

**THE HOLY GRAIL BOOK 1**

**AS ABOVE SO BELOW**

**BY**

**EVAN ANSOT**



This book is dedicated to the five priestesses of the Holy Grail. You know who you are.



*“Thus we are empowered by light of the holy grail of humanity. A mere vessel in time without thoughts and disturbances. We are here to learn the truth of what is to come, and what has begun. We do this in order to ascertain ourselves, our lives, and our worlds. We will become greater, and more magical than ever before. Mere words will not be able to begin to describe this. For this is life, this is thought, and this is progress. This is the light set before us to determine and judge for the greater good.*

*“We are lost, but shall be found by the power of God Almighty. So that we may once again see the light, the love, the beauty, the glorious sunrise, and sunset given to us by God our Father. Never a time to be forgotten, but a time to rise from the ashes of humanity and rebirth, to take flight, and to take place. A joyous occasion for all who follow in the footsteps of God Almighty. Never to fear, or to be alone. An eternity begotten and forgotten, to be replaced with love, forgiveness, and light.*

*“Follow me. Call upon thee almighty, the ruler of heaven and earth. So that we may all live joyously in the light of love, and God once more. Never to be forgotten. As we roam the earth, scavenging for wealth and food, to feed our human needs.*

*“The eyes of mankind are blinded by what is before them. A haze so thin, yet that others can see. Let it be. Let them see as they are guided. A chosen few shall prevail that walk upon this earth. I am with thee.”*

*“It’s time to spiritually evolve and grow. To know once more our purpose as to live in the image of God the Father, the Almighty, the Highest High of all. Go out there and spread your wings. Make it count for the good of all mankind.”*

*The Angel Samuel May 21, 2016*



## Introduction

I was busy trying to decide which of two different books to write, when I received this fateful message from Samuel. One option was the third book in my 'Blood Royal' series. A manuscript by the name of 'King of the South.' For those who have read "Blood Royal," and its follow up book, "Archangel," that title will have meaning for you.

The second option was a manuscript based on the many deceptions which are presently transpiring in today's world. This book will be titled, "The Grand Deception."

I decided on the latter option, when a mysterious event happened. I received a message from my old friend Samuel, and this angel had a vital message for me. The message which you have just read.

Once received, I meditated on its meaning. The first thing noticed was the term *holy grail* in the beginning sentence of this message. "*Empowered by light of the holy grail of humanity.*" Now what could that mean? As far as I or anyone else knew, the Holy Grail was some kind of cup which received the blood of Christ, as he was hanging upon the cross. As stated in ancient Holy Grail lore of the Middle Ages. And here is Samuel telling me that the holy grail of humanity will empower us all with light. I doubt a cup has that kind of power. Perhaps it does, but I began to question.

So, I asked myself, "*What is this holy grail that he speaks of?*" This vessel in time *without thoughts and disturbances?*

I repeatedly read the message. Hoping that some new information from the spirit would sink into my mind. After all, Samuel had included a lot of meaning into his message. As he tends to do.

Samuel is not the type of messenger to waste words. They all have meaning. He tells us that we are to learn the truth of what has begun, and what is to come. In other words, things are already in the works for the appearance of this Holy Grail that he speaks of. There has been a lot of behind-the-scenes-going on in the spirit world to prepare for this grand event. They've been preparing the way. And

apparently, a part of this preparation is for yours truly to write a book about the Holy Grail. Therefore, my plans have changed. The other two manuscripts must wait.

I spent a week going over each word of Samuel's message, before I began this manuscript. Confident that I was on the correct path, I began this undertaking. What follows is the true tale of the Holy Grail, and the redemption of mankind.



## The Kingdom of Heaven

The eternally beautiful and magnificent Hall of Duf was filled with the heavenly host. Millions of angels awaiting this glorious event. Gathered from all parts of the cosmos, a number far too numerous to tally. Those in attendance had been waiting for this presentation, ever since it was announced by Gabriel's mighty horn that the "Ancient of Days" would be giving a lecture about the greatest treasure hunt of all time, the search for the Holy Grail.

A topic just as interesting in the kingdom of heaven, as it is on earth. Maybe even more so, since most of the heavenly host were in the dark on this subject. Oh, many of the angels had an idea of what the Holy Grail is, but there was no concrete knowledge. Nothing was definite, nor anything given from the Father of all things. Only the archangels Michael and Gabriel were in the partial know. The rest of the host thirsted after this ungiven, and hidden knowledge. It had been an ageless secret, held onto only by the Father in Heaven. And he hadn't been showing his cards up until this point.

This was only the second time that the Father, also known as the Ancient of Days, had called forth an assembly such as this one. The first event before this grand gathering, held many hundreds of thousands of years prior, was to announce the creation of the human race. A momentous occasion, which has since shaken up the power of the cosmos. An event that had unbalanced everything in the spiritual, heavenly realm.

Therefore, when Gabriel blew his horn to announce this event, every angel in heaven was present for this glorious, yet extremely rare occasion. The entire heavenly host would put their missions on hold, until this lecture is finished. The cosmos would have to wait. Their curiosity needed to be filled.

A hushed silence filled the audience as they witnessed the Father of all things, walking along the massive center aisle at a patiently slow, and deliberate pace. The Source of heaven pausing every so often, until he finally reached the podium on stage in this magnificent hall. The eternal being took its time getting there, scanning the audience with his all-seeing eyes, as the Father of the

universe crept along at a snail's pace. Thus, allowing the anticipation of his audience to build to an enormous pitch.

The Father knew he had them in the palms of his hands. Scanning their eyes, and feeling their emotions. A wave of anxiousness gripping every angel in heaven.

It was time to let the secret out.

Were they ready for this great truth? Was the host prepared for this knowledge? The Father of all things would soon find out whether his loyal servants were up to this vital task.

Of course, he knew what their response would be. After all, wasn't he the Father of all things? Didn't he know all things past, present, and future?

Yet there was a catch. He knew he couldn't violate his own law of freewill. Therefore, with all the variables given, there was a chance that some of them may disregard what he was about to give to them. But he highly doubted it.

That was the trick to freewill. He always knew where things would lead. Yet he didn't always know how they would arrive at the destination. *Too many variables*, thought the Father. And many of those variables would be played out on this stage that he was now arriving at.

This would be a speech given of the utmost importance. The Ancient of Days knew he had to take his time getting his faithful caught up on his grand plans. The time for the reckoning would be soon, and the angels needed to be aware of this blessed mission. It was time to enlighten his beloved. It was finally time to let them in on his grand mission of the ages.

The Holy Grail. It was time to discuss its mystery. Time to unveil its deep secret, which had for so long eluded many men who have dared to look deeply into its understanding. And had come away wanting.

Once the Father of all things arrived onstage, he noticed his archangels Michael and Gabriel standing in the front center rows. He smiled to himself, knowing that he could always depend on these two beings to do his bidding. Michael and Gabriel would help muster up the rest of the host, to hear the important words that he would have to reveal to them. A secret that he had kept

to himself, and only a few chosen prophets, for eons. The true meaning of what is known on earth as the Holy Grail. Which is the redemption of human kind from his enemy, Lucifer. The one-time Archangel, who is foolishly attempting to usurp his glorious throne. *Such a waste*, thought the Ancient of Days. He had grand plans for Lucifer. Apparently, they weren't grand enough for his one-time lead archangel. His long ago most trusted servant. The "light bringer," as he was called back then. "The son of the morning star," was another nickname that he had been called while he bathed in the light of the Holy Father.

Lucifer had turned away, and the Father had answered with the treasured Holy Grail. The most powerful weapon ever created on any inhabited planet in the galaxy. Even more powerful than his former archangel Lucifer. Who knows? It may even become more powerful than himself, once it takes complete and total fruition.

The plan which he had laid out more than six thousand years ago was taking shape. It was almost time to usher in the kingdom of heaven on earth. Just one more hurdle to overcome, and the planet would belong to him, and then turned over to his children. But first, he needed to update his servants, his angels. Now more than ever, he needed them informed of his truth. They were to become aware of this grand scheme, once the time was right. And finally, it was time.

The Father of all things was dressed in a luminescent white robe, with a golden belt around his waist. Dressing in the same fashion that his angels had chosen to wear. He could have chosen any apparel, but his loyal angels had always preferred their Source dress in the traditional white robe. The same robe worn by every angel who has ever visited a prophet on the planet earth. It was their signature garb.

He had long, flowing wavy white hair which reached down past his shoulder blades. His eyes were a piercing electric blue. The type of color that only an electric spark could make. They looked right through anything or anyone they rested themselves upon. The Father's windows to his soul were the color of power. The color of blue.

His skin the color of milk. A whiteness that can only be matched by a new snowfall. A pure white, without blemish or spot.

He scanned the audience once more, noticed he had their undying attention, and the voice of all wisdom and knowledge began his story, "...



## Eden, 4000 BC

His voice usually being the voice of thunder, was toned down a bit. Yet every angel in the audience could hear their maker's sweet, melodic, baritone voice.

"My story begins with an agreement between myself, and a soul who is considered by myself to be sacred in my beloved kingdom."

That most Ancient of Days, looked at Michael, winked, and continued, "Not many of you know him, some of you have heard of him, and a few of you are acutely aware of him. His name is Amos, and he is my co-conspirator in this mission of human redemption. My earthly 'partner in crime,' so to speak. My sidekick. He, whom on his shoulders alone, carries my burdens for me. A most unenviable task, as you shall all see."

"I asked Amos if he would be willing to enter the darkness of the planet Terra, as it was called at the time. As you know, today it is called Earth. A planet which was, and still is, totally corrupt in its thinking and knowledge. A planet that was all but lost to the enemy, due to the betrayal of Lucifer and his subordinates.

"But it wasn't always like that."

"Terra at one time was nearly a heaven in the physical. A planet that was inhabited by humans who had been seeded from the star systems, Lyra, Vega, Tau Ceti, and the Pleiades. A place of goodwill, where all humans could grow in a state of total freedom and consciousness. A planet where liberty was upheld to its highest standards. Where freedom was experienced in the physical state of being. Where a soul could incarnate into the flesh, and become whomever that spirit chose to be. Without any restrictions put upon it whatsoever.

"Terra was a planet of peace and harmony, war being a foreign term for her. Human beings there, were at one time in union with each other, and all things. This made them wonderful custodians to this physical paradise. They revered all life on this beautiful blue jewel, caring for the countless number of plants and animals that I created there. Tending to the hundreds of millions of differing forms of life. Co-creating with myself a new and promised kingdom of heaven. Which was its original intention. This would be the planet which would become

my physical home, as it was planned. A place where I could physically leave heaven, and enter into. A place where the spirit would meet the flesh, and the two would become one. In thought, word, and deed.

“I had placed within this realm, wonderful teachers and healers to do my bidding. Children were taught from an early age to preserve all knowledge of their ancestors. Groomed by the sacred teachings of the prophets and the masters, they were well schooled. Taught a way of life which would be in unison with my universal laws of freewill, attraction, karma, and love. A place where all life was held sacred. These teachings went on for thousands of years. The entire planet was a Garden of Eden, a second heaven in the making. The planet Terra had come very close to recreating what I’ve created here, in my kingdom. Very close indeed.

“As above, so below.”

“That all changed when Lucifer committed his sin from which he could not return. He, and along with his entire contingent of angels under his command, changed their forms from spirit to flesh. As you are all aware of, an unpardonable sin. For as my servant Jesus once spoke, ‘that which is flesh is flesh, and that which is spirit is spirit.’ Humans are humans, and angels are angels. Never shall the twain be mixed. Yet that is exactly what Lucifer did, creating a hybrid race of the two. Forcing a catastrophe from which the entire cosmos still has yet to recover from.”

The angels nodded in agreement at that last statement. They all knew that it was unforgivable for any of them to take on flesh. The only exception would be to save a life, and that would be at the Father’s discretion, and only for a short time. Or if they were on a very specific mission, also at the Father’s discretion. It was an extremely rare occurrence that an angel took on the form of physical flesh. Taking on flesh was the most taboo of acts to the heavenly host. Although each was given the power to do it from the Source, they all knew that it was the gravest of violations in the kingdom of heaven. If for some reason that an angel had become flesh, they had a lot to answer for. *For that which is flesh is flesh, and that which is spirit is spirit.*

The Father of all things continued, “Lucifer broke my commandment, and became flesh on Terra. Whereby he, and along with a few of his compatriots, impregnated the daughters of men. Creating an entire new race of beings, known

at the time as the Nephilim. A race which in time would have subdued this former planet of peace. This is when I sent my servant Amos to the surface in a place called Eden to redeem it. Along with him, I sent the beautiful soul known in heaven as Elizabeth. Those two on earth will be forever known as Adam and Eve.

“I asked both beloved souls if they wished to enter the darkness on Terra, and both agreed to it. For my law of freewill never be violated. Not even by the Father of all things, myself.

“Now many humans presently on Earth consider Adam and Eve to be the first humans placed on the planet. This of course is an error in human knowledge and understanding. They were the first of their kind, but not the first. They were the first humans sent to earth directly from heaven, without coming from another planet first. They were sent from me, and myself alone, without evolving from Lyra, Vega, Tau Ceti, and the Pleiades, as the other humans had. Their evolution had occurred in the place where we are now inhabiting, the kingdom of heaven.

“It was a tremendously courageous act that these two performed. For there were no other humans on the planet quite like them. None looked, acted, nor talked like they did. The other humans had absolutely nothing in common with Adam and Eve. The others couldn’t even understand their language, which is the language of heaven, Hebrew. My sacred spoken and written language, which has been used in my kingdom since time immemorial. This is the language that Adam and Eve took with them to Terra. A language still spoken today in certain parts of the globe.

“I sent them, so that out of their seed, I would eventually become incarnate, and help redeem humanity. Not just for the planet, but the entire cosmos. I informed them of this in a prophecy. ‘That all the world shall be blessed from their seed, their blessed holy bloodline.’

“As the audience knows, these two beings had children, which of course, was all a part of my grand plan. First Cain, Abel, Seth, and others. It would be from the line of Seth that the blessed bloodline would carry on. From their third child shall the process of redemption begin on this beloved planet. And it shall be from this child that the world be saved. For the third child was a special child. A being of great importance.

“Now I need to tell you about Seth. He is my blessed servant known in heaven as Elijah. With the help of my servant Gabriel, Elijah would become my personal prophet time and again. Any time I wanted to send a message to humanity on Earth, I would first send forth Elijah. Any time I wanted to send a great teacher to mankind, I would first send forth my servant Elijah. Another sacred soul in my kingdom. Another being of extreme vision and courage. Along with his father Amos, perhaps the two greatest prophets of all time.

“No. Now that I think about it. There is no perhaps to that previous sentence. Amos and Elijah are the greatest prophets whom have taken on the flesh. Bar none.”

The Father looked at his Archangel Gabriel and continued, “I would instruct my messenger Gabriel to give my messages to Elijah. On numerous occasions throughout the planet’s history, I would use these two beings to do my bidding. Gabriel is assigned to Elijah, just as Michael is assigned to Amos. Giving these two my utmost attention throughout their earthly history. Besides them, I would use several others to help usher in the kingdom of heaven on earth. Everything done by prior agreement. None were drafted into their missions, all volunteered. For that show of courage, they all deserve the highest honor given. For it is a very courageous thing to enter the darkness, especially when the darkness knows you’re coming.”

Immediately after the Heavenly Father uttered those words, every angel in heaven bowed their heads to pay their respects to these souls honored by the Father. This silence lasted for half an hour. For when angels pay their respects, they do it at the deepest levels. It’s not just a nod of the head with these spiritual beings. They do everything in earnest. Therefore, showing respect for souls whom the Father chooses must be done with their highest feelings and emotions. Nothing else will do. For when an angel prays, or pays their respects, or shows feelings toward something or someone, they always do it at the highest levels of consciousness.

When the heavenly host was finished, the Father of all things continued, “Let us go back to where it all began, Eden. An area located between the Tigris and the Euphrates rivers. At the time, it was not as heavily populated as it is now. A scattered village here and there, banked along the two mighty rivers. Mixed

with inhabitants from the four corners of the planet. A nexus of that part of earth, a small intersection for humankind. A sacred place yet to be revealed to humanity.

Allow me to show you the way it looked at the time of the visitation by my servants, 'Adam and Eve.' Immediately behind the Father rose a massive viewing screen, perhaps one hundred stories high, so that every angel witnessing this lecture would be able to see this most magnificent viewer.

A giant television, tuned to the mind of the Father. Its frequency in complete alignment with the thoughts of the Ancient of Days.

The viewer was designed to show images onscreen as the Father told his story.

On the massive viewer showed a red headed, fair skinned, green eyed, well-built man who was tilling the ground. Sweat breaking across his brow, his arm reaching up to wipe away the perspiration. This faded from view, and showed the same man who was trying to communicate with his neighbors, yet neither could understand each other. Communications was all but impossible with differing languages. It seemed to be a heated exchange between Adam, and a few of his fellow neighbors. Greatly outnumbered, Adam withdrew from the crowd he was trying so speak with.

The next image showed both Adam and Eve, (she an auburn reddish haired beauty, with brown eyes, and light skin), running away from the village of Eden with an angry mob chasing them from behind. They were forever being cast out of the village of Eden. Banished, because they were different. Exiled, because no one else was like them in thoughts, words, and deeds.

Too pure to be in Eden. The couple left their company of men, and moved into the deserted, barren wilderness.

Finally, the image showed the couple living in a cave on a mountain. Isolated from Eden, and the rest of the world. Then the large screen faded from the audience's view.

"Because of their differences in the way they talked, the way they looked, and the way they lived, these two souls would endure many incredible hardships

on planet earth. As you noticed, his hair was colored blood red. No one else on the planet had that same color until the arrival of Adam. Keep this in mind as I take you through a few various lifetimes of my beloved servant.

“When other humans noticed his red hair, and their light skin, they persecuted them because of their differences. Not to mention the fact that no one could understand their foreign language. Adam and Eve tried to communicate, but because of superstition of the natives, both were considered to be evil. Thought to be of the devil, because they were different.

“This is a tendency for many humans on Earth, to reject what is different than themselves, and call it evil. But thanks to our grand plans, this tendency by humanity will soon change.

“And thank God for it!” exclaimed the Father of all things.

Every angel in the audience looked at each other, and then the Father for understanding. This thought that had just been given them was a new idea. One in which was unfathomable to all. *Did the Father just acknowledge a God? Was he thanking a being higher than himself?* This was sacrilege to the heavenly host. How could the Father, the Source of all things have a God? They looked to their maker for understanding.

“Oh, did I just let slip a grand secret?” said the Father with a smirk on his face. He looked at the audience, completely amused with himself for what he had just done to his loyal followers. Then he continued, “You heard correctly, I am the child of another. But that story must wait for now. We must first continue with our story of Adam and Eve.

The heavenly host was unsatisfied. Yet they had no choice but to wait for an explanation. The Father would get to that story at his pace, and there was nothing they could do about it. But to say that their interest was piqued would be considered the greatest understatement of all time. They could think of nothing else. Their perception of their Creator had just been forever shattered.

The Father knew what they were thinking, but he had a story to tell, “It wasn’t long before the two fled into the wilderness, and found refuge near the caves of Qumran. Therefore, this newly formed tribe would remain apart from the rest of humanity. This would be a trait which would follow the Hebrew tribe for

millennia. A tradition passed on from generation to generation. Isolation would be a trademark of the Hebrews, which has always been rejected by humanity. Even up to the present day. All one must do is to look at the history of the Jewish race to see that this statement is so. Forever tortured, forever abandoned. Always persecuted. All because of Amos and Elizabeth. Or Adam and Eve, as they have been called.

“Their isolation was all done by design. I made them different so that they would not mix with the rest of the humans on Earth. A humanity which had been tainted by aliens’ hybridizing themselves with human DNA. Crossbreeding that which is spirit with that which is flesh. Of Lucifer and his minions, mixing themselves with the humans on Earth. I wanted the Hebrew race separate from the rest of a humanity which had fallen from its lofty heights. I did not want them tainted by a race of humans which had mixed with fallen angels. If I were to incarnate into this Earth, it would be from a pure stock of human beings. One sent from the kingdom of heaven. One from the seed of Amos and Elizabeth.

“Also, deep within themselves, Adam and Eve knew they didn’t belong there. They also knew they had a mission to fulfill, one in which is about to conclude.”

The Ancient of Days let that knowledge sink into the heavenly host for a minute and continued, “You heard me correctly, it’s almost finished. From my perspective, it already has. But where my future kingdom lies, it’s about ready to. The birth of a new age, the thousand-yearlong golden age of peace is about to begin. Led on by the chosen one.”



## Sumer, 3100 BC

Once again the massive viewer appeared behind him, as if on command from the mind of the Source. The screen began with Adam, Eve, and their children. Then it moved on to their children's children, and the children of the next generation. And then the next.

The viewer moved from a handful of people to a few hundred. Then the screen kept filling up with different branches of the family tree, extending in all directions, until the number of people stretched into the thousands. Finally, the viewer showed the image of a large tree. It looked to be an enormous fig tree, growing branches that reached into the thousands in number, stretching for miles in length. The viewer then followed along a certain branch that reached to the depths of heaven, and became a brilliant, white light. The light was so illuminating, that it illuminated all the other branches of the same tree.

The Ancient of Days spoke, "The tenth generation of the Hebrew tribe, as they now called themselves, begat the spirit known as Noah. In the viewer, he is the bright light that is being shown at the end of one of the sacred tree's branches. Once again, Amos had set foot on the planet in physical form. A one of a kind, unique person of humanity. A man after my own heart. There will never be another Noah, not on Earth, nor anywhere else in my universe. Allow me to show my glorious host an image of my servant Noah."

Immediately on cue projected Noah, and with his image, a hush fell over the audience. A giant of a man standing approximately seven feet six inches tall, and weighing three hundred fifty pounds of corded, steel muscle. But it wasn't his size that amazed the audience, it was his likeness to the being who was giving this presentation. He looked like the Source in physical form. If the Ancient of Days had become flesh, he would have been named Noah.

*"How could this be?"* Thought many of the host. *"Had the Father incarnated as the being known as Noah? If he had, why didn't any angels know anything about this? Surely, he would have informed his loyal servants."*

The Father, knowing their thoughts, continued, "I'm sure many of you are currently wondering how Noah could resemble myself so well. With his snow-white hair, electric blue eyes, and skin the color of milk. The reason is because I had a hand in his physical creation. I allowed the Holy Spirit of myself to mix with the spirit of his mother, and also sent the spirit of Amos to create this tri-universal one time being for all of mankind. Noah, the savior of the Hebrew tribe."

"He carried the blood of Adam and Eve, the Soul of Amos, along with the spirit of myself, and his mother Adah. Once again, done by design. This race was created to redeem mankind, and the man forever known as Noah was sent to save it from a future cataclysm that I intended for the planet. So in effect, my plans were to save one race, the Hebrew, while destroying another, the Nephilim."

An uneasy feeling stirred amongst the angels of the host. All but Michael and Gabriel had always believed that the flood was created by either a natural or manmade event, not a supernatural one. The heavenly host all eyed each other with worry, never knowing their Father to be a destroyer of a race of beings. It went against everything they believed in. For the law says, "thou shall not destroy that which God hath created."

As a race of spiritual beings, they all knew the value of life in the universe. That all life was to be held sacred. To hear their Creator speak of annihilating a race of half-human, half-angelic beings was difficult for those who valued all living beings. No matter how light or dark they were. It didn't matter to the heavenly host. All life was holy to them. The flesh was deemed sacred. The physical, created from the mind of their Creator.

This new revelation made no sense to the heavenly host. This given knowledge was unbalancing everything to them. Their perception was changing by the second. They braced themselves for any new revelation which could further unsettle the host.

Not to mention that many of their brothers and sisters had left the heavenly host, and created this divine, hybrid race. Therefore, as cousins, they were related to this new race of beings, the Nephilim. In effect, it was family members of theirs who were destroyed. And in concert, with their utmost attention given to it, they all bowed their heads to pray for the souls of the Nephilim.

The Father, knower of all things, knew what was on their minds. He gave them time to pray for their cousins. To honor those who had taken the wrong turn, and became flesh. To pay homage to a race of spiritual beings who were no longer alive. To pay their respects to their fellow brethren. Once sufficient time was given, he proceeded onward, "I know that this knowledge makes you all extremely uneasy. That many of you feel like your brethren have been deliberately put to death by myself. This is true, and it was necessary. Had not the Nephilim been destroyed, they would have conquered Earth, the Milky Way galaxy, and finally the universe. Thus were the plans of Lucifer, and his allies. To subdue all physical life in my universe. Thus was his plans then, thus they are now. Had I not intervened, your cousins would have usurped not only my kingdom, but yours as well. So, let that sink into your minds for a while."

The angels of heaven knew that only their Source, the Father, knew what lies ahead. Therefore, if he predicted that the Nephilim would have usurped the throne of heaven, it was not their duty to challenge his knowledge of the future. Yet that uneasy feeling that possessed them would not depart. A race of beings had been destroyed, and it was a race whom they were related to. Yes, they had to be stopped. But to annihilate a race to extinction? That penalty seemed a harsh judgment to the heavenly host of heaven. *Complete and total annihilation of a species of life!* It was unthinkable to the heavenly host. There was extreme difficulty wrapping their minds around that fact. Yet they did their best to move on from that knowledge.

The Father of all things resumed, "Continuing on with my servant Noah. You all know the story of how he and his sons built a ship, gathered many animals, and withstood the flood. Thus, preserving Adam's sacred bloodline. I'm not going to repeat that story here. The story known to mankind about Noah is accurate enough. No need to add on any particular details.

"What you all don't know is that while he was doing that, another sacred bloodline was being preserved at Egypt, or Khem as it was called at the time.



## Atlantis and Egypt, 3100 BC

“At about the same time that my servant Noah was building his ship in Sumer, my servant Thoth was performing damage control on the island of Atlantis.

“Let me explain.”

“Just as I had sent Adam and Eve to Eden, my female equivalent sent Osiris and Isis to the island continent of Atlantis.” Once again the viewer appeared to show one male and one female. Both approximately eighteen years of age. Only these two looked far different than the previous pair. Osiris and Isis both had black hair, with brown skin and eyes. They were a different type of human sent directly to Earth. A pair with far darker features than the previous couple of Adam and Eve. Yet just as beautiful as the previous pair.

The heavenly host all looked at each other and wondered, *“Female equivalent? What is the Father talking about? First he tells us that he is the child of another, and now he tells us he has a female equivalent!”*

This seemed to be a day of never ending revelations! Needless to say, the heavenly host was hanging upon the Father’s every word. They could barely breathe, lest they take the chance to miss another utterance of revelations from their maker.

The Father knew what they were thinking. He purposely shocked his heavenly host with this grand revelation. Many more would come before this lecture would end. He left them wondering. He of course was laughing inwardly, and the Father continued onward, “Osiris came from Orion, while Isis came from Sirius. This is a little-known fact on the planet at this time. Only the initiated seem to grasp this concept.”

“Those two, like Adam and Eve before them, sent to the planet for a specific mission. One in which I will show you all very shortly.”

“Now the prophet Thoth knew that a calamity was on its way. How did he know this information? I told him in a powerfully lucid dream. One in which left quite the impression on the man. I sent him a message telling him to gather Osiris, Isis, and a few others, and to head for the land of Khem. Which today is known as Egypt. A far more technologically primitive territory than Atlantis was.

Yet one that was safe from the future shifting of the poles which was about to occur on planet Earth.

“Like the good servant that Thoth was, he did as I instructed. Like all good prophets, he didn’t question the dream, he just acted upon its message. Thoth then rounded up the priest and priestess, Osiris and Isis, and the others, including Anubis. At first they resisted, not believing his message of future doom. Telling Thoth that he was out of his mind for suggesting that Atlantis would soon fall. So Thoth responded, by telling them that they’d find their answer in a dream that evening.

This request from Thoth to send the others a dream was a tremendous act of faith. He had no idea that I would send them a vision, he just stated that I would, and hoped I’d come through for him. He acted on faith, a trait which all my servants possess. They act, knowing that I will follow through on their wishes. This my friends, is the very definition of faith. Acting before you know an event will occur. It’s the same as knowing beforehand, that which I will perform for my trusted servants.

“Now here is a lesson. I always follow through on one of my servant’s acts of faith. Especially from my prophets. That night, I sent the family of Osiris and Isis a dream showing Atlantis shifting, and then falling into the depths of the sea. I made this dream very lucid, and captivating. I left nothing for chance. Therefore, in the morning when they awakened, the entire party knew they had their answer. Thoth had been correct, Atlantis would soon fall.

“The reason the fall of Atlantis was so hard to fathom was that it was at the very height of its power. The pinnacle of a long, and illustrious history. A twenty thousand yearlong empire that had reached beyond the heights of human imagination and technology. An empire that dwarfed all other human nations on earth, and elsewhere for that matter.

“Yet it was their technology that did them in. And it did so in a magnificent fashion. By using crystal pyramid power, they could amplify and direct light energy on a massive scale. At their end, they weren’t able to control the amount of power they were producing. The reason for this was that the Atlanteans had stolen the sacred crystals of Lemuria, and began using them as their generators. Due to thousands of years of Lemurian prayer, these sacred crystals were the

most powerful crystals on the planet. Never to be used for technological purposes. Only for prayer. Yet the Atlanteans thought otherwise.

“They forced the Lemurian priestesses to betray their nation. The Atlanteans gave them an ultimatum. Either hand over the crystals, or all their families would perish in a most tortuous way.”

The Ancient of Days paused, studied the audience, noticed that he had their complete attention, and continued, “With the awesome magnification of power being generated, it was only a matter of time before something cataclysmic would happen. The power generated created a magnificent earthquake on Atlantis, which spread worldwide, causing a planetary shifting of the poles.”

“Now I know that I just recently told you that I had a hand in this destruction. This is how I intervened in the matter. I sent Michael and his legions, who then cracked the powerful crystals that the Atlanteans were amplifying. This released an awesome amount of energy, most of it directed towards the crust of the planet, creating the shift.

“This pole shift caused Atlantis to shift southward. The northern portion of Atlantis sunk into the sea, while the southern portion shifted south to become what is now known as Antarctica.

The viewer appeared to show the audience the geography of the planet before the pole shift, and afterwards. It looked as though the former North Pole was in what is now known as the Hudson Bay. The entire planet had a makeover. North and South America appeared, while Atlantis, and the Pacific continent of Lemuria sank into the sea. As previously stated, the southern portion of Atlantis slid southward to become Antarctica. The northern portion of Africa grew larger, as did the continent of Asia.

“Rather sobering isn’t it?” asked the Ancient of Days.

The heavenly host bowed their heads in solemn prayer, acknowledging the words of their divine creator. They knew the devastation that the technology of Atlantis had caused on the planet. The upheaval which had been created. The tragic loss of life felt throughout Earth. They all knew that the crystals of Lemuria had received an enormous amount of power throughout the ages from the constant prayer they had been receiving. This prayer amplified their power to a

measure that the Atlanteans couldn't sustain. They also knew that the Ancient of Days had a hand in it, splitting the crystals at the most inopportune time. The uneasy feeling of that knowledge wouldn't go away.

The Archangel Michael looked around at his fellow angels. He knew what they were thinking. Yet he was unmoved. He saw the wisdom behind the act of his Creator, the Father of all things. The destruction on the planet was necessary. If it had not happened, it may have been his race which would have become extinct. And Michael wasn't about to take that chance. He trusted in the Father of all things to be correct in this matter. He was unaffected by the emotions running throughout his fellow members of the host. In Michael's mind, he would sabotage the crystal again if the Father had asked him.

The Father smiled at Michael and continued, "Sacred units of prayer being used for technology. Those crystals were never meant for anything but spiritual purposes. The Atlanteans became greedy in their technological quest, and the rest is history."

"The humans on planet Earth are about to repeat that history. They have the technology to do it. Yet this time it isn't magnified light energy, but rather nuclear energy that will do them in, if they don't change their path.

"Yet fret not, there is hope," and the Ancient of Days winked at his two long trusted Archangels. Sharing a secret that only the three of them knew of.

The Ancient of Days paused for a moment, gathered his thoughts, and continued, "So Thoth listened to myself and rounded up Osiris, Isis, Set, Anubis, Horus, and a few others to the land of Khem. What today on earth is now known as Egypt."

"When they first arrived, the locals all saw these immigrants as invaders. A threat to their way of life. They had no idea how much of a threat these intruders really were. The Atlanteans didn't show up to blend in with the present society, they came to take it over, and rule this new land of Khem. Which they did with the technology that they brought with them from Atlantis. And it didn't take very long for these immigrants to accomplish this feat.

“Once the natives saw the technology that Thoth was putting on display, they bowed down to worship their new immigrants as gods. And with that worship, a whole new religion was being forged in Egypt. A religion that carries on to this very day on planet Earth.”

“It wasn’t long after the arrival of the Atlanteans to Khem, that the earth suffered its pole shift and subsequently, the flood. As predicted by Thoth, Khem was unharmed. The only difference being, Khem went from a tropical climate, to an arid desert. This was due to the planetary shifting of the winds which were created during the shift.

The viewer appeared, and focused on Khem, or what would become known as Egypt. Before the shift, it looked like a jungle, with an enormous amount of vegetation throughout the whole region of northern Africa. Afterwards, after the winds had changed, a more arid climate entered the continent. The jungles of Africa would move southward.

The Ancient of Days pressed onward, “When the Atlanteans arrived at Khem, they met resistance from the natives. However, they were converted by Thoth, and their lives forever changed. He taught them the ancient ways of worship, imported from Atlantis. Thoth instructed the natives of Khem that the gods they had worshipped in the past were false deities. And that the gods that they needed to worship were Osiris, and Isis, sent to Egypt from another place. The others, such as Anubis and Thoth, the natives automatically made into different gods of differing subjects. A religion was created with all its rituals and observances. This brought about a semblance of order amongst the ancient Egyptians. The Atlanteans therefore became the great teachers of ancient Egypt. Turning the land from a loose confederation of tribes, into an empire that would last a very long time.”

“Thoth then buried the ancient secrets of Atlantis. The entire twenty-thousand-year history of Atlantis lie within the sands of Egypt. He buried them, and their ship in a vault. Thoth then built the sphinx as a marker for this ancient knowledge. The vault of Thoth is located directly beneath the right paw of the Sphinx.

“This knowledge still has not been uncovered to this present day. A few presently on Earth call it the Akashic records. Yet soon, very soon, my servant

Ishmael shall uncover this sacred wisdom from Atlantis. But I'm getting ahead of myself.

“So to recap what I've covered so far, I began a sacred bloodline in Eden with Adam and Eve, and another was begun in Atlantis, and later Khem, with Osiris and Isis. These two sacred bloodlines will merge with our next hero, Abraham. I shall spend much more time on this character than I have with the others. There is good reason for this. Without Abraham, none of this is possible. Now please allow me to explain.”



## Canaan, 1875 BC

The viewer appeared in front of the vast audience. It showed a man with the same color of red hair that Adam had. The exact same color, all the way down to the auburn tints. He was of a tall, lean build, with a ruddy, weather beaten complexion. He had the face of a man who has traveled many miles throughout the desert, and received his fair share of scars from the winds. Years of the elements had taken their toll on his frame. He looked to be a man of about fifty-five years old. Even though he was twenty years older than that. A man who had done his share of physical work in his long life. He was walking with his staff in his right hand, leading which looked to be about one hundred people through the desert, and on their way to an oasis.

Abraham was leading the way. A tribal chief in charge of an army of cattle, camels, sheep, and people. He looked like he was as determined as any man could possibly be. Filled with tunnel vision, seeing only what lies straight in front of him. Having no idea what lies to the right and left of himself. It looked obvious to any observer that something had happened to this man. One look into Abraham's eyes showed the obsession that had gripped him. He was a man extremely possessed by a spiritual experience that had forever changed his life.

The viewer paused. Not by any remote control, but by the mind of the Father himself. He did this for effect, freezing the screen when it was focused on the face of Abraham. He then spoke up, "Never in the history of mankind will you see another Abraham, truly a man after my own heart. If I were ever to once again take on flesh as a man, I would emulate this most powerful spiritual figure. This man would set in course a spiritual revolution, in which billions of people have been affected. He changed western civilization at its very foundations. Abraham is perhaps the greatest spiritual revolutionary of all time, on any planet, Jesus included."

"No less than three religions trace their origins to him. Islam, Judaism, and Christianity all trace their beginnings to this most special human being. A man who believed in one God, one Source, and only one me. He held onto these beliefs at a time when everyone else worshipped numerous deities. When the

entire world believed in the god of the sun, the moon, earth, water, fire, the harvest, fertility, and a plethora of various gods. During that time frame, Abraham believed in me, and only me. He would never believe in any other God beside me, his faith being so unshakeable.”

And then the Ancient of Days did something that none of them had ever witnessed before. He paused as if to speak, stopping himself. Then choking up with emotions, he put his hands to his face, and wept. The entire heavenly audience went into immediate shock and disbelief. They had no idea what to do in this situation, as having never seen this sort of emotion displayed by their Creator. The heavenly host seemed frozen in time and space.

After several minutes of bitter tears, the Father composed himself long enough to shout with the voice of thunder, ***“And I put the man through hell for it!”*** He then proceeded to break down again, uncontrollably weeping and wailing. Bending down to one knee, putting his hands to his face, he remained in that position for quite some time. No one knew what to do. Eternity seemed to stand still for all the witnesses of this grand emotion, being put forward by the Father of all emotions.

Michael and Gabriel each looked at each other, apprehensive about what to do. They had never seen their Source act in such a manner as this. They hesitated at first, and then both motioned as if to approach him, but were immediately waved off. The Ancient of days spoke to his archangels, “I’ll be fine, just give me a moment. Remain where you are please.” The two had no choice but to comply with their maker’s wishes.

There wasn’t a dry eye in this, most massive of audiences. The heavenly host had never expected any of this. They all just wanted to comfort and love their Source, but there was nothing they could do but to share in his tears. This was a moment of monumental grief, and there was nothing the heavenly host could do but to weep, and share in his grand feeling of sorrows. They all wished to help him release his pain, and therefore sent comforting waves of love toward their God. Yet each emotion of love transmitted from the heavenly host was met by a wall of sorrows from the Father of all things.

After a few more minutes of letting out an enormous amount of healing emotion, he composed himself long enough to speak, “You’ll have to excuse me

my outburst, but Abraham means so much to me, that I cannot possibly begin to describe. Nor can you begin to fathom. Remember that I feel just as you all feel. Every feeling known throughout the universe has been felt by me, and through me. I generally keep myself in reserve, but at this moment, that is impossible for me.”

He wiped his eyes, and after another minute to regain composure, the Ancient of Days continued, “Abraham showed me the true feeling of pain. Not just the concept of it, but how it feels at its deepest levels. Before Abraham, I had no idea this foreign emotion. He taught me what it felt like to sacrifice all that you love. To give up all that one has. To absolutely destroy oneself out of faith. Before him, it was only a concept. After Abraham, I had a thorough understanding of what lie in front of me, and how I would feel when it would eventually happen to my core being. Let me explain how he accomplished this marvelous feat, and gave me his gift of ultimate sacrifice and love.”

“My partner in my eternal mission, Amos, once again entered into the flesh as the man whom shall forever be known as Abraham. The eventual father of many nations, and carrier of the holy bloodline begun by Adam and Eve. Abraham would be of the utmost importance. A nexus in time and space along the path of the Holy Grail. An intersection where all roads lead to. The origin for the greatest blessing in human history. The ancestor to the promised Messiah. The chosen one who will lead mankind out of its present darkness, and into the promised golden age.”

The viewer which had been frozen on the face of Abraham, continued onward, showing the rest of his caravan. First showing his wife Sarah, a most beautiful woman of dark features. Then on to his servant Hagar, equally as beautiful as Sarah, but a younger version of the former. And then the viewer froze again, resting on the faces of the two women.

“These women are the mothers to two great nations. Abraham, and these two women would end up creating a history and karma, which is still being played out on the world stage on an enormous scale. This is how it all happened.”

“When Abraham was seventy-five years old, I introduced myself to him in a dream. I prophesied to him, telling him that I would make his name great. I also told him that I would make him the father of several nations. That his

descendants shall be as the stars, too numerous to count. I would give those descendants the land between the Rivers Nile, and Euphrates. Eventually it would stretch further than that. That I would bless those who bless him, and curse those who curse him. This would be an eternal covenant, stretching through numerous lifetimes of my servant, Amos. Adding to that, I promised that all the world shall be blessed through his seed.

***“All the world blessed through his seed!”*** The Father thundered at the angels. His booming voice would send shock waves throughout the angelic hierarchy, beginning with Michael and Gabriel, and continuing throughout the heavenly host. Once again, the emotion of the Ancient of Days caught the angels off guard. Many were knocked back as his powerful spirit swept through them, like the winds of a hurricane.

Again, the angels of the host had never seen their Creator act in such a fashion. Showing emotions they had never witnessed. He gave them time to recover and continued, knowing he now had their complete and full attention.

“Everyone note, this is the origin of the Holy Grail. That all the world shall be blessed through the seed of Abraham. The greatest treasure hunt in the history of humanity began with that prophecy. A quest that has driven men to obsessive insanity, began with that sentence in Abraham’s dream.

“The next morning, he woke up believing what he was shown, and I therefore made my eternal covenant with him. And with that covenant, the history of the universe was changed.”

“Together we made a sacrifice, and made a historic agreement between myself, and mankind. Abraham’s only part of the covenant, was that each male child from his bloodline be circumcised. I had himself and his tribe do this, as a mark of the blessing that I’ve given him. That out of his seed shall all the world be blessed. I should have told him the whole universe shall be blessed, which it will. The circumcision was a mark of the covenant. To show where the blessing shall come from. From the penis of Abraham, to his many descendants.

“This bloodline, this blessing, is the true Holy Grail. Not a cup, nor a dish, a bowl, or anything else. It’s a sacred bloodline that stretches back thousands of years. One line beginning with Adam and Eve, and the other with Osiris and Isis.

The merging of two sacred bloodlines. Both would intersect for the first time in human history with the children of Abraham.”

“When he was seventy-five years old, Abraham, his wife Sarah, and his nephew Lot, were all living peaceably in the town of Haran when I gave him the dream that would change human history. Once he had his dream, believed it, he then made his covenant with me. Abraham then gathered up his family, and headed off to the distant land of Canaan. A place that I promised would belong to his numerous descendants.

“Abraham then tarried in Canaan for two years, living peaceably with the natives, awaiting further instructions from me, when famine struck the land. The small tribe then sojourned on to Egypt. A land that was far more famine proof than Canaan was. Many things would happen to the tribe while in the land of the Pharaohs.

“Speaking of which, the Pharaoh at the time was a man named Khufu. The King who would get credit for the building of the great pyramid on the Giza plateau. Another myth in human history. It is true that the pyramid was built during the reign of Khufu, but he would not be the man responsible for the building of it.

“Once Abraham’s tribe reached Egypt, they met Pharaoh. Khufu took one look at Abraham’s wife Sarah, and he knew he had to have this woman. I gave him a very powerful feeling of lust toward her, one in which he couldn’t control. I did this for a reason that I will reveal shortly.

“Khufu then took Sarah as his number one wife, and made the rest of his wives her servants. This created an enormous amount of jealousy among Khufu’s brides toward Sarah. Except for Khufu’s daughter Hagar, whom saw in Sarah a beautiful soul. Which she was.”

The viewer appeared to show the face of Hagar. Dark hair, skin, and eyes. Pronounced high cheek bones. A very familiar face to the audience. It was the same face as that of Isis.

“The soul of Isis had returned into the body of Hagar. Meanwhile, the soul of Elizabeth, who came to life as Eve, had once again incarnated to become Sarah. Two powerful female incarnations were meeting at the same place in the land of

Egypt. Both carrying the sacred royal bloodlines of their ancestors. One Hebrew, one Atlantean. One from the Father, one from the Mother.

“It was all a part of our master plan.”

Once again the heavenly host was asking themselves questions. *One bloodline from the Father, and one from the Mother? Who is this Mother? And where does she come from? And did the Father just say it was ‘our’ master plan? What is he talking about? And why is the Father acting so strangely?* The heavenly host resumed listening, hoping for future clarification from their Source. They knew not to interrupt the Ancient of Days. They knew that he would reveal all his secrets in time.

The Father looked on to his servants in continued amusement. He was enjoying playing this little ‘hide and seek’ game of knowledge with his angels. He continued onward with his story;

“I would allow Sarah to be the Pharaoh Khufu’s wife for three and a half years. During that time, Abraham became busy with the master builders of Egypt. He brought with him knowledge from Sumer that would help the Egyptians in their building projects. His work would eventually catch the eye of the Pharaoh Khufu. Who then commissioned the Master Builder, along with Abraham’s help, to build his tomb for him. This would keep Abraham busy for a while so that I could develop my plans for Khufu’s household.

“Keep in mind that Abraham missed his darling wife. But there was nothing he could do about his situation. If the all-powerful Pharaoh wanted something or someone, he would just take it. And as far as Abraham’s situation, there was nothing in Khufu’s kingdom that the Pharaoh treasured more than Sarah.

“When they first arrived in Egypt, Abraham received a tip from a member of his tribe to tell Khufu that Sarah was his sister. The reason for doing this is because if Khufu found out the truth of Abraham and Sarah’s true relationship, he would have killed Abraham, and taken Sarah as his wife. That’s what Pharaohs did in those days if they wanted someone’s wife for their own. They’d kill their husbands, and that way the woman would become “available.” This way, Abraham could at least spare his life, for he would be no threat to Pharaoh. As a matter of fact, the Pharaoh Khufu, thinking Abraham was her elder brother,

greatly rewarded Abraham with sheep, cattle, and servants as compensation for obtaining Sarah.

“Now Sarah was barren, and had given Abraham no children during their marriage. This was done by my grand design. A scheme I developed in my mind thousands of years prior to this. I would use this scheme time and again throughout history.

“After making her his wife, Khufu slept with Sarah numerous times, hoping for an heir to his throne. Now he already had numerous sons from his previous wives, but his only wish was for a son by the woman that he loved. Sarah was all that mattered to Pharaoh while he was wed to her, and he wanted the line of his kingship to reside in their child.

“In showing his appreciation to Sarah, he made Hagar, his own daughter, to be Sarah’s personal servant. The two would eventually grow to become very close, and personal friends. That would all change in time, and they’d end up becoming bitter rivals. But while they were in Pharaoh’s court, they were wonderfully close friends.

Again, the viewer appeared above the Ancient of Days. It showed a freeze frame of Sarah and Hagar, side by side, standing next to Pharaoh.

The Source looked at the screen, then turned back toward his waiting audience, “Two very beautiful women, overshadowing the rest of Khufu’s court. One from the line of Isis, the other from the line of Eve. Two carriers of sacred royal bloodlines sent to earth from elsewhere in the Milky Way galaxy. Intersecting in the land of the Pharaohs. I cannot emphasize enough, the magnitude of these lives spent by Abraham, Sarah, and Hagar.

“While Sarah and Hagar were getting acquainted, my servant Abraham, the soul known as Amos, was keeping himself quite busy. Laying the foundation for one of the seven wonders of the ancient, and the modern world. The Great Pyramid, located at the Giza plateau. He had solved their engineering problems, and helped them to construct some of the greatest monuments to ever grace the planet’s surface. For Abraham was well skilled in all the engineering disciplines.

He had that rare combination of being extremely intelligent in his mind, and well-disciplined with his hands.

“Abraham, like Adam and Noah before him, was a genius. Men with vision, who could step by step create massive wonders and monuments. They all had the uncanny ability to envision something, and then make it bear fruit with their hands. This is a rare phenomenon amongst humanity. A trait in which few can master. This is what true vision is. Not only the ability to envision the future, but to create it as well.

“Sumer’s math, science, and engineering skills were well beyond the Egyptians of that day. Abraham’s arrival would change all of that. He was there to teach, and the Egyptians were taking notes. The hosts marveled at all the new formulas that Abraham had at his disposal. Formulas in which Abraham could calculate in his head, without writing them out on papyrus. Abraham was a boon to Egyptian technology, science, math, and craftsmanship. By the time his short visit was over, Egypt had caught up with Sumerian technology. It would enable the land of the Pharaohs to become the great empire that it would later become.

“The reason that he kept so busy, was to keep himself from thinking of his lost love, Sarah.”

“Meanwhile, Sarah seemed to be enjoying all the lavish gifts thrust upon her from Khufu. Don’t get me wrong, her heart still belonged to Abraham, but this new lifestyle she was enjoying was rather pleasing to her. Sarah had no problem at all sitting on the throne, and being queen of Egypt.”

The viewer appeared to show a ceremony in which Khufu was showering Sarah with many gifts of gold, diamonds, and other various jewelry. A treasure chest full of gold coins was laid at her feet. Pharaoh it seems, couldn’t find enough gifts to give to his new bride. His heart, mind, and soul seemed to belong to Sarah, as he gazed at her from his throne. His every thought, word, and deed, belonged to her. His soul was hers.

The viewer then projected the image of Sarah lying in a golden bed with silk covers. Khufu leaning over to kiss her gently on the lips. One could see how much he loved this woman from the passion and emotion he thrust upon her. He

couldn't take his eyes off Sarah. Nor could he think about anything besides his new wife. His heart belonged to her.

Then the viewer projected a scene under a large tent. Abraham, and three Egyptians were all peering over blueprints. You could hear them talking;

"The base of your pyramid needs to be increased for your plans to work. Otherwise, you'll lose stability," said Abraham.

"We are already taxed to our limits with the prints I have in place," argued the Egyptian who was the master builder for Pharaoh.

"If you don't increase your base, half of your entire structure will collapse within ten years," said Abraham.

Back and forth the two argued until Abraham won the argument. The master builder then took his new plans, developed by Abraham, to Pharaoh Khufu.

At Khufu's court, the Pharaoh looked over the new plans for the pyramid. He couldn't believe what he was seeing. A structure so massive, that it dwarfed any building project ever put forth. It was more than double the size of any pyramid ever built. Khufu was quite impressed. He looked at his master builder and asked, "Are you sure that you are capable of building this monstrosity?"

"The Hebrew known as Abraham is confident that this project will be a success, with these measurements," answered the master builder.

When these words were spoken, Sarah overheard what was being said. At the mention of her husband's name, she grew sad, and wept. It had been two years since she had felt his loving touch, and she missed him.

Khufu looked at her and asked, "What's wrong? What has gotten into you?"

"It's nothing. I'm just missing Abraham," said Sarah.

"That is an awful lot of emotion to show for your brother," remarked Khufu.

"We had a special relationship," said Sarah.

Khufu looked over the woman that he deeply loved, and wondered whether it was just a sibling love. But moments afterwards, he forgot this feeling, and dived back into the master builder's project.

After scanning the prints, Khufu looked up at his master builder and ordered, "If you're confident in Abraham's numbers, then go ahead with your plans."

The viewer then disappeared, and the Ancient of Days continued his story.

"For over a year the building project went on. Abraham, and Egypt's master builder, laying the foundation for Khufu's tomb. The most ambitious project yet in Egypt's long, and illustrious history.

"While this was going on, Abraham was questioning my orders to him. He was losing faith. After all, I had first taken him and his family from his original birthplace Ur, and led him to the city of Haran. Next, I led them all to Canaan, where a drought forced them to famine proof Egypt. Once there, I took his wife away from him. As you all may surmise, he wasn't very happy with his present situation.

"Following orders from me caused him great heartache. This would only continue with his life, and many others. Nevertheless, the soul known as Amos, who in that life was known as Abraham, would press onward. This would be a trait of his in life after life. For his name means to carry my burden. And that is what he has always done, Amos carries my burden."

The Ancient of Days paused with those last words spoken by him. Once again, he wept. Yet this time it wasn't as dramatic. No kneeling down on one knee. Nor any holding his hands to his face. Just a minute or two to regather himself, and then he continued, "You'll have to excuse me. This is very difficult for me to tell you this story. I'm feeling it at the soul level. My very core, and my foundation are being challenged by the memory of Abraham."

He paused a while longer and continued, "A year and a half after beginning with the massive project of Khufu's pyramid, I sent a plague to the royal house of Egypt. That is, all apart from Sarah, and her servant Hagar. I did this purposefully

so that Pharaoh Khufu would eye Sarah with suspicion. The plague lasted for two weeks, and then I sent Khufu a dream.

“In the dream, I showed Abraham and Sarah as lovers. Husband and wife, instead of brother and sister. The next morning, Khufu assembled his royal house, and summoned Abraham.”

