

**The Dragon Quartet:**  
**A History of Dragons in the Universe**  
**From the Black League of Aldebaran,**  
**To the White Dragon of Sirius B,**  
**To the Red Dragon in the White Garden of Eden,**  
**To How to Incubate Your Dragon**  
**Using Quantum Biology**

by

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# The Dragon Quartet

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## **Introduction:**

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Like the old saw says: "Truth is stranger than fiction." And it's true – at least in my experience. But where does truth come from? Where do ideas come from? And fantasy? And thoughts in general? Leaving aside the purely materialistic view that all mental processes are just brain functions and synapses firing, something else of a different order is happening.

The Hindu tradition, the oldest recorded philosophy states that "All creation is in the mind of God" – in the consciousness of God. The universes are not the body of the Divine, the universes are the thoughts of the Creator made manifest. Mind or consciousness, is a level that supersedes and contains the material world. So our thinking – as a little human chip off the old divine conscious-block, is an echo or an overtone of Divine Mind. Thinking, as perceiving reality based on universal principles of Divine Consciousness, really can't be bested. Truth is not only stranger than fiction, it is more complex, and, of course, more accurate because the universal laws that hold sway are the basis of truth. We as divine/humans resonate in all levels of our beings, from the mental/spiritual through the emotional/astral right down into the physical/etheric. When a thought is true, we vibrate sympathetically with our whole selves. Fiction and fantasy, or lies, for that matter, are not necessarily based on universal principles, and so do not resonate in the same total way.

All this to say, Gentle Reader, that although the Dragon Quartet may be classified as Science Fiction, it is really Galactic fact. It comes from experiencing the Universal Akasha and then translating it by human thought into English – American 2012 style. In other words, I did not simply "make it all up." It's not fiction: it's truth. It is, however, only my personal perception of the vast reality of existence, only seen through my human/spiritual 3<sup>rd</sup> eye, and only understood through my personally extrapolated concepts, so I am well aware: it is only a miniscule part of the whole picture of life and death, infinity and eternity. And, by the way, others, lots of others have done this too, this looking into the spiritual worlds and researching questions – visionaries, prophets, other "science fiction" writers, bards and storytellers, card and palm readers, statisticians, philosophers, futurists, and spiritual scientists. In almost every human endeavor, such divine mental processes are applicable.

So now the time has come to suit up, strap yourself in, open your mind and heart, and allow the truth to reverberate in your thinking and feeling. Then, let it rattle around in the cells of your brain and body – your personal magnificent temple of the divine mind – co-cohabited by you and the Universe.

This book is a collaboration from many dimensions: earthly and off-planet, mundane material and spiritual, Kienda and Shushilla, Christ, the Hierarchies of the spirit, the Warriors of the Rainbow Light, and many others too numerous and numinous to name.

All existence is ensouled. As we human beings have unseen aspects of ourselves – our feelings, thoughts and souls – so too does every facet of existence; from the elemental beings, the gnomes and trolls of the stones and minerals; to the flower fairies and the plant spirits; to the great mother group-soul of each species of animals; to the individual “I” consciousness of each individual human being; to the soul and consciousness of Gaia, Mother Earth; to Christ the Solar Logos of our planetary solar system; to the constellations, galaxy and universe. The whole macrocosm is ensouled.

And then there is the other direction, the microcosm. Each human is a species unto him or her self. The organs and their functions mirror planetary laws – the heart the sun, each cell an individual entity, each molecule a galaxy, each atom a solar system, each human being a universe. Within such breadth and depth there is still scope for comprehension – a basis for understanding the big picture, the tiny picture, and its various interrelationships.

We are at a time of exploration. Every time is a time of exploration because as we progress – accumulate new facts and intuit new (for us) truths – the horizons continually expand. As Bilbo Baggins, *Hobbit Extraordinaire*, once sang, “The road goes ever on and on,” a metaphor for life – it goes on and on, inside to the atom, particle, quark, etc. and outwardly through the solar system, constellations, galaxies, universe, god, etc.

There have been a few glitches along the way. There is need for healing, re-balancing, and restoration on all levels – planetary, bodily, and down to the wounds inflicted at the sub-atomic level since the 1930s. We humans have acted on some very bad advice and it is time for us to make amends and reparation, taking a fresh track of responsibility. We need to grow up, mature and do right by ourselves and our world. So far, we have fouled our nest and damaged our ecosystem by extinguishing millions of creatures at home and then begun to terrorize the planetary neighborhood by aggressively crashing scientific equipment into other bodies in space. We've begun littering up there too. Not good.

Let's clean up and cherish what we have. Let's evolve consciously and explore lovingly. We don't want to be the next order of “Klingons” in our quadrant of the universe. The human legacy's a mixed bag right now and it is in our power to tip the scales either way. I politely suggest we tip it towards justice, equality and equanimity. Let's do it! Let's straighten up and fly right. Let's choose to be a force of love and health and wholeness in the cosmos. We have free will. Let's use it for life. Let's choose survival of all life on earth and in our solar system and even beyond. We can do that, should we choose to do so.

Human evolution has a long way to go. And it “goes” step by step, moment to moment, day by day, lifetime to lifetime, eon to eon. Every moment is an opportunity for awakened choice and conscious action. Our choices are influenced from both the past and the future. Karma dogs us from behind, impelling us on trajectories set by former actions. The future calls us forward and upward to fulfill our individual destinies which were personally chosen in the clear light of the spiritual worlds between death and this life. So there we are in the advancing present, pushed and pulled from two directions. Oh, and, by the way, time is telescoping. Time is moving faster than before, compounding the issue.

We humans have many different unseen aspects, as mentioned before. Each facet is maturing and evolving in its own way and in its own time frame. The physical is the slowest to change and modify, being the densest. The emotions and mind have been wildly busy with their own dramas, and the Ego/I – the self-conscious divine spark – has been having to “ride herd” on some pretty volatile emotional and mental states. Well, the good news is: the time has come to consciously evolve individually. I do NOT mean cloning and genetic tampering. I do not advocate gene modification by physical means. Neither do the angels, archangels or archai, nor any of the positively evolving hierarchies. I refer to spiritual evolution that impacts individual human psychology, physiology, and anatomy. I am talking quantum biology.

Some of the bad advice of the long past got hardwired into the human body. The reptilian brain stem, with its default setting for reaction to sense perception, no longer serves humanity. Yes, it was important to have quick reactions of “fight or flight, kill or be killed” when we co-habited the earth with saber-toothed tigers. But really, NOW? Its not a helpful attitude for community in a densely populated world, or intimate relations, or trust. We cannot wait for Mendel's laws to be applied for centuries yet to come. We need change NOW. We need to adjust the default setting to a new, higher, and more co-operative paradigm. And as the Little Red Hen said, “very well, I'll do it myself.” And she did. And we must.

That reptilian brain stem can be transformed into Dragon consciousness – the dragon of wisdom and largess, brotherhood and soaring spiritual awareness. Not lala land – everything is hunky dory, I'm OK, your OK, Pollyanna denial of the complex duality on almost every level of life. But a basic seeing the glass half full, rather than half empty and in danger of being drained by somebody else. We could perhaps achieve a state of alert, awakened, curiosity and interest in the world, with access to quickened inner tools of discernment. This book makes some suggestions in that direction.

But first, a little overview of cosmic evolution:

In the beginning, Creator slept. All existence – the whole universe was quiescent. Only a gentle rhythmic lapping of primordial matter on the shores of eternity disturbed the utter stillness. Warm, fecund darkness brooded the galaxies within its undulating

folds. Here and there a dream image rose up a brief instant, then melted back into blackness. How long did Creator sleep? Each second an eternity – an infinitude of eternities – the deep, sweet sleep of God. As dawn approached, he dreamed, and his dreams became reality.

In one of his earliest dreams, the Lord of Creation took the form of a Snake. He was Oroborus, the beginning and the end – the snake eating his own tail. He became She and laid an egg which contained many reptilian archetypes – snakes, lizards and dragons. They all came from the same egg. They were different, but all of a reptilian nature and form. The different varieties went their ways to different galaxies and evolved on their chosen planets in diverse ways. On earth, there are only lizard and snake species still in the animal kingdom. There was, however, an ancient time when flying Dragons graced the earth, but they are long gone from the physical plane.

Well, sometime later, the creator dreamed the “frog-form” and begat many amphibian species (a highly evolved biped amphibian species lives in the Pleiades) and then the Cetacean dream, and the Lion dream, and on and on. The naked-ape Human Beings are the latest dream people to be created.

As Old Creator stirred in his sleep, the movement brought differing warmth into play, and the human dream people felt a gentle nudging of themselves, began to wriggle and stretch, seeking to burrow down into those warmed little hollows of their sleeping nests, but becoming aware, though still half asleep, of perhaps a cold draft here or there. So the dream people pulled the covers up over their heads and snuggled down for just a little more – just a bit longer – sleep.

But a new day of creation was dawning, and as Creator, Old Grandfather Macrocosm, himself began to stir, a new flow of vitality shook the dream people. Still in the womb of time and space, just like yet-to-be-developed fetuses, they sensed one another's presence, were attracted or repelled, and began to swarm in pods of like-feeling energies. They felt the new day coming. Birds started singing, fishes stirred in the warm languid seas, the animals grunted and rooted, and the breath of dawn ruffled the little gatherings of the dream people. Then the sun rose. Old Macrocosm felt it coming. Suns were born each day. It had been going on like this forever. So this new sun for this new day for these new dream people, broke over the horizon of eternity and the dream people slept on. Ah, but now their dreams were bright and filled with joy and promise.

By this time, planets began spinning their way around the new sun and when Grandfather Creator really woke up and opened his eyes, it was already too late. Loki Coyote had snuck into his dream and awakened the dream people from their cozy slumber. That trickster from between the worlds had brought them breakfast in bed –

apple turn-overs. The sleepy dream folk ate it up, thinking it was dream apples, but the next thing they knew was a rude awakening as they were shaken from the warm bedclothes by an irate creator. "Hey, where's my turnover – my apple pan-dowdy? And who invited that Loki Coyote into my dream? Oh well, those dream folks are awake and on their own now. Guess I'll just see them tonight, after this coming eternal day. It's a good one and that sure is a beautiful new sun and a lovely morning for this new world." And he went off about his business checking out the galaxies in the north 40 and up and down the Milky Way, leaving a bunch of angels to ride herd on the awakened dream people.

That's how Earth began - just like all the other planets and systems in our universe. The pattern is pretty much the same, day after day of creation. So you see, it was only a few weeks of eternal days before Earth was born, that Old Macrocosm had his Snake Dream. They are older than humans. There he was sleeping and dreaming he was a snake holding his tail in his mouth, rolling through the dream scape, when presto chango, He was She laying a golden egg. The rest is reptilian history. Inside that egg, the reptilians dreamed of warm and cold, then things began to happen. They bumped into one another and felt sparks of life, and then of course, some of those encounters they liked, and some they didn't, so they bunched up in like-feeling pods and grew and grew until the shell burst and they all tumbled out – snakes and lizards and dragons. The dragons took a while to unfurl their wings, and dry them in the first light of the new sun, and get steady in the air. And then they flew away to make their homes in far away places on many planets.

At the dawn of each new world, the planets are softer – the rocks aren't hard yet and the sky is usually more like cotton candy or a steam room, and the new dream people, of whatever shape and form, are not boney, but still soft and mobile, and their dream spirits can still see the dream world and the day world, together at the same time. They're like the new kids on the new block. They don't have history. They don't know nuthin'. Which is why the trickster, Loki Coyote by whatever form and name, can always bamboozle them and talk them into some foolish thing; and those precious, sleepy dream people, almost always get duped – they're naive, sweet and innocent, kind and trusting, and have no experience yet to learn from. So he furnishes the dream people a big dollop of experience, from which they hopefully will learn. There's good can come of it. It's a lot of work, but pretty interesting, and yes, good can come of it.

Unfortunately, down the line there's a problem. It seems that something always goes wrong with the dream people who eat that apple turnover. It looks good, it smells good and tastes good, but by and by there's some real indigestion. It's just too darn dense. They are on the downward spiral to rockdom – hardening and solidifying. They



can't see the dream worlds anymore and are stuck with day consciousness, which can get pretty dry and boring after a while.

So at some point in the evolution of each world, there is the need for an infusion of spirit to turn the people, now fully awake, on the downward slide, and damn uncomfortable, back onto the upward swing of evolution – back up to the spirit dream world, but this time as lucid dreamers – asleep and awake – conscious in both worlds at the same time and enjoying it. Eventually, they will fall into the next cosmic sleep, from whence they themselves will awaken as the dream creators.

It is always through one of their own kind, that the saving comes. Someone's got to do it. And usually the plan is known. The pattern has repeated itself across the universe, so there are always stories, signs, prophecies, and visions that come to the people for hope – for surety of change.

Some of the worlds go really deep into sorrow, suffering and pain. Some of the dragon worlds did. Earth has. But there are always a few people who remember and keep the faith that a change and growth will come. And a few of the people are always prepared to work with the Big Lord of their system to bring about that change. Jesus the Human Being and Christ the Lord of the Sun did the deed for Earth, humanity and the whole solar system, not to mention the ripple out effects in this quadrant of the universe. It was Shushilla the White Dragon who did the deed for Sirius.

## **Prologue: Shushilla and Kienda**

“It happened a long, long time ago when Lucifer came to Earth – Lucifer, the regent of the Morning Star, noble, brilliant, intelligent, and proud. Aye, and there's the rub – proud – a too human attribute for an Archangel.” said my daughter in her best story-telling voice.

“Then you are a child of Lucifer and the morning star, and I, a child of Christ and Earth, even though I'm your mother.” I said, sitting opposite the fascinating form of Shushilla, a white Dragon – more milky pearly, really and very beautiful to look upon.

“You see, we children of Earth have carried the memory of Lucifer in the reptilian brain stem all these years. I mean, who was that red snake in the white garden anyway?”

“Why Lucifer, of course.”

“And how did he get there may I ask?”

So we – Shushilla, a white Dragon, and I, a mature Human woman, settled ourselves more cozily in our chairs and she began.

“It's not always peaceful in the 'other' worlds – the spiritual worlds. Shit happens' as you say here on Earth. Of course, earthly shit can be seen – bent fenders, broken glass, blood, sweat and tears. Or heard, like wails of sorrow and anguish – all that sort of thing. But have you ever seen a broken dream or a stupid idea? Human feelings and thoughts aren't piled up in 'used thought yards' or recycled at the goodwill or consignment shops. In the unseen worlds of feelings, thoughts, dreams and wishes, there is a lot of variety, and the extremes are even more dramatic than between the things we see and hear. I mean, gravity holds physical stuff down. But in those other 'places', gravity doesn't apply at all. Have you ever found a pile of dirty thoughts heaped up in the corner, waiting for thought washing day? I don't think so.”

I laughed, imagining an unruly bundle of my favorite 'worries' writhing in some dust-bunny littered hamper.

Shushilla looked hard at me, “Where are your thoughts, Mum? Where have they all gone? Just because you can't see them doesn't mean they have ceased to exist. Oh, no, not so easy as that. It's the Thought Catchers that get 'em and take 'em away. All the residue of thoughts and feelings, the ones you haven't used or transformed, the ones you've stuffed into the subconscious are rounded up and put away or else the unseen worlds would be buried in them. Actually, that is one of the job descriptions for your Angel and your Imps – Thought Catchers. It's true, you know, what your dear little Grandmother said, 'Be nice, now. It makes your guardian Angel happy.' And as you know, Angels like to be happy. It's another of their jobs – Being Happy – well, serene, really. But whatever. What your Grandmother did not say was, 'When you are naughty, it makes your Imps gloat,' because that's their job – tempting you and then gloating when you fall for it – whatever the temptation is.”

“Now here's the catch. There are two Imps and only one angel. There is just so much shit in this world that it takes two of them to keep up with cataloging it all. One likes to tempt you into 'getting off the wheel, while still enjoying all the perks, like self-

delusion, sex, drugs, rock and roll, or anything that sweeps you away into forgetfulness of the deeper beauty and significance of life in its full glory. The other imp scoffs at such frivolity and tempts you into 'what you see is what you get, so grab all you can and fuck the others and the rest,' – an attitude which comes in handy when there's money to be made or a promotion to be had."

"So anyway, the Thought Catchers, your Angel and Imps, hold on to your ideas and emotions that they particularly like, and then transcribe them into different sections of your Book of Life. Or usually these days they just 'cut 'n' paste' or collage them in. This book, your very own Book of Life is on file in the Akashic Library. But don't worry there are privacy rules. Your innermost, deepest desires are not out there for anybody else to read, and besides, every human being is busy writing their own book, living their own lives. And you know, each Human Being has a whole shelf of their own with consecutive books for each incarnation." Shushilla was really on a roll.

"So mercifully, all those historical thoughts aren't cluttering up the unseen worlds. You understand that I mean unseen by human physical eyes. You've heard, I suppose, of the Third Eye?"

I nodded, having dabbled in the esoteric and occult in my earlier years. And then, with a tingling between my brows, I remembered vividly my own darling mother reading me the Grimm's fairy tale of "One Eye, Two Eyes and Three Eyes." That particular story fascinated me and she read it over and over to my continued delight. "Yes, the Third Eye." I replied, touching the place between my brows

"Well, that, my darling mother," said my strange and wonderful surrogate child, "is the unseen eye for the unseen worlds." And now I really felt the tingling like a brush of lashes. "So, how was it I came to be your mother?" I asked, "from your side, I mean."

"Whoa, Mama, this present moment is just the tip of the proverbial iceberg. The story of our relationship goes way back beyond time as we know it. It has something to do with the creation of the Universe and the history of the galaxy. Neither of us was conscious in those beginnings, but the stage was being set, so that we could meet and relate and love together. "

Again her voice took on the cadence and rhythm of the ancient bards. "In the beginning was all and nothing. All matter and energy were homogenized and quiescent. Pralaya, it is called by the Hindus – the in-breath of God. God – the ground of all existence, the prime mover or as then, the prime sleeper – the all encompassing consciousness in this quadrant of the universe. It goes like this for the physical side of

things: universe, galaxy, star system (your solar system), planet, species, organ, cell, molecule, atom, particle and energy. And in the unseen worlds: God, Seraphim, Cherubim, Thrones, Kyriotetes, Exusia, Dynamis, Archai, Archangels, Angels, Humans, Animals, Plants, Stones and physical matter. And of course, there are all sorts of cross-overs and mixed media, as it were. “

“Now, depending on the evolutionary parameters of any given, say, sun system as the largest functioning unit, there is only a short piece of eternity that is spent mucking about in the physical three and four dimensions, which is the prime 'shit-happening' time, because it is governed by duality – and duality means opposites and hence opposition – mine/yours, hot/cold, happy/sad, etc. Duality in matter and emotions and thinking. But the flip side of this duality conundrum is : freedom of choice – free will – the possibility of finding the middle path between the extremes, and good luck to us all.”

### *Past Incarnation in Tibet*

“So Mom, when was your first memory of dragons?” Shushilla asked. “I have been watching humanity for a long time now. In the most ancient times, we interrelated. Lucifer the intelligent Prime Reptilian/Dragon rich in philosophy, culture and practical skill incarnated in the East a long, long time ago. She was the Yellow Empress, who taught mankind of that primaeval time, the skills of their culture and the amenities of their daily lives such as healing, education, fabric and paper making, sewing, cooking, pottery, crafts, and the laws of government and society. Dragons were appreciated then and held in high regard. But, being the three dimensional world that it is, things took a turn and although in the beginning wise humans and dragons worked together to improve and embellish life and accelerate the evolution of your – at that time – rather primitive species, that phase, though it lasted a long time, began to decline.”

I broke into her narrative at this point, remembering a hypnotherapy session that included a deep and lasting connection with a Dragon. As I shared the tale with my daughter, I had the feeling that I was living it again, the experience was so clear, and sense-drenched.

“The induction took me deep down under a temple high in the Himalayas. The stairs and hall are cut into the bedrock of the mountain. I stand before an ancient green enameled door with a curved handle, but I do not want to enter. I know that there are things behind the green door that I

am not ready to face - relics and bones and spirits and ghosts. This is a test, and whether it is failure or wisdom, I turn and climb the stairs that lead into the secret chambers of the temple. The Master Lama waits for me and says it is indeed wise that I did not go in. He likes me and is glad I am still alive. But now my training at this monastery has come to an end. There is only the green door left for me here. I have lived in this temple, practicing the rituals and rites of this ancient order for all of my remembered years. I am only in my late teens, but I have mastered many of the difficult tasks through privation, perseverance and natural aptitude. The energy here is intense. This temple has been a portal between the worlds, spiritual and material, for centuries, and there are myriads of attending spiritual beings, both benign and wrathful.

Our whole world is a protected valley surrounded by steep mountains which are honeycombed with caves. Many caves are filled with the bones and relics of a particular family of the villagers, monks of the lamasery, wise or foolish, or bones of murderers and bandits. I spent long days and nights of my early training, meditating, fasting and keeping vigil here. The power of my practice came from establishing a relationship to the spiritual beings attached to the bones. The artifacts and bones are doorways to other dimensions, and it was my task, as I sat among them to journey into their realms and learn what they had to teach. I also learned to subjugate the spirits to my will and desire. These are the skills, and this is the "stage" for the competitions of rank and power within my order.

The bones of the peasants led to pastoral scenes, petty jealousies, sometimes love, and mostly to the struggle to survive in the harsh environment. There was spiritual darkness and a deep-seated fear of the monastery and all our practices. Many lamas' bones told stories of thwarted desire and violent, untimely death. A few hummed of acceptance and love of the wild nature surrounding us. One old Lama, a former head of the order, devised all sorts of trickery with mirages, and illusions to distract and derail the inexperienced practitioner. It was only after a prolonged period of time of successful practice that one was allowed to vigil in the murderer's cave. Hideous wrathful beings swarmed around me there, tearing at my flesh and drinking my blood. This too, was all an illusion and in the morning, my physical body was intact, though my soul/spirit was shaken to the core. I knew that something even more terrifying was down beneath the temple, behind the green door.

But I knew that it was not my time to conquer whatever it was. With nothing to challenge me here, I decided to leave and received the Master's permission to travel into the world. I had rarely even gone into the village at the foot of our mountain, and as I moved among the people in the raggle-

taggle barter-market, I felt their attachment to the surface of things - how life was spent in getting and surviving - blind to the meaning behind what they could see, taste, hold and possess. There were no signs of religious practice except a few rock cairns piled at the cross-paths of the mountain treks, more information than devotion. The mountain itself was 'god' to the people, dealing life or death through snow, storm, spring bounty or drought and famine.

I left all that behind as I descended into India. The press and squall of people, jostling and squabbling, bargaining and begging was overwhelming. The profusion of trees and plants, wild animals and domesticated herds, the wide rivers, intricate temples and abundant verdant fields expanded my mind with great dreams of plenty and comfort for all. But the reality was not like my dream. There was squalor and poverty even here amidst plenty. The rich grew richer, the fat fatter, and the poor died miserably in the dust and were left to rot with the trash. Everyone grabbed as much as they could, hang the means, forget the cost - each grasped for the surface, clutching the momentary pleasure possession brought. If the energy feeling at home was restrained, intense, dark, and seething with power, here the very air was passionately pulsing in daggers of red and jealous green, with undertones of wailing misbegotten degradation. I lurched across the barren spiritual landscape in a meditative haze, as my body walked the uneven paths between physical heaven and physical hell.

And then I saw a light. It was a golden, bright, compelling light that called me half way across India, shining from a pauper prince who was teaching to multitudes on the Ganga. Everyone who sat at his feet began to radiate the same golden light, generated by new ideas, new concepts that excited all of us and uplifted our thoughts above the seething instincts broiling among the masses of humanity. There is a 'right' way, a correct path that leads to peace, an experience unknown to most people, Peace and the dawning of the Golden Rule are a new interpretation of Karma. No longer is ones karma simply meted out by the arbitrary gods, but an individual is responsible for some part of their own existence, even if it is only in how one tries to walk the 8-fold path. It makes good sense to do things in the right way - to be kind and right to others and they will be happy and I will be happy. Happy - I had never dared to think that I could be happy. Suddenly, people are feeling a new freedom - a freedom to choose how to live their own lives. We know now that we can choose how we respond to whatever life and our karma bring to us. And I know that this will make a difference for my soul when I die. I hear the death knell for the death cult of my youth. People can see a positive future and we are all excited with the bright possibilities - the golden light is spreading.

