



“RETURN TO ATLANTIS”

By Suzan Carroll

Part I of

Visions from Venus

Return now to Atlantis
So that you too
Can REMEMBER

THE CHILD

A long time ago
in a land that no longer exists,
there was a temple high on a hill
which overlooked the valley and city below.

Far from the temple, in the Valley of Kenore,
there was a small foundling girl,
found by a simple and kind older
couple who had been unable to
have children of their own.

The small girl was different.
She was different from the couple,
different from her friends,
and different from her Self.
She spoke to beings that no one else
could see or hear.

The couple was very kind and would
not dream of reprimanding her.
But they worried.
She had been almost dead when they found her.
Perhaps her injury had affected her mind.

But, she was a great help.
When she was present,
the cows gave more milk,
the chickens laid more eggs
and the crops grew faster.

But still - she didn't "fit".
She was lonely,
so lonely that the simple couple
could feel it when they were near her.

Not that she complained.
No -- she appeared quite happy.
But yet, always, somehow lonely.

Perhaps she wanted to go HOME.

CHAPTER ONE

Separation

Where was she and why did she feel so confined, limited, alone? At the edges of her mind was something terrifying. She dared not let it in, at least not until she understood more about her circumstances. She looked around and discovered that everything was unfamiliar. The scenery had the same hard edges and heaviness she was experiencing in her own body. But wait! This was not her body. It was far too small and it seemed to be barely functioning. She felt a sharp pain in her head and a dull ache in her middle. Her heart center felt contracted and barely pulsed. The air that entered her mouth and nose was thick and tainted. What had happened? Where was she? Then, in a moment of clarity, she remembered!

She was Home, and her home was Venus. In her mind's eye, she saw the High Chancellor standing before her while the hundred and forty-four thousand stood around her. She could see the Chancellor's face clearly and hear the impassioned speech. The High Chancellor was commending them all for having the courage to volunteer to answer Earth's call for help.

"We are sending you to Earth in the hope that your light will help save the planet from total destruction, the same fate that awaits Atlantis. Earth's darkness far outweighs light now and times are very desperate. We don't know all the conditions there, but we know that it is very different from here. You will have a denser body that resonates to the vibration of the third dimension. Here, on Venus, we resonate to the fifth dimension. We live in unity consciousness with each other and with both polarities of ourselves. Therefore, we are all androgynous and our male and female components are housed within the same form. On third dimensional Earth the polarities are very extreme. There is good and bad, ugly and beautiful, and love and hate. Because of this separation of polarities, there is a possibility that your bodies will be either male or female.

"We are afraid that you may find life on Earth very difficult. We have learned that often there is a deep sense of limitation and a feeling of separation from others, and even from the other portions of yourself. Earth society has large segments of the population that are restricted in their ability to advance, and who spend their entire lives in service to those who are judged as being 'better'. We have no idea how it will feel to be only half of your total self or to be in a society which judges some of its members as having more worth than others. We only hope that you will be able to find your way to a temple or school where you can connect with other Venusians.

“We have arranged for all of you to take over another human’s shell or to be born on Earth. We have tried to cover all age groups, as human forms do not live as long as we do here and their infants are totally dependent on adults for many years. Therefore, we need an entire range of ages in order to make a difference today as well as in the future.

“You all will have much work to do,” continued the High Chancellor. “Your first, and perhaps most difficult task will be to remember who you are and why you are on Earth. Once you do so, it is important that you seek out the others and help them to remember as well. The younger your body is, the more difficult it will be to recall your mission, because the third dimensional brain will be less sophisticated than ours. We will have members stationed in all the temples and schools, and they will be on the lookout for the young Venusians as they grow up.

“We don't know how long it will be before the remainder of Atlantis sinks, but we know it will be soon. There have already been two major cataclysms that have taken huge portions of the continent into the sea. The loss of the rest of the continent is unavoidable, but we hope to assist in saving the planet. We have trained you well. Now the time has come to begin your assignment. Atlantis recently suffered another large earthquake. There are many bodies, which we can heal enough for you to step into.