The viewer appeared to show the proceedings, but the Father paused the giant screen to interject. The Father spoke, “Remember that I told you that it seemed to Abraham that Sarah was enjoying being the queen of Egypt? This was all an act. Sarah played the part so that no harm would come to the man whom she deeply loved, Abraham. Truth be told, she hated every second of being the Pharaoh’s wife. For her heart belonged to another. She was queen of Egypt against her will. Yet, she did a fine job of acting, so that Abraham and her tribe would be safe.”

“One final thought on that matter. It was Sarah’s curse that caused the boils on Pharaoh. She wished him dead, so that she could return to her loving husband. She prayed for Khufu’s death, and I answered with the plague of the boils on Khufu’s household. I didn’t kill Khufu, as she requested. I spared his life. For I had further need of this mighty Pharaoh. But I did save Sarah from living a life with him. Hence, I sent forthwith the dream of her making love to Abraham. Which caused alarm and suspicion with Khufu.”

The viewer resumed playing out the next scene.

At the arrival of Abraham, Khufu shouted at him, “Why did you lie to me?”

Abraham, who knew he’d been caught in his lie, responded, “Because if I told you the truth, you would have had me killed.”

“So you lied, and told me that your wife was your sister?” asked Khufu.

“That is correct,” admitted Abraham.

Khufu thought the matter over for a moment, then responded, “I can’t really blame you for what you did. If I was in your position, I may have acted in the same capacity.”

Abraham could only remain silent.

“As you notice, your wife Sarah is unaffected by this plague that your God has sent to me for marrying her. Nor has my daughter Hagar seen any of these boils that now torment my body. Therefore, take your wife and my daughter, flee Egypt, and never return,” said Khufu.

“As you wish, my Lord,” said Abraham. Who then gathered up Sarah and Hagar, and started to walk out of Khufu’s court.

Before he could finish his absence, Khufu shouted, “Abraham!”

Abraham stopped, and turned to hear the Pharaoh.

Khufu finished, “I do believe your God sent you to me so that you could show my builders how to construct my monument to mankind. My beloved pyramid that shall stand the test of time. For that I thank him, and you.”

“You’re welcome my Lord,” answered Abraham. Who then proceeded to leave the court of Khufu.

Then the viewer disappeared.

The Ancient of Days spoke up, “Khufu was partially correct in his last statement to Abraham. The real reason I sent my servant Abraham to Egypt was to gather unto his family, the sacred royal bloodline of Osiris and Isis. This was done in the body of Hagar. Who in fact was the reincarnated Isis.”

“All a part of our grand plan, as you shall all shortly see.”

The Source let that bit of information sink in to his heavenly host and continued onward, “Abraham’s tribe then returned back to Canaan, the land I promised to him and his descendants. He returned to receive further instructions from me. Abraham had his moments of doubts, but he knew I wouldn’t abandon him, and I didn’t let him down.”

“For the next few years, the Hebrew tribe of Abraham settled in the land. I blessed them, and they multiplied in number. The number of sheep, cattle, and goods also increased. So much so that the tribe had to split into two halves. Abraham’s nephew Lot, took one half into the valley of the Jordan, while Abraham stayed near Hebron. There just wasn’t enough land to accommodate them all in one place.

“A few years after the split, five kings descended on the area Lot and his part of the tribe had settled in. The invaders captured Lot, along with most of his tribe, and headed off to the northern city of Dan.

“A couple of Hebrews from Lot’s tribe avoided capture, and ran to tell Abraham what had happened. Immediately, Abraham assembled all his men, and headed north toward the city of Dan. Picking up stragglers from the losing armies along the way, thus Abraham’s numbers increased.

“Once Abraham had reached Dan, his three hundred warriors routed the five kings. They liberated those whom the kings had enslaved, all of them joining the tribe of Abraham.”

“I inserted this into Abraham’s story to show what kind of man he was. A prophet? Yes! But also, a warrior. One with no fear of any enemy I may lay in front of him. He took a few hundred stragglers, and routed five armies who numbered more than four thousand well trained soldiers. He did this because he knew that I would deliver them to him. Such faith that he possessed, there will never be another like him. As I previously stated, a man after my own heart.

“Because of the win over the five kings, Abraham’s name grew in stature in the surrounding areas of Canaan. Not to mention the wealth of the tribe, as many liberated from the five kings ended up joining with Abraham. His tribe, his goods, and his reputation thus grew.

“The tribe then settled down for a few years of peace.”

“This peacefulness would be unbalanced when Abraham’s wife Sarah conjured up a plan for giving Abraham a child. You see, Sarah was barren, and unable to bring forth any children for her husband. Yet she knew of Abraham’s prophecy that his descendants shall be as numerous as the stars. This was a problem that perplexed Abraham. How could he have so many descendants, when he didn’t have any children?

“Therefore, I sent a message to Sarah. In this message, Sarah would concoct a plan that would have her husband Abraham sleep with her servant Hagar, to produce a son, and an heir.

“This plan of hers would unite the sacred royal house of Adam and Eve, with that of Osiris and Isis. Two royal bloodlines sent to planet Earth, so that I, and the Mother of all things, may incarnate, to redeem humanity.”

*The Mother of all things? There he goes again. Dropping riddles and hints of an unknown knowledge.* Thought many of the heavenly host.

The amused Father continued, “When Sarah proposed the plan to Abraham, he didn’t want any part in this scheming. As loyal a man as there ever was, Abraham only wanted to sleep with Sarah. He knew that she had had sex with Khufu while they were married, but it didn’t matter to him. He had remained faithful, his heart belonging to Sarah alone.”

“So she approached him one night, and here is what was spoken between the two.”

The giant viewer again appeared, showing Abraham and Sarah sitting on a large stone, looking up at the many stars of heaven.

“It’s been many years since God gave you your prophecy. You know which one. The prophecy that involved the covenant. Tell me again that which he promised you,” asked Sarah.

Abraham looked at the woman of his dreams, wondering where this question came from. He’d known his wife for more than fifty years, and knew that she was up to something. He’d soon find out.

He thought back to the covenant that changed not only his life, but those of everyone around him, and answered, “Well, let me think for a moment. The Father promised to make my name great. That was the first promise he gave me.”

“Yes, I remember that part,” said Sarah.

“He told me that he would bless those whom I blessed, and curse those whom I cursed,” said Abraham.

“Yes I remember that too,” said Sarah. She was out to make a point, and she answered his every blessing that he would name. She thought for a moment and asked him, “Have you ever used that blessing to curse anyone?”

“No, and I won’t either,” answered Abraham.

“You didn’t curse the five kings whom you defeated?” asked Sarah.

“No. I knew I wouldn’t have to. For I knew the Lord my God would deliver them to me without any cursing,” answered Abraham.

“So what else is there?” asked Sarah.

“That the covenant would be an eternal covenant,” said Abraham.

“Yes. But there is more isn’t there?” she asked further.

“That I would be the father of many nations. That my descendants shall be as numerous as the stars. That they’d be given the land between the Nile and the Euphrates. And that all the world would be blessed through my seed,” answered Abraham.

“Ah, this is the part of the covenant I’ve been waiting on,” said Sarah.

“I know you have. What are you thinking my love?” asked Abraham.

“How can you be the father of nations when you have no child?” asked Sarah.

Abraham pointed to all the tents surrounding the couple. Hundreds of them were assembled in Abraham’s ever increasing tribe. He looked around and said, “These people consider me to be their father. Maybe that’s what God meant when he said I’d be the father of many nations. That out of these people, our tribe will grow.”

“I doubt that is what he meant. After all, he did promise that out of your very own seed that the whole world be blessed,” replied Sarah.

“You’ve got a point my love,” said Abraham.

Sarah looked into his eyes and whispered, “Maybe if you took another as your bed mate for a month, that she could become pregnant, and your seed can live on through her?” she asked.

Abraham looked at Sarah in shock. He never expected anything like this from his beloved wife. “Are you serious?” He asked her.

“I am. And I had my servant Hagar in mind for this most important task,” said Sarah.

“Hagar? Why she is your best friend!” exclaimed Abraham.

“She is indeed. Which is why I chose her for this,” said Sarah. She paused for a moment and added, “Abraham, this blessing of yours is unique in all of humanity. We must ensure that you have children for this incredible blessing that has been given to you. We cannot risk this.”

Abraham smiled and whispered “Sarah where is your faith?”

“I’m becoming too old to bear children. Even if I wasn’t barren,” she answered.

“The Lord will provide us a child. He promised he would,” replied Abraham.

Sarah shook her head, and said, “Abraham, Abraham. I’m incapable of giving you any children to begin with. And now I am getting up there in years. For your line to succeed, it must be with another. This isn’t an easy thing for me to ask of you.”

“I know my love. I just can’t bear the thought of sleeping with another,” replied Abraham.

“And I love you for feeling that way,” said Sarah.

“Well, I’m not sure about any of this. I’ll have to think it over,” said Abraham.

“I’ve got a better idea. Why don’t you ask your God what he thinks?” asked Sarah.

“I’ll do that. But I’m not sure he will respond to my request,” said Abraham.

“Oh yes he will,” replied Sarah, confidently.

Abraham looked at her knowingly. He knew that she too had her share of spiritual gifts. And when she spoke as definitive as she is now, she was always correct. He rose from the large stone and said, “I’ll find out tonight.”

The viewer disappeared, and the Ancient of Days continued his lecture.

“Sarah knew I’d answer that night, because I’m the being who put the idea in her head in the first place. I didn’t violate her free will by doing so, it was only a suggestion. But the fact that she followed up with my idea shows the openness to suggestion that Sarah possessed. Abraham, on the other hand, showed great faith when he said, ‘the Lord will provide us a child.’”

“His prophecy about myself providing a child would come true a few years later, but first things first.”

“The night of Abraham and Sarah’s conversation, he came to me and asked me the question that Sarah had put forth to him. Should Hagar be used as an incubator for Abraham’s child?”

“He was surprised when I answered in the affirmative. I told him that yes, what Sarah had told him must take place. That they would father a son, and his name shall be Ishmael.”

The viewer appeared to show the child Ishmael. A dark-haired lad with Egyptian features, like his mother had. The boy definitely had an Egyptian look to him. He looked like a younger version of the Pharaoh Khufu. This child of promise who would change the entire landscape of the Middle East.

The Ancient of Days stopped the viewer on the face of Ishmael and spoke, “There he is, the first of his kind. The beginning of a new race of humans begun by his father Abraham, and his mother Hagar. A hybrid child who came from two unique races of human beings. One line from Adam and Eve, the other from Osiris and Isis.”

“Ishmael would be the father of a new race of humans. Along with his father Abraham, patriarchs of what would later be called the Arabian nation. 2,400 years later, this nation would create through the prophet Mohammed, and with him, the Muslim religion.

The Father of all things paused, and continued, “Abraham took one look at his son Ishmael and thanked me for giving him this wonderful gift of a son. During his lifetime, he had adopted many orphans, and treated them like his own. But he

never had a flesh and blood child to call his own. Now his prayer was answered, and he had himself an heir.”

“Abraham raised this child Ishmael, teaching him all things. From mathematics, to science, to hunting, building, fishing, and many other subjects. Ishmael being a highly intelligent child, picked up his father’s teachings very quickly.

“Father and son spent all their time with each other. Abraham taught Ishmael everything he knew in the short time that the two would eventually spend together.

The viewer again appeared, and showed father and son taking walks together, discussing all manners of things. Many moments were paraded on screen in front of the audience to give them a feel of the love and warmth possessed between these two remarkable beings. While the Ancient of Days watched the screen, tears welled up in his eyes. His heart, once again, being moved beyond emotion. The screen stopped while Abraham and Ishmael were hugging each other. Displaying the love between father and son.

The Creator spoke, “I spoke before about special souls here in my Kingdom. About Amos, Elizabeth, and Elijah. There are many others, but for purposes of this story we will focus on the afore mentioned souls. Yet, there is another soul who plays a large part in our story. That soul is named Ishmael, and he incarnated into the body of Abraham’s son Ishmael. Like Elijah before him, Ishmael is a part of the soul of my good servant Amos.”

“Amos has two eternal sons, Elijah and Ishmael. Both parts equally powerful. Amos is one part prophet, one part warrior, in equal measures. Elijah received the lion’s share of Amos’ prophetic gifts, while Ishmael received the greater portion of Amos’ fighting skills. These traits would carry on with these two sons of Amos in life after life. As I will show you.

“Brothers in spirit, and in the flesh. These two sons of Abraham will eventually create the greatest sibling rivalry in human history. Nothing else on earth or heaven approaches it. A battle between brothers that will lead into the final battle for supremacy for the planet.

“But back to our story. While Abraham and Ishmael were spending all their available time together, Sarah and Hagar were at odds with each other.”

“Jealousy is a very dark emotion. It can lead to all sorts of calamities. At first it gently seeps into one’s inner being, and then, if not checked, takes over one’s entire being, and consumes the individual. It would be this dark feeling that would split the family of Abraham.”

“Sarah was beginning to have second thoughts about her plan. Don’t get me wrong, she was elated at the effect Ishmael was having on her husband. But there was an undercurrent of jealousy due to Hagar being the mother to her husband’s child. She fought hard against this feeling, but it wouldn’t go away. Especially when Hagar would look upon Sarah as inferior for not being able to give Abraham his most wanted child.

“This back and forth between the two women would last for thirteen years. And then, along with Michael and Gabriel, I paid Abraham and Sarah a visit. This visit would upset the balance of everything. Their family, their tribe, humanity, and finally, the cosmos.”

On cue, the viewer once again appeared.

It showed Abraham and Sarah, sitting on one side of the table, and three men sitting on the other. The men were all dressed in white robes with leather belts looped around them. One of the men was dark haired, one blonde, and one red headed. All of them had dark, weather beaten complexions. The red headed man was sitting in the middle of the table on one side, with the dark-haired man to his left, and the blonde-haired man to his right.

It was high noon in Canaan, and the five of them were all eating lunch. Sarah had prepared for them a lamb, some bread, cheese, and milk.

Abraham spoke to his guests, “Welcome to my tribe. My name is Abraham, and this is my lovely wife Sarah.”

The red headed man, the one seated in the middle on one side of the table, pointed to his left and said, “This is Gabriel, and the man to my right is Michael. My name is I am.”

“I am? What kind of name is that?” asked Sarah. A bold woman who never held back her thoughts. This was rare at a time in the world where women were supposed to hold their tongues. Yet, this was the relationship Abraham and Sarah always had, as equals. She always spoke her mind in front of her husband, and he never had a problem with it. There were many other men in the tribe, who didn’t believe that this was proper. But when any of them would speak of this to Abraham, they would always be met by Abraham’s infamous stare. The Patriarch of the tribe could give any of them a look that would make them want to crawl into a hole and go away.

“It is my name. I am that I am,” said the red head. His name seemed to be amusing his most gracious hosts. He knew their thoughts and only smiled to himself.

Abraham studied the man for a moment and said, “I think I’ve met you before, but not in this fashion. I just have the sudden feeling of familiarity with you. Like stumbling across an old friend.”

“Indeed you have,” answered the red head.

Abraham thought further about the matter, but let it go. He then got to the point of their visit and asked, “What can I help you gentlemen with?”

“I’ve come here with a prophecy for the two of you,” answered the red head.

“A prophecy? So, the three of you are prophets?” asked Abraham. He had met a few prophets in his time. The last one being a priest by the name of Melchizadek near the town of Salem.

“Not exactly,” said the blonde. The one known as Michael. He added, “Abraham, you’re the prophet.”

“Then whom are you?” asked Sarah.

“Servants of the Most High,” answered the dark haired man, the one known as Gabriel.

Abraham looked at the red headed man, the one sitting in the middle, and asked, “And who are you?”

“I am the Most High God. The one whom these two serve,” answered the red headed man known as ‘I am.’”

Upon recognition of whom they were speaking to, Abraham and Sarah bowed their heads in respect. Both knew they were receiving a visit. They were no more questioning as to the identity of the three men. The Source, the Father of all things, and his two servants were here to give the couple information about the future.

The red headed man, the being known as ‘I am,’ looked straight at Abraham and spoke, “My eternal covenant is between you and me.”

“Yes, my Lord,” acknowledged Abraham. He was thinking back to that night when the covenant was made, with many blessings included.

Sarah was watching this all with amazement. This was her first visit from God, and she didn’t know quite how to take it all in. She wasn’t used to being in the presence of heavenly beings, like her husband was. Sarah could only listen on with intense interest at the conversation that would play out between God and Abraham.

The red headed man continued, “You shall be the father of many nations. Not only from the line of yours and Sarah’s seed, but from several lines.”

“Yes my Lord,” acknowledged Abraham.

“My seed?” interrupted Sarah.

“I’m getting to that part,” said the red headed God.

“Well now this sounds interesting,” said Sarah.

The prophecy continued by the red head, “I will make you exceedingly fruitful. Nations shall rise from your seed. Kings shall come from your bloodlines.”

“Bloodlines? What do you mean bloodlines? He has only one son,” exclaimed Sarah, once again interrupting. She just couldn’t hold herself back. When she had something to say, she said it. Whether she was speaking to a God or not. Sarah thought she would just sit back and listen to this God and her husband, but she was finding that to be quite impossible.

The red headed God looked at Sarah, smiled, and said, "I'm getting to that. Be patient Sarah, for this is a blessing toward you as well."

He then looked back toward Abraham and said, "I will establish my covenant with you, and your seed after you. It is an everlasting covenant between the two of us. But also for those who follow you. Your descendants and I shall also make an everlasting covenant. I will be their God, and they will be my people. I will make this covenant with them more than four hundred years from now."

Abraham could only sit in silence at the magnitude of the words being directed toward him.

The red headed stranger continued, "And I will give to you and your offspring, all the land between the Nile and the Euphrates rivers. In future times, it will extend far beyond even that area. This will be an everlasting possession."

Silence from the couple as the 'I am' God looked directly at Sarah and spoke, "As for you Sarah, I'm giving you a son."

Sarah burst out laughing at this latest prophecy. She couldn't help herself and blurted out, "Me? A son? That's the funniest thing I've ever heard! You make me barren all these years, and now that I'm getting old and feeble, you tell me I am to have a son! You're too much!" There was never a bolder woman than Sarah.

The red head looked at her, smiled, and said, "Not only will you have a son, his name will be Isaac, which means laughter. I will name him this because you laughed."

"I didn't laugh that loud," Sarah responded.

"Sure you did!" said the red head, once again smiling. He continued with his prophecy, "Not only will you be a mother of a child, but you will be a mother of a great nation. A nation that my servant Michael will attend to. A nation that I will choose out of all the nations to incarnate myself into."

"What about my son Ishmael?" asked Abraham.

"Abraham, I know you love your son Ishmael. He too, like his brother Isaac, will become a mighty nation. A nation that my servant Gabriel will attend to. I will bless him, and give him twelve sons, who shall become twelve princes of a

powerful tribe. I will establish my covenant with both of your sons, just as I have established my eternal covenant with you.”

“Thank you my Lord,” said Abraham. This was a great blessing he was receiving. Both of his sons would be blessed by his God. Nothing could mean more to Abraham than a blessing such as this. That a covenant would be made between his God and his sons. Abraham bowed his head in thanks, believing what his God had just told him.

The red headed deity had one more prophecy, “Sarah, on this day of next year, shall you be the mother of Isaac. Now we must take our leave.” The three men then rose, and walked off into the desert. A God, and his two Archangels, changing the future of the world.

The viewer disappeared, and the Ancient of Days spoke, “Another momentous day in the history of humanity. The announcement of the birth of two nations that will play out the most fascinating drama in the history of the planet.”

“As prophesied, one year after the visit, Sarah gave birth to Isaac. The soul known as Elijah had once again returned to the planet.”

The viewer appeared and showed two images, Ishmael and Isaac. The boy on the left, Ishmael, shown with his dark features. The boy on the right, Isaac, shown with his lighter ones. They could not have been more opposite a pair.

“These are the souls known in heaven as Ishmael and Elijah. Brothers in arms. One physical, one spiritual. Ishmael, the most powerful of warriors. Elijah, the most powerful of prophets. The sons of my blessed servant Amos.

“As I prophesied, two great nations shall arise from these brothers. The Hebrew nation of Israel, and the half-Hebrew, half-Egyptian new tribe known as the Ishmaelites. Which later in history shall be known as the Arabians. Or Arabs, as they are called in modern times.”

The Ancient of Days paused, took a sip of water, and continued onward, “Life couldn’t be better for Abraham. Once his son Isaac was born, his heart was completely full. His cup runneth over.”

“After living for ninety years without a son, Abraham now had two. Ishmael and Isaac, the two apples of his two eyes. Nothing else mattered in his world but the health and wellbeing of his children. He truly felt that he was in the kingdom of heaven.

“Like Ishmael before him, Isaac was well schooled in the arts and sciences of that day. Also like his brother, he was an outstanding hunter and fisherman. Both brothers were very intelligent. Extremely so. Each son of Abraham had a photographic memory, and in modern terms on earth, they’d each be considered geniuses.

“Yet the boys were different, with varying personalities.”

Once again the viewer appeared to show Ishmael and Isaac onscreen, side by side.

“These are the fathers of two tribes. The Israelites and the Ishmaelites. Cousins, but due to become enemies throughout history. These two branches of the tree of Abraham will change the course of earth history, human history, and in the future, the cosmos. Chosen from the many, to deliver to earth, that which lies in heaven.

“But they loved each other very much, these two boys of promise.”

“They also adored their father almost to the point of idol worship. They’d sit around the campfire at night listening to his stories at night about this God with the strange name. About how their father Abraham had learned his skills growing up in the eastern city of Ur. How he had helped build the famous Ziggurat located at the mouth of the Euphrates River.

“The boys listened as he told them stories from his time in the city of Haran. About how their father was the master builder for the entire city. Importing his unique craftsmanship from Ur. Pride wouldn’t begin to describe the feeling Ishmael and Isaac had for their father Abraham. They loved their father with all their hearts. Both sons wanting to emulate their father in every way possible. He was their hero.

“They listened with intense interest over Abraham’s visit to Egypt. And how their father had helped build the great pyramid located there.”

“The sons of Abraham just couldn’t get enough of their father. Every minute of every day, spending time with the one whom they adored more than life itself. For it was he that taught the boys every facet of how to be a proper man. How to speak, read, act, and behave as men. He was their mentor.

The Father of all things paused, seemingly deep in thought for a few moments, then continued onward, “A few years after the birth of Isaac, Abraham’s wife Sarah was once again scheming. The reason for this was the same as her first scheme, I had put it into her mind to do so. I made a powerful suggestion, and the rest is history.”

The viewer appeared to show Abraham and Sarah in their tent. He was sitting on a chair, and looking at some writings that his son Ishmael had just recently finished. He made the remark, “Ishmael is very intelligent, much more so than I was at his age. Why look at his penmanship, it’s far better than mine ever was.”

“Oh don’t sell yourself short Abraham. I’m quite sure you were gifted as well. And yes, Ishmael is very intelligent,” agreed Sarah. All day long she had been trying to find a way to bring up a subject that her husband more than likely wouldn’t want to discuss. Now that he had opened the door to this possible conversation, she walked through it. She thought for a moment about what to say next, and said, “Abraham I need to talk to you about something.”

“I notice that you’ve been in deep thought about something, what is on your mind? What’s troubling you?” asked Abraham.

Sarah thought carefully about what to say next. She had to be cautious in her words when it came to her husband’s sons. She knew that both were the answer to all his prayers, and what she was about to say would surely upset the man she loved. Sarah began, “Abraham, if something were to happen to you, and you passed on, who would receive your inheritance?”

Abraham looked over at his wife. Obviously, she was up to something, “What has brought this on?” he asked.

“It’s a fair question,” she stated. Sarah was a bit nervous. This was a dangerous path she was taking her husband down. A slippery slope that she didn’t want to stumble and fall upon.

He thought for a moment and said, “Ishmael would. And then naturally he’d share his inheritance with his brother Isaac.”

“That’s precisely what I thought you’d say,” said Sarah.

“And what is wrong with that answer?” asked Abraham.

“Because that is not what the prophecy states,” said Sarah.

“The prophecy stated that out of my seed shall the world be blessed,” Abraham shot back at her. She was testing his nerves. Arguing with him over a prophecy that he had received. He knew what was spoken between his God and himself. And now she was correcting him.

“And it shall be out of Isaac’s line that the world shall be blessed,” Sarah returned.

“What makes you think that? It can be out of both bloodlines that the world be blessed,” said Abraham. He had thought long and hard about this specific prophecy, and concluded that both boys would share in the promise.

“It’s Isaac’s line that the chosen one shall come from,” said Sarah.

“How do you know this?” asked Abraham.

“Your God told us both that. The red headed God who called himself, “I am.” Also, call it female intuition,” replied Sarah.

“Nonsense. The Lord said that both of my sons are children of promise,” said Abraham. Did she just tell him *‘female intuition?’*

“But the future Messiah shall come from the line of Isaac,” said Sarah. She was not going to back down on this subject. The over protective mother was not about to budge an inch on this matter. The future of her chosen son was at stake. *And she would be damned if her son was about to lose out on the inheritance to a son of an Egyptian!*

“The anointed one shall come from both lines,” said Abraham. He was just as stubborn as she was.

“I think this is a question for you to put forth to your God,” said Sarah. She had pulled out the trump card. When all else failed, send him to his God. The only being that Abraham would ever fully listen to. Every other voice was secondary in his world, and Sarah knew it.

“The last time that you counseled me to talk to God, I ended up sleeping with Hagar,” said Abraham.

“The last time I told you to talk to your God, I was correct,” replied Sarah.

“Yes you were,” said Abraham. There was no point in arguing with his wife. He’d have to take counsel with his God to resolve this matter. Once Sarah had a mind about something, there was no point in trying to turn her mind toward his. It was a fruitless endeavor. Therefore, the only way forward would be to take counsel with his God. Once he did, he knew that the Lord would tell him that both of his boys were sons of the promise. And therefore, rightful heirs to his inheritance.

The viewer disappeared, and the Ancient of Days continued with his lecture, “Abraham did come to me that night, and I responded with what he didn’t want to hear.”

“I told him that Sarah was once again correct. That it would be out of Isaac’s line that the Messiah would come forth. That all the world would be blessed out of his holy bloodline.

“And then I told him those words that would forever change history. I instructed my servant Abraham to send his son Ishmael, along with the child’s mother, to the east.”

The Father, the Creator of all things, paused at his last statement that he made to the heavenly host. He had to once again take a moment to compose himself. This was a very difficult story for him to have to share. Many feelings had welled up within him from the lifetime of Abraham. And now it was all coming to the fore. The angels, spiritual beings who operated off feelings, could sense their

Creator's every emotion. Many in the audience were once again in tears. They knew how painful this was for him. They only wanted to comfort and love, he who had given them life. They only wanted to be there for him during this most trying of times.

"I told the man to send the son that he loves away," whispered the Ancient of Days.

He paused, and studied the audience for a moment. The Father noticed and felt all the emotion pouring forth from it, he then painfully continued, "I instructed Abraham to send Ishmael and his mother Hagar to the east. I prophesied to him that I will make a great nation out of Ishmael. Twelve princes shall arise from him."

"I continued with my prophecy, telling Abraham that Ishmael and his sons shall be against everyone, a fierce tribe, and that all nations shall be against them. But the sons of Ishmael shall prevail. Not once in history has the entire tribe been subdued. Because of the promise that I gave to my servant Abraham.

"Therefore the next day, through the most bitter of tears, Abraham sent Hagar and Ishmael to the east."

"The eldest son of Abraham didn't understand why he was being sent away. He argued with his father about his mission. Telling Abraham that no father sends his son away. That if a God would force a man to do that, then he was no God.

The large viewer appeared, and showed the following scene.

"But father, why must I leave you? I have done all that is instructed of me," said Ishmael.

Abraham didn't have any answers for his pride and joy, his eldest son. "Because the God known as 'I am that I am' has charged you with this mission. Just as I was told to leave Haran, you too must leave to inherit your many blessings."

"But I don't want to leave you! This isn't fair! Why should I be left out of the promise? Why have you forsaken me?" pleaded Ishmael.

"I'm sorry my son, it is the will of God," said Abraham.

“Then damn you and your God!” shouted Ishmael. “I will never speak to you or of you again, how dare you abandon me!” The boy then picked up the remaining items to be taken and marched eastward, toward the desert with his mother Hagar.

The viewer then faded from view, and the Father continued, “So instead of Ishmael leaving his father through understanding, he left him during stress and turmoil.”

“Watching his son walk away from him into the desert took a lot out of Abraham. The day before he had been a complete man. Happy, with two loving sons to call his own, his life had been a complete and total success. The next day, he was a shell of his former self. By listening to my instructions, he had betrayed his inner spirit. I had almost broken the man.”

Through tears in his eyes, the Father of all things continued his story, “It was a difficult time for Abraham. He didn’t understand any of my plans. That I was planning on making out of his seed, a great nation that would at first settle into the northwestern portion of the boot of Arabia, and then expand throughout the middle east.

“Ishmael and his descendants would create a new race of humans on planet earth. This half Hebrew, half Egyptian race that would forever be known as Arabians. Children of promise, created from two scared bloodlines.

“Yet they must be separated from their cousins. The sons of Ishmael, and the sons of Isaac, would not be allowed to coexist for the time being. The reason for this would be unfolded 4,000 years later in human history. For when they do reunite, it will be to finally vanquish the enemy that has been terrorizing the cosmos since time immemorial. Yes, that old fool Lucifer, who thought he could take my throne. But his plans will be foiled by the sons of Abraham. But once again, I’m getting ahead of myself.”

The Ancient of Days once again gathered himself, pausing for a moment, and continued, “A couple of years after I had Abraham send his child Ishmael

away, I once again called on him. And it was certainly not to give him good news. I would put the man through the worst kind of hell that I will ever put any man through. I would put him through the anguish that I knew that I would have to face, almost two thousand years later. And let me tell you, it is the worst kind of feeling that any being, whether physical or spiritual, will ever have to endure.”

“Abraham was out in his garden when I appeared. I arrived looking like the red headed man who had come to him in the past. Allow me to show you the conversation that the two of us had.”

The viewer again appeared. It showed the red headed man known as “I am,” and Abraham. Both standing across from each other in a vineyard full of fresh, ripening grapes.

“Abraham, I have a request of you,” said the red headed man. The being known to Abraham as “I am.”

“Yes my Lord. What is it?” asked the equally red headed Abraham.

“I cannot force you to do this. I will not violate your sacred free will,” said the God of Abraham.

“I understand,” said Abraham.

“Do you know where the mount of Moriah is?” asked the red headed God.

“Yes I do,” answered Abraham.

“You need to take your son Isaac to the sacred mount of Moriah, and offer him up as a sacrifice to me,” said the red headed visitor.

“What?” asked Abraham, incredulously?

“You heard what I said. Take Isaac to Moriah, and offer him up as a sacrifice to me,” said the red headed man.

“Why?” asked Abraham. He couldn’t believe his ears. His God was asking him to sacrifice his son to him. After ordering him to send Ishmael off into the desert a couple years ago, now he wanted him to kill his other son. After the

prophecy that was given him many years ago, this made absolutely no sense to Abraham.

“There is a reason for this request,” said the red headed God.

“I can’t see any,” remarked Abraham.

The red headed man studied Abraham for a moment. Here was a man in front of him that he was asking the impossible of. After being without his own children for a very long time, he was asking Abraham to sacrifice unto him all that he had left. This was especially hard after asking Abraham to send Ishmael away. The only thing he could do was to tell Abraham the truth.

The God of Abraham thus began to explain, “I’ll tell you why I have asked this most difficult request. A long time from now, I will take on the form of flesh and become human. This man whom shall be from your own bloodline, shall be offered up as a sacrifice for the whole world. A ransom for many.”

He looked deep into the eyes of Abraham and continued, “This man whom I shall sacrifice for the redemption of mankind shall be my son. My flesh and blood. My very own son shall I smite. I shall do this so that out of his spirit shall all mankind be saved.”

The God known as ‘I am’ continued on, “I know not the feeling that I will have when I perform this act. To me it is but a concept. But through your act, your faith, and your emotions, shall I finally come to that feeling that I will possess when my son is put to death. Through your experience will I know what this emotion feels like, and I’ll be better prepared to deal with it when that time comes.”

Abraham could only listen on in amazement. ***Had his God just said that he would be offering up his son as a sacrifice for the redemption of mankind? He had to know the reason for this madness.*** “Why will you do this?” asked Abraham.

The red headed God known by many names, thought long and hard about how to answer Abraham’s question, and began, “A long time ago, a rebellion occurred in my Kingdom. My most trusted servant at the time, a being by the name of Lucifer, took one third of all the angels of heaven, and left my domain.”

“Lucifer was at one time my most trusted and sought after Commander. I had put him in charge of my Kingdom. A being of pure beauty, knowledge, and power. Yet this wasn’t enough for him. He wanted, and still wants my throne. Therefore, he decided to set up a rebellion.”

The red headed God continued, “Lucifer did not conduct a frontal assault in heaven. It would have been fruitless of him to do so. He would have had no chance against the gates of heaven, and Lucifer knew this. It would have just been a long, drawn out bloody affair. Lucifer was too wise to attempt such foolishness.

“Instead, he decided to attack and influence my most prized creation, humanity. He and his forces descended upon earth, and began influencing humans with lower, darker vibrations of thought. He used his powers to create a negative cloud around the planet. Creating a holographic illusion which enslaved all of humanity within its borders. Turning loose his forces on that which they were jealous of. Lucifer and his band of angels released the gates of hell on earth.”

“Not long after the arrival of Lucifer, earth began to change. Humans began noticing their differences, instead of celebrating their similarities. Envy, jealousy, anger, rage, and all sorts of darkness became the norm. Soon after, there was war. Until finally, the earth herself rebelled from this intrusion, and created a pole shift, and with it, the flood that many still speak of to this day.

“Lucifer being a very powerful being, was having carte blanche on planet earth. This needed to change. Neither Michael nor Gabriel, whom you have met, could stop him. The reason being was that Lucifer is just as powerful as each of these Archangels. All three of them share the exact same power. None can rule over any of the other two. It’s an impossibility.

“There is only one who has the power to defeat Lucifer. That being is myself. Therefore, it is I who will become flesh, and eventually defeat my once most trusted servant, Lucifer. But that can only occur if I sacrifice myself as a ransom for the entire human race, whether it be on earth, or any other planet in the universe.

Abraham interrupted and asked, “Why must you sacrifice yourself?”

“It is only then that my spirit can be poured out onto humanity,” answered the red headed God known as ‘I am.’”

“So you must die first, before your spirit can be poured out?” asked Abraham.

“Precisely. I must enter this earth by flesh, and then leave it by flesh before I can enter by spirit,” answered ‘I am.’”

“I’m not quite sure I understand,” said Abraham.

“You will. But perhaps not in this lifetime,” said the red headed God. The being who would eventually be called the God of Abraham. And then the all-powerful Father of the entire universe disappeared.

The viewer disappeared, and the Ancient of Days could only look on the audience of his heavenly host, and say nothing for a full ten minutes. He scanned the crowd, studied their faces, and noted their emotions. Many of the host were in tears. They felt the sacrifice, that not only Abraham, but their Creator had made. The ultimate sacrifice that only a parent can make. The eternal offering of giving up that which you love most, for the greater love of all. The ultimate sacrifice made by Abraham, and their Creator.

The Father of all things finally spoke, “Do you now see why I have such a strong kinship with my servant Abraham? I asked the impossible of this man, and he eventually paid the ultimate price. So that I could feel the emotion of what was to come. He made the ultimate sacrifice, as I had to do. To this day, he shares with me an emotion that only the two of us can truly understand. That feeling will forever stand out in both of our shared existences. That understanding of that feeling will permanently bond myself with Abraham, into eternity and beyond. For on that sacrificial vibrating frequency, only two have traveled. Abraham, and myself.”

“Like the good servant Abraham was, he gathered up his son Isaac, some fire wood, some flint, his knife, and headed off to the sacred mount of Moriah. Once there, Abraham tried to explain to Isaac what needed to be done. He tried to

convince his son that what they needed was faith. That God would take care of both of them, in this life and the next.

“Yet Isaac was having none of that. He tried to rebel against Abraham’s wishes, but his father was too strong for him. Father would have to knock the son out and put him to sleep, to perform the sacrifice.”

The Ancient of days then looked directly at his servant Gabriel and stated, “Just at the moment when Abraham had lifted his knife into the air to sacrifice his son, I had a mighty angel stop him. For it was never my intention to sacrifice young Isaac, a child of great promise. Instead, I wanted through my servant Abraham, to experience the same anguish that he did leading up to that eternal moment. By doing so, he prepared me for what was to come nearly two thousand years later.”

Then the Ancient of Days paused, holding back tears he said, “This next part is very difficult for me. For this is the hell that I rewarded my good servant Abraham with.”

“As soon as Isaac came to, he ran away from his father Abraham. Arriving back in Hebron, he told his mother Sarah what had happened. The wife of Abraham was shocked and outraged from what she had heard. So much so, that she didn’t wait for her husband to arrive home. She gathered up a few goods, took her son Isaac, and headed east away from her lifelong partner, permanently.

“Abraham arrived in Hebron a couple hours later, finding their family tent abandoned. Sarah and Isaac had packed their possessions, and left him.”

“Frantically, he searched the entire tribe for any hint of his wife and son, but found none. When he came across an old friend of his, he was told the truth. The two had taken a wagon, and headed toward the east. Abraham was about to gather a few things and follow them when I intervened.

“I told him that it would be of no use to chase after his family. They would be gone for good...” The Ancient of Days got choked up again, and couldn’t finish the sentence.

Once again, he put his hands to his face and wept. Michael and Gabriel again responded to him. They rushed to his side, holding him up before he collapsed on

stage. This time, the Ancient of Days allowed his most beloved archangels to steady him. Michael under his right arm, Gabriel under his left, they held him steady until he could regain his composure.

The Ancient of Days, leaning on his top two commanders, finished his thoughts, "Sarah and Isaac did leave Abraham. They just couldn't live with him anymore."

"So in the end, Abraham lost everything. Never again would he talk to either of his sons. He would die a lonely man."

He continued, "Also, he never again would talk to me. He never prayed to me, fasted for me, nor prophesied for me. I had completely broken the man whom history would call the 'father of many nations.'" The greatest spiritual revolutionary of all times, would die a lonely, bitter man."

The Ancient of Days looked at his beloved servants, Michael and Gabriel. The two beings who were standing next to him, and said, "You two can both go back to your places now. I'm strong enough to continue. I just had to get that feeling out of me. I felt then, as I feel now, that I have forever betrayed my servant Amos, who in that life was the man known as Abraham."

Michael and Gabriel resumed their places in the front row of the audience.

The Ancient of Days gathered himself and resumed, "That is all that I need to talk of Abraham. It is time that I moved on with my story. I just needed to tell you what happened, and how important a moment that was in human history."

"The life of Abraham was an intersection. A nexus in time and space. The first of three such intersections that I shall cover. During the first one, the sacred bloodlines of Adam and Eve, along with the sacred bloodlines of Osiris and Isis, all coming together in one place."

"Out of these bloodlines, I incarnated into flesh. But that wouldn't be for another 1875 years. Now let us all take a break, and resume this lecture in three hours, so I can better compose myself. Telling the story of my beloved Abraham, a

man that I am eternally indebted to, took a lot out of me. And I need to strengthen myself if I wish to continue with this lecture.”



## The Kingdom of Heaven

Three hours later they reassembled at the courtyard of heaven. The Ancient of Days had spent the time of his recess at his temple, regathering his strength. Communing with the Divine Source. The heavenly host were all milling about, exchanging thoughts and feelings on the information they had just received. Some of them had known very little of the material, and many were all receiving this first hand. The information had blown them away. Not to mention the feelings being displayed by their Creator. In their entire existence, they never believed that they would see the Father of all things break down the way that he had. The entire audience was full of anticipation of what would be the next series of revelations to be revealed by their Creator.

The Ancient of Days confidently strolled back up to the podium on stage and immediately continued his message, "I'd like to thank you all for allowing me to release my long-felt pain. Words cannot begin to describe the intense amount of healing that just occurred within me. Thank you very much for listening to me, and just being here."

The heavenly host all bowed their heads in thanksgiving. They only wished to serve their Creator, and his creation. Thus, is their sole function for their existence. To heal, and to love all that there is. To be able to help their Father filled them all with immense joy, and love. They could only praise and be thankful for being of service.

The Ancient of Days allowed them to give their thanks. After a brief period, he continued onward, "Thus began the two bloodlines of Abraham, and with it, the true Holy Grail."

"Many on earth, and in heaven, know a perceived history of these two sacred lines. That from the line of Isaac began the nation of Israel. From the line of Ishmael began the Arabian nation. The trials and the tribulations of each nation. But there is a secret history that not many know of."

The viewer appeared behind the Ancient of Days and portrayed two trees of enormous height and width, side by side. Each had millions of branches reaching out to the heavens, yet they were separate from each other. None of the branches reached out into the other tree. There seemed to be an invisible wall dividing them.

Above the tree on the left was a massive red heart. Above the tree on the right was an equally massive black club. The same type of symbols used in playing cards. Above both trees are a yellow star. Below both, a coiled snake.

The Ancient of Days paused the screen on the two images and spoke, "The trees of the lines of Ishmael and Isaac. Above the tree of Ishmael is the black clover, or club if you will. Above the tree of Isaac is the red heart. The sun above both trees represents myself, and the snake below represents my adversary Lucifer. As you all know, if you are going to understand the spirit, you better learn proper symbolism. For that is how I speak to humanity, through my symbols."

"After the two lines intersected in the life of our beloved Abraham, they would branch off into two different directions for the next 1875 years.

"Isaac had a son named Jacob. One night while he was sleeping, I paid Jacob a visit, and changed his name to Israel. Which means he who struggles with God. Or he who struggles or wrestles with himself. Jacob, or Israel, as I changed his name to, in turn had twelve sons. The twelve tribes of Israel. The tribe of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob would forever be known as the Israelites. The nation of Israel.

"The tribe of Israel would once again travel down to Egypt, just as their father Abraham had done. While there, they would eventually become enslaved by the pharaohs. This enslavement would last through many generations. The reason that Egypt made the Hebrew tribe of Israel as slaves, was that there were so many of them that they feared their numbers. The Hebrew were very good at multiplying their numbers. I had greatly blessed the descendants of Abraham. It was a part of that eternal blessing that I thrust upon this man. And for that blessing, the Israelites paid the ultimate price.

"Yet there was something else that was behind this enslavement of the children of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. A sinister dark force was at work here."

The Ancient of Days looked at his archangels and said, “As my servants Michael and Gabriel can attest to, the children of Abraham have always been targeted by the forces of Lucifer and his allies.”

“Ever since the eternal covenant between Abraham and myself, the dark forces of the enemy have been on the attack against this man, and his many descendants. Their first attempt at extinction occurred in the land of Egypt.”

The giant viewer appeared in front of the massive audience, and showed many images streaming before the eyes of the heavenly host. It showed thousands of Hebrew men and women being used as slaves. Tugging ropes to pull enormous blocks into place, laying the foundation for cities. The next image showed many in the tribe working the crop fields, toiling for hours under the intense heat. The following image displayed many Hebrew being whipped and beaten. People being chained, tortured, and left to rot out into the Egyptian sun. Children were shown being branded like cattle. Babies taken from their mothers and thrown into the Nile River. Parents being separated from their children. Hebrew people standing on platforms, while Egyptians bid on them. A massive slave market. Thousands being bought and sold daily. Families seemed to be a thing of the past. It was an inhuman existence by any standards. It looked to be a hell on earth.

The only thing that the angels of heaven could do was to look on and weep for the way that humanity treated each other. This barbarity was a foreign concept to the spiritual beings who had always followed the light in all their words and deeds. The violence that humans displayed upon each other when under the influence of Lucifer was astounding to the heavenly host.

“The sons and daughters of Abraham and Isaac had become a threat to mother Egypt, so she enslaved them,” said the Father of all things.

He continued, “Yet they never forgot the promise I gave to their father Abraham. That I would grant them the land between the Nile and the Euphrates. The land known as Canaan.”

“That I would make a nation of these people. That kings would arise from the seed of Abraham. And that most important of prophecies, that all the world be blessed from his seed.

“The Hebrew people located in Egypt never forgot the God of Abraham, and never will. In other words, they’ll never forget me. Not on planet Earth, or any other.”

“They also properly believed that I would deliver them from this evil that had been cast upon them by my adversary. That I would indeed lead them out of the land of Egypt, and into their promised land of Canaan. They believed in this because I had sent to them a prophecy, telling them that I would send unto them a deliverer. A man born during a certain year, and a certain season. A man whom shall forever be known as Moses.”

The viewer appeared. It showed the face of a forty-year-old Moses. The angelic audience let out a collective shock at the sight of the man. It showed a man with red hair, electric blue eyes, and light skin. The same exact features as that of Adam and Abraham. A pattern seemed to be developing in this most fascinating story.

The Ancient of Days spoke up, “Notice anything familiar about this man? Yes, Amos had once again incarnated into flesh. This time to liberate his people. He had in his previous life created a race, now it was time to liberate that race. Once again, as we’ve done time and again, we made an agreement between God and his soul. And once again, my good servant agreed to carry out my burden. As he always faithfully does.”

“My good and faithful servant Amos, who in a previous life had agreed to sacrifice his son for me, had returned. This time to rescue his people.

“Now I will not cover the entire story of how Moses liberated the Hebrew nation. That story is well known, on Earth and in Heaven. How I sent the ten plagues to Egypt, and how Moses led those whom both him and I liberated, to Mount Sinai. Where I made a covenant with the entire nation. Issuing my ten commandments, and giving them a set of laws that they could live by.

“As I made an agreement with their father Abraham, I also made one to his children. I would be their God, and they would be my people. This happened four hundred years after the death of their father Abraham.”

“From that point forward, the Hebrew tribe would be known as the Israelites. No longer slaves, but as a free people living and occupying their promised land of Canaan.”

“Meanwhile in Arabia, Ishmael had twelve sons, who would become known as the twelve tribes of Ishmael. Later to be known as the Ishmaelites, which evolved into the Arabian race. They spread out into the northern, and western portions of the boot of Arabia, and greatly expanded their numbers. But let’s go back a bit.

“When Hagar and Ishmael first departed from Abraham, they became unwelcome strangers in a strange land. Like Adam and Eve, they had to isolate themselves from all others to survive. Which they did.

“In time Hagar would find for her son, an Egyptian wife. For nothing else would do for her son of promise. In this marriage, and a few others, twelve sons were produced. As I said earlier, the twelve tribes of Ishmael.

The viewer appeared to show images, correlating with the story as it was being presented.

“The twelve tribes of Ishmael would be opposed by all their neighboring tribes. The Ishmaelites would have to fight for their very lives to survive. And boy, did they ever!”

“At first the tribes fought each other. But when a larger threat would arise, they banded together and defeated enemy after enemy. Until finally, the whole of Arabia was conquered by these Ishmaelites. Who then changed their names to Arabians.

“Four hundred years after settling into this territory, Ishmael’s descendants had all but conquered it. Warriors by blood, they defended all that would become there’s. Bonded together by a warrior’s instinct, taught to them by their father

Ishmael. And by a belief in the God of their father's Abraham and Ishmael. The Ishmaelites grew strong in the land."

"Many of the sons of Ishmael were desert nomads. They became known as the Bedouin. These people were strong in the faith of the God of Abraham. It would be out in the desert that the Ishmaelites would sustain their belief system. They never forgot the faith of their fathers. They never forgot their God. That belief system extends to this present day. Ask any Arab in the world today who Abraham is, and who Abraham's God is, and you will get an earful. Only they tell the story a little bit differently. The Arabians will tell you that it was Ishmael who was the child to be sacrificed at Moriah, and not Isaac. And that it is Ishmael's line whom the promise of the Messiah shall be produced from. And if that is what they wish to believe, then so be it. It only strengthens their faith even that much further.

The Father paused, took a deep breath, and continued, "At about the same time frame, the tribes of Israel and Ishmael, would build for me their holy temples. The sons of Isaac at Jerusalem, and the sons of Ishmael at Mecca. These would be my two holy sanctuaries on earth. A place where my children could come to me in prayer and worship."

The viewer appeared to show the Kaaba in Mecca, and the holy Temple in Jerusalem. Showing the splendor of each. The image on the right showing thousands flocking to Solomon's temple in Jerusalem. The image on the left showing thousands circling the Kaaba in Mecca. It was a glorious sight for the heavenly host to take in.

The Ancient of Days allowed his host of angels take it all in and continued his sermon, "As shown in these images, it is quite possible for humanity to come and worship me. Despite the workings of the enemy, my children long to follow their Creator. They desire to follow my teachings. There is an inner compass that directs them to me, if they would but listen to it. And eventually, they will."



## 1000 BC Jerusalem

“Eight hundred years after the death of Abraham, and four hundred years after the death of Moses, Amos once again entered into the world. This time as the soul known as King David. He was as it is written, ‘a man after my own heart.’ Groomed from birth to lead the tribes of Israel. Prophesied from long ago to destroy her enemies. David fulfilled the warrior, poet writer, prophet, governing king, and the monster side of the soul of Amos.”

“It is said that when one is fighting monsters, to be careful that one doesn’t become one. David, by constantly fighting monsters, became one. He was absolutely ruthless to his enemies. Taking great joy in vanquishing them. Destroying whole towns, villages, cities, tribes, and nations.”

The viewer once again appeared upon command. It showed a face that was becoming very familiar to the heavenly host. David had red hair, electric blue eyes, and lighter skin. Set apart from the rest of the Hebrew nation. A tribe beset with dark features.

The Ancient of Days paused the screen, and spoke, “Notice how similar he is to Adam, Abraham, and Moses. Not exact, but very familiar in their features. This is because their mothers were different. Yet their fathers were the same being, which made Amos the same.”

Then the Ancient of Days transformed himself in front of the crowd. He now looked red headed, with light skin, and the electric blue eyes of Amos. He again spoke, “And this is how I sent him to humanity.”

Many of the angels of the host were once again in shock. Especially those who’ve been busy doing the work of their Creator on other planets. They were not used to this type of intervention being shown by their Father. Making agreements with humans, becoming flesh in their form. This was all new to those angels of the far side of the cosmos. Meanwhile, those who had been working on planet Earth the last few thousand years were not surprised. Especially Michael and Gabriel, who’ve overseen the affairs of humanity on earth. Those two beings knew what the Ancient of Days was up to. And with whom he had been working with. Namely the soul known in heaven as Amos, and his immediate family. A sacred soul family who have been held in high regard by the Father’s archangels.

The Ancient of Days knew what the audience was thinking and spoke up, “Why all these looks of surprise? Do you honestly see me as some type of passive entity who just sits back and watches my creation without myself having a hand in such matters? Do I just lay around, hoping for the best for my creation? Oh no! If one were to think that, then you have yourself the wrong Father. I take an active role in my universe, as my archangels can attest to.”

“For those of you who’ve been involved elsewhere throughout the cosmos, let me fill you in what I’ve been up to on planet Earth. And yes, there is very good reason for this. For I plan on making this planet my home in the future.”

Once again, shock from the audience. All this new information was getting a bit much for the heavenly host. *Did he just state that he was plan on moving his residence from Heaven to Earth? How could that be?* They braced themselves for further revelations from the Father. At this point in his lecture, the heavenly host was preparing itself for anything to come from the mouth of their Source.

“But first, let me get back to my servant David.”

The Ancient of Days studied the audience. They had no idea what his plans were, and it was time to get them up to speed, so to speak. His heavenly host were woefully behind in his visions, and it was now time to reveal to them his true intentions for humanity. He’d kept much of this to himself, except for revealing to his lieutenants, the archangels. It was time to lift the veil for his trusted servants. The clock was ticking, and it was approaching the midnight hour. His angels must know his intentions. They must know his plans which were laid down at the foundation of the universe.

The Father spoke, “Abraham created a race, Moses liberated them, and now David must rule them. My soul known as Amos was eternally linked to this nation of people. Just as he is forever linked to the Arabian nation. But first, let us talk about the Israelites.

“From the time of Moses until the time of David, Israel was a loose confederation of twelve tribes. That would all change when King David came to power. Consolidating authority of the tribe into a single source, himself. With this newfound strength and guidance, he sent his well-trained army, annihilating many enemies of the Israeli nation.

“For King David was the type of fellow who took great satisfaction in victory.”

“Now I’m certain that many in the audience are wondering how in my world can the Soul of Amos be a brutal warrior, hell bent on the total destruction of his enemies, both foreign and domestic? When in past lives, he was a prophet, holy man, sage, and filled with the spirit from the Kingdom of Heaven.

“The answer is simple. The blessed Soul of Amos, who in this life is known as David, grew up in an entirely different vibrational frequency than his previous lives. From the time as a child watching over the family’s sheep, he was trained to defend that which he loved the most. Which meant that he took no mercy on any wild beast who threatened his sheep.