I begin to wear a golden robe like many of the followers of the pauper prince - the Buddha who has seen through the illusion and fallacy of this world of Maya. When our beloved teacher dies, giving me an experience of diamond mind resolution, singularity of focus and absolute acceptance, I begin to hear the call from the mountains. Soon after, everyone is scattered as the differences of interpretation become apparent. I feel like I don't belong. I have no part in the dissension, and the longing to return home is upon me. So I begin the long trek through India to the hills, teaching as I go. I have only to share the stories and my listeners are alight. People have been waiting for a new ray of light and hope, and a guide on the journey of life. They have been waiting to walk the 8 fold path. There is a swath of golden light marking my return.

As I enter the village in my valley, some people recognize me from my departure so many years ago. All are amazed at my appearance - bright saffron robes and the light that I exude. It is such a dramatic contrast to the dark force of the monastery and my former demeanor. I climb the steps to the temple with trepidation and find the air thick with captured souls and my old teacher, past one hundred years of age, holding on to life by the force of the death of others. He is angry at my presence and as I sit before him, he hurls lightning bolts and conjures snarling tigers to devour me from behind. I remain in impassive concentration. Finally, he has spent himself and falls to the floor, depleted unto death. On his death-bed, he says that I must go through the green door and I understand, "now is the right time."

I descend the stairs as I had once so long ago, followed by a group of young monks. All is as I remember, but the door handle is icy cold to the touch. It is black inside and smells of dank ancient evil. As soon as I step across the threshold, the monks close the door, lock it and run away, and I am left to find my way out. The ultimate initiation is to navigate the labyrinth in total darkness. I must walk through and come out the other side, but the way is not straight and is filled with snakes and pits and sharp knives and heaped in the way are the bones and desiccated bodies of other monks who have died in the attempt over the last few centuries.

The sound of scuttling creatures in the dark is horrifying and I pause, my back to the door, to collect my mind and increase the radiance of my aura. The light I throw is sufficient for my third eye to perceive what is around me, and I begin carefully, patiently and peacefully to walk down the passageway. Pits of foul, inexplicable slime pock the floor, the air is deafening with the screams and howlings of wrathful disincarnates, and at any moment, some creature may hurl its loathsome body towards me, gnashing its fangs and spitting blood. Some of these challenges, like the snakes, are physical, and some are mirage, and I must continue moving

through, although the stench of something far more malignant gets stronger with each step I take. Narrow passages lead from the main corridor and at one crossroad, I stand a moment to consider. The smell from the main passage is unbearable, but I resolve to continue straight ahead anyway.

The next turn opens out into a vast cave and there in fearful glory is a huge rearing dragon, red eyes blazing; breathing clouds of acrid smoke. The lashing tail comes towards me and it is ready to plunge dagger claws and rip me apart, but I draw myself up to my pitifully small stature in comparison and speak into the maelstrom of violence, "You may not harm me. Permission denied!" The dragon has heard me and in a minute or two - each as long as eternity - it subsides and sinks down to my level. I see that the door is directly behind it, but I stay my ground and the dragon and I communicate. I command that it give me its wisdom, its message -and I understand, "All is One, even the dark side. Everything is part of the One," "If that is so, that all are one," I reply, "perhaps you might choose to walk the Buddha way." The dragon snorted, "What is right for a human might not be right for a dragon, and vice versa,"

In the end it granted me passage to the door. I opened it and looked into clear air. The door opened on the sheer face of a rock wall hundreds of feet above the monastery, thousands of feet below the crest. The moon was shining brightly and the vast spaces in all directions were bathed in an eerie glow. On the vertical cliff, there is no way to climb or walk. And so I must fly. I ask the dragon to take me to the monastery. It consents because we have touched one another's minds and destinies in our communion and it will mean his freedom also. It has been millennia since the dragon was imprisoned in the cave by spells and incantations, used for power and control through the fear its presence produced. As we flew, we shared a bond of wild joy and freedom - the wind streaming in hair and rushing wings. The golden light embraced us both and when we parted, he made a mute promise not to hurt innocent beings. Then, with a great scream of exultation, the dragon rose up on green wings and golden light, and disappeared over the crest of the mountain like a brilliant shooting star in the dark night sky.

In the beginning of time, dragon-power was healing energy, but through the ages it had become perverted and twisted, no longer used for life but caught in the machinations of the cult of death. This dragon alone had survived and was now free to pursue his own destiny, free from control and manipulation. And I believe that All is One, and that the true dragon way is a good part of the One, and that the evolution of dragons is a part of the evolution of all life and is worthy of respect.



My ancient master was overjoyed when I returned to his bedside; happy that I still lived and awed that I had freed the dragon. And as he lay dying, he gave me his blessing and passed the mastery of the monastery on to me. He died in an aura of golden light. The energy of the temple was changed forever. In the past, the souls and spirits kept incarnating over and over again in the same place. The higher initiations in many orders taught spiritual practices that used death to get supernatural powers such as the ability to throw thunderbolts, divination, longevity, wealth, sexual prowess, knowledge and other abilities. It was common practice to use the bones and relics of the dead like a doorway to travel into spiritual worlds. Although great power was at ones command, such practices did not open one's own spiritual eyes or lead to enlightenment. So the Buddha path was in marked contrast to the old ways. The new way developed discipline of the self and began the process of awakening spiritual faculties. Inner soul forces were beginning to stir and these made a difference after death, as well as in the midst of life.

As I began to teach the Buddha way, at first only a few monks were drawn to Po Tuk, our monastery, but in time the news of the bright new experiences traveled far and wide and many monks came from the far corners of the mountains and valleys of Tibet. The new covenant with one self was to do what was right for one self and for others, to seek ones own destiny, knowing that it would be good for the world as well. Another of the practices was to seek the purpose and meaning of life. I taught for years and trained many to follow the 8-fold path, including my successor.

I reached a very old and venerable age and as my body was failing, I looked forward to meeting my true master, the Buddha. I instructed the monks not to do the old death rites which were designed to capture the dying soul and use the spiritual forces for one's own purposes. New rituals and prayers had been instituted a while ago, but I knew that some of the lamas wanted to try to wrest power for themselves. The new way was a continuation after death of the high ideals aspired to during life. As I lay in state, meditating my way beyond the threshold of death, two monks in the corner of the room began to silently recite the old incantations: they wanted my soul. My spirit rose up and thumped them on the sides of their heads, and they were frozen with terror and stopped. In time they became ardent Buddhists, having experienced the incredible conscious power available to the soul from the new practices.

As I concluded my story and finally looked up, having been in Tibet and India, for all intents and purposes, I could see tears shining in Shushilla's eyes. "That was ME,

Mom. That was us," she cried throwing herself into my arms, and we wept together over our mutually supportive incarnations, amazed that we were both aware of them. We calmed down after our cry and laugh interlude, and she said,

"It's sad but true – things went bad. At first it was just here and there, now and then. Occasionally, a few people would take the left-hand path of black magic and used the power and intelligence of the Dragon for their own devious purposes. It had been happening for centuries before your incarnation occurred and that Dragon was my last incarnation in physical form on this planet. That's why we're here together today, Mother dear. We meet again for purpose. Anyway, this is how all that was for me." she said as introduction, and then launched into her side of the story.

"As I said before, we dragons had been watching earth for millennia – since Lucifer was sent here way back in Lemurian times. But the populations of humanity were way too primitive and undeveloped after 'the fall' to afford any real opportunity for interaction. So, many of us dragons went to other star systems and evolved with the populations there who were already more advanced although, some did stay to shepherd the evolution of a couple of aspects of humanity and the reptile species. The work with humans was a difficult assignment and not much fun, since we were employed as the negative force to goad evolution onward after Lemuria."

"It was soon after the deluge and the crustal shift caused by the shenanigans on Atlantis, that many of us came down to earth again. We High Dragons came to assist our regent, Lucifer in his civilizing of the remnant of people in the East. Culture was possible now, and the arts and crafts had a chance to develop. We worked with the kings of men and the priests and shamen to instill respect and consciousness of the higher vibrational, unseen worlds. Mankind was very different from what he has evolved to be now. He was very 'dreamy' in everyday waking consciousness. He could see his ancestors – those who had died – and knew that they needed care and continued love and attention. The various practices of Confucianism mark the time when those instinctive understandings were fast fading. So to continue serving their functions, the belief in ancestor worship and the controlled organization of human activity were installed in the religion of the time. The few dragons still around were not so appreciated any more. The living experience of Dragon inspiration became obsolete as bureaucracy in priestly garb, took over." Shushilla looked distinctly disgruntled.

She went on, "Now it happened, that two or three priests in the area I was inhabiting wanted my power and energy to increase their hold on the people, so I was beguiled and betrayed by the head of the monastery with whom I had collaborated for years. He asked me to help remove some pernicious spirits from the mountain behind the monastery and when I was

in the great cavern-hall, I felt something coming over me which even I could not see. He cast a spell so powerful that I could not escape – a psychic circle of power, based upon the death-energy of all the lives of all the former heads of the monastery. The net was knotted at each intersection of rope, like macrame, and each knot was held in place by a different person's spell power. At first I thrashed and fought furiously, but it was too strong and held me there in the cave. When I calmed, I surveyed my domain (such as it was) and resigned myself to my fate.”

“I was trapped there for a millennium. At first, I held audience with the monks who came and taught them. In the early days, the monks who made it into my chamber were the initiates who had achieved elevated knowledge and were able through their discipline and abilities, to follow the passageways and come to me. Many of them were earnest, soulful men, and even imprisoned as I was, I enjoyed our communications. But then, another high priest rose to perverse power who used fear to control and subdue the people. I was demonized and despised, and any monks who were thrust into the green door now, were stupid and fearful and so died, because fear closes the third eye, which is necessary to traverse the passageways. Anyway, by the time you got there, it had been centuries of this abject and lonely life. I was pretty well done in, and I despaired of ever getting free again. Humans seemed all so ignorant and afraid.”

She brightened, “But then you came and the rest is our history. Once I was out beyond the circle spell, I was able to transcend the physical and assume my unseen form and existence again. My God, what a relief. I traveled to my own people and roamed the universe for a while before settling down in a community of dragons who were working with the evolution of Aldebaran, which was going through its own trials of three dimensionality.”

Shushilla paused and looked at me intently, “I can see, Mom, that you are boggling at the span of this story, and trying to keep it all straight, but, relax, time is all different in the unseen worlds. Things move backward and forward and sometimes in parallel motion. Once you get out beyond earth's atmosphere, time, like gravity, no longer applies. Each planet or inhabited star-body has its own form of time depending on the state of consciousness of their population. But there is no time in the spaces between, in your parlance its eternity out there. I mean, really, what's a light year compared to a nanosecond?”

“So Mom, how did we go from that incarnation to now? How did you become my mother?” I wriggled a bit in my chair, grappling with the magnitude of the

question. "Because the stork brought you by mistake, and you were so cute I couldn't give you back?" I said, and we both went into gales of laughter, relieved to be out of the dark past and into a brighter present. When we gathered ourselves once again, Shushilla continued, "OK, so here is the rest of my story, and from the beginning, too."

"I was old, by your standards, before your world was born. Reptiles, animals, plants and minerals are all older than humans. I went through many long incarnations on Lyre, Aldebaran, and Sirius, before coming to Earth, when your planet was just a soft spot in the galactic neighborhood. I was delighted and enthusiastic about life on Earth. The air and water and land were not so clearly differentiated, and I loved to soar through the thick viscous, billowing clouds. The sun was not the same as it is now either. The sun had a gentle, nurturing, feminine feeling. She cast a warm glow down to earth that didn't penetrate the seething clouds very deeply. I flew as high as I could one day to see the sun, but never did. The world was in perpetual dawn – though everything was warmed from below by the heat of Earth herself. Seen from space, the earth was an amorphous globe of warm matter, with soft and mobile beings floating or swimming in the thick atmosphere. I also was soft and mobile – only cartilage and muscle."

"The longer I stayed on Earth, the denser I became, because the denser earth became. Eventually, the seas, sky, and land masses started to separate from one another and take on specific characteristics. I also developed bones, and my skin, which had been so silky smooth, became harder and rougher. I had always been able to move between the physical, perceptible worlds and the unseen spiritual worlds. The higher vibrational, unseen etheric worlds are my true home, but I could materialize, also."

"The birth and youth of a new star system and new planets is beautiful to see, and there were a few dragons who watched the whole process – and I, Shushilla, was one. I felt so much hope and promise and expectation in this new world. Its absolutely exhilarating to fly the atmosphere of a new planet. The elements are raw and readily available. The laws of physical relationships and bonding patterns had not set in yet. Every element was in colloidal form, suspended in the atmosphere. I could breath it all in and it was delicious – like flying through the elixir of life. The original Dragons virtually swam through great billowy clouds of thick vital vapor."

"But then evolution set in for good – the long descent down into ever more profoundly material form. All the free elements began bonding atomically and separating out in specific forms. Like attracted like and colonies gathered – different metals and minerals coagulated in specific locations, under specific conditions, and

before long, Earth's crust had hardened and took on form and shape and continents stabilized a bit."

"Once the planet had an actual surface, plants began to precipitate out of the unseen archetypal worlds. The forms and complexity of plant life evolved over eons as the etheric laws of being, became clothed in matter. Whenever a habitat niche developed, an animal form was soon to follow. The warm seas were the first to be inhabited by animal life. The first little protozoans and zoo plankton swam in the primordial earth soup, and larger creatures evolved to eat them and then bigger fish to eat the smaller, and so on completing the cycle. The earth seethed and teemed with life in myriad forms for millions of years, until it was ready for human habitation."

"I enjoyed the early earth, and watched with interest as the various human prototypes began to precipitate out of the generalized primal matter. The spirit and idea of the differing human kinds drew matter together forming a body in which it could inhabit and live on earth for a while, learning the laws of the physical plane and the situations thereof. The early humanoids, such as Neanderthal, did not make it up to the present, but the human spirit learned quite a lot in the early days. It was not until Homo Sapiens came about that a human form developed that was capable of evolving sufficiently to fulfill the promise of Earth's destiny."

"From that point on, the earth settled down, cooling and hardening, although it wasn't until after the deluge, and the crustal shifts that slid Atlantis down to the southern pole, that the moisture in the atmosphere precipitated out in the Biblical forty days and forty nights of rain. After the clouds were cleared, and the water settled in the seas, the sun came out. The human survivors saw the sun and the rainbow for the first time. It heralded a new relationship of air, water and earth."

"Because this solar system is new in a very old galaxy, there are many advanced cultures and populations that have been watching earth's progress. We Dragons are only one kind of Elder Beings who have visited earth. And because of Lucifer and his intervention at the time of the first sustainable human incarnation, we have remained involved in earth's affairs. 'Lucifer' means 'Light Bearer,' and he and we are very intelligent. Some of us are wise, having through our connection with humanity, gained compassion as well. Watching the course of time and the unfoldment of human nature has often bordered on pity. Oh, God, but it has been a rocky road. Once human evolution got going – too soon, I admit – humanity faced trials and tribulations, many more than could be borne. So stumbling and falling, getting up and trying again, seemed to be the modis operandi. It was mostly brutal. And I apologize again for the part my species played in the downfall. And it hasn't stopped yet. It hasn't moved in the

direction that Lucifer intended either. He got a lot more than he bargained for, as I have often said.”

“For one thing, there was another interloper from the unseen worlds who came onto earth and into earthly humanity during the ancient Persian time. Life was lived in mythic proportions back then. Zoroaster was a 'demigod' leading the humanity of the time into sun and fire worship, which was appropriate then. The sun and farming and animal husbandry were being bonded together as the nomadic, hunter/gatherer, matriarchal societies were giving way to farming communities and the patriarchal impulse. As the advancing cultures were based on possession and accumulation, other qualities and values were inserted – competition, protection and war, isolation and closed communities, leading to the necessity of government, laws and punishment. The intervening being at this time was Ahriman, the antithesis of Ahura Mazda, the sun god who shines without judgment on all. Ahriman fostered the negative side of the patriarchal system – might became right, possession of land and material wealth were all that mattered. Women and children were disenfranchised and demoted to chattel. The surface was supreme, and human consciousness took another few steps deeper into materiality.”

“This was not what Lucifer wanted at all. He wanted people to just float above the earth and try to get off the wheel of incarnations and back to paradise as quickly as possible and at all costs. Since he has his abode within the human astral body, he did not want to go through all those messy trials and tribulations, wars and senseless deaths. He was very happy when people were in ecstatic states, or in a trance, or anything other than mucking about in hard, cold reality. But now there were two interlopers tugging at humanity from opposite sides – Lucifer to tempt people to disincarnate too soon and just float above life, and Ahriman who would plunge the spirit into the unconsciousness of pure matter.”

“Lucifer would have one chance at a physical incarnation, and so would Ahriman. Lucifer took the opportunity in 2000BC. The earth had stabilized by then, being 5,000 years after the fall of Atlantis, and the earth had regenerated. Slowly but surely, human culture had risen from the ashes of the former Atlantean world-scape. The air was now thinner and clearer, the earth no longer hot and mobile, except for the ring of fire around the Pacific. The earthquakes and shudderings had subsided and patterns of rainfall and the seasonal effect of the earth’s tilt and rotation were well established. The stage was set for cultural innovation.”

“Lucifer took the plunge and incarnated in Ancient China as the mythical Yellow Emperor, who, surrounded by dragons, brought culture to a divinely high point. Along

with the grace and beauty of the music, poetry, silk and the role of leadership, however, came the practice of binding the feet of girls, which closed the chakras on the soles of the feet and hindered the connection of women – the life-bearers – to Earth's forces. It was heaven on earth for Lucifer. Exquisite beauty, delicate refined sense experiences and no taint of earth. Court life was a created reality with tenuous ties to normal earthly life. Thank goodness, it is mostly the gifts of healing modalities and the arts and crafts that remain to this day. The “Light Bearer” had brought cultural impulses to the primitive Earth that have stood the test of earthly time.”

“Ahriman is scheduled for incarnation at the end of the 20<sup>th</sup> century – beginning of the 21<sup>st</sup> – NOW. Dragons are not involved here, although some Reptilians of the negative persuasion are meddling. Ahriman wants humans to become totally earthly – to forget beauty and nobility and live for power, possessions, and the fulfillment of sensual pleasures only. No time for the lala-land of spirit or joy, but instead, only science and cynicism.”

“Mercifully, for humankind, a positive intervention occurred at the 'turning point of time.' The Christ being – the god of the Sun – incarnated in Jesus, the human being. Jesus Christ walked the middle path between Lucifer and Ahriman. He modeled the prototype of a balanced human being, a spirit within a body, aware in both worlds – seen and unseen – and living and acting in both. He tweaked the pattern of human evolution, changing the direction from the plummet into matter and the loss of spiritual awareness, to the upward swing toward paradise again, but this time in full consciousness.”

“Neither Dragons nor Reptilians were involved at this point. It was only Christ's work. Both Lucifer and Ahriman tempted him when the transference first happened, when he was alone in the desert, however, he rejected all temptation.”

“It was because of Lucifer's intervention in human affairs, that death was instituted by the good angels to assure human evolution. Christ came to overcome death by conscious living, conscious dying, and conscious spiritual resurrection. Our Lord Lucifer's meddling has been redeemed. He is still wishing for a world of his own making, and in his own likeness, however, he now knows that it will not happen here. Yes, he can still tempt people through his old tricks – drugs, sex without love, rock and roll of the negative sort, alcohol, cigarettes and all substances that de-incarnate the I from the body. And of course, the reptilian brain stem keeps the fear and anger program going in most people.”

“But there are changes coming,” I interjected, “time to install a new program and reboot the human race up a notch to a new, vital, clear consciousness.”

“And that's why I am here now.” replied Shushilla. “And that is why you are my mother. But you must tell me how it happened. I was in eggero and don't remember.”

### *Siridon and the Golden Egg*

“Well, my darling daughter, It happened this way. I have occasionally heard 'the call,' which is literal. Clairaudience is the hearing sense which functions between the worlds, and sometimes my name is called as clear as day. Sometimes, it is just a distinct feeling that if I don't lie down, I will fall down, because there is somewhere in the other worlds that I must visit. And NOW!! So when that happens I find a comfy spot to lie down and cover up and get safe and secure because sometimes I am gone for hours and its good to know that your body is safe. The first time I awoke half off the bed, I had been slow in realizing what was happening and didn't get myself quite set in time. It is through one of these calls that I first met Siridon and the Golden Egg.

I became aware of movement first. I was in an enclosed capsule and moving very rapidly. I kept my eyes closed and speculated – hundreds of miles per hour. I'm sure I'm flying. It was pleasantly warm and the air was fresh. I sensed someone else with me but could not muster the will to open my eyes, so relaxed into the ride. We slowed and then came to a stop and at last I could open my eyes. I was in a little pod vehicle and we were on the landing dock of a vast ship. I could not focus on my companion, but felt comfortable with his presence. A little door slid open and I stooped to get out after my unfocused friend. We went up some stairs and a round door silently opened like a camera aperture and we entered a long gray hallway, warm, carpeted, and lit by unseen lamps.

Walking towards us was a tall regal man in a brown jumpsuit, close fitting over a slender, muscular body. He was amazing to me because his full mane of hair was very like a lion's and his features were leonine, with extremely intelligent eyes and noble bearing. As he reached us, he stretched out his hand to me saying, “Welcome, I am Siridon.” I introduced myself, and my original diminutive companion excused himself and left. I was invited for a talk and tea, and Siridon and I walked down the hall and into another “camera eye” door – this one oval. I felt totally at home in Siridon's company, but cannot remember at all what we spoke about. We had a cup of tea and then Siridon asked if I would like to see the healing room and perhaps experience it. As a healer on earth, and in a challenging phase of my earthly life, I was delighted with the opportunity.



We walked down the long corridor, turned into a hall on the left and the first door to the right slid open. The room was small, round, and domed. In the center of the room was a tall bed draped in soft white cloth. Siridon explained, "the walls will come alive with color and sound and you may simply lie here and drink it all in to your heart's content." The space was beautiful and serene, so I said, "Oh, yes, thank you." and lay down. He covered me gently with the soft white cloth, said, "Enjoy," and left the room.

Presently I began to hear, or maybe it was feel a humming, soft and melodic. The walls seemed to undulate as colors began to dance across the dome, down the walls and into me. The humming became a melody of exquisite delicacy and grace, simple and repetitive, but deeply soothing and penetrating. The colors swirled and danced, filling the whole room. I was breathing colors in and out, rocked and sung to, and fell into a deep and healing sleep.

I awoke the next morning in my own little bed here on earth, refreshed and healed from the sorrows of my life. I was a single mother of three daughters and life was a challenge with no help from the fathers. So I had been tired and run-down, but that morning and a long time after, I felt fine, delighted, hopeful, and healed. During that year of great need, I visited with Siridon and went to the healing room, four or five times. Each was the same. As I lay down on my bed in my room, I just knew that I was going there. I became conscious of Siridon and my surroundings when I was in the hallway of the ship, and then we walked and talked our way to the healing room. I would lie down, be tenderly covered and then wake up the next morning, home, again, in my own bed, renewed.

One evening after a particularly long, hard day, I wanted so badly to be healed, that I told myself, "I'm going!" So I lay on my bed and willfully went. Siridon was not there to meet me when I became conscious in the hall. So not knowing what else to do, I continued straight, turned left, and the first door slid open as I stood before it and touched the wall. "Whooooops," It was not the healing room.

Inside were 3 large reptilians, relaxing in their private room. One had his legs up on the desk and was leaning back in his chair. He was telling his buddy, who lounged on the bed about how he missed his mate back home. It was sweet really, he spoke with affection and respect. It took a few seconds for them to realize that their door had been opened silently, and when they turned and saw me, they were astonished. Heaven only knows what I looked like to them. I'm not really sure what I look like up there. Down here I was in pajamas and tousled hair. They jumped up, not angrily or violently, but my presence brought them all to their feet.

When the door had opened, I had stepped into the room, now I stepped backward, the door silently opened, I stepped out, and the door closed again. I moved quickly down the corridor and around the first corner. The reptilians didn't follow me, so I relaxed and decided to take this opportunity to look around the ship. The hallway I was following had a gentle curve to the right and I found a window at my height. It looked into an atrium in the center of the ship where food was growing and a whole forest stood. The tallest trees seemed about six to eight stories high judging from the rows of windows I counted on the wall – maybe even ten. There was a skylight which allowed brilliant sunlight, unfiltered by our earthly atmosphere, to enter. There were brightly colored birds in the branches. It looked like a piece of jungle, vibrant and pulsing with life.