“I have one last, important message. As you know, you will be tying your karma into that of Earth. Therefore, you may have to finish your wheel of third dimensional incarnations on that planet. You are assigned there until the completion of their Grand Cycle, Earth year 2013 AD. We fear that you may not be able to make your final departure until that cycle is complete.

“We realize what a sacrifice this will be for all of you. If there is anyone now who does not wish to make the commitment, you may come to me quietly after the ceremony, and an alternate will take your place. We wish you all success in the completion of your mission.”

With these final words, her vision faded. She felt very, very weary. She realized now why she felt so empty and alone. Where was her other half now? She guessed that it was masculine since she appeared to have a feminine form. Yes. It was all coming back to her now. She remembered when they were still one being before she entered the dying body. Lamerius was their name. The female polarity was known as Lamira and the male portion was Lamire. Lamerius, since they were complete then, saw the small female body below them. She appeared to be about ten years of age. Lamira entered the child’s body first.

Oh, the pain! The sensations were so foreign and unexpected. Lamira instantly felt enclosed in a small, hard space. She had to fight her instincts to flee in order to complete her entry. She tried first to enter through the crown of the child’s head, but it had been injured and was filled with blood. Lamira then tried to enter through the heart and was finally successful. However, she had to first experience a deep sense of fear. She had not felt fear on Venus, and she had to put her consciousness into the injured brain to find a title for what she was experiencing.

Yes, the child had been in terror. She had become lost and disoriented during the earthquake and had wandered to a cliff. Then there had been another tremor and she had fallen from the top of the cliff onto this rocky ledge. The child had hit her head as she fell. The last thing that crossed the child's mind before she lost consciousness was that she would die alone. Lamira used her own consciousness to heal the body she had entered and tried to assure the child that she was not alone. However, the child's Soul was gone -- leaving the memory of her terror embedded in the physical form. Lamira attempted to clear this fear before Lamire entered, but she felt a sense of urgency.

"Join me now," she cried.

"I can't," was his reply, "I have been trying. The body will only accept one of us. And, worse yet, something is pushing and pulling me away from you. I can't seem to stay in this environment very long without a body. They warned us of this possibility, but I couldn't imagine it would happen."

Lamire seemed as distraught as she was, but nothing worked. No matter how much they struggled, he couldn't enter the child's body with her. Instead, he was continuously pulled away.

"No, no," she implored. "You can't leave me here. I am only half of myself and alone on this foreign planet. You must stay!! Don't leave me."

Lamira was getting hysterical. She was trying to follow Lamire, but did not yet know how to function in her new form. The terror! The terror of being only half of her total Self!

"Come back, come back," she cried to Lamire.

As she lost consciousness, she saw him being pulled away from her to some distant destination.

When at last she awoke, she found herself in some form of a bed with two elderly looking people tending her body. The woman sat on the bed and appeared to be trying to feed her while the man stood behind her. They uttered some words that were unrecognizable to her, and the expressions on their faces changed as they spoke. Again, it took her a moment to remember what had happened, and as she did, it hit her like a sharp pain. But, with the pain of the recollection came an awareness of her greater self.

She was not the small child whose body she now inhabited. She was a fifth dimensional Venusian on a mission with her comrades to help the Earth in its time of need. Her third dimensional form still felt foreign and restrictive, and she could barely move the small, weak body. She clung to the experience of her own consciousness just outside of and within the child's physical form. She focused her mind to access the higher powers she had possessed on Venus, but there was too much disturbance in the atmosphere for her to sense anything outside of the small room. She could only read the minds of the couple before her.

She wondered if this was the child's family. No, she sensed that the man had found her when he was searching the mountainside for the injured and lost. She could sense that the man and woman were kind, but they didn't seem to register much thought. They were very simple and lived day to day off the land without questioning or philosophical ideation. Lonelier than ever, she swallowed a bit of the warm liquid offered to her by the woman and gave her body up to sleep.

