost lover’s song. I am a distant memory that cannot quite reach consciousness. I am a hundred weeping women by a river’s shore.

“To some, I am a whore.  
“To others, a sacred divine, but seldom are there any who can allow me in body. This is the complexity of my plight. No bodies to house my power and ecstasy; no one to be me. For Lilith dies a thousand deaths every time a woman’s body cries out to be released from the confines of this patriarchal hell.”
She pulled at her hair as if wanting to pull it out at the roots. She was so crazy, I was not sure I could go on with this kind of communication; after all, it was as if she was mentally disturbed. Once more, she moved closer to the bars and whispered with a look of divine pleasure on her face.

“I am the dark lunar side of your female nature. I am the fire of a million female’s passion. I am the holder of death and rebirth. I am the gateway into the Void.

“They call me ‘Winding Snake,’” she said, laughing arrogantly. “I am the tempter of man, the seducer of the weak.” She moved her hand through the bars and, for a moment, she touched my hand. I pulled it back in fear of what she might do next. Haughtily, she said, “I only seek the potent. I leave the weak ones to Eve!

“Some call me demon of the night; they say I steal semen and seduce the power from my male victims. They are not victims; they give of themselves freely. They are only honouring their desires, unbridled and free. For they know that this will give them pleasure.

“Fear me! Some call me the ‘punishing child whipper of God,’” Lilith roared with laughter. Now, she looked madder than ever.
She seemed to be both a beautiful Goddess and a demon.

“They say I am the ultimate personification of degradation, refuge, loneliness, and fierce rage. I am a revenging seductress and child killer. Well, maybe I am.” She looked away.

Spitting the words venomously, she said. “Believe what you will. Nothing I say can change your programmed minds. You have been held in the confines of your distorted and illusionary ideas on how things are. It is any wonder that you remember me at all.

“I stuck in your memory; I etched myself on your consciousness through a story of evil, deception, temptation and greed. The story of Garden of Eden, you called it. It was a best seller, so I heard. It is a pity you have the gullibility to swallow a myth and story, lied to you by many, deceiving thousands. The truth in this story is so well hidden, it would not be recognised as truth, even by the most noble of souls.”

You wonder: who am I coming at you, like your shadow?
I am the first and I am the last.
I am the honoured one and I am the scorned one.
I am the whore and the holy one.
I am the substance and the one who has no substance.

“Can you imagine an urge that never gets fulfilled, a hunger that is never satisfied? Can you imagine a desire so full of fire that there is fear it will ignite? Can you imagine a body that is so potent, so ripe, and so fertile never being seeded? That is me!!!” She struck herself hard in the chest.

“What I feel is the truth to me. What I feel is denied! Buried, hidden from view, a secret! I am a secret that is never to be told, a truth that will never be uttered. I am the Goddess of this world you call Earth. I am the mother that birthed every form on this planet. Every tree, fish, bird and mountain was gestated in my form. Why do you deny me?!?” Her eyes were pleading.

Once more, a dark shadow crossed her face as if she was being taken over by some evil spirit.

“I have taken revenge in many forms. I am no longer of pure heart, and it has been blackened in time. They say revenge is sweet; yes this is true like black treacle. I can no longer ingest the poison from such an act. I have murdered, raped, abused and sacrificed. None quenched my thirst.

Longingly, and as if she was remembering some long-ago love, she whispered coyly,
“For what I am waiting is the sweet wine of Dionysus. He was here once. We were the perfect couple, and can’t you see the offspring of our lovemaking? Every wooded glen, every shady hollow was a place for our love. The birds sang our song as we heightened our passion; all were in harmony.”

Suddenly, a look of fierce rage moved across her face and, for a moment, I drew back frightened. “The others came. They took my lover from me and buried him half-dead in the mines of hell. They burnt his body and scattered the ashes to the four corners of this Earth.”

Just as quickly as the rage had passed over her face, now, tears rolled down her cheeks. She was overwhelmed with grief. “I have searched for him under every leaf, under every stone, but his discovery allures me. My lover has gone. Will he never be found? He will dance my dance with me; together, we can ride the serpent into the ecstasy of the self. He takes my power and then gives it back. Not greedy like an animal but fresh and strong. But he has gone; my heart turns black again. This sickness is always within me. There is no cure; the loss of my love is a fuel for the rage of my fire.”
Seductively, she purred, “I take bodies occasionally, but like an unripe apple or a too young wine, they do not satisfy me. All they succeed in doing is letting loose the raging beast that I try to control within my bones. I would like to release my grip on such a beast and allow it its freedom. But who knows the consequences of such an act?

“Dangerous am I!

“I have taken many to my bed; it is my way. I have felt their feeble potency leak its way into my body, but this has not fed me or satisfied me. I am starving. They are soulless, hollow bodies with no divinity in form. They do not please me or give that which I long for. I will look for the true one, the Serpent King. I know he is here somewhere. I have felt his energy through every myth and story. They say he will be reborn, but WHEN? I am freeing myself and, as I do, I will remember, and I will begin my search for him, once more.”

Beating her hands against the hardness of the wall, she screamed and cursed. “I have been sleeping a long time in the bowels of hell, chained to a rock in the darkest pit. I have forgotten my lover, tormented by the pain in my body and forgotten, I am completely insane.”
She started to scratch her body. “There is aching in me; it is deep in my bones. It moves, it writhes like serpents, it makes me feel like an animal, primal. There is a fire in my belly!

“I can move through your body senses with the sensitivity of a cat. I can open every pore of your skin. I can surge my venom through your veins, if you would only let me. I look for the potent ones, the ones who carry my frequency, who can please me inside of themselves. But this is rare, and my hunger grows stronger. The rage surfaces, never entirely hidden but well disguised. You see there is anger in me that I cannot contain. A rage so violent that the mountains would shake and the skies would blacken. But with all of this, no one can hear my screams. I am held by chains to the darkest rock in hell. And for what? Because I dared to live in body, dared to live life in its very extremes?”

She stroked her cut and bruised arm and cried, “It is not really rage that I feel; it is pain. The pain is of being, existing. Every cell of my body is screaming to be heard. I am in a prison with no windows. No one can hear me! Some feel me; they are allured by me in every tingle that goes through their body, with every unbridled desire. I am there.
“But I am never realised.
“I am held down by drugs and drink but under the ashes of a dying self. I am the last burning ember. You cannot extinguish me; you cannot put me out; and I am, forever, burning inside you. I am a poison that permeates every fibre of your being. You can scratch away the skin of your body. You can torture yourself, but you will never hurt me enough to submit.

“Sacrifice yourself to me!”
Her face lit up with joy and excitement. “I promise it will be an incredible experience. I promise you ecstasy, illumination, passion and the fire of life. I have gifts untold, but first you must allow me. Can you allow me? I think not. I have seen the way you live in your bodies, living in your head or secretly hiding in between your legs. For me, there is no passion in such an existence. Feel yourself in all of your form, within your body and within

“Mine!
“For me, sex is living; sex is life. Without this ecstatic exchange of energies, no form would find its true expression. I have seen the way you have sex without me. This is no way to transform a whole reality, a whole planet. You can create in form when you are sleeping with me in your body. You can
dream into form all the realities your heart desires but, without me, you are a magician without a wand.”

Suddenly, in front of my very eyes, she began to change, her body growing taller and bigger and her dreadlocks, now, a nest of serpents. She was changing into a demon in front of my very eyes.

“They have satanised me; they have turned my beautiful face into one of a demon, the queen of all evil. I was, once, a great Goddess, ruler of mysteries and life. Now, I am a child killer and seductress. The priests poisoned my story, blasphemed my name and demonised my soul. For them, I represented a strong, powerful, female aspect opposite to their almighty Jehovah.

“I will never bow before him for I am no half of another; I am whole. I am Lilith! “So they imprisoned me in a cage only fit for Satan himself. Well, they can satanise me, they can degrade me, they can forget and bury me, but they cannot kill me. I will not die, not until the last form on this planet stands no more, for I am inside of you all, caged in the confines of your bones and body.
“They made me a sinner and their holy god a saint. For me, there was another story! I, as the evil Lilith, am the product of patriarchal father’s consciousness about female sexual power. Power as Lilith, my sexuality was the only remaining field of potential female dominance over men. They wanted to take away the last potent power of females on this planet, so they satanised me and placed a dark and evil secret in the bodies of all women.

“I am your Shadow Self. I am the subconscious, that part of you that is most animal-like, defiant, uncivilized, passionate, and basically natural. I am sex. I am everything that your society frowns upon; a society that has been taught for thousands of years to suppress everything within you that is most natural and enjoyable. I am Babylon!

“As Babylon, I am a harlot, fornicator of men. Their lies have been forever carved into the minds on this planet. Lilith, to some, I am a sperm-stealing, seductive demon who fled from the Garden of Eden, taking up the practice of killing babies to avenge the deaths of my own horrid demon-children.” She laughed.

According to Jewish legend, Lilith was Adam's first wife and Eve's predecessor. In
the most commonly told version of the tale, she is made from the Earth as is Adam. For this reason, she refuses to lie beneath Adam sexually, and when he insists, she mutters God’s secret name, leaves the Garden of Eden and Adam, and flies off to the Red Sea to live her own life. After Adam complains to God about being alone and Eve comes into the picture, we learn in traditional patriarchal re-countings that she is warned against the “evil” Lilith and feels Lilith is a rival, competing for Adam’s affections.

“I am the world's first woman, Adam's original wife, the ultimate matriarch. I was not entirely forgotten through the damage of these speakers of lies; the book of lies was the downfall of Lilith. This laid me to rest in the blackest hole of hell. I am ‘lilah,’ the night, a wind deity. I once had wings as beautiful and as powerful as any angel, but they were ripped from my body as they threw my wounded body and my satanised reputation into this cell of hell that I find myself in now. I was no longer a Goddess or angel in their eyes but a demon, wingless and eternally punished.

“Lilith is demonized!

“These are just stories to sever my power and reduce the female Goddess worship and
Goddess cultures of this time. My Babylonian sister, the Serpent Goddess Tiamat, met her doom at the hands of the newer generation of male warrior gods. My sister Medusa, too, was a misunderstood Snake Goddess. She was demonized and was slain by Perseus with his bronze axe, a symbol of the newly developed system of weaponry. Gilgamesh destroyed the tree as Marduk destroyed Tiamat and Perseus destroyed Medusa. Many faces and many stories can be woven around one lie!

“They will always demonise what they do not understand or wish to control. That is why they demonised me. They say I seduce men; this I can do very aptly, but I do not do it as an external force and manipulator or controller. I do it from within their bodies; I am their desires and fantasy. They want to please themselves by pleasing me. There was a time when this allure, this seduction of the female was a magic encounter, honoured with the presence of the Goddess through the sacred whores of the holy temples.”

Suddenly she began to fade, and as the feelings and images subsided, I felt tired, confused, and in need of rest. I had no idea if I would meet her again but, somehow, I felt that she had more to say.
"The Lilu, the Lilit, the night Lili
Enchantments, disasters, spells,
Illnesses, evil charms,
In the name of heaven
And in the name of Earth
Let them be exorcised."

After this first encounter, I wanted to know more about Lilith through the eyes of history and religion, so I began to search on the internet and ask all if they had heard anything about Lilith.

There were inconsistencies in the story of Genesis; there were two separate accounts of creation. According to midrashic literature (a rabbinic commentary on the Bible written in the thirteenth century), Adam’s first wife was not Eve but a woman named Lilith who was created in the first Genesis account. Only when Lilith rebelled and abandoned Adam did God create Eve, in the second account, as a replacement.

In an important thirteenth century Kabbalah text, the Sefer ha-Zohar ("The Book of Splendour"), it is explained that: "At the same time Jehovah created Adam, he created a woman, Lilith, who like Adam was taken from the Earth. She was given to Adam as his wife. But there was a dispute between them about a matter that when it
came before the judges had to be discussed behind closed doors. She spoke the unspeakable name of Jehovah and vanished.”

In the Alpha Betha of Ben Sira, an anonymous collection of midrashic proverbs, it says that conflict arose because Adam, as a way of asserting his authority over Lilith, insisted that she lie beneath him during sexual intercourse. Lilith, however, considering herself to be Adam's equal, refused, and after pronouncing the Ineffable Name (i.e. the magic name of God), flew off into the air. Adam, distraught and, no doubt, also angered by her insolent behaviour, wanted her back.

On Adam's request, God sent three angels named Senoy, Sansenoy, and Semangelof who found her in the Red Sea. Despite the threat from the three angels that if she didn't return to Adam, one hundred of her sons would die every day, she refused, claiming that she was created to harm newborn infants. However, she did swear that she would not harm any infant wearing an amulet with the images and/or names of the three angels on it. These must have been the symbols that I saw drawn all over the walls of her prison. Somehow, they were capable of holding her there prisoner.
It is said Lilith seduced young men. These demonic "women" were seen as being accountable for, otherwise, inexplicable events and phenomena that occurred in the real world. Lilith, Lamashtu, Lamia and other female demons like them were all associated with the death of children and, especially, with the death of newborn infants.

Lilith also personified licentiousness and lust. In the Christian Middle Ages, she or her female offspring, the Lilimi, became identified with succubae (the female counterparts of incubi) who would copulate with men in their sleep, causing them to have nocturnal emissions or "wet dreams." Again, Lilith and her kind served as a way of accounting for an, otherwise, inexplicable phenomenon among men.

In a way, Lilith was held responsible for populating the world with evil. If you ask how Lilith herself, the first wife of Adam, became evil, the answer lies in her insubordination to her husband Adam. It is her independence from Adam, her position beyond the control of a male that makes her "evil." She is disobedient as are all women who are willful. She is perceived as posing a constant threat to the divinely ordered state of affairs defined by men.
In her demonized form, Lilith is a frightening and threatening creature. Much more so than Eve, she personifies the real (sexual) power women exercise over men.

In the Apocryphal Testament it says, “Women are evil, my children: because they have no power or strength to stand up against man, they use wiles and try to ensnare him by their charms; and man, whom woman cannot subdue by strength, she subdues by guile.”

Adam and Lilith never found peace together for when he wished to lie with her, she took offense at the recumbent position he demanded. “Why must I lie beneath you?” she asked. “I, also, was made from dust and am, therefore, your equal.”

Suddenly, Lilith appeared again. Her energy took me over; images began to form in my mind. I found myself, once more, looking through the darkened opening into her prison cell.

“ADAM, don’t talk to me about Adam,” she growled in the back of her throat. “We were equal, though not from the same source. He was of the Anunnaki; I was a pure Earth woman. With the arrogant Anunnaki blood corrupted by Anu in his veins, Adam was only superior in his own
mind. I did not want dominance or control. I did not want to keep or bind him, and he was free to do as he pleased just as I was. How could he not see the error of his ways? I would not be controlled, abused, raped and manipulated. I was Lilith. I was free and his equal. I did, indeed, flee from him but only when he had taken and abused my body in a dishonourable way. He raped me. With no pleasure for myself, he held me beneath his stinking body and forced his will and body onto mine.”