Siridon found me staring through the window. "Beautiful, is it not?" he said, startling me. "Many of us come from planets with nature such as yours on Earth. This is a little piece of home for us."

"Where is your home?"

"Sirius, second sun, second planet. I was notified that you were here," he said, "but you didn't contact me. Are you all right?"

"I'm sorry, I just had a very bad day and wanted healing."

"I understand." And we turned and walked the other way to the healing room. All was well the next morning.

The next time I awoke in the healing room – wait! No! this is different. I don't remember the gray hall or Siridon, and this is a huge room – gymnasium sized, with hundreds – perhaps a thousand – beds. On each bed, a human being is asleep. I am somewhere in the middle of the room. Over in the corner, I see two little Zeta Reticuli going to the head of each person, doing something which I cannot see, and then moving on to the next bed. I have raised my head carefully and am not noticed. Everyone is fast asleep – no one else is conscious. It's going to be a long time before they get to me I figure, so I lay back down and rest. They are working diligently and I can feel them getting closer. I am very still but very vigilant as they do something at the base of the skull to the man asleep in the bed next to mine.

As they approach me, I sit bolt upright and ask, "What are you doing?" The poor little Zeta Reticuli are shocked, they stand frozen in astonishment. No one has woken up before – this is not how it is supposed to be. They

clasp each other's hands, talking together in high pitched voices, and then dart off. I lie down to wait and see what happens next.

The two return with Siridon, who greets me cordially, laughing, "You surprised our friends."

"I just want to know what they are doing. I am awake here. You cannot do anything to me without my permission."

"Yes, you are right, of course. I agree. Everyone here has given unconscious permission and know about this subconsciously, since most humans are not able to remain conscious in these vibratory fields. Since you are consciously aware, your conscious acceptance is necessary. That is as it should be. I will gladly explain.

"This is what they are doing," he said, and he cupped his hands closed before my eyes and went on, "we are placing 'this' in the Alta Major, the as yet unrecognized chakra at the base of the skull." Then he opened his hands before me. There cradled in his palms was a most beautifully lustrous, shining golden egg, about as large as a goose egg, it seemed to me. I was warmed by the radiance of it as it pulsed with life and light. "How beautiful," I sighed. Then I snapped bolt upright again, and said, "that's nice, but what is in the egg?" Again, Siridon clasped his hands and when he opened them to my wondering gaze, the egg was now transparent, and I saw a perfect, pearly, opalescent, milky-white baby dragon curled up asleep. I fell in love with her instantly. "How perfectly divine," I gasped. Then again, I got ahold of myself, straightened up and asked. "Why are you doing this?" Again Siridon closed his hands and then opened them.

This time, he held a galaxy in the palms of his hands – a gorgeous, swirling, billion-starred galaxy. I leaned over and peered down into the sparkling mass. As I looked, I fell through space into the swirling stars. One trinary star system seemed to pull me to itself. I came to a stop at the edge of the Sirius solar system. The third planet round the second sun called my name and I gently floated above it. Hovering over the planet, I saw in an eternal moment the history of Sirius B: the bright beginning, the intervention and take-over that pushed the indigenous reptilian population beyond their limits and abilities into chaos that created the necessity of further intervention for redemption. The intervening, evolved being who descended from spiritual heights to help reset the evolution of the population back on its upward path was a white dragon – a Christ-like dragon. She offered herself as sacrifice for the redemption of the people, creating a new template of conscious evolution for the whole planet. For a moment, Christ

stood beside the White Dragon and said, "We are cousin Kiriatetes. Our tasks were similar. We are Redeemers."

Siridon closed his hands again, bringing the vision to a close. I understood what they were doing now, so I smiled up at Siridon and said, "OK. You have my conscious approval." Then I lay back down and closed my eyes. The two little Zeta Reticulai stepped to the head of my bed and inserted the Golden Egg into my Alta Major.

When I woke up in the morning, back in Seattle in my own little bed, I looked in to see what was happening. Nothing but a warm glow at the base of my skull. I watched the egg for years, checking in meditation every so often, noticing the expanding and contracting of the emitted light, and realizing that it closely related to my emotional states. For a while, I consciously bathed the egg in loving thoughts and saw it brighten and glow. I felt maternal unconditional love towards the little being incubating there.

Then one day, three or four years later, I was luxuriating in a hot bubbly bath, when I heard a 'crack' and felt something move in my brain stem. Looking in, I saw that indeed, the shell had cracked. A few days later the crack widened and I could see eyes peeking out at me. It took a long time, a year or more, for the crack to widen, until one day the top popped off and a tiny perfect little baby white dragon folded its chubby little arms along the broken shell and beamed back at me. Oh, how absolutely adorable. Babies of all species of beings are tender and innocent and trail clouds of glory from their spiritual home, and she was no different. Her large luminous eyes looked out into the worlds with curiosity and wonder. We bonded in that first glance. It was love at first sight. I was flooded with the indescribable joy of motherhood once again. (My children were all teens by this time.)

It was another three years of mutual gestation. I, feeling more and more confirmed in positive thoughts and feelings, and she, growing bigger and wiser through my life experiences, as well. My meditations took a turn for the profound and she – that is you, my darling – little Shushilla, flourished in your half-shell home in my Alta Major – the center of my reptilian brain stem.

Then a full seven years after the egg was implanted, I was on retreat during 'Christian's time.' Christian Alexander, my baby son had died of AIDS when he was one year and one month old on the first anniversary of his baptism and christening in the Christian Community Church. That one extra month between January 25, his birth day, and February 22, his death day, was always a divinely difficult time for me. Somehow the spiritual worlds took supremacy during those weeks and I felt lost to this earthly world. I

went on retreat for as long as possible and this year, twenty-some years after Christian's death, was no different.

I was staying with a friend in the hills behind Berkeley, rising before dawn to meditate and greet the sun as it rose over Mt. Diablo in the east. This morning I was bundled in my big warm hooded coat in the cool dawn, standing legs wide spread, arms reaching to the sky, poised for the first touch of the sun's rays, when there was a huge 'whoosh' from behind me and Shushilla rose up and over and suddenly stood before me, a tall, beautifully radiant white dragon with brilliant blue eyes with round pupils which see the world whole and circular. We gazed at one another with infinite love, embraced, then laughed and cried at the wonder of it all.

When we settled down, Shushilla said, "Let's go tell Siridon. He will be very happy." So, hand in claw (her's are really completely like hands, just different in feel and configuration) we went up to the great mother ship. We found ourselves in a long gray hall as usual, and I said, "I think Siridon's little tea room is here on the left. We stood together, the door opened and we stepped inside, still holding hands. It was, however, not the tea room.

We were standing on the stage of a huge amphitheater. It was the meeting hall of the Galactic Federation. There were hundreds of beings of many shapes and kinds – mostly humanoid. Shushilla and I were astonished and flustered, as we seemed to have disrupted a large gathering. Although the hall was silent in that moment, the vibration in the room was kind, warm, supportive and actually loving. Every being rose to their 'feet' and gave us a standing ovation – thunderous applause as hands and appendages of all manner clapped. Shushilla and I understood in that moment, that we were one of the few pairs who had incubated and bonded consciously. It was not only Siridon who was happy, but the whole Galactic Federation. Inter-species incubation was a success for both surrogate mother and child. Both entities had benefited spiritually from the experience. Consciousness had intensified the experience greatly. It was a good thing all around. The universe was enhanced and pleased by the experiment.

After everyone in the theater had sat back down, Christ, Siridon, and the original White Dragon who had been seated at a small table to the right of the stage arose, and motioning to Shushilla and I to come along, left the stage. We went to the little tea room for tea and talk. Yes, we were one of the few pairs who had gone through the whole experience of implanting, incubation, birth and bonding consciously. And yes, this whole experience is a further redemption of the original Luciferic intervention and a living spiritual metaphor for the metamorphosis of the reptilian brain stem to the

higher octave of Dragon Consciousness – the dragon of wisdom, generosity, brother/sisterhood, cooperation and community.

Now instead of 'fight, flight, or freeze, kill or be killed' it is 'all for one and one for all' – the quantum leap to a greater humanity. Humankind is now returning to its own true spiritual values. Humanity is now capable of creating the Garden of Eden here on Earth. There is much more to learn, more tools to be sharpened through conscious use, more abilities to be honed by compassion, but, it is now possible.

“We had to be apart for a while – you, Shushilla, to Earth School with the White Brotherhood in Mt. Shasta, and I to my life, to prepare for the time when we would work together. It’s been years, but sitting here, sharing stories and catching up with you, dear daughter, is the first step of our working together. In time, you know, we will be writing a book,” I said. “Great, Mom, I can hardly wait.” she replied excitedly, “but then, I have a lot to do in the meantime, so all is well.”

Shushilla and I were in sync with our stories, and we had come to understand a little something of our task. We spent the next few years preparing for our time together. I intensified my meditations and read Rudolf Steiner and other positive, deeply spiritual writings. I kept a journal of all the amazing happenings in the other worlds and began to track and collect passages on different topics that came up now and then, such as the contemporary experiences of Christ in the spiritual worlds, the adventures of the White Brotherhood and their encounters with the Dark Forces, Radiation and the Elementals, the after-death journeys of many individuals and groups, and such like. Shushilla and I would meet in the spiritual center of Mt. Shasta where she was in training and I regularly went for spiritual classes and Galactic Federation 'downloads.'

The book I had mentioned those many years ago, is now in your hands, Gentle Reader. The scope broadened to the history of Dragons in our quadrant of the Universe, which affords an overview of the evolutionary pattern for planets and their inhabitants.

Parts 1, 2, and 3 tell the stories in chronological order of three evolutions on three different planets in three different star systems. Part 4 tells the most recent aspect of the redemption of Lucifer due to the contemporary deeds of Christ. Part 5 gives some suggestions on how to redeem the vestigial reptilian influence within each person,

transforming the reptilian brain stem instincts to the higher octave of Dragon consciousness. Happy reading and happy transforming.

## *Part 1: The Black League of Aldebaran*

Shushilla took the lead in telling stories of Dragon history. “Well, where to start? How many eternities back do I care to remember. Oh, yes, the low point of dragon existence (on the external level only, mind you), Aldebaran.”

The Black League, whose symbol is the Black Dragon, occurred on Aldebaran eons ago – many eons ago – and in a parallel universe. Aldebaran is so many light years away that it might not even exist at this moment in time. All that can be seen and known is that twinkling light is still streaming through space and landing on earth and seen by earthly eyes. The actual system might have imploded or exploded millennia ago, but the light particles or waves, as the case may be, had begun their journey already out into space. So it’s only a matter of time till they reach earth. Once on the way, the light doesn’t need their home star to keep shining. They are on their own, zooming along. A baseball once thrown, doesn’t care if the pitcher turns and walks away, drops dead, or watches it every second, hoping it will evade the bat – so too, with light. Once out of the gate, once released from its creator star, it keeps on going.

The pattern of planetary evolution similar in these parts – a beginning, a seeding of inhabitants, an external intervention resulting in mass precipitation out of the spiritual worlds or higher vibrational dimensions into a three dimensional, duality-driven world. Usually that intervention just short-circuits the evolution of the already existing population. At any rate, there is then a slow and often painful rise to higher consciousness, and at last, an ascension into the higher dimensions from which they had originally come, now experienced on a new level of greater, more comprehensive consciousness, thereby evolving the whole planet, the system, galaxy and universe.”

“So, back to the debacle on Aldebaran. In the beginning the planet was exceptionally unstable. Magnetic storms swept the grim landscape searing all life forms for millennia. Wave after wave of primitive life tried to get a foothold on the shifting, volcano pocked continents which heaved themselves out of sulfuric seas, only to be blasted apart and sink back into the greenish depths. When She, Aldebaran, finally stabilized for a few millennia, life was seeded and took hold. But the conditions were harsh and survival bitter. Life on all levels, plant, insect, animal – all were aggressive.”

“The 'battle of good and evil' was in full swing on our planet – in the whole Aldebaran star system. Every system that goes through a physical phase is thrown into

a three dimensional state based on duality – positive and negative, male and female, all polarities. There are particular lessons to be learned in this state – discernment and choice being prime. The middle path between the extremes is the goal – not too hot, not too cold – not too high, not too low – not too good and not too bad – the balanced middle way. As I am sure humans know, this is no easy task. Nor was it then for us. Our world was such that even the plants were at war. Some trees produced a 'blessing balm' (Beoong) that brought peace and tranquility to those who ate or drank it. And some trees sowed feelings of anger and violence in those who ate their 'greed gum' (Skatch)."

"The highest life form was a humanoid reptilian. They were very sensitive to the magnetic fluctuations and electrical storms which disturbed their astral bodies and confused their emotions. The atmosphere was too volatile for peaceful living or long term relationships. Emotions among them ran high and erratic. In such an environment, the stronger and more ruthless of them rose to dominance. As the planet quieted down and stabilized more and more, the dominating human/reptilians, the Reptumans, who were in control, were addicted to the vast mood swings and hormonal releases that the old electro-magnetic storms had unleashed and they sought a new source of such energy."

"It just so happened, at this moment in Aldebaran's history, that an intervention occurred. The reptumans were ripe for tampering. Renegade beings from higher dimensions had been expelled from their homes within the hierarchy of existence in that quadrant of the universe, and they had found their new place in the free-floating electro-magnetic environs of Aldebaran, from where they had influenced the moral development of the Reptumans, favoring the dominators and leading them into ever greater displays of power and control. When things began to slow down, they, also, needed a new source of energy, since they were caught in 3-D and were devolving into physical form. There was an unholy alliance formed between the dominating reptumans and the interloping, renegade refugees from off planet. They were a technically superior, morally inadequate race, looking nothing like us. They were frog-like and had tentacles for hands, and soon our whole planet was under siege of their domination."

"They found the new source of energy in the peaceful reptumans. It was observed that fear and pain released astral forces which could be harvested and consumed by both dominators and invaders. And a violent death released rudimentary soul and etheric forces which were particularly delicious."



“The general population of reptumans had evolved into passive, unassuming, if anything – petty – creatures locked into survival through food and shelter. They were hunter-gatherers with some primitive farming. The dominators, in cahoots with the renegade invaders, developed cities of their own with “compounds” for the locals. The invaders destroyed as many beoong trees as they could get their ugly tentacles on, and distilled quantities of skatch, which they put in the food of the natives. But we Beoongi couldn’t stand the taste of Skatch and many of us nearly starved.”

“I was a young female in those days, and before the coming of the destroyers, I was a member of a Beoohgi community. There was a secret tradition among us. We knew that there were “unseen ones” in the world around us. Beings of light that were only spoken of in private or during ceremonies, and only seen in rare intense circumstances. I had never seen them though sometimes there was a feeling of a gentle whisper in my ear or a light warm breeze playing over my jowls. We of this belief and tradition, felt ourselves as “Family of the Dragon.” In the ancient mists of time, our ancestors had been noble, winged, and beautiful to see. We believed that one day, we would ascend into the sky again. But now only a few Beoongi kept the faith. Our race was by now degenerate: we had no wings, just nubs on shoulders, the third eye was closed except occasionally on Beoong, and we walked on all four legs although we could stand for periods of time to work or relate socially. The truth is, we looked reptilian with short tails and differentiated front and back legs, but lizards nevertheless.”

“Usually, we kept our distance from the Skatcha tribes, but once the invaders arrived, we were all put together, at first in large fenced pens. Later we were allowed to build homes but only with skatch trees which made me itch all over. For a while, the brutal invaders made a new sport of pitting a Skatcha against a Beoongi with only one survivor allowed. My brother died a noble and peaceful death even as his aggressor tore out his entrails. “Better to peacefully die than live a blood-stained life” we always said, not knowing that we would have to live and die our ideals one day. In time, they killed most of the male Beoongi or put them in the mines where they worked till they died – never seeing the light of day again. I sorrowed for my father, brothers, and my lover, but that changed nothing – except within me, for my heart was broken open and I saw and felt such depths as I had never before known were possible.”

“As the desire and addiction for astral stimulation increased since the planet failed to furnish it any longer, the compounds became torture chambers and death camps. The Beoongi were herded in from the surrounding countryside.”

“The machinations of city and 'court' life were bizarre and seductive. The dominators and renegades were fat and sassy, till their voracious greed drove them to inner intrigues and death within their own circles. They gloried in the blood-lust of the chaotic fear, pain and death they created, even among themselves.”

“The normal reptumans began to challenge the system. As they did, individually or in small groups, they were rounded up and incarcerated in the compounds, and after hideous torture, were killed. In time, a quiet underground swelled.”

“Histories of many planets have indicated that a 'savior' from higher dimensions would come at the lowest ebb of evolution to turn the tide and give the duality based, free-will endowed populace a chance to raise their vibration and ascend consciously into the realms from which they originally came. Aldebaran followed this pattern also. However, the populace had all but lost this knowledge from the intensity of the old electro/magnetic storms which had eradicated memory and damaged the will over time. Although a few meaningless old legends spoke of a savior, the bloodlines were broken, and no fit reptuman body was available to house the potential savior. The best that could be mustered was a particularly large and strong black reptuman local, with, for them, a charismatic personality, and unfortunately, a vengeful streak.”

“The savior-being of the sixth hierarchy, who would have incarnated, had things been different (which they weren't) could only hover around the black Dragon, whispering in his ear – rather than actually incarnating into his body, as had been prophesied and hoped for. It was the best that could be done.

“Blogoughh, the black reptuman lived far from the dominator's cities, but he heard what happens there to the people. Many reptumans were fleeing the environs of the cities, seeking shelter and safety as far away as they could go, which was into Blogoughh's territory. The tales they told of the pain and suffering of their friends and relatives in the compounds was horrifying, and fear spread. Blogoughh sent spies to verify the stories, and those that returned told of even more heinous crimes, against the reptumans. The aura of the planet was varying degrees of fear, pain, hatred and anger. There was precious little to balance it. The environment was too harsh, the stage of evolution and consciousness on the whole planet, too unevolved, the vibration of life too low and volatile.”

“Blogoughh felt the potent mix of emotions and wanted revenge for the crimes against the innocent. He planned a raid on the smallest city, to save the people locked in the compounds. This foray was successful and hundreds of Reptumans were saved and brought back to the villages in the far corners of the 'empire'. However, retaliation was

quick and brutal. The dominators marched out of the city destroying everything in a swath a few miles wide. Many hundreds were taken prisoner – male, female and young.”

“The enmity grew. Now it was Blogoughh's turn to strike and he did, with an army of thousands. They threw themselves at the largest city, hoping to kill the head dominators. However, they were ready for the assault and it was mayhem and carnage for days. The surviving dominators were now vastly more powerful and grew in size and viciousness with each death. They towered as giants in their huge palaces, gorging on pain and fear, death and souls.”

“This cataclysmic battle changed forever, the pattern of life and death on Aldebaran. The dominators consumed all the souls released in death, so they could no longer reincarnate. The denominators would now live 'forever' or until their own violent death was dealt to them by one of their own.”

“Blogoughh and the tattered remnant of his followers retreated to the wilderness of the planet, laid low, and waited – they knew not what for. The dominators, being satiated for a time, rebuilt their cities and harvested the unfortunate captives in the compounds. Then they too waited.”

“The Black Dragon League moved quietly among the survivors at the edges of the continent in the inhospitable north. At first, rage and revenge filled all minds and hearts, but as time went on, the fever cooled. In the silence, Blogoughh, for the first time, heard the whisperings of his mentor from the higher realms. The voice counseled patience, forgiveness and peace among all, and Blogoughh listened. The little company of survivors listened. They learned to shelter themselves by gathering together – sheltering from the fear pervading the very atmosphere of their planet. Deep in caves, they created their own atmosphere of peace, love, and co-operation.”

“It was generations later that the dominators came looking for more victims. They had decimated the populations in the empire and were now seeking reptumans in the far reaches of the wilderness. The peaceful reptumans knew of their approach. When the first platoon of dominators got close, the remnant went deep into the caves and sat peacefully in love around their beloved many-times reincarnated leader. As the dominators felt the peace suffusing the area, they became weak – knees buckled, some dropped to the ground. They cried, wailed and wept. The sweetness took all their strength, built as it was on fear and pain. They had no source to keep themselves going, and their own emotional instability gave way to sorrow and anguish or peace and joy, none of which they understood.”

“A second wave of dominators hit the scene and felt the peace vibration but little, mixed as it was with the emotional chaos of their fellows. They were commanded to kill their own groveling and crying soldiers, which they did, feasting on the pain, death and souls of their former compatriots. They then set out into the hills and caves to capture Blogoughh, the Black Dragon and the last remnant of the reptumans.”

“Blogoughh and his companions had lived through many incarnations on the harsh edge of the continent. They had died many times of natural causes – old age which comes quickly in the brutal physical environment, accidents, and illness. After a natural death, the souls were released into the higher vibrational worlds of their origin, then returned to birth quickly. In this process, the souls accumulated many and varied experiences possible to life on Aldebaran at that time. Eventually, the conscious was not dimmed as the soul went through the portals of birth and death. The dominators finally came to eradicate the remnant of the Black League, which although it did not physically threaten the prolonged reign of fear, terror and death, had sustained and inspired the last remaining reptumans, making it more and more difficult for the dominators to extract and consume their souls.”

“When the platoons of dominators fanned out into the wilderness to kill and dismember the last of their prey, the Black League was highly evolved and ready to ascend consciously into the spiritual world. Community groups went deep into the caves and in peaceful meditation, prepared to leave their bodies, releasing their hold on three dimensional life, and moving upward together as a united sphere of light, love, and clear consciousness.”

“As Blogoughh and his companions were ascending consciously – their bodies becoming transparent, then disappearing – a small group of dominator soldiers burst into the sacred area and saw the bodies lying in a circle. They watched, astonished, as they disappeared. One soldier lunged at the nearest disappearing form and grabbed thin air. However, just being in the 'field of ascension', he felt a tremendous force and movement, and was conflicted in painful bliss. This was the decisive, transforming moment in his life, and for the others also. Each was shaken to the core. After a time they calmed a bit and in debriefing, decided to stay and learn to ascend and change their bodies into light. A nearby volcanic explosion sent all the other platoons scrambling back to the cities with stories of the deaths of all in the caves. It seemed that the Black League was finished.”

“Not finished, only dimensionally shifted. Blogoughh and his companions assisted the converts in the cave, from the spiritual realms. Meditations were developed, and practices and rites were created. When they were strong enough in their

practice, the converts occasionally went abroad teaching and healing in the outlying villages. They taught the way of Ascension to save the soul for further evolution after the death of the body. As the dominators continued to brutally kill the population, suicide – peaceful and in a sacred way – became a viable alternative to a tortured death in the metropolis, and a way to save the soul.”

“Eventually, with the last of the natural, indigenous reptumans ascended, killed, or in deep hiding, the dominators who had evolved into ever larger, more aggressive beings, turned to other life forms, exterminating them one by one until the final scenes on the planet were dominator against dominator on a barren, nearly lifeless planet. A living hell had been created on Aldebaran's Ming X6 planet which in the end exterminated almost all life.”

“It was only a few centuries, from the moment of the first dominator conversions until the massive volcanic mayhem and crustal shifts occurred after the dominators had decimated the population and turned upon themselves. In the end, the whole continent was like a ghost town, with only a few bands of aboriginal species wandering the desolate land and city-scapes. In that strange and dark time, the Black League was known as the League of Light and was an active communication network between the living and the dead. Just before the great cataclysm, two small groups of the last enlightened living reptumans were guided to a safe place and then on to new lands as the planet stabilized. The next chapter of Aldebaran history was more balanced.”

“A few of the ascended ones – Blogoughh and his companions remained in the spiritual worlds for further training. I, Shushilla, was one of those. I had been with Blogoughh for centuries. We had lived and died together many times, supporting one another through it all. Then a short eternity later, we volunteered to assist in another system, whose humanoid three-dimensional population was floundering. They were in the classic quandary: how to escape the effects of an untimely intervention and how to get back on their own destiny track. Sirius B was in serious trouble.”

## *Part 2: The White Dragon of Sirius B*

This is the story of what I saw in Siridon's hands when he showed me the galaxy, and I fell through the stars to Sirius B.