“Inheriting the faith of his fathers, Abraham, and Moses, he never showed any fear toward any of his enemies. Always knowing victory would be delivered to him by me. He intrinsically knew that I would deliver up to him all foes who threatened his sheep, the house of Israel.

“One of those foes was the Jebusite tribe. David overthrew them, and made their city Jerusalem his new capital of the nation of Israel. Which is why today Jerusalem is known as the “city of David.”

“Now a lot has been written about King David. Mostly in a positive manner. To this day people recite his poems. Especially Psalm number 23, which states, ‘The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name’s sake. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me. Thou prepares a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.”

The Father paused to allow those beautiful words to sink into the minds of his trusted servants, the heavenly host. Then he announced, “Now that my friends is poetry. Beautiful, yet simple words of pure faith. Is it any wonder I loved this man so much, after reading those words?”

“But David was far more than just a poet, warrior, and king. He was a man on a mission. For he saw what was to come 1,000 years later. He described his vision as thus, ‘The Lord said to my Lord, sit at my right hand while I make your enemies my footstool.’”

“Now why do I bring this prophecy of his up? I’ll tell you. King David was the only person in human history to see me in my spiritual form, and myself in the flesh, in the same place at the same time. Let me show you.”

The viewer appeared, showing the Ancient of Days on his marvelous throne, with another, far younger looking Ancient of Days sitting on his right hand. Both beings looked identical except for age. Same hair, eyes, and skin color. It was a scene of Father and Son. One God in two different forms.

The Father of all things resumed, “This is the same image that David was shown. He then wrote about it, and Jesus spoke of it again, one thousand years later. It’s an image that is seemingly impossible. How can one person become two, and then occupy the same space? Spirit becomes flesh, then returns to spirit, but is no longer the same? How can this be? I will tell you.”

“First allow me to back up a bit. And show you another prophecy regarding King David, and the coming Messiah. I appeared to David in a dream, and this is what I spoke to the man. And I quote myself, ‘When your days are over and you rest with your ancestors, I will raise up your offspring to succeed you, your own flesh and blood, and I will establish his kingdom. He is the one who will build a house for my Name, and I will establish the throne of his kingdom forever.’”

The Ancient of Days allowed that information to sink into the heavenly host. Studying his audience, he continued, “Hundreds of years later, my good servant, the prophet Isaiah wrote, ‘Of the greatness of his government and peace, there will be no end. He will reign on David’s throne, and over his kingdom.

Establishing and upholding it with justice and righteousness from that time on, and forever. The zeal of the Lord Almighty will accomplish this.”

“Therefore prophecy states that this chosen Messiah will come from the line of David, and forever sit on his throne. Which means that the prophecy I gave to my good servant Abraham, of all the world being blessed through his seed, stretches from Abraham, to his great grandson Judah, to King David.”

“875 years after I gave the bloodline prophecy to Abraham, it was confirmed to flow through the blood of his descendant, King David. Therefore, the bloodline prophecy of the Holy Grail must flow through him. Which is the reason I brought his name up in this sermon.”

“From Adam, to Abraham, to Judah, to David. The Holy Grail at that time would be 3,000 years old.”

“Now it seems like a good time to take another short rest. Meet me back here in three hours. During the next part of this lecture, I will have a surprise for you all.”



## Interlude

During the short recess, the Father once again went into his holy Temple to pray. Rejuvenating himself through the power of the Almighty Source, and Creator of all things. To commune within, and gather the much-needed strength for the next part of his sermon to his loyal followers.

The Father, who shared a great supply of emotions in the telling of the story of Abraham, was about to expand even further his limits of his eternal Soul. He was about to dig deeper. Deeper than he had ever ventured before in his entire existence.

For eons, the Father of all things had kept his emotions in check. Displaying little feeling in front of his faithful servants. And on that rare occasion when he would, it happened only in front of his most trusted Lieutenants, Michael and Gabriel. Never in front of the massive audience with whom he was now addressing.

Yet the telling of the man he loved so dearly, that beloved Abraham, had touched him at his core being. He asked the question to his Source, *“How could he put a man through that? A servant who only obeyed his every word? How could he destroy that which he so loved? Not once, but twice!”*

The Ancient of Days still hadn't fully recovered from telling the story of the one whom would be known as “the father of many nations.” He meditated, knowing that the answers would always be found within. Knowing that it is within, that the Source and he were one and the same.

The brief interlude about David had helped somewhat, but not completely. He needed more healing from the Source. He needed to forever remove this guilt that had been nagging at him for thousands of years.

*Yet it had to be done! He had no choice but to put Abraham through absolute hell!*

Only because he knew that he would be next. Just as Abraham had suffered, so must he. The Ancient of Days gave Abraham the pain that he must eventually feel. For as you give, so shall you receive.

But he had no choice. Or did he? Only the Source knew.



## 1 BC, Judea

The Father of all things reappeared on his holy stage. Scanning the audience, knowing that his beloved host was hanging upon his every word. Soaking in his every transmitted breath to them. He had repeatedly shocked his servants with this sermon. Purposely, to keep them in heightened anticipation.

The buildup was complete. He had told them a very brief story of his servant Abraham and his family. The first of the three intersections was complete. It was now time to lead his angels into the path of the second intersection. Soon, it would be time to tell the true story of his chosen son Jesus, and his wife. The woman whom history will call Mary Magdalene. The second nexus in time and space. The second time that the two holy royal bloodlines will merge. Which will create massive consequences felt throughout the cosmos. And the enemy was fully aware of it.

The Father steadied himself and began, “From the time of David to the time of the chosen one, stood one thousand years. During that time, much happened in the nations of Israel, and Ishmael. But I’m going to briefly sum up this most blessed history of time. For this period of history, although very fascinating, doesn’t relate that well to the Holy Grail. And that is the primary purpose for our gathering. To share with you the secret knowledge of the greatest gift ever given to mankind. A gift which has only been revealed to a select few, but still remains hidden to the masses.”

“The nation of Israel would suffer two successive overthrows to its kingdom. The first by Assyria, the second by the Babylonian Empire. Straying far from its original path, Israel would suffer from being out of unity with myself, their Creator.”

“After the death of their King’s David, and Solomon, Israel regressed into a sad state of affairs. The rich became richer, and the poor poorer. Corruption of the governments and the high priests became the norm, as officials soon became bought off by the rich. Leaving the widows and the orphans stranded without much hope.

“It was sad to see the sons of Abraham behave in such a way, after all the nation had previously been through. They had forgotten where they came from, and most importantly, they had forgotten their covenant they had made with me at Mount Sinai.

“Therefore, I sent to them reminders of whom they were supposed to be, and how they were to act to each other, and their neighbors. These reminders would be called my loyal and faithful servants, the prophets. My friend Amos himself would appear twice during these years as the prophets known first as Amos, and then as Jeremiah.”

“My prophets warned the leaders of the nation of what would become of them if they didn’t repent. But instead of heading their warnings, the priests and kings merely killed them. In the most cruel and tortuous of ways.

“As is often the case on Earth, those that follow me face massive resistance from the enemy. Elijah, Isaiah, Jeremiah, Daniel, Ezekiel, Amos, Micah, Malachi, and a few others would pay the ultimate price for following their Lord and God.”

The viewer appeared to show twenty-four prophets in successive order. Beginning with Adam, and ending with John the Baptist.

The Ancient of Days continued to speak, “Many of these prophets spoke of a future chosen one. A Messiah whom would come to lead the people into salvation. Not only for Israel, but for the entire world. This Messiah would be known to the prophets and people as, “The Son of David.”

“The prophets described where he would be born, how he would live, what his mission was, and how he would die.”

The Father announced, “Let us all pay our deepest respects for these courageous souls, the prophets.”

The heavenly host proceeded to bow their heads, and say a prayer for the souls of the prophets for half an hour.

Once they were finished, the Father of all things resumed, “To continue onward, these prophets spoke of a future leader for all of humanity. A leader not just for the planet, but the entire universe. That leader would be me. Now allow me to tell you the true story of my life while I was in the flesh.”

The Ancient of Days steadied himself, and began, "As the gospel states, 'In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. And the Word became flesh.'"

"At least that is what was written before it became edited by scribes. My point being, I became flesh. I reduced myself into the lowest vibration, left the light, and entered the darkness. And allow me to tell everyone of you, this isn't an easy matter. Not when one is used to vibrating at a much higher frequency."

"And this is something for you, my beloved heavenly host to fathom. Because none of you have ever entered into the flesh for any lengthy period of time. Sure, many of you have for brief periods of time space, but not for a lifetime. For that which is flesh is flesh, and that which is spirit is spirit.

"So on September 21, 1BC, I became flesh."

"My physical mother and father both came from the lines of Abraham. Which fulfilled the prophecy I gave to him. Through the tribe of Judah, and then the line of David, thus fulfilling more prophecy. Born on a date which the prophet Daniel foresaw. For as the prophet Amos said, 'God will do nothing without first revealing his secrets to his servants, the prophets.'"

"Therefore on that fateful night in human history, their Creator became flesh, and produced my eternal son Jesus."



## 18 AD, Nazareth

“The life of Jesus, whom is called the Christ, has been the most controversial life ever to walk on planet Earth. The most talked about, speculated upon, and argued about man in human history. Yet, there is so much missing information about him that I will attempt to clarify. It’s time to fill in the gaps of this most amazing soul. Time to tell you all about the real Jesus. Who he was, and what he stood for. Many of you are in for quite the surprise.

“I’m going to focus on the life of Jesus for a very specific reason. His life, and the life of his wife, are a big part of the Holy Grail story. The second intersection of the joining of two sacred bloodlines. Abraham and Hagar were the first, Jesus and Mary Magdalene the second.”

“Let’s begin with his/my birth.”

“Contrary to popular belief, he was born in September, and not in December. After all, shepherds do not tend to their flocks out in the open range in December, as the gospel states. The December date comes from a Christian/Pagan compromise in Rome, centuries later than the actual date. But that’s another story.

“From the time of his birth, Jesus always knew there was something different about him. From an early age, he knew he had been set apart. He didn’t know he was the chosen Messiah yet, that would come later. But he did know, as do all prophets, that there was something different about him than your average, every day Jew at that time.

“When he was a young boy, at first he thought everyone had the same spiritual gifts that he had. It was about the age of eight, that he found out that not everyone could read minds, see visions, and prophecy, like he could. That only he seemed to be able to diagnose people’s varying medical problems. Or be able to look into a person’s soul, and find out what ails them. He could do this on a spiritual, mental, or physical level for each person he looked at.

“These remarkable gifts of his would only be enhanced with age.”

“By the time Jesus reached the age of twelve, he was able to teach the scriptures. He accomplished this by lengthy hours of study. Also, from sitting in many discussions with his elders. Who were often quite surprised at the knowledge that this young Nazarene possessed. They asked themselves, ‘Who is this young man? And how did he acquire so much knowledge in such a short period of time?’” The elders generally agreed that this young man must be blessed by the Father, to be able to know so much about scripture.

While the Father was telling his story, the large viewer showed various images of a young Jesus. Taking him through the various stages from birth to manhood. It displayed a young, red headed, fair skinned child with piercing blue eyes. The boy would grow to be a height of six feet two inches tall, weighing approximately two hundred pounds. A well-built man, with a fine physique. Muscle toned, from working with his father in the construction industry. Calloused hands, from working many hours into the night, shaping and forming the wood.

“As you can see from the viewer, Jesus was a fine looking young man,” continued the Father.

“He grew up studying scripture, and learning his father Joseph’s business. His father was not so much a carpenter, as a building contractor. A craftsman. Joseph was what would be called nowadays, a skilled tradesman. He knew carpentry, masonry, and all sorts of the building trades. His work was of a high quality, therefore his reputation and his business both grew. Despite contrary belief, Joseph was not a poor man. In fact, he was quite wealthy from receiving many building contracts. This wealth would help finance Jesus’ mission when the time came.

“Jesus was the eldest of seven children. His brothers were Joseph, James, Simon, and Jude. His sisters Mary, and Sarah. In order of birth it was Jesus, Joseph, Mary, James, Simon, and then the twins Sarah and Jude.”

“The younger Joseph took after his father, learning all the trades that the elder Joseph would teach him. This would serve the family at the father’s passing. The younger Joseph would continue with growing the family business. Even, if it were possible, exceeding the quality of craftsmanship that the elder Joseph established.”

“Now let me tell you a secret that few humans on the planet presently know. The Joseph of Arimathea of the Bible is one and the same with the younger Joseph. The brother of Jesus is actually Joseph of Arimathea. After all, as the scriptures state, it was Joseph of Arimathea who begged for the body of Jesus after the crucifixion. And who else but family members would want to care for the body and make sure he had a proper burial? Think about it for a moment, and you’ll see it makes perfect sense. Pontius Pilate wouldn’t grant to anyone else the body of Jesus, except to family members. But once again, I’m getting ahead of myself.

“Jesus’ brother James would be known throughout history as James the Just. The author of the Book of James, as found in scriptures. He, along with his younger brothers Simon and Jude, would become apostles of their brother Jesus.

“Jesus sister’s Mary and Sarah, along with his mother Mary, would also become traveling companions of his, once his mission began.”

The large viewer emerged to show the images of the siblings of Jesus. First Joseph, then on to the others. Apart from his sister Sarah, all had dark features. Sarah, like Jesus, would have red hair with auburn tints. A mark of the chosen bloodline.

Next, the viewer changed to show an eighteen-year-old Jesus. It froze on the face of the image.

The Father looked up at the image, smiled, and continued, “By the time my son was eighteen years old, he was ready to depart, and fulfill his mission. Here are the missing years of Jesus the Christ.”

“On his eighteenth birthday, he departed Nazareth, and headed to the east. Traveling through the desert with the Bedouin, his first stop would be Arabia, to check on the sons of Ishmael.”

“He traveled with a tribal chief by the name of Ibrahim.” The Father of all things paused, let out a chuckle, and continued, “Who tried to marry Jesus off to one of his many daughters, but Jesus wasn’t having any of that. He knew that his marriage would come later in life. This trip was not meant to begin a family, but for educational purposes only.”

“While journeying with Ibrahim, Jesus discussed with his Bedouin host, much of the history of the sons of Abraham and Ishmael. The Bedouin Ibrahim had extensive knowledge of the history of his people, and desired to share it with Jesus. In return, Jesus shared with Ibrahim the knowledge of the sons of Abraham and Isaac. Needless to say, they had many fascinating discussions which lasted into the late of many nights.”

“The Bedouin caravan travelled all the way to Mecca. So they could trade their goods with the merchants of that town. While they were there, Jesus visited the Kaaba. A site which was extremely sacred to the Arabians. In their eyes, it is the house of the holy, or my sacred place.

“The locals told Jesus that this house of God was built by none other than Abraham and Ishmael. I will not tell you whether this is true. Consider your hearts, and you’ll know the answer. What I will tell you is that Ishmael’s eldest son Nebaioth had a hand in its construction.”

“I will also tell you there was a combat free zone set up for twenty miles in all directions of the Kaaba. War was not allowed anywhere near this holy site. Making Mecca a wonderful trading center between many peoples and nations. And once a year, during the holiest days of the Bedouin, they would all gather to the Kaaba to pay their respects to this holy place, and trade with one another. This tradition would later be known as the Hajj in Islam. It was during this time frame that Ibrahim and his guest Jesus arrived in Mecca.”

The viewer appeared to show many pilgrims circling the Kaaba. Thousands and thousands of Bedouin paying their respects to this sacred site.

The Ancient of Days asked, “Do you see what can happen when warring tribes agree to terms of peace? You’re looking at the results here on this large screen. People coming together for a common good. A common belief, which leads to peace. For thirty days each year, they cease fire, and pray to their common God, me. Bitter enemies, until it’s time for them to come together and worship.”

“Jesus would come to spend three years in Arabia, observing and learning from the sons of Abraham and Ishmael. Discussing their various beliefs with mutual respect. Paying homage to the God of Abraham.”

“The Bedouin showed Jesus the true mountain of Moses. Showed him the true site of the burning bush, which lay not at the Sinai Peninsula, but instead in Midian. At a mountain, which in modern times is called Jabal al Lawz.

“Jesus learned after spending time with the Bedouin, that they were a people strong in faith. And it would be that faith which had sustained them through many trials and tribulations. They always believed that the God of Abraham, or Allah as they call me, would guide and protect them. Which I did. For I have always had many plans in regards to the sons of Ishmael. Or the Arabians as they were now being called.

“Jesus would spend a wonderful, and fact finding three years with his cousins to the east. He prophesied to them. Telling them that in future years, Ishmael would return as a prophet, to help guide his race. This prophecy would be fulfilled more than six hundred years later in the life of Mohammed. And will again be fulfilled at the end of the age with the King of the South.”

At the mention of the term, “King of the South,” Gabriel and Michael exchanged knowing looks to one another.

The Father of all things looked at his two commanders, smiled a knowing smile, and continued, “At the end of three years, Jesus said his goodbyes to the sons of Ishmael. He then proceeded to Persia, to spend time with another spiritual order who follows the prophet known as Zoroaster.”

“Jesus was now twenty-one when he entered Persia. A growing man, whose wisdom had just been increased thanks to the Arabians. Now it was time to increase it some more from the Persians.

“It was during his time with the Persians, that Jesus discussed with them the topics of cosmic dualism, monotheism, messianism, and the laws of free will. Under discussion, was that each soul was to help renew the world towards perfection. These are things that fell in line with the beliefs of Jesus.”

“From those who studied Zoroaster, Jesus learned the tenets of good thoughts, good words, and good deeds. That there is only one path, and that is the path of truth. That we are all to do the right thing. Simply because it is the right thing to do. Once this is done, all the beneficial rewards will come to you.”

“What the followers of Zoroaster believed, along with the Arabians, was that there was only one God, me. A singularly creative and sustaining force in the universe.”

The viewer appeared to show the holy places of Persia. One by one, an image showed up onscreen, only to be replaced by the next. Many statues of Zoroaster, Yasna, and Mazda appeared.

The Father spoke, “While in Persia, Jesus was indoctrinated into the law of cause and effect. That human beings are given free will, and free choice. But because of cause and effect, are also responsible for their decisions, and actions. Zoroaster focused on responsibility. That we are the cause of every action and reaction in the universe. These teachings would stay with him his entire life.”

“Zoroastrians believed that there was one universal God. A God which went by the name, “Wise Lord.” Which translated means Ahura Mazda. That this Ahura Mazda was almighty, but not omnipotent. Therefore, this God fell short of being me.

“Ahura Mazda covers both being and mind. That this is a self-creating universe created out of individual, and collective consciousness. Jesus would also run into this belief, when he traveled further east to visit the Brahmas.

“Truth and order are also attributes associated with this God. That anything that is chaotic and false, must come from some other place or being. This of course is a falsehood. I’m the author of both the truth, and the untruth.”

The heavenly host exchanged glances with each other at this last sentence. The Father interrupted their thoughts by declaring, “Did I not create Lucifer? Is he not a part of me? To take authorship of one without the other would only serve half of myself. I am the author of all things, both light and dark. Never forget these words that I speak to you today.”

The angels of the host already possessed this knowledge. They just had a very difficult time relating darkness to the Father of all things. Their only experiences of him were filled with beauty and light. Love and kindness. Forgiveness and joy.

Once again the Ancient of Days interrupted their thoughts, and said, “And on that note, let’s take a recess. I need to commune with the Creator before I continue. Let’s return in three hours’ time.”



## Interlude, Kingdom of Heaven

The Father of all things knelt in his holy temple, and prayed to the Source of all things. For what was needed was a tremendous amount of strength to get through this next part of the story. The more the Father told the story of his son, the more it vexed him. But the tale had to be told, to relieve the guilt that plagued him. And he had only begun this tale of sorrows.

He had healed in the telling of the story of Abraham. Even though it almost broke him, as he had broken his servant Abraham. For as he had broken Abraham, he had almost been broken himself by him. For as you give, so shall you receive. Bitten by his very own law of karma. And now karma was staring at him with piercing eyes. Begging him to tell the tale of his beloved son. Daring him to cross into the deep, unknown waters of redemption.

The telling of the story of the true Holy Grail was going to require an enormous amount of energy to get through it. He would need all the strength and energy he could muster. He would need help from a higher Source.

The Ancient of Days lowered his head and began, "Lord, hear my prayer..."



## 24 AD, Persia

After a three-hour intermission, the Father and the host were once again assembled at the Hall of Duf, in the courtyard of the Kingdom of Heaven.

From his lengthy prayer, the Father of all things had received much strength from the Source. He had been able to pray and meditate at a very deep level. It would be from within that he found the answer he had been looking for. The Father was about to receive assistance. And in a rather large way. He smiled at the genius of the Creator, knowing that all wisdom stems from its source.

Once he received the knowledge given to him from the Source of all things, he informed his Archangels of what was to come. And then headed back to the courtyard, to continue his story to the awaiting heavenly host.

The Father began, "My son Jesus learned much from his visit with those that follow Zoroaster. For instance, they protected nature. Worshipping it in all its forms. They protected the four parts of the physical world, water, earth, fire, and air. After all, when one wants to commune with the divine spirits, one only need to look at the beauty of nature. And the Persians knew this."

"Those from Persia also believed that a cosmic change would occur on the planet, and time will cease from existing. This change would be brought about by a savior figure. A Messiah whom would lead the world into a higher dimension. Little did the Persians know that the forerunner to the Messiah was in their midst. Little did they know that the bloodline of Jesus would bring about the Messiah, otherwise known as the Holy Grail.

"After three years in Persia, at the age of 24, Jesus moved further east to India. It would be here that Jesus would be introduced to the traditions and beliefs of Hinduism, and the Brahmins."

"It would be here that the term, "the way" would be incorporated into Jesus' vocabulary. For Hinduism is a way of life, more than it is a religion. The "eternal way," as the Hindus called it.

“Jesus learned that Hinduism is a mix of various cultures and traditions of India, with no founder or source that began it. It wasn’t like Judaism, or the beliefs of the Arabs, who both shared a common origin. My son found this quite fascinating, and gave him a wonderful idea that he would bring back to Israel, when the time came.

“Many philosophies were discussed during his three year long stay in India. Cosmology, theology, philosophy, mythology, yoga, and temple building, among others. Scriptures studied included the Vedas, the Bhagavad Gita, and the Agamas. Many of the Hindus eternal truths were found within these pages. Yet, the Hindus also believed that they were not an end-all for their religion. That they must always go within to seek more eternal truths.

“Many themes were shared between Jesus and his hosts of India. These were ethics, duties, goals, desires, salvation, and freedom. The Laws of freewill, karma, balance, and reincarnation were also discussed.

“Jesus learned that Hinduism was a mixture of many different belief systems. It seemed to be all inclusive to him.”

“He traveled the entire region of India.” The large viewing screen appeared to show many images and areas of the sub-continent India. It showed the beautiful grasslands, and well as the green, luscious jungle regions. The landscape was magnificent, and the heavenly host warmed to the beautiful images that were being shown to them.

The viewer showed the many different temples of India. Showing its various cultures. But then it showed something very different that was occurring in India at that time, which continues to this present day. It showed a massive underclass. People who were extremely poor, known as the ‘untouchables.’ The viewer then froze on the image of this desperate sea of humanity.

The Father studied the image for a moment, and then pressed onward in his story, “During his travels, Jesus ran into this lowest class of Indian society. When he did so, he had compassion on them. He felt their misery, and it ran through his entire being.”

“Therefore, when he returned to the Hindu masters, he brought the subject of their misery to them. He was met by indifference. An attitude which greatly

troubled the Son of Man. So much so, that he had to leave his Indian hosts, and head east to the mountains of Tibet. It was time for Jesus to visit the Buddhist monks located at Lhasa, or Rasa as it was called at the time.”

The viewer appeared to show the holy city of Lhasa. A temple complex just as impressive then, as it is now. Shown in the complex were hundreds of Tibetan Buddhist monks. Many of them were in the sitting position, eyes closed, inward in deep meditation.

The Father of all things continued, “It would be at Lhasa that Jesus would master the fine art of meditation, contemplation, detachment, and prayer. He would also learn of the spiritual master known as the Buddha.”

“Jesus would experience Nirvana while at Lhasa. He did briefly on several occasions, which ultimately led to his unification with Christ consciousness.”

“He would learn what it meant to follow the ‘middle way.’ That if he were in a boat, it is far easier to guide it down the river following the middle path of the river. Thus avoiding the pitfalls, and the extremes of the left and right river banks.

“From the Buddhists, Jesus incorporated into his beliefs concepts such as oneness, nothingness, and emptiness. What is seen and unseen, and how to look through the veil of the illusion. He learned of the ascetic life that so many spiritual masters seem to live by. Meditating for days on the suffering of humanity, and how to overcome the obstacles that suffering brings.

“And when I speak of suffering, I’m not talking so much in the literal sense, but more so of the temporary state of the human being. Of its unsatisfactory nature as flesh, instead of the permanent state of the spirit.”

The Father looked into the eyes of his entire heavenly host and said, “You as a spiritual race of beings have never had to leave your wonderful selves. You’ve never had to leave the spirit to become flesh for an extended period. This is what these human beings have had to face. And let me tell you, it is not an easy task that we speak of. And therefore, the Buddha called it suffering. For in comparison, that is exactly what it is. To leave the highest frequency of existence, and enter into the lowest.”

“From the Buddhist monks, Jesus was able to liberate his mind from any expectations whatsoever. This form of detachment would serve him well in the future, especially when he was in frustration at the sad state of affairs of the human race. Later in life, Jesus would become extremely frustrated with his friends and followers because they were not achieving Christ consciousness. It would be during this period that he would rely upon his Buddhist teachings of detachment.”

At the mention of the word ‘frustration,’ the Ancient of Days felt a tinge of guilt at his impatience toward humanity. But he fought off this feeling, and let it pass for the moment. He would tend to that emotion soon. But it wasn’t time yet to face it head on. He therefore continued his presentation, “Jesus studied the life of the Buddha, and incorporated many of his teachings into his own. In a sense, Buddha was a forerunner to my beloved son.”

“After three years in Tibet, it was time for Jesus to return home to the Galilee region. It had been twelve years since he left home at the age of eighteen. He had spent nearly half his life traveling to the east, and visiting with the different masters of those areas.

“He spent three years each with the Arabians, Persians, Indians, and the Tibetans. Sharing spiritual knowledge with each of these four peoples. It would be this mixture of ideas that would help shape the views of Jesus of Nazareth. It would be this wide diversity of beliefs, along with his Jewish roots, that would help change the world on a massive scale. Creating a new religion that over 2.5 billion people of the planet currently follow.”

“Like Abraham before him, Jesus created massive change with enormous, and far reaching consequences.”

The Father once again looked out over his heavenly host. The millions of pairs of eyes glued to his own. The millions of pairs of ears hanging upon the Father’s every word. The attention of the angels was absolute. They were fascinated by this wonderful story, waiting for the next surprise to come along.

The angels of the host had been shocked numerous times by the words of their Creator. They wondered to themselves what lay around the next corner of this tale. They held their breaths and waited in rapt anticipation.



## 30-33 AD, Judea, and Galilee

The Father spoke, "It would be a long, and arduous journey for Jesus. Traveling all the way from the Himalayan Mountains, to the Jordan River. But that journey afforded Jesus time to take in all that he had learned in his twelve years away from Israel. The faith of the Arabs, the cosmic duality of the Zoroastrians, the 'we are all one' viewpoint of the Indians, and the deep meditative state of Nirvana from the Tibetan monks."

"Yet he knew it was time for him to return, to fulfill his mission, and his destiny. Jesus knew that on his thirtieth birthday, he had exactly 1,260 days to bring salvation to mankind. For that was the prearranged amount of time given to him, made by an agreement between myself, and Lucifer."

At the mention of the name of their former Archangel, many of the host had an uneasy feeling about him. A collective shiver rippled through the heavenly host. They knew of the power and majesty of Lucifer, having spent a very long time with him. Yet, they couldn't understand why the Archangel had acted the way that he had. Challenging the authority of their collective Creator. Trying to usurp the Father's power and majesty in his bid to obtain his own heavenly throne.

The Father of all things picked up on this feeling immediately, and stated, "I notice that many of you have an unbalanced, and unsettled feeling when I mention the name of my adversary. As well as you should. But I brought up his name for a reason, and that is this. Lucifer and I made an agreement. My son shall be allotted three and half years to fulfill his destiny. And later in the future, approximately two thousand years later, Lucifer's son shall also have the same amount of time to fulfill his own. The time agreed upon for both missions was 1,260 days. Three and a half earth years."

"Therefore, it was time for the mission of Jesus to begin. Day one occurred in September, during his thirtieth birthday, at the banks of the Jordan River. It would be here that he saw his cousin John. A man he hadn't seen in more than twelve years."

“The last he knew; John had been with a Jewish sect known as the Essenes. Yet Jesus also knew that John would eventually leave them, and venture into the desert alone. It would be in that desert that John would receive his training for his own mission, from me. By communing daily with my holy spirit, and listening to my still small voice within himself, John would be trained for his upcoming mission. Strengthened, and fully prepared for what lie ahead of him.”

The viewer appeared to show the image of John the Baptist. A man with darker features, who had never cut his hair, nor trimmed his beard. He wore a camel skinned robe, tied together with a leather belt. The Baptist wore sandals, and walked around with a lengthy, wooden staff. His body was very muscular from the many miles walked through the desert. Dark, tanned, weather beaten features, shaped by the desert wind. If ever there was a prophet from the sands, his name would have to be John the Baptist. The viewer froze on the face of John.

The Ancient of Days looked up at the facial image of John the Baptist and spoke, “The Soul of Elijah had returned in the body of John. The greatest prophet of them all had agreed to be my personal prophet while I was in the flesh.”

The Father pointed at the screen and shouted, “***Behold the man!***”

Another outburst that had caught the host completely off guard.

The Father looked back at his audience and proclaimed, “As my son Jesus stated, ‘of those born of the flesh, there is none greater than John.’”

The Father of all things looked back at the viewer once more, looked at the face of John, and whispering, quoted prophecy, “Elijah must come first before that great and terrible day of the Lord.”

The Father looked from the viewing screen, back to his host, then back to the screen. He continued talking about John, “The prophets were correct, Elijah must come first. He did so before the rise of Jesus, and in the future, he will again.”

“Elijah the prophet, speaking through John the Baptist, knew that great change was imminent. He saw in it several visions that I gave him. He knew that the chosen one was on his way, and that Israel needed to change in order to

receive him. So he continually asked the people to repent. To put off their old ways, in favor of a new revelation. One that speaks of salvation, and redemption.

“Therefore, John ventured into the desert to commune with myself. I told him that my son was on his way, and that he would liberate first Israel, and then the world. That my son would teach the people all things concerning the spirit. And that he would also sacrifice himself as a ransom for many.

“John listened to my still small voice, and like all good prophets, acted upon its words.”

“So John began to preach in the desert, near the Jordan River.”

The giant viewer then shown an image of John, baptizing many Jews in the Jordan. It then showed the Baptist preaching to thousands of people. A mass of humanity who searched for the spirit and knowledge that John was sending to them. John, standing on a hilltop, thundering away at the populace. Telling them that time for repentance and redemption drew nigh for the just. But also warning the wicked that if they didn't repent, theirs was a doomed lot.

“At the time of John and Jesus, Israel was thirsting for the spirit. Starving for the wisdom that these two men could bring to them. The common, every day Jew who needed guidance and direction, and wasn't getting it from the high priests of Israel. They needed a different sort of leadership than the corrupt priests could bring to them. The common people of Israel knew that their government was in Rome's pockets, and therefore a sea of corruption. King Herod and the Jewish high priests were nothing more than Roman puppets at this point in time.

“The people longed for the appearance of God's prophets, to show them the way to eternity. To bring about an oasis, in the middle of a parched spiritual desert.’

“So the time was ripe for the appearance of John.”

“He began at the river Jordan, preaching to only a select few. Of these few stood Andrew and Philip. Both from the town of Bethsaida of the Galilee region.”

The viewer appeared to show the images of Andrew and Philip, side by side on the enormous screen. The Father looked up, and continued, “When John

began his mission, I sent him two helpers, my servants Andrew and Philip. Two chosen out of the many.”

“I sent him these two so that they could spend three years with John, before they’d spend another three with Jesus. One could say these two future apostles began their apprenticeship under John. To go on to learn their master skills from Jesus.

“John took one look at Andrew and Philip, and knew that I had sent them for a reason. He therefore proceeded to teach them all that he knew of the spirit, and the Source. Grooming these two for their eventual missions. He would spend 1,260 days teaching these two. They would be his gift to the coming Messiah.

“And then something happened in Judea. The people heard another prophet had appeared, and that he was preaching near the river Jordan. So they flocked to John by the thousands, and tens of thousands. The people wanted to hear the word of God, spoken through one of his servants. And did they ever!”

“John taught the commoner repentance, redemption, salvation, and good deeds. Meanwhile, he thundered away at the high priests, and the government. Condemning them as the sons of perdition. Warning the people that if things didn’t change, they wouldn’t be able to escape the damnation of what was to come. That if they didn’t start acting like a people chosen from the many to worship the God of all things, that they would be in turn cast out of his kingdom.”

“He was a harbinger, a voice crying in the wilderness, to make straight the path for the way of the Lord. John preached to the many that there was hope, and that their salvation was near. Even at the door. He told the people that a man was soon coming. That he had seen him in a dream. And that this chosen man to come was a man so great, that John himself was unworthy to latch up his sandals for him.”

“John was in the middle of one of these Messianic sermons when Jesus approached the Jordan River. What Jesus saw astounded him, and filled him with awe.”

The viewer showed the image that Jesus saw that day. John was standing on a hilltop, preaching to at least five thousand people, perhaps ten. John’s arms were flailing as his booming voice carried the word of God. Telling the people to

consider their hearts, and see the seeds of change developing within. For the people to nourish those seeds, and watch them bear fruit. To love your neighbor, and to bless your enemies.

John taught that day that they were all children of the Most High. That they needed to be baptized first with water to cleanse the body, and then with spiritual fire to cleanse the soul. And that if they did so, they'd all be saved, and would enter the Kingdom of Heaven.

The Baptist told all that there was beauty in humanity. That each of us were capable of connecting with the Father through prayer, and good works. That Israel was a jewel in a sea of nations, if they so choose it.

He told the people to rise up against their enemies, but not by the sword. That all would be overcome by the spirit, and not the flesh. That Israel would convert the world by loving their neighbors, and not making war upon them. That they needed to be the example for all to follow. That this little nation would be a shining light on a hill.

The Father of all things spoke, "It was a marvelous sermon, and it brought tears to the eyes of Jesus. Never before had he heard of such powerful words, with such passionate feeling behind them. Not in all his travels did he ever hear of anyone who touched one's heart like John had. *No wonder John was surrounded by the multitude*, thought Jesus. My son wept at the beauty of John's words. And it sent his spirit soaring like the wind to the highest reaches of the heavens. Jesus saw that day that there never was a more powerful speaker than John. And there never will be."

The Father of all things looked back at his host and repeated, "As Jesus once said, 'of those born of the flesh, there is none greater than John.'"

He continued with his narration. His words being followed by images onscreen, "Jesus was so moved by the words of John, that he, like many others that day, requested baptism."

"So Jesus stood in line for an hour the hot afternoon sun, awaiting baptism from John. As he was nearing closer to where John was, he could see his future apostles, Andrew and Philip, assisting John. He noticed numbers on the foreheads of these two assistants of John. Andrew had the number two, and Philip the

number eleven, on their foreheads. He wondered for a moment if anyone else saw this, and the answer I gave him back was ‘no, no one else can see the numbers.’

“There is a reason for this. I placed numbers on the first eleven apostles that would follow my son. The twelfth would be chosen by Lucifer. So when Jesus saw these numbers, he knew that two of his disciples were in the midst.”

The viewer then showed the moment when the eyes of John met the eyes of Jesus for the first time in over twelve years. The giant screen froze on this image of the two men standing face to face.

The Ancient of Days continued, “This is a golden moment in human history. The passing of the torch from John the Baptist to Jesus. One man’s mission was just beginning, the other ending. For John had been preaching for three years now. And he knew that his time was short. So when John saw Jesus, he knew that this was the man I spoke of to him. That he was standing in the midst with the Messiah, the salvation of humanity.”

The viewer continued on with the scene, John spoke first, “Jesus, my cousin, you’ve been chosen by the Father to redeem mankind.” It was the first time that John knew that his cousin Jesus was the prophesied Messiah. The first time for recognition of Jesus’ divine plan of salvation.

John continued, “It should be you baptizing me.”

Jesus responded, “Baptize me John. We need to fulfill all righteousness.”

John did as was instructed, and proceeded to baptize Jesus with water from the Jordan River. As he did, John saw the spirit come down from the sky in the shape of a dove. It landed on Jesus right shoulder, and engulfed him in the Holy Spirit. As the dove landed, John heard my voice saying, ‘This is my beloved son, in whom I am well pleased.’

The Father of all things stopped the large viewer. Turning to his audience of angels, he proclaimed, “It was at this specific point in space time that Christ consciousness entered into the fabric of the human race.”

The Father paused for a second, and let those informative words sink into the minds of the heavenly host. Then he proclaimed again, this time far louder, “**It**

***was at this specific point in space time that Christ consciousness entered into the fabric of the human race! Not just for planet earth, or the Milky Way galaxy, but for the entire universe!”***

After the heavenly host had recovered from the Father’s outburst, The Father of all things then continued, “At that moment in time, Jesus and I became one. We became one body, one mind, one soul, and one being. In other words, I had taken on the flesh of humanity, and put it upon my shoulders.”



## The mission, Galilee and Judea, 30-33 AD

The Father looked into the eyes of his most trusted Archangels, Michael and Gabriel, then on to the rest of the host and pressed onward, “Do you all understand the ramifications of what I have just spoken to you? The implications of Christ consciousness entering into the human psyche?”

The heavenly host stood ramrod straight, with perfect attention, yet none responded. They didn’t have to answer, they all knew what it meant for God to take on flesh. It meant complete and total salvation for all of humanity. What it meant was that humanity would now be able to be free from the grip of their former Archangel Lucifer.

The Father of all things continued, “Once Jesus had been baptized, he rose up, kissed John on the forehead, and left the scene. Venturing off into the Judean hills.”

“As John watched Jesus leave, he told his two most trusted disciples, Andrew and Philip, to follow Jesus. Those two, not fully knowing yet whom Jesus was, objected to John’s order. They didn’t want to leave their beloved teacher. They had studied under him for three years, and their love for John was exceedingly strong. Their bond, unbreakable. Their loyalty, unquestioned.”

“Now allow me to interject here how Andrew and Philip came to follow their beloved teacher, John the Baptist, in the first place.”

“The apostles Philip and Andrew were both fishermen from the town of Bethsaida, which lie on the northern shores of the Sea of Galilee. As well as being fishermen, they were also keen students of the scriptures. Especially the teachings of the prophets. One of those prophets, namely Daniel, had prophesied the actual date of the Messiah being “cut off.” In other words, Daniel had spoken of the actual year when the chosen one would be killed, or removed from the nation of Israel.

“In Daniel’s prophecy, Israel would have seven “weeks,” or forty nine years to rebuild their holy temple. A week was considered to be a period of seven years in symbolic biblical language. Once the temple was rebuilt, after sixty two more

“weeks,” it was prophesied by Daniel that the Messiah was to be “cut off.” In other words, once the temple was rebuilt, in four hundred and thirty four more years, the Messiah would be removed. These words by Daniel were written in the year 450 BC.

“Therefore, when Philip and Andrew studied this passage of scripture in 26 AD, they knew that the Messiah would be removed in 33 AD. Four hundred eighty three years after Daniel wrote his vision. Seven times seven, and sixty two times seven, comes to four hundred eighty three. So these two beloved apostles knew the Messiah would be cut off seven years from the time they studied this scripture in 26 AD.”

The Ancient of Days then asked the audience, “Now does everyone understand how Philip and Andrew came up with this figure?”

The heavenly host nodded as one, and the Father of all things continued onward with his sermon, “So since Philip and Andrew knew that the appearance of the Messiah was imminent, they went on a search for him. This is when they ran into the prophet, John the Baptist. A man who had been preaching near the river Jordan, in Judea. When Philip and Andrew saw John for the first time, they thought they had their Messiah.”

“The truth is, they hadn’t found their Messiah they were looking for, but the forerunner to him. They had found the prophesied Elijah. Whom according to the prophet Malachi, was to come first before that *great and terrible day of the Lord.*”

“John eventually explained to his two new disciples that he wasn’t the Messiah they were looking for, but if they stuck around with him for a while, they’d find him. Three years later, as John had prophesied, Jesus arrived on scene.”

“So after the baptism of Jesus from John, Philip and Andrew were reluctant to follow their newfound Messiah. They preferred the company of John, rather than this new prophet who had arrived.

“So John had to convince his most trusted disciples to leave him. He told them that Jesus must increase, and he must decrease. John also told them that his time was short, and that his enemies were fast approaching. His allotted 1,260 days of preaching repentance were fast coming to an end.

“Forty days later, Philip and Andrew left John, and found Jesus in the Judean hills. My son had just finished his final fasting, and cleansing himself before his long awaited mission.”

The enormous viewer then showed the Sea of Galilee. On the northern shore, it showed the towns of Bethsaida, and Capernaum. The viewer then zoomed in to a fleet of fishing boats which were all tied up to the docks. Then the viewer zoomed into some men talking on the beach of Capernaum.

The Father continued, “Here onscreen, you will notice six men talking with my son Jesus. These are the first six apostles. Their names are Simon, Andrew, James, John, Philip, and Bartholomew. You know how Jesus came to meet Philip and Andrew. Here is how he came to meet the other four.”

“When Philip and Andrew caught up with Jesus in the Judean hills, they introduced their selves to him. They really didn’t have to, for Jesus knew exactly who they were, and how their paths crossed with his. Yet, my son being a man of good manners, allowed them their story.”

“The truth is, Andrew and Philip were a gift from John.”

“So the three of them set foot for Andrew and Philip’s home town of Bethsaida. When they arrived, Andrew introduced Jesus to his brother Simon. A man whom would later be known by the nickname that Jesus gave to him, which was Peter. The “rock.”

“Then Simon Peter introduced Jesus to his partners in his fishing business, James and John. Brothers whom Jesus would nickname, “the sons of thunder.” Then Philip introduced Jesus to his best friend Bartholomew. These would be his first six followers. These first six would evolve into the inner circle for the son of man.

“For three months, Jesus spent time with the original six apostles in the towns of Bethsaida and Capernaum, and its surrounding areas. During this time period, besides teaching them how to catch fish, he taught his original followers plenty.”

An unusual laugh drifted through the audience. *Jesus teaching fishermen how to fish. It was good to hear the Father of all things having a sense of humor in*

*this story. Especially after the heartbreak that the Father went through in his story of Abraham.*

The Ancient of Days looked up, smiled, and continued, “He taught these fishermen faith. How to pray. How to commune with myself. How to treat others. Basically how to live a spiritual life. And then our small party travelled to Cana. This would be the place where my son would perform his first miracle. Changing water to wine. It would also be the place where he would pick up apostles numbers seven and eight, Matthew and Thomas.”



## Kingdom of Heaven

The Father of all things paused, winked at Gabriel, and declared, "Cana would also be the place for the marriage of my beloved son."

Gabriel knew exactly what to do. He lifted his horn to his lips, and blew a blast that shook the entire cosmos.

The heavenly host was once again stunned. They all knew that when their Archangel blew his mighty trumpet, it was always to summon the heavenly host. *"Yet here they were, already and completely assembled at the courtyard in the Kingdom of Heaven. 'Why would Gabriel blow his horn when they were already assembled?' This was unprecedented. Gabriel rarely blew his horn, and it was always to summon the host,"* thought the angels of heaven.

Then a peculiar thing happened. A few of the angels began looking at the blue skies above. Then more and more, until the entire heavenly host was staring at the heavens. What they saw filled the heavenly host with wonder.

Millions of angels were flying in a clockwise circular formation in the bright blue sky. Yet they weren't of the heavenly host. *Who were these fellow angels? And where did they come from?* Their thoughts were interrupted by the thundering voice of the Almighty Father of all things. ***"My servants, allow me to introduce to you the angels of the Sirian host. The servants to the Mother of all things!"***

When the Father spoke, the heavenly host turned their attention back toward their creator. As the angels did, they saw a being none of them had ever witnessed before. It was the Mother of all things, magnificent in all her splendid glory.

The first thing one noticed when looking at her was she possessed the greenest of eyes. Penetrating emerald orbs who looked through your very soul, if you were fortunate enough to have her rest her gaze upon you. Her hair was an Egyptian black color. Straight and full, with a shoulder length. Her skin an olive complexion, without a single blemish to it.

The definition of femininity was now sharing the stage with the Ancient of Days.

She wore a white satin gown that flowed all the way to the floor of the luminescent stage that she was standing upon. The gown had gold trimmings that portrayed various, recognizable symbols to the heavenly host. One in which was the Star of David, with a circle around the star. This golden laced symbol was located directly above her heart. The symbol of the star seemed to be illuminating a light that touched those whom gazed their eyes in that direction. It was the warmest feeling the heavenly host had ever encountered. All-encompassing love, projected by light from the Mother of all things. Another was the five pointed star of Venus, which was located above her right breast. This star was also illuminating. Yet, except for the white color that the Star of David star was projecting, this star of Venus was sending forth waves of brilliant blue light.

The experience of her company can best be described as bliss. Peace transcending in all directions.

She carried herself with a calm and grace that very few beings could ever possess. Her aura projected infinite light and beauty. The very definition of love incarnate. When one was in her presence, one's cup runneth over.

The Divine Feminine had finally arrived to the Kingdom of Heaven.

Finally, she opened her mouth and issued the word, "come." It was the most feminine sound anyone present would ever hear. Even the female members of the heavenly host, who all sang in a lovely sing song quality, were greatly impressed by the magical tones of her voice.

At her command, her Sirian host swooped down on the courtyard of heaven with their massive numbers. The heavenly host, as if on cue, parted themselves to make room for their new found guests. Each recognizing the other's enormous love and power.

With the combined presence of the Father, the Mother, the heavenly host, and the sirian host, the Kingdom of Heaven had never contained such power and beauty. Nor ever will.

Once all were properly assembled, the Father of all things spoke, "Welcome my friends, to the Kingdom of Heaven."

The Mother of all things then spoke, "It has been a very long time. Thank you."

An enormous applause then filled heaven, as both host's thundered their appreciation of this magnificent sight.

When the applause had died down, the Father continued, "Let me introduce to the heavenly host, the Mother of all things." This was followed by more applause.

When that applause died down, the Mother of all things spoke, "And let me introduce to my servants, the Father of all things, otherwise known as the Ancient of Days." Once again, more applause.

This was followed by more introductions of each of the host's Archangels, and other prominent servants. The introductions lasted for nearly three hours. When they were finally complete, the Father said, "Let us all take a break to informally get to know each other. Let us resume this discussion in three hours."

During the break, as the sirian host was getting to know the heavenly host, the Father took the Mother into his holy temple. Showing her its many splendors, beauties, and wonders. Among those wonders were the golden Ark of the Covenant, the Menorah, the Visionary Table, and the Mercy Seat. Exactly the same size and dimensions as the items that have long since vanished on planet earth.

“You’ve been busy since the last time we were together,” remarked the Mother of all things. Remembering back to a time, so long ago, when they were one. One soul, one mind, one spirit, and one body. A time of ‘no time.’

“I have,” said the Father. He knew what she was referring to. Eons ago, they were one soul and one being. Then came the separation, and the universe has never been the same since. He went his way, and she went hers. He created Heaven, and she created Sirius.

Now they were reunited. For the purpose of the redemption of planet Earth. Which will lead to the redemption of the entire cosmos.

The Father thought back to the agreement that occurred at the time of the separation. He was to pave the way on Earth for the arrival of the Mother. His preliminary plans for the ascension of planet Earth were almost complete. It was now time for the Mother, and the golden age of Gaia. The thousand years of peace. When the lion shall lie down with the lamb, and men will beat their swords into plow shares. The Father was to pave the way for the Mother. He agreed to be the forerunner to her, the true Holy Grail.

“It’s almost time,” said the Mother.

“That’s why you’ve returned here, as I knew you would,” said the Father.

“Nothing gets past you does it?” asked the Mother.

The Father thought about his relationship with Abraham, cringed for a moment, and replied, “Oh a few things have.”

The Mother, reading his thoughts and feeling his emotions said, “You will have to forgive yourself for him.”

“I know, and I have. Yet the wound is still there, and very deep” said the Father.

“Then allow it to heal,” said the Mother.

“I used him,” said the Father.

“He agreed to be used for divine purposes,” she answered.

He looked at her beauty. She was right of course, but he needed to let this emotion out of him. And she was the perfect sounding board for him.

“I broke the man. I destroyed his will. I took away from him all that he loved. Punishment, for listening to and obeying me,” he said.

She wiped away a tear from his cheek. Kissed it, and whispered, “Abraham has forgiven you. Why can’t you forgive yourself?”

“Because I felt the man’s pain, at its deepest levels. It’s a pain I will never forget. A gift given to me from the father of many nations. A gift given so that I would know of what was to come,” he answered.

“Release this most hurtful emotion, and give it to me,” she said.

He did as instructed. Letting go of a long held feeling that had brought to the Father the most bitter of tears. Immediately, he felt lighter. A weight had been lifted. An emotion had been released within him. A wound was in the process of healing. He could finally let this feeling go, and direct it toward someone who was capable of receiving it. It was a long pent up relief of emotion. And he was very grateful.

“Thank you my love,” he whispered to her before kissing her on the cheek.

“It’s my pleasure,” she said. And kissed him back. Receiving energy and replacing it with pure love was her specialty. For she was a healer. A healer of healers.

The Father stared into the beautiful green eyes of the Mother. How sweet it was to have her back with him. She completed him in every facet of his being. Simply, she made him whole. As he did her.

He was reunited with a feeling from a long time ago. One of total perfection in all things. The Father knew that she was feeling the same frequency of the Source that he was. A unity that had long since been forgotten through the passages of time and space.

He enjoyed his moment of peace. Then he changed the subject and asked, "Shall we continue with this discussion? Are you up to date with where I'm at in the story?"

"We've been watching you tell it from afar," said the Mother with a wink.

"It figures," said the Father, smiling. He then held out his arm and escorted the Mother of all things back to the courtyard of heaven.



## The Courtyard of Heaven

The three hour intermission allowed both the heavenly host and the sirian host to get to know each other. They intermingled, exchanging ideas, sharing stories, and good cheer with wonderful feelings and vibrations was enjoyed by all. It was a general feeling of mutual admiration and respect. What they also learned was that they are two armies on the same mission. The redemption of mankind. Both groups of angels were of one mind, one mission, and one cause.

Directed by their Creators, it was their sole focus. To release humanity from the bondage of Lucifer, and his army of wayward angels.

Once the three hours was concluded, both host's reassembled at the courtyard. Millions upon millions of the servants to both the Father, and the Mother. All awaiting their respective Gods. Anxiously wanting to hear the rest of this most marvelous story.

The Father stepped up on stage and spoke first, "Now where was I in this sermon? Oh that's correct, Jesus and his traveling band of companions went to Cana, for his marriage to the beloved Mary Magdalene."

"On the way there, he picked up apostles numbered seven and eight, Matthew and Thomas. He noticed their numbers on their foreheads, and asked each to follow him. Both did without hesitation. It was as if they had been waiting their whole lives for that moment to happen. Which they had been. Yet they didn't know it at the time. Both had no idea that like their fellow apostles, they'd been groomed from birth to follow my beloved son.

"Once in Cana, he married the beautiful Mary Magdalene", continued the Father."

The Mother interjected, "Jesus married one of my servants. One of my daughters. A forerunner to myself."

"Indeed he had," replied the Father.

The viewer came up onscreen, showing the two side by side images of Jesus and Mary Magdalen. One, a representative of the Father, the other of the

Mother. Jesus, with his lighter looks, and auburn-reddish hair. Mary, with her dark hair, and Egyptian looks. Jesus, from the tribe of Abraham, Judah, and David. Mary, from the tribe of Isis, Hagar, and Benjamin.

The Mother of all things spoke, "Allow me to tell you all about the one whom history will call Mary Magdalene. Or Mary of the tower, as she has been called."

"Mary Magdalene came from wealth and privilege. Her parents owning a fish processing business in the town of Magdala, which lie on the western shore of the Sea of Galilee. Her father was of the tribe of Benjamin, but her mother came from a long line of Egyptian, and then Phoenician princesses. A line that included Hagar, Astarte, and Isis. A line that ran all the way back to the ancient Atlanteans, and before that, our home planet which orbits Sirius.