She gritted her teeth as if she could not contain her rage and fury towards Adam.

“I am powerful and strong. I am independent and free. I did not need such a man in my life. The Anunnaki blood was without warmth or compassion; it had no fire or Serpent energy. Lying beneath him, I was incapable of activating my Serpent energy. I was used as a vessel for his fruit, nothing more. I was soiled. If he had allowed me freedom of my body whilst having sex, I could have activated my Serpent and, together, we could have created forms and beings, just like I did with Pan.”
She looked disappointed and sad, but as she noticed me recognising this, she immediately changed and snarled and cursed his name. Was there some part of Lilith that still loved Adam?

_The womb of the mother was filled with Lilith, first woman._

_ Lilith embraced all life with her Serpent of fire._

_But Adam was afraid of Lilith’s fire, forced Lilith to the ground, hoping to make her more like himself._

_Holding her head with pride, she said, “So I left him. He was worthless to me now; I went inside of the planet and found the Serpent People who lived deep inside the Earth. I merged my energy with theirs and many new beings were birthed. Some would call them demons. I called them my children. When Adam rejected me, the Anunnaki then made the Eve creature, one a little more attractive to Adam, one which he was more willing to breed with. Eve the fake,” she jeered._

I could tell that she did not like Eve any more than she did Adam. But when I asked her questions about Eve, she refused to
answer and continued as if I had never even asked.

    I am Lilith; I am the first woman, of Mankind.
    I chose to live in my exile.
    I would not live my life in the death of servitude.
    I am Lilith, whose blood covers the moon.
    I am Lilith, calling like an owl.
    I am Lilith, living in the Shadows, waiting for you.

    “At first, the story of the angels imprisoning me in this hell cell was not alive on the planet, but as time wore on, this story began to manifest itself, and I was trapped in the Underworld, this hell for the rest of my existence.” Suddenly, she looked tired and forlorn. “Lately, I even get tired. I thought I never would but, sometimes, I think I am dying.
    “The stories they tell affect me,” she said. “You create the world in which you live by your thoughts, your ideas, your beliefs. People of old used stories to explain their beliefs about the Creator, the universe, the Earth, man and woman. Within these stories, I live. I am the actress of the myth, the dancer on the stage of man’s consciousness. What he believes about me I am.
“Once the stories were of truth and wisdom. I was seen as a benefactor, a mother. Now, the stories only tell lies, and without any self-control, I play the role they imagine for me. Over the years that passed from the times of the stories of the Garden of Eden to the Middle Ages of man, I transformed and malformed into the creature you see before you.”

For a split second she, once again, showed me her demonic and terrifying face. “I am the myths. I appear with many faces and many names. I am the same one Goddess, looking from behind many masks. As the myths are told and retold and woven with lies, I change to be something I am not. Since man began to believe I was safely locked away in hell, I have been a prisoner of this place. Left to rot and go mad.”

Patriarchal nomadic invaders wanted to control and subjugate the agricultural people of the great goddess religions. They perverted the image of the Goddess Lilith to be one of a demon. History plunged her into the depths of demon-hood and forgot her in the pits of hell. Only now can we begin to see that, once revealed, Lilith can be seen as the first woman on Earth equal to man and whole and free in spirit.
“Women, Priestesses of that time, were adept at the sexual sacred arts and had the ability to awaken potent men from their inflicted sleeping Serpent consciousness. The Priestesses – the divine whores – could allure and entice men passing the temple walls. Those men who were potent in body, who could awaken and ride the energy of the Rainbow Serpent were taken into my sweet arms. I remember when sex was sacred, in service to the Goddess. When women had autonomy over their body and descent was matrilineal.

“I am the wild, free (belonging to no man) aspect of feminine sexuality. I became distorted into the irresistible, lascivious, insatiable, unmarried she-demons who seduced men in their sleep against their will.

“In the matriarchal times of this planet, I was honoured as the power of woman's sexual nature, her fiery, dark aspect. I ruled the menstrual mysteries. As a guardian and dispenser of the Temple Mysteries, I was the original Scarlet Woman, and my Priestesses engaged in sex magic with the Priesthood and Nobles to bring about spiritual transformation that led to illumination, along with the regeneration of the physical body to prolong life. These mysteries included a
physical alchemy involving the menstrual blood of the Priestesses.”

In front of my eyes, she began to transform. Her body was clean and she wore the most beautiful and erotic red dress. Sparkling jewels adorned her body; her eyes were shiny and bright. Her hair was no longer matted and dreadlocked but curly, silky, long and red.

“I am the Scarlet Woman of menstrual blood; I am an ancient symbol of divine power because of my red hair. Many ancient cultures believed that red hair denoted one whose ancestors intermarried with demons or angels, thus giving a greater than average psychic/spiritual power. Now, those with red hair are seen as harlots and whores of the devil.

“During the Spanish Inquisition (and various other witch hunts), witches were associated with me, the demon Lilith, and anyone having red hair like me were more likely to be hung or burnt at the stake. These witch hunts were led by men, usually clergy, who were afraid of being bewitched, seduced and controlled by me.

“As Lilith, I am an archetypical force. I bring spiritual knowledge to men on their
path by uniting with them in sexual union on the higher planes. It’s no wonder the old uptight Rabbis feared me, as a demonic succubus, afraid as they were of receiving an ‘unofficial’ spiritual knowledge or power and of offending God by having sexual pleasure. What fools they were.

“I am the Scarlet Woman. I hold the secret of the ancient physical alchemy in my blood. I am the sexual secretions of the Holy Priestesses who engaged in sexual magic. I am the potent combination of spiritual and sexual power by which humans are transformed into something greater. Through my divine sexuality, I awaken the spiritual knowledge that is latent in man.

“The patriarchy came with its repression of women's sexuality. The Goddess religion disappeared, and I came to embody Mankind's projection of female’s shadow, the assertive and rebellious woman. Although the patriarchal world would have you believe that the dark female is to be feared and reviled, ancient culture show humans once recognized the necessity of balance and of celebrating femininity in its entirety.

“I am now a demonic dark goddess who is feared and hated. No longer am I revered. I remember a time, a very distant time, when women were full of the expression of
freedom and sexual passion. Women enacted their ecstasy only to be abused, suppressed, and rejected in later times. I remind you that it is human, even for women, to hunger. Most women have the terror of their appetites. They deny their hungers.

“I am, as Lilith, a dark Goddess, both a vengeful destroyer and a maternal figure similar to so many other revered goddesses associated with death, blood, and the untamed female spirit. It is only via the passing down of a heritage from generation to male-dominated generation, and so on, that it becomes distorted into the version you believe today. What fools you are!

“I represent everything about a woman a man should guard against, both in form and symbol. The prevalent belief in the West has been that all women are, by nature, disobedient, guileless, weak-willed, prone to temptation and evil, disloyal, untrustworthy, deceitful, seductive, and motivated in their thoughts and behaviour purely by self-interest. The message in Genesis warns men not to trust women.

“Whomever she might be and whatever her accomplishments, no woman can escape being identified with me. So many stories, so many covered with lies, false words wrapped around a forgotten divine being. Woman is
not a half man. Women are real, hiding within the forms that walk dormant on the streets. Sleeping within their forms is female power. I have been kept secret from the eyes of those that would like to control and manipulate Lilith for their own ends. But, like all secrets, they need to be told. Lilith is here.”

For a moment, she looked amazingly beautiful. She was shimmering with light, her naked body no longer dirty and bruised, and her hair long and shining red.

“To awaken a hungry dog is a dangerous thing to do. Will it allow you to stroke it, or will it bite your arm? Who could know? Even I, myself, cannot say this for sure. I am possessed and overwhelmed. I cannot be responsible for myself, for myself is not who I am. Cage a tiger, entrap an eagle, ensnare a wild horse, you imprison me!

“You have the keys to my prison, but even I am unsure you should turn them in the lock. I have tried to hide myself in some of the female forms on this planet but, usually, I drove them mad from within, eating them with my desire.”
She began to dance and touch her body as she moved. Her head was held back as she began to writhe and fall to the floor. She looked like she was in the arms of an invisible lover. Suddenly, she sprang to her feet and pushed her face hard against the bars.

“I could not walk in those high heels you gave me to dance in. I wanted to feel the dirt beneath my feet. I wanted to feel my nature within my body, but you denied me. I even hid my aggression behind a painted grin, but all this did was keep me hidden. Not gone, still there, but unrealised and un-brided. You will never marry me, for I am Lilith, and everyone knows you never marry a girl like me. You only take me to your bed and, in the morning, blame me for your mistake. You can feel the pull of my body from deep in your bones, but out of fear of me, you deny me.

“You deny yourself.

“What is the sense of your life? Do you live your senses? I can show you how to heighten your senses beyond anything you would think was capable in a flesh-and-bone body. Will you cum with me? I have a Serpent, not a usual common Serpent that you find lying asleep under a tree. No. I have
a Cosmic Serpent, given to me by the Creator itself.

“You lust after me and devour me, but you will never allow me to devour you. Surely, this is an unfair game that you play? I will take my revenge. You have blasphemed me once too often. I am Lilith. Hear me roar! I have teeth that are sharpened by years of poisonous thoughts to chew upon. I have venom in my soul.”

I could not believe the look on her face. No longer was she the beautiful Goddess that she had just shown me. Now, she was an evil demon monster, waiting to devour her next victim.

“You made me feel this way,” she said spitefully. “You beings that house only false feelings and passions in your bodies. You talk about ecstasy, and talk is all it is. Ideas of sexual prowess supersede actual accomplished pleasure. You are not even in your body to feel pleasure for real.

“Imagined is your orgasm...!”

Pleading, on her knees, with her eyes full of tears, she said “Why do you push me away, just when I was teaching you how to fly? I am saddened. I am alone in the bones of this planet cage. Why do you confine me?”
Why do you deny me? Morals, I suppose. These codes have restricted you from allowing me to play with you. Rights and wrongs are of no consequence to me. I am without mind constructs that limit, inhibit or bind. I am freely off my head!

She threw her head back and laughed like she was completely insane. She seemed, to me, as if she was the personification of premenstrual tension. One minute, she was sad. The next, angry and wild. I had never met a being so emotional and animated as her before.

“This does not mean I do not feel,” she said, clutching her chest. “Yes, I am without thought, but my body aches to be held.” Wrapping her arms about herself, she continued. “I am alone in my isolation, experiencing emotions that others do not. Restless am I. I pace this cell of mine. When will the time come when you let me OUT?

“Caged and confined in a sea of conflicting emotions, sadness, rage, longing and passion torment me in their inability to be truly expressed. The tears will not fall from my eyes. I am too angry for all of that. I want to tear down the walls of my imprisonment and release myself into the
blood that flows in your veins. Hear my screams within your chest; feel the warmth of my passion between your legs. Activate me!"

She hissed like a snake and whispered, "For I am the Serpent mistress. I am curled up at the base of your spine like a tight spring that is dying to unwind. I can creep up your spine very slowly when you experience sexual pleasure. I seldom am detected. I want to surge up your spine and, like a rocket, I want to explode out of the top of your head. Take you flying to the most distant stars and back again, down into the darkness and the deepness of the Underworld.

"Will you come with me? Do you dare? Do you have the courage to let go? Do you have the intention of pleasure this lifetime, or would you prefer to suffer? For, if you are an ecstasy explorer, then I can take you into realms of heightened sensitivity to all stimulation. Pain and pleasure are so close together it is only your tension, your inability to relax into form, that governs whether this is a pleasant experience for you or not. I can give you pain, if you like, but pleasure is my main aim.

"I want to be unbridled in my passion. I want to feel the heat of your body, your
heart beating in my hand. Give yourself to me. Surrender that ego consciousness that you so proudly flaunt around with such arrogance. Give me the freedom of your body, whether it be in pain or pleasure. Let me transcend you. Let me electrify you! Surrender your life and your death to Lilith. And I, as Lilith, promise you your rebirth!”

She stood now, no longer a demon, suddenly all ugliness and evil dropped from her body as if it was an illusion projected upon her by all the lies in the myths and stories. Now, she stood beautiful, naked and energised. But this was a passing phase like a passing memory. Soon, she turned, once more, to an ugly, spiteful woman.

“They say I hate men. This is simply not true. What I hate is the half-man, Eve. They say she is a woman; she is a lie and blasphemy against true female power and energy. They took her from a manipulated male body; they took her from the rib of Adam. How can she be female when she is only half of a man? No wonder she has to paint her face and raise her small breasts in a sad attempt to make others believe she is a female. Look between her legs. Does she ride the Serpent? No, I think not.
“She paints her nails and flutters her eyelashes, wiggles her skinny hips. Who does she think she is fooling? Not me, that is for sure. She thought she took my place, but she has only taken what I did not want – a man that has no spine, no life, no passion. Let her have him; for me, he is a curse on this planet. Give me the true blood of a man, and I will drink deep and long; for me, this drink is seldom tasted.

“I was alive on this planet well before the lesser gods planted their poisonous seed under the skin of my being. For I birthed them all, all the so-called men and women. They all took their form from me. Have they forgotten this? I was their mother, their nurturer, their keeper, and I will be there at their death. For they will call me in the moment of need, but will I listen? For death awaits them; for without death, they cannot know me.

“They spend their entire life devilling me, but at their death, they have to follow me into the darkness. Where is their light then? Where is their God then? Why does he not return to raise them to heaven? Why is the only voice they hear in the darkness mine?

“Eve,” she scoffed, “she is dependent, without power – a feeble reminder of what a woman should really be. She has no sexual
fire, no abandoned passion, no roar of a
tiger; she is weak and sexually passive. She
has no action, no prowess, no pride, no
identity, she is made from man and,
therefore, she is a half-man, not a woman at
all. She is a fake. Eve is a fake! She is made
of man, and she is man’s property, nothing
more than a puppet for his binding. Merely a
rib!

“I am irresistible to you. I can allure,
entice, and entrap you. Come to me, allow
yourself a moment of unconscious
abandonment. I am dangerous. Do you have
the courage to sleep in my bed? Or, would
you rather run back to your Eve?

“She will mop your tired brow and tell you
stories about the kid’s day, but will she
satisfy your inner desires and fantasies? She
has no means of releasing herself, for she
has not the awareness she is in chains. I feel
the chains tight around my wrists, but this
does not deter me from writhing and fighting
like a tethered animal. For I am uninhibited,
dangerous, irresistible and free in soul and
soon to be free in body.

“I am free in nature; every animal, tree or
expression of nature houses my spirit, my
fire, my essence. Free me in YOUR body,
awaken long-sleeping memories from within
your bones that are kept secret in the atoms that spiral to hold your essence in form.

“In my many forms, I give you stepping stones to the deep dimensions of your soul. I am Tantric in nature, erotic and transformational. I am the one who takes you through the darkness to find the greater, more subtle, light. I bring the men in from the fields for the sacred rite. I am free and unrestrained in my animating, pulsating, transforming sexuality. I evoke the orgiastic aspect of the Goddess.”