Earth's color spectrum centers around blue and yellow. We are the green and blue planet, oxygen, carbon, and iron based. Sirius B is in another color dimension altogether. It was so many shades and intensities of purple, lilac and lavender. Sirius B is potassium based. The atmosphere is viscous. The surface is harsh and there were no life-forms visible – just jagged purple mountains, and deep black chasms. Siridon suddenly stood beside me and said, “Let us go below.” We glided down to the mouth of a large cave or tunnel. “This is the Hall of Memories,” he said.

After walking through a very large, ornately carved portal and passageway, we arrived in a vast chamber. The vaulted ceiling was carved in intricate flowing shapes. Or was it a form of writing? “Yes,” said Siridon, understanding my silent question, “it is one of our forms of communication. The patterns inscribed in the rock walls affect the movement of the air here. As it comes to me in patterns, I understand the inscribed message through my skin and my kinesthetic sense. It is delicate, but to me it is as clear as a bell, as you might say. An even clearer experience comes through water.” I looked down at what I had presumed to be floor and now realized that it was a deep, still lake. “Come,” Siridon said, “you want to know why we do our present work. It has a long history. The water remembers all. “ With that brief introduction, we both slipped into the water leaving not a ripple.

The light was very different below, and I could see everything with crystal clarity. A hologram of Sirius B hung suspended in the watery space. I saw a very different world than the one upon which I had just arrived. The surface of this globe was covered with plant-forms and animals and upright reptilians. The reptilians were the 'people' of this world. They related to one another much like we humans do. They communicated together in various ways, through sounds, touch, tail wagging, and gestures. They played games with balls, and did reptile acrobatics. A few of the odd looking (to me) animals were domesticated and lived in harmony with the people. They foraged for food in the wild and open areas where the plants grew lushly bountiful. Their homes were nests in a living low-growing variety of tree, or in shallow caves. It

seemed an innocent, happy planet with a wide spectrum of life forms living together naturally and harmoniously – a Sirian Eden.

The change came quite suddenly. Explorers from beyond Sirius B had been watching them for a long while. They were waiting for the indigenous population to reach exploitable size. Beneath the surface, there were massive deposits of metals, minerals, and gems that the explorers wanted, some of which they needed to maintain their own planet and lives. When they judged the Sirians ripe for take-over, they landed. The innocent, unaware Sirians welcomed them and the explorers set up headquarters all over the planet. When the work of mining and transportation of the resources came about, the sweet life of all Sirians was radically changed. In a very short and brutal time, pollution killed the plants and most of the animals. The destruction of habitat was almost total. The Sirians lived in forced labor camps and when the food supplies were destroyed, although they were vegetarians, they were forced into cannibalism by the exploiters.

The original Sirians were primal nature worshipers. Now, with nature destroyed, their souls became more and more despondent. Many lost hope and the will to live, and sacrificed their flesh as food, so that others with a stronger will to do so, might live. The reptilians had not achieved a very evolved stage when the exploiters had come and evolution ground to a halt for a few centuries, while the planet was ravaged of its natural resources. Eventually, the mines gave out and the exploiters left the remains. They pulled up stakes, dismantled their machinery, and left without a 'thank you', 'good bye' or backward glance. The Sirians were left locked in the labor camps with their planet in ruins, and their soul development and evolution aborted.

For a while they continued cannibalism while still locked in the camps, but in time they succeeded in escaping and began to freely roam their lands again. They found that a few plants and animals had survived, but it would be a long time before they would feed the population. The Sirians were in a quandary. To eat the plants and continue the extinction of life on their planet, or, or. . . the alternative was not clear.

It was decided by most groups that they would not continue to damage their wounded planet, but would honor all plant life by letting them live until Sirius B was again lush and fecund. However, that was not to be. The pollution made it impossible for plants to grow in 90% of the poisoned soil. The planet could never host a large, flourishing population again. At least not the way the population was constituted then. Things had to change.

Guides from the spiritual world moved closer to the remaining reptilians, comforting them and offering advice. The people listened. "Honor life as it is given. Share love. Become one." The people did honor life. Ceremonies arose to commemorate the freely sacrificed dead. Love, reverence, and appreciation were shared and consumed along with the bodies. Almost all the people survived for a while and grew ever more gentle, kind and loving.

But they did not know how to "become one." As they nurtured the plants in their harsh environment, a few began to understand the plant's language. Even the lowly grasses spoke of the unbreakable tie through their cycles of life. They spoke of the great ensouling Mother plant to which they were all connected. They whispered of the purity of life sustained only on the stones and minerals, and how grateful the minerals were to be taken up into the air – to be lifted above the surface of the planet. The plants whispered to the people, "There are secrets, secrets, secrets." The people listened, but could not yet understand the mystery of which the plants sang.

Their physical bodies continued to deteriorate due to the poisons. Fewer eggs were laid and fewer still hatched and survived. The population was on the downward swing and it looked like the end might be imminent in a few generations. But hope springs eternal in this quadrant of the galaxy, and the people began to pray in earnest. Survival was no longer sufficient. The people desired freedom and opportunity. They wanted to live and nurture their world back to health although they couldn't do so when they themselves were ailing. They prayed for healing and wisdom. They asked for strength and perseverance. They desired a new way of living and being – a new step up the evolutionary ladder.

Now the higher spiritual beings listened to them and they knew that the time had come – the time for a higher intervention – the time for one of them to descend and show the way. It was the self-chosen destiny of Shushilla the White Dragon, the regent of all three suns and the circling planets of Sirius, the trinary star system. She, as mother of the system, descended to the planet and the people who needed her. And the reptilians of Sirius B were greatly in need.

Having mastery over all the elements and dimensions of her worlds, she chose to create her own body in which to incarnate. So, one day, a beautiful young white dragon walked out of the desolate landscape into a small village near the largest gathering of Reptilians. This dragon was pure and innocent, yet her eyes held such depth, that the first reptilians she met were speechless for a long time. She joined the village, doing the daily tasks of living, with grace and a lightness that lifted everyone. Her body was



beautifully proportioned and an inspiration to all others who were tired, ill and in varying stages of dying and death, due to the poisoned world in which they lived.

After she had lived among them for a long while, growing ever more beautiful and radiant, while the others continued to waste away, some of the people noticed that at the first dawn of the first sun's rising, she would disappear into the wilderness for a time, returning for daily work as the others were awakening. One morning three of her friends rose early and followed her.

She walked out into the wasteland and entered a cave. The three followed her. A long high passageway descended to a great still lake. An island in the middle was afire with the light of the rising first sun through a crack in the stones above. Shushilla was welcoming the new light, having swum out to the island. She raised a cup of water, pouring it out through the single shaft of light and the three friends could see scenes from life moving in the little stream. "Water holds all memory," Shushilla said to them when they joined her. "I bathe in this water, and my body remembers its original perfection. You can come here and remember also. Remember and prepare for the changes that are coming."

The cave became a pilgrimage destination for the surviving people on the planet. So many had already died and were not able to reincarnate because of the dying population. Many came and were healed and transformed, but the decline continued when they returned to their polluted homes. When every living reptilian had visited the waters in the cave at least once, it was time for the next step. Shushilla invited all to a great feast.

The people had been consuming their deceased friend's bodies. The pure spirit was always gone and only the poisoned body remained. This had contributed to the decline of the physical bodies of those, who of necessity, ate the flesh. Shushilla's body was never poisoned, as she had never eaten another being's body, but had lived on light and pure water alone.

All living reptilians gathered at her call. She taught them, saying, "Consciousness alone is pure and creative. One can live on light and water, as I have. Changes are coming. The waters of life are welling in the bosom of this planet – waters of life and remembrance. When I am gone, you must each consume a portion of my pure flesh. It will renew you, and your cells will remember their pristine qualities. Changes are coming. You will wisely descend into the waters of life to live a new way. I will be within each of you. We will be one in spirit. The prophecies are fulfilled. Welcome love,

joy and peace. They have been hard-earned. Rejoice.” And she lay down and withdrew her spirit from her body.

The people prepared the feast she had promised with profound new understanding of the meaning of the ceremony. As each one ate a bit of her flesh, they could feel the transubstantiation taking place within their own cells. When the last bones had been shared with the last remnants of the people in the farthest corners of the planet, they were ready to descend to the lake in the cavern. As they filed down the long passage, there was suddenly a violent shaking of land and sky. Water bubbled up from the depths, filling many caverns and caves and carving underground rivers in channels through the rocks. All the people fled to the waters in the depths. When the trembling stopped, the people were safely below, and the surface of the planet was bereft of life. The suns scorched the soil and began the long process of transmuting the poison and radiation.

The people were safe. They had ascended spiritually by descending into the heart of their planet. In the water, they could now remember everything, thus healing all past memories that needed redemption. They lived on pure water and single shafts of light, as Shushilla had taught them.

## *Part 3: The Red Dragon in the White Garden of Eden*

So my darling daughter, flesh of differing densities of flesh, soul of differing dimensions of soul, but one in the spirit, we are now evolving together. Since Lucifer's little indiscretion at the beginning of human time, his minions have been devolving. The poor dears have been in part responsible for everything from candy bars and sugar, to the inquisition, world wars and the holocaust. A certain amount of bad karma has been accumulated by both your kind and mine – luciferic and human beings. It's been a long, long downward spiral.

But of course, since the deed of Christ, the redemption of you and yours has begun, as well as for me and my kind. The new pattern of the Human/Divine relationship has been imprinted from the divine-spiritual-mental through the astral, all the way into the etheric, and down into the very marrow of the physical bones. Now that the luciferic beings have been redeemed through Christ's penetrating consciously into his total human body, and consciously overcoming death, He has created a new template for human existence. And he said, "All that I have done and more, you shall do likewise."

The death penalty, which was the judgment against our participation in the luciferic crime, has been abolished. As we mature and take responsibility for ourselves – our lives, our bodies, and our home planet – we too in ages of time to come, will overcome death. Here, again is the story from the beginning. This time we will make it through to the end.

Humanity was dreaming in the bosom of Creator God. Much of earthly creation had already descended to their own particular adventures in three dimensionality. After the freedom and lightness of the spiritual worlds, wrapped and protected by spiritual laws and bound by the immutable force of love, the first dip into the heavy levels of materiality brought a whole new energetic configuration to be dealt with for the descending primal matter. The laws of gravity, attraction and repulsion, hot and cold, light and dark, and all dualities in general and specific, began to mold, knead, push, and prod the new matter into form and shape, and never before experienced relationships which stretched the creative imagination of every molecule of physical existence. After a pretty long time of chaos and entropy, a modicum of order was established, as land, plants and creatures precipitated out of the primordial soup, leaving the waters of life as seas, lakes, rivers and rain. Humankind slept on.

On another materialized planet, not too far away, a minor disaster was taking place. The spirit beings there had been given free-will and unfortunately, their regent was in a rebellious mood, and a number of his 'minion' were right behind him, ready to defect from the divine plan. Now I'm not sure we will ever really understand Lucifer's thinking or feeling on the subject, though we were the recipients of his activity, none-the-less. Lucifer became obstreperously oppositional, wanting powers and qualities that were not appropriate for his stage of evolution – namely he wanted to be god of his own little world. He wanted to be the sole creator, possessor and judge of the 'Morning Star' which was his abode and over which he was king, but not GOD. Sadly, it rankled too deep and he tried to wrest authority for himself alone.

Well, that couldn't happen, such creative power being allowed in the hands of an immature, rebellious spirit. Lucifer with his minions were demoted and banned from the planet, which, rife with unrestrained violence and inappropriate use of their powerful technology, is now known as the asteroid belt. The cosmic laws of order ultimately hold sway, as gently and allowingly as possible, but with whatever force necessary to head-off impending planetary, solar or galactic disaster.

So the luciferian crowd had nothing to return to, were personae non grata in the spiritual worlds, and were too high up the hierarchical evolutionary scale to plunge into physical materiality. They needed some middle ground between heaven and earth (metaphorically speaking.) As Lucifer cast his eye about, looking for the perfect spot, he noticed Earth. Here was a beautiful, budding little planet with all the necessary characteristics for a long life – plenty of raw materials and resources, and quietly out of the way. Only problem was, no middle space between heaven and Earth, the spiritual world and physical materiality. The rudimentary animals of the time were not possible, being too dumb, with only instincts and no self-consciousness. Lucifer needed something more.

Upon closer scrutiny, it was discovered, however, that there was a strata of beings still dreaming in the spiritual world, sweetly called the Garden of Eden, who were scheduled for physical incarnation sometime down the line. Lucifer realized that with a little tweaking, he could carve out a place for himself and his minions as well. And besides, if he could work it right over the coming eons, he could destroy the high and mighty evolutionary goals of these Earthlings, thus having the planet and as many souls as could be perverted, for his own little kingdom, once Earth herself had completed her incarnational process and died. Besides, an untimely death could be arranged earlier to Lucifer's great satisfaction and increased power. We can only imagine the glee with which Lucifer made these realizations. The rest is history.

Cleverly disguised as a snake, he slithered into Eden to bait and catch the unsuspecting humans, still incubating in the spirit's womb. The god of this little planet had given the potential inhabitants, Adam and Eve, a whole lot of freedom – and a couple of No Nos. “DO NOT EAT of the fruit of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, nor of the tree of life. Everything else is yours to enjoy.” Now is that asking too much?

Lucifer watched Adam and Eve for a while to get a bead on their weaknesses, and at the right moment, popped the question. Adam and Eve were pretty new when it happened, at about age two and a half to three psychologically and developmentally. When the Devil, I mean Lucifer (names change with dimensional vibration) offered the

apple to Adam, as we know, boys develop slower, so he was mentally and emotionally in the terrible twos, and of course, said 'NO.' But Eve was another matter. Lucifer got her alone and said, "See the pretty red apple, so beautiful and luscious, so sweet and juicy" (Just like you, little Darlin'.) 'Wouldn't you just love an itty, bitty bite? Besides, it will make you even more beautiful than you already are, (my pretty little thing) and smart too. As smart as Daddy God who tells you what to do all the time, like 'don't eat apples' and 'don't talk to strangers,' and 'be a good girl and do what I say.' Now, wouldn't you like to be the one saying all those things for yourself? Wouldn't you like to be on the other end of the stick?' And we may never know what exactly it was that got her, but Eve said, 'YES' and ate the apple – the metaphor of earthy, physically manifested, passionately red duality. And 'plop' they were right out of the spiritual-only world onto the physically manifest, dual earth, and the 3-D ball was set a-rollin'.

Now before this event, Adam and Eve were not clearly aware of themselves yet. They lived dreamily in the garden in the care of the angels, archangels, and higher beings. They were still actually in spiritual utero. The divine plan was that they remain to gestate their capacities, organs, and potentials for a while longer. That way, when they were born into physical material bodies to begin the cycle of incarnations on Earth, they would have more mature abilities – evolved instincts, greater inherent wisdom, profound emotional resonance, and capacities for clear, empathetic thought leading to compassionate action. Basically, they would be mature human beings worthy of their dominion over the Earth and all her creatures. They would be adults, caring for their home and children.

Well, after Lucifer's little breach of cosmic etiquette and insertion of his own being into humans, the picture changed. Lucifer had discovered that he could live between Heaven and Earth in the lower levels of the human astral body. It was the perfect place for him and his many minions – vibrationally compatible, easy to influence, cozy yet exciting. He and his imps did not have to dirty themselves with mucking about on the physical earth, nor were they under the scrutiny of the hierarchy of heaven. It was just right. Because Adam and Eve had taken physical matter – the apple – into themselves too soon, a space of unconscious, sub-nature was isolated within the human astral body, creating a safe haven for darkness. So Lucifer, the Devil, now had a place of his own – neither of the heavenly spheres where he wasn't wanted, nor of earthly nature of which he was not.

Now, it was humanities turn to be dropped out of the Heavens – expelled from the garden of delights, to be set down in a cold world of pain, thistles, funky hard work and death. I mean really, you can't have two or three year olds living forever in that unevolved state. There has to be some way for them to grow up. So death, karma, and

reincarnation were installed into the paradigm to ensure enough time – days and nights, deaths and rebirths – to give humankind the chance to grow up, mature, and evolve. Death was the gift of the higher hierarchies, at “god's” request, to short circuit Lucifer's plan to live eternally within a stunted, immature humanity. Immortality was not a viable option under such circumstances. Death is necessary until such time as humankind matures and masters all aspects of physical life, death, birth, and infinity. What else is there to do on a dumpy little planet with fabulous potential but evolve anyway.

Only problem was, and still is, Lucifer came along for the ride. His values, morals, and powers were hard wired in as the reptilian brain-stem – the default setting for human instinct and reactions to outer sense perception – fight or flight, kill or be killed, eat or be eaten, anger, and fear. It is the unconscious, often volatily reactive mechanism of response to outer sense perception of the world. Since then, rather unfortunately, Adam and Eve's children have been playing the game of life with a stacked deck, and not in their favor either, which explains the mixed bag of human accomplishments over the eons of Earth residency: some delightfully good – some simply horrid.

Having just descended from the spiritual worlds, humanity could still perceive their former home. It took millenia for the eyes of the spirit to close, and physical senses to awaken to clarity in the material world. The sweep of the world's religious cultures from East to West, chronicles the further descent into matter as well as the evolution of consciousness.

At first unconscious instinctive behaviors instigated by the luciferic beings within humans predominated. As long eons of time went on, inner complexity evolved, astral impulses were tamed, and socialization increased. Eventually, three soul forces which could be described as psychological tendencies in humanity at large, developed, from the basic sentient soul to the beginning of thinking abilities in the intellectual soul age from 700 BC to 1450 AD, to our present age of the consciousness soul, which includes feeling (sentience), thinking (intellect), and consciousness (conceptual mentation, free-will and self-awareness of the Ego/I.)

The cycle of birth, life, death, and reincarnation was set in time and space for the redemption of the human being from the effects of a too-soon precipitation out of the spiritual worlds into physical matter. And so it went for a long time. Karma is a corollary of life, death and reincarnation. It is the method whereby the succeeding incarnation advances (usually) from the preceding, in terms of increased consciousness, talents and abilities. My first book, *Lucid Death: Conscious Journeys Beyond the Threshold*,

elucidates the after-death journey throughout the ages of earthly civilizations. Suffice it to say here, that the four bodies (physical, etheric, astral, and spiritual Ego/I) are resolved in their specific home vibrational field or dimension, and the things we have done well in one life are transformed into finer qualities and abilities in the next life. The areas in which we have done poorly, are reflected in lesser abilities and greater challenges in the next life. Each succeeding life is a transformation of the good and bad of the previous one.

Karma is reaping what you sow – in this life (instant karma) and in succeeding lives. During the after-death passage through kamaloca and the resolution of the astral body, lessons are learned and choices made that affect the next incarnation. In kamaloca, we experience all we have done in life from the perspective of those who were the recipients of our actions. If we were kind to others, we experience their enjoyment of our kindness. If we were brutal and abusive to others in life, we experience their pain, suffering, and sorrow. We create heaven or hell for ourselves after death in the spiritual worlds, by what we do in life on Earth.

In the next life, we can atone for our personal actions towards others. Personal karma can be balanced from one life to the next. But there is the problem of 'collateral damage.' If I kill a person in one life, he can kill me in the next and our karma is balanced. But how can I atone for the loss his wife and children experience, the loss to his community of his work and participation, or the tragedy of his unexpressed gifts to society. These ripple-out effects would take lifetimes to atone for, and in each of those lives, more karma would be accruing. Over millennia, humanity had accumulated a dense web of unresolved collateral damage karma. By the later years of Greek culture, there was gridlock in the death world. Human beings were in danger of losing the ability to reincarnate. Death, the gift of the gods to facilitate human evolution, had outlived its usefulness and was becoming a trap for human souls from which they could not escape. It seemed that Lucifer might win human souls for his own eternal abode, after all.

This, as has been shown in an earlier section, is a recurring pattern in the cosmos. On Earth, as on other planets in other star system, there were early harbingers and prophets who spoke of the issues and prepared the people to receive a 'savior' – a spiritual being of the higher hierarchies, who would change the function of death, redeem human souls, and set humanity on the upward path of conscious evolution toward re-entry into Eden and the spirit worlds in full, creative, god-like, human consciousness.

That Kyriotete, regent of the Sun and solar system, who sacrificed his high position to descend into physical form, was Christ. The body of the most highly evolved human being of the time, Jesus, was prepared until his thirtieth year, whereupon Jesus sought baptism by John in the river Jordan. In those days, baptism was a near-death-experience, by which the individual personally experienced the validity of the spiritual worlds. In Jesus case, his human consciousness stepped aside and the Christ consciousness walked in. John's vision of the descending dove was a visual metaphor of the Christ consciousness entering the physical body. When John heard the words of God from the spiritual world saying, "Behold, this is my beloved son whom I have begotten (in whom I am well pleased)," it indicates that the solar logos, Christ, the son of God has now become the son of Man to reside in a human body. The task of that turning point of time could only be accomplished within the human condition. For the next three years, Christ Jesus modeled a new paradigm for life on Earth.

His first experience was to face the tempters of humanity. Christ Jesus remained in the desert and was tempted by the three forces of evil. He overcame each temptation and was then free to pursue his mission with cosmic integrity. He walked lovingly among all men and women. He awoke multitudes of people to new possibilities of divine and human inter-relationship. To consciously prepare Himself for his ultimate deed, He penetrated the density of the physical body to the marrow of the bones. There was no atom in His body that He did not know and master.

He then grappled with His final mission which was to overcome death. He died on Good Friday, leaving his body consciously. On Holy Saturday, His body was lowered into the grave of the earth. His spirit consciousness entered the realm of death and He released the souls of the dead who were imprisoned in Hades' domain. In bringing the light of consciousness into the dark underworld, He created a pathway for the angels of the deceased to reclaim their lost souls. Angels cannot descend into darkness, and had been patiently waiting many sad centuries for light to penetrate death, so they could raise their human souls into the upper spiritual worlds, and forward to reincarnation.

Christ is 'the Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world'. As the Lord of Karma He has redeemed the 'sins of the world, 'the collateral damage of the rippling out of karma, affecting family, society and culture. As Lord of Karma, Christ continually accepts, atones for, and releases each person's collateral damage, freeing each human being to atone for and redeem their individual karmic acts, and move on. The adverse effects of death have been transformed. Never again will death itself be a trap for the soul, since Christ's deed in the underworld.



All material existence was redeemed through the Last Supper, when Christ stated the fact that bread was His body and wine was His blood. It is a metaphor of His conscious penetration to the molecular and atomic levels of matter. Christ seeded an impulse of life-affirming consciousness into Earth, when His sides were pierced and blood and water flowed into Earth, and when His body was laid in the grave. Water is the physical touch-point of the etheric world, blood is the carrier of the Ego/I, and the body is of the physical. His consciousness was a homeopathic force of spiritual renewal for all levels of earth existence. The Mystery of Golgotha, the deed of Christ, was only a mystery because it was veiled in human material flesh, and then and now, we usually see beyond the surface of things.

There was a second deed of Christ in the 1930's, which was obscured by the atomic bombs at the culmination of WWII. His deed was an etheric transubstantiation, however, we humans have not yet opened the third eye – the spirit-dimensional eye – to gaze into the etheric and higher worlds, so that cosmic event was and still is, veiled in mystery. The time will come in the future – in another couple of thousand years or so, when a third deed will be accomplished by Christ. An act will take place in the astral world which will have a transforming effect on the whole astral realm of Earth and the solar system, and our relationship to it – mystery of mysteries yet to come. Even now, however, we can conceive of such cosmic earthly actions.

But now we must pay attention to Ahriman and the Azuras – the second and third forces of the trinity of Evil. We must face them together, dear Shushilla. Dragons and reptilians on Earth have been redeemed and the karmic pattern has been reset for you and yours, as it was for me and my kind. Now we are on the same side. Now we must consciously evolve together. Before, some of your race were an inner hindrance – inner tempters. Of course, they were just doing their job but the original luciferic force is now metamorphosing into a conscious force for Good, through inclusion in the evolving human astral body. Our mutual ascension was planned and set in motion by Creator God long, long ago. Now that we have wisened up, matured, and evolved, you and I, we are moving forward and upward to a new stages of growing maturity. We now have been reborn as sister souls working together on the same issues on the same side.