Gradually, over several months, she gained strength. She learned how to move her body within the dense atmosphere of Earth and how to form the messages she sensed in her mind into the language of the couple. She waited and waited for her other half to return or somehow contact her, but he was nowhere around. The grief of losing him was even greater than the grief of leaving behind her beloved Venus. Perhaps, she thought, he just could not find her. So, as soon as she was well enough, she returned to the cliffs whenever the couple wasn't looking. She would curl her knees up in her arms and look off sadly into the sky, but Lamire never came to her.

The couple became very worried. This child did not seem normal. Physically, her body had healed, but something seemed wrong with her mind. She barely spoke to them, but often spoke to the farm animals. They had even seen her talking to plants and into the sky. When they asked her what she was doing, her face would cloud over like a brewing storm and she would shake her head and walk off. It was not that the child was not helpful. In fact, the plants and animals that she tended seemed to grow healthy and strong. But, she barely spoke to people and in her sleep she would call the name Lamire, again and again. When they questioned her, she only replied, "He is gone."

As much as the couple had wanted a child, they realized they could not help her anymore and decided to take her to the Temple. Perhaps there she could be healed. But more tremors and rough weather made it impossible to leave for several months. During that time, the child did not improve. In fact, she seemed worse. However, she did seem physically well enough for the two day walk to the temple. So, one morning before dawn, they set off.

When they arrived at the Temple, the couple noticed that the child seemed to cheer up at its sight. There were still so many injured people making their way to the Temple that they had to wait for another two days before they could be seen.

Finally, it was their turn. A lovely temple Priestess called them into a small room to interview them and determine how they could best be helped. The room was circular with benches along the walls. The man and woman sat on one side of the room and the Priestess sat across from them. The child lingered just inside the doorway, looking at the floor.

“She is always like that,” spoke the man. “I found her on a cliff by our farm after the last earthquake. She was almost dead, but my wife nursed her back to health. She barely talks and is always running back to that cliff like she is looking for something. We have done all we can. We thought maybe you could help her.”

His wife nodded in agreement.

“We were very happy to have a child in our home, as we could not have children of our own. However, she does not seem happy and is becoming more and more distant.”

The Priestess walked over to the girl and knelt before her.

“Can you tell us what you are looking for on the cliff?” the Priestess asked in a soft and gentle voice.

The girl looked into the eyes of the Priestess and instantly felt at home. She could feel that the Soul of this woman was more akin to hers and she felt she could trust her.

“I am looking for my other half. He could not enter this body with me.”

A look of recognition covered the Priestess' face while the elderly couple shook their heads in dismay.

“You see,” said the man. “Perhaps it was from her injuries, but she doesn't seem to be right in the head.”

“You did the correct thing to bring her here,” spoke the Priestess. “I think that we can help her. Can you leave her here?”

“That is why we came,” spoke the woman. “There is nothing else that we can do for her.”

“What you have done so far has been very kind indeed.”

The girl wanted to stay in the Temple but realized that she had never thanked the couple for saving her life. She had done nothing but worry about herself. She then walked over to the couple, who were still seated, and gave each of them a warm hug.

“Thank you for helping me. I have been so sick and confused that I have only thought of myself. Without you two, I would have died.”

The couple seemed surprised by the maturity of the girl's words when she had hardly spoken in all the months she had lived with them, but they were very grateful for the girl's acknowledgment of their kindness. They each gave her an embrace in return.

“Perhaps we will return one day to visit you,” spoke the woman.

“Yes,” smiled the girl.

She knew she would never see them again.

As soon as the couple left the room, the Priestess instructed the child to follow her up many stairs and through many hallways. Since she had come to the Temple, there had been an expansion of her fifth dimensional awareness. The architecture of the Temple vaguely resembled the Violet Temple on Venus, but mostly it was

the vibration that was familiar. She could tell before she even entered the main door that there was a resonance in the Temple that was not present in the valley where the couple lived. As she followed the Priestess, she pondered her new life. In all the time she had spent with the couple, she had been so involved in learning how to live on third dimensional Earth without Lamire, that she had lost contact with her higher awareness.