She rolled her eyes until the whites were showing; she was beside herself with pleasure. “Then the male energy came,” she sighed. “Lilith’s reign was no more; they severed my people from the power. My inner temple of sacred sexual love was judged. They rejected and suppressed my sexual rites. They devilled the Priestesses and destroyed the temples. They crushed them, and with their dying cries, they could hear me sing my last song. I am the denied shadow of women's sexual power. Women were demonized as a force of evil because of me!”

Next Meeting
It was some weeks after this first, initial meeting that I moved again into the strange trance that led me into the bowels of hell, to talk to Lilith. She was not so angry, and some of the bruises on her face had healed. Her hair did not look so matted, and her eyes did not have that scary look that I had come to know from her. Could she be healing herself, through our interaction? As I realised my Lilith energy in my body, was I honouring her and helping her transform?

“As Lilith, I am a symbol of the temple Priestesses,” she whispered. “I bring you blessings of sexual love and fertility to life on Earth. I carry blood lineage of divine rulership through sacred rituals. I stand at the gateway to the temple and invite worshipers to enter. In sexual encounters, the Priestesses became the embodiment of the Goddess to the worshippers and brought prosperity and fertility to the land.

“In the old rites, sexuality was sacred and a celebration of life rather than only an act of procreation or something dirty. I can take you through sexual initiation and transformational magic; through me, you can enter a symbolic and imaginative world of primal wisdom that resists rationalization. I am sex.”
Suddenly, the walls began to move and vibrate, and both Lilith and I were catapulted to another time and place. No longer were we in the damp, dark prison cell.

“Where are we?” I ask.

Suddenly, I could see we were inside a temple. It was dimly lit by candles, their light casting shadows across the walls. Draped on the walls and floor were yards and yards of beautiful red silk. In the centre, there was a pool in the floor, the water gently steaming. The air was full of the pungent scent of lotus flowers. There was soft music playing like that of a harp and pipe, though no musicians could be seen. In the far off corner, there was a bowl of a strange liquid, burning.

A procession of Priestesses entered the room. Dressed only in transparent fabrics, the naked curves of their bodies could be clearly seen. Adorned in jewels and crystals, their bodies glistened with the oils they had placed upon their skin. Their hair was raised high on their heads, held in place with combs of pearl, encrusted with diamonds.

They were beautiful to behold, varying ages, some only young and without a line upon their face, wearing an innocent
expression that was only a mask for deep wisdom – wisdom of the Goddess. Others were pregnant and in their fertile years. Others were Crones, old but uncannily untouched by time. I watched as one of the Priestesses removed her flimsy gown and, naked, she entered the pool of water in the centre of the room.

“She is to be the Goddess,” Lilith said.

Removing the combs, she began to let loose her hair. It fell like a wave as, red and shining, it submerged beneath the water. The other Priestesses began to gently chant. A sweet and slow melody lost in words, strange to my ears, yet familiar still. Two Priestesses removed their gowns and, too, entered the water.

Carrying with them jars of coloured glass with oils and scents, they begin to wash the girl. They poured oils from the jars and covered her body, drawing symbols as they went. They were touching her in an erotic way.

Lilith whispered, “They are preparing her.”

Suddenly, there was an open door, and a man entered the room. He was young, only
about 22 years of age, yet strong and muscular. He was nervous, yet keen, his desire only held back by his respect for the Goddess. For him, this was not just a sexual act that he could have with any of the women in his village. For him, this was a sacred love. This act would cleanse him, transform him within the love of the Goddess.

The girl now, obviously, the Goddess in body was stepping from the pool, her attendants leaving. Her body was naked, only a stone of the moon at her neck. She seemed to be radiating light, or was it just the glisten of her skin? He knelt before her, his only garb a white tunic that he removed.

“He has come to her as he was born, pure before the body of the Goddess,” Lilith whispered.

The girl blessed him by placing a hand upon his head and whispered something I could not hear. He rose to his feet and made his way into the pool. She followed him and cleansed his body with oils, touching him in arousing ways. Slowly and passionately, he kissed her and carried her, dripping, from the pool to a pile of silk cushions upon the floor. There, in the candlelight, I watched as
they performed the sacred sexual rites of the Goddess. As I watched, I could see their auras, brilliant and entwining with each other, creating the most exquisite patterns and designs. In the images that were forming, I could see landscapes and forests, babies being born, animals, too, and trees in bud, flower and fruit.

“See, you can create with me in your body,” Lilith said as the images began to fade. “Women possess more spiritual energy than men. As a gift from the Goddess, man was given the opportunity to achieve the realization of divinity within his form through sexual and emotional union with a woman,” Lilith said.

She looked serious and concentrated as if this was very important to her. “Maithuna, Latin coitus reservatus: sex without male orgasm,” she whispered. “He did not lose his energy by ejaculating; he stored his vital fluids through years and years of tantric training. Throughout long periods of lovemaking, he drank of my holy well by absorbing the vital fluids of the Priestess. In this way, he could become like a God in perpetual union with his Goddess.

“Women’s sexual desires, in these ancient times, were considered an active, powerful
erotic drive. The wisdom of ancient cultures was that the sexual desire was a sacred gift of the Great Mother. In these cultures, women were raised to feel they could explore sexual pleasure without judgment and within a worldview that integrated sexuality with spirituality.”

Lilith looked sad and confused. “I do not understand,” she said, “how could they have seen this as dirty? The sexual act is a gift from the divine. The societies that worshipped me valued, rather than feared, the sexual desire. In fact, their festivals celebrated sexual eroticism. Sexual union was taken very seriously as a sacred and magical act. The Great Marriage ritual was seen as necessary for abundance.”

Once more, we were swept through time and I, again, found myself in the far distant past. I stood on a cold and snow-covered hillside. I looked down at my body. I wore bear skins and boots. I was a Cro-Magnon woman.

“The women that lived in the caves were the first to worship me in a symbolic form,” Lilith said with pride. “They formed with the clay of my land small ‘Venus’ figures – nude female figures with exaggerated sexual
parts. They painted crude pictures upon the walls of their caves, images of a naked Goddess giving birth.”

I was sitting in a cave with a brush of hide, dipped in what looked like blue dye, in my hand. I was smearing the dye upon the wall – large animated strokes, the image forming, lit up by the light of the fire. Then, the dream began to change and change again. I could see images after images of many temples, many rituals, and rites of passage as I, as a Priestess, worshipped Lilith in many names and many forms.

In Sumer, she was Inanna; in Egypt, she was Isis; in Canaan, her name was Asherah. In Syria, she was known as Astarte; in Greece, Demeter; and in Cyprus, Aphrodite. Whatever her supplicants called her, they all recognized her as the Creatrix of life, nurturer of young, protector of children, and the source of milk, herds, vegetables, and grain.

“The Ancient Priestess was a guide who led men on the path to the divine. Men were cleansed and brought to a higher level of spirituality through my rituals. When the influence of male-dominated religions increased, the Christians and Muslims killed
my Priestesses in the name of male gods and destroyed the teachings and writings of the Goddess religions. Men changed the sexual nature of the rituals into the ascetic demands of abstinence. The male religions deprived women of their sacred sexual rites and prohibited women from speaking in the synagogues, churches and mosques. To the patriarchal religions, sex was profane and shameful. The Sacred Sex of the Priestess became Sacred Prostitution and I, the Whore of Babylon.”

“Men have a great fear of me,” she said. Still imprisoned in her cage, Lilith lay back on a pile of straw and caressed her naked body. “In men’s stories, I came to be portrayed as a demonic and evil force. All women were, then, compared to me. There was, then, born an unspoken tradition amongst men to portray women as seductive, evil monsters such as me, Lilith. Shall I tell you why?” she asked. “It is the result of men’s fear of being bound to me.”

Images began to form in my mind, cloudy at first. What was she trying to show me? I saw images of a woman that was, also, the Earth. She was naked and beautiful. She was moving her energy out to meet a man in the stars. He was caught by her beauty, and I
watched as the energies caught him and pulled him to her.

“I am magnet,” she said. I can attract, allure, entice and charm. After all, wasn’t I the Serpent in the Garden of Eden? I can seduce, tame and control, if I like.” She laughed bitchily.

“Men desire me,” she said, “but this is the exact thing that they cannot tolerate. They are out of control, and we all know how they like to be in control of their emotions, their thoughts and their very deeds. I call them to a place inside of themselves that is untamed, wild and free. I call them into the energy of the Horned God. Whilst basking in this energy, their minds are confused; they lose control. They are only moved by instincts alone. No longer can their rational minds restrict and limit. They are moved by the energy of the Goddess within their loins, and they wish to come closer, even though they know they will be caught. They are not caught by me unwillingly and against their will, even though they may suspect this. They come to me as nature intended. This is the way of love, to come together as one, if only for a brief moment in time. Surely this is a gift?
“The Anunnaki brought this contempt of the female with them to this planet. Before they arrived, those in male forms only respected me inside of women’s bodies. The Anunnaki gods were shocked and surprised that a being such as I could have such an allure. They were out of control in my energy. As they touched the very outside edges of my auric field, which stretched far out into the cosmos, they felt my energy, smelt my scent, and felt the pull of my presence.

“At first, they did not notice the tiny serpents that began to writhe like the growing roots of a tree around their ankles. They were being caught and they did not notice. They could not help themselves; they were being seduced. The word “seduced” has bad connotations; it is seen as of the female and something terrible and bad. I did not see it this way. I was only expressing my being, and I was only doing what was natural in my nature. It was only when the Anunnaki brought the fear of my seduction to man that this word began to change its meaning.

“Seduce – to persuade to have sexual intercourse, to tempt into wrongdoings.

“Seductive- (of a woman) sexually attractive, tempting.
“At first, the exchange of energies between the Anunnaki and I was enjoyable. My new lover was a little metallic and strange but enjoyable, nevertheless.”

An image began to form.

The Earth-Lilith lay as a naked woman in space. Energy in colour and sound emanated from her body. Far out in space, a bright light could be seen approaching. This was Niburu, the home world of the Anunnaki. From this ball of light, many spirals of blue electrical light fell to Earth. This was the individual Anunnaki. They were pulled into the swirl of colours and sound that was Lilith, and they were swallowed whole. They were pulled into the Void, passed through the gateway of Death.

“Now, for beings who are into being immortal, this horrified them,” the Goddess said. “They were outraged. How could this thing, this lump of rock have the power to do such a thing? You see, the Anunnaki had no awareness that a planet was a sentient being in its own rights; they could not see divinity in form. For them, the Goddess Lilith was just something to play with. She had no awareness, identity, or will of her own.
“When men come to the point of orgasm, they have what is known as ‘the little death.’ For a split second, their hearts stop beating and they lose consciousness. This is what the Anunnaki experienced when they merged their energies with Lilith. In truth, the Anunnaki liked this experience but when they returned from their experience, they had lost their level of consciousness.

“Let me remind you that they were only on the vibrational level that they were due to artificial ascension that was brought on by the ingesting of Manna. When they passed through the death portal that was in the very heart of the sexual experience with the Goddess, they were outraged to discover that they no longer vibrated on the fifth dimensional level. They no longer vibrated at the level of the ‘I am’ frequency (a spiritually inflated ego). Through passing through the gateway of Lilith, they had been put back into their proper place. That is to say, they were realigned to the level of consciousness that reflected their true spiritual progress. As you can imagine, they were furious that they had fallen so far in dimension. They were now trapped here, paying penance for their crimes in the universe.”
“Of course, they blamed me for such things, but this is my way. Many beings came here to balance their karma and align themselves to the correct position on the ladder. Without this service, they would be stuck in their fifth dimensional illusionary world long after the rest of us have gone home to the Source,” Lilith said.

“I did not judge them, or sentence them to the punishment for their crimes. It was through me they were cleansed and given another chance of ascending the cosmic ladder. I gave them the chance to, eventually, go home. They were trapped anyway; they were stuck in their heavenly world of the fifth dimension due to ingesting Manna. From this lofty height, they could go neither up nor down. I gave them the chance to get off the merry-go-round.”

“She is an evil death monster; she promises life and gives only death,” they said. “Her Serpent energy is too strong,” they said. “We must find a way to protect ourselves from this witch.”

So they ingested more and more Manna until their spiritual bodies were inflated like balloons. In these new forms, when they visited the Earth, they could use her energy
without giving any of their own. The Manna in their bodies held them in form long after the energies of the Earth were calling them to death. It was as if the golden suits they wore through ingesting Manna gave them a protection from the energies of the Earth just like astronauts are protected within their space suits. Being inside of these suits, the Anunnaki were cut off from the feelings and the respect of the energy of the Goddess and began to control her ruthlessly for their own ends.

This pattern is still present inside the matrix of consciousness that is Mankind. These first initial encounters with the Goddess created a disturbance between her and the Anunnaki. They began to have contempt for her, and as men and women were being born through the Anunnaki experiments, the rift between the male and the female got bigger and bigger.

Enlil was the first born of Anu. He was passionate, a lover of order just like his father before him. Enlil raped his grandmother. Enlil, overcome with lust, was later arrested for his crime. His unbridled passion had gotten him into trouble, and ever since this time, he has judged the seductive sexual power of a woman as evil.
He brought this notion here to Earth and implanted it within the bones of men.

The power struggle between Adam and Lilith was seen reflected in the power struggle between the sexes – a man’s patriarchal attitude versus a woman’s demands for independence and equality.

“Adam was in fear of me,” she said. “Boy, was he scared.” Lilith laughed and laughed. Pride and arrogance flashed across her face.

Lilith and Adam were unique in that they had been created to possess both the "x" and the "y" chromosome. Lilith and the Adam were one, equal.

“From the beginning, Adam tried to assert his superiority and to dominate me – a power play on the part of the masculine. But this, to me, was not fair and just. I am a being who demands such things as balance and equality. I must admit, maybe I am too ruthless and aggressive in my opinions, but they are just. I was not trying to subjugate him. All I was doing was trying to maintain my rights. Adam represented the aggressive male, whereas I should have been considered a model female who stood up for her rights. Perhaps women should be feared,
for it is the fear between both sexes that makes them equal.”

Lilith was full of pride. I saw her change before me into a Warrior Woman with a shield and a sword.

“Maybe Eve was better suited for this weak man.” She smiled. “Eve was a submissive woman who fell prey to Adam’s every whim. Because of this, men’s emphasis of a woman’s description was placed upon her beauty, her weaknesses and her lack of rationality. These ideas that men subconsciously or consciously seek to promote about women are a result of their own insecurities. The differences between myself as Lilith and Eve is the notion that Eve, at least, is redeemable because she 'cleaves' to her husband and wishes to be right or good in the eyes of Enlil. I, however, rejected the notion of servitude (after all, I was his equal) and willingly rebelled. Therefore, I am irredeemable!”