Now, the physical result of the luciferic intervention – the reptilian brain stem – has the potential for transformation into a more, shall we say “positive” asset – the seat of Dragon Consciousness. The default setting for instinctive human behavior can now be modified, reset and rebooted. Instincts of fight or flight, kill or be killed, eat or be eaten, are transforming to alert curiosity, generosity, largess, and brotherhood. The

internal stasis for millennia, tweaked toward love and community, the baseline lifted from competition to co-operation.

Human nature is basically good and kind. We came from the spiritual worlds – from paradise, where the perfection of form and function were standard issue. We came from, and are part and parcel of a world of love, peace, and joy. Just because we descended onto Earth and were clothed, as it were, with physical matter (which is not perfect unity, but simple duality), and as the veils of materiality created the illusion of separation from the spirit, does not mean that humanity was not still intrinsically, essentially divine. The physical body just made it a challenge to remember our innate divine nature. And what with the intervention, genetic tampering, and phycho/spiritual/mental/emotional manipulation, humanity all but forgot its divine origins. The divine template of human perfection was not removed or lost when we descended into matter. It was just progressively more difficult to access. Christ renewed the divine template by His very being, as well as by His thoughts, words and deeds. The divine image of humankind has been resuscitated, re-enlivened, and re-awakened and is now accessible within each human being again. It is time to do some deep reflecting and reconnect consciously with our true origin and values. Human nature is rising again to spirit consciousness. We are returning home wiser than when we left.

## *Part 4: How to Incubate Your Dragon*

### *Using Quantum Biology*

Everyone on Earth has been graced with a dragon egg of their own, to incubate and hatch. How do we do that? How do we transform the reptilian brain stem to the Dragon consciousness of evolved wisdom? Ancient traditions and modern meditative practices all hold keys to understanding the process.

The sleeping winged serpent at the base of the spine is the divine dragon of awakened wisdom. It is the kundalini force which rises up, purifying all the chakras in a rush of light and love. As it clears the Alta Major, it nurtures the evolved Dragon consciousness and resets the reptilian brain stem functions from fight or flight, kill or be

killed, to wisdom, brotherhood and generosity; then goes on to enlighten the brain and thinking, swirling the pituitary and pineal into activity.

When the channel is clear, perception of the spiritual worlds is again possible. Thereafter, it is a matter of learning how to function in those other realms. There are skills necessary to safely navigate other dimensions. Tools and practices, lessons and teachings, and life itself, in all its glory, bring many opportunities to learn. There are many pieces of the spiritual consciousness puzzle to be found, studied, and applied – ancient texts, religious practices, channeled information, and poetic inspiration, to name a few.

Each human being is a species unto himer (him/her) self, so each person's development will be a unique and individual path. Truth takes many forms. Each must find the aspects of truth that resonate and work for them, which is why an open mind and an attitude of tolerance and acceptance become indispensable. Discernment – clear, perceptive, but not judgmental – thinking is always a 'must' in an enlightenment toolkit. The only judgment: is this (whatever) appropriate for me at this time? How this (whatever, be it thought, action, substance, etc.) functions in other's lives is their own business and their own path. Not being omnipotent, even if evolving, I cannot judge “right or wrong” for another. Of course there are some behaviors that are anti-social and morally incorrect, and people who do such things are usually in need of compassionate help so they don't hurt themselves and others. But except for stopping the harming of others, judgment is not a necessary part of human interaction. As a matter of fact, judgment usually if not always, messes things up. It is an inappropriate application of one's free will to curtail another's free will. Since free will is the ultimate gift to humanity from the cosmic design (could be called God) and our most potent force for evolving and ascending into higher states of consciousness by coming into personal awareness of cosmic alignment, it would be best left un-judged and un-hindered by another's preconceived religious categories or governmental limits. Each human a species, each human a unique and individual path, each human being unfolding always in the best way for themselves – as a member of the human race, a child of Earth, and a being of the cosmos.

So, a long time ago, Lucifer hard-wired his agenda into the human organism. By the emotional goads of fear and anger, cells mutated to receive more adrenaline, which resulted in the fight, flight or freeze syndrome. These behaviors were helpful when dealing with survival in a hostile world where human beings were the prey of large carnivores. However, things have changed. Very few people are eaten by beasts, now-a-days and the population has grown so that co-operation and communication is more effective in present-day 'tight quarters.'

How do we make the transformation? The HPA pathway of hypothalamus to pituitary to adrenals response mechanism is still the default reaction to external stimuli of either a real, imagined, or believed threat to one's well-being. A charging rhino or an oncoming car in your lane, are definitely real threats to one's health and safety, but an 'orange' or 'red' alert at the airport, or a 'fire drill' in a school, or for some people, the mere presence of a person of another race or religion, sends the same message, triggering the same biological reaction of danger in the environment. Instinctively, the body automatically sends out signals which flood the blood with chemicals of stress – heightening vigilance and preparation for flight or fighting. The whole body configuration changes: muscles tighten, digestion and cell growth are stopped, the frontal lobes of the brain are starved of blood through constriction of the vessels and the muscle system is engorged with blood for more powerful action. Faster running, or more intense, harder hitting, punches, and kicks are being prepared for. Hummmm. That scenario sounds effective for some things and some times, but most civilized, 21<sup>st</sup> century citizens are, even statistically speaking, not in situations that call for such profound physiological responses. Yet, it keeps happening over and over to most people. It is exhausting and puts too much stress on the body, soul and mind.

Cellular physiology and anatomy, brilliantly described by Dr. Bruce Lipton in his wonderful book, *The Biology of Belief*, and Dr. Candace Pert in her's entitled *The Molecules of Emotion*, is where the end result of the cascade of emotional, hormonal events is enacted. The external stimulus, or the imagined trigger, begins a series of chemical responses in the brain which sends a signal to the adrenal glands to flood the body with adrenalin. Those molecules are then received by specific adrenaline receptor sites on the cell wall, like a key in a lock, which opens the pathway through the cell wall, allowing the adrenaline molecule into the cell body itself, which then begins to function according to a pre-set chemical reaction. For example, the blood supplies to the frontal lobes, stomach and digestive organs all decrease, minimizing their 'extraneous' activity in the face of impending death. Muscles power up and tense for action. The heart beats faster, and breathing becomes rapid to increase the necessary nutrients to the muscle cells. Stress all day at work or school ultimately has this effect as well.

If this scenario is played out often enough, it becomes habitual and the adrenaline receptor sites on the cell walls increase as the body is continually flooded with adrenaline. Those poor little receptor sites that are being starved of the positive endorphins for which they are the specific 'lock,' will in time and after a constant barrage of adrenaline, mutate to receive it. Now there are more receptor sites for adrenaline fight or flight, and less for endorphins like serotonin, of peace and pleasure. When one finally calms down, the cell wall functions have been changed, and when finally the endorphins begin to flow in the blood stream, there are fewer receptor sites

available to them, and they cannot access the interior of the cells to spread their message of good feelings, love and joy. This is a problem.

These negative kinds of hard-wired chemical reactions to the stresses of life cause disease. And it doesn't feel very good either. As was said before, it was a pretty handy automatic response to an oncoming saber-toothed tiger, but does not serve humanity well in the densely populated, 21<sup>st</sup> century world. This scenario needs to change – and pretty darn quick too.

Well, luckily for us, that can be accomplished by human beings engaging in their own conscious evolution. In this day and age, we are responsible for our own reactions. We can take the knowledge of cell biology and human physiology and anatomy, and employ the wisdom of the natural working of the body for our own and humanity's benefit. We can consciously play the game of cell wall receptor site transformation. We have free will and can chose to apply it to our bodies, our thinking and our emotions.

The first question is: “Which side are you on? Positive or negative? Pro-evolution of greater expanding consciousness, freedom, responsibility and creativity, or contracting control, domination and power? The next question is: “What are the end goals of your 'side?' Where do you and yours want to go? What will the world look like when you have won and your 'programs' are in place? And the third and last question is: “How are you going to do that? What are the chosen beliefs, values and methods, upon which your 'side' is based and by which you operate?

For myself, I can only say “good luck” if you are wanting control and power in this free-form universe. And then ask if you are really aware of the end-goals and who your spiritual companions on this path truly are?

If, on the other hand, you have chosen to follow the path of expanding consciousness and greater responsibilities, I hope you realize that it will mean acceptance, transformation and integration of the opposite (your dark side) as well as simply enjoying the positive. It consists of a lot of hard work until the time that balance and integration have been achieved, so let's get busy, times a-wasting.

Having chosen the light and positive side, we need to take charge of our bodies and clear up our physical functions to support our end-goals. We need to transform the cellular functions from the reptilian, fear based reactions to the world, to the dragon consciousness of the higher wisdom of brotherhood and generosity. The cell wall receptor sites must be mutated to accept more endorphins and no longer allow

adrenaline into the cells. We need only enough adrenaline for alert, awareness of our surroundings. We don't need to constantly swim in it.

The processes by which endorphins are released are peaceful meditation; kind, loving thoughts; being happily engaged with children, friends, and family; experiencing the beautiful harmony of nature; drenching all the senses with music, art, poetry and such; reasonably indulging in pure conceptual thinking as in mathematics; and extrapolating the moral meaning from life's experiences. Engaging in 'good-natured' (not violently competitive) sports; massage, singing; yoga; and any creative act that brings peace and pleasure is appropriate. There are too many wonderful experiences to name. Each person knows in their heart of hearts what gives them pleasure.

Engaging in those activities releases endorphins into the blood stream. The specific cell wall receptor sites allow these positive chemicals into the cell body which results in feelings of health, well-being and pleasure – it is good to be alive. When we flood the body regularly with these chemicals and deprive the adrenaline receptors of their habitual fare, they will in time mutate to receive endorphins rather than wither away waiting for something that rarely comes. Then peace and alert loving interest will be physically hard-wired as the response mechanism to external stimuli. Persistent, regular experiences of the positive kind are key to transformation. Meditative practices that focus consciousness in this direction, intensify and hasten the process.

This flooding of endorphins through the conscious increase of light and love are the best incubating environment for the golden Dragon's egg in the Alta Major. Like all progeny, baby Dragons bloom in warmth, love and light. When they hatch, they experienced their new world as positive, creative, balanced and integrated. They face their new incarnation with their gifts welcomed and are poised to devote them to the evolution of existence. Such a way of beginning life is a good thing – an exciting, happy, powerful thing – filled with the potential for conscious transformation and an integration and honoring of both the positive and negative forces in life. There is enough energy to accomplish enlightenment, should one chose such a goal.

If we humans can accomplish this task, then fear and anger will simply be unnecessary. As difficulties and challenges arise, they can be met with alert interest, compassionate consciousness and a will to create synergistic harmony. The default setting for response to sense perceptions will have moved from fight or flight, kill or be killed, to compassionate transformative energy which can be applied as appropriate in each individual case.

And just in the nick of time, since the Triumvirate of Evil has dwindled to a Dyad of Evil. The two unredeemed forces of evil – those that come from outside of our human selves, are running amuck on our planet. Ahriman attacks the etheric body, the human life force, through sclerotic, hardening tendencies which manifest in our bodies and in our thinking. Now the battle is taken into “what we DO.” It’s no longer just about how we feel about things, but the cold, calculated, unemotional doings between human beings. These kinds of things are neither nice nor really “human.” The disassociation of our compassionate emotions from thoughts and actions, is the work of Ahriman.

Humans have three areas of activity: thinking, feeling and then willing, and they need to be integrated and blended together. Warm, compassionate thinking and clearly informed emotions must together motivate the will into conscious constructive action. We human beings can knit our individual body, soul and spirit together, from which state we may create heaven on earth – or at least, give it a good go. Cold, unemotional thinking can't do it, nor can unbridled, passionate, emotional outbursts. The tricky task now at hand, is to integrate all aspects of ourselves, consciously.

Luckily, the destiny trajectory of Earth and humankind has been re-set from the downward spiral into deeper materialization and resulting deductive, linear thinking; to ascension back to spiritual realms, creative synergistic thinking, and simultaneous conscious awareness in multiple realms. We have rounded the bend and are headed home again. Halleluiah!

## **Epilogue: Journal Entries**

I have kept a journal for many years. The following passages relate to the *Dragon Quartet*, in one way or another. I meditate in the morning and after the sacred geometric basics, I often journey to research ideas and find answer to questions that have arisen in conversation, or in my own study. I have been traveling to the New Jerusalem in kamaloca since the sacred mountains, including Mt. Shasta, have gone through some major changes.

### **January 2009**

“Please write the Dragon Quartet – the history of Dragons and Dragon/Human relations. It’s important for people to know. You and Shushilla are a potentially powerful pair, one of only a few who are conscious of your connection, out of a few

trillion implanted eggs. A few are hatching now but only a handful are conscious. You two were one of the first conscious ones. Each awake, conscious pair is celebrated and welcomed – it's that rare and so potentially wonderful."

### **Sunday, July 21, 2013**

Then I went up to the New Jerusalem, and as I was walking in, Christ called to me, "Come up here Kienda Valbracht." So I did. The hall was a gathering for the Galactic Federation, and beings from all over this quadrant of the Galaxy were assembled. Christ said that the conceptual matrix is esoteric, Urielic wisdom and that we humans must extend our knowledge and understanding of the cosmos in such a way. We must become conscious participants in the evolution of ourselves, our planet, our solar system, and our galaxy. We must understand the evolutionary pattern of this time and place as it relates to all times and places in the cosmos. Star wars is real. We must come to comprehend the vastness of creation and our part in it. "*The Dragon Quartet* and all your writings are pieces of this very large and complex puzzle."

So I finally did write it, I am happy to say.

### **January 2011**

Shushilla and I travel together on morning meditations, along with a few others of my spiritual family and Warriors of the Rainbow Light. Usually we travel in the sacred geometric vehicle that has been developing for many years. But then, in 2011, we began to fly together. The following journal entries describe the experiences.

Then I went out to a huge platform – a landing pad, and Shushilla was there. We flew and soared together for the first time. She does not flap her wings – she soars, and only navigates with them. We went down to earth – I on her back, wrapped in the light clothing she wears so I did not have to cling or hold tight, but just be there swaddled on her back between her wings. It was a much more peaceful ride than the one in Tibet those millennia ago, but it was wildly invigorating, nevertheless.

### **June 8, 2011**

I went off with Shushilla and we flew again. I have a light body – a rainbow light body that I travel on her back with. She is white iridescent subtle rainbow colors and I am my own chakra colors – medium bright, and now with neon rainbow hands. We wrap our light bodies around one another, and then I don't have to hold on, we are one rainbow creature together.



## **Friday, July 1, 2011 – Mount Shasta**

There was the hugest black dragon flying in to the back door. He covered almost half of the back side of the mountain when he came. Shushilla said, "He is my future mate, but it will be millennia before that happens and he will have come to the light side by then."

## **August, 2011**

So we went up to the New Jerusalem. Many people are streaming up the streets headed towards the amphitheater. This is the first time that I have seen lots of people here. These are all the good hearted, innocents – from all over the globe. Me and my group are out of place. We can come along, but just to sit quietly in the back. There are lots of families and lots!! of children and babies. Christal and Aaron and their three boys are here. The posse and I will sit in the back in the 'crying baby room', and the children are in the theater.

The children are having an experience of their dragons. From new born babies to children of ten or twelve – they are meeting their already hatched dragons. Time is telescoping and the dragons of the young will grow and develop as the child does. It is a reality – but also a metaphor for a generational transformation. A dragon of Shushilla's age and stage is talking to them, "There are only a small number of us older generation dragons. There are millions of you new ones who are ready to grow up in harmony with your person – your human child. Bond, Darlings. Bond the human soul/spirit and the dragon spirit/astral. You have come into the world this way because of all your hard work and good karma. Bonding and love are the fruit of your labor and will carry you into the new world." Shushilla will be a great influence on the young dragons of the human children coming up.

These 'spirit self' dragons of light are the image of the transformed astral body. They are coming now because Christ is working in and from the evolved astral plane. Formerly, the snake was the image of the instinctual emotions. The new dragon of light is the embodiment of the purification of the instinctive reptilian brain stem emotions into a new organ of evolved emotional/astral response to the world.

## **October, 2011**

Our solar system may be orbiting around something far, far away. The solar system of Sirius may also be orbiting the same something. Our system is bonded with Sirius by this. The Shinto religion in Japan claims Sirius as our second sun.

## **November, 2011**

“Dragons are different than Reptilians. Reptilians are stockier and more like upright, standing lizards. Dragons are more slender and light and of course have wings and fly. The three Reptilians, I had walked in on so long ago on the great mother ship, were there in a meeting of the Galactic Federation on another occasion. We had not seen one another since that first startling experience. We all apologized to each other for the surprise and astonishment my opening their door had caused. I had been shocked, but not fearful, because the Reptilian sitting at the desk was speaking so fondly and passionately about his mate back home, that I was not afraid. I was moved by his sincerity and love.

Anyway, right there, in front of everyone at the conference table, the three Reptilians validated my saying that there are good and bad Reptilians, just like there are good and bad Humans.

“And how do you tell the good humans and Reptilians from the other kind?” Siridon asked me.

“It’s a feeling,” I answered, “a feeling that warrants some careful thought and some questions. I don't always stop to think when I feel good about someone. I probably should do that though, because there are humans who are treacherous and deceiving, and sometimes one is totally surprised, caught off guard and betrayed. I suppose it’s like that for other species, too. Anyway, I personally just do the best I can and that’s it. The rest is destiny.”

Everyone laughed. “That’s very reasonable,” Siridon said, “and it seems to work for you.”

## **December, 2012**

For me the question is always there. “How can I know what is true and correct in the spirit worlds when all the parameters are different from normal earthly consciousness?” Well, they are not all different and the issues of physicality are mirrored and echoed in the spirit and vice versa. When the human faculties of thinking, feeling and willing are appropriately balanced and integrated, one has a basis for discernment – apprehending the motive behind outer appearance, both physical and spiritual. Appearances alone on any level can be deceiving. Each sense perceives information on a different vibrational level, and all the sensory input should be in harmony to be true. We also have preconceived notions of value, aesthetics and morality which color our perceptions,

favorably or un. If our emotional response to a spiritual being is not thoughtfully considered, the emotion can cloud further perception and understanding. If we jump to conclusions, we may not allow all the pertinent factors to arise into consciousness. Accumulated experience is invaluable for making appropriate choices and discernments in the spirit, and that just takes practice, perseverance and time.

I have a verse that I live-into every morning, which is part of my preparation for journeying into the spiritual worlds on karmic research projects. I gladly share this, as it helps balance and integrate a human being, whatever one does, and wherever one's life experience takes them.

### Centering Morning Verse

*Oh, Christ, my Angel, Archangel Michael, Mother Earth, Mother Mary, Mary Magdalene, Rudolf Steiner and leaders and guides of Humanity, Ascended Masters, The White Brotherhood, (call upon your guides and inspirers) and my Spiritual Family,*

*I ask for guidance, clarity and strength,*

*As today, I warm my thinking with heart's compassion;*

*As I inform my feeling with clear thinking;*

*And as I thus, with living thinking and living feeling,*

*Motivate, activate, integrate and engage my will*

*To initiate and do the good that is mine to do,*

*For the healing of my body, soul, and spirit,*

*For the unfoldment of my destiny;*

*For the evolution of humankind;*

*And, for the highest good of all concerned.*

*In the name of Christ, so it is,*

*In the light of Christ, I am.*

### *More Journal Entries: The Extra-Terrestrial Issue*

Time is telescoping. It seems like a long, long time ago, since this monograph began. Everything was more innocent then. There seemed to be hope and faith still available. The energies have changed. Especially since the Fukushima catastrophe, which goes on unabated. The stakes have gotten much higher. Evil is more blatant, disrespectful, and insidious. The veneer is peeling away to show glimpses of unabashed greed, lust, violence and any and all of the seven deadly sins. All pretense is gone.

Are we headed for the eye of the needle?? Some point of no return? Are the masses of us waking up and standing against the encroaching wickedness that aims to destroy the goodness of life that humanity is ultimately destined for? Are we going to make it? Or will humanity be damaged and destroyed by radiation and GMOs, till there is no possibility of incarnating into a normal healthy body, and all that is left is a world of 'thalidomide babies' and genetic aberrations. Not a happy prospect, but it is looking like a distinctly possible scenario, should the dark side have its way on Earth.

The following journal entries from the last couple of years are sobering. There is hope still, if enough people can awaken and take action to stop the destruction and heal the wounds of our planet and ourselves.

#### **Wednesday, July 27, 2011 – 2 pm Meditation – Olympia**

It was the 2 – 2:30 meditation, and I was late – again. I ran up all hot and flustered and breathing hard. A being greeted me, saying, “Well, still the disheveled angel I see.” (He was referring to my near death experience at birth.) I said, “I don't know where I am supposed to be. Can you help me? Where shall I go?” He asked me, “What are you working on – what are you interested in?” To which I replied, “Well. I am working on time and timelines.” “OK,” he said. “Follow me.” So I did. We ran down some halls, turned a few corners and came to a door on the left, which entered a small amphitheater for about 100 people, or so.

We entered at the top of the room. The seats were descending in rows below us. I got situated in the back row, and looked around. The being who got me here was gone, and I was the only human in the whole room. There were some empty seats around me, but the rows closer to the front were filled. Every being was of another race. There were beings that looked like humans with 'shrimp-like' heads with all kinds of antennae sticking up, and beings with multiple arms, and the praying mantis type of beings. All were taking notes. The lecturer had the large blackboard covered with mathematical formulas, equations, numbers, and symbols. He was of the 'octopus-like' race.

He looked up at me once I got seated and said, "You are late, but since you are here – do you have any questions?" I replied, "Sorry about being late, however, I don't think that I would have understood what is on the blackboard. I just don't fathom numbers like that. But, **What does it mean?**" He actually smiled and said, "Good question, I'm glad you asked. Yes, it is about time and time is telescoping – each segment – each delineated passage of time is getting exponentially shorter and space is likewise becoming smaller. We all in this galaxy are headed for the eye of the needle."

"Because earth is in 3D and 4D (time), it still has a physical body as do most of her inhabitants. It is going slower than the other dimensions, and so other beings who are not yet ready to 'ascend' or go through the eye of the needle, but are teetering on the brink of the waterfall, are trying to flock on to Earth to slow their own processes down. Unfortunately, you on Earth are at a critical juncture in your evolution. It is not yet clear how it is going to go." The lecturer addressed me specifically, again because I was the only human being in the room. "Could you say a little something about that, please?"

"I stood up and said, "Greetings, my Friends, I have met many of your people in the Galactic Federation. I am happy and honored to be here with you at this time, even though it may have been a mistake." And we all laughed. "Yes, it is critical. We humans are still quite primitive, but we have potential. We need a time – a little space of time when we are not under the intense psychic, spiritual influence and manipulation of too many beings in the unseen worlds. We need time to wake up and see the spiritual as well as the physical reality of what we have done so far.

Therefore, from my point of view, and I am only 1 of 6 or 7 billion human beings; I would say that so long as others do not transgress human free will (which is, unfortunately, I know, used by many of us to remain asleep and adamantly ignorant) it might be all right. But for a bit, we do not need interference in our working out our own problems and learning our own lessons. I think that it would probably be OK if Earth could be a helpful place for other's evolution, as well as human freedom.

A good idea would be to ask Christ, our Solar Regent for permission. And if it works, so that humans and others can evolve individually in the same space/time continuum, then great. I'm glad and welcome. If not, I am not very knowledgeable about the ramifications of such things, but trust Christ absolutely – then No, Please, and I'm sorry and wish you the perfect place to meet your needs. Thank You." And I sat down.

The lecturer down front said, "Very good, thank you." and adjourned the lecture for a break. The beings down front got involved in very animated and intense conversations among themselves. A few came up to me and wanted to see what a human being was

really like. One Shrimp-Person tickled me with the various feelers on his head. The different antennae are sensors for different kinds of rays and vibrations. It was a pleasant experience and we both laughed and thanked one another when he was finished. This concluded the meditation for me.

### **June 2011 – Olympia, Washington**

“Not many will survive the coming changes. In rare instances, some may be air-lifted to safety, but many people who believe in ETs are gullible fools, in that they expect saviors and are not ready to work individually for the new influx of technology and the creation of the new world. They are still thinking in spiritual materialistic terms. Know that like in “Peralandra” the dark side will continue on in the New World. It’s just an ebb and flow – a contraction and expansion.”