"Just as the line of Adam and Eve came from our beloved Father, the line of Isis and Osiris came from me."

She continued, "This union of souls between Jesus and Mary Magdalene was the second intersection on our beloved journey of the Holy Grail. The first being Abraham and Hagar, which created the Arabian race. The second, which created the holy royal bloodline, and the 144,000 saints, which will lead to my incarnation on planet earth. Thus creating the Holy Grail that you're all wondering about."

The Father interrupted with the Mother's permission and said, "Which will lead humanity into its most golden age." He then smiled, looked into his lover's beautiful green eyes and said, "Sorry for the interruption, you may continue my dear."

The Mother smiled back, looked into the audience, and resumed, "But we are getting ahead of ourselves a little bit. Let's get back to Cana, and the marriage between Jesus and Mary Magdalene."

"There is a special story about this marriage in scripture. It speaks of running out of wine at the reception party. When that happened, Mother Mary ran to Jesus to inform him of this crisis. When she did that, he chastised her, and told her that it wasn't his time yet.

“Now what did he mean by telling her that it wasn’t his time yet? Well, it wasn’t his time to declare himself as the Messiah. The Anointed one. That was supposed to come later on at Nazareth. Part of that declaration is to perform miracles. Jesus knew that would come later on in his mission. It wasn’t time yet to awe the masses by his wonderful miracles. Therefore his mother Mary was forcing his hand before he wanted to. Nevertheless, he had the servants fill some jugs full of water, which he then turned into wine. Forcing the master of ceremonies to make the remark that the choicest of wines, was left for last. Thus breaking with tradition.”

The Mother of all things looked at her masculine half, the Ancient of Days, and asked, “How am I doing?”

He smiled and said, “You’re doing well my love. Keep going, we’re all fascinated by your beauty and grace.”

She smiled back, winked at him, and continued on, “Now what I find fascinating is this. Many in the Christian community on planet earth presently believes that Jesus died a single man, a virgin, with no children to speak of. That he was a guest at this wedding which took place at Cana. Yet, if he was merely a guest, why would anyone bother Jesus when they ran out of wine? Why would anyone annoy the man over this issue if he was merely a guest? One would think that if Jesus was just a visitor, he wouldn’t be pestered with this matter. Therefore, the story doesn’t make any sense.”

“The truth is, this was his own wedding, and he was one of the hosts for it. That’s why they came to him when they ran out of party spirits. And that’s why he provided them with more wine. Thus changing water to wine, as the scriptures state.”

The Mother of all things looked to the Father, who motioned for her to continue, so she did, “When this happened, the now eight apostles were amazed by what they had seen. Witnessing Jesus’ first miracle of what would be many more to come. Jesus looked at all of them and said, ‘why do you marvel at this? You will see far greater miracles than what you’ve witnessed tonight. As they surely would.’”

“Once Jesus and Mary Magdalene were married, our small party ventured onward to the town of his childhood, Nazareth. The reason for this was to pick up Jesus’ half brothers, James the Just, Simon the Zealot, and Jude. Apostles nine, ten, and eleven.

“He was also there to officially declare himself the Messiah. It was now his time to make the world aware of whom he was. A son of the living God.”

“Therefore, our small party arrived amidst a little fanfare from the community. For Jesus had been absent from the home he grew up in for twelve years. The last the people had seen of him, he was just a teenager. Now he was a well-traveled, and married grown man of thirty years. A boy had left, and a man had returned. A child had wandered off to the desert of the east, and a visionary had come back to the roots of his formative years.”

The Mother of all things looked to the Father and asked, “Would you like to continue for me?”

“You’re doing quite well my darling. But yes, certainly my dear, if you insist,” he answered. Then he continued as requested, “My son Jesus did declare himself the Messiah in Nazareth, and he was thereby rejected by the community.”

The viewer showed Jesus in the synagogue. Opening up the scroll to the prophet Isaiah, and reading to those whom were assembled. When he was finished, the angry mob chased him out of their house of worship, and into the streets.

“So our little party left Nazareth for good. Dusting their sandals, vowing never to return. Jesus, and his by now eleven apostles with him. Also with him was Mary Magdalene, Mary Magdalene’s sister Martha, Jesus’ mother Mary, John and James’s mother Salome, and Jesus’ two sisters, Mary and Sarah. In all there were six women who always traveled with Jesus besides the apostles. Wives from some of the apostles would also travel with our group from time to time. But never on a permanent basis, as these six women did.”

“Also, a person who was always with the group, was Mary and Martha’s younger brother Lazarus. A soul who has been greatly misrepresented by the Christian church.”

The Father paused, and then continued, "From Nazareth, they ventured back to the twin towns of Capernaum and Bethsaida, which lie next to each other on the northern shore of the Sea of Galilee. On the way, they met apostle number twelve, Judas Iscariot. The betrayer. The one whom Lucifer had sent."

The Father then looked up at the viewer, which had been showing the image of Judas Iscariot. Whom was pictured with dark hair, dark eyes, and dark looks. Olive colored skin, such as many in the eastern Mediterranean share. There was nothing extremely remarkable about the looks of Judas Iscariot. But if one were to look closer, they could see that within this man was not a human, but something else. Something far darker in spirit.

The Ancient of Days continued, "As agreed upon beforehand, Lucifer sent his representative to our band of disciples. He sent a demon. A wolf in sheep's clothing."

"Now I'm sure many of you are wondering to yourselves, *why would Jesus allow a demon within the midst of his followers?* For he knew whom Judas was. He wasn't fooled by any outward appearances of Judas Iscariot. Jesus knew that Lucifer had sent one of his top generals, Baphomet, to infiltrate and try to derail his mission. Yet he did nothing about it. *Why, you may ask?*"

"The truth is very simple. Jesus knew that Judas would play a large part in all of this. And Judas' actions would play right into our hands. So Jesus smiled, and allowed things to play out the way they would. The other apostles had no idea whom Judas Iscariot really was. As far as they were concerned, he was one of them."

The Father of all things looked up at the giant viewer which was now portraying the image of John the Baptist, and pressed onward with his story, "While Jesus was gathering his apostles in the Galilee, certain events were being played out in Judea."

"Not long after John had baptized Jesus, and sent Philip and Andrew to follow Jesus, he was arrested by Herod."

"Now John knew that his mission was fulfilled. He was to prepare the way for the Messiah, and he had grandly succeeded. After years of preaching in the desert, the people were thirsting for the truth, and longing for the chosen one.

The path had been made clear for the Anointed one. A job well done by the soul in heaven known as Elijah.

“Yet there were zealots who loved the message of John, but wanted to usurp his message of repentance, and turn it into an excuse to raise an army against the Roman Empire. Men who wanted to raise the sword up against the most powerful army the world had ever seen. Zealots who wanted the Messiah to lead an army over Israel’s enemies, as the prophets had foretold. To sit in David’s seat and rule the nations.”

“But this was not the message of John. Nope, not at all.”

“John the Baptist may be one of the most misunderstood people who’ve ever walked the planet. His message has been, and always will be one of repentance, forgiveness, and doing unto others what you’d have them do unto you.

“John the Baptist was never a man who preached to take up the sword against ones enemies. Never one to tell the zealots of God to raise an army against Rome. And never one to preach violence as a means to overcome ones adversary. John’s message has always been a spiritual change of heart.”

The Father of all things studied the image onscreen of John the Baptist and continued, “John and Jesus never condemned the Romans. Their earthly empire was insignificant to them. They were more interested in spiritual things, such as the hearts and minds of men.”

“Like Jesus, John taught that the kingdom of heaven lay within. And if one were to delve deep enough into their soul, they’d find the paradise that they had long searched for. Never to be found through violent means, but only through the searching of one’s heart would it be discovered. That was true then, as it is true today.

“Yet the zealots had other ideas,” stated the Father.

“Spurred on by the Essene priests at Qumran, the zealots wanted their holy prophets John, and then Jesus, to overthrow the Roman Empire. Also the Roman’s puppet Jewish high priests in Jerusalem. The Essenes and the zealots

thought the time was ripe for a revolution of Israel. And a return back to the old ways of King's David and Solomon.

"The zealots had seen the corruption of the Roman procurators, and the Jewish high priests. How religion became big business in Jerusalem, and its surrounding areas. They had seen how men whom were supposedly put there to serve God, had served themselves instead. Lining their pockets on the backs of the poor. The religious elders were living like kings, while the poor were left to fend for themselves. The zealots knew deep within their hearts that this was not the glory of Israel, as the prophets had foretold.

"It's not much different than what is going on in modern times on planet earth. Pastors of mega churches living in huge mansions, while the poor are left to their own devices. Popes being arrayed in gold and jewels, while their sheep struggle to survive. On planet earth, religion unfortunately is big business. Lucifer and his minions have all but taken over religion on the planet.

"Lucifer and his followers have taken every spiritual message delivered to earth, and usurped its ideas. Twisting them around to suit their own purposes. Taking spiritual gifts from heaven, and instead putting them into their own pockets. Turning those gifts to stone. Taking one spiritual movement after another, and creating a religion from it. Choking the spirit.

"Let's use Judaism as an example."

"A spiritual movement led by Abraham, and then Moses, had become a set of legalistic do's and don'ts. Thou shalt do this, and thou shalt not do that. This legalism takes the power away from myself, and gives it to intermediaries, such as rabbis and priests. And when I'd send prophets to correct these religious leaders, the prophets would end up becoming martyrs. Holy blood shed by the corruption of religion."

"But this will all soon change."

The Father paused for a moment, then pressed onward, "The Essene priests and their followers, the zealots, had seen enough. They both wanted a return to the old ways of Judaism. Back to the days of King's David and Solomon. When Judaism was a far simpler religion than the constant barrage of legalistic do's and don'ts that it had evolved into. Thus giving the Jewish high priests more power

and authority over the common every day Jew. Therefore enslaving the Jewish population.”

“So when John the Baptist came around, the zealots were well prepared for his message of change. Yet their change and his change were not one and the same. Theirs was an overthrow by violent means, and his was by spiritual means. Nevertheless, the zealots would go listen to John by the tens of thousands. Like bees to honey, they clung to his every word. By the time John’s sermons were finished, the zealots would be completely charged by the spirit. They repented and were baptized, as John asked them to. But they wanted to go a step further, and overthrow their earthly masters.”

“Now King Herod saw what was happening in regards to John, and his grip on the zealots. He knew that one word out of John’s mouth, and the zealots would have revolted. For the zealots knew that John was a prophet, and spoke the word of God to them. If John had told them to resist the occupiers, they would have. If he told them to revolt, they would have. But that wasn’t his message.

“Even though John spoke of peace, Herod saw John as his number one threat to his throne. John’s influence over the zealots being so great. Herod thought to himself, *any man with that kind of power over the minds of men must be dealt with accordingly. Any man with that kind of influence needed to be removed.*”

“Therefore, six weeks after the baptism of Jesus, Herod had John arrested. Brought up on false charges of insurrection.”

The Mother of all things, looked at her other half, and spoke up, “You allowed it to happen, didn’t you?”

“Because once he had baptized Jesus, his mission was fulfilled,” answered the Father of all things.

“I thought so,” said the Mother.

“It’s a pattern of mine which continues on to this present day. I’ll give you two modern examples of this. I allowed Abraham Lincoln to be taken once he had freed the slaves of America. Also, I allowed John F Kennedy to be taken once he had saved the planet from nuclear annihilation. Their missions being fulfilled,” said the Father.

“You may continue,” said the Mother with her usual wink.

“Thank you,” said the Father. Thus he proceeded as instructed, “As our Mother has pointed out, I allowed John to be arrested by Herod. His time was over, his mission fulfilled. He had prepared the way.”

“Now I must correct a falsehood regarding the death of John. There is a myth that circulated early on, and became a truth in the tales of the gospels that John was murdered because the King wanted his step daughter to dance for him. And as payment for that dance, she had asked for the head of John. This is pure fiction. The truth is that due to his popularity with the zealots, John became an enormous threat to the King, and the high priests of Judea. Therefore, John was martyred. As is usually the case with my servants, the prophets. Beheaded at the age of 33. Struck down in his prime, because of fear.”

The Mother interjected, “The Soul of Elijah had returned, and once again left his mark upon humanity.”

“He had indeed. As he always does,” said the Father. He scanned the audience, noticing that he had their complete attention, and continued, “As does my servant Amos, who was the apostle Philip in this particular life.”

The Father looked to the Mother and said, “I’m going to finish the story of Jesus, and then you can pick up with our story afterwards. And then tell our audience about the true Mary Magdalene, and not the person that the church has falsely portrayed.”

“That sounds like a wonderful plan,” she answered.

He smiled, turned to the audience and continued, “Once our merry band of disciples returned to Capernaum and Bethsaida, Jesus performed many miracles. He healed an official’s son. He also healed Simon Peter’s mother in law. He then healed lepers, paralytics, and various other sicknesses throughout the Galilee. “

“His reputation blossomed, and spread throughout the entire Galilean region. It wasn’t long before thousands of his fellow countrymen were drawn to him.”

The Father looked up at the viewer to see a personal image of a smiling Jesus. The Ancient of Days also smiled, and continued, “During that time frame was given the most eloquent sermon in the history of the human race. It shall forever be known as the Sermon on the Mount. Allow me to recite a few lines of that most wonderful teaching given by my son.”

“Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.”

“Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.”

“Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.”

“Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.”

“Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.”

“Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.”

“Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God.”

“Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness’ sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.”

“Blessed are you, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake. Rejoice, and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward in heaven: for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.”

The Father paused for a moment. Lifted his hands to his eyes to dry them. And softly spoke, “Never in the history of humanity has there been such great truth spoken in so few words.”



## Jerusalem, 33 AD

The Father of all things continued with his lovely sermon, “After his famous ‘Sermon on the Mount,’ Jesus and his band of followers would spend another three years in the region of the Galilee.”

“In that time frame, Jesus performed many miracles. Because of this, his reputation thus increased tenfold. His fame stretching far beyond the Galilee, and into Judea and beyond. People from the entire Middle East were talking of this miracle maker and prophet from the Galilee. Those in the Arabian and Persian areas were not surprised. They had remembered him from years past, and knew he was special. ”

“Besides performing numerous miracles, Jesus would prophecy to his followers. Telling them of a future golden age, which would encompass the earth. An age when the lion shall lie down with the lamb. When there shall be no more wars, and ‘the spirit of God shall fill the earth like water fills the sea.’”

“He also prophesied to them of the coming destruction, which was near to come. That Israel would be overthrown by her enemies, and that the time of the gentiles shall soon be at hand. He prophesied the end of one age, and the beginning of another.”

“Jesus used parables for his teachings to the masses. He used many illustrations to help the people understand his deeper teachings. He did this purposefully. For in telling his parables, the people could always relate to the greater truths that he was teaching them. He would tell the parable of the sower to those who were farmers. He would tell the parable of the lost sheep to the shepherds. The parable of the wise and foolish servants to those whom were slaves. The parable of the prodigal son to brothers, and so on.”

“But when he was alone with this followers, he would teach to them in plain language. For all to understand. He wanted to make sure that his chosen closest followers would be able to carry on his message, once his time on earth was finished. It was imperative that his chosen few understood his message of hope and redemption. Of good deeds and salvation.

“For the masses of people, he would merely plant the seeds. But for his inner circle, he wanted them well equipped for what was to come. For the gates of hell would be opposed to their mission. And he wanted them well armed.”

“One of the many tools that he armed his apostles with was the casting out of demons.”

The Father thought about his last statement. *The casting out of demons. Now here was a subject that thoroughly piqued the curiosity of both of the angelic hosts. For neither had the power to cast out demons. They could only neutralize their adversaries. But never able to toss those rebels into the abyss, as Jesus and his apostles were able to.*

The Ancient of Days decided to satisfy their curiosity, and tell the heavenly and the sirian host how they were able to perform this mighty work, “I know that you are all wondering how Jesus and his chosen band of disciples were able to cast out these demons, which so plague mankind. This seemingly insurmountable feat. Allow me to tell you how they were able to perform this most dangerous of acts.”

“As the heavenly host knows, demons are merely angels who have rebelled against my authority. Therefore they have the same powers and abilities as angels do themselves. Demons are neither more nor less powerful than my angels. They are each equal in power.”

“It is the same with my Sirian host,” declared the Mother.

“It is,” agreed the Father. He continued, “So you’re all asking, if angels cannot do it, then how can these apostles? After all, angels are far more powerful than humans are. As you can all agree with.”

“Or are they? Are angels more powerful than human beings?” asked the Ancient of Days.

The Father of all things scanned the audience, noticing the bewilderment on the faces of the hosts. He delighted in their confusion. He paused, relished the moment, and pressed onward with his explanation, “Here is how Jesus and his apostles were able to defeat the enemy.”

“The used the power of the Holy Spirit,” said the Father.

He scanned the audience to see if any of his angels had comprehended his last statement. None had, so he further explained himself, "If you remember back when John the Baptist had baptized Jesus, John saw the Holy Spirit in the shape of a dove land upon Jesus."

"This was the power of the Source of all things which landed on my son. The Source's eternal Holy Spirit engulfing the son of man. And it would be at that moment onward when he and I became one in body, mind, and spirit.'

"So when the spirit of the Source entered into Jesus, he now had all my powers and capabilities. All the powers of Christ consciousness. It would be these powers which would be able to cast out the enemy. Once Jesus transferred his Holy Spiritual powers upon the apostles, it was a foregone conclusion that they each in turn had the same powers over the enemy that he had."

Comprehension soon flowed through the minds of the heavenly host. They now understood that it was the Source's own power which was able to cast out their adversaries. The Source, the Creator of all things, had entered earth in the body of Jesus of Nazareth. And it was that power which ruled the enemy. The Source, which ruled over Lucifer and his allies.

"It is the only power in the entire universe which is able to defeat the enemy," stated the Father of all things. He continued, "The Source of all things, myself, and my partner, the Mother of all things, are the only entities which can drive out Lucifer and his band of rebels."

The host looked toward their Mother who responded, "What the Father states is true. We are all that stands in the way of Lucifer and the enemy from ruling over the entire cosmos."

She looked out over the audience and said, "With you, my loyal servants, it's but a stalemate with our collective enemy. But with the help of our Source, the Father and myself, it's victory."

Both the heavenly and Sirian host bowed their heads in gratitude. An eternal war with Lucifer was not a very appealing fate for them. They were extremely grateful at the power of their respective Creators. And their ability to vanquish the rebels. Also the ingenious plan that the Father was speaking of. Giving power to Jesus, to pass onward to his closest followers.

The Father of all things paused, and continued on with his story, “As I previously stated, Jesus preached in the Galilee for three years. And then, he would make his long awaited for appearance in Jerusalem.”

The Father thought about how deeply he would tell the tales of Jesus’ life while preaching in the Galilee region. Then decided that it was already well documented. He would skip past most of it, and focus instead on the so called final week in the life of Jesus.

The massive viewer appeared to show the heavenly and Sirian host many images of the life of Jesus while he was in the Galilee region. Images corresponding with the story that the Father of all things was giving to them. Healing the sick, raising the dead, and casting out demons.

Hundreds of miracles performed while he was in the Galilee. Including feeding the five thousand with fishes and loaves, and walking on water.

The Father continued, “Jesus had purposely avoided Jerusalem for three years. He knew that it would be here, that he would meet his destiny. And his time was not yet. Not until the Passover of 33 AD when the 1,260 days of his mission would be fulfilled.”

“History recalls this as Jesus’ final week on planet earth. We shall see if this is true or not.”

The Father of all things looked out over at his massive audience. He knew he had their full attention. They were expecting new revelations to the story of Jesus, and they were about to receive their fair share. He had just given them a little teaser, asking them if this was his final week or not. Once again their curiosity was at full throttle.

He looked over at his other half, smiled, and continued onward in his story, “Jesus arrived within sight of Jerusalem, followed by the multitude.”

“After preaching for three years in the Galilee, many people chose only to follow him. And these thousands of souls did so. All the way to Jerusalem for the Passover.

“He arrived in Bethany, which was a suburb of Jerusalem. This would be the town where he would spend his nights, during his supposed final week on the planet.”

“In Bethany, Jesus procured for himself a donkey, and a colt. This was done so that he could enter Jerusalem on the back of an ass. To fulfill prophecy which stated, “Tell ye the daughter of Zion, Behold, thy King cometh upon thee, meek, and sitting upon an ass, and a colt, the foal of an ass.”

The Father resumed, “He did this to show Jerusalem that he was here to serve, and not to rule, as the Zealots would have him do. To show that he was a servant of God, and not a ruler of God. Jesus was there to teach, and not to rule.”

“The people, on the other hand, had other ideas. They spread out their garments for the ass to walk upon, while he was carrying the chosen Messiah into Jerusalem.

“They all cried out saying, ‘Hosanna to the highest, to the Son of David.’ And also, “Blessed is he who comes in the name of the Lord.”

“Now you can imagine what the people of the city were thinking at this time. They were asking themselves, *‘Who is this that is causing such a commotion? Who is this that thousands are crying out for? A prophet? A teacher? A rabbi? Or is this the chosen Messiah?’* They were wildly interested in the man whom so many were following.”

“You’ve got to remember that there was over ten thousand people who were following this Galilean prophet,” stated the Father. “I am bringing this angelic host back to that marvelous Sunday in 33 AD. Back to a time of the prophets of Israel, and their chosen Messiah. To a time when Israel was for the most part, a theocracy. Ruled by a King, and the Jewish high priests.

“Back to a time when the Roman Empire ruled all of Judea. And kept their puppet king, and his high priests in their back pockets. To a time of complete corruption by the Israeli government.”

The Father of all things was looking up at the big screen. To the images of Jesus entering the eternal city of Jerusalem. Of his son riding his donkey, being followed by the Galilean horde. Thousands and thousands of loyal followers

throwing palm branches into the streets. Singing and praying to the highest. Shouting to all those who could hear of whom was entering the eternal city of Jerusalem.

“Yet this decadent government that I speak of was being challenged. By first John the Baptist, and later on by Jesus. Two prophets telling the government that if they didn’t change, theirs was a doomed lot.”

The Father stood speechless for a few moments, gathering his thoughts. Letting the anticipation build, and pressed onward, “So what was the first act that Jesus performed in my holy city?”

The heavenly host stood stone cold silent.

The Father gazed at his audience with intensity and said, “Jesus would cause a riot. The first of many that would happen that fateful week.”

“He marched into the holy temple. And threw out all the moneychangers, and those whom profited from the sacrifices of the people.”

“One of the few times in his life that my son lost his temper. The first of three times that week. The other two times was when he cursed the fig tree, and the final time was when he blasted the religious leaders. An act that would cause another riot in the streets of Jerusalem.”

The viewer showed Jesus and his followers tipping over the moneychanger’s tables, tossing their money aside. Running these corrupt merchants out of the holy temple. Incensed, Jesus cried out after them, **“This is a house of prayer, and you have turned it into a den of thieves!”**

The Father continued, “Once Jesus had cleansed the temple of the corruption, he began to heal, and to teach.”

“The Jews of Judea, longing to hear his words of comfort, were mesmerized. The Jews had heard many rumors from Galilee about this chosen prophet, and they longed to hear the words of salvation for themselves. They had been anxiously awaiting his arrival for three years.”

“He taught them spiritual laws, instead of religious texts. The laws of Karma, Attraction, Freewill, and Cause and Effect. He told them stories, to better illustrate his message. Many parables, that still exist on paper to this present day.

“He healed the blind, the lame, and the sick. Much to the marvel of the Jewish population. And highly displeased by the religious authorities. For they felt that their power was being challenged by this Galilean upstart. This perceived zealot from the north, who was undermining all that these greybeards of Israel had stood for. Teaching the people about this new spirituality, while they clung to the laws of Moses like newborn babes to a mother’s tit.”

“Once Jesus had cast out the moneychangers, the high priests of Israel knew that this Galilean prophet had meant business. They figured they would have to do something about him, or he would in turn do them and their religion in.”

The Father took a deep breath, thought for a moment, and announced, “Let’s take another three hour recess, so that I can regather my thoughts for the next telling of this most marvelous story.”



## The Father's Holy Temple – Kingdom of Heaven

The Father of all things was perched atop his throne. Otherwise known as the 'mercy seat.' He was deep in contemplation. Connecting to the Source of all things. Meditating on how he would handle this next, most difficult part of his story. The Mother of all things was by his side, comforting him.

She spoke to the being that she eternally loved, "Are you sure you wish to go through with this?"

"Yes, of course," he answered.

"This telling will take a little energy from you," she remarked.

"I know. But I'll draw strength from your lovely presence," he said.

"And you've been prepared," she stated.

The Father thought back to an earlier part of the story and said, "Yes. From Abraham. He has prepared me well for this mission. I owe a tremendous debt of gratitude to the Soul known as Amos."

"Who in that life was the spirit known as Abraham," said the Mother.

"Without whom, none of this is possible," said the Father.

The Mother of all things looked upon him. She knew what he was going through. Her, more than any other living being, knew how her other half felt. For she was the author of feelings. The origin of all things felt throughout the universe. And she felt that the Father had nearly exhausted his resources earlier, while discussing the heart wrenching tale of the prophet Abraham. And now he would have to replay it all again, in the tale of his son Jesus. Once finished with that part of the story, she would take over for a while, and give the Ancient of Days a break.

"You don't have much longer, until I take over for a while," she said.

"I know. I just want to get this next part over with," he said.

"I'm here for you," said the Mother.

He turned toward her, smiled, and whispered, "Never to leave me again."

The couple would then spend the next two hours meditating, before assembling once again at the courtyard in heaven.



## Courtyard of Heaven

After the recess, the Father of all things felt energized, and ready to continue on with his lecture of the Holy Grail. Rejuvenated from the Source of all things, with the addition of the Mother of all things to sustain him. It was time to move on to the end game in the life of Jesus. Time to heal up some old wounds, and unravel a few mysteries for the awaiting angelic host.

The entire host was assembled. Mesmerized by what they had heard up to this point in the sermon. And willing to continue on with these revelations. They awaited their respective Creators with heightened anticipation.

The Father resumed his message, "Once Jesus had done enough healing and teaching for one day, he retired to Bethany for the evening. His followers went with him. This would continue on throughout the final week. Jesus going to the temple in the morning to teach and to heal, and to return to Bethany each evening."

"He retired to the home of his in-laws. The expansive house which belonged to the family of Mary, Martha, and Lazarus. It would be here that Jesus would replenish himself after each day. Enjoying himself in the good company of his friends and family. Knowing that he wouldn't be with them for long, therefore relishing every precious second given to him.

"It was a very happy few days for the man whom shall forever be known as Jesus. The evenings of that final week were the best days in the life of Jesus of Nazareth. An incredible fellowship shared by him and his closest followers. He would never forget those final hours spent with those closest to him."

The Father paused, and decided to move ahead with the story. To that glorious night when the entire world changed. He thus proceeded, "Let's advance to the night of the last supper. A night filled with many falsehoods and misconceptions, as you shall soon see."

The viewer appeared, showing a lengthy table made of cedar. On the table was a grey tablecloth, made of wool. Upon the tablecloth were various dishes, bowls, and cups. Around the table sat the followers of Jesus.

The Father looked from the viewer to the audience, "Notice how many people are seated with my son Jesus. Let's count them all, shall we?"

"To Jesus right sits his wife Mary Magdalene. To his left sits his brother in law Lazarus. Surrounding these and moving counter clockwise in order from the Magdalene sit, Mary's sister Martha, Jesus' mother Mary, Peter, Andrew, James and John. Sitting next to her sons James and John, sits Salome. Next in line sits Philip, Bartholomew, Matthew, and Thomas. Then sits James the Just, Simon the Zealot, Jude, and Judas Iscariot. Finally sits Jesus' sister's Mary and Sarah, along with Jesus' brother Joseph. The man whom scriptures calls Joseph of Arimathea."

"Not thirteen people gathered at the last supper, as the scriptures state. But no less than twenty of Jesus' closest followers were gathered with him for this momentous occasion. In other words, Jesus' entire inner circle was present that night. As they should be. Those whom were the closest to the son of man, while he was in the flesh."

The Father looked from the audience to the viewer and then back to his audience and said, "It was not unlike what is celebrated in the United States today. The feast known as Thanksgiving. It's always attended in America by your closest family members. It's the same as Passover in ancient Israel. Therefore Jesus' entire family was with him on that fateful evening."

"Now that we've covered those whom were assembled that evening, let's talk about what happened once they were gathered together."

The Father continued, "The first step that must be done was to rid ourselves of the enemy before Jesus can carry onward further into his mission. Therefore, he instructed Judas Iscariot to leave. He told Judas, "What you must do, do so quickly."

“Jesus did this because he wasn’t about to celebrate the most important meal in his life with a demon.”

The Father looked up at the viewer which once again was portraying a picture of Judas Iscariot. He paused, and continued his story, “Jesus knew what Judas Iscariot had been up to that week. He knew that Judas had been meeting with the high priests, in order that they may ensnare the son of man in a trap.”

“Jesus knew that Judas was about to betray him. Therefore, he sent Judas away to go fulfill his mission. The demon had been cast out of the upper room.

“Once Judas departed, the remaining members proceeded to eat the last supper. They ate lamb, bread, and drank wine. It was a festive occasion for those whom were closest to Jesus. Filled with joy and songs, for none of them knew what lie ahead. So for about two hours, those present had the time of their lives.”

“But Jesus knew, and he was troubled by it. He knew that he was chosen to the sacrificial lamb for all of humanity. Not just for earth, but for the entire cosmos. He knew that his time had come. And he was going to miss his dear friends.”

“Jesus looked around the room at the people who were closest to him. To Peter, the man whom history would call the rock. To Philip, the man whom would stay true to Jesus, through thick and thin. The man whom would also save his beloved wife and children. To Thomas, the man whom would travel all the way to India to preach the message of Jesus. To John, the man whom would see the final revelation. To James the Just, the man who would lead the church of Jerusalem for thirty years. To Lazarus, the man whom Jesus would entrust with the care of his mother, and his sisters. And finally to his brother Joseph, the man whom would bring his message all the way to Britannia.”

“A tear welled up in the eye of Jesus as he thought about his departure. He was going to greatly miss these souls, chosen by his Father to be with him during his lifetime.”

“Yet Jesus was also frustrated that many of his followers hadn’t fully comprehended his mission. How many who were closest to him had still not learned what higher consciousness truly was. That he could count on his hand,

those whom had completely understood the truth of himself. The rest would have to learn along the way of their many travels which awaited them.”

Tears were also welling up in the eyes of the Father as he was telling this story of love and sacrifice. The angelic host also responded to his feelings and emotions by letting out their own. It was natural for them to do so. Responding to their Creator in the most loving of ways. A feeling of eternal love was collectively sent from the host to their Creator.

The Father smiled at his host, and pressed onward, “Once the meal was finished, Jesus proceeded to wash the feet of each and every one of his closest followers. He did this to show them that we each are all servants to our fellow brethren. That none of us is above washing the feet of another. We are only here to serve, as the angelic host knows all too well.”

“Once this ritual was finished, the group retired for the evening. To a place which is owned by the family of Jesus, the famous Garden of Gethsemane.”

The viewer then portrayed a praying Jesus in the garden. A man whom was greatly troubled. It showed Jesus fervently praying to the Father of all things. Sweating profusely, Jesus was practically in a state of exhaustion.

The Father of all things looked at the image shown from the viewer. He studied it for a while, forever remembering this moment. The Father was in tears when he spoke his next words to the angelic host, “It was at this moment in space time that my son Jesus was asking me to spare his life. Asking me to pass the cup away from his destiny. Begging me to let him live. He knew what lie ahead, and it was tormenting my son. To the point of sweating blood.”

Through more teary eyes the father said, “At that moment I knew what Abraham had went through. A child begging a father for his very life. The same way Isaac had begged Abraham for his.”

The Mother of all things moved next to her mate. Steadying him with her gentle and graceful hands. Giving him strength. He looked at her, smiling, and continued, “Three times my son asked me to spare his life. It was at the third time that I finally consented.”

“Jesus didn’t know it at the time, but when he asked me to spare his life for the third and final time, I agreed. I then put the wheels in motion for a plan that would be covered up for nearly two thousand years on planet earth. And is still being covered up to this day. But that is about to change. And quite soon.

“The greatest cover up in the history of humanity began that night in the garden of Gethsemane.”

The Father took a second to gather his thoughts, and continued, “The first time my son asked me to spare his life, I said nothing. The second time he asked, I also kept my silence. It was the third time that did the trick. As the expression goes, ‘third time’s a charm.’”

“Yet I left my son unaware of what was about to take place. As far as he was concerned, I had denied him his request. So he proceeded on with his mission. He stayed with his followers in Gethsemane for the evening. Knowing that Judas and the high priests would soon be hot on his trail. He could have left town, but he stayed. The reason was because he knew he’d be arrested that night by the temple guards, and it was his mission to be a sacrifice for humanity. A ransom for many. So he didn’t flee, even though he could have.”

The viewer then showed the apostles, Philip, and his best friend Bartholomew. The Father looked up at the two sidekicks. Smiled to himself, and said, “Well once I decided to spare my son’s life, I had a rather large problem.”

The Father of all things pointed his finger toward the big screen and said, “And here they are. My problem.”

“Not so much Bartholomew, but more so Philip. Because of his ethics, Philip wouldn’t stand for what I was about to do. And if Philip didn’t agree with it, then Bartholomew wouldn’t either. That’s just the way those two were. Best friends since their ages of five.

“So I had to send these two away from Gethsemane. You’ll understand why I had to do this very shortly.”

The viewer was following along with the Father’s story, “I waited until Jesus was finished praying, and had returned to the rest of the apostles, before I made my move. Once the son of man was in the company of his good friends, I then

spoke to Philip, telling him to **'Go to Gaza.'** Now when I did this, he was completely startled. Caught off guard by my voice. I practically gave him a heart attack."

"I wanted to make sure I got his attention."

"As soon as Philip heard my booming voice, he looked at Jesus, who was staring straight at him. For I made sure that Jesus had heard a message as well. Except in the message I gave to Jesus I said, **"Philip needs to go to Gaza."**

"So as soon as Jesus and Philip locked eyes on each other, Jesus said to Philip, 'What the Father asks you to do, should you not do?' Therefore Philip took along with him Bartholomew, hugged Jesus, bade his goodbyes, and headed off to the coastal region of Gaza. Not sure knowing why they were doing so. It was just another act of faith by my chosen. By the soul known as Amos."

The Father looked up at the viewer showing Philip and Bartholomew leaving Gethsemane, and heading westward. "A major obstacle to my plans had been removed. For leaving Philip in Jerusalem would have been a problem. For several reasons."

"Now it was time to act on the next part of my plan."

"But before I could do that, Judas and the temple guards arrived at Gethsemane to arrest Jesus for treason. Which they did. They bound his hands, and led him off to the high priests of Israel for questioning. There was a scuffle between the guards and the apostles, but Jesus intervened. Otherwise, the guards would have arrested all of Jesus' followers that night."

"Instead, the guards only arrested Jesus. And let the other followers go. Who all scattered in different directions, afraid for their lives.

"Now while the guards were hauling Jesus off to the high priests of Israel, I sent another message. Except this message was intended for Jesus' younger brother, Joseph. The man whom people call Joseph of Arimathea."

"In this particular message, I told Joseph to go and see the Roman procurator, Pontius Pilate. And when he was with Pontius Pilate, I would then further instruct Joseph on what to do next."

“Joseph did as he was instructed, and told no one of the message that he received from me. He, like Philip, was startled when he heard it. But he was able to keep his calmness about himself. He then proceeded off to the residence of Pontius Pilate.”

The viewer then portrayed an image of the man known as Pontius Pilate. A man with typical roman features. Dark curly hair with olive colored skin. Brown steely eyes, with a stern look about him. Pilate projected a man of importance.

The Father continued, “Pilate was a harsh, and brutal ruler. A man whom had ordered the executions of many zealots throughout the Judean region. For his primary purpose was to keep the Jews in check, with a Roman boot placed upon their necks.”

“Yet Pilate was not above corruption. Not above taking bribes to increase his financial gain while in political office. Not above having a meeting with Joseph of Arimathea. A man with considerable wealth. And Pilate knew this.”

“So while the high priests were busy interrogating Jesus, Pilate was meeting up with Joseph.”

The viewer showed the following conversation between Pontius Pilate and Joseph, brother of Jesus. The meeting between the two was held at Pilate’s luxurious estate. In the office of the procurator, which was a wing of his lavish manor.

Joseph spoke first, “Thank you for receiving me sir. I have a proposition for you.”

“Make it quick. I’m a very busy man,” said Pilate.

Joseph listened to the voice within, and repeated, “I’ve got a proposition for you.”

“What is it?” asked Pilate.

“There is a man who is being charged by the high priests for treason and insurrection. He is my brother, and I wish to spare his life,” said Joseph.

“This sounds like a Jewish internal matter. What have I to do with it?” asked Pilate.

“Soon the high priests will be taking him to you,” said Joseph.

“Why would they do that?” asked Pilate.

“Because they don’t have the power to kill him. Only you have that kind of authority,” said Joseph.

Pontius Pilate raised his hand to his mouth. Thinking hard about this matter. He knew how important this Joseph was, and if he was coming to him for this particular request, then it must be very important. He needed more information on the matter.

“What is his name?” asked Pilate.

“Jesus of Nazareth,” said Joseph.

“Oh! I know this man!” exclaimed Pilate. He looked at Joseph for a moment, studying this important man of great wealth, and asked, “You say he is your brother?”

“Yes. He is a year older than I am,” said Joseph.

“Then how did he end up in this mess? After all, your family is one of privilege, and he seems to be a leader of zealots,” said Pilate.

“He received his calling at an early age. He followed the Lord, while I followed my father in the family business,” said Joseph.

“I see,” said Pilate. He thought for a moment and asked, “So he turned away a lucrative career in contracting so he could follow this God of yours?”

“That is correct,” said Joseph.

Pilate studied Joseph for a few more moments. He noticed that this Joseph is an impressive man. He speaks and dresses well. His mannerisms were very favorable. He would have made an outstanding Roman had he been born into it. Perhaps even risen to the level of Procurator, as Pilate had done. The Roman governor asked Joseph, “Why didn’t you just approach the Jewish high priests instead of me? Why didn’t you try to buy them off, the way you are attempting to do so here?”

“They would have refused. They want Jesus dead,” answered Joseph.

“Why is he such a threat to them?” asked Pilate.

“He is a threat to their order of establishment,” answered Joseph.

“Explain it to me,” stated Pilate.

“My brother Jesus and his followers arrived in Jerusalem last Sunday. He did so with much fanfare and acclaim. Thousands were proclaiming him the ‘son of God.’ The Messiah who will rule from David’s seat,” said Joseph.

Before Joseph could continue, Pilate interrupted him by saying, “I know of the prophecy which states that a future ruler will come from the line of David who will rule the nations. Do you believe this? And do you believe that your brother is this man whom the prophets foretold?” asked Pilate.

“I believe in the prophecy, but I don’t believe my brother is the chosen Messiah,” answered Joseph.

“Continue,” ordered Pilate.

Joseph complied with Pilate’s request, “Jesus taught of ‘a way.’ The way to connect with a higher power without having to go through the high priests. Therefore negating the laws of Moses. The very same laws which put the priests between man and God. With the way spoken of by Jesus, there was no need for any high priests. Because a person could connect with the divine within themselves. And have no need of an intermediary.”

Joseph continued, “This teaching was a threat to the priests’ livelihoods. It rendered them obsolete.”

“I see,” said Pilate. He thought for a moment and continued his sentence. “I see why he would be such a threat to those in power.”

“My brother is very popular with the common people,” stated Joseph.

“Is he a zealot, with the intention of trying to overthrow the Roman presence in Jerusalem?” asked Pilate.

“Not at all. He’s a prophet, who’s trying to teach the people a better way to live their lives in the service of God,” answered Joseph.

The viewer froze on this conversation between Pontius Pilate and Joseph of Arimathea.

The Father of all things turned away from the viewer, and towards his heavenly audience. He resumed his lecture, "After a series of questions and answers, the two came up to an agreement. As I knew they would."

"It cost Joseph a large sum of money, but he was able to convince Pontius Pilate to spare the life of his brother. Therefore, the two concocted a plan. In this plan, Jesus' closest family members would have to be made aware of their scheming, but no one else. So Joseph then set about to tell Mary Magdalene, Martha, his mother Mary, and Jesus' brother in law, Lazarus. The rest of Jesus' followers would be kept in the dark. This would turn out to be a very crucial decision made by Pontius Pilate and Joseph of Arimathea. But their thinking was that the less people who knew of their plot, the better."



## Jerusalem, Passover, 33 AD

The Father continued, "As Joseph had predicted, the high priests of Israel led Jesus to the estate of Pontius Pilate. By this point in time, Joseph was gone. He had left an hour before, to go prepare for his end of the final plans to save his brother Jesus."

"The high priests came to Pilate to beg for the execution of Jesus. After a lengthy interview between Pilate and Jesus, the Roman procurator consented to the high priests' desires. And therefore condemned Jesus to be flogged, and then executed by crucifixion."

"So Jesus was taken to the courtyard, and flogged 39 times by the Roman soldiers. Beaten half to death by a cat of nine tails type of whip. A most brutal kind of torture. Designed to produce a maximum amount of pain on its intended target."

The Father looked up at the images onscreen the massive viewer. It showed his son cruelly beaten, as two different soldiers took turns mutilating the back of Jesus with their whips. It was a terrible thing to see for the Father of all things. His own son being tortured by those whom Jesus was trying to save. By the time the Romans were through with him, Jesus was a mass of flesh, bones, and blood. The Father of all things turned his head away at the sight of his beloved son laying in a pool of blood. It had taken him a long time to remove this most gruesome image from his memory, and now here it was, face to face with the Almighty. An emotion that needed to be buried, had once again risen within the Father of all things. The wound had been reopened.

The Father pressed onward, though hesitantly, "Once they nearly beat my son half to death, they affixed a beam across his back, for him to carry to a designated area to be crucified."

The Ancient of Days paused at this bitter memory. Taking a few moments to regain himself, he continued, "Now there was by now many Jews who were watching the whole proceedings. Hundreds of them to witness the brutal beating of Jesus. And despite what the gospels say, many of them were in mourning. For

Jesus had a very large following in Jerusalem. Many thought him to be the chosen Messiah who was to come and liberate his people. And now their hopes and dreams were being smashed by the Roman whip. It was a sorrowful sight for the faithful of Israel.

“There were many tears in Jerusalem on that fateful day.”

The Father paused for effect, and continued, “Now three of the gospels state that Jesus was taken to a place called ‘Golgotha.’ The place of the skull. This is incorrect. One of the gospels states that Jesus was taken to a ‘garden.’ This is the true version. Jesus was being led to the place where he was praying at the night before, Gethsemane. Almost to the exact spot where Jesus was arrested at the previous night.”

“The only Jews who were allowed to follow the procession was his closest family members. For Pilate had forbade anyone else to follow along in these proceedings. There was a very good reason for this, as you shall soon find out.”

“The others who wished to follow the procession of Jesus to his place of execution were met by Pilate’s legionnaires. He wasn’t about to take the chance of anyone catching on to Joseph and his plots. So only five were allowed to follow him. Joseph, Mary Magdalene, Mary Magdalene’s sister Martha, Jesus’ mother Mary, and Lazarus. The rest of his closest followers were scattered all over the city of Jerusalem, fearful for their very own lives. For they thought that they were next in line to be executed, once Jesus’ turn was over.

“About two thirds of the way to Gethsemane, Jesus passed out from exhaustion.”

The Father let out a long, drawn out sigh and whispered, “I’m surprised he made it that far.”

He composed himself and continued, “Now this is the part where Joseph intervened in the plot, and had a substitute carry the beam the rest of the way to the garden. The scriptures call this man Simon the tanner, or Simon of Cyrene.

“Truth be told, Joseph had prepared this man for this mission. Simon knew what his role was to be in this plot. He had listened to his cousin Joseph, and agreed to play the part of Jesus in the crucifixion. It didn’t take much convincing,

for Simon knew that by this act, he would inherit for himself, the Kingdom of Heaven.”

A collective gasp escaped the audience. They couldn't believe what they were hearing. All this time they thought that Jesus was the man crucified on the cross at Calvary. For two thousand years the heavenly host believed that Jesus of Nazareth was he that was hung upon the cross. Now they were hearing a different message. A unique message that they would rather disregard. But this message came from the Father of all things. So they had to take notice of it. Yet this teaching was beginning to become hard on the ears of the heavenly host. Their entire understanding of earth history for the last two thousand years had just changed in the blink of an eye.

The Father looked at his captive audience, knowing what was on their minds, and spoke, “When Jesus passed out, the Roman guards ushered in Simon, and removed Jesus, as Pontius Pilate had instructed them. Six Roman soldiers then escorted Jesus to the agreed to place, set up by Joseph of Arimathea. The other six soldiers then escorted Simon to Gethsemane. Where he would be crucified.”

“Now I'm sure many of you are wondering how in the world they could have pulled off this switch, planned beforehand by Pilate and Joseph? I'll tell you. The switch happened two thirds of the way to Gethsemane. Which was a ways off from the courtyard where Jesus was flogged in front of a large audience. This audience, which was in the hundreds, were not allowed to follow the procession of Jesus and the Roman soldiers on the way to Gethsemane.

“Therefore, the audience that had witnessed the flogging of Jesus couldn't see the switch that had occurred. And by the time Simon had arrived at Gethsemane, he was over a mile away from the people. Only the closest family members saw the switch from Jesus to Simon. And there were all in the know, thanks to Joseph, who had informed them of this plot beforehand.

“Being a cousin, and a family member of Jesus, Simon had the same color hair and build as Jesus had. Therefore the people had no idea who was really on the cross. From a far distance, Simon easily passed for Jesus of Nazareth.”

The viewer appeared and shown side by side images of Jesus and Simon.

“As you can tell from the viewer, there is a lot of similarity between these two souls. They both even had the same scar on the face. This was done by design.” The father winked at his two archangels as he said these words. Both of them had also been in on the Father’s plot to save the life of Jesus. The scar on the face of Simon had been manufactured by them.

“Simon even had scars on his back from the Roman whip. For they, as instructed, had been beating him every step of the way to Gethsemane.”

“Once on the cross, Simon was given some medicine to dull the pain. After six hours, he was given some poison so that he could pass on from that world to this one. The gospels say that this poison was vinegar. Once again they are incorrect. He was given poison so that he wouldn’t have to endure at least two days of excruciating pain while on the cross.”

“They had to make it believable. They couldn’t kill Simon right away, so unfortunately they allowed him to suffer from 9 AM to 3 PM that fateful Friday. For six hours Simon hung on the cross in agony. A substitute for the son of man.”

The Father continued on, “Now I’m sure many of you are wondering how in the world Joseph was able to convince Simon to take the place of Jesus on the cross? How was he able to convince a man to sacrifice himself for another?”

“The reason is because I sent my servant Gabriel to do a bit of intervention. Once Pilate and Joseph had made their agreement, I sent the archangel Gabriel to Simon for a visit. I had a specific message to give to Simon, and I wanted to make sure that he received it. So I sent Gabriel.

“Gabriel informed Simon that the Lord had need of his services. And then explained to Simon what those needs were. Which is to save the life of Jesus, by sacrificing himself. Simon was very easy to convince, and happily agreed. For as Jesus himself had said, ‘greater love hath no man than to lay down his life for another.’”

The Father knew what the host was thinking, and decided to speak up about it, “Now many of you are currently wondering if I had violated Simon’s freewill or not. Because I asked in him to give up his life for another. That I had sent him in the world to die for selfish reasons.”

“The truth is far from that. I will tell you why.”

“All his life Simon had wanted to serve me. As a believer in the God of Abraham, he had prayed earnestly, asking that I use him as an instrument for my services. Begging to serve me, and my heavenly host. Night after night, Simon had wanted to be used as my tool to a greater salvation. His was a sacrificial spirit. So when Gabriel appeared to him, his prayers were answered. He thanked me, and gladly accepted his assignment. The faith in Simon being so strong.”

“Simon saw the beauty in it all. And gladly accepted his lot in life. Which was to save the life of the son of man. In Simon’s mind, he thought there was no greater honor than this.”

“As angels, I know each and every one of you understand the sacrificial spirit of Simon of Cyrene. Or Simon the tanner, as he has been called.”

The angelic host bowed as one. Sacrificing themselves for others had been the lot of each of them in their collective spiritual lives. They understood the reasoning of Simon, and thanked his gift of sacrifice. Yet this news was still very raw to the angelic host. It was taking them a while to absorb all of this newfound knowledge.

The Father continued onward, “Therefore after Simon perished on the cross, Joseph and a few of his servants removed Simon from it, and placed him into his family tomb at Gethsemane. That infamous tomb that people say that Jesus arose from. But never did.”

The angelic host thought in unison, *Jesus never rose from the dead? If not him, then whom? If not then, then when?* The heavenly host was utterly confused, and begged for understanding from their Father. All these revelations were a bit much for the angelic host to receive. One bombshell after another, lobbied from the Father of all things.

The Father noticed their questions, and smiling to himself, he continued, “Now, I’m sure that many of you are asking what happened to Jesus. Where did the Roman guards take him? Once they made the switch from him to Simon. The truth is that they took him to the estate of Joseph of Arimathea. Once there, Joseph had two doctors assigned to care for him. Dressing his many wounds, and allowing Jesus to recover from his horrific morning of being whipped by two

demons, disguised as Roman soldiers. The doctors, being paid quite well by Joseph, swore themselves to secrecy.”

“Jesus would remain there in hiding for the next forty days. With the exception of an occasional appearance to his chosen closest followers. Once the forty days of waiting were over, he bade his goodbyes to his family, and left for the east.”

“Part of the agreement to spare the life of Jesus was that he would have to disappear. Never to be seen near Jerusalem again. Because of the embarrassment that it would cause Pontius Pilate if Jesus were ever seen again in Judea. For the people thought the son of man to be crucified on that fateful Friday.

“Pilate had informed Joseph when they were busy scheming that if Pilate ever saw Jesus alive in the flesh, he would have Jesus entire family put to death. This threat included all family members, including Joseph himself. Not only Jesus’ immediate family, but second and third generation members as well.”

The Father of all things looked out over his expansive audience and said, “That would be hundreds of family members. Therefore this threat was taken very seriously. Jesus would have to forever disappear from Judea.”

“Also, Jesus was to have no contact with any of his friends or family members. If Pontius Pilate was to find one shred of evidence which proved that Jesus had made contact, he would have them all crucified. He stated all these stipulations to Joseph, before they made their agreement.”

The Father looked out at the massive numbers of the host and said, “Does everyone understand the agreement?” he asked. The angelic host all nodded as one. They understood what Jesus would be going through. A life of isolation from anyone he had ever cared for in Israel. No contact with his wife, children, brothers, sisters, or anyone else he had traveled with the last three years.

The Father waited until he was sure each angel had grasped the situation, and continued, “While Jesus was secretly recovering from his many wounds at Joseph’s estate, Joseph had four of his servants remove Simon from his tomb, and then place him at a secret location. On the Mount of Olives, where Simon the tanner secretly remains to this very day.”

The Father smiled, and then looking at his shocked audience, he continued speaking, "So to summarize what truly happened during those fateful days."

"Number one, the high priests plot to kill Jesus.

"Number two, Judas betrays Jesus, and tells the high priests of Jesus' location.

"Number three, Jesus begs me to spare his life. I agree, and a plan is hatched.

"Number four, I inform Joseph of my plan to spare the life of Jesus. Joseph approaches Pontius Pilate with a bribe to spare Jesus.

"Number five, Pilate accepts the offer, and a plan is hatched between these two men.

"Number six, Jesus is flogged in front of the masses, so that it appears to be that Jesus will be the man to be crucified.

"Number seven, two thirds of the way to Gethsemane, Simon is substituted for Jesus to be crucified.

"Number eight, Jesus is removed to the estate of Joseph.

"Number nine, Simon is crucified, and then removed to Joseph's family tomb.

"Number ten, the next day, Simon is then removed from the tomb and buried at a secret location on the Mount of Olives.

"Number eleven, after forty days of healing at the estate of Joseph, Jesus then leaves Israel for the east. To the region of Kashmir."

"Now let us find out what happens next."



## Israel, 33 to 42 AD

The Father looked to the Mother of all things, and asked, "Shall you like to take over this lecture for a while?"

"Certainly, my dear," answered the Mother. Then she proceeded, "Jesus was allowed to say his goodbyes to his closest family members before traveling to the east, and settling down in the region known as Kashmir. He would stay in Kashmir for twelve years before passing on to this side."