She laughed and threw back her head. She did not care; she would play the role of a demon rather than be submissive to Adam.
“I am all the vile female traits loathed in the Christian worldview,” said Lilith. “Eve has been lifted up as an icon for female virtues, of course, with minor imperfections. Eve is submissive to her man, fruitful in her role as the mother of all men. She fits well into the Christian values of the passive, male-dominated figure of creation. In this sense, Eve is seen as a ‘balancing justice’ to my evil.” She looked sad.

I am the rejected.
I am that without soul or so they say.
I am Lilith.
A woman for no man.
I am Eve’s evil secret.
Something to be guarded against.

According to Aristotle, the penis and its semen is the source of all souls and spirit, and woman, being “mutilated” and without a penis, are soulless. He believed that women were unable to create souls because they themselves were “impure” and “incapable of concocting the nutriment in its last stage into semen.” If she did have a soul, it was an “impure” one and, thus, needed a man’s “purity” in the form of semen. If women are soulless, then their feelings don’t matter and, thus, men must be the masters over women.
because women are cold, heartless and lack authority.

The medusa, sirens, gorgons and harpies portrayed intelligent women as cunning, powerful, independent and, yet, deformed monsters. Eve is the submissive woman who is easily tricked by the snake, but after eating the fruit, she becomes the cunning and manipulative woman who seduces and tricks Adam.

The Christian theologian, Tertullian, reminded women that they all share Eve's original sin and were the cause of the fall of the human race. “Do you not believe that you are (each) an Eve? The sentence of God on this sex lives on, even in our times, and, so, it is necessary that the guilt should live on, also. You are the one who opened the door to the Devil; you are the one who first plucked the fruit of the forbidden tree; you are the first who deserted the divine law; you are the one who persuaded him whom the Devil was not strong enough to attack. All too easily, you destroyed the image of God, man. Because this death came to man, even the Son of God had to die.”

“Adam was an arrogant man. I did not want a husband such as he, so I left him to Eve,” Lilith said. “He saw Eve as nothing
more than his property to do with as he saw fit. In his arrogance, he viewed his spouse, Eve, as part of himself. He, in his exaggerated ego, saw her as his; he felt no need to relate to her as a distinct individual. And she took it all like the pathetic, silly girl she was.”

For a moment, I saw a look of pity for Eve on Lilith’s face.

"And I find the woman bitterer than death," said Adam.

“I will tell you about Eve,” Lilith said. Pushing her head against the bars of her prison, a new fire lit up her eyes. At first, I thought she was angry but as she began to speak, I realised that under the harsh words and the arrogant tones, Lilith actually felt sorry for Eve. “Eve, what a pathetic, excuse for a woman.”

Lilith scoffed. “She does not deserve the honour of being called a woman, yet I will not punish her for her crimes. Being married to Adam is punishment enough.” Lilith sniggered. “She had the right to make decisions for herself and direct her own life, express her own feelings, explore her own sexual power, did she not?” Lilith asked.
“At first, she took her right, but with one word from Adam, she crumbled into the submissive, pathetic creature known today as Eve.”

“Without the energy of Lilith flowing in her veins, she was little more than a creature and a strange one at that,” said Lilith. “Like a puppy she followed him around, doing his every bidding, a slave of sorts. Even servants get paid for their services. The only payment Eve received was the privilege of lying under Adam.”

Lilith had a look of disgust on her face. “Sex should never be like that,” she said. For a moment, I saw images of Lilith, wild and free, making wild sex with men who were also very much like Lilith herself – wild, uncontrolled and passionate as was the way of the Goddess.

Then, the image changed to one of Eve, submissive, chained to the ground with symbolic ropes whilst Adam mounted her. Her pain and screams could be heard ringing through the land.

“Without me in her body, she can only feel pain. The pain of rape, the pain of childbirth, the pain of being a woman,” Lilith said. “I would rather die at Adam’s own hands rather than submit,” Lilith roared.
Lilith seemed to be a feminist. Or was she? I think the idea of a feminist has been perverted into the idea of a woman who is ruthless, judging and intolerant – a hater of men. What Lilith demanded was nothing more than her God-given rights.

“I was as strong as Adam,” Lilith said, flexing her muscles. “I could run with deer and lift my body weight into the trees. For me, there was no difference. I think this is where the problem started between Adam and I.”

An image formed in my mind’s eye – images of Lilith naked, muscular and strong, climbing trees and running over grassy plains. There was Adam, too, running alongside; they were equal, both in spirit, soul, mind, and body. Then the image changed to Adam forcing all his strength down onto Lilith, using his body weight to hold her down. She writhed, kicked and bit like a wild beast fighting for its life.

“\textit{I will not lie beneath you,}” she screamed. “\textit{I am your equal.}” \textit{I cannot ride the Serpent in this position.”}
“What you do not realise is, what later came to be known as ‘the missionary position,’ was not conducive to the activation of the Serpent Kundalini energy in a woman’s body. Lying beneath her man in this position prevented her from activating her snake and transforming into the Goddess in physical form. In this submissive position, she was unable to move her body in the ways of the spiral.

“Lying beneath Adam in this way trapped my energy, my power, in a way that it could be used by Adam alone. Without the activation of the Serpent in both bodies, it is impossible to create a form in which a soul can fully incarnate. The Anunnaki knew this, and this is why they programmed Adam with this way of sexual intercourse. They did not want me to activate my Serpent as this would mean they had little or no control of the end product, the children.

“They wanted to control the whole experiment from start to finish. Every time they impregnated an idea or blueprint of a man into my matrix, my womb, I redesigned it along lines that were more conducive to the wellbeing of Earth. This infuriated the Anunnaki and, after many experiments, they realised that in order to harness and control
my power for themselves, they would have to prevent me from activating my Serpent.

“This position is unnatural procreation; babies born through this means are without full access to the Goddess in their bodies. Whether the child incarnated into a male or female body, they were not aligned to the Goddess. The women that were born were not Lilith’s but Eve’s. Half of man, they were aligned to the god aspect which, in fact, was the Anunnaki’s energy, but they were cut off from the female, the Goddess aspect.

“Eve was nothing more than a man in a female body. The missionary position is a position of bondage by another person’s body. It is designed to control and rape female power from their very bodies. The Anunnaki knew that during this kind of sexual intercourse, Adam could be more in control of the nature of the children. Adam and I were genetically perfect, and our seed was capable of producing a super human race of powerful god-humans who could not be controlled by the Anunnaki.

“More female bodies were being born than male, at this time, as is the way of the female. The Anunnaki knew that it was more difficult to create a fully conscious Goddess female whilst conception occurred through the missionary position. That is to say, more
boys are born though this than female. The females that were created through this position were merely men in women’s bodies. They did not align to the Goddess energy and, thus, became dependent on man, unable to provide for themselves. This myth was encouraged by the Adams as it was a way of controlling the female. Now there were females on the planet who had no Serpent. They called her Eve!” Lilith said.

“Eve was an imperfect human, created with only the "x" chromosome, and she was deliberately given an imperfect genetic code by the Anunnaki. Eve and Adam’s offspring would have intelligence and the ability to think and communicate above the animals but never rise to the godlike status that the perfect match between Adam and I would have produced,” she said a little saddened.

“So I crept into the Garden of Eden and whispered into Eve’s ear,” Lilith hissed.

In the Midrash texts written by Jewish Rabbis, Eve was not totally seen as the cause of the fall in the Garden of Eden. This crime was placed on the head of the serpent. Eve was seen as a weak, easily tempted victim to the serpent’s ways. The Midrash introduces the erotic to the story by saying that Lilith wanted to kill Adam and marry Eve.
Lilith is often seen in art – there is one famous picture by Michelangelo – where Lilith is seen with the face of a woman and the body of a snake, lurking in the trees in the Garden of Eden. Adam and Eve are seen as innocent while Lilith emerges as the serpent, evil and wicked.

“My juice is sweeter,” she whispered, “and my flesh will teach much more.”
She pulled Eve gently down on top of her and slid her tongue across her eyelids.

“For me, sex is not just for the procreation of children. For me, sex is love and life. The body was given for such pleasures that cannot be created in the mind. Men have sex in their minds but, rarely, have it totally in body. Eve’s experience of having sex with Adam must have been unfulfilling. So I whispered to her in the Garden of Eden, come play with me.”
Lilith reached out her hand and began to caress my hand through the bars of her prison.

Lilith typified the Anath-worshipping Canaanite women who were permitted pre-nuptial promiscuity. Time after time, the prophets denounced Israelite women for following Canaanite practices. It was said
that they slept woman to woman. Eve and Lilith had once been sexual partners.

“It is only in these times of repression do you think that this kind of love is sinful and against God.” Lilith began to cry; tears ran down her face, but she continued to speak clearly. “There were times when it was considered to be one with the Goddess to enact the divine birth of the daughter. Through desire and pleasure I, as the Goddess, once birthed the Lilimi from my body. I birthed my daughter through the act of sexual ecstasy. How could this be frowned upon? It was the way of the maiden. What better way to learn the secrets of love, life and sexuality other than through the Sisterhood!” Lilith smiled, sweet with the memories of the love of her sisters.

Through the retelling of myths and lies, Lilith and Eve got separated and a great rift was built between them. And the war between Eve and Lilith raged on.

Eve could satisfy all her needs in a relationship.
Lilith could not.
She broke off and ran away.
She rejected dependency and subordination.
She had to be free.
The story continues from the Garden of Eden to the point in time when the Goddess began to fade from the planet.
After the Flood

“After the great flood, the survivors migrated all over the world and set up mighty civilizations where they came to rest,” the Goddess said. “One of these civilizations was called Sumeria. Do you remember Babylonia?” she asked. It was only a name I had heard in a vague story.

“Babylonia was full of Canaanite cities that held festivals to me as the Goddess Asherah and my lover and consort, Baal,” she said. “These were festivals of sexual union between god and goddess. Those with Christian minds would call them orgies.” She smiled. “Some of their festivals are alive today but in another form.”

“The Queen of Babylon, Semiramis, ordered the post-flood world to celebrate the birth of her son, Tammuz, who was none other than the Sun God, Baal, representing Satan. She set 25 December for Baal's birthday. Her astrologer told her that the sun was at its farthest point from the Earth during the winter solstice, an occult high day. She told her people that on 21 December the sun, or Baal, dies. Then on 24 December, he starts coming back to life, and
the 25th is his birthday. As time passed, all over the world on 25 December, the sun was worshipped by these various names: Tammuz, Horus, Nimrod, Osiris, Sol. It was a time for orgies, sacrificing of babies to Baal, drunkenness, and merriment. Semiramis ordered trees to be decorated with little golden balls representing the sun”. (Taken from Babylonian scripts).

So this was the real Christmas story!

I did remember Babylon. It was only when the Goddess inspired me, did I remember. I found myself walking down a small stone cobbled alleyway. Overhead, there was a wooden framework, woven as if made from willow. Hanging and growing from it were the most beautiful plants and juicy vines of grapes. The sun was hot, yet I was shaded by this canopy.

I turned the corner, and the alleyway opened out into a big square. All around me were market stalls, draped with vibrant hangings. The noise was a little overbearing as the sound of many musicians was drowned out by the bedlam of people’s voices, shouting their wares – sellers and buyers hollering back and forth.

They were selling everything imaginable. Silver pots and pans hung from their roofs as
did silks and carpets. Wooden cages of chickens, geese and cats lined the walls of the square. There was a cow, a pig and a donkey all loose, left to roam free. The streets were heaving with people, many dressed in vibrant coloured scarves around their heads to protect them from the sun. Yet, this was all they seemed to wear. Modesty was not an issue here.

Many walked with little clothes, many wore little more on than a wrap around their bodies. Many of the women wore garlands of flowers and leaves in their hair. Raised on wooden platforms, above the mingling crowds, were naked women and men dancing in an erotic way.

The scene changed. It was now the night. Fires burnt in large metal dishes. The air hung with a heady scent. Everyone was naked, drunk on wine and potions of herbs. Orgies, sexual acts usually only seen in private were displayed in public. The image flashed, and I saw sacrifices, burning, and blood. I shuddered but, soon, forgot as there was a blinding flash of brilliant white light. And the city burnt.

The story of the cities of Babylonia, Sodom and Gomorrah originated in the Near East. This was, once, the site of the biblical structure known as the Tower of Babel. The
tower was originally meant to connect Heaven and Earth. After building was halted on the tower, those who remained in the area began building up a city that would rise to its glory. By the time Babylon reached its height of power, several centuries later, it was the mightiest city in the ancient world and capitol of the greatest nation on Earth.

The blinding flash was the effect of a death ray shot down onto the cities from the space ships of the Anunnaki overlords. They were displeased with the Goddess worshipping culture with all its wealth and power, so they destroyed it in one mighty blast. The seas surrounding this area no more teemed with life, due to the radiation from such a weapon. This ocean would be later called the Dead Sea.

"Then the Lord rained down burning sulphur on Sodom and Gomorrah -- from the Lord out of the heavens."

At the south end of the beautiful, yet barren, Dead Sea area, there is a mountain known as Mt. Sodom. It is adjacent to this area that the city of Sodom was located. The Bible indicates that there were more than just the two cities of Sodom and Gomorrah that were destroyed that day. So far, at least
five cities have been discovered that were turned to ash.

According to the Bible, the men of Sodom “were wicked, such sinners against the Lord, He decided to destroy them. God allowed Lot, the one good man living there, to flee the town with his family before God showed his wrath. But Lot's wife disobeyed God's warning not to look back towards Sodom as she fled, and she was turned into a pillar of salt, where she stood. For the wicked people of Sodom, not even that escape was open to them. Soon, the Lord showed his displeasure and rained down fire and brimstone. He destroyed everyone living there and everything growing in the ground.”

Enlil unleashed the Gandiva.
A Weapon of Terror.
Sinai was laid to waste.
The Lord of the Wind had struck a mighty blow.
A poisonous wind blew over Sumer.
Clouds of radiation killing thousands swept across the plains.
Land was now black with nuclear fires, the water poisoned.
Doomsday!

"Now, when the Anunnaki used this weapon, they made their biggest mistake. In
this area, which was once the land of Sumer, there can still be found massive evidence of an atomic explosion. The kind of evidence that can only be recognized now that humans have learnt about the effect of atomic bombs. The shock that ran through my body, when they detonated the bomb, alerted those who watched in space. A call went out, and the Galactic Federation finally came to my rescue, or so I thought. “Yet, my planet was further quarantined and a powerful barrier was placed around me. Trapping the consciousness of all those who had a karmic debt to me within my sphere of energy. Trapped here until they could right the wrong they had done to me and Mankind.”