“Information is vital to a true awakening to objective spiritual reality. Truth is preferable to a mere manifestation of wishful thinking, ungrounded desire, or naive and ignorant acceptance of whatever presents itself. Discernment is necessary. Few yet have the information and tools for spiritual discernment, or the strength to apply it or wield the “sword of discernment.”

(This next bit is a rant in my direction. I am not moving along as well as I or they (spiritual beings) had hoped.) “Please, get busy. You have the tools and are using them properly. You need to impart the information that has been vouchsafed to you. Its not for you alone, but you have received the gifts of knowledge and insight in order to share them with other human beings. Move! Do!! Finish and move on – speaking, writing, blogging, etc. Formulate and create a world conception and evolution of consciousness 'draft' to give and disseminate. People need a conceptual matrix as you are so fond of saying – a conceptual matrix of your world in the cosmos, the evolution of consciousness and the objective spiritual worlds. Do it! And do it now! It is the perfect time. Absolute clarity must be offered to humanity, and the masses are opening to new possibilities. It’s not too late – it is perfect timing. NOW!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!”

I sat still after the transmission and thought about it all. The following is my process: the dark side is trying to do a take-over through the governments and the over-throw of governments. The rhetoric is still in the terms of 'victory' and 'we will do this for you' and 'heaven has given us the task of saving earth' etc. but not a single word of Christ.

We humans are pretty stupid, it’s true, but we are on our own evolutionary path to higher and better things. We don't need rescuing from our own insanity or responsibility. Just please, remove the interloping elements and let us move forward on

our own human path. 'We don't need no stinking badges' from the questionable side of the false face of the Galactic Federation of Light, as it has been co-opted by the dark side or falsely misrepresented as them. Yes, the Galactic Federation exists – and it too, has differing sides, opinions and factions, however, the dark side is masquerading under similar names.

“How does a human being discern the nature and quality of their contact with the Galactic Federation and inter-galactic, inter-species contact?” was my next question. I must now speak from my personal human standpoint based on the read and understood content of Anthroposophy, and everything else I've ever learned in this lifetime.

The greater picture of the evolution of consciousness, and the pattern of progress in the universe is that each being on each dimensional level is moving upward and helping those below, as they are helped by those above themselves. The 3<sup>rd</sup> and 4<sup>th</sup> dimensional worlds are the lowest point in physical manifestation. Humanity is at the bottom of the pile. To move upward with the rest of created existence, we must understand, love, and master every atom of physical materiality. Then we will be able to transform it and ourselves and 'ascend'. Well, we are not there yet, as is obvious by the state of our planet. A few have succeeded over eons of human history. We need to go forward and achieve this comprehensive state.

Having extra-terrestrials sweep in and redesign human life is not on the docket. It would not further human evolution: it would further their own aims. We human beings must learn to do for ourselves. And besides, we have a hierarchy of our own solar system who are rightfully helping us – their little brothers and sisters. Christ and the angels need not come and intervene in space ships. We are receiving the help and guidance from above that we need, should we just attend and listen.

There will come a time in the future when contact will be appropriate. Right now it is not. Humanity is vulnerable and weak. We are going through an inner transformation. We are in the midst of a consciousness growth spurt and it is not appropriate to externally actualize these changes by an off-planet external intervention masking as spiritual when it is blatantly materialistic. Angels and others of our solar system hierarchy – our fellow evolving entities under the 'auspices' of Christ the Solar Logos – do not need space ships. They have ascended upward to higher dimensions before us. They live and create in and through humanity, in that we also have etheric and astral bodies, and the spiritual essence of the Ego/I which is an aspect of the universal 'mind of God' – the substance or vibration out of which the whole created universe came, comes and will be coming.

So again, although humans are indeed struggling and sometimes seems to be losing ground on the path to enlightened consciousness and compassionate action; it is our process and we must by our own efforts win the prize of conscious evolution into our solar confederacy and ultimately fully conscious representation in the Galactic Federation.

If our planet is reorganized by another life-form – no matter how seemingly nice – and we are taken over by another race's values and priorities, humanity will have given away its freedom to evolve to the best of its own inherent ability. We must not abandon ourselves to some other force, race, idea, ideal, structure, form of government, parameters of acceptable behavior, or spiritual or physical judgment. We are at a crucial turning point in human evolution and must not be stopped or co-opted for any other agenda. Humanity has its own row to hoe. Although it looks like we are headed for an 'Atlantean scale' shift, brought on by our own actions; we will learn through it and clear and cleanse and purify ourselves, and in the end, come out healthier and stronger, wiser and more compassionate.

So to those beings who intend to intervene in our human physical world – by whatever name you call yourselves, “Thank you but NO thank you. We are hard at work learning and transforming along with our Mother Earth and the Sun and the solar hierarchies as well as the spiritual Zodiac all the way to Galactic Center. We do not need or ask for physical distraction. If the interlopers here already could be called back off of earth – as was decreed by the true Galactic Federation in their message from Mount Shasta on Tuesday, March 29, 2011 – that would be fine. Then we can get down to the business of being true humans on earth. Other than that, and through imagination, inspiration, intuition, and clear thinking, influencing humans from the higher levels; allow us to manifest what we choose in freedom. Back off, please. Thank you.

### **Monday, June 27, 2011 – Bellevue, Washington**

It is evening now. I have been listening to a white woman masquerading as a Native American. She says from the Hopi elders prophecy that white men in silver discs will come and help build the new world. Is that true? I listened to the Hopi prophecy many times just a while ago and did not hear that stuff about white men and silver discs. The final prophecy spoke of Blue and Red Katchinas. My impression is that this woman is an opportunist, riding the wave of Native American interest, and a subtle manipulator and distorter. Unfortunately, there are many like that. It's not easy to perceive spiritual reality clearly, and many people are just looking for someone to give them an easy way through life.



It's time to consider what Rudolf Steiner says about the work of the angels in man's astral body – that they are placing picture images of future evolution, culture, society, and brotherhood/sisterhood into human's astral bodies. If the individual is consciously working to purify and clear their own astral body, then the images are clear, and accurately seen and understood as visions of the positive future of Earth. However, if the individual is asleep at the wheel of life, and does not recognize spiritual truth, but is adamantly materialistic and self-centered, then the images will be implanted in the dreams state when the person is totally unconscious. The pictures then are not understood, and can be manipulated by the individual's shadow side. Then, they are perceived oppositely to what they mean. The ugly will be called beautiful. The beautiful scorned. The bad and evil will be called good. Goodness and nobility will be ridiculed. Unfortunately, this is working in the world today, as can be seen on any TV or in any magazine.

We are also working on the etherization of the blood through Christ in us. I do not see where an “alien intervention” by white men in silver discs comes in. And what is their help in creating the New World and the new society – after the changes? It does not feel right to me to think about public contact at this time. That might just be the big play and ploy to derail the inner evolutionary changes that are coming – for people to go belly up and on their knees to another set of alien gods.

We need to work a bit harder and do it ourselves. Having external physical help, may not really be a good idea. We can accept inspiration and inner guidance through our angels and ancestors and even extra-terrestrial beings, but their actually coming down and doing stuff? I don't think so. We shall see. Christ's deeds have made it possible for us to evolve and ascend. Do we need other interventions? We have not done justice to Christ's gifts yet.

#### **Thursday – July 19, 2012 – San Jacinto, California**

The Galactic Federation is made up of many kinds and races of beings. Almost all of them have the capacity for three dimensional and higher manifestation. As each world – meaning planet and solar system – evolves, they go through a 3-Dimensional period in which the 3-D paradigm locks consciousness into itself. That period of time is usually short compared to the 'eternal' time frames of higher dimensions, where cause and effect, or karma, do not operate in the same way as in a physically manifest time and world.

Just because Earth is in 3-D and her people are too, does not mean that physical, sense-perceptible beings are the only ones inhabiting the planet. The scheme of universal

evolution is for each specific, individual entity to successively master higher levels of existence, moving ever up the vibratory planes and mastering every kind and quality of the experiences possible within each specific dimension and time frame.

Therefore it is appropriate and should be understood, that on planet Earth, a 3-D realm, as well as in every vibratory dimension, beings are going through the appropriate challenges to master their resident level of existence. Many of these non-physical beings accompanying humanity, have been known for a long time, such as angels and archangels. The various gods and goddesses of antiquity from all over the globe are also such beings. Contrary to popular psychology, they are not just fictions of superstitious minds wanting to make sense of a world they could not yet explain through science. The gods and goddesses were beings from other, higher dimensions and vibratory states than humanity inhabited in ancient times; hence their super-power qualities and the adoration as divine they received – by a less evolved, less masterful human race.

The question arises – where do these gods and goddesses reside now? Just as humans have feelings and thoughts that cannot be seen or perceived physically, though we have observable physical bodies, so does every other created thing in the universe have aspects of itself in a number of different dimension. Humanity has a sense perceptible physical body, and a body of specific vibrational feelings, and a different body of differently vibrating thought. We also have a capacity for spiritual perception which is our highest vibrational aspect at this time. We live in different dimensions – from the physical, etheric, and astral to the spiritual.

Angels also live in the non-physically perceptible realms of feelings, thoughts and true spiritual vision. And they exist in a realm or two beyond what humanity has available at this time in our evolution. Archangels are not bound to the feeling realm, as are the angels, but live in thoughts and spirit visions and even higher planetary consciousness. Other beings in the hierarchy of existence have solar system consciousness, galactic and cosmic awareness. The many kinds of beings described as celestial hierarchies span time and space, multiple dimensions, and center their consciousness within certain vibratory fields in planetary realms and beyond. Finally, we reach the home of the Creator God of our quadrant of the universe in Galactic Center.

With this sketchy outline, the issue of extra-terrestrials, who? from where? and why? can be addressed.

Ideally, evolution moves the beings of each realm up one notch or category, within a certain time-frame which is calculated so that the beings can master the lessons and qualities and be ready to move on to new challenges in the dimension above them. That

is the underlying principle of evolution. However, not every being learns the lessons, masters the tools, or achieves the new capacities and abilities in the allotted time. Therefore, they are held back and their evolution becomes retarded. They are not within the proper flow, but instead, are in the program of the next group that ascends to the dimension they must continue to inhabit because they were not yet able to achieve ascension into the next higher realm themselves. That scenario has been played out for eons. There are retardant beings of almost (I am not sure if it is 'all' or just 'most') all categories of existential consciousness. This causes a few problems in goal setting and the means of achieving the goals within each dimension throughout the galaxy. The retardant beings often work at odds to the incoming beings newly ascended into the same dimension. This brings a conflict of interest into just about every realm. The human realm is just one dimension of many and the 'home' of many different kinds of retarded as well as properly evolving beings. Humans need to develop 'freedom and love' in this round of existence. We are finding that difficult because our dimensions are also inhabited by both positively and negatively evolving beings: angels and devils, good and bad archangels, etc.

And the rest of the systems in our galaxy are the same. Many of them are far advanced, compared to Earth/solar evolution. Some are behind. Each of them is grappling with the same scenario: proper and retarded evolutionary development of the resident beings in each realm at the end of each phase of their planetary/system development. Once again, it is wheels within wheels – all turning in their own ways to the beat of their own evolutionary drums.

The question of who are the ETs visiting Earth, and what and why is their motive, is a very complicated question.

### **Monday, July 22, 2012 – San Diego, California**

The ET question: Siridon, whom I had visited on the Mother Ship of the Galactic Federation, My spiritual family, four Warriors of the Rainbow Light, a couple of the Native Americans, and I went to a briefing on this topic.

“There are many ETs still on earth who have been here a long time. The reptilian type from Venus who came with Lucifer and the Anunaki in pre-Babylonian times are two kinds that have stayed. The Katchinas in the American southwest are still in the etheric planes there. Some Native Americans have a tradition related to the Pleiades, and I am sure that there are many more. There are legends and stories about star children, especially star maidens in many cultures. The intermingling has been going on a long

time. Both the Pleiadians and Sirians continue to be in touch with the succeeding generations of their kind, or the vestiges of those who remain here on whatever plane.'

'Those that have stayed have not evolved very far, since they became retarded higher beings on a planet that did not offer the challenges and lessons they personally needed for their own development and evolution. Many took positions of leadership in developing early cultures – the Anunaki in ancient India and the Middle East and Ireland, the Sirians in Africa, and both the Pleiadians and Sirians in the Americas. In each of the cultures that arose through their guidance and assistance, some ascended higher as appropriate, some stayed behind. The correct way to rightfully assist another developing race is to guide and bring new impulses into the existing culture, wait and nurture the new skills necessary for mastery of the new impulses to develop within (in this case) humanity, and then step back and see what they do with their newly acquired abilities. Some of each kind of ET did that. Others have stayed and continued to try to control humanity more and more. These are the negative, retarded beings in all categories of ET races.'

“Among themselves, from the higher vibrational realms they all inhabit, they can see or perceive the motives and temperament of one another. Humanity – still working its way through 3-D reality – has not yet developed the spiritual faculties to perceive such non-physical aspects of one another, ETs , or spiritual beings such as angels.”

“The faculties of non-physical perception are slated for development now and in the near future. We as a race are not prepared to consciously deal with beings from higher dimensions until we have activated our spiritual possibilities and awakened our spiritual organs, exercised our spiritual abilities and gathered some needed spiritual tools for navigation of the physically un-perceived realms.”

“The positive life and evolution supporting beings of all classes and categories are working to protect humanity so that we have time to develop those needed faculties. Unfortunately, the luciferic beings have insinuated themselves into the human constitution and remained there since the Fall in Lemuria. Later, the ahrimanic beings invaded the human etheric body. We humans have had a difficult time with these interventions and transgressions against the positive direction of our evolution.”

However, it is a fact, and we must face it and overcome it. We must develop our spiritual organs of perception so as not to be taken advantage of by ETs or negative spiritual beings or by human beings under the influence of the negative forces and beings resident on this planet or gazing down on us from the sky, with their own agendas.”

“Humanity – WAKE UP!!!”

### **Friday, February 17, 2012 – The Asheville Astrology Club**

The psychic D. C. was giving a talk this evening. It was a journey into the planets. Jupiter came to me on two legs, and we jumped firmly on the ground and sprang into the air and up to Jupiter. He took me like a dog toy in his teeth and shook me violently. The image of “Men in Black” of K shaking the dog, came to my mind. All kinds of extra, unnecessary baggage got shaken loose and flew off of me. After I was thoroughly shaken and cleaned of all excess stuff, Jupiter did a volleyball serve with me as the ball – sending me flying up to Uranus/Vulcan.

Uranus did a slam dunk of me like a face-plant into the surface of the planet. Going through the crust, I was crumbled to dust, and then penetrated deeper into the watery layer of Uranus. I swam inward and came to a “glass bubble around the center of the planet. It protects a whole civilization – a whole world. I tapped on the glass and a being motioned to me – with a hand he had grown in order to do so – to swim up to the top of the planet's north pole with the moving streams of water. So I did. I went into the bubble through the usual entryway and came into the center of the planet which is a civilization of the future. It is a co-operative, compassionate community. Then the time was over and I came back to North Carolina.

### **December 29, 2012 – San Diego, California**

I did my usual meditations, and finally went very deep. The central channel of white light received horns and the sun disk which can be angled – or rather it is a sphere and shines in all directions, was in the center like Hathor's crown. All chakras are living and moving and well and bright.

The spiritual family and I went up to the donut to look back on Earth. We saw all the dark influences, like black cords coming from the negative spiritual worlds to a number of people and then from those people spreading out to others from black cords – solar plexus to solar plexus.

I declared and affirmed that all off-planet beings were not allowed to be here on Earth and then further declared that the black negative spiritual influence which did not leave humanity free was also no longer appropriate. The human connection to the spirit worlds whether positive or negative must now be initiated by humans individually.

The Warriors of the Rainbow Light unsheathed their rainbow swords and moved across the globe severing all the black ties that were coming from above. When that was

finished, except for a couple of places which were too dense and steel hard (Switzerland, Italy, England and the east coast of the US) and some which are chaotic swirling masses of dark matter (Africa, South America, China and Korea.) When the main cords vertically from above were cut, they fell back into the people. The horizontal cords from person to person then went slack and the people on the end, who only received the influence from other humans felt, as the whole world received it too, a tremendous wave of light from above and a surge of loving earth forces from below. Millions of those cords were blown out of people with a great popping sound, like cosmic popcorn, all over the world.

Now, people are clear of those sticky black cords of unconscious influence from others. The black cords had snapped back to the senders who are covered in the sticky black goo. The cut vertical cords from the dark spiritual forces had also sunk back down into the people. There will be even more fuzzy thinking in higher places and unreasonable declarations and actions.

2013 is the year of action – the year of doing. Grass roots people are now free to choose which actions they will take. We normal, little humans are free now from undue influence for a while, so we had better act quickly and decisively and strongly. I need to speak these things out into the world, to help people realize what is happening.

### **Monday, May 20, 2013 – San Diego, California**

“Well, that’s all good and all, - AND?” is what I heard upon entering the meditative state. The question then turned to the Extraterrestrial situation. “More highly evolved beings do not need to manifest in 3 D. They may choose to do so, but that is not necessary and takes a lot of energy for very little purpose. They don't need to prove to any human beings that they exist. Those that do choose to manifest – pull together the elements for a physical body and then to inter-breed with humans are of a lower vibration anyway and are colonizing earth both physically and genetically. In early earth history, shortly after the 'fall,' there were a number of interventions of the latter type. 'The sons of god found the daughters of earth pleasurable,' or some such quote from Genesis in the Bible.”

“The beings who have the task of giving humans the opportunity for lessons in opposition, have come from elsewhere and are infiltrating the etheric (Ahriman), the astral (Lucifer), and the Ego/I (Azuras). There are all sorts of sub and super sensible forces and beings at work in the human being's various bodies.”

“The true Ego/I – the Christ in me, my higher self, must learn to govern, direct and moderate all of the forces within myself, within the temple of my whole self: my etheric body – the Elementals and beings of the etheric world including Ahriman; my astral body – my emotions and Lucifer; and my Ego/I – Christ in me and the higher spiritual beings, both positive and negative, light and dark and the Azuras must also be redeemed.”

“That is the human job and is to be done through the power or force of Christed consciousness – to raise and redeem all we come in contact with, up to the next higher level of existence and the next and the next. Nothing must be left behind. 'We all go together when we go.' Each lower vibrational state of existence can be raised through the activity of consciousness – loving, compassionate, Christ-like consciousness. We are gods and goddesses in training. Our bodies are our individual galaxies – everything is imbued with the mind of the creator god of this universe and humans are fractals of that creative god pattern.”

“We should get to know and work together with the higher beings in our solar system. That is a vast, yet human scale entity with which to work and as Christ is the Solar Logos, it is most appropriate.”

“The ET issue: any ETs that manifest physically are not appropriate on Earth and are interlopers for their own ends. Humanity as a whole is not ready for interstellar interaction because we are not evolved enough not to do harm to us and them, and the existent physical worlds, our own planet and all other stellar habitations.”

“We can and (should we) contact them mentally and spiritually. It is important to know what is going on out there, as well as knowing what is truly going on here at home (which is mostly NOT GOOD.) OK. This is the basis for further explorations into the origins of human life and the ET question.’

### **Saturday, May 25, 2013 – Boulder Gardens in Joshua Tree, California**

The corona of the sun is its aura. How many habitable planets with human-like populations are there in this quadrant of the Galaxy? How does it happen? (it being life.) These are questions to start this meditation rolling.

“It depends upon when in the evolutionary scheme of the 'solar' system, the human life-form precipitates out of the primordial spiritual soup of the system. Usually there is an order and a time frame for the proper or most life enhancing evolutionary plan for each system. Without an intervention, there would just be a gracious evolution – and there

have been such. Jupiter comes to mind and Lyra and places I do not know the names of (Abraxas, Winniman 3.) I see them as bright, steady but gentle lights across this quadrant of the galaxy – the front south-west quadrant, to be more specific. Most if not all of the star/sun systems had, have had, or will have a stage of evolution which includes a human species – human being is described here, as an entity consisting of physical, etheric, astral and developing Ego/I. The consciousness of each 'solar logos' is what guides the development of the whole system, aided by the other hierarchies.”

“We humans are headed to becoming, each, the logos of a solar system which will be the result of our own evolved consciousness and expansion into space.”

“There is something about black holes being the birthing canals from one dimension to another, and taking a certain amount of 'undifferentiated matter and energy' along with the birthing entity, to create a new system or galaxy or discreet system of some kind. It all depends on the level of creating abilities of the Ego/I or higher body. The creatory force sets patterns into motion in the quiescent, unformed matter and then the patterns ripple out into, or evolve into more and more complex forms of manifestation. At a certain point of complexity and perfection of the designated levels of vibratory states, physical, etheric, astral, Ego/I and higher and lower states ((we are not aware of yet other than the sub-etheric elementals, and sub-physical forces such as electro-magnetism) aspects such as spirit-self, life-spirit, and spirit-man. There are many stages below and above those which are expressed by Rudolf Steiner as Old Saturn, Old Moon, and Old Sun) the whole 'planet/system' jumps up a notch. Each kind of being (on Earth we say, physical/mineral, etheric/plant, astral/animal, and Ego/I//human) moves up an evolutionary step.”

“Since humans only achieved free-will since the Fall, duality has offered choices from then on. Unity in god-consciousness and the spirit (Eden) does not have a place for choice, usually. Having four bodies in 3-D seems to be necessary to qualify as human-like. This specific configuration allows for the necessary steps in evolution to be possible to become a 'creator-god oneself and carry on the birthing and replication of 'solar systems' within this quadrant of the galaxy.”

“My first thought of numbers of habitable planets with humanoid life forms, in this quadrant of the galaxy, was many hundred, if not a couple of thousand. And now, at the end of this meditation, the same numbers appear. And of course, among those, there is a long span of evolutionary time until the humans become truly human in the best sense of the word. Some, as I have seen and experienced in journeys to Galactic center, are very much more primitive than we, and brutal like the dark ages, which were only a



1,000 plus or minus years ago, Earth time reckoning. The heights of flowering civilizations is a brief moment in time.”

“Then the issue arises – interstellar travel? Optimally, there is no physical interstellar travel and intermixing while a system has time to develop in its own unique way – with guidance from higher levels of the 'solar' system and up to the creator god, who pretty much leaves evolution in the hand of those who are actually evolving, and most of the pattern set in place by the solar regent. We need to look to Christ for our pattern. It is correct for our solar system, since he was human at some point way back and is now the logos of this bit of evolving matter.”

“Since the number, hundreds if not a few thousand, has come up, I wonder if not (and I have thought this before) in the end of ascension, there are a total of 144,000 complete human beings who are composed of many individualities. Or that there will be 144,000 who actually evolve to the point of conscious ascension. The rest of us (if we are not compositae, and all go together when we go) are resolved back into original matter, including all four bodies back into the undifferentiated matter-pool. This might mean that there are approximately 144,000 systems evolving along somewhat and somewhere together, at this time in the universe.”

#### **Thursday, May 30, 2013 – San Diego, California**

Today, I did a complete meditation to get back into the swing of it – and it was so profound. The Caddy up and running, I went to look at Shasta again. It is still under siege by the dark forces. I asked, “Is Siridon here?” They answered, “Siridon? We have no truck with his kind.”

Then I went up to the New Jerusalem and they said “Welcome Kienda and your marvelous spirit team. It is coming to an end. Do the best you can. Stand in your power and act each opportunity accordingly. This is your change – to speak absolute truth. Your touch-point for massive transformation is the sessions into past lives that heal the whole human past. It will furnish an experience of conscious work in the spirit worlds. Reach as many people as possible and facilitate journeys. “

“There is a whole wing of the big golden building with the amphitheater, for the Galactic Federation. The moon sphere is the landing location of the Great Mother Ship that I have been in and met Siridon and the others. Because there is no 3-D physical dimensionality, purified thought and desire are the way to motate around the ship. That’s why humans are not ready for such. We do not yet have control over the mind or emotions. Movies and things come up into consciousness, etc, and fragmentary

memories or images that would be better left un-remembered and not manifest in etheric thought forms.”

We walked down the hall and first door on the left (my usual.) We – the spiritual family and I – sat around an oval table with Christ and Siridon, Archangel Michael and the original White Dragon. Michael gave a report. “The battle is not going so well. Humanity is becoming almost irreparably damaged. The worst offenders are GMOs and radiation on the physical level and the constant onslaught of images and ideas from TV, school education, and movies, etc. Any pre-formed image takes up time and space in 3D. You know the damage of GMOS and radiation.”