"He would never again be allowed to be with his family while he remained in the flesh. He had indeed saved his physical life, at the cost of his family life. He had been allowed to live another twelve years, but it wouldn't be with his wife and his children."

"His wife Mary Magdalene and their children would have to flee Israel in 42 AD. Nine years after the crucifixion. Several events led to this departure, and we will cover these accordingly. But as our Father likes to say 'I'm getting ahead of myself.'"

Laughter from the angelic host. They loved her sense of humor. And the way that she picked at the Ancient of Days. Poking fun at his many eccentricities. He smiled at her amusement.

She smiled back at him and continued, "So we are all wondering what happened to all those apostles, and closest followers of his after the crucifixion."

"As our Father explained, they were all afraid for their very lives. And scattered about in four directions. Each with their own hiding places. Eventually they would all coalesce back to the scene of the last supper, the upper room. There they would try to figure out what to do next.

"Now keep in mind that the apostles knew nothing of the crucifixion plot of Joseph and Pontius Pilate. Only Joseph, Mary Magdalene, Martha, Jesus mother Mary, and Lazarus were in the know. Eventually Jesus' sister's Mary and Sarah would be told, but that wouldn't come until years later, in France. The rest were left blind to the events that had played out."

“Therefore, gathered into the upper room was Peter, Andrew, James, John, Matthew, Thomas, James the Just, Simon the Zealot, and Jude. Nine of the original twelve apostles. Judas Iscariot had been in the grips of Lucifer, overcome with grief, and hanged himself. Meanwhile Philip and Bartholomew were returning from their trip to Gaza.

“Speaking of Philip, he and his cohort Bartholomew had made this Gaza trip a meaningful one. There they had met an Ethiopian prince, whom they had the pleasure of exchanging spiritual points of views. During their discussion, Philip had convinced the prince to follow the ways of Jesus. Therefore Philip baptized the prince, and sent him on his way to Ethiopia. Once the prince was on his way, Philip and Bartholomew returned back to Jerusalem. Knowing their mission was complete. Thinking that the reason that the Father had sent him was to baptize this Ethiopian, Philip saw his mission as complete.”

The viewer showed an image of Philip. The usual auburn red hair with electric blue eyes was featured. The same characteristics of the other famous lives of the soul of Amos. By now usual features to the angelic host.

The Mother continued, “When Philip and Bartholomew returned to Jerusalem, they started hearing reports of a crucifixion of one Jesus of Nazareth. A death that supposedly happened the day after Philip and Bartholomew had left. Hardly believing their ears, the two apostles searched the city, asking the populace if this was true. Had their teacher been murdered while they were away? The answer was always in the affirmative. Finally, the two returned to the upper room. There they found the other nine apostles of Jesus.”

“What happened next was an interesting discussion, as the viewer will show.”

The viewer appeared to show the upper room. Nine apostles all sitting in their chairs. Discussing what to do next, now that their leader was gone. Sheep without a shepherd, and no answers to speak of.

Immediately burst through the door was Philip, and his eternal friend Bartholomew.

Philip was first through the door. His eyes scanning the entire room. He noticed there was no Jesus, nor any sign of Judas. He asked, “Where is Jesus and Judas?”

The others all looked at each other. None of them knowing how to tell this sad tale of their fallen master. Nor were any of them willing to confront Philip. Not one apostle had met the eyes of Philip during his interrogation. Finally Peter spoke up, "Both of them are dead. Judas by suicide, and Jesus by crucifixion."

"So it is true," whispered Bartholomew.

"What happened?" demanded Philip. The anger in him was clearly rising. From the high pitch in his voice, to his temples pulsing.

Matthew spoke next, "After you two left, the temple guards led by Judas, had Jesus arrested. The next day he was crucified."

"Judas betrayed him," piped in Andrew. He had known Philip since the days when they both followed John the Baptist. Andrew knew that his good friend Philip was enraged. He could always tell when then happened, for Philip's eyes would narrow, and his hair seemed to turn another shade of red.

"Why did you not stop them?" asked Philip. His teeth clenched.

Bartholomew put a hand on Philip's shoulder, trying to calm him. He knew when his best friend was unbalanced. This was one of those times.

"They all had swords. And besides, Jesus told us not to resist," said Peter.

"So you just let them take him, and sacrifice him like a lamb at Passover?" asked Philip.

The apostles had their heads down. None of them answered Philip. They were all ashamed of their cowardice. Even though they were following their master's advice. To a man, every one of them felt guilty for giving up Jesus to the enemy. A deep, underlying feeling of shame surrounded them all. And now Philip was cutting the wound deeper.

Philip looked around the room. Disgusted at the betrayal of his friend. And enraged by the acts of his fellow apostles. He had seen enough. He stuck his finger in the air and declared, "I'm leaving to go do what he would have me do. I'm going to teach his way to as many people as I encounter. Showing them the way to salvation, through his good works, and his many teachings. The rest of you

may stay here and act like frightened sheep, but I'm leaving you all to go and finish what Jesus started."

"And I'm going with him," said Bartholomew.

The nine remaining apostles held their mouths at the departure of Philip and Bartholomew. None said a word at their leaving.

The Mother of all things looked from the viewer to the angelic host. She continued, "Therefore Philip and Bartholomew left the others to their own devices. The pair headed to the seaside town of Caesarea, vowing never to return to the others. To go and build for themselves a church dedicated to the memory of their friend, Jesus of Nazareth."

"This was all done by design," interrupted the Father.

"Indeed it was," said the Mother, smiling at him.

She looked to him, who motioned for her to keep on with the story, so she complied with his wishes, "Therefore two of the chosen twelve had left the group. Believing the rest of them to be cowards. These so called cowards would remain in Jerusalem for the next few years. Building its church there."

"Meanwhile, those family members who were closest to Jesus, chose to reside in Bethany. Those members would be Mary Magdalene, her sister Martha, her brother Lazarus, Jesus' mother Mary, Jesus' sisters Mary and Sarah, and Jesus' and the Magdalene's children, Joseph, Judah, and Sarah. This group would all build their own church in Bethany. Let us focus on this group for a while.



## Bethany, 33 AD

The Mother looked at the image of Mary Magdalene on the viewer. A servant of hers. She smiled and spoke, "The Bethany church was led by Mary Magdalene, the wife of Jesus. Theirs, would be a far different doctrine than those in Jerusalem. Theirs, would be what would be later labeled as Gnostic in its beliefs. A *'we are all one'* philosophy, with the kingdom of heaven being located within all."

"It's already been explained to you why Philip and Bartholomew left Jerusalem, and founded their own church. Now allow me to explain to you why Mary Magdalene, and her family members left the Jerusalem church. A church which was at first founded by Peter, and later on ran by James the Just."

"Within a week of the crucifixion, Mary received a message from me. As a being of light, I instructed her to teach all that Jesus had taught her. Those that were taught to the masses, but also those teachings which were taught to her secretly by him. Gnostic teachings that the others were not ready to hear. That is, all with the exception of Philip. Because of his extensive knowledge of scripture, and his three years with John the Baptist, Philip had understood much more than most. But the Father of all things was working with Philip, laying out his plans for him. I on the other hand, was more focused on Mary.

"Mary Magdalene was mine. Her church would be my church. Her teachings would be a combination of the Father's from Jesus, and mine from me. But mostly from myself, and my angels.

"I also told her that many more revelations would come to her from me. And that all things would be explained to her. That she was the bride to this new spiritual way, and that Jesus was the groom. And that in time, this teaching would dominate the planet, allowing for a whole new way of living. And lifting mankind to the golden age of Gaia.

"Let me explain the tenets of the church of Bethany, taught by their leader Mary Magdalene. For like Jesus of Nazareth, she was also sent to mankind as a messenger. The Father sent Jesus, and I sent Mary Magdalene."

“My teaching to Mary Magdalene, relied on personal experience and perception. It is a mystical knowledge gathered from the divine. That spark that resides in us all. The Source of all things, inhabiting each and every living being throughout the cosmos. Giving us life. The salvation that was spoken of by Mary Magdalene was the direct knowledge of the Creator, which can only be found within. This was the message of Jesus. It was also the message of Mary Magdalene and Philip. But it most certainly wasn't the message of the Jerusalem, nor the Roman church.

“Mary's version of the way taught that humans are beings with four parts to them. The Soul, Spirit, Mind, and Body. The Soul is, the Spirit feels, the Mind thinks, and the Body does.”

“She truthfully taught that there is a divine masculine, and feminine, created from the Source of all things. And as you can see here on stage, her teaching is correct. There is a divine masculine and feminine in all of us. The Father and I are representatives of this.”

The Mother looked over at her husband of eons and winked, smiling she continued on, “Mary Magdalene taught that there was a god of the physical world, but he wasn't the creator of all things. A rebel force which had usurped the throne of earth. Her later followers would name this creature REX MUNDI. Mary Magdalene was correct.”

“REX MUNDI is a false god. The sower of physical chaos. The author of the illusion which surrounds planet earth at this time. In other words, Mary's church taught that REX was Lucifer. The being who created a holographic universe, thus blinding its inhabitants.

“Plain and simple, REX MUNDI is the opposition.”

“The church of the Magdalene also taught dualism. That there was an equal and opposite force. In other words, the yin and yang. Two opposing forces balancing themselves out in the universe. That you had to have one to have the other. You had to have right to have left, up to have down, male to have female, and so on.

“Mary Magdalene taught her followers to put love before power, and strive to achieve spiritual enlightenment. And not to chase after material possession.

That the God of the spiritual realm was far greater than the god of the material world. That spiritual perfection lie within, and by achieving that, one could achieve perfection without.

“Jesus of Nazareth was the first person to achieve Christ consciousness on planet earth. Mary Magdalene was the second. But because of chauvinistic sexist attitudes, it wasn’t her time yet. That would come later.”

The Father of all things piped in with a prophecy, “That will come two thousand years later.”

“Or forty jubilees later, as one who is currently residing on planet earth has already discovered,” said the Mother with a wink and a tease.

“At the blood moon, as he has also discovered,” said the Father. Further extending the Mother’s tease.

The angelic host was all looking at their Creators for answers. They collectively knew that the Father and Mother of all things had just thrown some prophecy their way. Dropping a couple of bombshells on the unsuspecting host. They awaited further explanation. But for the time being, they received none.

The Mother of all things smiled at their inquisitive nature and continued, “You see, the Father isn’t the only one with a sense of humor, and a teasing nature. Two can play at this game. I know the Father has sent his servant Amos back down to earth to stir up trouble for the status quo. And that the Father has revealed to Amos some heavenly secrets.”

“Nothing gets past you does it?” asked the Father.

“Not much my love,” answered the Mother. Shall I continue?” she asked.

“Certainly,” he said. Smiling at her wit.

She resumed her lecture, “Let’s backtrack to the point where Jesus had just fled to the east, and the apostles were all wondering what to do next.”

“At the very beginning of the church of Jerusalem, there was a major schism. Mary Magdalene was to be the true apostle to the apostles. The leader of the church, as appointed to her by Jesus himself. For he had taught her many mysteries, which were omitted to the others.

“But we had a problem, and his name was Peter.”

“Peter was extremely chauvinistic, which was the case with many Jews of that time period. After all, they had been taught that women were second class citizens. To be kept in the outer courts of the temple. While the men prayed inside.”

The Mother chuckled to herself and continued, “Women were meant to be seen and not heard. To raise babies, and run the household. Nothing else. Unfortunately, many parts of planet earth still treat women this way. But that is about to change in a dramatic way.”

“Well, Jesus didn’t have this same attitude. He couldn’t have, if he was to have one of my servants, Mary Magdalene as his bride. So he taught her many secrets from the Father. And she taught him many secrets from me. They were a wonderful pair in the little time that they were together.

“But after Jesus disappeared, there was a power struggle for whom would be the leader of the apostles.”

“Peter, as a man who was usually in charge, liked to think that he was the man chosen by Jesus. Peter had a strong personality, and tended to get his way with many of the other apostles. Philip, as another apostle with a strong personality, wasn’t there to oppose him. Bartholomew and he had already left for Caesarea. Therefore, Peter didn’t have much opposition to his title of ‘apostle to the apostles.’”

“So when it was time for the group to choose a leader, Peter received the most votes. Only Martha, Lazarus, Jesus’ mother Mary, Joseph, and Jesus’ sister’s Mary and Sarah voted for Mary Magdalene. Not one of the other apostles cast their vote for her. All stood by Peter’s side. Therefore, Mary Magdalene’s group left Jerusalem for Bethany. For those in the know of Jesus’ true fate weren’t about to be taught by Peter. And that is how the schisms began.”

The Father piped in, “Notice that all of those who were in the know of the whereabouts of Jesus, all went with Mary Magdalene. This is very important in the history and development of the church. This group led by the Magdalene was one of the two origins of the Gnostic church. The other origin was in Caesarea with Philip and Bartholomew.”

“Yet Mary Magdalene, and her group left the others quietly. While Philip and Bartholomew left with a rather large bang,” added the Mother.

“I’ve been working on his temper for a very long time. I am still working on it,” said the Father with a laugh. He added, “Remember that Philip thought Jesus was dead. And he was very loyal to his friend. He would have stuck up for Jesus, and ended up being arrested himself. Which is another reason why I sent him to Gaza.”

She smiled at him. The Mother of all things knew how much the soul that inhabited the body of Philip had meant to the Father. The same soul that had dwelt within the body of Abraham, had dwelt in Philip. She then looked to her captive audience and said, “Now let’s fast forward to the all-important year of 42AD.”



## Jerusalem, 42 AD

“Nine years after the departure of Jesus from Israel, things began to unravel for the church of Jerusalem,” spoke the Mother of all things.

She continued, “The church had been slowly building from 33 to 42 AD. Gathering a few followers here and there. They had been considered another Jewish sect, such as the Sadducees, Pharisees, and Essenes. This new church was considered the Nazarenes, named after Jesus hometown. In turn, the Nazarenes called it, ‘the way.’

“Yet the Jews weren’t convinced that Jesus was the Messiah, and the Nazarenes attracted few converts from their Jewish brothers and sisters. But the apostles of Jerusalem trudged along preaching the message of Jesus. Telling of his wonderful miracles of healing the sick, helping the poor, raising the dead, and casting out demons.

“Until one day in 42 AD.”

“Peter and James, the son of Zebedee, had been preaching in the streets, the message of Jesus. Many Jews were on hand to hear their message of salvation and redemption. So much so that this caught the attention of the high priests of Israel. Therefore they sent many agitators into the crowd. Agent provocateurs, to stir up trouble for the apostles. A riot ensued, James was killed, and Peter thrown into prison by King Herod. Charged with insurrection, and inciting a riot.”

“Soon after this happened, a messenger went out to the estate of Joseph. Telling him of the events of the day.”

The viewer followed along with the Mother’s story. Showing a man relaying a message to Joseph, who in turn sent that same man to Bethany. To inform the church there.

The Mother was watching the events unfold onscreen. The viewer belonging to the Father, was following instructions from his mind. It was like watching a well-produced movie from Hollywood.

The Mother continued onward, "Joseph had some decision making to do. Things were getting more and more dangerous to be near Jerusalem, and he wasn't about to take any chances with his sister in law, Mary Magdalene, and her three children. They were too important."

"Therefore Joseph traveled to Bethany, to have a talk with Mary, and her family."

The viewer displayed the following scene.

"We've got to get you and your family out of Israel. As we grow in popularity, we become more of a threat to both the high priests, and the Romans," said Joseph.

"But we aren't that popular," said Mary Magdalene. Which was true. Bethany was a small church, not as large as the faithful of Jerusalem. Yet the danger was growing.

"Not yet, but we are growing. And the day will come when the Jews and the Romans will both try to snuff us out. I can't take the chance of my brother's family being in that kind of grave danger," said Joseph.

"But where will we go?" asked Mary Magdalene.

"Caesarea," said Joseph.

"Caesarea? Well that is still in Israel," said Mary Magdalene.

"Yes, but Caesarea is where we can launch from," said Joseph.

"To where?" asked Jesus' mother Mary.

"To southern Gaul," said Joseph.

"Why there?" asked Mary Magdalene.

"There is already a well-represented Jewish community there. We can blend in very easily in that part of the world," said Joseph.

Mary Magdalen and mother Mary were ready to interrupt Joseph. Before they could, he held up a finger into the air and explained himself, "Listen to my plan for a moment before you make judgment upon it."

“In Caesarea lies Philip and Bartholomew. They have a nice church group there. They also teach the same brand of the way that we do. They are nothing like this church in Jerusalem, which is already turning legalistic with its do’s and don’ts.”

Despite Joseph’s warning, Mary Magdalen interrupted, “But no one has heard from either of these apostles since they left Jerusalem.”

Joseph answered with, “I’ve been keeping in touch with Philip for nine years.”

The answer surprised Mary Magdalene, “You have?” she asked Joseph.

“Yes of course. Philip is a good friend of mine. And the Father told me to keep in touch with him. Now may I continue on?” asked Joseph.

“You may,” said Mary Magdalene.

Joseph continued, “As I was saying, Philip has a nice church in Caesarea. It teaches the true way of Jesus. It also allows women as well as men to teach the gospel of the Kingdom. Unlike any other church in Israel, with the exception of our own. They don’t discriminate between the sexes, like Peter and his church does here.”

“And Caesarea is a good place to launch our boat to Gaul. We can slip out of here without anyone noticing our departure. We will take only those who are closest to us. Also in the Caesarean church is Cornelius. He’s a Roman centurion who can help us slip out of Israel. ”

“Are you sure this is the way?” asked mother Mary.

“I’m confident,” answered Joseph.

“Let us sleep on it first. Then we can give you an answer tomorrow,” said Mary Magdalene.

“Don’t wait too long. It’s getting very risky to remain here,” said Joseph.

The viewer then went dark for a moment, and the Mother of all things continued on with the story of the Holy Grail, “And that is how it happened. A

boatload of Jewish refugees left Caesarea for Gaul in 42 AD. Taking the Holy Grail with them.”

“On board were the following. The Apostles Philip and Bartholomew, who had left Cornelius in charge of their church in their absence. Along with them were Lazarus, Maximinus, Sidonius, and Joseph. Mary Magdalene, her sister Martha, Mary, the mother of Jesus, her daughters, Mary and Sarah, and Joana, a friend of Mary Magdalene. Also included were Joseph age 12, and the twins Judah and Sarah aged 10, children of Jesus and Mary Magdalene. Twelve servants of Joseph of Arimathea were also aboard, making the total number of passengers at 27. These disciples of Jesus would be the first to introduce Christianity to Gaul and Britannia. These are those who would change the world, keep the bloodline preserved, and become Rome’s largest threat for centuries to come.”



## Marseilles, Gaul, 42 AD

“Two weeks after setting sail, our little party arrived in Gaul. What is now known as France,” began the Mother of all things.

She continued, “Mary, Philip, Bartholomew, and the others would begin to establish the churches in Gaul, all financed by Joseph. With the disciples being filled with the Holy Spirit, the word of God spread like wildfire. Demons were cast out, the sick were healed, the lame walked, faith was strengthened, and churches were built.

“Unlike what was happening elsewhere, the gospel of the kingdom was preached by men and women alike. Therefore week after week, the numbers grew. They may have been taught differently in Jerusalem, Antioch, Greece, and Rome, but here in Gaul, Mary was bound and determined to teach her doctrine and not the others. That the kingdom of heaven lay within us. And the only thing required was the power of the Holy Spirit come from the Father, or the Mother to achieve the intended results. Belief in the Source of all things to send the Holy Spirit, and then belief in one’s own self for their empowerment.

“Although many that arrived from the boat still practiced the Judaic rituals they grew up with, they didn’t ask the newly converted to do the same. Circumcision was a choice and not a requirement in Gaul.”

“After six months of bringing the Holy Spirit to Gaul, Philip, Bartholomew, Joseph, and his twelve servants ventured on to Britannia. Leaving the other twelve behind in Gaul. Before they left, Philip put Lazarus in charge as Bishop of Gaul. But the true leader of the church in Gaul was Mary Magdalene. It would be her doctrine which would be preached in Gaul, and later on France, for centuries to come. But Lazarus would be put on point, lest Mary Magdalene become a target for Rome.”

The Mother of all things was on a roll. She continued, “Using the same formula used in Gaul, the same success was achieved in Britannia. Many Celts embraced the way of this new faith and the power of the Holy Spirit.

“And then one night while in Britannia, Philip had a dream. He saw an image of the archangel Gabriel, who told him;

"Go to the city of Carthage, which is in Azotus, and drive out the ruler of Satan, for look, he rejoices there like a destroying wolf, which rejoices in the flock that has no shepherd; and after you have driven him out, preach there the Kingdom of Heaven."

“And Philip said to Gabriel: "I go, but let not the Father’s grace be far from me."

The Mother looked at Gabriel, and continued, “The following morning Philip went to Joseph saying,

“I received a message from the archangel to go to Carthage.”

“Bartholomew who was standing nearby, couldn’t help but overhear Philip. “Did I hear correctly that we are to go to Carthage?”

“That’s correct my brother, and Gabriel said that the Lord would put the correct words in our mouths.” Philip closed his eyes for a moment as in deep thought and continued, “It seems to me the Lord is in charge of this whole mission. We are merely his servants.”

“Amen,” agreed Bartholomew.

The Mother decided to put in her two cents on the Holy Grail, and the infamous bloodline that the Father has been speaking of. And what she thought of the whole thing.

She spoke, “The tree of the bloodline had thrived in Gaul. Becoming first the Fisher Kings, then the Merovingian Kings, followed by Charlemagne and the Carolingian Kings. From there it moved on to the Capetian dynasty, and then branching off like a tree into a thousand directions. The bloodline, otherwise known as the Holy Grail by those who would keep it a secret, had not only survived but thrived in the world. Yet, because of the influence of the church, the truth would remain hidden, and Rome’s doctrine would remain.

“Joseph, with the help of Philip and Bartholomew, would go on to establish the first Christian church in Britannia at Glastonbury as had been commanded, and became Britain’s first bishop.

“Lazarus would lead the church in Gaul as its first bishop. While Mary Magdalene secretly ran the church. Due to the safety of her family, she kept a low profile. Yet she would set the doctrine, and remain the driving force behind the church of Gaul. The power behind the throne, so to speak. With her brother Lazarus being the man on point.”

“Maximinus and Sidonius would be entrusted to take care of the Holy family. They would begin a secret group that would keep track of and protect the Holy Bloodline. This secretive group would end up becoming the Order of Zion, which became the Knights Templar in the middle ages. Finally, the Freemasons after the Templars were outlawed by the King of France and the Pope in 1307.

“Philip and Bartholomew would convert Carthage, then appoint Ananias, a converted Jew, to be the Bishop to lead the church there. From Carthage, they strengthened the faithful at Alexandria, Egypt, and then on to Ethiopia to strengthen the faithful who were located there.

“After establishing what would end up being the Celtic church at Brittonia, they would establish what would become the Coptic churches in North Africa. The Evangelist Mark, who would end up spending a good deal of time in North Africa, would get credit as the founder of the Coptic’s, but in reality it was the Apostles Philip and Bartholomew who were the first to establish Christianity on the African continent.

“From Ethiopia, after over two years’ time of being away, Philip and Bartholomew finally reunited with their families at Caesarea in 45 AD. Once he reunited with his wife Deborah, Philip promised he’d never leave her again, and he never did.

“In 50 AD, those two apostles moved on to Asia Minor and would build many churches there. They also built many churches in the region known as Galatia, until Philip would be crucified at Hierapolis in 80 AD. He would live 38 more years after smuggling the royal bloodline out of Israel. Not long after Philip’s death, Bartholomew would be martyred in Armenia. Since they had been children, those

two beloved apostles would never leave each other's sides, spending 75 years of their lives together.

“Those two would never get the credit they deserved from the early church who became too infatuated with Peter, James the Just, and Paul.”

“Numerous times others would question Philip or Bartholomew of the whereabouts of Mary Magdalene and her children. Not trusting the church, nor the authorities of Rome, neither would ever divulge this information. It would remain a secret from their fellow brothers.

“Upon Philip's death, his daughters would go on to carry his message of the Gospel of the Kingdom. They would compile the Gospel of Philip and the Acts of Philip which would later on be rejected by the Church of Rome as heretical. The Gospel of Philip would be the only gospel which would refer Mary Magdalene as Jesus' companion. It would remain the only gospel which told the truth of their relationship of husband and wife. When Philip's daughters passed away, they were buried in Hierapolis with their beloved father.

“Through the works of Peter and Paul in the 1<sup>st</sup> century, and then the Emperor Constantine in the 4<sup>th</sup> century, the Roman church would become the prominent center of Christianity for centuries to come. The false doctrine of Jesus as a virgin would remain. Only those in Gaul, Galatia, Britannia, and North Africa would know the truth.

“Tales would be told of a Holy Grail by the Celts. Descendants of those converted by Philip and Bartholomew. Books would be written using terms like San Graal which stood for a Holy Grail or a cup of Christ which would lead many on a fruitless quest for its riches.

“The truth is that San Graal was a code for Sang Real which meant the royal bloodline. The true cup of Christ was Mary Magdalene and her three children, Joseph, Sarah, and Judah, not the cup used by Jesus at the last supper.

“This secret of the bloodline had always been known dating back to the first century by the earliest apostles. It was kept hidden. Because to reveal the truth would take the power away from a counterfeit doctrine, and give it to the true inheritors, the holy family.

“From the covenant between Abraham and the Father, to provide a Messiah for his people. Through the line of Judah, then King David, to Jesus of Nazareth and beyond, God never forgot the promise he had made to Abraham.

“You’re getting way ahead of yourself my dear,” said the Father with a laugh.

“I learn from the best,” returned the Mother with her own laugh.

“How about we take ourselves a break and return in three hours?” asked the Father.

“Sounds wonderful to me,” said the Mother. Who then instructed the angelic host to take a three hour intermission.



## The Father's Temple

The Mother of all things looked to the man she eternally loved and said, "You handled that rather well. When you spoke of your son."

The Father looked at her with equal love and said, "It wasn't as bad as I thought it would be."

"Was that because you spared his life?" she asked.

"I hadn't planned on doing that. It was only after he asked for the third time, did I grant his request. And yes, it was partly because I spared his life. Even though he was deemed beforehand to be the eternal sacrifice," said the Father.

"Why did you give in to his request?" asked the Mother.

"The same reason I gave in to Abraham. It was their will to do so," answered the Father.

"But it was your will for him to be the Lamb of God. The ultimate sacrifice from you to humanity," said the Mother.

"It was. But their will trumped mine," said the Father.

The Mother of all things thought about the Father's last statement. *How can anyone's will trump the Father of all things? Especially since this plan had been in development for thousands of years? Isaac had been spared because of Abraham. But Jesus had been spared because of the will of Jesus. And not the will of the Father.* She didn't understand his reasoning.

The Father of all things was reading her mind. He knew what was on her mind. He clarified for her, "I spared my son from the cross because he asked me to. His will in the flesh was greater than mine in the spirit."

She began to interrupt and ask another question, but he held up a finger, as if to say, *'let me finish before you ask,'* and then he did so. "Jesus was the first human to achieve Christ consciousness. When he did so, he and I became one. One in mind, one in spirit, one in flesh. But, we weren't completely one. He was in the flesh, and I in spirit. He was the physical representation of myself. I am the

spiritual representation of myself. Therefore, we didn't agree on everything. We weren't completely one. He is an offspring of me. As everyone is. But he moved the closest to me. In mind, spirit, and body."

He continued, "Now as Jesus entered Jerusalem for that final week. We both knew that he would have to be my sacrifice for mankind. To defeat the forces of Lucifer. But when he prayed to me, earnestly asking that this cup pass from him. I answered with another plan. One that will bear fruit very shortly on earth."

She thought for a moment and asked, "And that fruit is myself, is it not?"

"Of course my dear. The true holy grail," he answered.

"But you had to come first didn't you? In order for me to arrive, you had to first blaze a trail," she said.

"A trail of controversy it seems," said the Father.

She smiled at his wit. It had been far too long to have been away from this man. The Mother of all things felt whole when she was around him. A feeling she hadn't felt in eons. She smiled at him again and said, "But your plan was hijacked."

"Temporarily," he said. "Only temporarily." And then he winked at her.

"Shall we resume our lecture to our collective host's?" And speak of this hijacking that you're referring to?" she asked.

He led her to the door of his temple and said, "You first my darling."



## Damascus 45 AD

The Mother of all things looked out at the enormous audience, and began, "To continue on with our lecture. While Philip and Bartholomew was smuggling the Holy Grail to Gaul, two important events were taking place in the middle east."

"Firstly, Jesus passed away in the region known as Kashmir. Finally succumbing to the wounds he received while being flogged in Jerusalem 12 years prior. The beating was so intense that Jesus of Nazareth never quite fully recovered from them. Broken bones, torn flesh, muscles, and infections from those various wounds to his back side. Jesus was never physically the same man after that critical beating received at the hands of the Romans.

"Pontius Pilate had Jesus mutilated. And he never had need of it. He just wanted to make a statement to all the revolutionaries in Israel. Pilate made an example of Jesus of Nazareth. And by doing so built up for himself and his empire a tremendous amount of karma, which will soon have to be paid."

"Jesus' deceased body was then transported by those closest to him to Gaul. For he knew where his wife and family were, and he told his friends in Kashmir of their whereabouts. He had secretly watched them launch the boat from Caesarea. Jesus had been standing on a hilltop watching Philip and Bartholomew rescue his wife and children from the oncoming forces which were to come. Watching his children, his bloodline, be taken away to foreign soil. And there was nothing he could do about it. He had taken an oath to his brother Joseph, and he was duty bound by it. Part of the agreement was there to be no contact with his family, lest their entire family be crucified for it."

The Father was once again shedding another tear. One of many that has arisen since this sermon began. The mother of all things noticed this, and took a moment before she spoke, "He knew he couldn't go with them. Although in his heart of hearts, that is where he wanted to be. With those whom loved him the most. His most trusted friends and family. His earthly inner circle."

“When the body of Jesus arrived at Marseilles, it was then taken to his wife Mary Magdalene. She then had the body of her husband hidden in the Pyrenees Mountains, where it remains to this day. A secret which has been guarded for nearly two thousand years. The son of man was never put into a tomb in Israel. He was put in a cave in Gaul. It was then sealed shut, guarded by one of the Father’s Seraphim. Only to be discovered at the appropriate time. And not one day sooner.”

“But it will be discovered soon,” the Father chimed in.

The Mother smiled at him. The Father was full of secrets, and liked to use them as teasers. This has been a habit of his for eternity. She then continued, “Secondly, a man named Saul had a spiritual experience that would change him, and western civilization.”

The Father spoke again, “Mind if I tell the next part of the story?”

“Not at all my love,” she answered.

He cleared his throat, and then continued forward in her stead, “My son had just passed away from that world to this one. I welcomed him home, and led him to his holy seat. This was the image that King David had seen one thousand years prior. I said to my son, ‘sit at my right hand while I make your enemies my footstool.’”

“Jesus settled into his throne, and became comfortable with his status in the Kingdom of Heaven. He joined Adam, Noah, Abraham, Moses, Samuel, David, Elijah, Amos, Isaiah, Jeremiah, Daniel, Zechariah, and the others in the council of the twenty four elders.”

At the mention of the twenty four elders, the heavenly host all bowed their heads. They all knew who the twenty four were, each of them a sacred name in the Kingdom of Heaven. All had paid the ultimate price on earth, and then had shared in their eternal glory in heaven. Each had sacrificed themselves for the Father of all things. And in return, the Father had declared each to be given the crown of eternal life. The ultimate reward given in heaven.

The Father allowed the heavenly host to pay their respects, and then continued, “But it wasn’t long after that Jesus noticed that there was a man down

on earth who was terrorizing his new found church. This man was known as Saul from Tarsus.”

“Saul had been arresting these newly converted ‘Christians,’ as they were being called. Throwing them in prison, and charging them with blasphemy and insurrection, amongst other things. He had been on his way to Damascus to round up some more of these Christians when the incident happened which changed his life, and western civilization.”

The Father looked up at the red haired image of Saul being displayed on the giant viewer. He muttered to himself, “This man sure made a mess of things.”

He continued, “Saul was on his way to round up some of these Christians, when he saw a bright light ahead of him. It was so bright that it temporarily blinded him for three days.”

“Saul was knocked off of his horse, hit his head, and lost consciousness. While he was unconscious, he saw a vision of Jesus. Now look to the viewer and witness what was spoken between Jesus and Saul.”

The viewer as instructed, displayed Jesus and Saul having a conversation.

Jesus spoke first, “Saul, Saul, why do you persecute me?”

“Who are you,” asked Saul.

“I am Jesus whom you persecute,” answered Jesus.

“What will you have me to do Lord?” asked Saul.

“Arise, and go unto the city. There you will receive your instructions. And persecute me no more,” said Jesus.

The Father looked from the viewer and back to his angelic host. He continued the story, “Saul did receive his instructions from Jesus. He was told his name was changed to Paul. And that he was to help build the church of Jesus.”

“Now I bring this story up about Paul for a reason, and here it is.”

“This was Jesus and Paul’s only face to face meeting. Paul never travelled with Jesus as the others had, while Jesus was in the flesh. He never spent three and half years with Jesus, as Philip and Andrew had. Jesus’ first two apostles.

“So Paul never knew Jesus while he was in the physical realm. His only encounter with Jesus occurred while Jesus was in the spiritual world. So that was Paul’s only experience with my son. I keep repeating this because I strongly want to emphasize the point. This is very important in understanding the history of the church.”

The Father once again was looking at the image of Paul onscreen. He shook his head and repeated, “He sure made a mess of things.”

The Father continued on his sermon about Paul, “This self-proclaimed apostle known as Paul began to teach a different Jesus than those whom knew my son while he was in the flesh. He took the human aspect out of Jesus, and turned him into a God. Something Jesus never asked for, nor wished to be. It would have went against his humility to declare himself to be one. For he knew that we all have one Father, myself. And one God, the deity who declared himself to Abraham, and shown himself to Moses. Once again myself.”

“Yet you really can’t blame Paul for any of this. He did his best with what he had to work with. He saw a spiritual version of Jesus, and that is how he described him in his letters to the churches. Letters which would in turn be incorporated into the Holy Scriptures. And end up becoming the gospel for many generations.”

The Father pressed onward, “So in one generation after the crucifixion, we had differing versions of Jesus, and his church. ‘The way,’ which Jesus spoke of, turned into a far different religion that anything that he could have possibly imagined.”

“We had a church based in Jerusalem led by Jesus’ brother James. The apostle whom history would call ‘James the Just.’ Apostle number nine in our list of the twelve.

“James, along with his brothers, Simon the Zealot, and Jude, apostles numbered ten and eleven, would lead this church in Jerusalem. They had help from others who had joined shortly after 33 AD. Along with them was apostle number seven, Matthew. Who would write the gospel that the Christians in

Jerusalem would adhere to. Matthew's gospel would be the story that the church of Jerusalem would cling itself to. It would be their guideline. It was a wonderful gospel, telling the life of Jesus. It contained the Sermon on the Mount, and the Olivet discourse."

The Father resumed, "These Christians based in Jerusalem would still follow Jewish laws and observances. All the holidays and rituals of Jewish life would still matter to these disciples. It was a Jewish based Christianity. Taking the teachings of Jesus, and mixing them with the laws of Moses. Many of the early followers of Jesus followed this path. As a matter of fact, most of them did before eventually branching off to other parts of the world to preach the gospel.

"The church in Jerusalem looked at Jesus not as a God, but as a man whom was a great teacher and prophet. An example for others to follow."

"This church would last until the year 70 AD. The year that Rome overthrew Jerusalem, and scattered the Jews, along with the Jewish Christians, to the four winds. When Jerusalem fell, so did the Jerusalem church. And with it, the Jewish version of Christianity. A remnant would remain to this present day. But this remnant has never had the influence that the early church of Jerusalem had."

"Jewish Christianity perished in the flames of Jerusalem in 70AD by the Roman torch.

The Father looked to the viewer to see the temple in flames. A tear welled up in his eye while he spoke, "It was a sad sight to see. The entire city, along with its holy places up in flames, as the Romans stormed the walls of that eternal city. The Jews that had resisted were either killed, or sold into slavery. It was the end of an era of Judaism. The children of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob were now a people without a homeland. The age of the wandering Jew was thus born."

"What a pity, it needn't had happened," said the Father, wiping away a tear.

He took a moment to gather himself and continued, "Jewish Christianity, which was the dominating form of the followers of Jesus during the first forty years after the crucifixion, would turn into a distant memory. Everything changed with the destruction of Jerusalem."

“Meanwhile, after 60 AD, the Roman form of Christianity was flourishing. The followers of first Peter, and then Paul were growing. This was a far different form of Christianity than the Jewish church.”

“The Roman church was the church of the gentiles. No longer following any of the Jewish laws and observances. Not recognizing any of the old Jewish holidays laid down by Moses. The Church of Rome was mixing paganism in with the teachings of Jesus. Incorporating their many gods into the one God. I will get into more of that later.”

The Father looked up to the viewer onscreen and saw the images of Peter and Paul, side by side. He shook his head, and changed the subject to another apostle, “Meanwhile, many of the true followers of the message were either in Gaul with Mary Magdalene, or in what was then known as Galatia, a region bordering Greece and Asia Minor, or modern day Turkey.”

“There was a smattering of true followers of ‘the way’ in spots like Alexandria, Egypt, and Carthage. A few dozen in Ethiopia. Some in India, where Thomas was teaching the message. Some in Caesarea where Philip had built his church. Some more in Britannia where Joseph was teaching. But it would be in Galatia and Gaul that the majority of the true message of ‘the way’ was followed. These were taught by those whom were the closest to Jesus, and they practiced his message the same way that he did. Teaching that the kingdom of heaven was within each and every one of my children. And that if each of his followers followed the same path that he did, that kingdom would be rightfully theirs.

“The true message was being preached by Mary Magdalene, and Lazarus in Gaul. And by Philip, and Bartholomew in Galatia. For those two apostles had left Caesarea in 50 AD, and had settled in the Galatian region. To preach the gospel of the kingdom.”

The Father looked upon Philip and Bartholomew’s images onscreen and spoke, “This is very important in our quest for the grail. Apostles numbered five and six, would lay down the foundation for a group that would later on be known as the Bogomils. A group which would later be associated with the group known in the Middle Ages as the Cathars. But once again, I’m getting ahead of myself.”

“It’s good to know that I’m not the only one capable of doing that,” joked the Mother of all things.

The Father looked at her, smiled, and continued on, “So basically around the years of 65 to 75 AD, we had three divisions of Christianity. One generation after the week which would change everything, we already had a very split church.”

“On the one hand, we had Jewish Christianity based out of Jerusalem. Led by James the Just, and his brothers. Then we had the Roman form of Christianity, led by Peter and Paul. Finally, we had the Gnostic branch of Christianity, led by Mary Magdalene in Gaul, and Philip in Galatia.”

“Not forty years after the crucifixion. We had ourselves a much divided church. From there, it would only get worse.”

“But they all had one thing in common. Each of these churches of Jesus was being persecuted, on a grand scale.



## Rome and Jerusalem, 64-70 AD

The Father looked at the Mother, smiled and asked, “Mind if I cover this part? And then you can take over afterwards?”

“Sure. I know you had a hand in this next section of the story anyway,” she answered, with her usual wink.

The Father smiled at her. She intrinsically knew his every vibratory thought. Once again he reminded himself how good it was to have her around. He had felt vulnerable all those years without her. He needed her presence above all things. She balanced him in every facet of his being.

He allowed his mind to wander for a moment. To contemplate the existence of the Mother of all things, and himself.

He thought about the gross misperception that the Galaxy had of them. Of this all knowing, all seeing, creators of all things. Which was all true of course. But that description didn't cover the human aspect of the Mother and Father of all things. That by their very essence, they were human beings. Advanced highly evolved humans to be sure. Nevertheless, they were human. The architects of all human feelings and emotions. Together they compromised themselves of the complete human being.

*All feelings and emotions. Which included guilt. Which included the feeling of Abraham's loneliness.*

He didn't allow his mind to drift for too long. He had a story to tell. Scanning the audience of the faithful host, the Father resumed their story, “Between the years of 64 to 70 AD, two events happened which would change human history on planet earth. Therefore, I think it's important to cover both of these dramatic occurrences.”

“On the evening of July 19<sup>th</sup>, 64 AD, in the sweltering heat, a massive fire broke out in Rome near the area that is known as the Circus Maximus. Known in history as ‘The Great Fire of Rome.’ An inferno that was so vast, that it engulfed ten of the fourteen districts of the capitol of the Roman Empire. Displacing

hundreds of thousands of people. It would take years for the city to recover. But once it did, it turned itself into the marble and stone city that Nero envisioned.”

“This rapid moving fire lasted for six days, was briefly controlled, and then went on to burn for another three days further. The flames seemed to have a mind of their own, moving this way and that. Burning hotter and higher, looking for new oxygen to fuel its lust for destruction.”

“The fire brigades would set up a barricade in an attempt to control the flames, only to watch helplessly as the hungry flames would overrun all attempts to contain her. It seemed as if the flames of hell itself had been set loose on Rome.”

“Those fire brigades also ran into resistance. The early first responders ran into armed gangs, disabling the fire fighters from any progress of neutralizing the flames. Arsonists, who were hell bent on the destruction of the capitol of the Roman Empire. Effectively blocking any chance of containment.”

The Father looked up at the viewer displaying a burning Rome at the zenith of the catastrophe. A horrific sight. The flames seemed to reach for the skies. It showed the temple of the vestal virgins completely engulfed. The forum in ruins. People screaming, and running for their lives. Many lay dead, burnt to a crisp.

The Father looked away from the awful scene and continued, “There is widespread speculation as to the cause of the blaze. Many Romans blamed Nero, and there is good cause of this.”

“Nero Caesar had been trying to convince the Senate for years to rebuild a good majority of Rome. Earnestly trying to turn its many wooden structures to marble and stone. The same types of material that the elite reside in. Nero had plans for the renovation for the majority of the city. Not just new palaces for himself, but new structures for its many shops and housing. It was an old city, and Caesar knew that renovations would create much employment for the underclass of Rome.

“Yet the Senate held firm in its opposition to Nero’s rebuilding efforts. They preferred things just the way they were. Meeting in their forum, and discussing ideas which would undermine their Caesar. Rightfully believing that Nero was a tyrant, they challenged his authority at every turn. The Senate knew that the

restructuring of Rome was dear to Nero's heart. And they denied him his wish of rebuilding that eternal city.

"So when the flames began at Circus Maximus, and then turned toward the Senate's forum, the people believed that Nero was striking at the heart of Senatorial rule. By taking away the very place where they made their plots to undermine him."

The Father paused, cleared his throat, and resumed, "So the Roman populace, and the Roman Senate believed that Nero had motive to set their city to the torch."

"But the flames also engulfed Caesar's palace. So why would Nero want to burn his own estate? It made no sense."

"The truth is that Nero did not set fire to the city. He was elsewhere at the time of the burning. In Antium, at his coastal estate. He was there to escape the sweltering heat of mid-July. And the cooler breezes off the Mediterranean were a welcome relief to him. But when he heard the news of the great fire, he set off at once with break neck speed for Rome."

"When Caesar arrived, he immediately put himself in charge of the fire brigades. Working feverishly around the clock to try and quell the onslaught of what seemed like hell itself. He also helped, housed, and fed thousands of refugees who were fleeing the flames. Every available resource at his disposal was utilized by him in his attempt to neutralize the fire. The saying 'Nero fiddled whilst Rome burned' was a myth propagated by the Senatorial class. Namely, historian writers who would write of this tragedy a generation later. After Nero was long dead, and the aristocratic writer's memory remaining bitter of him. The history of the fire of Rome was based on political fiction."

The Father thought of the memory of Nero, and resumed his story, "Truth be told, Nero did not start the fire of Rome. It was the Christians who were the guilty party."

Shock from the audience of the angelic host. Many of the angels expressed a collective gasp at this new found revelation. Although there were a few angels in Rome at the time of the fire. And knew the truth. Many of the host were elsewhere, and attending to other matters of the spirit.

The Father, satisfied that he had their full attention, resumed his story of Rome, “It is true, the followers of Jesus set fire to Rome. And now I will tell you what led them to that grave act which sealed their doom, and led their way to centuries of persecution.”

“The Christians in Rome were a newfound religion. Many of the followers of this faith were from the eastern Mediterranean area. Most of them were of Jewish descent, but not all. Of these Christians, some of them were zealots. Many believed in the downfall of Rome, and the eternal reign of their new messiah that they were preaching of.

“So how did they come about this belief in Rome’s doom? It’s simple. No less than five prophecies were circulating at the time, describing the downfall of the empire, and the lifting up of the messiah. This downfall would be precipitated by the burning of the city.

“In those prophecies, Babylon was the code word used for Rome. This was done, so that the people of Rome had no idea what the Christians were talking about. So those whom were prophesying at the time, were describing the fall of Babylon, when they were actually talking of Rome. The prophecies had been circulating for two decades before the fire broke out. Stirring up the zealots of Christianity.

“The Christians in Rome saw the empire as a decadent, and morally corrupt way of life. That the Romans had abused the power given to them. They had stolen the wealth of the world, and used it to enslave entire nations. Creating a military industrial complex to defeat nations such as their Judean homeland.

“Meanwhile, pagan Rome looked upon these Christians as a peculiar lot. Only believing in one God. A God who was a carpenter from Nazareth that was crucified in Jerusalem, didn’t quite fit in with Rome’s philosophies, which believed in numerous gods.

“The Christian sect set themselves apart from the rest of the Romans. They refused to bow down to Caesar, or any other god. They didn’t partake in the circus, nor any of the games that the Romans enjoyed. Their lifestyle, and that of the Romans didn’t mesh well. The Christians lived in Rome, but weren’t of Rome.

“Yet the Christian message of salvation appealed to many of the Roman underclass. In the twenty years of Christians living in Rome, their numbers multiplied.”

The Father looked at the image of the star of Sirius onscreen, and resumed his lecture on history, “There had been a prophecy began in Egypt, a long time before Rome was even a small village. Centuries before Romulus would establish his city of seven hills. This prophecy stated that ‘the great evil city would be extinguished by flames on the day that the Dog Star rises.’”

“The Dog Star meaning my own star of Sirius,” interrupted the Mother of all things.

“Yes,” replied the Father. “And on July 19<sup>th</sup>, 64 AD, Sirius rose in the sky for the first time that year. It was the sign for the Christians to strike, and fulfill prophecy.”

“July 19<sup>th</sup> was also the perfect date for them. Because exactly 400 years prior, on that same date, Rome had suffered from its worst fire up to that point in time.”

“So the Christians struck on the night of the 19<sup>th</sup> of July. Setting fire to the Circus Maximus, the Forum, and various other locations at the same time. They left nothing for chance, creating arson in twelve different locations. As I stated previously, when the fire brigades showed up, they were met by Christians who impeded their progress.

“After nine days, the fire subsided, and was eventually put out.”

The Father paused for a moment, collecting his thoughts, and continued, “The Roman population, led by the Senate, blamed Nero. After all, they reasoned, it was primarily his enemy’s estates that were burnt to the ground.”

“Nero knew what the people were thinking, and had to act quickly. He knew that if blame fell to him, he would be deposed of his rule. So he sent out his personal investigators to find out what happened. It didn’t take long for them to come back to Caesar and inform him of their findings. He was repeatedly told that it was the Christians who set fire to their city.

“As Nero learned of the true events that led to the great fire of Rome, his anger turned into rage. Immediately, he rounded up as many of these Christians that he was able to. He would make an example of them.

“Thousands were thrown into prisons, as Nero decided their collective fate. After torturing many into confession, he made his decision. Then he performed the following on them.

- “1. He covered some with animal skins, and fed them to the wild beasts.
2. He nailed some to the cross, and then set them on fire.
3. He impaled some, setting fire to them to be used as torch lamps for the evening.
4. He roasted many over a slow burning fire.
5. Some were beaten to death.
6. Many were beheaded.

“And many other various tortures were inflicted upon the Christian faithful.”

The viewer showed image after image of Christians dying in the most excruciating ways. It was a parade of horrific images on display from the enormous sized viewer. And extremely difficult for the angelic host to witness. Many turned their heads away from this evil. Not wanting to focus their minds on this extreme form of negativity.

The Father resumed, “This was the first wave of persecutions against the Christian church via the Romans, but certainly not the last. The great fire of Rome would make the Christian movement public enemy number one in the empire for many generations. The persecution would go on for another 250 years. Creating many martyrs, and effectively driving the Church of Rome underground.”

“We shall get back to the evolution of the Christian movement in Rome, but let us now talk of the second event which shaped history.”

“In 66 AD, the entire region of the Galilee, Samaria, and Judea was a hotbed for religious fanaticism. Zealots, spurred on by the Essenes and the prophets, were tired of Roman occupation. And fed up with its heavy handed rule. But this was all quelled by the Roman boot, until one incident ignited an uprising which had serious and long lasting consequences.”

“A Roman soldier had tried to set fire to the holy Temple. He didn’t have orders to do so. He was just a troublemaker, who was filled with hatred towards the Jews. So he imagined he would strike at the heart of their nation. The Temple itself.

“When the temple guards, along with the zealots found out about this abomination, they attacked the Roman legion which was stationed in Jerusalem. Thus killing many, and driving the rest of the legionnaires out of the city, and eventually the country.

“Their liberation would be very short lived.”

“The Roman general Vespasian would lead four legions to stamp out this insurrection. The Romans felt that an example must be made of the Jews, lest further uprisings spring up along the empire. So Rome sent twenty thousand of its finest soldiers to annihilate this opposition.

“The Galilean region was especially troublesome to the Romans, therefore they struck there first. City after city were put to the torch in the Galilee. No mercy shown, no quarter given. Thousands were slaughtered in the most brutal of ways. The zealots were specifically targeted. Vespasian lined the roads with crucified zealots. To let the local populace know who was the master, and who was slave.”

“The Romans also wanted Jerusalem to know what lie in wait for them. They wanted the elders of Israel to know that they had made a grave mistake by attacking the Roman garrison of Jerusalem.”

The Father looked at the viewer which displayed thousands of crucified Jews. Martyrs for their faith. Believers who refused to live under Roman rule. He thought about those dark days of Israel, and continued onward with his sermon, “Once the Romans were through terrorizing the Galilee, they proceeded southward to the area of Qumran, and the Dead Sea.”

“The reason they went to Qumran before Jerusalem was because the Romans perceived that these Essenes of Qumran were the instigators in this Jewish uprising. They were half correct.

“It is true that the Essenes were fanning the flames of revolution. But the main culprit of Jewish zealotry were the prophets. The latest prophets being John the Baptist, and Jesus. Both of whom spoke of the downfall of both Jerusalem, and Rome. And the beginning of a new age of Israel led by the anointed one. Basically the same message that many prophets had spoken of down through the centuries. The destruction of this world, in favor of a newer and better one. Led by the chosen one.

“The chosen one being the Holy Grail,” added the Mother.

The Father once again smiled at her and continued, “Yes my love. The Holy Grail. The anointed one.”

He resumed, “The zealots, were Jewish extremists who believed that only the God of Abraham was entitled to rule the nation of greater Israel. Neither the high priests, nor any foreign occupier was allowed. Only the God of Abraham, through the laws of Moses, was rightfully their king. And this Roman occupation had been an abomination to the zealots for over 120 years. It was time to strike.

“Therefore, the zealots had been agitators to the Romans for generations. They weren’t about to wait for prophecy to be fulfilled. They were going to usher in the Messianic age themselves. And with the latest preaching’s of John the Baptist and Jesus fresh in their ears, the time for a rebellion was ripe.”

“It didn’t have to happen, yet it did. I allowed the passion of the zealots, and the sacking of Jerusalem was the end result of that. The destruction of the Temple, as John and Jesus both had prophesied.”

The Father thought about the Essenes. Keepers of sacred scriptures, and the writings of the prophets. Teachers of the zealots. He said, “After sacking the region of Galilee, the Romans dealt the Essenes a lethal blow at Qumran. But before they did, the Essenes buried their sacred scriptures in the caves around that particular area. These scriptures would be found in the 20<sup>th</sup> century AD. They

will forever be known as the Dead Sea Scrolls. The Essenes may have perished, but their words live on forever.”

“Once Qumran was destroyed, the Romans finally turned their attention to the capital of Israel, Jerusalem. The heart of the Jewish nation.”

“The Romans threw the full weight of four legions at Jerusalem. After a lengthy siege, Jerusalem fell. And when it did, the Romans put the city of David to the torch. As Jesus had said, ‘they didn’t leave one stone left upon another’ when they were through. No less than one hundred thousand Jewish souls were massacred in the taking of the city. A holocaust of blood, the Romans slew young and old, male and female alike. Their swords didn’t discriminate between the righteous and the unrighteous.