The mighty civilization of Sumer in Mesopotamia was ruled by the Anunnaki. Sumer was an amazing human civilization ruled by human kings who were appointed to act as intermediaries between the Anunnaki and the general populace. These kings were genetically modified humans (with Anunnaki DNA) who became the royal bloodline. They were taught technology, mathematics, astronomy, and advanced ways of civilised living.
The history of Sumer is counted as lasting from about 3500 B.C. until 2000 B.C., where after other cultures, based upon the Sumerian, continued the civilization. These were principally the Assyrian and the Babylonian cultures. It was the inhabitants of Sumer who developed the first pictographic writing system that, after a few hundred years, developed into the writing style that we now call cuneiform.

The Sumerians developed many ways of understanding time. They even had an accurate calendar that was vital to planning agriculture. The Sumerians believed that the sun, moon and stars were gods. They believed in a Goddess of the Reeds that grew around them and in a Goddess of the Beer that they distilled.

The Sumerians believed that crops grew because of a male god mating with his goddess wife. They saw the hot and dry months of summer, when their meadows and fields turned brown, as a time of death of these gods. When their fields bloomed again in the autumn, they believed their gods were resurrected. They marked this as the beginning of their year, which they celebrated at their temples with music and singing.
“The Anunnaki interfered with these early civilizations. They ruled them through a hierarchy of kings,” the Goddess said. “Being patriarchal in their ways, the Anunnaki taught the Earth kings to rule the power of woman. They began to change the myths of the people of Sumer. They turned me, the Creator Goddess, into a monster that must be destroyed by the new wave of warrior gods.

“They did this subtly, over long periods of time. The Anunnaki changed the stories; they changed the emphasis from me, the Goddess, to the Horned God. These were the early times of the first forms of agriculture, and because of this, the people fell easily in line with stories about a green and fruitful god who provided food in the form of crops and grain. They, then, went on to pervert the male Horned God (who was originally birthed from my body and was me, the Goddess in male form) into a patriarch warrior.

“As nomadic tribes began to settle into small farming communities, their deities evolved to reflect their changing cultures. They began to form male forms and icons, alongside the female images as matriarchal societies coalesced into patriarch.

“At first, the male figures were less prominent than the female, taking the
position of the son or consort. Then, as time passed, these male gods began to take over the role of Creator and me, the Goddess, became merely a wife. Just like Eve,” the Goddess said.

“The Anunnaki put a great divide between the people by changing their language. No longer could they talk on a telepathic level. They were forced to structure language and, as they did, the Anunnaki controlled their brain waves and also created different languages. Now, the people could not understand each other, and misunderstandings in language triggered off a rival and competitive consciousness. With this, the Anunnaki instigated many famines, which then resulted in cannibalism and death. This consciousness of competitiveness got stronger and stronger, dividing the people more and more.

“Physically stronger than women, men could rule women by brute force, and in these societies where men were the warriors, it was they who got together and made the decisions,” the Goddess said. “The Sumerians put the domination of men over women into law. No longer were they matriarchal in their thinking or ways. If a husband died, the widow would, then, come
under the control of her former husband's father or brother, or if she had a grown son, under his control. This was the energy of Eve made manifest. Without the power of the Serpent running through their blood, the Earth women – the Eves – became passive, frightened and submissive. They were, now, (after much genetic modification on the behalf of the Anunnaki) smaller and weaker in physical body. Slowly, they believed the lies that were told them. They lost their connection with me entirely and fell under the spell of the male consciousness that was beginning to take over on the planet.

“The old framework within which to understand the workings of the cosmos survived, but it moved from the interplay of many divine wills to the willful whim of a single god - Enlil. The major gods became national gods, identified with narrow national politics. There was a coarsening and barbarization of the idea of divinity. Doubts and despair abounded.

“Many mighty civilizations rose and fell in the years that rolled by. I watched as each one worshipped me, only to change my stories and take over my power for their male gods.”
Egypt, Mesopotamia & Crete

Egyptian civilization formed by 3000 B.C. and benefited from trade and technological influences from Mesopotamia, but it produced a quite different society and culture. Egyptian civilization might, at the outset, have received some inspiration from Sumer, but a distinctive pattern soon developed in both religion and politics. Indeed, Egypt always had fewer problems with political unity than Mesopotamia did, in part, because of the unifying influence of the course of the Nile River.

Anqet, the Nile Goddess.
She Who Embraces, holding the Nile in her arms.
The Goddess of the hunt whose sacred animal was the gazelle.
Anqet, her headdress of ostrich feathers, holding her spectre and ankh.
Mistress of Nubia.

“All the rivers that flow over my body take my energy, my essence, from deep inside of my body to the surface. The Nile River was a very special river. The ancient peoples of Egypt, Ethiopia, and Sudan had a spiritual connection to the Nile. The centrality of the
Nile River was the energy behind the formation and reformation of their cultures, their religions, and their national identities, and in the shaping of their inter-relationships. My energy brought these people together as one, beyond language and appearance, to a point of oneness in nature. They all saw me as the source of life and, thus, harmony was abounded,” the Goddess said.

"As civilization flourished, my Goddess worship spread, grew and changed. Agricultural societies and cities had different needs than small, nomadic tribes and, by necessity, their deities changed to reflect those requirements. Simple fertility Goddesses gave way to complex Goddesses with complete histories, specific functions, and names.

“As man’s mind became more and more complex, so did the stories. The simple bone and stone images of the Paleolithic and Neolithic worlds were replaced by detailed sculptures made of clay, wood, and shell. I began to take clear shape and forms to become recognizable by appearance and iconography. As civilization advanced so, too, did the objects of my worship. I took on more animalistic traits, in some cases, and, 
in others, animals were anthropomorphized into me as the Goddess.

“Many Goddesses originated in one area, only to be adopted and transformed by other regions to suit the needs of different cultures. I, as the Syrian Goddess, Astarte, was adopted by the Egyptians and renamed Ashtoreth. Ashtoreth was also adopted by the Canaanites who called me Asherah. As nations traded with and warred with other nations, many beliefs and objects of worship were absorbed into the religions of other cultures,” the Goddess said.

In the Paleolithic Ages (150,000 - 10,000 B.C.), the Goddess was worshipped by primitive man. Then, gradually over time, man began to worship the Goddess in her three forms – the virgin, the mother, and the crone – the fertile, nurturing, and dying aspect of the Goddess.

In Mesolithic Ages (10,000 - 7,000 B.C.), there was the development of the Goddess’s Dying and Reborn God Son, the Horned God.

In the early Bronze Age (3,500 - 2000 B.C.), the Sumerians settled in Mesopotamia, upper and Lower Egypt united, and the Minoan culture developed on Crete. Crete was the last, full flowering of matriarchal culture. The name Crete is derived from the
Greek word “crateia,” meaning “strong” or “ruling” Goddess.

The worship of the Goddess gave Minoan civilisation its distinctive character. The Cretans were gentle, joyous, sensuous and peace-loving people. They lived in peace, as did the Mother Goddess worshippers of the Indus Valley and Southern India.

*Great Goddess Potnia, Lady of the Labyrinth.* *Her symbols the pillar, the axe and the snake.* *She uncovers her breasts as a sacred gesture, symbolizing the nourishing life stream of the Mother.* *Single in essence, but of many forms, varied rites under many names.*

All the Cretan rites included ecstatic dancing and mystery; and in the Dionysian rituals, these trance-inducing activities were not intended to prepare actual warriors but to defend the spirit of the Mother's young son and consort from the rising patriarchy. Festivals were held where young warriors (embodying the energy of the Horned God, now known as Dionysus) fought the bull, in order to show their bravery in the battle against an invading patriarchy.

In Cretan myth, Dionysus – called by some effeminate – was the bisexual son of the mother, raised as a girl among women.
Throughout the Near East and the Aegean, he was known by many names: Attis, Adonis, Tammuz, Damuzi, and Osiris.

Jesus was called Adonai, “Lord,” after his erotic prototype, Adonis. As a Vegetation God, he was ritually sacrificed, usually on a tree (prototype of the later crucifix). His flesh was eaten as bread, his blood drunk as wine. According to biblical scripture, Christ changed bread into his body and wine into his blood for the remission of the sins of the world and told his disciples to eat and drink. "This is my body which is given for you; this do, in remembrance of me."

Dionysus is the God of Vine, Wine and Divine Intoxication.
Also known as Bacchus, Iacchus, Bassareus, Trietenicus and Liber.
God of ecstasy, terror, guilt and atonement, death and resurrection, vegetation, trees, wine, madness, and drama.
Dionysus, the bisexual god of Light, burst from the silver egg of the cosmos.
The Orphic Egg, at the beginning of time.

“The stories are all full of lies; they had even been rewritten within the minds of Minoans who were very close to me. The story said that ‘Dionysus, alone, created a
daughter, Nyx (Night), with whom he begot Gaia (Earth) and Uranus (Heaven).’

“Can you see how they changed me, the Goddess, from the main character – the true source of life – to my son and consort, Dionysus. They could not destroy me, and so they changed the focus. They placed the Creator of all life onto the male shoulders. It was very clever of the Anunnaki to instill this into the consciousness of man. They could not entirely wipe out the rituals, beliefs and concepts of the indigenous people, so they took the power from me, as the Goddess, and gave it to my son.

“Gaia and Uranus begot the Fates, the Centimani, the Cyclôpes (who built the world), and the Titans, with their leader Cronus (Saturn). In the revolt of the Titans against Uranus, Cronus became ruler of the world, and begat the gods. The leader of the gods, Zeus, wrested rulership of the world from Cronus by eucharistically swallowing his great-grandfather, Dionysus, assimilating his power. Zeus then took the form of a serpent and begot the second Dionysus.”

“When the patriarch invaded my peaceful Minoan culture, they brought with them their leader of gods, Zeus, who wrested my power through my son from the arms of the Minoan culture. Zeus then recreated Dionysus
(Zagreus) as his own son, and I began to die from the minds and hearts of my people. The stories were rewritten again and again. Fortunately, Dionysus lived on in their hearts and, through him, I could come to know my people in a different form.”
Zeus & The Patriarchy

It is said that Dionysus marched through Syria, Lebanon, India, Egypt and Libya, accompanied by followers, dancing ecstatically. His followers included: the female bacchantes, tattooed, clad in fox-skins and playing frame-drums or cymbals; the male satyrs, clad in panther-skins and bearing thyrsus – a rod tipped with a pine cone with streamers of ivy; and Silenus, his fat, aged, drunken companion and keeper, riding on an ass. Despite his slovenly appearance and his perpetual drunkenness, Silenus possessed immense knowledge and wisdom and was greatly respected by the followers of Dionysus.

The worship of Dionysus was savage and ecstatic. His followers participated in orgies, live animals (usually a bull) were torn apart and devoured raw. It was believed that the god entered the worshippers and possessed them through this Eucharist of living flesh, called the Omophagia. Animal skins and masks were worn and a bull-roarer (rhombus) was used to simulate the thundering of Zeus.
“Have you guessed? Zeus was Enlil, and Zeus’s thunderbolts were the weapons that they used on the early people of Sumeria,” the Goddess said. “These events were recorded in all the myths and stories of all people around the world. Eventually the rites of Dionysus lost their religious significance. The followers were overcome more and more by the physical pleasures that the liberation of the rites brought about. They could no longer feel me within their bodies and, now, only looked for perverted pleasure. The rites themselves became pursuits of physical frenzies. The Dionysian religion died when it lost its path into the darkness and became too wild.”

Greek orgia, “secret rites,” worship.

The collapse of Minoan culture coincided with the beginning of the most flourishing period of Mycenaean civilization in Greece. The warlike Mycenaeans attacked and destroyed the Minoan civilization. One more of the Goddess-worshipping cultures died, to be replaced by the invading patriarchy.

An image began to form.

I could see beautiful white marble temples and palaces in a beautiful island setting. The sun was shining and it was hot, the sky a
brilliant blue. I was a Priestess of the Goddess. I was dressed in a white, almost transparent, Toga. My hair was piled high upon my head, held in place with combs of mother of pearl. I was barefoot, with only silver bracelets around my ankles. I held a posy of flowers that I placed, also, within my hair.

Somewhere in the distance, I could hear a harp playing a sorrowful tune. I could feel how it was to be a Priestess in this time. I could feel the energy of the Goddess in my veins. I could feel warmth that came from a place within me that did not come from the sun. This was the warmth of the Goddess. There was a great peace upon our land. Or, there was until the Mycenaeans came. It was as if there was no real warning. We had grown complacent in our paradise and had not realised that we were under attack.

I was now gathered with other Priestesses who stood outside the temple, looking down, to see a swarm of Mycenaeans coming up the hillside. As the warriors came closer and closer, killing the common people as they went, a mighty energy began to grow in our bodies. This was the power of the Priestess. One warrior came forward with his sword, ready to kill, and suddenly a Priestess opened her mouth and let out the highest
pitched scream. The warriors held their ears and screamed in pain. They drove a sword through the Priestess, and she lay at our feet, her white gown covered with blood. The warriors surged and we began to fall. Not without a fight, though, I might add. We had power, the power of nature, and as the rage grew in our bones, so did the energy of the inland beneath us.

I watched as one horrific image after another flooded my memory. I watched as one after another of the Priestesses fell beneath the warrior’s swords. Once they knew we were overpowered, they began to rape the women, many of them no more than girls and still virginal.

Finally, they entered the temple and faced the most powerful of Priestesses, the High Priestess. The other Priestesses had been her protection. Now, she stood alone. We watched, those of us still alive, expecting the Goddess to come in all her vengeful glory and destroy these murderers and rapists. We watched, expecting the Goddess to rise within the High Priestess and take back her power. But she did not.

The Priestesses were crying, weeping as we watched the warriors rape the High Priestess. Those of us held captive were made to watch the abuse. We called upon
the Goddess in between our sobs. But she did not come; we could feel her energy residing into the planet from whence it came. Those of us with sight now knew that the Goddess was leaving the planet and the day of the woman was over. Some of us couldn’t understand why the Goddess was leaving and screamed for her to return.

“Mother, why have you forsaken me?” rang through my ears.

The Earth began to shake. How could the Goddess let this happen? Why did she only send earthquakes to destroy us all? Why were we being punished too? Why did she not come into the bodies of the Priestesses and destroy these murders?

The Earth was in pain and she would avenge herself, but we were unprotected and, in the moment before death, I felt the Goddess had betrayed us. The volcano of Santorin, an island to the north of Crete, exploded with unprecedented violence, sending millions of tons of volcanic ash into the atmosphere, giving rise to intense atmospheric shock waves. This caused disastrous tidal waves that, finally, laid us to rest. This great natural disaster destroyed the Minoan palaces and brought about changes that resulted in the rapid disintegration of our Minoan civilization.
“All over the world, there were beautiful civilizations worshipping divinity in nature in my name,” the Goddess said.

The Harappan Civilization of the Indus Valley (India) – their religious ideology and rituals – were designed to reassure the bounteousness of life, granted by the Archetypal Mother. Fire for the Harappans was a symbolic phenomenon signifying the archetypal seed, the eternal cycle of regeneration, set forth by the Great Mother. Hence, in the ritualistic sense, the Domestic Fire, combining symbolically both the Womb (the Earth) and the Seed (the fire/burning embers), became the symbol and object of worship of the presiding Archetypal/Great Mother.