“The few – you and as many others as possible, must awaken further and live cleaner. Spiritual teamwork is indeed being called for.” Rudolf Steiner then joined the group. “The healing work with the Elementals is also crucial. There is a team of two of them forming also. It is an anomaly for them to work together consciously in inter-Elemental groups and to team up with all kinds of dimensional beings. Guide or be led as you realize it is important and appropriate.”

I asked Siridon about the cosmos and the number of inhabited planets and he said, “Millions – everything is inhabited. The 3D ones are fewer – thousand and in all stages of development. In 3D, as you know it on Earth, hundreds at the crucial point that Earth is in. Some 'humans' are doing better – others worse. Right now Earth is at the tipping point. You may awaken and work more diligently or you may slide in a stupor downward and have to climb back up again to try to make it over the top to the next higher stage of evolution. It does not look good for humanity as a whole yet. Individuals? yes, the mass of humanity? Not really.”

“In the end, of course, all will be well. But as time progresses, the end can move farther away and that denotes more difficult lessons. Or, time can shorten and mean a quicker turn-around time. Whatever, the upshot is: individually, each must awaken to the knowledge of micro and macrocosm – how they inter-relate and how to become positively active in your world and co-operate with adjacent worlds. It is possible to do that and in fact, it must be done. So, Kienda, it is your task to share this information and assist others in accessing these tools and methods of inter-dimensional communication. GO and DO!!!!!!”

**Sunday, July 21, 2013 – San Francisco, California**

Then I went up to the New Jerusalem, and as I was walking in, Christ called to me, “Come up here Kienda Valbracht.” So I did. The hall today is a gathering place for the

Galactic Federation, and beings from all over this quadrant of the Galaxy were assembled. Christ said, "The conceptual matrix is Urielic wisdom and that we humans must extend our knowledge and understanding of the cosmos in such a way. We must become conscious participants in the evolution of ourselves, our planet, our solar system, and our galaxy. We must understand the evolutionary pattern of this time and place as it relates to all times and places in the cosmos. Star wars is real. We must come to comprehend the vastness of creation and our part in it. *"The Dragon Quartet* and all your writings are pieces of this very large and complex puzzle."

### **Monday, November 11, 2013**

When we got up to the New Jerusalem, we were greeted at the door and it was suggested that we go to a meeting down the hall. "And yes," said the welcoming angel, "there is always something going on in the auditorium and in most of the classrooms and small amphitheatres." in answer to my unspoken question. "You may come any time. Today there is a special meeting with Siridon and Reginald. Down there." and he pointed down the hall to the left. The Galactic Federation has a wing of this building somewhere, I just haven't been there yet.

Shushilla is with us and the White Dragon of Sirius was in the room. They went off together to help Ignazio's dragon. He is a blue shade, but all dusty and somehow, his wings are glued shut. Ignazio's doubt has resigned his dragon to the dust bin, but he can be reclaimed.

So Siridon from Sirius in the present now time, and Reginald from Lyra and Vega eons ago, are here with Ignazio and I. The settlement on Mars that I heard the Tall Whites or was it the Nordics came from, is just that – an outpost, a settlement for travelers. The Mars beings, the indigenous ones went through their 'human', 3-D stage long before earth was created, while earth was still part of Old Sun. They are no longer dense, and haven't been since then. But the settlements have been made by galactic travelers and the Tall Whites are one group.

Reginald said, "We have not intervened except to interbreed with you earthlings for pleasure and to lift you up. At that time, the population was small and struggling, so simply interbreeding was sufficient, as well as simple transfer of energy by touch and intention. It was the Anunaki intervention, shortly after Atlantis went down south, that did the genetic modification. This is a repetition – a fractile of the pattern set in motion by the Reptilian, Lucifer in Lemuria – the pattern of inserting something foreign into newly developing species for alternative goals, rather than the destiny of the populations themselves. It is patently not fair. We Tall Whites as you call us, but Lyrans

as we originally were, did not do those kinds of things. It is unredeemed reptilian behavior. When a species has evolved to a certain point, then we can interact. It is most unfortunate that the hard-wired reptilian brain stem was designed to be so impervious to transformation. Certain factors and characteristics are absolutely dominant. In this case, because we have no genetics that could surface as active evil, our mixing with your species could not undo the luciferic implant. We have our faults and must redeem and heal parts of ourselves, even still now, but we never had an insertion of active evil within us."

"As you saw, Kienda, I am one of the least of my kind – but I am good and true. Personally, I just need confidence. And I am learning that now, thanks to Ignacio. I see his brilliant genius and I see his doubt which obscures it. (p.s. It is a Catholic hold-over.) Fantasy, as he calls it is the doubt filled, self-delusion of the only proof being scientific. He, like me, has a problem with realistic self-awareness and true self-image. I always held back thinking and feeling that all the other Tall Whites were better at self-expression, etc. etc. But now I see that I too have a gift. It is the gift of understanding aspects of the human being that need healing. I am a remedial healer and psychologist for our traveling crew. Some run into difficulties on the long voyages. But here in the New Jerusalem it is more like our normal home vibration, so everyone is in top form here. I have been feeling extraneous. Now I see I can be of service once again to the human beings. I am profoundly knowledgeable about inner states, psychology and also, the workings of various spiritual entities and beings in all the different vibratory fields of existence. I think we have all found each other by cosmic design."

"Oh, yes," I responded. "Can Ignazio be healed and strengthened to be able to work actively and confidently also?" "That depends on him." Reginald said. "I will do nothing against his will but now his will is mixed. He has both the desire to know and experience new things, yet the fear of the exposure of his damaged and unredeemed sides. He may want to sift through his life one more time, and release and jettison those experiences, feelings, thoughts and attitudes that no longer serve him. When anything is let go of, it should be released into the light, which will transform the old baggage to its more elevated state by the power of the love. It is not appropriate at this time to simply 'let it go' to swirl around in the lower etheric and astral worlds. Then those experiences and forces only feed lower inappropriate entities. Things must be transformed by consciousness, light, and love."

"Then, the final phase of the release is to fill oneself with light and love. Call upon Christ and the angels to enter the space that has been freed up and made available for more positive, consciously chosen energies. Fill the space and heal it with love and goodness and nobility. After a few days of this (and you can help) Ignazio will be ready

to receive and work together with me and you and his dragon, Blue Bill, or more formally, Bhylarius.”

“Thank you for speaking with me and initiating contact on Ignazio's behalf. All bodes well.”

#### **Thursday, February 6, 2014 – San Diego, California**

Vast numbers of many races are just doing the best they can – studying with the Ascended Masters of many races in the Galactic Federation – which was one of the original gathering organizations of multiple races and star systems in this galaxy. However, it has recently been fragmented on Earth and perhaps on other planets as well.

There are factions now in the Galactic Federation. Those that have negatively polarized excessively are introducing themselves to humans as the Federation of Light. It is a luciferic faction, however. It is wielding its influence here on Earth through the New Age foibles. It is the dark reptilian group that has taken over the sacred mountains on Earth. So, although they call themselves the Federation of Light, they are working for the dark side.

The dark has a series of webs of control and power around the world: governments; finances – banking, insurance, and the stock markets; for instance. Religions have been infiltrated – Christianity, Islam, Buddhism, Jain, Sikh, the religions of Africa and South America. Every religion has been co-opted. Within each religion, there are good and striving individuals, but those who have risen in the power structures, are vulnerable to attack by their unredeemed human failings, and often succumb to the temptations of the dark side. The same is true in politics, finance, education, everywhere. Every large organization has become the 'home' or physically manifest body of dark, retarded spirits – luciferic, ahrimanic, and azuric.

The Allies of Humanity and a faction of the Galactic Federation, still hold to appropriate human evolution. It is clear to them and to some of us humans, that the 'turning or tipping' point has come and that we have not achieved the highest possible state yet, but that the dark oppositional side has nearly enslaved the world. It has gone the way the ages of the past have gone – toward self-destruction through each and all of the seven deadly sins within each individual, and through the dark minions ensouling the institutions and organizations – governments, businesses, NGOs, religions – every organized aspect of human life. All that is left free of such dark ensouling take-over on a mass scale is individual grass-roots consciousness. There are a tiny few small groups

that function well, healthily, and for the common good. These are the seeds of future human evolution, culture and society.

So, this turning point, calendar progression, major change in vibratory rate (not ascension yet) is taking on massive physical properties which will accelerate in the next couple of years.

The foible at the top is the lower egotistical desire to dominate and control, which is powered and manifest through money and manipulation. Some high ones in the Galactic Federations have fallen prey and are purging the lower echelons of the workers of the Federation. Since the dark side has taken on the name "The Federation of Light," they are roaming the galaxy and causing havoc on planets like ours where duality has not yet been balanced by the indigenous populations – in our case, humanity. We so easily fall for anyone or anything purporting to be of 'the light.' We need to learn to discern the motives and intentions behind the words and white robes. We need to intensify our intuitive capacities. Only then, can we discern our individual true path and have the courage and common sense to follow it. And now, the negative factions have boarded the true Galactic Federation Mother Ships and taken over, much like they did to the sacred mountains. Perhaps at the same time? – yes, at the same time.

This morning, after the usual meditations and creation of the Cadillac of astral projection machines (the Caddy), the spiritual family and I were assembling, when there was an energy above us and we looked up to see that we were being 'beamed' up into the great mother ship. We were not welcomed at the landing dock when we came. No one was visible. We disembarked the Caddy, climbed the stairs, and walked into the familiar hallway. Siridon came towards us not wearing his usual Federation 'jumpsuit' but a flowing white robe. He looked haggard and tired.

Siridon has been under guard and stressed, and psychologically tortured to change him into a tool for the dark side's work. They would love to have him on their side, bolstering the illusion of their integrity. However, he has withstood take-over, but at a high cost of pain and suffering. I wept tears on the physical plane, when I looked into his spiritual pain-filled eyes. He was able to communicate much of what had happened.

The three reptilian friends I had met (by mistake) on board, have been sent to their home planet to get them off-ship. Once a reptilian has evolved to a certain state of light/dark balance and consciousness, they do not easily sway to polar extremes. These three and many others on the ship have been relieved of duty and sent home to their native planets. A number of other individuals were not so lucky if the invaders thought that they could be useful, like Siridon, and a few have been annihilated if difficulties

arose because they realized that something was wrong and they challenged the new order.

I asked if there were others who should come with us, but it seems not. Siridon's best friend was already under the sway of the opposition. It is her karma now to work it out. I asked about the little Grey baby I once tenderly held so long ago, but was informed that she was not on the ship. (I would love to find her in the galaxy some day, and felt that the cosmic answer to that prayer was, "yes, that might just happen some day.") One potentially positive aspect of this take-over, is to educate the Greys that have worked with Siridon on the dragon egg project, to the fact that they now have the opportunity to choose which side they will support. This will be new for them because they have been the servants of higher orders of consciousness for a long time now and are being forced to face moral and ethical issues and make personal choices. All the love and appreciation that has been given to them will help them to choose the true federation and a righteous path for their own evolution. If they want freedom of choice, they must learn to honor others freedom as well.

It was clear to all of us that the fragile parts of Siridon that were present with us were going to leave the ship and go up to the New Jerusalem with us. That would mean leaving his etheric body which held his physical template, and which was on a bed and being damaged with a radioactive isotope. He would not die if he left, but before too long, he would have to reunite with his etheric body or he would indeed expire. We contemplated rescuing his etheric body. The Warriors of the Rainbow Light went to reconnoiter, but came back with bad news. The dark side has constructed many barriers in many different dimensions – etheric, astral, and I don't know what all else, so the Warriors could not easily retrieve his etheric body and the other parts of him that they had detached and kept. The four Warriors decided to stay and try to protect Siridon's etheric sheath, rescue it if they could, and find out what is happening on this ship in more detail.

We had to flee the ship as soon as possible, but when we all got into the Caddy and tried to open the ship's escape hatch, it would not budge. We were all trying to find a latch or opener, when Siridon, by great mental effort, opened the hatch. There was a clunk of metal and we jumped into the Caddy as it dropped outside the ship and we turned and sped up to the New Jerusalem. As we traveled, I sat in a chair in the center of the Caddy (first time ever sitting – usually we all stand) surrounded by all the spiritual family. I was holding Siridon like the Pieta, as I had held Christian when he died and we brought him to the Christian Community Church. But Siridon is not dead, just wounded and separated from his physical and etheric bodies.

We landed at the door of the amphitheater. I rushed in and laid Siridon on a low table in a healing room, like he had laid me in the healing room on the ship, those many lovely times, and I pulled the sheet up under his chin and said, "I love you and appreciate all you have done for me and humanity. You are now safe in the care of our Solar Regent, Christ. Only the best can heal you, but/and you must know, as I'm sure you do, that there is war on every level of this solar system at this time as we birth a new vibrational level. The opposition to life and evolution is working overtime to thwart and abort human and earthly potential. You have helped us, for which we are infinitely grateful. You will experience only the best and most comprehensive healing now, and we shall all work together again soon. Thank you. I love you." And I left the room, tears streaming down my face. I thought that I would not be involved any more, but that other beings, both human 'dead' and beings of other hierarchies and races will take action when clear and appropriate, and I trust them completely.

Everyone on the trip had to be decontaminated, as well as the Caddy. We were placed in showers of brilliant warm light, like the central channel open a few feet wide. The light penetrated through every molecule and atom of my being. Everyone was experiencing this with profound joy and peace. It aligned and balanced every facet of our beings.

So, dressed in white, the spiritual family and I went to see Christ in a small comfy room down the left hallway, which is the direction of the true Galactic Federation's new headquarters. Christ said, "Thank you for bringing Siridon here. Individual human beings or small groups such as yourselves (referring to my spiritual family or posse) can do rescue missions of this kind because you are not under the rules and regulations of the higher orders. You are still free, even to intervene in higher dimensional situations. This is human destiny in this hour – to help those above yourselves. Many Angels need reclaiming to love and balance and the positive Christed flow of evolution in this solar system. Many have fallen with their people who have succumbed to the luciferic and ahrimanic influence."

"Third and fourth dimensional technology must be replaced by clean fifth and sixth dimensional forces. It's going to be like Noah and Atlantis again. The present technology is destroying much of the surface of Earth because it is not based on love but on destruction, fear and hate. You must lift your consciousness to higher dimensions and communicate with the positive beings there. More humans must come to the classes and tutorials of myself, Christ, and others in the New Jerusalem. People must get beyond the desire and need to see the spiritual worlds physically, and trust and open the third eye, the third and fourth ears, the second nose, etc."



“However, as your bodies are becoming denser because of pollution, radiation, GMOs, and toxic waste poisoning, it is becoming more and more difficult to achieve higher vibratory rates. Please, Beloveds, persevere. Watch and pray. Fast if you can. Meditate boldly, and trust. Among mortal humanity, trust is a moot point. Trust me – Christ, and trust the forces of love, JOY, and peace.”

“As for Siridon, his situation is very difficult. If the Warriors of the Rainbow Light cannot rescue and transport his etheric and physical vestiges and abilities, we may need to send him back to reclaim them, supported by a host of humans in spiritual form and a host from the hierarchies. No lamb must be lost and you have brought him here. He will be saved. Thank you, again.”

“And you, my dear,” He said, smoothing my hair and stroking my cheek like my mother used to do, “have some serious work to do. Get this news out! Please!! The time is running out so it is now acceptable to start shouting from the rooftops as well as whispering together one to one and in small, comfy groups. Step up to the plate, please, and hit a home run. Don't go the way of the messenger of God – the holier than thou way – it's self-defeating. Go straight on, no apologies, no excuses. Just the facts, M'am. Good luck (tee hee) and enjoy.”

### **Sunday Morning, February 9, 2014 – San Diego, California**

The spiritual war is intensifying and moving up into the etheric worlds. I don't feel safe in the donut today. It is just outside the etheric body of Earth, and it is protected, however, human foibles give the dark side a foothold. As we know from the take-over of the sacred mountains and the lecture in Mount Shasta on “Spiritual Pride and Egotism,” many people have evolved and gained access to the higher dimensions, but continue to carry unredeemed egotistical impulses. These are dangerous openings for dark infiltrations and influence. Those people are not getting up to the New Jerusalem, thank goodness. So, I spent only a few moments gazing at Earth from the donut and then Christian's doves called us on to the New Jerusalem.

“To be drenched in apocalyptic karma” is not what human souls need. This thought was the result of sitting in the Amphitheater and contemplating the possible, varied results of the coming cataclysmic changes. There has been so much speculation by the media, such as a return to savagery and survival at the expense of every other human being, looting, and such. But human karma is already so thick and turgid, that more of those scenarios would weigh human evolution down to a standstill. We cannot afford that.

Then I was presented with flashes of what the dark side is offering to the Grays, to secure their cooperation. It has to do with capturing the souls of infants that will die during the cataclysms. Some Grays will be very happy to do that, even if it is karmically unlawful. Some will not do such things because they honor human evolution and have received love and kindness from humans. Some of the infant souls will accept a 'walk-in' Gray cohabiting their soul. There will be many possibilities, lawful and un.

“One does not bargain with the devil,” Christ said to the group looking through the window into the healing room at Siridon lying there. He needs his other parts, his etheric and template for his physical. I asked if they would try diplomacy to get those parts from the dark side, but Christ said that they would never bargain away anyone else, ever, for He knew that the dark side would ask for someone else in return.

There are four Warriors of the Rainbow Light on the ship, so I caddied over to see what progress, but I can't get in because no one is on our light side who will open the hatch for docking. But wait – the Warriors have come and opened the hatch and are bringing Siridon's etheric body with them. They dropped into the Caddy and we sped back to the New Jerusalem. Siridon's etheric body is faint and damaged, but it is here and will be re-attached to the parts that are already here. I don't know how the Warriors did it, but humans have not often worked in this way, so are not expected or protected against yet, in this war in the spiritual worlds. Human beings are going to make tremendous changes in the higher realms when we can function there for good in sufficient numbers. In the beginning, the oppositional forces will not be prepared to deal with us, our energies and our audacious choices and actions.

Siridon's etheric body has been presented to Christ by the Warriors of the Rainbow Light. It has been tampered with and damaged in subtle ways, as well as there being pieces missing. Christ called upon Shushilla, the spiritual regent of the Sirius star system where Siridon comes from. She functions for Sirius like Christ does for our Solar System. She holds in her being the perfected etheric template for all the races of Sirius. So Siridon will receive a whole, healthy, perfect, etheric body from her. In this way, he will be taking a major step in his personal evolution and will be a very valuable force for the positive evolution of his star system and the whole galaxy.

### **Monday, February 10, 2014 – San Diego, California**

After the usual meditations, we all went up to the amphitheater in the New Jerusalem. “Welcome to the New Jerusalem. A general briefing on Earth changes is not appropriate because everything is still in flux. However, there is a small group (of which you are barely one,) who is needing information, so join us in the conference room, please.” So

Christ greeted me today. "Thank you," I replied as the posse and I headed down the hall. Indeed, we sat in the outer circle of the room – not around the table which was already filled when we arrived. Also, it is not really physical earth changes that is under discussion, but the wars in heaven and on earth.

"Throughout the evolution of the galaxy – in the whole universe in fact – as time and space have elapsed and changes of every nature have been accomplished, turning or tipping points have been achieved. In each transition, some beings have evolved and moved into higher vibrational existence, and some have remained static. Those that have remained at the lower vibrational rates, and not ascended into higher and finer dimensions, are considered retarded beings, in that they have not been able to completely learn and master the limitations of the original dimension, nor gained the tools, skills and qualities of soul and intelligence to move upward into ever more complex and higher levels of existence. This process of evolution or devolution – the separation within each of the hierarchies into appropriate or retarded factions, has been going on since the creation of the cosmos and the beginning of time." The rest of the discussion centered around our galaxy and our solar system, specifically. "In each of the recapitulatory rounds of the eons (see diagram – there was one on the blackboard) there have been subtle shifts and separations, and between the seven ages, the division between advanced and retarded beings has been completed. It is clear therefore, that there are positive and negative, evolved and devolved, ascended and retarded beings within every hierarchy. It is a volatile galaxy. It is growing and evolving or devolving, just as each individual being is. That means that there are many oppositional factions within each species, race, and hierarchy. There are many forces with many different goals and destinies, and many are in opposition to smooth evolutionary progress. It would be wise to understand the goal of existence and the goals of the counter-evolutionary forces also. (This made me glad that I have tackled the issue of the Conceptual Matrix of the Cosmos: Humanities Place in Time and Space. I believe that many people are desiring such a thing – a framework with which to understand existence.)

As we left the conference room, I asked about Siridon and went with Christ to look through the window, again. He is being cleansed, detoxified and reintegrated with the etheric template which Shushilla, the original White Dragon, brought from Sirius. I asked if I could help in any way, as his etheric volume was very low and he needed an etheric transfusion. I thought at first that I would give him some of mine, but then I realized that he would get my memories, and such nonsense he did not need. Then I remembered Reiki and hands on healing. The way it works for me now is: the central channel to the etheric and all forces from the sun is opened wide. As the stream of etheric force (which looks like white light) moves down through the central channel and

the spinal column and reaches the heart chakra, it is enlivened with human love, and splits into two streams which move through my arms and out my palms.

So, Shushilla and I did hands-on healing for Siridon – at first we worked at his sides to sense the energy flow in the chakras. Then with my clearly focused, unwavering mental intention, “I offer only pure etheric energy to be utilized by Siridon as he needs and wants it,” I sat at his head and Shushilla at his feet. The energy poured like milk into all parts of the new etheric template and filled Siridon to overflowing. He is an interesting mix now of Sirian and Earthly nature. We are close enough, our two star systems, to be blended. And, besides, he and I have a bond of love and kindness already, so we trust each other and can give and receive consciously. He looks infinitely better. I am so grateful.

### **Tuesday, February 18, 2014 – San Diego, California**

Up to the New Jerusalem in a very altered state this morning. I wanted to see how Siridon is doing. He is doing well and not in the tattered white robes of last time on the Federation ship, but in a casual light body (which means I can't see his body properly – its just there, like light.) He looks normal now. Siridon is another etheric son to me. When we realized that we all laughed uproariously. He is so high above human me and so wise and wonderful that it is really silly.

I asked for healing to help focus and get the message out. Siridon said, “Come on, let's give her what she needs.” So we all went down the hall to a healing room with a massage table set up in the center. I lay down and Christ sat at my head and the spiritual family stood around me and gave me hands-on cosmic healing. Siridon worked at my feet. I went through some intense kundalini-like breathing which cleansed the astral body as well as the physical and etheric. My brain was cleared and opened up, and then new neural pathways were instituted for compassion, human connections, timeliness, courage, fortitude, self-worth, esteem and love, and enthusiastically getting to the business at hand, which for me now is getting the messages out to people.

I EFT tapped things in and released many things. Then Christ said, “She likes the tapping. Let's all tap these transformations in on every part of her body.” So everyone tapped on the points all over me, sealing in the new attitudes, feelings and will impulses in physical, etheric, astral and Ego/I. I rose up singing.

### **Wednesday, February 19, 2014 – San Diego, California**

Siridon joined the spiritual family today. From the donut I see a couple of ash plumes from volcanoes and wonder how his will be affecting the weather.

Then we got up to the New Jerusalem and at Siridon's suggestion, went to the Galactic Federation wing to tackle that problem. There were plans to air lift numbers of humans off Earth when some of the serious shit hit the fan, but now, most of the Galactic Federation has been infiltrated and most ships have been overtaken, like the ship on which Siridon was the project manager. The dark side will take other people than the rightful Galactic Federation would have taken. It does not look good for human evolution.

If the same old level of evil is going to be perpetuated on the new Earth, it may not be as "easy and natural" to birth the new paradigm as formerly thought. And simply ascending is not the issue either because no one is ready yet to do that in sufficient numbers to perpetuate the human species and evolution. It's a dilemma. It is not as simple as overrunning and taking back the ships, because they have weapons which damage or destroy the etheric body (atomic, radiation, and lazer weapons.) So, what to do? What can be done?

There was a coup staged at a general Galactic Federation meeting in the main headquarters in the Pleiades or somewhere in the galaxy. A being from very high up used mental, psychic control to "blanket the meeting" and lower consciousness, then propose a vote with dubious motives and results and push it through. The dark side therefore took control of galactic communications. That way and because of the "blanket," beings were deceived and kept ignorant, Small take-overs could occur on mother ships because they were not informed and the small take-over parties came in cloaked ships, or simply arrived and were invited in because deception was not expected from 'their own' members. It was the 'unsuspected' aspect which was designed like the Friday the 13<sup>th</sup> take-over on Earth of the sacred mountains.