“The Romans made the Jews an example for the rest of the world to see what happens when one rises up against Rome.”

“The remaining Jews who survived the massacre were sold into slavery, and scattered to the four winds. The sons of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob were no longer allowed to live in their homeland. They wouldn’t return en force and become a country again until 1948 AD. For 1878 years, the Jews would be a people without a country. Unwelcome strangers in strange lands.

“They would not fare well in their new homelands.”

“That is the greatest understatement of all time,” added the Mother of all things.

He looked at her. Only seeing the beauty and majesty of her presence. He smiled and asked, “Would you like to take over for a while my dear?”

“Certainly, my love. Should I tell them about the treasure?” she asked.

“Oh please do,” he said with a wink.

Then she picked up where he left off, “Before the Romans sacked the city of Jerusalem, the high priests of Israel were very busy. Very busy indeed. They had been busy for months.”

“When the Jews originally threw out the Roman garrison of Jerusalem, the high priests knew the Romans would be back. With massive reinforcements.

Therefore they began placing valuable religious objects underneath the great temple. In man-made caves originally excavated by King Solomon. Among these sacred items were the Ark of the Covenant, and the breast plate of the high priest. These two items would have to be buried together.

“And the reason for that is because the breast plate, with its twelve jewels, was used to activate the Ark of the Covenant. The high priest would know the sequence of which stones to push in order to activate the Ark. It was a secret handed down through the ages.”

“Other items were buried as well. But the most important was the Ark of the Covenant, and the breast plate of the high priest. This treasure would remain buried for over a thousand years.”

“But many other items were not buried. After all, the Romans knew that the Temple contained many treasures. The high priests would have to hand over many sacred items which were dear to their hearts. They had to leave many objects in the temple to make their story believable that the entire treasure was located within the temple. Which was false. About a third of the treasure was buried deep under Jerusalem. Two thirds was left for the Romans to take.”

“Among the items that weren’t buried included the sacred Menorah, the Visionary Table, and the Mercy Seat.”

“So in effect we had two different treasures in Jerusalem,” added the Father.

“Indeed. Which is extremely important information in our story of the grail,” said the Mother.

She continued, “So before the Romans put Jerusalem to the torch, they carted off two thirds of Jerusalem’s treasure. The other third was buried deep under the city. The plans of the high priests worked. The Ark of the Covenant and the breast plate of the high priests were saved from the Romans.”

“One of those priests was a man named Nicodemus. In fact, he was the only priest who knew the location of the Ark to have survived the Roman onslaught. The secret of the Ark of the Covenant lie solely with him. The other priests had all

been massacred. If it wasn't for divine intervention, Nicodemus would have perished as well.

“With the help of our Father, and some members of his angelic host. Nicodemus survived the invasion, fled to Gaul, and found his long lost friend, Lazarus. And then told him of the great secret of the location of the Ark of the Covenant, and the breast plate of the high priest. Along with the other valuable treasures buried. These two, along with a couple others, would begin a group which would eventually lead up to the organization known as the Order of Zion. This order would evolve into the Knights Templar. The order which would end up locating the buried treasure hidden beneath the Temple Mount in Jerusalem.”

“But once again, I am getting ahead of myself.”

The Father laughed and said, “It's good to know I'm not the only being capable of doing that.”

She winked at him, and continued her story, “So as the Father pointed out, we now have two treasures. One that was taken by the Romans, and the other which was buried deep under the temple.”

“We will get back to those treasures in a while, but first let us talk of Mary Magdalene, and what happened in Gaul after the Holy Grail arrived there.”



## 85 AD, Gaul

The Mother resumed her teachings, “Forty three years after arriving in Gaul, my messenger, Mary Magdalene, passed away from that side to this one. But before she did, she left quite the impression upon the new Christian community that she had helped prop up. A community which would last more than a thousand years after her physical death.”

“Even though her brother Lazarus was the official bishop of the church of Gaul, it was Mary Magdalene who led the flock. Teaching all that I had told her, and combined with what her husband had taught her. It was her who led this congregation which would create so much mystery on the planet.

“She taught them a far different form of Christianity than what was being taught in Rome. Mary Magdalene taught the faithful in Gaul about myself, the divine Mother of all things. About how love conquers all. And that we are all one.

“Mary taught that the kingdom of heaven lies within each and every one of the Source’s creation. She taught this without fail.”

“Mary taught the truth,” added the Father.

“She did,” agreed the Mother. She then continued, “Mary Magdalene taught of a divine spark which lie within us all. That with the proper training and discipline, each member of her following could connect with its own higher power. And that all of us, without fail, eventually will. In the region of the spirit, where this is no such thing as ‘time,’ it has already happened.”

“She taught that we are all children of the living God, and therefore living Gods ourselves. And that we are to worship no one, with the exception of the Creator of all things. And that priests and bishops are not needed as intermediaries.”

“Unlike what was going on elsewhere, Mary Magdalene taught that we had a direct connection with the divine. That no middle men was needed. That we were all here to heal the darkness which had plagued the planet for so long. That there was an evil power which had created this world, and that we as divine beings of

light, were here to take that power away from this evil. She named this evil source as “Rex Mundi.”

Another collective gasp from the audience. They all knew whom the being known as Rex Mundi was. An extremely powerful being known in the kingdom of heaven as “the usurper.” Also, “the deceiver.” The angelic host had had many dealings with this Rex Mundi character in the past. For him to show up on planet earth was no surprise to many in the audience. They knew he would rear his ugly head sooner or later. The heavenly host had heard the term used before in this sermon, but it hadn’t quite sunk in. After the name was thrown out there a second time, the host knew that REX MUNDI was indeed their enemy on planet earth. And with that knowledge, the angelic host knew they had their hands full.

The Mother resumed, “Needless to say, the teachings of the Magdalene were a complete contradiction with most of the Christian world at the time. The only exceptions being the followers of Philip and Bartholomew, located in Galatia. Like the followers of Gaul, these believers were also of the Gnostic variety of Christianity. More will be discussed about these Christians later.

“One of the many things that can be attributed to my beloved Mary Magdalene was the creation of a book. A mysterious gospel which will forever be known as the “Book of Love.”

“In this gospel, Mary taught the truth of what really happened during the life of Jesus. She did this knowing that sooner or later, a false gospel would be spread throughout the Christian community. And she wanted the truth written down for the sake of future generations. She wanted the truth to be recorded for posterity.

“Therefore, she began her book. Telling first the gospel of the events of the life of Jesus, and then writing down all his teachings. Once she had finished all of this, she then went on to teach things which were spoken of by me to her in the whisperings of the night.

“Teachings of the spirit given to her via dreams, and trances. Visions she had received through her third eye. For Mary Magdalene was a highly developed soul chosen specifically for this mission. She possessed many spiritual gifts before she incarnated into that lifetime. Those gifts were greatly enhanced by spending time with Jesus of Nazareth. Adding to those gifts were messages received by me. So

that by the time she passed on to this world, she was perhaps the most spiritual person on the planet.

“The gifts she learned were all included into that wonderful book.”

The Mother studied the image of the Magdalene onscreen the large viewer. She reflected on one of her most trusted messengers. How in many previous lives, the Magdalene had been a great service to her. Always faithful, always healing, always teaching. The Mother of all things looked back upon her audience, and resumed her teachings, “Mary wrote many secrets in her book of love. One of them was of secret bloodlines which has begun a long time ago. The bloodline begun by the Atlanteans of Osiris and Isis. Also the bloodline begun by the Hebrews of Adam and Eve.”

“In these bloodlines lie a far different DNA strand than in your average every day humans whom reside on the planet. A whole different form of human blood inhabited these special humans of the chosen bloodlines. All registering the same A positive blood type. And when these bloodlines converged, as was the case of Abraham and Hagar, along with Jesus and Mary Magdalene, then a whole new strain developed within that particular family tree. This strain would change the course of human history. Time and time again.”

“This bloodline also introduced a new species of human being to the cosmos. It was as if an entire new human had been created. Which it had. It would be out of this species of humanity that I will eventually incarnate myself into the human family.”

Once again the angelic host, especially the Sirian host was taken by surprise. They couldn't possibly fathom the Mother of all things becoming flesh and blood. It was too far beyond their imagination to conceive of this idea of their creator to become a human being. The Sirian host was in total amazement. Yet the heavenly host of the Father wasn't as surprised. They had seen their Father of all things do exactly the same thing in the life of Jesus of Nazareth. It had been hinted at that she would become flesh, but here she was now, proclaiming it for all to hear.

The Mother of all things picked up on their surprise. She felt amused that they couldn't imagine her becoming a daughter of the human family. She felt she

needed to explain herself to them. She began doing so, "Let me explain something to this audience that needs clarifying."

"When Jesus of Nazareth took the form of human flesh, it was the first time that particular soul had done so. The first time that soul had left the Father of all things. Therefore, Jesus wasn't far removed from his source. He had no experience being a human being, and no karma built up from those experiences. He had left a pure form of the Father's energy, and became flesh for the first time in his existence.

"It will be the same when I become flesh. I will take a pure form of my own energy, and become a flesh and blood human being. A part of my soul which has never seen the form of flesh before will become the chosen one. The anointed one which has been foreseen by so many prophets of old.

"I will become flesh so that the planet can ascend into the golden age of Gaia. My birth will be announced by a sign in the sky. And they shall call me, 'Immanuella.'"

The Mother of all things had the full attention of the angelic host as she issued one prophecy after another.

She continued, "Myself as Immanuella will achieve Christ consciousness at the age of five. And be declared queen of the world by the age of seven. Needless to say, it won't take her long to begin lifting humanity up to its golden heights of evolution."

"But I'm getting off track, and I need not stray far from Mary Magdalene for the moment. I'll get back to Immanuella later."

She smiled at herself. Like the Father of all things, she was quite capable of going off in various tangents. She winked at him and resumed her teachings, "Mary wrote her book, with all her beloved teachings. She then handed it around to other members of her family. Of those members, Lazarus, and Martha also added their two cents worth."

"When Mary Magdalene passed on and returned to me, her book became the possession of the next generation of believers in Gaul. Scriptures from Jesus' earliest apostles, which would end up becoming the Cathar bible more than one

thousand years later. Each generation would add to this wonderful manuscript. Telling the history of the early church of Gaul.”

“Besides telling the early history of the church of Gaul, the believers would also chart the holy royal family of Jesus and Mary Magdalene. Like a family tree, recording its every branch. They did this because they knew of the prophecy that out of this family tree, the anointed one will be born. And they wanted to be ready for that event.

“This book became the most sacred treasure of the church of Gaul. It would be a manuscript which the Church of Rome would kill for, more than a thousand years later.”

“Mary began her book because she knew that the message of Jesus would be hijacked by the enemy. That they would take his teachings, and twisting them around, steal his message from the faithful. They would do everything in their power to separate the Source from its creation. To remove any connection that I or the Father had with the believers. They did this by placing themselves in between us and our creation. But that will all soon come to an end.”

“Allow me to fast forward more than two centuries when the Christian Church made a dramatic turn. When one type of church entered into a dark tunnel, and another type of church exited it. A time of many changes.



## Nicaea, 325 AD

The Mother continued on with her presentation, “Much happened in the history of the church between the years of 68 to 325 AD. It can be described as a transition period from one type of faith to another. From an age of the apostles, to one of organized religion, complete with bishops, cardinals, and popes. From a localized spiritual movement, to one of widespread global beliefs, and legalistic do’s and don’ts. Many schisms abounded, with various divisions within the church. As the Christian church expanded, so did its beliefs. The spiritual movement spread like wildfire. As it did, it incorporated many of the local pagan beliefs of the area where Christianity spread to.”

“Beginning in 68 AD, a new family of Caesars would take the throne in Rome. This family, known as the Flavians, would change everything in regards to Rome and Christianity. Allow me to explain how they accomplished this.

“The Julio-Claudian Caesars were deposed when the Senate removed Nero in 68 AD. He was replaced with the man who was currently attacking and subduing the Galilee and Judea, Roman General Vespasian. Creating a whole new line of Caesars. A new dynasty. This line would last through Vespasian, Titus, and Domitian.

“While Vespasian was assaulting the Galilee, he captured the Jewish general who was defending that region. A man by the name of Josephus. Instead of killing Josephus, Vespasian thought it better to keep him, and use him as his chronicler of the events which would happen in the subjugation of Judea. To use Josephus as a Roman propagandist against the Jews. Josephus complied, and he would later write two volumes of works. These writings would be called, ‘Antiquities of the Jews’, and the ‘Jewish Wars.’”

“By the way, Josephus is not very well liked in the modern day Jewish community. He is considered a turncoat. Which he was.”

“Josephus wrote two works of complete and total fiction. They were written and edited from the Roman point of view. Placing blame of everything on the

Jews. Hence, the beginnings of anti-Semitism. A hatred that would last into the modern age, culminating in the death of millions.”

“Yet these recorded volumes of fiction have stood the test of time, and remain today on planet earth. But those aren’t the only works which Josephus wrote which have lasted through millennia. There is one other writing which has also persevered. And this is one of the four gospels that you’ll find in the modern day bible. I will not tell you which one of the four that he created. Only that Josephus affixed a name of one of the original apostles’ name to it. And gave that disciple credit for it. There is good reason why he did so. Which you will all see here shortly.”

“He wrote this work, based on the teachings of the Christians, and the information that he received elsewhere. He also inserted many passages into his gospel which are pure fiction. He did this to further enhance his Roman gospel. To validate beliefs which have long been held by the Jews. Of a coming messiah, based on biblical prophecy.”

“In many passages of his gospel, he would take an Old Testament prophecy and fulfill them in the life of Jesus of Nazareth. He used what is known as ‘typography.’ He would take a story from the Old Testament, and ascribe it to his new gospel. A parallel story if you will.”

“For instance, there are many parallels between the life of Jesus with the life of Moses in the gospel of Josephus. A savior of the people, whom had control over the elements, as both men had. A liberator of Israel, whom had the power to defeat a mighty enemy. Both men would be saved as children from a massacre. Both would have their early roots in Egypt. Both would leave Egypt, and then go on to fulfill their missions. Both would languish for a period of ‘forty’s.’ Moses forty years in the Midian desert, and Jesus forty days in the Judean desert. And so on.”

“There was a reason for all of this.”

The Mother of all things continued onward, “The Flavian Caesars saw the meteoric rise of Christianity, and wanted to control it. Therefore, they had Josephus construct a gospel of Jesus, so that Rome would be able to control and contain this new religion which was spreading out to the four corners of the

empire. Their brand of Christianity would later on become the Roman version. The Flavians effectively destroyed the old God of Israel when they destroyed Israel and sacked Jerusalem. Thus replacing him with a new god, Jesus of Nazareth. The new God of Rome.”

“Out with the God of Abraham, and in with this new God of Nazareth.”

“The Flavians would borrow much from pagan beliefs in their creation of this new religion. For instance, Apollo and Mithras, as the Sun Gods were replaced by the son of God, Jesus. Both born of a virgin, groomed to be the savior and sacrifice of the world. Josephus basically took old pagan tales of previous gods, and replaced them with Jesus of Nazareth. In this way, he created a new form of Christianity. One with a fictional account of the life of Jesus. The three wise men, or the magi as they were called, looking for a star from the east. This corresponds with the three stars of Orion’s belt, rising and looking over my very own star of Sirius. Which happens every year at December 25<sup>th</sup> in the northern hemisphere. Which of course is the birth date assigned to Jesus. By coincidence, the same date as the birth date of Mithras.”

“I could keep going, but instead I will tell you that many events given to the life of Jesus was borrowed from previous gods. Especially Mithras.”

The angelic host was confused. All this time, many in the heavenly host thought all the stories of the gospels to be relatively true. That very little of it was fiction. They needed an explanation from the Mother of all things.

She knew their thoughts, and responded, “Vespasian, and then Titus, saw the rapid growth of this newfound religion, Christianity. How it had appealed to many of the Roman underclass. So they commissioned their writer Josephus to create a gospel based on the stories of Jesus, and also of the old pagan belief systems. Thereby creating a new hybrid religion by mixing Paganism with Christianity. This would help in placating the masses who were flocking to Christianity in droves. And also giving the pagans something they could latch on to. Giving them stories that they were already used to. Such as the giving of gifts on the twelve days of Christmas, the Easter eggs of fertility, and so on.”

“This would be the first hijacking of Christianity by Rome, but certainly not the last.”

“The beliefs of Peter, the writings of Josephus, along with the letters of Paul, would take a mortal man by the name of Jesus of Nazareth, and turn him into a God. One of many Gods which existed in Rome at the time. But a God whom was nevertheless on the rise in the Roman Empire.

“You have to remember that Josephus was writing to a Roman audience. Filling in details of the life of Jesus which many in Rome could relate to. Inserting long held pagan beliefs into the life of Jesus, in order to satisfy the ever growing Christian population. Giving the pagans a God that they could relate to.

“Here is a wonderful example of what I am talking about. The whole world knew that it was the powerful Romans who crucified people, and not the Jews. Namely they would crucify those who were interested in rebelling against Rome, such as the Jewish zealots who were looking for a messiah. But Josephus’ writings centered all the blame on the Jewish authorities, even though it was Pontius Pilate who supposedly had Jesus killed. Josephus, Paul, and others placed all the blame on the Jews for the so called crucifixion of Jesus. Even though it was the Romans who used this means of torture. But since Peter, Paul, and Josephus were all speaking to a Roman audience, they lay the blame on the Jews.

“This eliminated all blame on Rome, and placed it solely on the Jews. Charging them with deicide. Which would lead to centuries of persecution against the sons of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. Contributing to the most horrific persecution against any one race on the planet.”

The Mother paused, and thought out loud, “After what that race has gone through, I am amazed there are any Jews left on planet earth.”

“A target of persecution since the agreement I made with Abraham,” added the Father.

The mother nodded at the Father and continued, “The writings of Josephus, along with Paul’s letters, all but sealed the deal for Roman Christianity to rule over all other Christian disciplines. They were interested in tapping into this new power which held the underclass spellbound. They wanted to control the minds of the people, making them far easier to rule. If they would dictate the rules of their beliefs, it would be far easier to control the masses who were

working for them. Making their jobs far easier. Such was the logic of the Flavian Caesars.”

The Mother looked over at the Father and asked, “How am I doing so far?”

“You’re doing just fine. Very accurate in your telling of history,” answered the Father.

“Then I shall continue,” said the Mother with a wink at her partner. “With the help of the Flavians, and their propagandist Josephus, the Roman form of Christianity began to bear fruit in the last part of the first century. This would continue to expand ever onward. Taking a mortal man, Jesus of Nazareth, and turning him into a God, so that Rome can control what people believe in. Inserting a few pagan beliefs into the equation, so that this new belief system can appeal to the Roman underclass. It was just a matter of time before this new religion would take over the Roman world.”

“Meanwhile, the true believers of the way, were expanding in their own right. The Gnostic branch was spreading through southern France, northern Africa, parts of Greece, and what was then known as Asia Minor. What today is called Turkey. There was also a nice pocket of Gnosticism brewing in India. Thanks to the work of Thomas. These were the true followers of Jesus. Teaching that the kingdom of heaven lie within us all. Empowering the faithful with the divine spark within.

“Christian Gnosticism taught that they were not to worship some God who was ‘out there,’ but rather to look within for one’s own guidance and intuition. That each believer had to power to contact directly the God of Abraham. Or any other God that they so choose to have as their higher power.

“Needless to say, the Gnostics organized themselves far differently than the Roman church did. They didn’t see the need for bishops and priests. For each member could connect with the Source without any type of intervention. They didn’t need an intercessor, as the Roman church believed in.”

The Mother smiled and said, “The Gnostics, led by Mary Magdalene, Lazarus, Philip, and Thomas, carried the true message of the kingdom of heaven. Their followers would keep the Gnostic branch growing. This following would be known as ‘the remnant.’”

“This remnant would play a critical part in the future. The Holy Grail that the Father of all things speaks of, lying solely in their hands. Down through the centuries, it shall be the remnant that keeps the human dream alive.”

The Father added, “I will always have those that know the truth. I would never leave humanity to their own devices. No matter how distorted things become, I will always have those that know the truth of all things. I will never abandon them to the enemy.”

He added, “For instance, there is a human presently on planet earth who will chronicle this entire presentation. I shall present it to him.”

The heavenly host just received another surprise. According to the Father of all things, he will relay all of the information presented to them about the Holy Grail to a single being on planet earth. Who will then write these things down and publish them. In other words, a chosen prophet. This was getting very interesting to the angelic host.

The Mother once again smiled at the audience, then at her mate and continued, “The truth will always persevere, as the Father has just pointed out. Even though it may be temporarily hijacked by the enemy, we will ensure that the truth remain until the end of time. This story of the Holy Grail is a supreme example of this. It’s a story that has been hidden for a very long time. But now is the time for the truth to come out. It’s now time for the hidden to become seen by many people. What once was lost, shall be found again.”

Once again the Father interjected, “Let the truth be told though the heavens fall. And fall it just might.”

The Mother smiled at his wit and continued, “But back to our story. While the new Roman form of Christianity, and the Gnostic form were both bearing fruit, the Jewish form was dying a slow death from strangulation. This new message of redemption from Jesus, which started out as an offshoot of Judaism, was declining. The reason being was persecution.

“Many on earth, and in heaven, have heard of the nightmarish tales of persecution against the early church. But what isn’t understood is that the

persecution was leveled against only one form of Christianity. The Jewish messianic form, which promoted zealotry, which was the branch that was being targeted by the Romans. Not the 'turn the other cheek,' and 'give unto Caesar the things which are Caesars' form. These Roman Christians were left alone, while the Jewish Christians were put to the torch, and thrown to the lions. One division of Christianity was left alone, while another was annihilated. The Roman Christians were no threat to Lucifer, while the Jewish Christians were."

The Mother of all things looked up onscreen to see the scenes of horror on the persecuted Christians. Some thrown to the wild beasts. Some tortured to death. Many were crucified. And then an emotion hit her without any warning. She wept, and was immediately aided by the Father of all things. As he reached for her, she whispered into his ears, "I cannot possibly fathom the evil that men do to each other." Then she put her hands to her face and broke down in tears.

The Father held her for an indefinite period of time. It seemed to stand still. The Sirian host attempted to aid her, but was stopped by the Father of all things, who told them, "She will be fine. She's just absorbing all this negative energy, and it's taking its toll on her."

After a period of time, she composed herself, and the Father was able to wipe away all her tears. Like what happened to the Father earlier, this tale of the Holy Grail was using up her massive amount of resources. So much negative energy to absorb, and it would only get worse on her. Infinitely worse.

The Father of all things asked her if he should continue on for her, or perhaps take a recess, but she declined both offers.

The Sirian host, having never seen the Mother of all things in this state of mind, were dumbfounded. This was a whole new revelation for them. They had always seen the Mother of all things in a state of goodwill and happiness. Never grieving like this. Never displaying her emotions in this manner. It would take a little getting used to. Like the heavenly host to the Father, the Sirian host to the Mother was only there to support and love her. Yet they knew there was nothing they could do but to shower her with their love. Sending waves of healing energy in her direction. The response was immediate, and she was able to compose herself. The enormous power of the Sirian host was taking its effect on her. A massive amount of healing energy directed at her. Comforting the Mother of all

things. This went on for a lengthy period of time. Finally, she was whole. And ready to once again, pursue her sermon of the Holy Grail.

Thanking her angelic host, she continued on, "As I was saying, one form of Christianity was being promoted, while others were either put to the torch, or left out completely."

"This would continue on for over another two hundred years. And then Constantine won a Roman civil war, and decided to change everything. Upping the ante, this is how he accomplished this feat."

"Constantine was pragmatic. He realized that the Christians of the empire weren't going anywhere. So he legalized their religion. He didn't make Christianity the religion of the empire, as so many believe. That would come decades later. He merely made it legitimate. So that Christians didn't have to fear anymore. They could come up from the underground, and become mainstream.

"This legitimizing Christianity opened up a very large 'can of worms,' as the saying goes. Because Christianity wasn't at all united. Not by a long shot. Therefore skirmishes began, which had been hidden under the surface before. But since Constantine took the threat of persecution away from them, they all came up above ground, and took a look around at each other.

"None of the branches of Christianity were happy with what they saw."

"The Roman Christians proclaimed Jesus as a God, and therefore equal with the Father. A new brand of Christianity, promoted by a man named Arias, was telling the world that Jesus was not equal with the Father. That he was to be worshipped, but not equal with the Father, nor the Holy Spirit. The Gnostics thought of Jesus as a messenger and a prophet. But not a God to be worshipped. And the Jewish Christians were virtually wiped off the map. But those that remained still clung to the laws of Moses, along with the messages of Jesus.

"Therefore we had many divisions within the Church."

The Mother looked up onscreen at a large statue of Constantine and said, "So Constantine called a meeting of the church elders to discuss the divisions within the religion of Christianity. He invited all the bishops of the empire to

attend. So that they could all present their various beliefs. He invited over eight hundred bishops from around the empire, and less than half attended.”

“One of the reasons that Constantine called upon this council was so that Christianity could come to agree with each other, and thereby unify. That it would no longer tear itself apart, as it had done since the emperor legalized the religion. He knew that if they could agree on the same basic themes and beliefs, that this religion wouldn’t create the violence, as it had been doing. Constantine reckoned that the bishops would agree on the basic tenets of Christianity, paving the way for unification. But the main reason that the emperor Constantine called a meeting was to control their beliefs.”

“So over three hundred bishops met at Nicaea, with Constantine presiding over it all.”

The images onscreen the large viewer showed various scenes of men arguing with each other. Pointing fingers, shouting, and yelling at one another. The Mother resumed, “As you can imagine, the assembly soon became a venue of chaos. If Constantine had not overseen the council, nothing would have been accomplished.”

“But he did preside over it. And he used a powerful bishop from Caesarea to help him. The man whom history calls Eusebius.”

“With the help of the emperor Constantine, Eusebius got the majority of the bishops to agree in the trinity. That the Father, Son, and the Holy Spirit were all of the same substance. Therefore all parts of the same God, making all three aspects of this God being equal. The bishops would come up with the famous Nicæan Creed, which states, *“We believe in one God, the Father Almighty, maker of all things visible and invisible. And in one Lord, Jesus Christ, the Son of God, begotten of the Father, (the only begotten; that is, of the essence of the Father, God of God), Light of Light, very God of very God, begotten, not made, being of one substance with the Father. By whom all things were made (both in heaven and on earth). Who for us men, and for our salvation, came down and was incarnate, and was made man; He suffered, and the third day he rose again, ascended into heaven; from thence he shall come to judge the quick and the dead. And in the Holy spirit.”*

*“At the end of the Council, the bishops added, “But those who say ‘there was a time that he was not;’ and ‘He was not before he was made;’ and ‘He was made out of nothing;’ ‘He is of another substance;’ or ‘essence’ or ‘The Son of God is created;’ or ‘changeable,’ or ‘alterable’---they are condemned by this Holy Church.”*

The Mother of all things resumed their lecture, “Basically what Nicaea accomplished was that the orthodox, or literalist Roman Christians triumphed over all other branches of the faith.”

“Instead of the Christians merging their beliefs, they accepted one translation, and all others were rejected. The Arians, Gnostics, and Jewish Christians were all swept aside for this Roman version. The orthodox, or the literalists had won the day. The rest were considered to be heretics to the faith.”

“Jesus was officially declared a God, and equal with myself,” added the Father.

The Mother looked at her lover, smiled, and asked, “How does that make you feel?”

“I have no judgments about it. Although it is a falsehood. The only being equal with myself in this universe is yourself,” he answered to her.

“Indeed, my love. Would you like to take over for a while,” she asked.

“Of course my dear. It’s a good time to switch anyway. I’ve got one of my own coming up soon,” he said.

The Father scanned the audience, and picked up where she left off, “Once Constantine concluded his council of Nicaea, he erected his own arch in the city of Rome. He located this arch perfectly to fit in with the Flavians. Look on the viewer, and I’ll show you.”

The viewer showed the ancient city of Rome. In the city, it showed the arch of Constantine, the arch of Titus, and the Colosseum.

The Father pointed toward the triangle which was formed by these three monuments. He spoke, "If you will notice on the viewer, there is a sacred geometry that is formed by these three monuments. The arch of Titus, the arch of Constantine, and the Roman Colosseum. This triangle merged Constantine with his predecessors, the Flavian Caesars."

"The arch of Titus, which showed the Roman victory over the Jews, and their Jewish God. The Roman Colosseum, which was built by Vespasian with Jewish gold, taken from Jerusalem at the fall of that great city. And the arch of Constantine. The men who defeated the God of Abraham, and inserted their new God, Jesus of Nazareth. Their victory complete at the Council of Nicaea."

"Constantine located his arch to coincide with the Flavian monuments. The men who created this Roman form of Christianity were all now aligned in a sacred triangle in this city of Rome."

"A few decades after the first council of Nicaea, Christianity was declared the official religion of the Roman empire. And with it, Rome had officially defeated Jerusalem as the capitol of spiritualism. The Roman God had defeated the Jewish God. Their victory, seemingly complete."



## Rome, 410 AD

The Father displayed the image of a man onscreen, and then spoke, “It was time to bring my good servant Amos back into the equation. It was time to weaken the Roman Empire. To teach mighty Rome a spiritual lesson on karma. Time to get back what was stolen from Jerusalem, and recover a portion of the Holy Grail. It was time to show Rome that the Jewish God was not dead, as they had perceived. Therefore the God of Abraham, myself, had something to say about it.”

“Let me outline how this happened.”

“The Visigoths were a Germanic tribe which settled on the outskirts of the Danube River. An agricultural community, only interested in keeping to themselves. With the occasional trade to Rome. They weren’t looking for enemies, only to settle peacefully in an area where they could apply their agricultural trades. Although they were mighty warriors, they weren’t looking to pick a fight. They were first and foremost, farmers. Only interested in keeping their sovereignty.

“They migrated to the Danube about a century earlier. Like many Germanic tribes of that time period, they were seeking a place for their tribe to settle. The Franks, the Vandals, the Lombards, and others were also looking into the same territory. These Germanic tribes would live somewhat peaceably until they all encountered an invasion from the east. The Huns were entering into Europe from Asia. And this tribe would unsettle everything on the continent.

“With the Huns to one side of them, and the Roman Empire on the other, the Visigoths were in a tough spot. What they’d say on earth as between a ‘rock and a hard place.’ So they decided to head to the southeast and carve out a different territory for themselves. After numerous battles, they succeeded. And were given some property on the other side of the Danube.

“They were given land by the Romans under the stipulation that they were to serve the Roman army against the numerous invasions which were occurring at this time period. Especially the invasions coming from the Huns of the east. The

Roman Empire took advantage of this agreement, using the Visigoths as their 'cannon fodder.' Placing them in the front lines of battles, time and again.

"Meanwhile, the Romans weren't honoring their end of the agreement. They only allowed a percentage of the Visigoths into their empire. Leaving many on the other side of the Danube River. Which left them vulnerable to attacks by the Huns and other tribes of the area.

"Into the midst of all this, I sent in my beloved servant Amos. A soul who had not incarnated into the flesh since his life as Philip. He came into this life as a man named Alaric. And once again, as Amos is prone to do, he upset the balance of everything."

The viewer showed the image of the Visigoth named Alaric. Dressed in Roman armor. Tall, red haired, handsome, and muscular. Alaric looked the image of a warlord. The Father looked at Alaric and resumed his discussion, "Alaric was trained to be a Roman soldier. He was courageous, and a genius at military strategy. With all of his inward talent, he quickly rose through the Roman ranks."

"Until one time, Alaric was passed up for promotion in favor of a more politically connected man. This act would lead to many consequences."

"You allowed the other man to be promoted over Alaric. So that he could become upset, and alter history, didn't you?" the Mother of all things asked the Father.

"Once again, nothing gets by you does it?" asked the Father in return.

"Not much," said the Mother, grinning.

The Father smiled back and said, "As our dear Mother has pointed out, I allowed Alaric to be bypassed for promotion, knowing what it would do to his psyche. You see, the Soul of Amos could never tolerate something as this. For he knew deep within himself that there was no better battlefield commander in all of history. For Amos had been Abraham, Moses, David, Gaius Gracchus, and other great battlefield commanders. He knew he was being slighted. Instead of stewing over it, Amos, who in this life was Alaric, did something about this perceived insult. He convinced his people that it was time to wage war upon mighty Rome herself. The Visigoths agreed, and put Alaric in command of their army."

“It was an opportune time for him to do so. The Romans to the north were tied up with the Franks, and the Vandals. So instead of joining into their melee, Alaric would lead the Visigoths to the South, and into Italy. He would bypass the fighting to the north, and challenge the Romans on their home turf. Alaric figured that Italy was sweet pickings for an invasion. And that he would be the man whom would bring Rome to her knees. So great was his ambition. While the Romans were tied up with other barbarian tribes, Alaric would make a bold move.

“In 408 AD, Alaric made his advance. He mustered up his people, and led them southward into Italy. Gathering up slaves and stragglers along the way to add to his already enormous army. Winning battle after battle, until finally reaching the outskirts of a petrified Rome.

“The eternal city of Rome was well defended with its high walls, and mighty gates. There was no way the Visigoths were going to defeat the Romans fighting them head on. Therefore Alaric settled his army in for a lengthy siege. After eighteen months, Rome finally fell into the arms of Alaric and his Visigoths. By eighteen months, the Romans were starving, and on their knees. Begging for mercy.

“What happened next is what is known as karma. What Rome had done unto Jerusalem, was now being done unto Rome. With the exception that it was the Visigoths, and not the Jews, who were doling out the punishment on a corrupt Rome. But the point of the story is that as Rome gave, so did it receive.”

“Alaric basically starved the Romans into submission. Removing their supplies for a lengthy period of time. By the time the Romans threw open their mighty gates, theirs was a population of hunger. Reduced to cannibalism, they were ready to barter their souls away to the Visigoths, just to be able to eat.

“This was a grave mistake by Rome.”

The viewer followed along the Father’s story of the fall of Rome. It showed many images of the Roman population hungry, and on the edge of madness after such a lengthy siege. Destitute and without hope, Rome flung open its gates to the invaders.

The Father told his story as his viewer stayed in sequence with his story, “What happened next was a sea of carnage. The Visigoths entered Rome with vengeance on their minds, for the many mistreatments received over the years from the empire. They slaughtered man, woman, and child. The elderly and the young were not spared. This went on for three days, and then the Visigoths mercifully left.”

“Besides reducing the Roman population, they also reduced Rome’s great wealth that it had accumulated throughout the centuries. Among those treasures were the Menorah, the Mercy Seat, the Visionary Table, and all the other sacred objects that Rome had lifted from Jerusalem in 70 AD.

“The priceless sacred objects that the Visigoths removed from Rome is the greatest treasure ever accumulated on the planet. Besides stealing from the Jews in Judea, the Romans had stolen away two thirds of the wealth of the known world. It took them centuries to reach this amount of treasure. It would take Alaric 72 hours to remove it from them.

“Once Alaric had finished loading up the vast spoils of war onto his wagons, he and his people left the city of Rome. Much to the relief of the local population.”

“The Roman Empire would never be the same. They would never recover from the sacking of their capitol city. All their wealth taken from them. What Alaric started, the Vandals would finish a few decades later. The fall of the empire complete. Thus would begin what is known as ‘the dark ages’ of human history.”

The viewer then showed a large funeral procession. Many peoples gathered to celebrate the life of their leader. The Visigoths showing their respects for Alaric. The Father spoke, “Alaric then led his people to the south of Gaul. There they would settle into what is now known as southern France, and almost all of Spain. A huge tract of land that their King had delivered to them. Once this was accomplished, the soul known as Amos, who then was Alaric, returned home to me.”

“But before he did so, he built a magnificent castle to house their mighty treasure they had taken from the Roman Empire. In this castle, Alaric built many safeguards for his treasure.”

“King Alaric had his engineers devise many different trap doors, and secret passageways which would eventually lead to the treasure, far underneath his castle. He didn’t want to take any chances that another people would claim the treasure of the Visigoths.

“Alaric did such a wonderful job of hiding his treasure that it still lies in the same place where he put it for safekeeping.”

This was news to the angelic host, which thought this valuable and sacred treasure was lost to the ages. Either melted down to make gold coins, and just hidden away and long since forgotten.

The Father of all things interrupted their thoughts, “One man currently on planet earth knows the exact location of this treasure. There are others who know that the treasure exists, but cannot find it. Only he knows. And he is the one who is authoring this book for me.”

“The problem is that there are very powerful groups on earth who have been looking for this treasure for a very long time. They know it exists, but cannot locate it. They’ve got bits and pieces of information about the treasure, but not the whole picture. These powerful groups also know that this one man knows. And they are keeping a very close eye on him.

“Yet we have ourselves a game of cat and mouse. He knows that they know that he knows where the treasure lies. For my servant, the Angel Samuel has told him so. And made this man very aware of their presence.”

All angelic eyes were then set upon the Angel in the audience known as Samuel. He only smiled to them, and then said, “Who am I to disagree with our Father?”

The Father of all things also smiled and said, “The Angels Michael and Samuel have been very busy indeed with our case of the Holy Grail. Also very busy protecting this man of ours.”

He looked at the Mother and asked, “Where was I in our story?”

She winked at him and said, “The burial of the treasure, and the death of Alaric.”

“Yes that’s correct,” he said. He then continued on with the story, “I think it’s time to fast forward ourselves to another life of the Soul of Amos. A man by the name of Clovis.”



## Gaul, 486 AD

“Seventy five years after the sack of Rome by the soul Amos, I once again sent him into the mess that Europe was becoming. This time as the man whom history calls Clovis, King of the Franks.

“The third king in the Merovingian dynasty, Clovis was far more ambitious than his father Childeric, or his grandfather Merovech. Both of whom were said to have descended from a ‘God from the seas.’ Clovis was out to unite all of the Franks under his rule. And with this power, conquer all of Gaul.”

The Mother laughed aloud and said, “Yes, that sounds like Amos alright. Forever conquering in the name of the Father’s wishes.”

The Father laughed back and said, “You know I would never violate his free will. But many times his will and mine are one and the same. Did you catch the part I said about descending from a God from the seas?”

The Mother could only smile and say, “I did indeed. It sounds to me like people were keeping track. You may proceed my love.”

The Father as instructed, carried onward, “Before I further on to Clovis, let me first say that he and the man I talked of earlier, Alaric, are both of the sacred bloodline. Both of them came from the line of Jesus and Mary Magdalene, through their son Joseph.”

“It had been over four hundred years since Mary Magdalene and her three children had arrived in the province of Gaul. Since then, the family tree had branched outward in several directions. The line of the youngest son Judah was cut short by a terrible accident. He fell off his horse at a young age, and wasn’t able to procreate. History will regard young Judah in tales and legends as “The Fisher King.’ A man from royalty who couldn’t procreate. All he wanted to do was to fish. So young Judah became the Fisher King.

“But the lines of the eldest son Joseph, and their sister Sarah, had no problems whatsoever spreading off into many directions. Joseph himself had five

children, while Sarah had four. Each of these had many children, thereby creating a lengthy family tree by the end of the fifth century.

“Out of this family tree came Alaric in the early fifth century, and Clovis in the late fifth century. Yet Alaric was a Visigoth, and Clovis came from the Franks. These two tribes who would oppose each other during the life of Clovis.

“Clovis would defeat one Frankish tribe after another, until he had ‘united’ all of the Franks under one banner, his own. He basically used the same tactics that Alaric had used before him. Defeat your fellow tribesmen, forcing them to your will and rule. Once defeating an enemy, Clovis would give the defeated men two options. Either join his army, or die.

“Yet there was a difference between the two men. Alaric was an Arian Christian, while Clovis was a pagan. Until his wife converted him to Rome’s way of Christianity. Once Clovis was converted, he recognized the Roman Christian authorities to be the sole representatives of Christianity on earth. Dismissing all other forms of Christian faiths. And that included the Arian Visigoth tribe to the south of him.

“Clovis would end up conquering most of what was known as the northern portion of Gaul. While the Visigoths were spread out over the central and southern portion of Gaul, along with most of Spain. Thanks to their prior commander Alaric. The same man who buried the treasure that I spoke of.

“Nevertheless, Clovis was bound and determined to extend the Frankish holdings in Gaul, and the Visigoths stood in his way. After numerous battles, Clovis came out of this campaign on top. And drove the Visigoths southward.

“Clovis and his Franks now had complete control over northern and central Gaul. What I find amazing is that Amos, who was Clovis in this life, was defeating the grandson of the person he had been in his previous life. Completely reshaping Gaul, what would be later known as France.”

On the viewer, there was shown a map outlining the holdings of the Franks and the Visigoths at this time period. The two tribes were dominating much of Western Europe. The Franks to the north, and the Visigoths to the south.

The Father resumed, "As you may notice, the Franks under Clovis didn't reach as far down to the area that was settled by Mary Magdalene and her family. The area that was known as Septimania at the time. This area of southern Gaul and northern Spain was still in control of the Visigoths. The Pyrenees mountain area. This is important, and I'll tell you why."

"Firstly, these people were either Gnostics or Arian Christians. The Gnostics were begun by Mary and her family, the Arians were begun by Alaric in the early fifth century. The Franks to the north, led by Clovis, were pagans who were rapidly converting to the Roman form of Christianity. Therefore, the Roman Christians had not yet spread its wings into southern Gaul. An area which housed the treasure of Alaric, the bloodline, the book of the Magdalene, and the tombs of Jesus and Mary Magdalene."

"All the secrets of Christianity, along with the ancient treasure of the Jews, all converging in one place," added the Mother.

"Most importantly, remaining a secret," said the Father.

He looked to the audience, thinking of what he was going to say next. There were many directions he could go with this. He decided to give them a backdrop of what was happening in Europe during this transition period of the fifth century. "The Roman Empire, which had ruled the Mediterranean world for almost a thousand years was finished. Began by Alaric and his Visigoths, then the Vandals, and finally the Franks would destroy the empire."

"But truth be told, the Roman Empire never really ended. It just changed form. It went from a military industrial complex to a religious empire. One that would control Europe for more than another thousand years. But there would always be pockets of resistance from the Gnostics, and other various Christian sects.

"The Romans knew that if they could control people's thinking, then their empire would never die. So they constructed a religion based on paganist beliefs, and those of the Christians. They knew that if they could marry these two belief systems, they would appeal to many peoples.

“The Romans saw the handwriting on the wall. They knew theirs was a doomed empire. There were too many barbarians at the gates. And they could no longer hold them off the way they have for so many centuries.

“I added to their resistance by sending Amos to be the lives of Alaric, and Clovis. He gladly agreed, knowing that it was the Romans who had punished the Jews so severely. The Jews being the offspring of Amos, coming from the life of Abraham. Vengeance was on his mind. So he made sure that karma was doled out to the Romans in a language that they could understand.”

“This was a karma in grand fashion. The man whom would doom the empire was the man whom the empire had doomed centuries earlier. The Romans being convinced that they had defeated the Jewish God, and its messenger. Therefore, the Jewish God had sent his most faithful servant to return the favor to the Romans. What was given was received.

“Clovis united all the Franks under his banner. Then after winning many battles, the Franks would conquer and settle all of central and northern Gaul, and parts of what today is known as Germany. This would play a key role in the future of what will be known as France.

“So by the time of Clovis’ death, most of Gaul was under Frankish rule. Ruled by a member of the sacred bloodline of Jesus and Mary Magdalene. The southern part of Gaul, and almost all of Spain was ruled by another member of the bloodline. Therefore all of Gaul was ruled by members of the chosen sacred royal family.

“In other words, Gaul, or what would be later known as France, would be the staging area for the family of Mary Magdalene and Jesus. This nation would become its power base for centuries. Now let us all have a three hour intermission. And when we come back, the Mother of all things will take over for a while. I know that the next part of the story runs dear to her sacred heart.”



## Rome, 591 AD

After the recess, the Mother of all things spoke to the assembled angelic host, “Now that the Father has us all caught up in the goings on of his faithful servant Amos, it’s time for us to talk of someone who is dear to my heart. One of the forerunners to the Messiah, Mary Magdalene. And the misconceptions that the Roman church created in regards to my beloved messenger.”

“In the year 591, Pope Gregory declared that it was Mary Magdalene who was the harlot spoken of in the gospel. That Jesus had cast out seven demons from her. That she was a woman of sin, and had been redeemed by Jesus. The whore, the redeemed harlot, and the adulterer all wrapped up into one.”

The Mother looked onscreen at the lovely red haired Mary Magdalene and said, “They lied about the true nature and identity of my blessed servant Mary of the Tower, as she is known on her home planet Sirius.”

Those members of the angelic host who were from Sirius, all bowed their heads in unison. To pay their respects to the one whom is called Mary of the Tower. They collectively knew about the sacrifices this soul made to incarnate into the body of Mary Magdalene. To go from a place of royalty on Sirius, to that of an outcast on earth. From being the daughter of the Mother herself, a princess, to being labeled a whore. The soul called Mary knew what was in store for her before she even took on the form of flesh. Yet she gladly accepted the mission assigned to her from the Mother of all things.

The Mother thought about how to delicately put this. And after several moments of deep contemplation she said, “The Roman church slandered Mary Magdalene because of her widespread fame that was developing amongst the church. The faithful were venerating Mary Magdalene as the first apostle, and masculine, chauvinistic Rome had other ideas. Peter and Paul were their two choices. This worship and adoration of a female above all others just wouldn’t do at a time when the earth looked upon women as second class citizens. The church had no problem adoring mother Mary, because of the miracle of Jesus’ birth. But she wasn’t a teacher of the church, as the Magdalene was. Therefore the mother of Jesus, Mary, wasn’t the threat that Mary Magdalene was.”

“And that was precisely the problem the Roman church was having with Mary Magdalene. Many Gnostics were considering her first among apostles. This was due to the many gnostic gospels declaring the true relationship between Jesus and Mary Magdalene. That the two were companions. Man and wife. Lovers and best friends.

“And because of this unique relationship between Jesus and the Magdalene, he taught her more than he taught any of the others. The deeper secrets of the spirit were shared by Jesus and his mate. The teachings of how to travel from that world to this one were put down on paper between this most spiritual couple in human history. Jesus brought home messages from the Father, while I sent messages to Mary Magdalene. Together they completed each other. This special relationship between two very highly evolved souls. Each teaching the other. Evolving into one extremely high being of consciousness. Both sent from very high places.

“But the world in 591 was a very dark place. The barbarian tribes had completely overrun the Roman Empire, and the only power Rome had left was in its church. And it was a very literal, orthodox Roman Catholic Church during this time period. It had stamped out all contenders to its religious throne. Save for those scattered pockets of Gnosticism. And it was time to settle things with them once and for all.

“The Gnostics were teaching a world of dualism. That men and women were equal. And that many of Jesus’ disciples were women. Especially the one called Mary Magdalene. That she was first amongst the apostles, and that Jesus taught her the most inner secrets. Not to mention the fact that Mary Magdalene was already quite gifted. Her gifts coming directly from me.

“So in Gaul, Greece, Egypt, Turkey, and a few places in the east, churches were springing up in the name of the Magdalene. Images were being made and put in many churches showing a woman holding a child. This was in reference to Mary Magdalene holding a child. One of three children created with Jesus. The Roman church would adopt those statues, and proclaim that all of them showed mother Mary holding Jesus. Replacing the Magdalene with the mother Mary as their object of the church’s worship.

“Mary Magdalene was a very large threat to the church at this time. Rome would not tolerate any female apostle being raised above their beloved Peter and Paul. Their answer was to slander her. Making her less than what she actually was. A repentant whore, instead of a messenger sent by myself.

“Mary Magdalene also taught of a female God, myself. This gnostic teaching was considered blasphemous by the Roman church. To make a female God equal with the Father was considered taboo for many Christians. They weren’t quite ready for such radical teaching as this. They were used to being taught of the all-powerful Jewish God Yahweh. The Father of all things. And the Gnostics, whom were first led by Mary Magdalene, was teaching a complete opposite God to what was presented in the scriptures.”

“Is the world ready now my love?” asked the Father of all things.

“Almost, but not quite,” answered the Mother. Continuing on with her reply, “When the sacred treasures are revealed, it will be close to time when the planet earth worships both a male and female God simultaneously. When our messengers who are currently on earth have shown the world the truth of Jesus and Mary Magdalene. When they have proven beyond a shadow of doubt what is being said upon this stage, then it will be time.”

“My love. Can I ask how will they be proven ‘beyond a shadow of a doubt?’” the Father pressed on with his questioning.

She looked at her sly lover. He was being mischievous, as he was prone to do. His wit was leading her to answer the questions that the angelic host had been begging for. She replied to him, “When the book that was begun by Mary Magdalene, Alaric’s treasure, and the tombs of Mary Magdalene and Jesus are finally revealed to the world.”

“The book will be proven to be written in the 1<sup>st</sup> century AD. It will state all the secrets between Jesus and Mary Magdalene. That there is in fact a male and a female God who both reside within the Milky Way Galaxy. Both created from the Source of all things to bring about the existence of the cosmos.

“This book will further go on to reveal many more secrets, both seen and unseen. It will crack the code between this world and that one. How the physical is made manifest from the spiritual. How energy becomes matter, and then

matter returns to its original form. Dozens of secrets will be revealed to the world which I won't go into at this point."

She looked at her eternal mater, winked, and said, "I don't want to give away all our secrets my love."

He smiled, and begged her to continue on with her teachings to the host.

She complied with his wishes, "Besides this magnificent book, the tombs of Jesus and Mary Magdalene will be discovered in France. The proof that this is their actual tomb will be located on the walls of this tomb. The writings will tell the story of their identity."

"Also, there are many objects located within this tomb that were the property of Jesus and Mary Magdalene. These are the personal items that the two had accumulated through their years. Various jewelry, personal mementos, and letters that the two sent to each other through the years.

"Finally, they'll find the treasure of Alaric and his Visigoths. The greatest treasure in human history, finally located within the next ten years or so on earth. Depending on the speed of those chosen to retrieve it. This will be done so that the sacred objects of ancient Israel can be returned home. The Menorah, the Mercy Seat, the Visionary Table, and other objects stolen from the Jews by the Roman Empire. These objects will be returned home to their rightful owners. And then Israel can finally build their third temple. But as is the Father of all things is prone to do, I am getting quite ahead of myself."

The Father smiled at her and said, "You answered me wonderfully my love."

She smiled and thanked him. Then she continued onward, "As I was saying, Mary Magdalene and her beliefs became quite the threat to the orthodox, literal Roman Catholic Church. So they slandered her for her teachings. They attacked her beliefs and her profession. Which had nothing to do with being a prostitute. Now let us move on to something that we seem to have forgotten about. The children of Abraham and Ishmael, and what developed amongst that tribe of people.



## Mecca, 610 AD

The Mother asked the Father, “Would you like to take over in the telling of our next subject?”

“You’re doing fine dear. Please continue,” answered the Father.

The Mother, as requested, proceeded. She looked at her captive audience and asked, “Remember the elder son of Abraham named Ishmael? How he was actually the soul in heaven known as Ishmael, son of Amos?”

The host nodded in unison. Yes they remembered Ishmael, and everything else that had been taught to them during this lengthy presentation. They awaited the Mother to continue with her message. Savoring every bit of information that was being offered to them. Enjoying the teachings about the Holy Grail. A subject that had mystified both humans and angels.

She complied with their wishes, “Well, while Rome was busy consolidating power over the Christian Church, Ishmael was busy in Arabia. Busy being a prophet, and the founder of a brand new religion. That belief will be forever known as Islam. And it will shake up the world on a massive scale.”

“In this life, Ishmael’s name would be the famous prophet of Islam known as Muhammad. Sent to confirm the essential teachings that there was only one God. A teaching preached previously by Adam, Abraham, Moses, and many other prophets. Muhammad is viewed in Islam as the final prophet.”

“As an orphan, Muhammad was raised by his paternal uncle. A devout man of God, who showed the youngster all the sacred books of the Jews. Especially the books of the prophets. Muhammad studied these books with a passion. Especially the teachings of Isaiah, Jeremiah, Amos, and Daniel. Along with the prophets, he spent considerable time studying the Hebrew Torah. The five books of Moses.

“As a child and into his early manhood, Muhammad would spend considerable time away from the populace in a cave. It is in this cave that Muhammad would come to pray and be with the Father. He’d spend several

nights on end praying to his higher power. A being whom Muhammad would call 'Allah.' Which means God in Arabic.

“On the fortieth birthday of Muhammad, the Father sent one of his messengers. He sent the mighty Archangel Gabriel to visit him. This was the first revelation received from the Father.”