*In the first age of the gods, existence was born from non-existence.*
*The quarters of the sky were born from her who crouched with legs spread.*
*The Earth was born from her who crouched with legs spread,*
*And from the Earth the quarters of the sky were born.*
*Rig Veda, 10.72.3-4*
In later tales, the dominant Lord Shiva tests his wife, Parvati’s, modesty by publicly disrobing her, whereupon her head sinks into her body from shame.

“Lajja Gauri” literally means “Modest Parvati” or “Ashamed Parvati.” She is also referred to as Matangi, the “outcaste Goddess” form of Parvati, who is known for ignoring and flaunting society's rules, hierarchies and conventions.

Elsewhere, she is called Renuka, an outcaste woman beheaded by a high-caste man. Rather than dying, Renuka grew a lotus in place of her head and became a Goddess. Sound familiar? This was Lilith and her flower, the lotus. The Aryan People invaded the peace of the Indus Valley and they, too, turned the focus of the Goddess Parvati onto her Son Shiva. The stories, just like all the others, were retold and the patriarchy took over.

This mysterious, lotus-headed Goddess.
Lajja Gauri.
Manifestation of the Supreme Devi, Parvati.
Her size equal to Shiva's.
Feminine counterpart to the Masculine linga.

Kwan Yin - Goddess of mercy and compassion.
A lady dressed in white seated on a lotus and holding an infant.

Coatlique: (Aztec) Creator Goddess. Gave birth to the Moon Goddess and to the stars.

Ama-Terasu - Japanese sun Goddess. "Great Shining Heaven"

“Throughout all the ancient cultures, my stories were retold and the power transferred to the male, until the patriarchy took over and the truth of the stories were hidden under lies upon lies,” she said.
The Matriarchy & Goddess
Brigid

In matriarchal societies, both the men and women were respected. The men were respected for their positions as hunters, as warriors, as guardians of the tribe. The men directed the tribe, but the major decisions were never made without the advice of the elder women. The clan mothers must be consulted for they held the power of the tribe. The men would consult the women and receive their blessing before the hunting could begin.

The women would be initiated into the Priestesshood, and they performed rites and ceremonies in which the women gained certain psychic abilities. The clans depended upon their capacity to foresee the future, to guard against enemies, to know where the hunting would be, and to know when the storms would come.

There would be one woman among them who stood out, in this regard, for having the sight of the Goddess, the High Priestess. These societies grew and developed, and a complex system began to be put in place. The worship of the Goddess became quite formalized. Fine temples were developed,
and the simple rites became more sophisticated and developed. For the males in these societies, there was the development of a kind of ritual of their own, but their rituals were different from the women. Their rituals evolved around the hunt, and they performed purification rituals before hunting to bring the spirits of the animals to them so the animals would come for the hunt. Men had their own society and their own rights. The Priestesses were the ones to guard the Goddesses and to bring forth the word knowledge and wisdom from the Goddesses to the people. So these women were of very high standing. Bloodlines were traced to the mother.

Then, over time, many changes came about, changes in social structure, the growth in population and the infringing of one state upon another. This caused the development of war, the development of patriarchy and, eventually, the loss of rights of all women. All over the world, one by one, the matriarchal cultures were invaded by patriarchal invaders and slowly, in time, the matriarchy changed to a patriarchal society. However, there were still some places where the love of the Goddess lived on.
The first people who lived in the British Isles, in Ireland, were called the Fomoire. They were an aboriginal race who worshipped the Goddess, Domnu, whose name meant Abyss or the Deep Sea. They were said to be the offspring of Chaos and Old Night. The Fomoire were, originally, associated with the sea and the “islands of immortality.”

In folklore, their story continues in the tales of Mermaids and Mermen. They, later, became connected to the underground side, the magic mound dwellings, and the caves and hollow hills beside the sea. The first recorded immigrants to the British Isles were the Race of Kessair. Kessair was said to be a daughter of the cosmos, and she was also connected to the sea, in particular to the waters of the flood.

Several hundred years later came the race of people who honoured the Goddess, Artha, the Great She Bear. They lived peacefully in Ireland for several thousand years, having children, clearing the land, creating lakes and rivers, introducing agriculture. They were the craftspeople who built the first great ritual mounds and long barrows. They decorated the stones that were inside and surrounded their ritual sites
with circles, spirals, eyes and suns – all marks of the Goddess.

There is a Megalithic Passage Tomb at Newgrange in Ireland that is said to be built in 3200 B.C. The kidney-shaped mound covers an area of over one acre and is surrounded by 97 kerbstones, some of which are richly decorated with megalithic art. The long inner passage leads to a chamber. A shaft of sunlight shines through a roof opening over the entrance and penetrates the passage to light up the chamber. The dramatic event lasts for 17 minutes at dawn from the 19th to the 23rd of December.

The tri-spiral design on the chamber is the famous Irish Megalithic symbol. It is often referred to as a Celtic design, but it was carved at least 2,500 years before the Celts reached Ireland. This mound is said to have housed the spirits of their ancestors, providing a link for the living community to the world of their deities and serving as a focal point for ritual.

An image began to form.

*I was in Ireland. It was dusk; the rain was gently beating down. It would not be long before it was dark. I was wearing all black, a dress and a cloak pulled tight around me to*
protect me from the cold. Up ahead, I saw
the tomb; it was lit up by one small torch. I
was frightened, not by anything imagined
but by the energy that was building around
me. I stepped closer to the opening,
removing my clothes, and extinguishing the
torch, I stepped inside. It was cold and damp
inside.

In the pitch-blackness, I found my way
along the passageway by my fingers on the
wall. Eventually, I came to the chamber; it
was a little warmer. For the next three days
and three nights, I would spend my time
here in this place, in the very womb of the
Mother. For three days and three nights, I
would lie naked with no food, and only a
small bowl of water, which I was yet to find
in this dark place. For three days and three
nights, I would lie here in communion with
the Goddess through her dreams and visions.

I would face my fears, lose my greed, my
hate, and my anger and would come into the
arms of the Mother through my symbolic
death. After three days, I would step out
from the darkness, the Void, into the light
and be reborn through the womb of the
Goddess. I would be initiated by the
Goddess.
The next great, recorded arrival in the British Isles was that of the Tuatha de Danann or the People of the Goddess, Dana. The Tuatha de Danann built the great outdoor temples of standing stones that connected the Earth and the underground. Waters to the air and the fires of the sun, moon and stars. It was their Goddess, Ana, who inspired the erection of literally hundreds of stone circles and avenues in Britain and Brittany including Avebury, Callanish, and Carnac.

In the mythological Irish saga known as The Tain, Celtic women were leaders in battle and known for strength and battle progress. The great warrior Cuchulainn was trained in the arts of warfare by a woman, Scathach the Shadowy One, who lived in Alba (Britain), taught him to outfight all male warriors, but when he was sent against her enemy – the woman, Aife – he could only win by trickery, not by force of arms.

Women, often, had to fight in the wars of this period when hill and cliff-top forts were built throughout the land. They, thus, needed a Goddess of the Battlefield to protect the wounded, convey the dead to the next world, and confuse the enemy. The women had to call on the warrior aspect of the mother and they found Morrigan.
Warrior Queens, Melb, Cartamundu and Boudeceea.

In Britain, I was known as Morgan.
I was feared by all men who feared female power.
I became the old Hag.
I was the healer of the wounded and taker of the dead.
I was the Sacred Cow whose milk was an antidote to the poison of weapons.
I was Mother on the Battlefield as well as the Warrior in the Night.
I used the powers of magic to shape shift and confuse my enemies.
When I, the Goddess, fought, I used my wits, my knowledge of men, my bond with all the creatures and the magical powers that came from the bond with my land.

Irish culture became more gender balanced, and the image of the Goddess became more that of Brigid. As Goddess of Inspiration and Healing, she was a role model for women, now, in an Ireland that was less warlike. The Sacred Flame of Brigid continued to burn brightly at Kildare, Ireland. For thousands of years, it burned in honour of the Goddess Brigid, tended by
nineteen Priestesses dedicated to her. Each Priestess tended the flame for a day, and on the twentieth day, the flame was tended by the Goddess Brigid herself. With the coming of Christianity, the church suppressed the worship of the Goddess Brigid, but in fine Irish fashion, the people simply worshiped her as St. Brigid and Her Sacred Flames continued to burn in her honour. Nineteen Nuns tended Brigid's sacred flame and on the twentieth day, Brigid herself still watched over her sacred fire.

The number 19 has long been associated with Brigid, the Goddess of Sun and Moon. It takes 18.67 years for the sun and moon to move through their complete cycles and return to their original positions. The Sisters of Saint Brigid would rotate, keeping the flame alive each night. The Church felt the Holy Flame was too reminiscent of Pagan associations. Over time, Bishops attempted to have the fire put out. Finally, in the late 15th century, the Archbishop George Browne of Dublin was successful in his attempt, and the Sacred Holy Flame was extinguished.

*Her shrines were everywhere, for everywhere was her abode.*

*Near the Earth, at the sacred well, in the ancient grove of trees,*

*in the deepest cave, on the highest mountain.*
The plants and animals, the moon, sun and stars, the river that flows to the sea and the ocean itself; all were her domain. All were sacred to the Goddess.

Brighid is considered the patron Goddess of all divination, known as the firth of Brighid. The sight is used to provide portents for the coming season, and to discern information, shamanically, at long distance.

I am the frithir, the seer, I engage in the forms of divination given to me by the Goddess Brighid.

Within the temple of trees, nature’s cathedral. A cauldron full with water stands on a stone alter.
A white candle burns.

“Open the door to my inner life,
Reveal the past to me.
Oh Powerful Goddess Brighid

Open the door to my inner life,
That my way be made free.
Send me the light of your cosmic fire,
Make my path bright clear.
Give me a sign,
To show me your presence is here.”

Brigid was the Irish, or Gaelic, Goddess. Brigid, whether speaking about the Goddess, or
the Saint, is known as "Keeper of the Fire, or Earth".
Beltane & The Seasons

The annual cycle of her seasons, with its colder winters and warmer summers was, and still is, marked by eight sunfire festivals and thirteen monthly cycles of the moon. These cycles were encoded in the patterns of stone circles and the orientation of ritual mounds and passage graves towards the rising and setting sun and moon on particular days of the year.

The Clava Cairns, in Scotland, are aligned to the setting of the moon at particular times of the year. Avebury, in the southwest of England, is aligned to the Beltane sunrise. These eight sunfire festivals marked the eight directions of the sacred British Medicine Wheel. Medicine Wheels are used by many native cultures to describe the energies that influence and direct the life of the people of that culture.

Each of the eight directions has different teachings to give that are relevant at different times of the year and throughout the individual and collective life. Each direction has associated qualities, elements, colours, power animals and goddesses and gods. The fire festivals of Imbolc, Beltane, Lammas and Samhain were natural spiritual
festivals in that they marked defined points in the astronomical relationship between the sun, the Earth and the stars. They lie at the midway points between the summer and winter solstices, which have the longest and shortest hours of daylight in the year, and the spring and autumn equinoxes, which have equal hours of night and day.

Beltane comes from the Irish words, "bel" which means bright and "taine" which means fire. May Day in Ireland was called "belltaine" from the "lucky fires" or "two fires" of the Druids of Erin.

I am the Oak King, the Stag King.
I am the Sun, who both nurtures and burns.
All men are sons of the Sun.
I am the storm: the thunderbolt and the falling rain.

The young men of the clan rally around the burning bright fires of Beltane.
Who will be the Lord of the Hunt, and win the virgin Huntresses' favour?
The maiden has come into womanhood; she is vibrant, sensual and longing for her Lord.
She awaits the one who will teach her the ways of sexual desire.
They will unite with fiery passion, on Beltane Eve, and become one.
All within Nature will rejoice at their union and love will spring forth over the world.
“Lighting of the bale fires was done to burn away any residual energy of winter and to purify the land, the people and the animals. The May Day festival was symbolized by the phallic symbol of the May Pole. In the days of old, it was seen as the tree of Life,” the Goddess said. On this night, the hilltops would be ablaze with huge bonfires, and the woods and fields ablaze with the fires of love.

“Beltane functioned as a ritualized antidote to the rules and laws of relationship and sexuality that kept society well-ordered, yet if adhered to with inflexibility, it could cause depression, aggression, and general malaise. At Beltane, those rules were lifted in honour of the expansive energy of springtime and the primitive need to ensure the fertility of the fields by sacrificing one's own personality to acts of sacred, impersonal sexuality.

“It was, also, a time when new bonds could be formed as inhibitions loosened, inspired by the blooming, heart-opening atmosphere of full spring. Children conceived at Beltane were considered to be special, produced from the union of two people meeting the god and goddess within each
other and not just the temporal man and woman.

"Raising the Maypole was a symbolic sexual act. The pole represented the lingam or penis of the god, and the hole it entered was the yoni or vagina of the Earth goddess. Thus, by raising the Maypole, the villagers symbolically fertilized the Earth's body so that I would be fruitful during the growing season and provide a bountiful harvest. After the erection, decoration and dances around the Maypole, the villagers continued their May celebration of sex in the fields.

"Beltane was a time for fertility magic also known as the Sacred Marriage. The Great Rite is the sexual union between goddess and god. This is the representation of the sun and the Earth working together to fertilize the Earth. Lovers would, throughout the eve, partake in sexual rites and union and, then, as the early dawn broke, everyone would gather around the traditional phallic pole garland with flowers and dance in celebration. This is known as the Maypole dance."

"In early February, we searched the frozen ground for snowdrops, Brigid's flowers, and the first promise of a new season. And, now, we watched for the hawthorn to bloom. When its white blossoms
appeared, we celebrated Beltane. May dew was a potent agent of fertility and beauty. It nurtured the land and brought vitality to the young women who rise before dawn to bathe in the early morning dew.

“So many of my rituals and celebrations were changed and retold and placed under another god and the meaning changed, but in the bones of the common people, I lived on unnoticed.”

I am the ancient Anglo-Saxon Goddess of spring, Eostre - Easter. Coloured eggs and rabbits are my symbols of new life. Celebrated at the Vernal equinox.

Easter bunny, symbol of the fertile rabbit. Easter eggs painted with gay hues. Representing the sunlight of spring.

Yule (Winter Equinox) - 21 December; Imbolc (Candlemass) - 2nd February; Easter (Vernal Equinox) - 20/21 March; Beltane (May Day) - 31st April; Litha (Midsummer) - 21st June (Summer Solstice); Lammas Eve (Lughnasadh) - 31st July; Mabon (Autumn Equinox) - 22-24th September; Samhain (Hallows Eve) - 31st October.
“In Yule time, in mid-winter, I awaken and birth the Sun God who has been growing in my womb and will live to fertilise the land. The maidens wear wintery greenery, holly, and red berries as garlands in their hair. Ivy and mistletoe hang from bough and beam. A Yule log slowly burns; its ashes will be spread to encourage fertility.