So now, the contingency of the rightful Galactic Federation personnel that had been posted here on Earth must find ways of regaining the ship or otherwise accomplishing their mission of peace and positive evolution for humans and all members of all the hierarchies involved in this solar system and this quadrant of the galaxy.

Siridon, myself and the spiritual posse, sat in the Galactic Federation conference room and watched for a while as a holographic Earth was displayed, along with the many and varied ships in the sky above. The positive beings from a number of different star systems are now talking and making deals and plans about how to co-ordinate with

their own planetary star ships and the resources still at their command, to facilitate a positive outcome for the coming changes.

We left Siridon with them and went to talk about how we humans, both living and dead, can be of assistance. There are millions of Warriors of the Rainbow Light and they all agreed to help in any way possible. Their etheric bodies have already suffered damage, so they feel it would not be a total disaster if something else happened to themselves in the process. More will be revealed in time. We are ready to do whatever might be necessary.

### **Friday, February 21, 2014 – San Diego, California**

After the usual meditations, Christian, my son in the spiritual world said, "Let's you and I take a little time together. Let's walk." So we did, and sent love to his sisters. Each one was showered with love and then I tapped on my surrogate self for the opening of their hearts to receive it all. We joined the rest of the spiritual family and then there was a message from a very formal spiritual being. It was not Christ or anyone I have known before, but it is important information considering the new-age-cosmic-fluff-bunny-nonsense that went on at the Galactic Katchina lecture I attended last night.

The austere being said, "There have been many plans on many dimensions (referring to Earth changes and the continuation of human evolution.) Everything is in flux. The game is unfolding at a wild and break-neck pace. No human can fathom the complexity or the scale and scope of the situation at this time. Instead, a modest grasp of reality close to home is advised. Watch what is happening on Earth, the planet; cultures, civilizations and societies; governments; finances; education; all such things as affect daily human life. Earth is where you are and what needs your focus, energy and intelligence."

"And yes, you humans are multidimensional beings and have a conscious Ego/I, and are aspiring to the 'spirit self,' your next higher spiritual body, which is indeed a purified and perfected astral body. You can indeed sometimes experience that realm – the highest body of the Angels and part of the Archangels and Archai – and by analogy and metaphor, experience and come to understand some things of the world and beings of the higher hierarchies. But do not delude yourself, that you understand the universe. What Rudolf Steiner has brought to consciousness is all true – it is a firm basis for human comprehension. You might like to study more yourself, Sharon." (I am often addressed as "Sharon" when it is serious and important. Kienda is lighter.)

“Speak to as many as will hear. Don't waste time on those who will not, or those who are caught up in the luciferic or ahrimanic illusions that are rampant on your Earth. Stay in touch with your Angel and spiritual family, and with Christ – your Solar regent. Follow the promptings of your heart. Trust them.”

So all that was good to hear. I feel ready to settle down to beloved Earth again. The last bits and journals have been getting farther and farther out and away. It's time to come home.

Something malevolent like the 'Balrock' is at work in the Galactic Federation and the galaxy issue, and is rising up on many worlds. Then I had an “ahaaaa.” Of course!! We all go together when we go, so, many systems within our galaxy are at a similar crucial place. The opposition is running amuck not just on Earth, but on other planets and in other dimensions. That's why I am advised to come back down to Earth. This is where I take my stand. I can do work in the higher dimensions also, but it is on Earth that I live and belong now.

#### **Friday, February 25, 2014 – Fallbrook, California**

After the preparatory meditations, we went up to the New Jerusalem, stopping by Christian's pearl. He said, “I am so NOT here, Mom.” and it's true, and it feels good and very clear. February 22, the anniversary of his death this year was a real change for him.

Later in the day I was napping in VanPius. I awoke to take notes on the Galactic Federation meeting in New Jerusalem. They handed out programs when we came into the auditorium. The conference was entitled “Why Are We Here? What Are We Doing?”

Siridon spoke, since he is now here, healed and working for the true Galactic Federation, for whom he fought, struggled and suffered. “I am, or was, a project manager on Federation Mother Ship C3, so I am aware of the present state of affairs within the Federation and I am also the historian for the project I was working on. A time ago (long or short is dependent upon which dimension one is speaking of), the Zeta Reticuli petitioned the Federation to acquire genetic material for rebuilding their race. They were given permission to explore for appropriate planets and races, and the guidelines for contact and interaction were carefully defined.

- No trauma to the indigenous populations
- No physical contact until appropriate protocols are in place.

- Permission must be granted by the ruling hierarchy members for the star system and its planets – Christ for the Solar System and planet Earth.

After many explorations on many planets and considering many factors in relation to the 3-D inhabitants, it was decided that Human Beings on planet Earth would be appropriate.”

“The Zeta Reticuli serve and collaborate with many other species in the Federation and unfortunately – or just as a matter of galactic reality – there are positively oriented and negatively oriented individuals and groups within every species. Therefore, some of the encounters and experiments by and on behalf of the Zeta Retucli have been legitimate and appropriate. Others have not been. Our ship was taken over by the predominantly negative factions of many races who have made an unholy alliance – each for their own ends and goals. Ultimately their divisions will place them at odds with one another, but at this time, they have united in an effort to keep as much of the galaxy in a lower vibration which allows them more freedom and leeway in their dark endeavors. As we all know, the war is: evolution versus devolution, ascending into higher vibratory dimensions or descending to lower vibrational fields.”

The story of human evolution is fraught with that struggle. There are appropriate and inappropriate interventions into a planet's evolutionary scheme. The breach of protocol and acceptability, called the Fall or the luciferic intervention was most unfortunate for planned human evolution. However, being a plucky and resourceful, not to mention dogged and perseverant little race; and because your Solar Regent has tremendous integrity, wisdom, and power which He has totally devoted to His system and all the beings and species within it; you on Earth have made an art of making lemonade from bitter lemons. Good has been wrung from the bad. Evil has been turned to life. It's been long and arduous, but humanity will make it in the end.”

“The project I was working on was to facilitate and expedite a further evolutionary step towards redemption of the luciferic influence. What Lucifer had hard wired into human physiology and anatomy was in need of replacement which would create new circuits and response mechanisms appropriate to the present time and the future. It was a multi-racial, inter-galactic project. Evolved Reptilians, and Dragons from a number of evolved star systems were in alignment and agreement. It was a group of such individuals that conceived the idea, petitioned the Galactic Federation and have spearheaded the whole project. Individuals from other species, such as myself, a Leonine Sirian, volunteered to staff and assist. A number of Zeta Reticuli who had positive experiences with humans in former contacts, tests, and experiments, gladly volunteered to assist as well.”



“The potential for the transmutation of the reptilian brain stem and its effect on cell function, emotion, and thought has been planted like a seed in approximately 85 to 90 % of humankind. Unfortunately the project was not perfectly completed before the take-over and disruption of the program. That is a brief description of why I, myself, Siridon of Sirius B, Manager of Project *Luciferic Redemption: The Transformation of the Reptilian Brain Stem in Humankind to the Higher Octave of Dragon Wisdom*, am here and what I was doing on the Galactic Federation Mother Ship C3 501, (laughter.) Using your terminology, she was a non-profit, multi-species, inter-stellar home ship. Now she has been pirated to an outpost of the negative reptilians who prefer the old function of the reptilian brain to create fear and anger, and a group of renegades from other star systems and other races that prefer – in fact, thrive on – negative emotions.”

### **Tuesday, March 4, 2014 – Fallbrook, California**

Christ greeted us and Siridon had already joined. “Welcome Friends, these times are amazing. The creativity and pluckiness on both sides of the spectrum are amazing. The component that is needed to tip the scales to the balance and the positive is – human love. It is a substance – and astral substance which, like water, flows into all places, spaces and times. It brings every extreme into balance and harmony. I, the Solar Regent, beam divine love to my whole system – to even the planets at the farthest edges of my gravitational field. That is good. That is my gift and my task and my joy. It is the raw material for lesser species to work with, heal with, and create with.”

“Humanity's task as the 'Rainbow Bridge' between heaven and Earth, is to step down my stellar energies to an intentionally creative force on Earth. There is so much you can and must do with what you are given and receive – nurture Earth and all her creatures, incubate all positive potential within those you are responsible for – family and friends, animals both wild and domestic, the plants and Elementals, stones and geography, and Mother Earth herself. You must also include your angels. Humanity is responsible to respond appropriately to their angel's suggestions and guidance, as well as the archangels and archai who orchestrate human evolution through evolving civilizations and cultures through eons of time. Humans have the opportunity to respond positively or negatively, to further or hinder the inexorable march of evolution.”

“That evolution has stalled on Earth. It's time to consciously get back on track. It's time to generate and offer the palpable substance of human love into the evolutionary mix. All creation advances together through a recapitulating pattern. Each strata of the hierarchies goes through a general pattern of evolution, from unformed potential, to physically manifest intelligence, to ever higher levels of consciousness beyond the physical, to creative god-hood. Humankind is in that pivotal physically manifest stage,

and one of the tasks of that particular state is to bond the physical and sub-physical worlds with the higher, super-sensible worlds and beings, in loving consciousness. “

So, I understood that we are the glue that keeps the worlds integrated. And, we are the weak link in the chain of life because of sleep and death, and periods of unconsciousness. We must unite heaven and earth in a unity of conscious, intelligent, compassionate love. As Christ beams his radiant love on all the planets of the solar system, we humans must beam our human love on Earth and send it out into the cosmos in loving appreciation of the existence of the stars in the sky and the mystery of life – both cosmic and individual. 'It's time to step up to the cosmic plate and hit a home run of pure love.'

We sat for a bit, integrating it all, and then I asked to see Siridon to see how he is doing now. He came out from stage right walking boldly and radiating good health. I ran to hug him. “I am integrating multiple galactic energies very well. I am an interstellar individual now. It is quite rare.” He is doing wonderfully, that is very clear.

Christ approved of our going off to the Galactic Federation wing, as I am quite concerned about the difficulties. I asked for an overview of the cosmic situation: “This is a time of great decision throughout the whole galaxy. Our quadrant (sector) is in the greatest upheaval because on almost all levels of the hierarchy of existence, individuation is occurring. Choices are being made, both consciously and un. Each individual entity must gather information and cognize the fractal pattern of universal existence at their own individual scale and scope – the wider, higher, and deeper, the better. More and far-reaching, with a greater variety of perception and application is also better. Unfortunately, not all humans are capable or willing to do this work. So many people are fools and pawns in the dark side's game, though unknowingly. You, Kienda, have done the work and it is paramount that you share not only your information, but your process. You have been privileged, as well as that you have worked hard, but you know and we know that karma has been in your favor and you have been blessed and supported by the spiritual worlds. Good work! (I've been slow and hesitant, and 'poor me' sometimes, but 'whata hey.) SO!! Git, git, git going.”

I come up here to the New Jerusalem and the spiritual worlds to continue to research the Galactic Federation, The Deeds of Christ, Changes Coming, and Good and Evil.

People need to know different things in sequence:

1. The Conceptual Matrix – 3 and 4 foldness, hierarchies, evolution of consciousness, patterns of life and death, all the basics.

2. The Deeds of Christ – the ceremony for the Elementals, healing self and Earth.
3. Meditative Practices and Spiritual Research.
4. The Devolution of Evil – understanding Evil and its purpose, and how to stand against it.

So then I went to the Galactic Federation wing. The general form of the Galactic Federation has been very open and adaptable to individual needs, desires and plans. However, a group began to influence others and build a manipulated coalition which has taken over, then held by force, some ships in different parts of the sector as well as manipulating representatives at the home base of the Galactic Federation. They began their maneuvers because the light of consciousness is in ascendancy and they felt threatened, as their numbers were waning. Former participants in the dark agenda had defected to the more open, trusting, compassionate light side. (Perhaps there have been other experiences such as Gary's in the redemption of dark beings in other places in the galaxy.)

The number of beings who have joined the darkness is small in comparison to those who are basically asleep at the wheel of life. The number of beings who are truly dedicated to the light is also small compared to their sleeping companions. There is now at this moment in the evolution of this quadrant of the galaxy, a major influx of cosmic light and consciousness. The masses are beginning to stir from their complacent sleep. The dark side wants to continue to feed off the energies of the sleeping, unconscious masses. They don't want them waking up and choosing the light side. They are now intensifying their activities of suppression and manipulation. In fact, they are doubling their efforts unscrupulously. They have infiltrated and attacked the Galactic Federation wherever they could and so have 'taken' ships across the galaxy (not all) and splintered home base.

It has worked for good through the difficulties. Siridon as in interstellar being, is an example. The fact that the true followers of the rightful intentions of the Galactic Federation are now located in the New Jerusalem of Earth and on other planets in the solar system and in other systems also is an example. Now there is a closer working with humanity on Earth. Perhaps that is just more optimism because I just realized that the dark side in their overtaken mother ships are working more closely with the dark side on Earth, as well.

So, now I have set the stage for myself. I have clarified as best I can what is going on and can act as necessary in the future.

## **Tuesday, April 23, 2014 – San Juan Ridge, California**

Up to the New Jerusalem after the preliminary meditations. They said: “Center. Let go of emotions. Be yourself. Give, but not too much. Do your work and accomplish what is necessary!! Do the good that is yours to do.”

“Now about the LaGrange point, “The gravity of the sun is levity on earth. The physical body is totally earthly. The etheric body is the energy from the sun. The astral body is from the stars and the zodiac, and the Ego/I is of the whole cosmos – the universe.” Then they showed a small group of us a hologram of the solar system and the LaGrange points between and among all the planets, moons and the sun. All those kinds of physical bodies are ‘material.’ The forces that keep them in place and moving harmoniously are etheric sun forces. The LaGrange point and all other such balanced points are like points along the meridians in the human etheric body. They mark the course of etheric energy movement, intersection, and balance in the whole solar system.

The ETs and hierarchies beyond our solar system are forces of ‘higher’ evolution (on at least the technical level), individualization (usually) and emotion (hopefully.) Every planet has LaGrange points with the sun and their moon(s). All are used and useful to ETs and the hierarchies, whether benign or malevolent. ‘Warp speed’ is jumping timelines from one system to another without having to traverse the intervening space.

Later in the morning, I went back to look at the world from the donut, as I had seen some things earlier, but was not able to follow up. So . . . The dark side is becoming desperate. The tides are changing for many people and the opposition is losing their easy grip of fear and media manipulation. The negative spirit beings are tightening the screws on their human puppets. Many are red faced and screaming, and I wouldn't be surprised if there wasn't a heart attack or two among them. That is why the martial law issue is becoming so dire. They are planning another disaster that will harm millions through radiation and give the excuse for martial law. Then they will implement all their agendas – GMOs and such.

“Trust must be built between humans and positive beings in higher dimensions. The information is all there in spiritual worlds. It is the keys to understanding that must be won through diligence and discipline, moral fortitude and patient progress. Time is running out – telescoping towards the eye of the needle. What took you three years to accomplish in the past, can and must be done in three weeks or even three days now.

What needs clarity and essential form must be honed to essence on this side of the eye of the needle to pass through for the creation of the new world in the new vibratory dimension on the other side. Dragging chains of the past, nursed wounds, and traumas will result in a very difficult passage – if it is even possible at all. Death as the medium of transformation for such baggage will be necessary, if it is not done consciously in life.”

“We must pray for the 'common man' – that he awaken and the changes be peaceful, and that the response to the coming changes and disasters is peaceful and community building. If the good people will only keep moving in and toward the good, the negative people and organizations will do each other in. We are not slated for Aldebaran. The dark side is feeling the press of time and becoming desperate to succeed, but at the rate it is going, they will not succeed at this time. They will begin to turn against one another more vehemently and consume one another's companies, etc. But there will be no winners in such a game and in the end of this round, the good will sleep well and awaken to create a new positive world which will glow golden for a few centuries before the usual lines are drawn and battles are engaged. The stakes will be higher next time around. But the good will be more firmly established in human souls to meet the next challenges.

### **Brief Summary and Concluding Remarks:**

The story goes ever on and on. Time is telescoping, Earth is expanding, and space is contracting. Multiple dimensions of existence are colliding and we humans have the capacity to be aware of many dimensions simultaneously. All in all this is a complex and mobile universe we inhabit and it behooves us to become as aware as possible.

We are on this planet at this time to individually, personally awaken to the inner light within ourselves and to act in the world such that the light shines out and illuminates the encroaching darkness. For our light to be bright, we have to do the inner work of transforming our own bits of darkness – our sub and un conscious places. It must be a grass roots revolution of light. We must each allow the light to shine within and without.

I see that the way death will be overcome by humanity, is that we will dispatch karmic repercussions consciously. We will atone for and amend all personal deeds that would leave karmic residue. We will accomplish the function and task of kamaloka while still alive on Earth. In time, we will have conscious relationships with the hierarchies of the other planets and help them accomplish their tasks consciously in life also. And when at

last we are so conscious of Creator God, the ground of existence, in every moment of our lives, then even the now necessary journey after death, to galactic center and the heart of God, will be an optional choice. We have a ways to go yet, but those in the light must help awaken others so that we do not drift, sleeping, into a global totalitarian state which does not allow the time or space to realize our inner spiritual potential to become as Christ. He created a path of consciousness through life and death with reasonable choices for all the next steps.

Now I understand a further step in the positive evolution of humankind. How we can and will function like Christ to overcome death and ascend out of the three and four dimensional worlds, up to an angelic state and vibration.

### **Michaelmas – September 29, 2013**

In the New Jerusalem, Christ said to all assembled: “Beloveds, we are entering the final phase of the old. The new is breaking ground, breaking cover. The seed has sprouted and it will grow strong and swift for a while. Look to yourselves to nurture the future. I am in you. Welcome Me into all parts of yourselves. You are My body on Earth.”

“It’s quantum leap time. Every angel is receiving powerful cosmic energies of light, love, and future goodness. I know your angels. Please, love your angels and receive their loving guidance. Your angels are a part of your etheric bodies. Remain clean and clear etherically. Eat well and organic. Breathe deeply of clean air. Focus your thoughts on destiny and follow your calling. Seek and you shall find. Ask and ye shall receive. Knock and the door will be opened unto you. Intend in clarity and ask for what you want and need, and you will receive it. Intend perfection in your body and as I am the template of human perfection and the goal of human evolution. So will you be perfect in Me.”

“This last phase is all about healing. Release the old patterns in life – all the way down to the cells. Release and let go. Receive the new light, the new cosmic forces, the ever stronger cosmic rays of light and wisdom. You are the vessel – the chalice. I would fill you with light and love, wisdom and health, creativity and joy.”

“Please accept this gift.”

“Please receive this gift.”

I said, “Thank you. I so gratefully receive. For me, it is helping people in this last phase to let go and open to the creative, divine, new future. I can help on all levels – physically by sharing healing energies of light and love; etherically by transmitting

compassionate energies and information; astrally by unconditional tough love to all; and spiritually by sharing the wisdom and cosmic information I have been given.”

Then, Christ blessed and dismissed me, saying, “Go now and DO!!!!” So I did. And continue to the best of my abilities.

**Friday, July 17, 2015 – San Diego, California**

This has just been added because the extra-terrestrial issue is heating up. Beings in opposition to human evolution are insinuating their agenda into the world’s governments, corporations, and institutions. Humanity stands at a crossroads, and the time is fast approaching for a committed decision to either save the planet and positive human life, or capitulate by ignorance, apathy, fear or default to a non-human future. We must learn to balance and moderate earth changes by working energetically and etherically together in large (massive, actually) numbers of conscious human beings, they said when I arrived in the New Jerusalem.

The opposition to human evolution – the extra-terrestrial intervention who want Earth for their own exploitive purposes – want to destabilize Earth’s weather, quakes, volcanoes, etc. and eradicate the majority of humans. The intention is to damage all further potential for reincarnation by completely destroying the divine human etheric body and it’s template for perfection in the DNA, hence the effects of GMOs, radiation and vaccines which are being pushed across the globe.

If all human bodies are mutated by these things (GMOs, radiation, and vaccines) then human evolution cannot achieve its divinely destined conclusion of becoming as gods and individual, independent creators of worlds and galaxies in the far distant future. The collective consciousness of the intervention (the extra-terrestrials who are under the sway of Ahriman and the Azuras and other forces and beings dedicated to devolution) will then inhabit human bodies unfit for the expression of true human consciousness.

This is a problem. We humans, as individuals must awaken to this threat to life as we know it or at least the dream and ideal of freedom and the constitutional liberties. We must unite and stand together against those meddling in our evolution, our genetics and our planets resources. We can awaken our ability to discern truth and facts, and engage our intuition as an organ of perception of unseen, non-physical energies and motives – or not. If not, and the majority of humans sleep through the events of this great duality battle of evolution versus devolution, good versus evil, or any other name for the creation of a world situation and life for humans which furthers love, joy and consciousness versus control, manipulation, and imprisonment of mind and body – then that scenario will manifest.

If we human beings do not awaken to our own noble destiny as a free race who creates heaven on Earth and functions with love, kindness, and liberties and rights for

all, then forces in opposition to that scenario will continue to push and manipulate our world into their own agenda, which is not to the benefit of humanity – war will continue, scarcity and economic pressure will increase, poverty, disease and death will stalk the land, and humanity will become just another commodity. None of that scenario is human. People are creative, kind, intelligent, community and family oriented. Behaviors other than those are manipulations and aberrations set in play by forces beyond humanity.

Unfortunately, we are far down that miserable path already. GMOs damage the DNA and the human template for future evolution. So does radiation poisoning. Substances like mercury in vaccines are designed to impair normal human functions. We cannot allow the infringement of our rights to choose our own path through life. Technology is not the only valid path. Choices imposed by technological considerations deny human freedom. We, as a species of life, cannot allow the inanimate, soulless logic of manipulated technological facts and paid-for laws to decide important issues for the populations of the world.

It is time for all human beings to observe the manipulations they are under and to realize by individually thinking through the consequences to the end result of the course our culture, society, government and even religions today are taking humans and the world. We must become cognizant of the fact that the technological interventions are not the saviors but the enslavers. Humanity must rise to its full potential, face the challenges squarely with eyes wide open, and solve the problems by our own thinking, feeling and doing.

We still have the capacities to accomplish this. If we do not awaken and unite against inhumanity, we, in time will be so compromised by imposed illness and disease generated by GMOs, radiation and enforced vaccinations, that we will no longer be capable of individual action to protect ourselves, our freedoms and our planet. There is still time. . That time is NOW. Now we must listen within to the still small voice of conscience, innate morality and reason. Each must be guided from within their human heart. Together from such individual promptings, we can heal our world and set human values back into our relationships with all earthly existence. Please, let's do it.

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## Biography

**Kienda (Bettrue) Valbracht**, IMA Thanatology, is a Clinical Hypnotherapist and a SIDS mother. The death of her infant son, Christian Alexander, impelled her into an



exploration of Death's domain, culminating in her published book: *Lucid Death: Conscious Journeys Beyond the Threshold*, (available from her web site [www.cosmicodyssey.info](http://www.cosmicodyssey.info) Barnes & Noble, or Amazon.) A number of monographs of the latest adventures in the spiritual worlds are available to download from her web-site, as well as her blog: *Conversations with Edgar Mitchell and the Interstellar Team*.

Kienda is a Spiritual Scientist, safely navigating the spiritual worlds, researching karma and reincarnation, the journey of the soul between death and rebirth, and other spiritually oriented issues. She also facilitates individual Alchemical Hypnotherapy sessions (Facilitated Spiritual Experiences) which are then metamorphosed into practical wisdom for a richer, more effective, conscious life in the present.

For information on talks and workshops:

- \*The Journey of the Soul Between Death and Rebirth**
- \*Reincarnation and Karma**
- \*A Conceptual Matrix of the Cosmos – Humanity's Place in Time and Space**
- \*Meditative Practices Leading to Spiritual Investigation**
- \*The Evolution of Consciousness**
- \*The Extra-Terrestrial Issue**
- \*The Deeds of Christ and the Redemption of Lucifer**
- \*Radiation and the Elemental World**
- \*Transformation of the Reptilian Brain-Stem to the Dragon of Higher Consciousness**

and many others, with which to understand the human condition in the greater design of the evolution of consciousness, both individually and universally,

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