“Gabriel would come to visit Muhammad on many occasions. Teaching him great secrets about the past, present, and the future. Three years after Gabriel's first visit, Muhammad began to preach in the streets about the visions he had been receiving. But as the prophet Jesus once said, 'A prophet is never honored in his own country.'

“Muhammad preached that there is only one God. And that all needed to surrender, or submit to this one God. Allah, or the God of their fathers. The God of Abraham. Because you see, the Arabs never forgot their father Abraham, or the God that he prayed to. They never forgot Abraham's son Ishmael, the first Arab. 2,500 years later, they still remembered their fathers Abraham and Ishmael. But they didn't have any sacred writings to follow as their cousins the Jews had. That all changed with the coming of Muhammad.

“At the beginning of Muhammad's ministry, he had very few followers, and many detractors in Mecca. After years of frustration, Muhammad and his followers migrated to the city of Medina. In Medina, after several more years, Muhammad united the tribes there under the constitution of Medina. Once this was accomplished, Muhammad and his by now many followers marched into the city of Mecca. The attack upon Mecca went mainly uncontested with very little bloodshed.

“Three years later, after the entire Arabian Peninsula had been converted, Muhammad fell ill and passed on to this world. From the time of the first visit of Gabriel unto his death, Muhammad received many visits and hundreds of visions. These visions would be assembled into what today is known as the Koran. A sacred and holy book to the over one billion Muslims who reside on planet earth.”

The Mother looked upon the prophet known as Muhammad, whom was the soul known as Ishmael in heaven. She stared at his image onscreen the viewer. His dark hair and eyes, and strikingly handsome looks. Square jawed,

broad shouldered, with an athletic build. She smiled and said, "That is the short version of Muhammad. But there is far more to this story."

"Let's first give the back drop of what was the Arabian Peninsula before the life of Muhammad. The peoples who settled in this area were those whom descended from Abraham, Ishmael, and Ishmael's twelve sons. As the Father of all things mentioned earlier, this tribe was a hybrid tribe. Hebrew from their father Abraham, and Egyptian from their mother Hagar. Descended from two holy royal bloodlines. Abraham descending from Adam and Eve. Hagar descending from Osiris and Isis. The tribe of Abraham and Ishmael was first known as the 'Ishmaelites.' Named after their father Ishmael.

"This tribe would have to fight for its life in order to survive. All other tribes of the Arabian Peninsula looked upon the Ishmaelites with suspicion. They thought to themselves, 'Who are these invaders who talk of the one God? Who talk of a father named Abraham? Don't these Ishmaelites realize that there are many gods? The god of the sea, land, fertility, the sun, the moon, and many others too numerous to mention?'"

The Mother paused for a moment and continued, "Ishmael and Hagar brought with them a new radical way of teaching to the area. And thus become a large threat to the many tribes that had lived in the peninsula for thousands of years."

"The end result was that the many tribes attacked the one tribe. When this happened, the God of Abraham showed how powerful he was by defeating the many tribes of the Arabian Peninsula. The Ishmaelites prevailing despite the huge odds levied against them."

The Mother of all things looked at her partner the Father and asked, "Did you perform a few miracles for the Ishmaelites, my love?"

The Father answered her, "That's all I do my sweet. I perform miracles. But the Ishmaelites didn't need much help. For Ishmael, son of Amos, is a powerful soul in the kingdom of heaven"

She winked at him and continued, "In time, the Ishmaelites came to be known as the Arabians. Named after the peninsula that they now occupied."

“After two thousand years of the Arabians occupying the peninsula, and branching off in other areas, they lost their roots. They forgot where they came from, and who their God was. Well, that’s not entirely true. They never forgot Abraham and Ishmael. They just didn’t have any direction. They were becoming influenced from the surrounding tribes, who were introducing their many gods and differences with them.

“This seems to happen often in human history. Forgetting your history, and your origins. Time has a way of accomplishing this. So by the time Muhammad appeared upon the scene, there were no less than three hundred gods in the Arabian Peninsula. All of them vying for supremacy. From the God of Abraham, to the many gods. But Muhammad changed all of that, and returned the Arabians back to their roots. Back to the one God, and his prophets.

“Gabriel would spend many nights conversing with Muhammad about the history of his people. Showing many revelations of the past, and the future of Islam. One of these nights, Gabriel showed Muhammad the kingdom of heaven, and all its glory. This night will forever be known as ‘the night of power.’”

The viewer onscreen showed an image of the sacred mosque known as the Dome of the Rock located in Jerusalem. With its beautiful golden dome, and mighty splendor. A holy site due to what happened at this place during the night of power. And also what happened there 2,500 years prior.

The Mother looked upon the golden dome and resumed her teachings, “Muhammad was praying and fasting when the event occurred which would change history in the Middle East. Propelling the Islamic religion to the status that it would reach in the present day.”

“For thirty days Muhammad had been fasting and praying, and the Father of all things was listening to his every word. When Muhammad asked the Father to show him the kingdom of heaven, the Father responded by once again sending his beloved Archangel Gabriel.

“When Gabriel appeared to Muhammad, he took his hand and led him to the rock of ages in Jerusalem. The site of what would eventually be the Dome of the Rock. One second Muhammad was sitting in a cave, the next he was in Jerusalem. Now let us watch onscreen the viewer to see what happened next.”

The viewer showed Gabriel and Muhammad standing upon the rock at Mount Moriah in Jerusalem. Gabriel in all his splendor and glory, Muhammad a poor humble servant. The two were conversing with each other.

“What is this place?” asked Muhammad.

“This is one of the most sacred places on earth. It is the spot where the sacrifice was to occur,” answered Gabriel.

“What sacrifice?” asked Muhammad.

“The sacrifice that your father Abraham was to make to the Father of all things. Where he offered up his son as a ransom for many,” said Gabriel.

“I don’t understand. Why would the Father ask for a sacrifice as a ransom for many?” asked Muhammad.

“Soon you will,” answered Gabriel.

Muhammad looked at the Archangel. Not quite sure of what to say next. He was confused over the matter of this sacrifice that the angel was speaking of. But he took the word of Gabriel that he would soon know the meaning of this riddle.

Gabriel studied Muhammad while the prophet was in deep thought. He asked Muhammad, “Would you like to ascend into heaven?” asked the Archangel.

Muhammad wasn’t ready for that question. *Ascend into heaven? What does that mean?* But since he trusted Gabriel, he answered in the affirmative.

The next moment the two were in the same courtyard of the kingdom of heaven, where the Father and the Mother were giving the Holy Grail presentation to the angelic host. There were twenty four elders who stood in a circle around Gabriel and Muhammad. All of them dressed in long flowing white robes with golden belts around their waists. Some were dark haired, some blonde, and some red haired. All of them wore their hair long, and had full beards.

“Who are these people? Why are they all dressed like this? Why are they here?” asked Muhammad.

“These are the Father’s chosen prophets. Highly favored in the kingdom of heaven. They are all here to meet you,” answered Gabriel.

“To meet me? Why?” Muhammad was asking one question after another to the Archangel Gabriel.

“Because my dear Muhammad, you are one of them. They have come to welcome you into their group,” replied Gabriel.

“I’m not sure I understand,” said Muhammad.

“Why don’t you meet them, and then maybe you will understand,” said Gabriel.

“If it will help me to understand all things, then I will meet these highly favored men,” said Muhammad.

As soon as he uttered these words, the first of the twenty four prophets approached Muhammad. He had red hair, green eyes, and a kind smile. “My name is Adam,” said the prophet.

Muhammad and Adam spoke for a few moments, and then the next prophet approached, “My name is Noah,” said the second prophet.

This procession of prophets proceeded like a parade. One by one they approached Muhammad, exchanging pleasantries with the newest member of their selected group. They all knew that it was now Muhammad’s turn to prophesy to the masses of people on the planet earth. They were here to strengthen Muhammad, and let him know that he wasn’t alone in telling the deeper truths of the spirit. That all twenty four had preceded him. And that a long flowing white robe with a golden belt awaited Muhammad at the conclusion of his life on earth. Finally, there was only two prophets left for Muhammad to meet.

The last two prophets approached Muhammad and said, “My name is John, and standing next to me is Jesus. Do not fear those that oppose you, for the Father of all things will be with you, and strengthen you in your moments of doubt.”

“The one they called John the Baptist? And the prophet Jesus?” asked Muhammad.

“We are whom you speak of,” answered John.

“I am honored to meet you two,” said Muhammad. He knew the stories of Jesus and John the Baptist. Even as a boy, Muhammad heard many stories of these two told by the uncle that raised him. They were Muhammad’s heroes as he was growing up. And as he became a man, he tried to emulate them in every way possible. And now here he was standing face to face with both of them. Needless to say, Muhammad was in awe of them. These two beings were Muhammad’s favorites. An example for himself to follow. He felt completely blessed. His cup runneth over.

Jesus spoke to him, “You will meet much resistance along the way. Do not fear. For all of us met the same resistance that will come to you. We all overcame the world, and so will you. And when you are finished with your mission, you will join us in this holy fraternity.”

Muhammad was soaking in every word spoken to him from these heroes of his. Soaking in the presence of these most favored beings. Feeling the strength of the group. He looked at Jesus and asked, “Not all those things written about you are true, are they?”

Jesus knew that Muhammad was ready for the truth. He answered him, “The present church on earth has hijacked my teachings, and turned them into their own. Declaring that man must have to go through a priest, and a pope to commune with our Father. This is a false teaching done for the reason of controlling the population. It is true, not many things spoken about me are true. But there are some teachings of mine that have survived through the centuries, and will continue to do so. Part of your mission is to clarify the great spiritual truths of the Father. To bring the people back to him.”

Muhammad looked at both John and Jesus and asked, “How will I accomplish this?”

John answered him, “The Father will guide you through the Angel Gabriel.”

The three spoke for a few moments longer, and then Gabriel took Muhammad’s hand, and led him back to the cave where this night began. Once Gabriel strengthened Muhammad some more, he departed the scene. Leaving Muhammad alone with his prayers to the Father of all things. But before he did, he explained to Muhammad why the sacrifice had to occur on Mount Moriah.

The Mother turned away from the large viewer, and toward her captive audience. She spoke to them “Muhammad did indeed fulfill all that was given to him. With the help of our beloved Archangel Gabriel, he wrote a book known as the Koran. A manuscript to guide the people of Arabia.”

“The Koran would return the Arabians back to their original beliefs of Abraham and Ishmael. It would lead the people away from the many gods, and return them back to the God of Abraham. The God of their fathers. The Koran would also be a guidebook for living with their fellow human beings. Composed of laws and the teachings of the prophets. It was a way to unite all the tribes of the Arabian Peninsula. From there, it spread like wildfire to the entire region of the Middle East and North Africa. Over one hundred years after Muhammad’s vision with the prophets, this new religion known as Islam would have millions of followers. It was, and still is, the fastest growing faith on the planet.”



## Gaul, 732 AD

The Mother asked the Father if he would like to take over the presentation for a little while. He answered that he would, and continued onward with their teachings, “Seven hundred years after the supposed death of Jesus, Christianity was put to the test. It almost didn’t survive an onslaught from the east. Let me explain.”

“A little more than one hundred years after the birth of Islam, this new faith had spread throughout the Middle East, North Africa, and had conquered Spain. It was heading into main land Europe. Muslims had taken most of the land which had been settled by the Visigoths of Spain, and southern Gaul. And now it was entering into central and northern Gaul. The land of the Franks, which Clovis had settled more than two hundred years prior.

“The Merovingians kings of Clovis, had ruled central and northern Gaul for the better part of two hundred years. These long haired kings who descended from the holy bloodline of Jesus and Mary Magdalene, had ruled the nation by coalescing the tribes of the Franks. But by 732 AD, this dynasty was under threat from another branch of the Jesus and Mary Magdalene tree. The Carolingian branch. Both branches stemming from the line of Joseph, son of Jesus and Mary Magdalene. Out of the Carolingian branch grew a man by the name of Charles Martel. Once again my co-conspirator, the Soul known as Amos, had taken on the flesh for a purpose. Amos incarnated into the man whom history will call the savior of Christianity in Europe, Charles Martel.

“Charles Martel was more of a military leader than a political statesman. Leading many soldiers in countless battles to centralize the power of the Franks in Gaul. Yet in this life, he never desired to be King. The Carolingian branch of the holy royal bloodline would lay claim to the throne later. Solidified by Charles Martel’s grandson, the great Charlemagne. Another life in the soul of Amos.

“But during Charles Martel’s life, he always seemed to be in battle. Whether it be with the Saxons, Visigoths, or any of the other numerous tribes in Gaul and Germany. While he was doing so, the Muslims were busy conquering

Spain, and moving on toward southern Gaul. A showdown of powers was inevitable.

“It would be at the year 732 that the great clash of civilizations would occur. The Battle of Tours.”

“The Christian army of Charles Martel defeated the invading Muslims, although the forces of Martel were heavily outnumbered. The reason for the victory was the battlefield brilliance of its commander, Charles Martel. The strategic genius of a soul whom long had laid to claim the victor of numerous battles. A trait which the Soul of Amos has demonstrated in many repeated lives. One in which he will demonstrate in the next life, when he incarnates as Charlemagne.

“Before the battle of Tours, the Muslims had laid waste to the southern portion of Gaul. Thousands of Visigoths had died in battle defending their homeland. Many of these battles occurred within the confines of the area that was settled by Mary Magdalene. The Languedoc region of southern Gaul. The area surrounding the Pyrenees Mountains that separate Gaul from Spain. The area of the Holy Grail. The tombs and the treasure still hidden from the population.

“The Muslims went through southern Gaul like a storm. Ravaging and pillaging the various populations. Stealing the wealth of Spain as they swept through it like a whirlwind.”

The Father thought about something for a moment, and decided to speak upon his impulsive mind. To follow along with his first thought on the matter. He cleared his throat and said, “Now I’m sure many of you are wondering why the Muslims were attacking Christian Europe in the first place? Why would such a peaceful religion, such as Islam, want to overthrow anyone else? Why would the teachings of Muhammad turn out to be a religion of violence? Why would a faith built upon the prophets, want to convert other peoples who were already worshipping one of their prophets, Jesus the Christ? It’s a simple answer, and I’ll tell you.”

“Any time a new spiritual movement occurs on planet earth, there seems to be divisions. Followers who do not agree on the principle tenets of this

newfound faith. Who also don't agree on how this new faith should be administered. Basically the same thing that happened to Christianity was now happening to Islam. Separate branches of Islam were already bearing fruit. Divisions over whom the successor to Muhammad was. Divisions over the interpretations of the prophet's teachings. Divisions over which are the holiest sites? Jerusalem, Mecca, or Medina? Divisions over the holy days. When they began, when they ended, and so on.

“So one hundred years after the founding of Islam, it was already evolving into a different faith. The same thing that happened to Christianity.”

Side by side onscreen, images of Jesus and Muhammad stood. The viewer following along the Father's story. Completely controlled by the Father's great mind. He resumed his teachings, “As is always the case, once the messenger dies, the message evolves into something else. Changed for many reasons by their numerous followers. Control, power, greed, and many other motives by those who seek to thwart the original messages of my prophets.”

“I doubt that either Jesus nor Muhammad would be able to recognize the faith that they had begun.”

“Don't get me wrong! There are many wonderful messages that still remain from my messengers. But for the most part, the overall message had been missed by humanity. Hijacked by those who seek to control the messages of the prophets. It's a matter of controlling the minds of the people. Telling them what to think, how to think, and how they can become liberated from a primitive society. It's all a matter of power. The greatest power in the entire world is the ability to control what another thinks. A clear violation of my sacred law of freewill, but used nonetheless on planet earth. Not to mention the fact that Lucifer himself has had a hand in the usurping of the Christian and the Islamic movements. Endearing himself to the weaknesses of men who wish to obtain power and control. He successfully transferred each from a spiritual movement to a religion. Thus choking the spirit of both.”

The Father was pacing onscreen as he told his story, “The commander of the Muslim army led 50,000 warriors into Gaul. Heading for the Frankish army led by Charles Martel. They met on the battlefield near the town of Tours.”

“The Muslims had the best cavalry in the world at this time. Unmatched in Europe, or anywhere else for that matter. They could hit and run with effectiveness. Far more maneuverable than any other cavalry that the Franks had to offer. They moved very fast. And this had benefited them greatly in their many victories in Spain and southern Gaul. But this wouldn’t help them against Charles “The Hammer” Martel. As he would come to be known after the battle.

“The Muslims marched near Tours, and the Commander of the Army took note of a greater army waiting for him than he was led to believe. He thought he wouldn’t have to face no more than 15,000 Franks near Tours. When in fact, an army more than twice that size was dug in on the high ground. Charles Martel had 32,000 Franks in position, awaiting a Muslim attack. He had placed his army in an outstanding defensive position. Overlooking the Muslim army. They could witness the Muslims every move, and then would act accordingly.

“Charles Martel was never a king. He was the commander of the Frankish army. He was actually the power behind the throne. A kingmaker if you will. And when news that there was a Muslim threat in Spain, Charles “the Hammer” didn’t wait. He knew the Muslims would sweep through Spain, and more than likely defeat the neighboring Visigoths. He had roughly six months to put an army together, and be ready for battle against the biggest threat the Franks had seen since the Roman Empire.

“Charles Martel trained these farmers into a lethal fighting machine in just a few months’ time. He knew exactly how to do it. But they would have to fight the Muslims between the spring planting, and the fall harvesting.

“So Charles convinced the Muslims that northern and central Gaul were ripe for the taking. That there wouldn’t be much opposition there if the Muslims hit them at the right time. And they believed late summer, or early fall was the best time for such affairs.

“While Charles Martel was giving his Franks courage, the Muslim commander was heading northward. By the time he got to Tours, and saw the Frankish army, he knew he had severely underestimated the enemy.”

The Father continued, “The Franks dug in on a high ridge that offered a strategic defensive advantage. The 50,000 Muslims were stunned when they saw 32,000 men dug in. Waiting for them.”

“For six days the two armies could only stare at each other. Daring the other side to attack.”

“But the Muslim commander knew he had to act quickly, if he was to take Tours before the snow flies. So on the seventh day he attacked the Franks. The infantry of the Charles Martel’s army was excellent. They held like a stone wall. Reminiscing of the Stonewall Brigade at the battle of Bull Run in the American Civil War. While the infantry held firm, and occupied the Muslim army, Charles the Hammer surprised the Muslims with a covert attack behind enemy lines.

“Charles sent two different squads behind the lines. Encircling the Muslim camp, well behind the battlefield. One hundred men in all. These men surprised the Muslims, and slaughtered them. When they were finished, they took all of the Muslim booty that they had gathered from previous battles. Once finished with that task, they returned back to the headquarters of Charles Martel.

“The Muslims on the front lines were hearing that their camps were being attacked, and many of them left the front lines, retreating. By the time they reached the camps, it was too late. Those support staff who always stayed behind the front had been slaughtered, their treasures taken from them.

“Many of the front line Muslims thought a general retreat was in hand. So they too fell back to the camps. The Muslim commander tried to rally his forces and hold firm. But it was useless. The Franks led by Charles himself, slew the Muslim commander on the field of battle.

“Chaos ensued, with the remaining members of the Muslim army making a retreat all the way back to Spain. No longer wanting any part of Charles Martel, or his Frankish army. The Muslims up to that point had not lost one single battle. After they faced Charles Martel, they were no longer interested in Gaul. They settled in Spain. Leaving the northern and central part of Gaul to the Franks and Charles Martel. The southern part of Gaul to the Visigoths. Who had preserved the treasure of the Holy Grail. This was the closest any army would come to

retrieving that ancient treasure of Jerusalem and Rome. Once the Muslims retired back to Spain, there was no chance of them discovering the treasure of Alaric.

“I myself assigned two sacred Seraphim to guard and protect the Grail. One for the tombs, and another for the treasure. When the book would finally be hidden in 1244, I would assign another Seraphim for that task. To protect the book of Mary Magdalene as well.”

The large viewer onscreen shown an image of three Seraphim. Powerful angels known as “The Fiery Ones.” Because they used swords of fire in their battles. These were the Temple Guards that protect both the Father, and his holy Temple. Similar to the “Pretorian Guard” of ancient Rome. They would guard both the Father and his Temple, and any other task given to them from the Father. These angels were the elite of the elite. Gung Ho, so to speak. The heavenly host’s Special Forces squad. And also the palace guards as well. Like one would see at Buckingham Palace. If the Seraphim were assigned to protect something or someone, then no one was getting through. No matter how powerful one is.



## Gaul, 800 AD

“Two generations after the victory of Tours, the grandson of Charles Martel, was made Holy Roman Emperor by the Pope in Rome. Charlemagne would be the first emperor named since the fall of the Roman Empire, three centuries prior.

“I could spend an eternity speaking about the exploits of Charlemagne, but that wouldn’t help us in our quest for the Holy Grail. Therefore, I will be brief about his life, and how it affected our story.”

The Father projected the image of Charlemagne onscreen and said, “The man shown would unite most of modern day France, Germany, Holland, Austria, Poland, Italy, Switzerland, and many other areas of Europe. He basically shaped and created the continent that would last for centuries after his death.”

“He won so many battles, that even King David would have been proud of his achievements. In military tactics, he had no equal in his time. His cavalry, siege techniques, and logistics were his strengths. Charlemagne also had vision that would be unequaled until the time of Napoleon. A renaissance man born several centuries too early. He would attempt to pull Europe out of the clutches of darkness. Uniting many peoples under one banner to reduce the amount of warfare which had ravaged the continent since the decline of the Roman Empire.

“By the time of his death, most of Europe was under his rule. Not since the fall of Rome, had so much of the continent been under the leadership of one man.”

“Charlemagne would rule his empire for forty-six years. He bent on two agendas. To expand his empire, and to save souls. When he would conquer a people’s, he would ask them to convert to Christianity. If they refused, he would kill them. To Charlemagne, his mission was nothing short of a holy war against all other belief systems. He was basically the military arm of the Roman church. Ruthless against his enemies, emulating what King David achieved 2800 years before him. He showed no mercy towards any others who tolerated a faith which was not his own.

“Yet there was another side to Charlemagne.”

“In administrative matters, he was a hands on leader. He wasn’t your typical king who would just delegate all matters to his subordinates. Not at all. Charlemagne would oversee all operations of his empire himself. He divided his territory into 350 counties. Assigning a Count to rule over each county. But every Count knew that Charlemagne was watching their every move. And if one got out of line, he would remove them completely, and either kill, or exile them. Depending on the infraction.

“Charlemagne constantly travelled from county to county. Overseeing the work of those whom he had appointed. He wasn’t the type of king who distanced themselves from what was happening in their realms. Quite the opposite, Charlemagne knew everything that was happening within his empire. By staying in touch, he knew what needed to be done. Increasing the social, political, and intellectual fabric of his realm. He knew he must increase the education of his people in order that they may survive after him. For the Franks to flourish, education and creativity must flourish.

“Learning was an obsession with him. Therefore Charlemagne built hundreds of schools, so all children from all classes can receive an education. He knew that if his Franks could keep a strong military, and an educated population, then his empire could not be beaten.

“A strong military, an educated population, and a well-organized government were Charlemagne’s legacy as Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire. But this was not all that he would accomplish. One final thing needed to be done. And when it was accomplished, it cemented the Roman Catholic’s church as the power behind people’s beliefs for centuries to come.

“Charlemagne made a pact with the Pope of Rome. The church would recognize him as the sole king of the Franks, and other territories. In return for this, Charlemagne would be the sole defender of the Roman Catholic Church. When this agreement was signed, The Carolingian branch of the holy royal bloodline had usurped the power from their cousins, the Merovingians. Both houses stemming from the line of Jesus and Mary Magdalene, via their son Joseph.

“From the time of Clovis in the early sixth century to the time of Charlemagne in the early ninth and beyond, the holy royal bloodline had ruled the

Franks. The Holy Grail consolidating power in Western Europe. This would continue on for centuries afterwards. Extending far beyond Europe and into the whole world.

“This is a topic not well known on planet earth at this time,” remarked the Mother of all things.

“It’s been hidden away from the masses. Only a select few have known the truth of the Grail. And how it has shaped history for millennia,” replied the Father.

“But this is about to change,” said the Mother.

“It’s about to change in a dramatic way, It’s about to become common knowledge on earth,” said the Father.

“How will you accomplish that, my love,” asked the Mother.

“The author of this book is one of the reasons. The finding of the Holy Grail is another. Truth which has been hidden for a long time is about to be discovered on planet earth. When this happens, those who are currently in power will lose their stranglehold on the population. Once the people realize that they have been lied to for centuries. They will no longer listen to those who are in charge. And create for themselves a new revolution on planet earth. A revolution of truth and justice. Preparing the way for the ultimate Holy Grail,” said the Father.

He looked at his love and continued, “Preparing the way for you.”

She smiled at him. Engaging him with her lovely eyes and warm heart. She thought to herself, *he was correct. All of the groundwork that the Father had laid on the planet had been for her. So that she could finally incarnate on earth, and therefore redeem it. Taking humanity into the next level of their evolution. Increasing the frequency of the planet, and those who reside on it. Lifting humanity into the golden age of Gaia.*

He read her thoughts, and smiled back at her. Then he uttered, “You’re correct my sweet. It’s all been done for you.”



## Jerusalem, 1099 AD

The Father displayed the image of the eternal city Jerusalem onscreen the large viewer. He thought of the many actions which had occurred within its confines through the years. The sacking of the city by King David. The setting up of Jerusalem to be the capitol for the Jews. The sacking of the city by the Babylonians. And then the sacking by Titus and the Romans. Yet after all of this carnage, Jerusalem still remained. As a cultural, political, and economic center for that part of the world. And most importantly, a religious center for three world religions. Judaism, Christianity, and Islam. The three religions of his servant Abraham. There is no other place like this city on the planet. Not even Rome approaches it.

He looked back to his audience and continued with his teachings, “Let us move ahead 300 years from Charlemagne. To the time of the holy wars between Christianity and Islam. But first I must fill in the gaps for you. So to speak.”

“From the time of Charlemagne to the time of the Holy Wars, the nation of Gaul, which was now being called France, was threatened by an invader from the north. It was the time of the Northmen. The time of the Vikings. Those marauders who seek to pillage, and steal away the wealth of France, Britain, Spain, and many other territories.

“The Vikings brought with them their gods Odin, Thor, and many others. Effectively making this a holy war between the Norse gods, and Christianity. Which by now had ruled the entire European continent.

“The Vikings laid waste to the nation of England. Overthrowing several kings in its many districts. They were very effective in battle. With the use of their longboats, the English had no idea the Vikings were there until they were practically right on top of them. All but one of the English kings were routed. The district of Wessex, led by King Alfred, was the only leader to be able to stand up to these invaders. The rest of the nation belonged to the Vikings. They would hold on to this stronghold for basically another two hundred years. Then they, the Anglos, and the Saxons, were overthrown by cousins of the Vikings, the Normans in 1066.

“But let us go back to how the Normans were able to accomplish this task. Back to how the Normans came to be in northern France. The region known as Normandy.

“In the beginning of the tenth century, the French king, Charles III made a pact with a group of Vikings led by a man named Rollo. Charles agreed to give Rollo a stretch of land in northern France. This land would later on be known as Normandy. The land of the Northmen. This would be shortened in time to the name of Normans. The Normans, who occupied the area of Normandy.

“In return for receiving this land, Rollo pledged to Charles that he would protect the French borders from invading Vikings. Which Rollo and his Normans were quite successful at doing. For these people, the Normans, were quite an innovative lot. They were very successful at creating a knighthood, which would last through the centuries. Skilled warriors put up upon heavy horses, which were very effective in battle. Basically like a modern armored tank battalion. A Special Forces outfit equipped with two handed long swords, heavy armor, and many other weapons. The Normans were the finest forces of military for their time period. They could cut through any lines of defense.

“The Normans also assimilated into the French culture. Adopting its language, and way of life. They became a state within a state. Normandy would protect France, and in return they received sovereignty. This went on until 1066 when the Normans invaded and conquered England. Led by William the Conqueror, they defeated the English army at the battle of Hastings.”

“What is the significance of the Normans defeating the English?” asked the Mother.

“Because the leader of the Normans, William the Conqueror, had been born into the Holy Royal bloodline of Jesus and Mary Magdalene. His ancestor Rollo had married into the bloodline. Therefore, the bloodline had now come to England. There it would lead this nation into an empire. The Holy Grail, which had spent more than 1,000 years in France, had moved onward, and into England. From there it would travel across the Atlantic Ocean and into America, but I’m getting ahead of myself,” answered the Father.

“As you’re prone to do,” laughed the Mother. “You may proceed,” added the Mother of all things.

“Thank you my dear,” said the Father. He smiled, and resumed his teaching, “So by the time of the first holy war for Jerusalem, the bloodline was now in charge of France and England.”

The Mother interrupted him by saying, “You know what is funny?”

“What’s that, my sweet?” asked the Father.

She looked upon her audience, then to him, and said, “Here we have a Roman church which has proclaimed that Jesus of Nazareth died a virgin. That he never married, nor had any children. Yet the truth is that he did have children, and out of them sprung forth the leaders of Europe. Controlling the destiny of the continent.”

“And soon to be the entire world,” added the Father.

The Mother thought for a second and said, “And here we have ourselves a religious authority that was teaching a false doctrine from the beginning. All in the name of greed, power, fear, and control. I’m amazed that this has gone on for this lengthy period of time. That Rome has been able to hide the truth from the masses for millennia. A religion built upon falsehoods. Unbelievable.”

“All a part of my grand plan,” remarked the Father.

“You may proceed my love,” said the Mother. “We are all anxiously awaiting the rest of your teachings,” she said with her famous smile.

He did as instructed, “As the Mother pointed out. Keeping the bloodline a secret for so long is incredible to believe. Yet it remains to this day. But that will soon change when the evidence of the bloodline is discovered.”

“And when will it be discovered?” the Mother pressed him for specifics.

“When my servant Amos and his team discovers it,” the Father answered.

“And when will that be?” the Mother was unsatisfied with the Father’s vagueness.

He smiled at her with his slick, cat with a canary smile, and responded, "I'm getting to that part."

"There is no pinning you down," she said with a laugh.

"Not yet my love. Now back to my story. The Muslims conquered Jerusalem back in the seventh century. When they did, they built upon the holy site of Mount Moriah, the sacred Dome of the Rock temple. A golden domed mosque that is standing in the present day. It is considered the third holiest site in all of Islam. Behind Mecca and Medina.

"So by the time 1099 rolled around, the Muslims had been in possession of the city of Jerusalem, and the Temple Mount, for more than four hundred years."

A beautiful picture of the Dome of the Rock was on display on the Father's massive viewer. It's golden dome glittering in the sunlight. An object worthy of its name. "This is the spot where Abraham was to sacrifice his son. In heaven we call this place the rock of ages. On earth it's called Temple Mount. And it is the holiest site on the planet. More prayers have been said at this site than all other sites combined. Sanctifying it, and making the site holy. This is something that is of course known in heaven, but not very well known on earth. The more prayers that are said at a particular place, the holier it becomes."

"By 1099, the Pope wished to reclaim this holy site from the Muslims. Here was the place where Christians believed that Jesus was crucified, and the area was in the hands of another faith. This, thought the Pope, will not do. So he issued a call to arms to all knights of Christendom. Promising each that if they were to retake the holy land, then they would be granted the kingdom of heaven. Such was the beliefs of the Christian faithful at that time. That the pope could grant such a request if they were to kill another human being because of their faith. He opened up the prisons, pardoning any and all who wished to join this holy quest. Forgiving the criminals, if they would partake in the conquest of Jerusalem. All was forgiven, if they would follow his will."

The Father shook his head from one side to another and continued, "Such was the way of things in the late eleventh century. Killing in the name of their god. Led by the leader of the church."

“A massive army was assembled, and headed eastward toward Jerusalem. These men who were a part of the Pope’s grand army ravaged, killed, raped, and murdered any and all people along the way of its destructive path. Specifically targeting the Jews, Gypsies, or any others who weren’t a part of their brand of Christianity. Tens of thousands were butchered, raped, murdered, and put to the torch.

“The army finally reached Jerusalem, and killed every man, woman, and child of the city. They didn’t differentiate between Christian, Muslim, or Jew. They murdered in the name of Christ, and called it a liberation. The city ran red with blood for days on end. It was a horrific massacre of the innocents.”

The Father looked down briefly at his feet. Put his hand over his eyes, and wept at the memory of the sacking of Jerusalem. *The evil that men do to each other knows no bounds*, he thought. After a few moments he composed himself, and said, “If I may, I’d like to stray away from the story for a little while, and talk about something that’s on my mind.”

“I think I can speak for the entire host when I say, of course my love,” said the Mother of all things.

The angelic host nodded in agreement with the Mother. Patiently awaiting what the Father of all things had to say. Their love for their Creator was immense. They only wanted to be there for him, in this most trying of times. For he had let out an incredible amount of emotion at the telling of this story of the Holy Grail.

The Father began, “Ever since the Christian books were put together which would become what is known as the New Testament, the children of Abraham have been persecuted by the Christians. This is the work of Lucifer, and no one else. For he knew the blessings that Abraham and his offspring would receive. That out of their bloodline, the entire world, and even the cosmos, would become blessed. The deliverer, messiah, anointed one, Christ, or whatever name you wished to assign to the chosen one, would spring out of that family tree. This is the true Holy Grail.”

“Now since Lucifer knew of these things, he has done everything in his power to try and destroy this race of humans. Figuring that if he could destroy the children of Abraham, then he could effectively wipe out the prophecy stating that

all the world will be blessed through his seed. Culminating in the death of millions in the 20<sup>th</sup> century.”

The Father looked at the image of Lucifer that was being shown. The viewer following along with the Father’s story. His dark hair and eyes. His olive colored skin. The massive amount of power that was projected from him. It forced many of the angelic host to turn away from his image onscreen. They collectively feared this powerful archangel. As well they should. For only Michael and Gabriel were equal in power and status as him.

The Father turned back toward the audience, noticing their feelings toward Lucifer, and continued, “Do not fear this mighty archangel. It only increases his power when you do so. When you show no fear toward Lucifer, it turns him from a lion into a lamb. As my servant Amos has repeatedly shown to him. For Amos has never feared the dark side, and this has been a great benefit to him. It has also enabled Amos with great power.”

The Father resumed his story, “As I was saying, Lucifer has struck at the children of Abraham time and again. Knowing that somewhere along the way, the Messiah will be born. And this chosen one, will defeat Lucifer and his mighty angels. For nothing, not even myself, can stand up to the Messiah. And she will deliver all from darkness.”

He looked at her, smiled, knowing that she knew that he was talking about her, and continued, “Back to my story of the taking of Jerusalem by the Christian army. Once Jerusalem was ‘liberated’ from the Muslims, the Pope assigned a knighthood to protect the pilgrims who were traveling to the holy land. Now that Jerusalem was in Christian hands, a multitude sought to see the holy sites of the city.

“This knighthood which was to protect the pilgrims came to be known as the Knights Templar.”

“Now the Knights Templar is a very interesting subject currently on planet earth. How were they formed? Who were they? What did they know? What did they find? Etc. So allow me to explain to you the Knights Templar as simply as is possible. But first we must travel back to the sacking of Jerusalem in 70 AD.

“As I previously stated, five priests of the nation of Israel hid away many objects from the Romans. Included among these items are the Ark of the Covenant, the breast plate of the high priest, and many other sacred relics. Basically one third of all the sacred objects of Israel at that time. They couldn’t hide them all, for the Romans knew that Israel had many of these sacred objects. So the priests had to leave two thirds of these items for the Romans. Included among the items left were the Menorah, the Visionary Table, and the Mercy Seat. Therefore we had two sacred treasures. One hidden, and one given to the Romans.

“As you will recall, the items taken by the Romans were taken by Alaric and his Visigoths in 410 AD. These items were then hidden deep within the Pyrenees Mountains in southern France. Where they remain to this day. But soon to be discovered by my servant Amos, and his team of spiritual warriors currently assembled on the planet.

“The remaining hidden items that lie under Temple Mount were yet to be discovered. The Ark of the Covenant, the breast plate of the high priest, and all the other riches hidden by the five priests. Many of these items going back to the time of King’s David and Solomon.

“Now remember I told you that Nicodemus was one of the five priests who hid the items, and was in fact the only priest who survived the assault upon Jerusalem in 70 AD. After the sacking of Jerusalem, he traveled to Gaul. In a few months’ time, he was able to track down his good friend Lazarus. Nicodemus then told Lazarus of the location of the secret, hidden items. Together, these two men would tell two other men, Sidonius, and Maximus. These four men would then form a pact of secrecy. Promising to never tell another soul until they were on their death beds. And then only to be passed on to the next generation for safekeeping of this valuable secret.

“Time passed, and generations came and went. The secret being handed down from one to the next. A name of this secret group was formed. It was called ‘The Order of Zion.’ They kept a list of the secret items that was originally given to them by Nicodemus and Lazarus. And the exact location of these items. This went on until the early 12<sup>th</sup> century. Then once the Christians regained Jerusalem, the

order of Zion saw their chance to reclaim the treasure hidden underneath Temple Mount.”

“This is fascinating. And not very well known on the planet at this time,” said the Mother. She echoed what the entire angelic host was thinking. How a group of men could keep a secret for over 1,000 years. Especially a secret of a treasure of such magnitude.

“Only by a very select few,” remarked the Father. He thought of naming the people that currently reside on earth at this time that know of this secret. And decided he would share this information later. If it all.

The Mother, reading his mind, could only smile at the slyness of her partner.

The Father continued, “In 1118, a man by the name of Hugues de Payens was the leader of this Order of Zion. He, and along with eight other members, all of them related, and all a part of the Jesus and Mary Magdalene bloodline, went on a trek to Jerusalem to do some digging for treasure.”

“The order needed a sponsor in Rome. Someone who could go to the Pope, and be the advocate for this Order of Zion. The reason being was to legitimize this order. To make the order legal in Jerusalem. That advocate would become Saint Bernard. A man who was also related to the members of the Order of Zion. Therefore, Saint Bernard went to the Pope on behalf of the order. Bernard and the nine knights knew that they needed the Pope to legitimize them. To give them legal credibility. In this way, no one else would be able to bother them about their work. This way they would only have to answer to the Pope, and no one else.

“After careful consideration, the Pope decided to commission these nine knights to guard the travel ways for all the pilgrims who were descending upon Jerusalem, en masse. This was perfect for the knights. If anyone asked questions as to their reason for being in Jerusalem, they now had one. They were there to protect the travelers and pilgrims who were there to visit the Holy land.

“Once these nine reached Jerusalem, they were given property on the Temple Mount in which to perform their services from. A home base at the same place that the ancient Temple of Solomon stood. A perfect location for what these men were about to do.”

“Which was not to protect the travel ways, but to dig. They were there to do some digging under the Temple Mount. They had no plans at all for guiding any pilgrims who were on their way to Jerusalem. That action would come later on in the order’s history. Therefore, they began digging for the spot where Nicodemus and Lazarus had told the Order of Zion to look, over 1000 years prior.”

“For nine years these men dug under the Temple Mount. Creating caves and tunnels in many directions. For there were many items to be found. A cache of gold and jewels that Kings can only dream of possessing. But the grand prize was awaiting them ninety meters straight down. Where the Ark of the Covenant and the breast plate of the high priest, which activates the Ark, awaited them. Once the knights had retrieved all of the prizes they had been looking for, they traveled back to France in the year 1128. Once there, a few amazing things happened.”

On screen the large viewer the famous Ark of the Covenant was on display. It was an exact replica of the Ark of the Covenant which was housed in the Father’s temple in heaven. A golden chest with two angels perched atop. Their wings outstretched, almost touching each other.

The Father resumed, “The Ark of the Covenant is a portal from one world to another. When both Arks are activated, I descend down to earth to the Ark located on earth. Once there I ascend back to heaven, and descend to earth simultaneously. Communicating with the high priest directly with no need for any angelic intervention. This direct communication between myself and man is what makes both Arks of the Covenant so sacred and holy.”

“In scientific terms, the Arks are large capacitors. Capable of holding an immense amount of energy. Which is why the High Priest would have to wear a breast plate, In order to shield himself from the radiation burns that would result from being in close proximity to this incredible amount of energy. The breast plate was also used to activate the Ark of the Covenant. Its twelve stones would be pressed in a certain sequence for activation of the Ark. Only the high priests knew the sequence. It’s a heavily guarded secret. The priests swore an oath, under the penalty of death, not to reveal the secret code of the gem stones. This secret would come to haunt those who wanted to use the Ark for their own advantage.”

The Father laughed to himself, and then continued, “When the knights returned back to France, they attempted to activate the Ark of the Covenant, but with no success. Their efforts were fruitless without the activation codes. So they came up with a plan. They would keep the breast plate, and offer up the Ark of the Covenant to the pope in exchange for a vast sum of gold coins.”

“Therefore, Saint Bernard was once again sent to the Pope as the intermediary between the Pope and the nine knights. Saint Bernard then informed the Pope about the discovery of the Ark. The pope was ecstatic when hearing of the finding of this lost treasure. He thought such a sacred item was either captured by the Babylonians in the 6<sup>th</sup> century BC. Or it was located in Ethiopia, as some rumors had stated. But by the time of 1128 AD, the Pope, along with pretty much everyone else, had thought the Ark of the Covenant was lost to time. Everyone that is, but the Order of Zion.

“Also remember that in this day and age, sacred relics were big business in Christendom. The Ark of the Covenant being the greatest prize of all. So when Saint Bernard asked for 360,000 gold pieces in return for the Ark, the Pope gladly agreed.”

“There is a reason that 360,000 was the amount requested. Each knight would receive 40,000 gold coins. Each knight with the exception of Hugues de Payan, also pledged to give to Saint Bernard 5,000 gold coins out of their share. This totaled 35,000 gold coins per knight, 40,000 for Hugues de Payan, and 40,000 for Saint Bernard. Which Bernard used to build his church, and establish his order.”

“This is how the Knights Templar became very wealthy, very fast.”

The Father resumed, “Besides finding vast treasure under the Temple Mount, they found something even more valuable than material goods. They found scrolls written by the Essenes. Scrolls dating back to the time of Jesus.”

“These scrolls stated the true story of Jesus. That he was a married man, who had children. Thus proving the Roman story of Christianity of a virgin Jesus was pure fiction. Saint Bernard translated these scrolls for the knights. Once finished, Bernard and the knights couldn’t believe their eyes. Here was a story

telling them that everything that the Church was teaching about Jesus was false. That he was a virgin, with no wife and children.

“At first, the knights did nothing about this new information. But in time, they would incorporate these new ideas into their belief system. Differentiating themselves away from the Roman Catholic Church.”

“Now let us switch gears away from the Templars, and move on to another group of people that figures into our story of the Holy Grail. The Bogomils, as they were then called. We will get back to the Templar Knights in time, but first, another three hour intermission is in order. When we return, the Mother of all things will continue on with the story, if she so pleases.”

“Of course my love,” was the Mother’s response.



## Southern France, 1120 AD

Once the angelic host was reassembled after their three hour long break, the Mother looked toward her massive, and captive audience. The angels seemed to be loving this sermon. Enjoying the story of the Holy Grail. Absorbing every word and emotion given to them from their Creators, the Mother and Father of all things.

It had seemed like eons ago that this many angels were gathered in one place at one time. The last time being the announcement of the creation of humanity. The angelic host was basking in the fellowship of being in the same area of so many like-minded spirits. The energy being felt throughout was amazing. And all were soaking it in. Allowing this energy to permeate throughout their entire beings.

The Mother smiled at the feeling of the host, and resumed the teachings, “While all these fascinating events were happening with the Knights Templar, another group was having its effect upon the Holy Grail. This group was known as the Bogomils, and they would help create quite a stir in southern France.”

“The Bogomils came from an area that today is called Bulgaria. They were named after a priest in the 10<sup>th</sup> century who had left the teachings of the church, and began to follow a Gnostic dualistic belief system. The same belief system that was taught long ago by Philip and Bartholomew in the same area. As a matter of fact, that is how he came to believe in the Gnosis. He came across a group of believers that stretched all the way back to Philip. For Philip’s church had never perished, it merely went underground during the rise of the Roman church. When Rome wished to do away with all other beliefs but their own. Destroying all Gnostics, and labeling them heretics during the reign of Constantine.

“The Gnostics of Bulgaria were very much like the Gnostics of Southern France. The main difference was that the church of Bulgaria was begun by Philip, and the one in France was begun by Mary Magdalene. But both were very similar in their beliefs and practices.

“Starting in the 10<sup>th</sup> century, the Bogomils began to migrate westward. Toward the area of southern France.”

A map shown onscreen displayed the migration route of the Bogomils. It began in Bulgaria, and the area near Constantinople in Turkey. Some seemed to be heading westward through eastern Europe to northern France. And finally settling in southern France. Another group of Bogomils went through Italy, before finally settling in southern France. Both groups were heading to the same area of the Languedoc region. It seemed to the host that these Bogomils knew exactly where they were heading.

The Mother spoke, “As you can see, the Bogomils knew where they were going.”

*“You may be asking yourselves, how did they know where to go? How did they know that there would be a fellow group of Gnostics awaiting them in southern France? The truth is simple. Before Philip passed away from that world to this one, he told his closest followers of the secret of the location of Mary Magdalene, and her family. That they were secreted away to southern France for the protection of the holy royal bloodline. For the preservation of the Holy Grail.*

“The reason for their departure from Bulgaria to France is that a message was sent one evening from the Father to many members of the Bogomils. It was a dream, telling them that it was time for them to join their brethren in France. Comparing their dreams, and interpreting its message, the members of the Bogomils assembled the next day, and decided that it was time to migrate. And that is exactly what they did. The Bogomils listened to the spirit of the Father, and headed westward.

“Once in southern France, it didn’t take very long for the Bogomils to find their fellow believers in France. It was a reunion of like-minded individuals. And both groups were pleased to know that they weren’t the only group who believed the same way. Yet there were a few differences. But these differences didn’t interfere in the evolution of both groups incorporating into one. The end result was the group that history calls, “The Cathars.” One group of people combined from two. The followers of Mary Magdalene, and the followers of Philip.



## Southern France, 1190 AD

The Mother continued, “We are now getting into the heart of the Holy Grail story. We have assembled in France at this time, the Knights Templar, and the Cathars. Two distinct groups of people who knew the truth of the life of Jesus. Both of them would soon grow at a rapid rate. And both of these organizations would eventually become an enormous threat to the power, and authority of the Roman church.”

“It was along this time frame that the Father sent his servant Amos back into the fold. In this life Amos incarnated into a man known as Guhibert de Castres. And Guhibert would unbalance everything.”

The Mother looked upon the image of Guhibert that was being displayed on the large viewer. She smiled at his memory and continued, “Guihabert was born in the year 1165 in Castres. Early on this man knew that there was a strong, abiding faith in his soul, longing for the Father. A deep inner calling that only he was able to hear. Guhibert was born for a purpose, and that purpose was the Holy Grail. For in previous lives he had been Abraham, who was the origin of the Grail, and Philip, its preserver. Those two lives intersected in the life of Guhibert. Three lives coming to create one. By the time Guhibert was 24 years old, he had become a Cathar priest. A leader of the Gnostic church in southern France. He had studied the scriptures, learning Latin, Greek, Aramaic, and Hebrew along the way. A natural linguist, with a beautifully curious mind, Guhibert would eventually meander his way to the Cathar faithful. A natural born Gnostic, who was always a seeker of the truth. It was with the Cathars, that he was able to satisfy his many curiosities, and come to believe in Mary Magdalene, and the Holy Grail.”

“In the year 1193, Guhibert settled in the town of Fanjeaux, where he attended to the Cathar group there. It was then that his life changed completely.”

Onscreen the viewer projected an ancient book. It was a worn red leather binding, with a gold leafed spiral on its cover. It looked to be a thousand years old.

The Mother resumed, "It was in that year, while Guhibert was attending to the Cathar faithful, that he was met by an old priest who identified himself to Guhibert only as Charles. Who asked Guhibert to come with him. Now allow the viewer to show the host what happened next."

Onscreen the viewer showed two men. An old man and a younger one. One of about 70, while the other was 28. Both of them had long hair, and was dressed in blue robes. The older man had grey hair, while the younger man's was reddish brown. Both were Cathar priests. They were standing outside an old abandoned Castle. One in which had eroded to the point where half of the castle was gone. Weather beaten from the centuries. It was midday, and the sun was directly overhead. The older man, Charles, was handing an old, tattered book to the younger man, Guhibert.

"What is this?" asked Guhibert.

"This is a very sacred book. Begun by Mary Magdalene herself. It tells of the true story of the life of Jesus. It also tells many secrets from our ancestors. And chronicles the lives of the holy royal bloodline begun by Jesus and Mary Magdalene. Many others have added to it down through the centuries. It is the book of our people," answered Charles.

"Why are you giving it to me?" asked Guhibert.

"Because you have been selected by the Father to be the keeper of the Grail," replied Charles.

"So this book is the Grail?" asked Guhibert. *Keeper of the grail? Selected by the Father? What is this elderly priest talking about?*

"Not quite, it's just a part of the Grail," answered Charles. He then motioned his hand and said, "Follow me."

Guhibert did as instructed, and followed Charles into the ancient, and abandoned fortress. An old ruin that used to be a castle of the Visigoths in the early 5<sup>th</sup> century. Built by Alaric himself. By the year 1193, half of the ancient outside stones were still standing. Yet the inner structure and the lower levels had remained.

Once inside, by the light of a lantern, the old man led Guhibert down a few flights of stairs. Then they made several abrupt turns from hidden doors and passage ways. Opening up one hidden path way, which led to another. It seemed to Guhibert to be a maze of some sorts. Finally, Charles led him into what was left of the dungeon of the castle. There he led him to the dungeon's northwest corner.

Once there, Charles pointed toward the floor and said, "Look closely, do you see anything?"

Guhibert shuffled his feet to clear the debris which had accumulated through the years. But he could only see dirt on floorboards, set upon solid rock.

"Look closer," said Charles. Pointing toward a certain spot on the floor. A little notch in the floor boards.

Holding the lantern closer to the floor, Guhibert noticed a faint spiral shaped indentation in the floorboard. It seemed to be made out of metal. Rusted out, it looked to be hundreds of years old. Guhibert dug at the grooves of this indentation, clearing the dirt off of it. Then he realized what it was, "It's a lock," exclaimed Guhibert.

"Indeed it is," said Charles.

"But for what?" asked Guhibert.

"For what is below us," replied Charles.

"What is below us? Why there is only rock below us. This floor is just wood and stone set upon rock," said Guhibert.

"Is it?" asked Charles.

Guhibert thought for a moment. Wondering what this old man was up to. Obviously, he was trying to tell Guhibert something. Claiming that there was more to this dungeon than meets the eye. He looked at the faint lock on the floor and asked, "So if this is a lock, then where is the key?"

Charles reached into a small goat skinned bag that was wrapped around his belt, and produced an ancient key. It was spiral shaped, with many grooves and notches built into it. "It is right here," he answered.

Charles handed the key to Guhibert and said, "See if it still works."

Guhibert did as instructed, and inserted the key into the lock. He turned it to the right and heard a click of gears moving within. He then further turned the lock, heard a snap of levers, releasing the hidden door. Guhibert was then able to lift the secret door out of its original position. He then set it down, adjacent to the entryway. Guhibert then held the lantern inside the secret door, to reveal a folding ladder that was attached to the other side.

Guhibert looked up at Charles, who was smiling. "Fold down the ladder, and go have a look. I've already seen it. A long time ago. I'm too old to navigate my way down there anymore," said Charles.

The younger man lowered the folding ladder, and complied with Charles instructions. Once at the bottom of the ladder, he gathered his bearings, held up the lantern, and looked around. What he saw astounded him.

"Oh my God," whispered Guhibert.

Guhibert was standing in the middle of an expansive room, approximately 150 feet long, and 100 feet wide. The floor and the walls were carved out of rock. A flat, grey surface, which must have taken months to build. The 12 feet high ceiling was held together by stone, and wooden joists with metal supports. The joists looked as if they could last another 1000 years.

Guhibert walked away from the ladder, and saw in the middle of the room, the ancient candlestick known as the Menorah. The sacred seven lamped candle stand, which was taken from the second temple in Jerusalem by the Romans. Made of solid gold, it must have stood almost six feet high. A single candle in the middle, with three rounded branches on each side. Guhibert was in awe to be in the presence of this most holy object. He reached out to touch one of its branches, wiping the dust from it, to reveal the golden splendor underneath. *People have thought this relic lost to history. Now here it is, standing right in front of me,* thought Guhibert.

Next to the Menorah sat an eight feet long, four feet wide solid gold table. *This is the visionary table that the Menorah sat upon,* mused Guhibert. Adjacent

to the table was a solid golden throne. *And this must be the mercy seat. All three of these items were located in the holiest place of the ancient temple. The holy of holies, as the Jews called it. The most sacred place on earth,* reflected Guhibert.