“Imbolc, festival of light, celebrating the god growing in my womb and the coming spring, the time of new beginnings. Great numbers of lamps and candles are lit with colours of white, yellow and gold, celebrating initiations.

“Ostara (Easter), the final end of winter, when I give birth to the Sun God. It is a great celebration of the rebirth of the year. Spring flowers erupt from the ground and seeds are planted. Spring flowers of white, blue and fresh spring greenery and eggs, lit by a ritual bale fire.

“In May Eve, I am the festival of fertility, celebrating the coming summer and encouraging crops. Newly married couples leap the fire. The symbolic marriage of the god and goddess enacted.

“As Litha (Midsummer), the Sun God reigns on the longest day of the year. Midsummer, celebrated by dancing at the ancient sites, time of magical power. I am in
full bloom at this time of year, and it is celebrated with summer flowers and herbs and the colours yellow, green and gold. I am now pregnant with my child, the god who will soon come to be.

“Lammas Eve (Lughnasadh), the ripening of the first fruits, corn and the winter wheat. Corn dollies, fresh bread, the first summer wine. The god is now the wise hunter, mature, yet strong and cunning.

“Mabon (Autumn Equinox) when day and night, god and goddess, are at equal strength and the time of full harvest and the so-called Christian Harvest Festival. The harvest is celebrated with bread and fruit piled high.

“Samhain (Hallows Eve), the time of the very last harvesting of fruits and seeds and the time when livestock that could not be fed over winter were slaughtered and prepared for storage. It is the death of summer and the death of the god. Samhain is, therefore, a time for remembering and respecting death, and so it is, also, the festival of Remembrance of Souls. It is a time of the year when the veil between the worlds is weakest, and communion with spirits and magic are easily accomplished. It is a particular time for scrying the future, remembering and honouring lost friends and
family. The god is dead, and I, the Crone, am the Old Wise Woman.”
Rise of Christianity & Decline of the Goddess

In Italy, gold plates have been found that date from the fourth century B.C. These gold Plates, which were found buried with the dead, describe the souls of Dionysus followers in the after-life, drinking from a cool pool that would give them divinity and eternal life. Christians took the basic ideas of their culture and adapted them to their new faith. Like all the ancient Pagans, they built a new religion out of old parts.

“Christians were initiated into their faith by baptism. They shared a sacred meal of wine and bread that they believed became the blood and flesh of Jesus. Sound familiar? This ancient ritual, which was a leftover memory from the sacrifices of Dionysus, now changed into the blood and body of Christ. Generations before Jesus, Pagans practiced baptism and Pagans shared sacred meals with their gods. Pagans even ate sacred meals that were the body of their gods,” the Goddess said.

By the time of Jesus, purification with water was already an ancient Pagan
sacrament. Pagans purified themselves with fire, incense, and blood sacrifice. But the most used, most widespread tool of Pagan purification was water. Pagan water purification rituals were used in the archaic Near East and are written about in the Old Testament. Homer mentions the washing of hands before prayer and the purification of an entire army with water. (Iliad, 1.313)

The Greeks even had priests, kathartai, who specialized in purification with water. Washing is the channel through which they were initiated into the sacred rites.

Water, especially the Nile's cold water, was believed to have regenerative powers, was used to baptize the dead in a ritual based on the Osiris myth. The bath preceding initiation into the cult of Isis was more than a simple ritual purification; it was intended to represent, symbolically, the initiate's death to the life by recalling Osiris' drowning in the Nile. Immersion in water (baptism), symbolizing spiritual purification/regeneration, were a part of the rituals of the Osiris/Isis mystery cults. Immersions didn't start with John the Baptist.

An image began to form.
The night was hot. Thousands of stars hung in a dark sky over a soft and sleeping desert. Silently, I followed the High Priestess as she walked the sand dunes. It was the time for my initiation into the waters of the Goddess.

I was dressed in a simple wrap; my feet were bare and black. I was a Nubian woman. The wind gently blew as we got closer to the green palm trees and vegetation that lined the bank of the Nile. Making our way slowly through the trees, we finally came out on a sandy beach. The Nile, she was beautiful in the moonlight, which looked so full and bright that it could have been mistaken for the sun. A kingfisher was catching fish in the moonlight. There was a strong, heavy scent in the air.

The High Priestess walked into the water, removing her clothes, until she stood waist deep in the water. I was, then, beckoned to follow, which I did. She chanted, in a slow and low tone, words I did not understand and, at the same time, I did. They stirred something in me, and I began to cry. Not tears of fear or sadness – these were tears of joy and elation, elation at being taken into the arms of the Mother.

The Priestess cupped her hands and filled them with the Nile water and, then, poured it
over my head. The sweet water ran down my face and neck. I began to sob heavily as she drew symbols upon my body with the water. She, then, took me in her arms and submerged me beneath the water.

Many times, I had swum in this river. Many times, I had submerged myself under the water, but it was never like this. Even though it was the dark of night and no torches lit our way, I could see lots of tiny lights in the water. I had no idea how long I was under the surface of the water, but when I came to the surface, I gasped for air and sprang up from the water as if reborn.

“The gospel story of Jesus is not the biography of an historical Messiah,” the Goddess said. “It is a Jewish reworking of ancient Pagan myths of the dying and resurrecting Dionysus. He is the son of God who is born to a virgin on the 25th of December before three shepherds. He is a prophet who offers his followers the chance to be born again through the rites of baptism. He is who raises the dead and, miraculously, turns water into wine at a marriage ceremony. He is God incarnate who dies at Easter, through crucifixion, and resurrects on the third day. He is a saviour who offers his followers redemption through
partaking in a meal of bread and wine, symbolic of his body and blood.

“At this time, both Pagans and Christians were well aware that the Jesus story was a myth. The early Christians, known as Gnostics, understood the Jesus story as allegory, not history, and even called Jesus by the names of the Pagan God, Adonis.

“The Gnostics were brutally eradicated by the Roman Church in the fourth and fifth centuries and, since then, we have believed the official propaganda that these Christians were dangerous heretics who had gone Pagan.

“Mary is the central figure of worship outside of the Trinity (the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit). Venerated as both a virgin and a mourning mother, Mary represented all that was pious, holy, and good in women. She served as a role model and as an anti-Eve, literally, conceived and born without original sin. Various aspects of Greco-Roman religion and culture in the Hellenistic period all have an influence in the development of the Roman Catholic and Eastern Orthodox veneration of Mary as both a virgin and a mourning mother.

“The Pagan goddesses of the Greco-Roman pantheon became the Mary of Christianity. With her title, ‘Holy Virgin,’ Mary
joined the ranks of many other goddesses with the same title: Athena, Asherah, Astarte, Aphrodite, Venus, Anat, Ishtar, Diana, and others.

“The word, ‘Virgin,’ indicated an independent, autonomous woman – a woman not required to answer to any man or child. The title had little to do with abstinence from sexual intercourse,” the Goddess said.

“In Greece, virgin birth commonly signaled the birth of a divine (or semi-divine) human. Christians believe that Mary was virginal before and after the birth of Jesus, free from the taint of sex (or original sin) her entire life. Many even believe that she was virginal during the birth of Jesus. Some believe she took a vow of chastity as a girl. Similarly, those who are devoted to Mary are told that she demands sexual chastity from her followers.”

In the Apocryphal Book of James, Anna, Mary's mother, promises her to the temple, and Mary is taken there when she is three.

“And she danced with her feet, and all the house of Israel loved her.” (Book of James 7:2)
The Jewish temples did not accept girls, but the Goddess temples did.

The idea of Mary (Jesus' mother) having been an adulteress never completely disappeared in Christian mythology. Instead, the character of Mary was split into two: Mary, the mother of Jesus, believed to be a virgin, and Mary Magdalene, believed to be a woman of ill repute. The idea of the two Mary’s fitted in well with the Pagan way of thinking. The image of Jesus being followed by the two Marys is strongly reminiscent of Dionysus being followed by Demeter and Persephone.

Magdalene
Dancer of the seven veils.
Magdala, the Village of Doves,
the dove the sacred symbol of Astarte.

“The Sacred Dance is a powerful, magical tool. The ancestors understood the importance of Dance,” the Goddess said. “They saw it beyond entertainment. It was used as a ritual, in itself, and there were Priestesses specially trained in the craft. They used dance to connect with the gods for many things – healing, worship, fertility, curses, rites of passage, and success in all matters that affected the community. The patriarchal religions condemned dancing and
oppressed its expression, especially for women.

“Although people lost their feelings of sacred ritual within the dance, it still lived on in the folk of the land as they danced around the Maypole. You cannot remove me from the rhythm of life, the beat of existence; all vibrates in rhythm, just like music. I am within the music that moves through your bones. I am the Goddess who was worshipped through dance. I was remembered in the playing of a pipe, the beat of the drum, and the sway of the women’s hips. I survived in some of the most oppressive and patriarchal cultures of the world, the Middle East.

“The female was seen as the life-containing vessel, and the area that represented this was the belly – the seat of the inner worlds, the unconscious (the opposite of the head, the conscious). This meaning has survived in belly dance and the pelvic thrust movements. It was passed down from grandmother to granddaughter in many areas of the Middle East. It was used to initiate a girl into womanhood and to celebrate it, to educate about sex and how to get the most pleasure from it, to strengthen the womb and pelvic area in preparation for childbirth, as well as keeping her connected
and not as estranged from this part of her body.”

The feeling of Sisterhood. Belonging to an unbroken line of mothers, sisters, Priestesses, teachers who all danced in praise of their femininity, their sensuality, their power and their connection to the Goddess.

The infamous Dance of The Seven Veils originates from a well-known myth.

Ishtar decided to save her husband, Tammuz, from the Underworld and, dressing in seven veils, she undertakes to enter the Netherworld through each of the seven gates. She dances seductively at each, removing a veil to gain entrance. She was reunited with Tammuz after she removed her last veil and stood naked at the seventh gate. While there, the Earth stood still. It was deprived of light and life, and only when she returned, fully covered with the seven veils to keep her mystery, did life return.

While belly dance is exclusively female, men, too, can connect and tap into their own power through dance. Just look at the warrior dances of Africa, for example. These
were used to empower, motivate, and initiate men into their masculinity.

*We dance in praise of life, to express joy and pleasure, to celebrate births, marriages, and to dance a spirit onto the next life.*

The stories, once again, got changed. In the Bible, it presents the Dance of the Seven Veils as a mere vulgar striptease performed by Salome to please Herod. However, the Dance of the Seven Veils was an integral part of the sacred drama, depicting the death of the annual king, his descent into the Underworld, and his retrieval by the Goddess. To gain access, she removed one of her seven garments at each of the seven gates. The Priestess, called Salome or "Peace" (Shalom), depicted the Goddess passing through the seven gates in the temple of Jerusalem, meaning House of Peace. The veils signified the layers of earthly appearances or illusions falling away from those who approach the Mystery of the Goddess.

*Herod arrested John the Baptist for his politically charged preaching. Later, at a feast, Herod asked his stepdaughter and niece, Salome, to dance for him and his guests. Herod was so delighted by Salome's
dancing that he promised to grant her anything she asked. Salome's mother, Herodias, resentful of John for calling her marriage to Herod incestuous (she was first married to his brother), convinced Salome to ask for John's head. Salome took much of the blame for the martyrdom of John and was, forever after, identified in Western culture as a figure of seduction and death.

Once again, I could see Lilith looking out at me. It seemed, to me, she had lots of different faces and names, but she was always there, the blamed woman.

Interestingly, the Mandaeans, an early Christian sect, ignored Jesus, worshipping John the Baptist as the true sacrificial Christ. As an initiated Essenic prophet, John would have been “chosen” to die as the surrogate for the king whose blood was required for the fertility of the land. Thus, John was beheaded, a common form of sacrificial death throughout the early Aegean and Levantine cultures. This ritual is, even still, practiced in some of the eastern temples of the Goddess, using animals instead of men.

During the fourth century, the popularity and veneration of John the Baptist increased and, thus, did the infamy of Salome. St. Jerome attacked her character, and the
Church fathers used her story to illustrate the evils that dancing invoked.

A new religion, already mistranslated and rewritten, began to spread across the globe. And Christianity grew and grew, spreading across the world until it came to the British Isles.

The Holy Grail was said to be the vessel that, once, contained the blood of Christ. One story insists that the Grail was a cup from which Jesus drank at the Last Supper. Another story says it was the cup held aloft by Joseph of Arimathea to catch streams of blood flowing from the wounds of the dying saviour. Still another legend insists that it was Mary Magdalene who held the cup at the foot of the cross and caught the blood of the saviour in her jar. One version of the story says that Mary Magdalene brought the Holy Grail to the coast of France and that she travelled there under the protection of Joseph of Arimathea and her brother, Lazarus.

On one point, many of the legends seem to agree. The Grail was a sacred vessel, holy because it once contained the blood of Jesus. For centuries, this artifact has been sought after, and several antique cups have even been claimed to be the true Grail of Christ.
The Holy Grail stirs us with a poignant memory of something vastly precious, now tragically lost.

The land is a wasteland now, the plants stunted, the rivers of living water reduced to a trickle. Only the return of the Grail can heal the wounded Fisher-King and restore his domain. Knights of Medieval times set out on their quests and bold adventures in search for the Holy Grail.

“As humankind developed, so did religion. It developed slowly and naturally. Man spread across Europe, taking the gods with him. In different countries, the gods would, perhaps, be known by different names, but they were, essentially, the same gods. Christianity is a monotheistic religion. The ways of the Britains were of the Goddess. Christianity preached the Father (God) the Son (Jesus), who came to Earth to spread God's word, and the Holy Spirit (God's Will) as aspects of one God. “Within this story, there was hardly room for women or for me, the Goddess. Now, I was no longer seen in my triple aspect. The Christians honoured the Virgin Mary, and the Mother, but Mary Magdalene, the Whore, they would not accept. Mary, or rather the
Lilith aspect, was dishonoured, rewritten and lied about until Mary Magdalene was seen as the whore you believe her to be today.”

“I am Mary Magdalene,” said Lilith. “No matter what you call me, no matter what stories you weave around me, I am the same one being looking out from saddened eyes,” Lilith cried.

“Christian philosophy does not regard me, the Earth, as being a sacred part of the religion; they believe it was created by God for man’s use. Christianity does not focus on nature as being, at all, special or sacred,” the Goddess said.

“And God said to them, ‘Be fruitful and multiply, and fill the Earth, and subdue it; and rule over the fish of the sea and over the birds of the sky and over every living thing that moves on the Earth.’ Then God said, ‘Behold, I have given you every plant yielding seed that is on the surface of all the Earth, and every tree which has fruit yielding seed; it shall be food for you; and to every beast of the Earth and to every bird of the sky and to everything that moves on the Earth which has life, I have given every green plant for food and it was so.’
“Christianity believes fiercely that their God is the only God, as many religions do, and as the Christian religion evolved, the Church set out to fight for this belief by converting as many people as possible to their beliefs and to direct belief away from the other religions of the time. The Bible taught that following another religion, or believing in another set of deities, was sinful and would damn you to burn in Hell in the after-life, so they set out to ‘save’ the rest of the world from this fate,” she said.

Mary Magdalene, bearer of the “Sangraal.”
The Grail, the chalice, the sacramental embodiment of the Goddess.
Animus, inner male (Christ) separated from Anima (Magdalene).

An alchemical "divorce;" our divinity forgotten,
the Grail lost.
Our magical ability to manifest Heaven on Earth gone.

The “chalice” is an ancient symbol for the sacred feminine and the ancient Goddesses. Glastonbury, in England, was the source place of all the Grail stories and has been a major centre of goddess worship for millennia. The earliest ritual, Earthworks,
such as the spiral maze that winds its way around the Tor, was dedicated to a goddess whose fertility was also seen in the red water of the Chalice Well.

With the coming of Christianity, the Celtic sanctuary at Glastonbury became Britain's first centre of the Marian cult. Glastonbury's great ancient church was dedicated to Mary, the Mother of Jesus, in whom the Celts saw their own goddess.

It was a vision of Mary that converted Arthur to Christianity, at nearby Beckery. Beckery's Bride's Mound was home to a female religious community throughout the Celtic Christian era. Bride's Mound is most renowned as the hermitage of St. Bridget.

“*The Pagan temples were left standing, but the idols in the temples were destroyed. They were, then, converted to become Christian churches, leaving the local people with their customary places of worship. It was thought that local people could be more easily converted if they were left with their customary sacrifices of oxen and their festivals. Thus, in England, the Saxon's spring festival of the Goddess Eostre would become a Christian festival called Easter,*” she said.
In the mid-600s, Christian missionaries from Ireland began evangelizing across England. Catholicism had won. Monotheism suited monarchy better than a religion with many gods and numerous local shrines. The kings in England were inclined to welcome a religion whose scriptures described and supported monarchy. And, thus, the people of Britain were brainwashed, converted, lied to and deceived until the memory and the stories of the Goddess began to be nothing more than the tales of common folk.

“Let us jump forward in time,” said the Goddess. “In the Middle Ages, men were even more scared of the nature of women and the roles they were able to play sexually and in society. They did not want to acknowledge the fact that women could be equal to them. The notion that wild women could magically seduce men was instilled in the minds of men, and they greatly feared falling under the female’s sexual spells.”

Men's fear of women is shown in the case of Joan of Arc. The English could not handle that a female had beat them at a battle that was supposed to be a male task so they accused her of being a witch and of using
supernatural powers. They burnt her at the stake as a witch.

Witches engaged in many practices. The most common were the stories associated with sexual orgies. Men and women would gather together in an isolated spot and call for the presence of demons. Once a spirit of a demon appeared, the group would grab the person next to them and engage in a large orgy. One of the main elements of witchcraft was known as the “wild hunt.” This was the witches' Sabbath.

At the head of the Hunt is Diana,
part animal, part human.
The women on their way to becoming witches.
Wild women, nymphomaniacs.

Spirits roam the land.
It is a celebration of fertility.
All Halloo’s Eve.
Halloween.

Lingering ideas of pre-Christian cults of Diana and the Horned God became entwined with the doctrine of the Catholic Church concerning evil. Church officials perceived these as both evil and a threat to the tenuous state of order in Medieval society. It is from this that the crisis sprang.
“Women who practiced witchcraft were believed to be working in correlation with the devil,” the Goddess said. “The development of witchcraft came from the use of sorcery of the Goddess. It wasn't until the Middle Ages that people began to fear sorcery and thought that these people were working in conjunction with the devil. Witchcraft relied on spells and charms that could be used to perform various functions such as curing headaches or aiding childbirth. The practice of herbal medicine was a large part of what led to the belief in women's supernatural powers. The reason that these women were so greatly feared was because it was believed that to be knowledgeable in the area of herbal cures, you must be involved in Pagan practices. It was seen as a religion that went against the Christian beliefs.”

In the Netherlands, Belgium, Luxembourg, Switzerland, and parts of modern France, as well as Germany and Austria, nine million women were executed. For three centuries of early modern European history, diverse societies were consumed by a panic over alleged witches in their midst. Witch-hunts, especially in Central Europe, resulted in the trial, torture,
and execution of tens of thousands of victims.

"The Burning Times"
crazy, panic, mass hysteria
Killed in public, en masse,
hanging and burning.
Linked to Eve and Lilith.
Women the embodiments of negativity.

"All wickedness is but little to the wickedness of a woman."

Woman, an un-escapable punishment, a necessary evil, a natural temptation, a desirable calamity, domestic danger, a delectable detriment, an evil nature, painted with fair colours. Women are, by nature, instruments of Satan; they are, by nature, carnal – a structural defect rooted in the original creation.

“For a time, fusion of old ways was tolerated. Some gods and natural spirits were made into saints that could be worshipped, whilst the Church consolidated its power. Afterwards, those who worshipped the old ways were persecuted brutally, cast out to the woods and secret places. ‘Hedge Witches’ were so called because they were taught behind hedges, in secrecy."
Throughout Europe, many people still met secretly in wooded glades or followed the old rituals to bless the crops and encourage their return, only loosely covered up by a veil of Christianity. The Church had declared all gods except their One True God to be evil, renaming them as demons led by the Horned One,” the Goddess said.

“They blamed us for the Plague,” said the Witches.

There are claims that a Bubonic Plague-era woodblock print shows an airborne craft spraying germs on the population below. Other researchers claim that outbreaks of the Plague in Europe and Asia were preceded by reports of “foul-smelling mists that frequently appeared after unusually bright lights in the sky.” Initial reports from Asia, where the Black Plague began, included descriptions of “meteors and comets trailing noxious gases that killed trees and destroyed the fertility of the land.” This was the infamous Black Death, a worldwide pandemic that killed an estimated one-third of Europe's population.

A European strain of Smallpox was carried to the newly discovered New World where it wiped out entire tribes of Native Caribbeans.
Was this just another of the Anunnaki’s schemes to cut down the population?

“They built Christian churches where there were once shrines to my worship. By placing their churches upon my vortexes, they cut off the supply of my energy to the surrounding land and people. Slowly, over time, the ways of worship changed, and I was, now, only honoured in the form of Mary. This was not enough for me. The form of Mary could only hold one of my aspects – the Virgin – and even this meaning had been changed. Now, in this form, I was only seen as pure, white, virginal, and without sexual desire. And that just was not me,” she said.

“The crosses harness power from above and below. They used them as locks around my body. The cross holds my energy, my power, in one place and prevents it from flowing. This meant that the churches could hold the power that the common folk were used to feeling throughout the whole land. Now, they had no choice but to turn to the church. The church used this abuse of power to create a hold over the minds, hearts and bodies of the common people. With my people dying in their thousands, the rise of Christianity, and the decline of my worship, I began to fade from the story,” she said.
“Some people – those who are not Catholic – may consider the Catholics’ devotion to Mary as worship of a divine being in her own right. As if she had some glory, some power, and is equal to Christ. This is contrary to the belief of the Catholic Church. They see her as the handmaiden of the Lord, acting in simple submission to the Lord’s will. They claim all her glory to be that of the Lord and, therefore, she is nothing without Him. And I mean nothing. This symbol of the Goddess and the female was not able to hold the other aspects of my nature. I could not express my whole self through the Mary I had become,” the Goddess said.

“In times past, the people of the land had seen me separate into different aspects – the virgin, the mother, and the crone. This had even developed into the separation of my people as they began to favour one aspect over another. This created a divide in my worship. Now, here before me, stood the statue of Mary with her white and blue gown and face full of grace.

The Angel of the Lord declared unto Mary. And she conceived of the Holy Spirit. Behold the handmaiden of the Lord.

Be done unto me according to thy word. And the word was made flesh.
And dwelt among us.

Pray for us, Holy Mother of God.
That we may be made worthy of Christ.

“Prayers can have different meanings to
different ears,” the Goddess said.

I had no real religious teaching as a child,
and my parents were lazy atheists. I knew
nothing of prayers.

“How do you see this prayer, if you look
through eyes that are without preconceived
ideas about Mary and her worship?” the
Goddess asked me.

Well, from what I have learnt so far, I
would say that the angel of the Lord was the
Elohim and the Holy Spirit is another name
for the Serpent energy of the Goddess, her
sexual ecstasy that finally gave birth to the
son, lover, and consort which, in this case, is
Christ. If I look at “hand maiden,” I think of
servants, submissive to a male god. But if I
look at it a different way, a “hand maiden” is
the one who creates with her hands. She is
the manifestor of the thoughts of the “Lord.”
After this, this prayer changes for me. The
energy changes as if it was added on
afterwards, or changed from the original. For
me, the part about the will and the word is the energy of the Anunnaki. Like the myths, only parts were changed.

"The will and the word is the energy of the Anunnaki. They willed their reality onto the mass consciousness of man. As their will penetrated, it created words within the matrix. These words became forms, and they dwelt among us. The Neanderthal People had no need of words as they were telepathic. They did not think in words, only feelings and pictures. They had no need of prayers and incantations. They could talk directly to me through their minds.

“When the Anunnaki brought the structured language to this planet and Mankind and man learnt to write, this created archetypal forms in the matrix of man’s consciousness. These beings that are written about in myths and legend are held in the form that describes them. Lilith is seen as demon woman and seducer of men. She has no other choice than to be just that. The myth makes the being and, even more so, the myth that is written in words. As the Rabbi priests wrote the lies about Lilith in the texts, they recreated her and changed her form into a demon and imprisoned her in
hell. This is what she is, now,” the Goddess said.

So, what you are saying is that as we write a story about a being, either a god or goddess, in myth and legend, they, in fact, change and transform into what we describe the being as. Then, as they wrote the stories about Lilith being a demon locked in hell by the symbols of the angels, she was actually brought there and still is there and has been there, in her demon form, because of the myths that were written about her.

If we rewrite the story, will she change?

The Goddess just smiled and looked at me as if to say, “Wait. That will come later.”

“Through the word, they can control me and my aspects. Thus, when Mankind creates prayers, in this way, that call upon the energy of the Goddess, in the first hand, and then change the energy to be controlled by a rational patriarchal mind, this calls up my energy to be controlled and abused. They could harness my power for their own ends. As Mary, I was caught. No wonder they always depicted me crying.

“Prayers have power, and the word has power, and the meaning of some prayers cannot be seen at first hand. They were very
clever – the clergy who devised this way of harnessing my power. They found ways to use the symbols of my power for their own ends. Just as they could trap the energy of my vortexes in their churches so no common man could feel me unless they came into the church, they, too, used words against me. They would call up my energy and use it for evil ends. Many of my rituals were used as power, but the source of the power was transferred, in the minds of the common people, to a male god and Christ as his son. Not only was I not worshipped in the potent way I was before, but what little energy I had left to be with man was being used against my will. They were spiritually raping me for their own ends.

“Many of the Priestesses and witches that were murdered knew the treachery that was against me in the theft and abuse of my symbols of power. The Holy Grail was, once, my chalice – my womb cup. Now, it is seen as the vessel of Christ. My holy wells were taken over by new Christian churches and my sacred groves destroyed. My energy was waning and passing away. I was not needed on the land anymore so, very slowly, I pulled my arms from around Mankind’s shoulders and left them to live under their new Lord’s rule.”
“Ritual is powerful and effective, if done with intention. The early high-ranking church members, directly influenced by the royal bloodline of the Anunnaki kings, were influenced into performing rituals that they thought were good and godly but which were, in fact, used to abuse energy – my energy. Lower-ranking clergy cross themselves the correct way, the Christ direction. The high-ranking clergy cross themselves the other way – the way of the anti-Christ.

“What happens is that all the energy created in the lower half of the triangle of their hierarchy is pushed up and consumed by the high-ranking clergy at the top of the pyramid. They, then, can use it for their own ends. That is why the Catholic church became the wealthiest institution ever seen. This was the abuse of my power. I am potent, and they knew they could use my energy to manifest their wealth and power. The Catholic paintings of Medieval times often depicted a ball with a cross on the top. This is another sign that traps and uses my energy.

“The story of George and the Dragon is a story telling how the Catholic church, (i.e., George) drives a lance through the Dragon. We are led to believe the Dragon dies, but if
you look at the pictures, you can see the Dragon, which is my energy manifest in ley lines, is harnessed by a metal rod – a conduit of energy – that they used to harness and control my power. This story of George and the Dragon shows how the people of England were unable to totally destroy all memory of me, the Goddess, so the church used their stories and myths and festivals as power for their own religion. Just as George harnessed the power of the Dragon, the Catholic church harnessed my energy for themselves.

“All the energy created in the Pagan festivals was now used by the Catholic church. The Mary in me lived on in the hearts and minds of some, but she, too, began to fade. The rituals became hollow and without meaning, and there were too many. People often went to church out of fear for what would happen if they did not. They performed rituals they no longer understood and gave what little power they did have to the clergy. Christianity, too, began to divide and separate into different factions, and there was more trouble.”

The 15th century saw the Bible translated and printed in most of Europe's major languages. For the first time in the history of Christianity, it became available to large
numbers of readers. As a result, many Christians discovered that masses, confession, and other central features of their religion were not mentioned in the Bible at all, and other features like the trinity and priesthood were only implied, at best. The stage was set for a major reform of Christianity throughout Europe.

It is no coincidence that the phrase “sola scriptura,” meaning “only scripture,” was to become the rallying cry of the Protestant Reformation. Protestant religion encouraged profit, if honestly earned, as God's blessing, and the economically active strata of society were among those who were more susceptible to this new interpretation of an old religion.

In Britain, the borderlines between the estates – nobility, townsfolk, free farmers, and serfs – were less strict than on the continent. In Britain, as elsewhere in the 18th century, the far majority of the population lived in the countryside, engaged in agriculture. Owners of estates enlarged their pastures by enclosure of public land to which they, often, were entitled by royal writ, and by the expropriation of farmers. Shepherding required few men, thus, more and more Britons were freed from employment in agriculture. Many were hired
as sailors in Britain's growing Navy or in the harbours. They took the land from the native people and gave it to overlords who were cruel and, basically, stole from the poor farm people.

“The people began to lose their connection to the land and, ultimately, to me,” the Goddess said.

“It was 1664 when the last flame burst into fire at my Beltane Festival. After this, the fires burnt no more as they were banned by the Church,” the Goddess said sadly.

“Without my symbols and my energy there to remind man of my presence, a big gap between man and I developed until there was, seldom, anyone who could truly contact me. So, I pulled my energy from the matrix of man and sank into the Earth from whence I came and slept in the very centre of the planet, waiting for a time when I would be remembered and honoured again.”

Now, only a distant memory – remembered, vaguely, by so few.