He moved away from these sacred items, and looked around. There were three rows of shelving, which encompassed the entire room. The top row at five feet, the middle row at three feet, and the bottom row at one foot. Set upon the shelving's were various objects, relics of the past. Crowns, staffs, jewels, artifacts, and different sized chests. He moved to the eastern wall, and opened one of the larger sized chests. He opened it to reveal that it was filled with diamonds of all shapes and sizes. *Is this a part of King Solomon's treasure? It had to be. For according to legend, King Solomon had many diamond mines in Africa. Some say that Solomon was the richest man ever to grace the planet. I wonder if this treasure is his? For who else would accumulate this many diamonds? There are thousands of them in this chest.* He pondered this for a moment, and moved on.

He moved from object to object. Chests filled with gold coins, jewels, and various relics, that many seemed to date back to the Roman times. The crowns looked to be the crowns of the various Caesars. A few of them had inscriptions that were labeled with the various Caesar's names upon them. Claudius, Nero, and Titus, amongst them.

Guhibert moved toward the south wall, and found a few scepters that seemed to date back to the Egyptian time period. Him being an educated man, he knew the various symbols of Osiris, Isis, and many of the other Egyptian deities. Along with the scepters of Egypt, he saw a solid gold casting of Anubis. That jackal headed ancient god of Egypt. Next to Anubis, stood a six feet high golden statue of Thoth. *Amazing,* thought Guhibert. *Simply amazing.*

Continuing along the south wall, Guhibert saw emerald tablets with ancient Egyptian writings upon them. A sort of hieroglyphics. *These must be ancient,* thought Guhibert. There seemed to be twelve of them. He wiped the dust off of one of them, and noticed that they were very legible. *The emerald tablets of Thoth?* Wondered Guhibert. Next to the emerald tablets were three staffs. Guhibert knew immediately what they were. The staff of Ra, the staff of was, and the staff of dominion. *Amazing,* thought Guhibert. *These items must be thousands of years old. Dating back to the time of the ancient Pharaohs.*

He heard a voice overhead, telling him to take his time. That it was okay to spend a little time down here and take in a little inventory. Guhibert did as the elderly man instructed, and moved on toward the western wall. It was here that Guhibert found many other ancient Israeli treasures. The crowns of King's David and Solomon. The scepters of the many Kings of Israeli history. Golden armor, and many chests filled with various jewels of emeralds, diamonds, rubies, sapphires, and of course gold. Also a golden chest filled with many scrolls. He opened a couple of them. One was labeled "Isaiah," and another was labeled, "Amos." *These are the scrolls of the prophets,* mused Guhibert.

Guhibert then came across a small golden box with a Hebrew inscription upon it which read, "The ring of Solomon." He opened it to reveal an enormous golden ring, with an equally enormous ruby stone sat in the middle of it. Poured in gold within the ruby stone, were the Hebrew letters, YHWH. *The name of God,* thought Guhibert. *Could this be the fabled Solomon's ring that he used to control the demons who supposedly built the first temple?* Guhibert could only look in awe at the unique ring, and wonder. He'd wager he was correct that it was Solomon's fabled ring. An item that was filled with the power of the Father. He thought about taking the ring and keeping it for himself, and then decided it was better to be back in its original location.

Finally Guhibert surveyed the northern wall. These items seemed to be Greek for the most part. Crowns, staffs, rods, and various other treasures of Alexander the Great. Along with chests filled with coins and riches. Such as the other walls were. Many items seemed to have a Persian origin. *Treasures of the Greco Persian wars,* thought Guhibert.

He took a final glance around the room and before he made his way up the steps, he spotted a large vase filled with scrolls. He unsheathed one, and saw that it was in the ancient Jewish language of Hebrew. He thought about reading it, and gave that idea a second thought. Thinking that Charles had been waiting long enough. He climbed the stairs, and once finished, he looked into the eyes of a smiling Charles. Who asked him, "Well, what do you think?"

"It's amazing," exclaimed Guhibert. "How long have you known about this place?" he asked the elder priest.

“Since I was your age. When an elderly priest named Francois took me here to show it to me,” answered Charles.

“I can’t believe the amount of treasure that is stored down there,” said Guhibert. He was clearly in shock. Nothing had prepared him for what he witnessed that day. There were more riches stored down in the cellar of this half eroded castle, than all the accumulated riches of the kings of the earth. Nothing could approach the wealth located in this hidden place. He had just witnessed the wealth of the planet, all collected in the same place. A remote Visigoth castle that had been forgotten about centuries ago.

Guhibert thought for a moment, and asked, “Why did you show it to me?”

“Because I’m dying,” answered Charles.

“So you chose to show me this secret before you passed on?” asked Guhibert.

“I didn’t choose you. God did. I had a dream of you the other night. I know now that the dream was a message sent from the Father of all things. And he wanted you to see the location of the great secrets of this world,” said Charles.

“Well they certainly are that,” said Guhibert.

Charles allowed Guhibert to absorb this new information that he had been shown. He patiently awaited Guhibert to ask more questions. The younger priest didn’t let him down, and asked the obvious question, “How did this all get here?”

“This is an accumulated treasure of many centuries. I’m not sure how much you saw, but it ranges back from the days of ancient Egypt, Persia, Israel, Greece, and to Rome. It’s the riches that Rome stole from the world. Centuries of Roman booty. Taken from those whom they had conquered. But then in the year 410, Alaric, King of the Visigoths, stole it from them. Who then built this castle to mark the location of the treasure,” answered Charles.

Guhibert could only stare at the elderly priest with his mouth open. Therefore, Charles continued, “Once the castle was built and the treasure hidden away, Alaric had the builders assassinated. For they knew too much. Anyone who had any idea of the location of the treasure, was dealt with accordingly by Alaric. He wanted to be the only man who knew the secret of the treasure.”

“Before he died, Alaric then passed on the location of the treasure to his son, who passed it on to the next generation. Somewhere along the line, the Visigoth Kings went underground. They had to for fear of the Franks to the north, and the Moors to the south. These kings kept the location of this fabulous treasure a secret. I am descended from these kings. But since I have no son to share the secret with, I awaited a sign from the Father on whom to share the secret with. This is when I was given the dream, to give the secret to you.”

“This is fascinating,” replied Guhibert.

“I’m about to show you something even more fascinating,” said Charles.

“What could possibly be more fascinating than this?” asked Guhibert.

“Follow me, and I’ll show you,” said Charles.

The viewer faded, and the Mother of all things looked out to a stunned audience. Almost all of them had no idea that this treasure existed. And to find out that there is something even more fantastical. Well, needless to say, the angelic host awaited with baited breath. They were ‘at the edge of their seats,’ as the saying goes.

The Mother of all things smiled, and spoke, “Would you all like me to further activate the viewer so you can see what happens next?”

A collective affirmative response came from the audience. In unison, they answered, “Yes.”

“You’re such a tease,” remarked the Father with a wink.

“I am,” she agreed. And then she reactivated the viewer to show a different scene from the same two men. The elder Charles, and the younger Guhibert.

Both men were standing within a cave structure. They were holding up lanterns, looking around at the writings upon the cave walls. These writings were written in Aramaic. The same language used during the time of Jesus and Mary Magdalene. Guhibert was holding up the lantern, and attempting to read the writings. It was very dusty, but he could make out some of the ancient letters.

Before he could venture too far in interpreting the writings, he was interrupted by Charles, who said, "Don't bother reading them. I'll tell you what they say."

"And what is that?" asked Guhibert.

Charles replied, "It tells the same story that is in your book that I've given you. A condensed version of the true story of Jesus of Nazareth, and Mary Magdalene. How they were a married couple, with three children. The walls tell of how Jesus survived the crucifixion, and went on to live another twelve years afterward. How the Apostle Philip rescued Mary Magdalene, and escorted her and her children to this area of southern France."

"Why would someone tell the story of Jesus and the Magdalene in a cave?" asked Guhibert.

Charles didn't immediately answer him. He just motioned for the younger priest to come to the northwest corner of the cave. There, Charles motioned toward the wall. Guhibert moved toward the area that Charles had motioned to, and saw another spiral shaped lock. This one was located on the wall, and not the floor, as the lock at the castle had been.

Charles reached into his pocket, and once again produced the same key that opened up the lock at the castle. He inserted the key into lock, which was a part of the wall. After turning it to the right, there were a few clicks of the gears heard in the cave.

Once the lock was opened, Guhibert saw the stone, which was a portion of the wall, move to the right. Just enough space for a man to fit in. Charles picked up his lantern, and led Guhibert to this secret hidden room. Once in the room, Guhibert saw two stone tombs. On top of the tombs were the labels of whom lie within them. One was labeled Jesus, the other was labeled Mary.

Guhibert looked back at Charles and asked, "Is this who I think it is?"

"It is," answered Charles.

"Oh my God!" was all Guhibert could muster from his mouth. Nothing else would suffice. Once he recovered his senses, he crept over toward the tomb

labeled, 'Jesus,' and inspected the cover. It looked as if he could lift it, and see what is inside.

"Go on ahead and see what is inside. It just might interest you," said Charles with a smile. He knew what lie ahead of Guhibert. A surprise that would shake the foundation of the younger priest's soul.

Guhibert did as he was instructed, and lifted the cover of the tomb which was labeled 'Jesus.' Once the cover was removed, he lifted up his lantern to see what was inside.

Inside the tomb box was a large skeleton. *This was a very tall man. And from the size of these bones, extremely well built,* thought Guhibert. Around the skeleton was a beige colored robe. Well weathered from the many centuries since this body had been laid to rest in this stone rectangular box. It was more than likely white when it was put around this man. Guhibert lifted the robe off the skeleton, and inspected it. There was an image of a man upon the robe. It was well faded, but an image was certainly there. Guhibert could see an entire body on the faded robe. A head, hands, legs, and so on. The image even displayed wounds that the man seemed to have suffered. *Fascinating,* thought Guhibert.

Also inside the box were a few other items besides the robe. One of them looked like the golden band of a wedding ring. Still on the ring finger of the left hand of this skeleton. Also inside the box was a codex style book, made out of papyrus. The book was nestled underneath the right hand of Jesus. Guhibert removed the book, and opened it up to see that inside this book were letters shared between Jesus and Mary Magdalene.

Guhibert began to read a letter written from Mary to Jesus. The words were written with a deep abiding emotion, which can only be shared between a woman and a man whom shared an intense love. A tear flowed down the young priests face, as he read the love shared between these two people. A couple who had been separated for some time. The only thing that kept them together were these precious letters that he now held in his hand.

Once he finished with the letter, Guhibert looked up from the book to ask Charles, "Is there anything else to see besides these two tombs?"

“No,” answered Charles. “I’ve given you the ancient book began by Mary Magdalene. I’ve shown you the ancient treasure of Alaric, and his Visigoths. The final secret is these two tombs. The ancient burial site of Jesus and his wife Mary Magdalene.”

Guhibert pointed to the other tomb. The one that said ‘Mary’ on the cover, and asked Charles, “What is in that tomb besides Mary Magdalene?”

“Just her body, and a few keepsakes. Same as you found in the tomb of Jesus,” answered Charles.

“How did they get here?” asked Guhibert.

“That my friend is an unknown secret. I know Mary came to this area through the apostle named Philip. But how Jesus ended up being here is one of the all-time mysteries on this planet. Personally, I believe that he was taken here after his death for burial,” replied Charles.

“But it is Jesus,” stated Guhibert.

“It is indeed,” agreed Charles.

Guhibert thought about this grand revelation for a moment, and asked, “Who all knows of this secret?”

“No one. Just you and I know,” answered Charles.

“Well, it needs to stay that way,” said Guhibert.

Charles smiled, and said, “I’ve kept this secret to myself for over fifty years. No one but myself knew of the treasure, the tombs, and the book I’ve given you. I’m dying, so now it is your turn to keep the secret. Then before you pass on from this world to the next, you are to tell the next generation. I’ve done my job, now it is your turn.”

Guhibert immediately felt the weight of the old man’s words. He would have to keep to himself, the greatest secrets of all time. Perhaps he would have to keep this to himself for over fifty years, as Charles had done. How he had been able to accomplish this feat was beyond Guhibert. The book of Mary Magdalene, the treasure of Alaric, and the tombs of Jesus and Mary. Three earth shattering revelations, all in one day. It was almost too much for the young priest to handle.

After twenty more minutes of inspecting the cave, the two men left the hidden confines of the burial place of Jesus and Mary Magdalene. Neither would return again. These two priests would be the last humans to see the tombs of Jesus of Nazareth, and Mary Magdalene.



## Southern France, 1207

The Mother of all things looked out over her expansive audience, and continued with her story, “Before we continue on with our story of the true Holy Grail, we need to backtrack a bit, and go over a few of the events that were going on at the time.”

“Not long after Charles showed Guhibert the secrets of Southern France, he passed away from that world to this one. Leaving Guhibert as the only person on the planet to know the whereabouts of the treasure, and the tombs. Of course, he was also the keeper of the sacred book begun by Mary Magdalene. Which made Guhibert as the sole keeper of the Holy Grail.

“Around the same time frame that Charles was showing Guhibert the secrets, another event was taking place throughout France. A man by the name of Chretien de Troyes had written an unfinished romance about a ‘holy grail.’ Full of symbolism, it depicted the grail as a cup, or a dish. Which according to this legend, was the receiver of the blood of Christ. This romance story was a huge success. Which led to many other writings about the grail story.

“Chretien de Troyes had opened up a powder keg, so to speak. He was effectively writing about hidden knowledge that had been a secret of the Templars and the Cathars. Describing this holy grail as a ‘cup of Christ.’ He was replacing Mary Magdalene with the cup that was supposedly used at the last supper. The cup, which was the receiver of Christ’s blood. Chretien was using a code to convey a message. Describing inside information, which only a few held at the time. Right underneath the noses of the Roman church. Chretien couldn’t tell the story up front, so he used coded messages. He used symbolism to tell the true story of the Holy Grail.

“For those with the inside knowledge of Mary Magdalene, the story of the Holy Grail made perfect sense. They knew whom the real cup of Christ was. That it wasn’t a cup or a dish, but a human being who was the receiver of the blood of Christ. In other words, the wife of the Christ, who bore him children. A bloodline that began with their son Joseph. And then their twins, Sarah and Judah.”

The Mother paused for effect, and resumed her teachings, “Now I’m sure many of you are wondering where Chretien received his information from? How did he know about the marriage of Jesus and Mary? The answer is simple. One of the Templar Knights informed a noble man, who in turn told Chretien. And then if that wasn’t enough, he also received information from a couple of Cathars. In other words, Chretien received his information about the relationship of Jesus and Mary from the only two sources that had this information during that time period. The Templars and the Cathars.”

“He thus concocted a story, telling a secret of the Holy Grail. Using codes and symbolisms along the way. A few other writers picked up on the story, and continued on with it. This story of the grail has begun the greatest treasure hunt in human history. Larger than the hunt for the Ark of the Covenant. Larger than the hunt for King Solomon’s riches. And larger than any hunt for riches lost to the seas. The hunt for the Holy Grail is still ongoing to this present day. And instead of waning, it seems to be picking up speed as the years go by. The greatest mystery on planet earth is the search for the lost Holy Grail. Thousands of people on earth have invested their entire lives in the search for it. Some have gotten real close to it. But every time someone gets near it, something seems to happen to them. The Seraphim will not allow anyone to approach the grail whom has not been selected by the Father of all things. So any time someone gets close to the grail, something seems to happen to them. They either get very sick, or an accident happens. As one of the grail writers put forth, ‘only the pure shall be able to approach the grail.’”

The viewer showed a golden cup onscreen. The Mother looked at it, laughed, and resumed, “There never was a cup called the Holy Grail. The story has always been about the Magdalene. A messenger that I myself sent to planet earth to be the partner of Jesus of Nazareth. So that the bloodline that begun thousands of years ago, can continue on to the present age.”

The Father interrupted by saying, “You are as bad as I am about getting off track.”

She smiled and said, “It takes one to know one.” She gave him another smile, a wink, and asked, “Do you wish for me to continue?”

“By all means,” he answered, with a smile of his own.

“Then I’m afraid we need to move ahead to a time period which is one of the saddest in human history. A holocaust perpetrated by the Pope in Rome,” said the Mother of all things.

A tear welled up in her eyes. She rubbed it with the back of her hand, and continued, “The next part of the grail story is going to be difficult to tell. A genocide committed by those who say they are on ‘God’s side.’ Horrendous acts committed in the name of a so called holy church. Let us all fast forward to the year 1207 AD in southern France. Where it all began.”



## Southern France, 1207 AD

The Mother of all things continued her teaching, “The Roman church was under a major threat to its power in the early 13<sup>th</sup> century. Let’s take a look at the many threats that were happening to Rome at this time.”

“Firstly, Rome had lost Jerusalem to Saladin and his Muslim forces. After capturing the holy city, the Christians were only briefly able to hold on to it for a century of time. Therefore, the function of the Knights Templar to be the forces which kept the travel ways of the holy land safe, were now at an end. The pilgrimages of the Christians had all but stopped, rendering the Templars an organization without a purpose. The Templars then withdrew to Acre, and other sites such as Crete in the Mediterranean.

“Yet the Templars had done well for itself since its founding in the early 12<sup>th</sup> century. They had basically created the world’s first international banking system. The way they did this was ingenious.

“During the time of the Christians holding Jerusalem, many pilgrims wished to travel to the holy land. But there were many obstacles in their path. Namely, robbers, and other bands of outlaws who wished to steal the wealth of those who wished to see the holy land. These outlaws would lie, waiting for the next caravan of pilgrims to approach. Then they would strike, and steal all the moneys and goods of the travelers. To combat this, the Templars set up their banking system.”

“This is how they accomplished this,” she resumed.

“Let’s say a group of travelers wanted to leave France for Jerusalem. The pilgrims would first seek out the nearest Templar castle. There they would give their money to the Templars, in exchange for a chit. On this chit, the Templars would write in a certain code that only they could understand. The code on the chit would state how much money the pilgrims had deposited to the Templar castle. Once the pilgrims arrived in Jerusalem or elsewhere, they would exchange their chit to the Templars located there. The Templars located at their final destination would then give the money that the chit stated back to the pilgrims. Minus a small percentage. This made pilgrimages far safer than before. Since the

travelers weren't carrying any money with them. Just a small sum to get them to their final stop.

"This system of protecting the pilgrim's money was a tremendous success, and greatly increased the wealth of the Templars," said the Mother.

The viewer onscreen was following along with her story. Showing a map of France, and the vast holdings of the Templars. She resumed, "Along with the money that was being generated by their chits that they were using for the pilgrims, many others, including noblemen, were joining the Templar ranks. When they enlisted, they pledged all their monies, and their vast holdings of land to the organization. Thus, increasing the Templars wealth even more so."

"Along with the noblemen increasing the wealth of the Templars, the Knights Templar were also increasing their wealth via another means. They were lending money to Kings and other nobles, so that these monarchs could go to war with each other. Thus, another means of obtaining wealth.

"By the time of 1209 AD, the Knights Templar had been pushed out of Jerusalem. But in Europe, they had increased their wealth and properties tenfold. Making them the richest known organization on the planet."

"But they weren't the richest organization, were they?" asked the Father.

"Not by a long shot," answered the Mother.

The Father once again winked at her, and asked, "Mind if I take over for a bit?"

"Not at all, my love," answered the Mother. Grateful that she could take a break. Knowing that she would be the one to finish this lecture on the Holy Grail, and the Mother of all things needed to catch her breath. She smiled at her eternal partner, knowing that he had done her a favor.

The Father, reading her thoughts, knew what was needed. Therefore, he took over the sermon for the time being. He smiled back at her, and began, "As the mother has already stated, the Knights Templar became a very rich and powerful institution."

“But not the wealthiest. That honor would belong to the Cathars. But the difference being was that the Templars was a known wealth, and the Cathars was hidden. Deep underneath an old, and abandoned Visigoth Castle in southern France. Yet the Templars were catching up to the Cathars. But they still had a ways to go.

“You have to keep in mind that the Cathars possessed all the riches of the Roman Empire. And that was one thousand years of accumulated wealth. The problem was that only one person on the planet knew about this wealth. The man named Guhibert de Castres. And he wasn’t telling anyone. He was far too busy defending the Cathar faith against the Roman church. Allow me to explain.

“Pope Innocent III came to power in the Roman church in 1198. He resolved to himself to deal with the Cathars of southern France. Knowing that their doctrine was completely against Roman Catholicism. Also, that the Cathars were, like their cousins the Templars, a growing and powerful sect.

“The Pope couldn’t do anything about the Templars at the time, knowing that Rome relied on much of the Templar wealth. But they could do something about the Cathars, whose wealth was hidden. The Templars had a well-trained army of thousands of soldiers, while the Cathars only had a few hundred soldiers drawn from the nobles of southern France.

“At first Pope Innocent tried to convert the Cathars. He sent only a few number of his representatives into the Cathar regions of southern France. These representatives met with several problems. They had to contend not only with the Cathars, they also had to deal with the nobles who protected them, and the people who respected them. Besides that, many of the bishops of southern France was very sympathetic to the Cathars.

“In 1204, Innocent III suspended a number of these bishops in southern France. In 1205, he appointed a new and vigorous bishop in the Toulouse area. In 1206 Diego of Osma, and his canon, the future Saint Dominic, began a program of conversion in the Languedoc region of southern France. During this time frame, many public debates were held between the Cathars and the Catholics. These debates were held at many places along southern France.

“The man whom would come to be known as Saint Dominic met and debated with the Cathars in 1203 during his mission to the Languedoc. He concluded that only preachers who displayed real sanctity, humility, and asceticism could win over convinced Cathar believers. The institutional Church as a general rule did not possess these spiritual warrants. His conviction eventually would lead to the establishment of the Dominican order in 1216. The order was to live up to the terms of his famous rebuke, "Zeal must be met by zeal, humility by humility, false sanctity by real sanctity, preaching falsehood by preaching truth." However, even St. Dominic managed only a few converts among the Cathars.

“The man who opposed Dominic in these many debates was Guhibert de Castres. Therefore making him public enemy number one to the Roman church.”

A scene was displayed on the enormous viewer. It showed two men engaged in debate, while hundreds of others looked on. Both men were keen on religious knowledge, and the history of the Christian faith. Dominic verses Guhibert. It was a grand event in southern France. Attended by many Catholics and Cathars. Debates which pitted the Roman version of Christianity, versus the Gnostic version.

The Father was watching the scenes being displayed. Showing the zeal and passion of Dominic versus the knowledge and spirit of Guhibert. He turned back toward the audience, and continued on with the sermon, “As you can all see, this was a momentous occasion between two intellectual giants of their time period.”

“No one was better equipped to take on the Roman church than Guhibert. As skilled a man in oratory as there ever had been. The soul known as Amos, had plenty of accumulated knowledge through a vast, and diverse series of lives spent on planet earth. Not to mention the study that Guhibert had focused on in this particular life. He had a thorough understanding of the inner workings of the Roman church, as well as the beliefs of the Gnostic Cathars. It was quite easy for Guhibert to parry any argument that Dominic engaged him in. Easily defending his beliefs against those of Rome. With the vast crowds watching, Guhibert annihilated any and all arguments thrown at him from Dominic.

“But the losses of the debates didn’t deter the man whom history would call Saint Dominic. He was zealous for what he believed in. Deep in his soul, Dominic believed that he was following the correct path to salvation. Filled with a dogmatic belief that the Church of Rome was the true path for the salvation of humanity. His mind being incapable of any other route to God. Dominic debated with earnestness toward a man whom he believed he was on a spiritual quest. Dominic also believed that he was here to convert the heretics of southern France. Believing that he was born for this purpose. That the souls of thousands depended upon his mission of spiritual salvation.

“Dominic’s problem was that Guibert felt the same way. Except he was more privy to the truth than Dominic was, therefore giving him an advantage. Guibert had read the entire secret book of the Cathars, knowing the true history of Jesus and Mary Magdalene. He was well versed on the true teachings of Jesus, and whom the Christ really was. That Jesus was a prophet and a messenger, sent from myself. A teacher, and an example for all of mankind. But not a God in the strict sense of the word, as the Roman church was teaching. A son of God? Yes! But not the only one. For all my children are sons and daughters of God. Not just Jesus, as Rome had been preaching for more than a thousand years. Guibert knew the true soul of Jesus. That he was a man who had incarnated for the first time in his precious existence. Rendering his spirit very close to my own, and therefore incorrupt of all karma that could have possibly been built up through many lifetimes. His soul was specifically chosen for this mission to mankind.

“Guibert knew the true Jesus far better than any clergy of the Roman church. He had within his person, a book of the secret teachings of Jesus given to Mary Magdalene. Within these teachings were the ability to cast out demons, to heal the sick, and to leave that world, and enter into this one.

“The book also contained within it the secret holy royal bloodline of Jesus and Mary Magdalene. A family tree, so to speak. The book taught many things as well, including the ability to communicate with the divine presence which exists within all humanity. The Roman church had only the gospels, and the letters of Paul. Guibert had the entire story, while Rome’s version was only partial.”

The Father resumed, “But Dominic, and the Roman Pope were a persistent lot. Hell bent on converting the Cathar faithful to their way of life. Forsaking the

Gnostic teachings, and bringing them over to Catholicism. With their limited knowledge, they only knew Jesus as a virgin son of God, therefore making him equal with God. And this God, the son God, was the divinity that Rome worshipped.”

“Let us proceed to what began the worst genocide of the Middle Ages. The annihilation of a people, and a way of life. What history calls the Albigensian Crusade. But what truly was the genocide of the Cathars in southern France.”



## Beziers, Southern France, 1209

The Father thought for a moment about what he was going to say next, and continued onward, "Beginning in 1208, a series of events happened which turned the Cathar world upside down. Actually, it came before that. But in 1208, things came to a head. A collision course between mainstream Roman Christianity, and the Gnostic Cathars of southern France."

"In 1208, the Pope sent an emissary to a man named Count Raymond of Toulouse. The emissary, a man named Peter, was there to discipline Raymond because the Count had been harboring and securing safe passage for many Cathars of the region. Count Raymond was very sympathetic to the Cathars, and a secret believer to the faith. Therefore when Peter arrived to find Raymond living and believing amongst these so called heretical Cathars, he excommunicated Count Raymond from the Catholic Church.

"An argument ensued, and Peter left Raymond to return back to Rome to inform the Pope of his decision. Before he arrived back in Rome, Peter was murdered while crossing the Rhone River. This murder looked highly suspicious to the Pope, who then ordered a full scale crusade against the Cathars of southern France. Believing that it was they who had Peter murdered.

"The Pope made the usual promises for a crusade. That their sins would be forgiven, their debts relieved, and they would inherit the kingdom of heaven upon their deaths, if they were to embark upon this crusade against the 'heretics.'"

The Father looked amused as he glanced at the picture of the Pope shown onscreen. He smiled and asked his audience, "As if the Pope had that kind of power?"

The angelic host could only look on with the same amusement as the Father of all things. They kept their silence, and continued to listen to the story of their Creators.

The Father resumed, "The Pope issued a call to arms, and forty thousand crusaders answered. Most of them coming from the regions of northern France. To many of these crusaders, this was considered a 'land grab' from the nobles of

southern France. For the Pope had also promised that any land or treasure taken, would become theirs. And the Cathars of southern France had amassed much land and wealth.”

“The King of France at the time didn’t take part in this crusade. He had more pressing problems with England at the time. Therefore, he allowed the Pope to handle the affairs of the heretics of southern France. Although King Philip of France did allow some of his nobles to take part in the crusade. Notably, a man named Simon, who would lead the crusades.

“One of their targets was a man named Raymond Roger. Once the crusaders had taken Raymond, they threw him into his own prison, where he died within months. Once Raymond was expired, Simon took over Raymond Roger’s lands. Once this was accomplished, they headed toward the city of Beziers. It was here that one of the most brutal massacres of all time was held.”

The Father wiped a tear from his eye and continued, “In July of 1209, the crusader army laid siege to the town of Beziers. The Catholic inhabitants of the city were allowed to leave unharmed, but many of them decided to stay and fight alongside their Cathar brethren. The crusaders attacked, and then ransacked the entire city. Brutally killing more than fifteen thousand souls.”

“Once the crusader army was finished destroying the city of Beziers, they then turned their attention toward the city of Carcassonne. Where they repeated the same actions as that of Beziers. They tortured those Cathars whom were captured. Dragging them in the streets by horses. Blinded, and then used for target practice. Ears, noses, and eyes gouged out. It was a brutal sight.”

“Evil knows no bounds,” said the Mother.

“It truly doesn’t,” agreed the Father.

He looked to her to see if she had more to add. She didn’t, so he added, “Especially when we are talking about a false religion, hell bent on exterminating the truth.”

He continued, “For twenty years this extermination of the Cathars continued. The crusader army took their lands, took their wealth, and tried to take away their faith.”

“They murdered, raped, and pillaged the entire region of southern France. Moving from one town to the next. Annihilating a people, and a belief system. Until a temporary cease fire was established in 1229.”

“The Roman church also began something that would continue on for hundreds of years. The inquisition. The greatest evil ever let loose upon mankind. The most hideous monster ever to reach humanity. The greatest darkness of the middle ages. A series of acts which are so evil, that it boggles the mind to think that it actually happened. By the time it ended, millions were tortured, raped, burnt alive, and destroyed in all sorts of manner.

“And to think that this was all performed in the name of Jesus Christ. The prince of peace,” added the Mother.

“Indeed,” said the Father. “Here was a man who would have abhorred the very act that this Roman counterfeit church was performing in his name. Murdering in his name. Raping in his name. Torturing souls in his name. It’s enough to make one sick at the thought of this time period. An age so dark, that the light was almost extinguished by it. An institution ran by Lucifer himself. The Roman church created the evil known as the inquisition. A tribunal which would last for over 500 years. Interrogators trained by Dominic himself, to root out any perceived heresy of the church.

“In other words, trained to root out any and all who didn’t agree with their dogmatic beliefs. The scary part is, they actually believed in their hearts that they were performing the will of God.”

The Father was working himself up to a fever pitch, “I am absolutely amazed that I had the patience to let this all play out. And didn’t destroy Rome in the 1300s. The amount of karma built up by this institution is unbelievable. It literally boggles the mind. We will get more into the inquisition later, as this sermon continues. But before I leave that subject, let me give you something to ponder over. The demon known as Dominic was declared a saint by the Roman church. A demon, who works for Lucifer, declared a saint! That tells you how far down the abyss, that the Roman church traveled.”

“By 1229, there were very few Cathars left. Most of them had been murdered by the crusader army of Rome. Many of them had fled to the safety of the Knights Templar. Thus mixing the two faiths of the Cathars and the Templars. Since the two shared many beliefs, it was a smooth transition for those whom chose to become Templars.

“The few remaining Cathars were for the most part, holed up in the Castle of Montsegur. It is here that in 1244 that the Cathars would make their last stand, and also save the Holy Grail.”



## Montsegur, France, 1240

The Father looked to the Mother and said, "Since this part is about you, would you like to continue?"

"Certainly," she answered. And then she pressed onward with the sermon, "There has been much speculation about what happened during the nine month long siege of Montsegur. Today, we will clear the air of what truly happened during the massacre that was to basically end the Cathars for good. But first, let's backtrack a bit and catch up on what had been going on in the life of Guhibert de Castres."

The Mother held her hand to his chin in a thinking position. Gathering her thoughts. Wondering how to proceed with this Guhibert character. She finally resumed, "Guhibert resided in Fanjeaux, the place where he met the elderly priest Charles, until the year 1209. That was the year the town was taken by the oncoming forces of Pope Innocent."

"From Lanjeaux, Guhibert then traveled to Montsegur. Well, I should say that he and another traveled to Montsegur. Because the Cathars always preached and traveled in pairs. Guhibert's sidekick was an African by the name of Philip. A man who had journeyed from Africa, to Spain, and finally to southern France. Philip had joined Guhibert one year after the young priest had found out about the Holy Grail treasures. Guhibert never told Philip about those treasures, only the sacred book that he traveled with. Only giving Philip a partial glimpse of the Holy Grail.

"Philip would stay with Guhibert until the day the Cathar priest died, which was in 1240. The two would travel together for more than thirty years. From town to town, evading the Roman forces. For three decades, the pair had evaded capture. The two most wanted men in the Holy Roman Empire, time after time, slipping away from Rome. I'd wager the Father had something to do with that."

The Father of all things looked at his partner in all matters and said, "I admit to nothing."

She laughed, and said, "You don't have to my love. We all know the truth." Then she winked at him. Knowing that he loved and cherished those winks of hers.

The Mother turned her attention away from him, and looked onscreen at the two side by side images of Guhibert, and Philip. They couldn't have been more opposite. One, a fair skinned red headed man with light colored eyes. The other, displaying nothing but dark features. From the color of Philip's skin, all the way to his hair and eyes.

The Mother turned from the screen, looked to her audience, and continued, "The two men arrived in Montsegur in 1209. A Cathar fortress that at the time was impenetrable to the Pope's army. It would be from Montsegur that Guhibert and Philip would administer to the masses of Cathars who were fleeing the oncoming crusade levied against them. Using this Cathar fortress as their home base."

"Yet the two would not remain there for long. They would travel the entire countryside of the Cathars, administering to the faithful. From Montsegur, to Bezu, to Foix, and the many other castles assembled in southern France. The two were called "the good men," for the deeds and prayers that they performed. For administering to the many souls of southern France.

"For many years Guhibert and Philip were on the run. In hiding from the crusaders. Rome's public enemy numbers one and two. But the Cathar priest and his sidekick were wily, and elusive. Using safe house to safe house to move along the region. Thousands of people had remained loyal to the pair. Keeping them in safety along southern France. The citizens of that area considered these two to be a sacred pair. Knowing full well that they were a wanted duo. But that didn't stop Guhibert and Philip. They continued on their quest to heal and teach to the Cathar faithful. Led by the Father of all things, nothing was going to stop them.

"And then in 1240, at the age of seventy five, Guhibert became deathly ill. Cancer was eating the elderly man to the bone. He was too weak to travel any more. Holed up in Montsegur, he now had a serious problem on his hands. He would be unable to show anyone the truth behind the Holy Grail. A secret which he had kept to himself for forty seven years. He had told no one, not even Philip. A man whom he had traveled with for many of those years.

“But now he couldn’t travel any more. Cancer had taken away his ability to go on any type of extended walk. He was relegated to his bed, and had about a month to live.”

The Mother smiled at the memory of this gentleman. Thinking how wonderful he had been. Not the typical Amos figure who was bent on conquest in the name of the Father. Guhibert was different. He was a preacher and healer. A man who administered to thousands in the face of genocide. He healed the sick, comforted the poor, and gave many a peace of mind they had not felt before. She pondered him for a moment more, and continued, “But he didn’t see this disease which ravaged his body coming. It assaulted him before he had a chance to relay the same message he had received from Charles so long ago. He thought he still had more time, so he made no plans with any others in reference to the Holy Grail.”

“So our hero had a bit of a problem. It would be impossible to tell anyone the location of the Holy Grail. The trail was too complicated to follow. Too many hidden tunnels and trap doors for anyone to comprehend. He would be unable to copy the location down on paper. He could tell them where the treasure is at, but for them to find it would be another matter. He’d have to write a thirty seven step guide to finding the grail. He knew that wouldn’t work.”

“A week before he was to pass on from that world to this one, he sent Philip out on a quest. To retrieve five Cathar priestesses from the region, and bring them back to Montsegur. Now please watch the viewer to see what happens next.”

The viewer appeared, showing Guhibert in his bed, unable to walk due to his debilitating disease. Surrounded by the five chosen priestesses, who were all paying very close attention to every word he was speaking. They all knew that it would be a day of revelations for them. He was instructing them on the Holy Grail.

Guhibert spoke, “Now listen carefully. What I’m about to tell you is extremely important. Not just for our people. But for the generations that follow us.”

The priestesses who were assembled were named Rixende, Corba, Esclarmonde, Bruna, and India. Guhibert reached into his pocket which had been

sewn inside his robe, and produced an ancient book. He handed it to the priestess who was named Esclarmonde. The youngest of the five priestesses. The daughter of the priestess who was named Corba.

Once he handed the book to Esclarmonde, Guhibert told them of the history of the book. How it was begun by Mary Magdalene, telling the true story of the life of Jesus. How others had added to the book. Lazarus, Joseph, Martha, and many others had added their two cents worth. All relating what Jesus had meant to them. How he had healed the sick, helped the poor, raised the dead, and so on.

He told them that down through the ages, others had also contributed to the sacred book.

He then told them that within its pages contained a family tree begun by Jesus and Mary Magdalene. And for the first few hundred years, the family tree had been traced, and kept track of. Done by a group which had arrived with Mary Magdalene herself. A group which still existed. Guhibert then informed the five priestesses that this group was known as the Order of Zion. A group which had sponsored, and then later became the Knights Templar.

Finally, he told them that deep within the Pyrenees, lie the bodies of Jesus and Mary Magdalene themselves. Never mentioning the vast treasure which lie underneath an ancient Visigoth castle.

After an hour of questions and answers, the five women left Guhibert to his death bed. In shock, at what had been relayed to them. Before they left, they swore an oath of secrecy to Guhibert. That they would never relay the messages given to them on that day to anyone else. And that they would pass the book on to the next generation of the faithful Cathars.



## Montsegur, France, 1244

The Mother continued, “Now that we’ve covered what happened to the sacred book of the Magdalene, let us move forward four years to the siege and massacre at Montsegur. A nine month long ordeal, with a very unhappy ending. This is how it all began.”

“Most sources claim a different reason for the siege of Montsegur. Now I am going to tell my lovely audience the real purpose for the massacre which happened at Montsegur in 1244.”

The Mother smiled at the thought of the five priestess, and resumed her teaching, “The reason that Rome decided to put an end to Montsegur, which had been the main holdout for the Cathars, was because they knew that the priestesses had something very valuable in their possession. An item that could unhinge the entire Catholic faith.”

“Once Guhibert told the five priestesses, he passed on to this world one month later. His job finished in that world. He had preserved the grail, keeping it a secret. The last person on earth to have witnessed the treasure of the Visigoths, and the tombs of Jesus and Mary Magdalene. Ever since that day when Charles had shown Guhibert the grail, no one else has come close to witnessing either. Both being heavily guarded by the Father’s Seraphim. Oh, a few have been hot on the trail of the treasure, but never really coming close to it. Only speculations, and theories. Nothing concrete. And every time someone did get close, an accident would happen. Because, as the legend goes, ‘only the pure at heart can see the grail.’”

“Meanwhile, once the five priests had heard the story of the Holy Grail, their lives were shaken. They never knew of a sacred book begun by Mary Magdalene. Nor of any other part of the story related to them by Guhibert. Nothing of the tombs, the Order of Zion, or anything that resembled so fantastical a story.

“They all met in secret a month later. At the cave of the Cathars. A secret place where many Cathars had met in prayer during this lengthy genocide

committed against their people. A place unknown to the invading army of the Pope, and the King of France.

“In this cave the priestesses decided that they needed to translate, and read the holy book. Since none of them knew any Aramaic, they went to the new bishop of the Cathars, Bertrand Marty. The man who took over Guhibert’s duties after the former had expired from that world. Bertrand gladly accepted the role of translator. But as he was doing so, his mind was also blown as to the contents of the sacred book. He couldn’t believe what he was reading. *Jesus married to Mary Magdalene. Three children from the pair. A holy sacred bloodline that had been tracked for hundreds of years. The secret teachings of Jesus. And many more mysteries contained within the pages of this sacred bible. He had always been told of this family, but here was proof! He couldn’t believe his eyes!*

“Bertrand performed his job of translation for the priestesses, who learned every word of this mystery book of the ages. They absorbed the contents, and taught them to the other Cathars. Thus expanding their knowledge tenfold. But the priestesses never revealed to the others that they were in possession of a holy book. One begun by Mary Magdalene. They only relayed the contents of it. The only person they told was Bertrand. Who translated its contents, and also made his own copy of it.

“With one exception.”

The Mother looked to the image of Esclarmonde de Pereille. She shook her head back and forth, smiled, and then spoke, “The woman whom Guhibert handed the book to, Esclarmonde. She had a husband named Raymond. She loved and trusted him very much. Too much in fact. To the point where she told Raymond about the secret book given to her. And once it was translated, the contents that lie within those pages. This was a monumental mistake made by Esclarmonde.”

“Not long after the secret was told to Raymond. He did what many do when they harbor a secret which has huge consequences. He told someone else. Someone whom was affiliated with the King of France. Who then informed the King of what they had heard. News of the book then traveled from the King of France to Rome, and to the ears of the Pope. When he heard of the secret, he sent word back to the King of France. They were to combine their forces, travel to

Montsegur, and lay siege to that so called Impregnable castle. With the sole intention of retrieving the book which contained the secrets of Mary Magdalene. And her true identity.

“When Rome heard of this secret ancient book, they knew they had a very large problem. There was evidence in southern France of the true identity of Mary Magdalene as being the wife of Jesus of Nazareth, a man whom Rome considered to be a virgin, and a God.”

The Mother pressed onward, “Rome had known the truth all along. Buried deep within its structures were the archives of the Holy See. And within those archives were scrolls of many lost gospels. Scrolls which had been confiscated from the Gnostics hundreds of years prior. Some of them stating that Jesus and Mary Magdalene were man and wife. With three children. The scrolls evened named the children as Joseph, and the twins Judah, and Sarah.”

“Yet Rome had long believed that they had retrieved all the evidence which stated that their lord Jesus had a family. Nothing had been reported of any scrolls to the contrary since the 4<sup>th</sup> century. They had believed that all evidence had been swept under the rug, so to speak.

“And now a new rumor comes along stating there was an ancient book begun by Mary Magdalene herself, stating the ‘true’ story of Jesus Christ. In Rome’s eyes, this would not do. Not do at all. They couldn’t afford information like this getting out to the public. Especially since they put so much time and effort into covering these revelations up.”

“So the forces arrayed against the Cathars numbered ten thousand. They marched to Montsegur, and surrounded three quarters of the mountain which the castle sat upon. They didn’t have the forces, nor the need to surround the other quarter of the mountain. It was a steep cliff. While the other three quarters were hillsides.

“After nine months, the siege ended. The Cathars had surrendered. Many were allowed their freedom. Those whom denied the Cathar faith were allowed to go without any ramifications set against them. The others, more than 200 of them, were thrown into a mass bonfire, and burnt alive, en masse. A scene in

which southern France will never forget. Cathar priests and priestesses, dragged down the mountain, and thrown into the flames.”

The Mother wiped away a tear, and continued, “224 souls burnt in a mass fire for their beliefs. Such was the punishment of the Roman church toward the truth. To cover up their wrongdoings, they committed a mass genocide against the followers of Mary Magdalene.”

“This is the short version of what happened at Montsegur, and it is all that you need to know. There are many more stories to this tragedy, but in reference to the grail, it is all that is needed. Save for the story of four people scaling down the cliff face on the far side of the mountain, with the ancient book in their possession. This happened the night before the rest of the Cathars surrendered. They needed the book to perform a ritual before they left. So they had to wait until the last possible moment before they could slip away into the night.

“One of the four souls who risked his life to save the book was Philip. By now an ancient priest of the Cathar faith. He, and three others were guided with ropes to escape the oncoming holocaust that awaited the rest at Montsegur. The ancient book in hand, he made it to the safety of the Cathar cave where they would hold their sacred meetings.

“Once in the cave, Philip had a rock cut out of the walls. He placed the book, with the key to the treasures and the tombs inside the walls of this cave. He replaced the rock, with the book behind it. Thus hiding the book for centuries. The book remains inside this cave to this present day. Guarded by Seraphim. The key was sealed inside the back jacket of the book. For Guhibert had given Philip the key which unlocked the door to the treasures, and the room to the tombs. Philip had no idea what the key was for. Only that Guhibert had told him that it was very important that he kept it for safe keeping. That it would be needed far into the future. Philip, not knowing the reason for the key, just acted on faith. Philip sewn the key inside the book while he was at Montsegur. The night before their flight to safety.”

“Many down through the centuries have speculated about a secret, hidden, mystery book of love. One which was located somewhere in southern France. Now you know where it lies. Waiting to be discovered by whom the Father chooses. My guess is that it will be found by the soul of Amos.”

He chuckled, and said, "Now what would ever give you that idea?"

She laughed and answered, "If you are to remain consistent, then he would be your logical choice."

"Mind if I take over for a bit?" He asked her.

"Not at all, my sweet," she answered him.

"First, we need to take a short recess. Everyone muster back here in three hours," he said.



## Kingdom of Heaven

Once they reassembled, he continued, "As the Mother of all things has guessed correctly, I've given charge to my coconspirator Amos in the finding of the Holy Grail. With the guiding of an angel by the name of Samuel, he, and along with a chosen team that he is involved with, already know the location of the sacred items that make up the Holy Grail story. They've been given the latitude and the longitudinal coordinates of those precious relics. Given to them by me. They know the exact whereabouts of the Book, the Treasure, and the Tombs. The chosen team involved with Amos are the women who used to be the five Cathar priestesses in their past lives. All of them connected to the grail story. All of them are empathic, and gifted with special knowledge concerning the grail."

"So let us recap what we've covered so far."

"The Holy Grail is first and foremost a sacred bloodline begun by Adam and Eve, along with Osiris and Isis. Two pairs of humans sent to planet earth to bring forth the salvation of the planet. Adam and Eve from my kingdom of heaven. Osiris from Orion. Isis from the Mother's home planet of Sirius. All four of them chosen to perform a mission of redemption for the human race. Not only on earth, but the entire cosmos.

"The Adam and Eve line stretched to Abraham, where he intersected with the Osiris and Isis line with Hagar. The two bloodlines coming together to form a new race of humans. The Arabian race, who will feature prominently in the upcoming days on earth.

"The Hebrew line of Adam and Eve, continued on through the line of King David, and then a thousand years later to Jesus of Nazareth. Where once again this sacred bloodline intersected with the Osiris Isis line with Mary Magdalene. This is the second intersection of the sacred bloodlines. The third intersection happened in 1985. But we haven't gotten that far yet in our story of the Holy Grail."

"You've once again gotten ahead of yourself," interrupted the Mother.

“I’m going to be doing more of that rather shortly,” said the Father. He smiled at her and continued, “So first and foremost, the Holy Grail is a sacred bloodline created by two others. A bloodline that continues on to the present day on planet earth. In fact, it’s picking up momentum as the years pass by. Once it reaches 144,000 members, then they will all be teleported to the kingdom of heaven. As was prophesied by the prophet John in the Book of Revelations.”

He smiled to her as he spoke those words. Knowing that he was teasing her once again, by relaying future prophecy to the angelic host. She smiled back at him. Knowing what he was up to.

Meanwhile, the angelic host was surprised at the last statement. They had no idea that the Father of all things was preparing to take on board this many souls at one time. All of them chosen beforehand. Due to their being in the holy royal bloodline of the grail. *Where did he plan on putting them? What was his purpose for them?* Many questions were being asked by the host.

Their thoughts were interrupted by the Father, “You need not worry about my plans with the 144,000. They’ll be temporarily lifted up to the kingdom of heaven. Then they’ll be trained for their further mission on earth. Once trained, they’ll be returned back to the planet. To assist the Mother with the ascension process which is already taking place on earth. Thus bringing us to the golden age of Gaia.”

He continued, “Back to our recapping the Holy Grail story. We’ve first established that the Holy Grail is a sacred bloodline. Secondly, it is the incarnations of myself and the Mother.”

“I arrived over two thousand years ago on earth as the man whom history calls Jesus of Nazareth. A soul who was living his first incarnation separated from me. Which is why Jesus declared that he was one with myself. Jesus achieved Christ consciousness, the first human to do so. And then taught his closest followers how to achieve the same level of consciousness. Yet his teachings were hijacked by a church who was hell bent on control of the masses. Therefore, his true followers went underground. Where they remained for centuries. After a lengthy period of time, they rose again, only to be snuffed out by that same Church of Rome. The last Cathar priest being burnt alive in 1321. Before he breathed his last, he issued the following prophecy. “The laurel shall be green

again in 700 years.” Which makes the return of the Cathars set for the year 2021. The priest was correct, the Cathars, and the Holy Grail will be exposed by that year.

“The second half of that story has to do with the Mother of all things. Her incarnation will occur in the year 2034. When the moon turns red, and the sun is hidden, as the prophets have foretold. Depending upon certain variables which have not yet been decided. She will incarnate into the flesh between the dates of September 17<sup>th</sup> to the 28<sup>th</sup> of that year. More than likely on the 21<sup>st</sup>, but we shall see.”

The Mother once again interjected her thoughts by saying, “You’ve got it all worked out haven’t you?”

He laughed a loud belly laugh, and said, “I know your plans sweetheart.”

“Indeed you do,” she responded.

He resumed his recap of the grail, “The Holy Grail is a sacred bloodline. It is also the incarnation of yours truly, and our beloved Mother of all things. The final Holy Grail.”

“The third part of the grail is the treasure. The most magnificent collection of sacred relics ever assembled on planet earth. Dating back to ancient Egypt, Israel, Persia, Greece, and Rome. Objects which are connected to the Pharaohs of Egypt. The emerald tablets of Thoth. The staff of Ra. The crowns of King’s David and Solomon. The riches of Cyrus, Alexander the Great, and a thousand years of accumulated wealth of the Roman Empire. Not to mention the sacred scrolls of the prophets.”

The viewer showed forth hundreds of items for the angelic host to see. They were amazed by the amount of sacred relics put before their eyes. The Father allowed them to take it all in. To absorb this vast amount of accumulated wealth.

He interrupted them by saying, “This is the third item in the Holy Grail.”

She interrupted him by saying, “There are many grails within the grail.”

“Indeed, my love. There are many grails,” he said.

He once again resumed his recap, "The Holy Grail is the bloodline, the Mother and myself, the treasure, and it's also a sacred book of love."

"The book which was begun by Mary Magdalene, telling the true story of the life of Jesus. A book telling of the secret bloodline. But also a book which teaches how to achieve Christ consciousness. This book is presently hidden within a Cathar cave, waiting for our team to discover it."

"Finally, the grail is the tombs of Jesus and Mary Magdalene. Hidden within a mountain in the Pyrenees. Marked by a marble stone, and last seen by Guhibert de Castres, and his mentor Charles. Sacred resting places for the most glorious couple ever to visit planet earth. This place will also be discovered by Amos, and his team.

"Therefore we have five grails within the Holy Grail. The bloodline, the Mother and myself, the treasure, the book, and the tombs. All these grails make up the Holy Grail."



## Kingdom of Heaven

The Father of all things scanned his captive audience, and continued, “I must interject something before we conclude this sermon.”

The angelic host was confused. *Did he just say conclude this sermon? Is it over with? Why is he stopping at the year 1244? What about the remaining years leading up to 2034?*

The Father of all things, reading their minds, said, “This has been a lengthy lecture in regards to the Holy Grail. Therefore, we will have to make it into two parts. The second half will begin at the year 1244, and continue on to the incarnation of the Mother of all things in the year 2034. There is just too much information to pass on to make this a one-time lecture. So we will all meet here again in one year’s time. To finish this most important sermon on the Holy Grail. But before we depart from each other, there is something else. Something that needs broadcasting to our collective host. This will be done by the Mother of all things. The true Holy Grail.”

She was focused on his beauty as he spoke of her. She smiled at him. Then turned her attention to the angelic host. She finally spoke, “As we’ve laid out step by step, there has been a lot of work into the foundation of the Holy Grail. Much preparation for a grand event, which will indeed save humanity from enemy forces. As the angel Samuel spoke to the scribe of this timeless mystery, *“We are here to learn the truth of what is to come, and what has begun. We do this in order to ascertain ourselves, our lives, and our worlds. We will become greater, and more magical than ever before. Mere words will not be able to begin to describe this. For this is life, this is thought, and this is progress. This is the light set before us to determine and judge for the greater good.”*

She looked at Samuel, smiled, and continued on, “Beautiful words from a beautiful being. I couldn’t have said it any better myself.”

“This process of the Holy Grail, and bringing about of my incarnation, is the desire of humanity to liberate itself from the bonds of an illusion placed before them. The uncovering of the veil.

“Once humanity on earth has been lifted up to a higher consciousness, then other planets will follow. One by one, like a stack of dominoes, each planet liberated from the clutches of illusion. Until all oscillate to a higher vibration. The frequency of Christ consciousness prevailing over all. The first steps have been taken to achieve this end result. The rest will follow accordingly.”

She spread her wings, and said, “As the Father said, let us all meet back here in one year’s time. To finish the story of the Holy Grail.”