Being inside of a third dimensional body was very difficult for her. She had almost wished that she had forgotten who she really was so that she could better adapt to the small, dense form that she was now confined to. However, she could not forget her other half. If she could hold his memory, she still might be able to make contact with him. Sometimes even Lamire blurred from her mind. She was so intent on learning how to walk without the flowing, floating sensation of Venus that she had to limit her senses of perception. If she did not, she became overloaded with the thoughts and feelings of all those around her. She seldom spoke to the couple because their minds invaded hers and pulled her thinking down into the routine acts of survival.

Even though she saw few people besides the couple, the atmosphere was dense with fear and suffering. To make matters worse, the fear that had remained in the child's body, coupled with her own loneliness, left her feeling alone, hopeless and afraid. She had tried to use her mind to function with her fifth dimensional powers, but they were lost in random thoughts and negative emotions of her third dimensional body.

The girl was so absorbed in her own thoughts that she almost bumped into the Priestess when she stopped abruptly in front of a large door in one of the Temple's towers.

"You will soon meet our High Priest, Ramor," said the Priestess as she tapped upon the heavy door.

"Yes?" came a strong voice from beyond the door.

"I think I have one of the children. Can you see her now?"

Lamira was suddenly aware of the child's body that she inhabited and held her breath for fear that Ramor would not want to see her. It seemed to be a very long time before he responded.

"You may show her in."

His voice sounded clear and kind, and Lamira relaxed. The Priestess unlatched the door and allowed it to swing open.

"He will see you now," she said as she stepped back and beckoned for the child to enter. Just before Lamira crossed the threshold, the Priestess touched her on the shoulder. Lamira turned her head and looked up at her face.

"Welcome," said the Priestess with a friendly smile.

Lamira smiled in response and entered the room. At first, all she could see was a bright golden light. Slowly she realized that the light was the aura of a man sitting across the room in a large chair. He had white hair, a white beard and his

piercing blue eyes glistened as he looked into her face. "He must be one of us," she thought.

Ramor rose when she entered the room and invited her to sit down in a chair across from him. Though the room was small, the walk across seemed very long to Lamira. Knowing that Ramor was a Venusian flooded her heart with joy. However, it also brought back all the loneliness and pain that she had tried to repress while in the valley with the couple.

"Yes, I am one of you," he replied as they both sat down. Apparently, he had read her thoughts and had seen her essence despite the small human form that now encased it.

"You must be the greeter the High Chancellor spoke of."

"Yes," he replied. "I am one of them."

"I was afraid that you would not recognize me as one of the Venusians," said Lamira.

Ramor seemed to study her for a while.

"I can see from your aura that you have had a very difficult time. I am sorry. You are safe now, and we can set you on your path of service. Since your body is that of a child's, you will have to live a child's life here until it matures. Do not fret though as there are others in your situation, and they will be great company for you. I am glad you are here, but I apologize because I must leave now to teach a class. May I show you to your quarters? We will have much time to talk later."

But as he stood she stopped him, "Wait! I must first find out about my other half. He could not enter this Earth form with me, and I have heard nothing of him since he was pulled away from me."

Ramor sat down again and looked directly into her Soul. His eyes sent her such understanding and compassion that Lamira's breath caught, and her eyes filled with tears. Ramor reached across the short distance between them and gently touched her on the knee.

"Our Venusian family was afraid that this would happen. Apparently, it depends upon the personal evolution of your host body. Even though I outwardly appear to be a man, my entire essence lives within this form. The body that I entered was that of a High Priest who was healthy and willing to vacate his physical form for me. He had meditated many years to gain contact with his Complement. Therefore, his body was able to hold both polarities of my being. However, you entered a peasant child with no spiritual training, and one who was on the verge of death. I'm sorry this has happened to you. I can see that it was a terrible experience. However, we can teach you how to communicate with your Complement."

Ramor pulled a small cloth from the folds of his robe and gently handed it to her. Lamira dried her eyes and tried to hand it back.

"Please keep it," he said. "There are many tears here on Earth. Allow this to be my first gift to you."

Lamira smiled and accepted her gift.

“What did the couple call you?” he asked still looking into her eyes.

“They just called me child,” she responded.

“How were you known on Venus?”

“We were known as Lamerius. Lamire was the name of our male energy and Lamira was the name of our female energy.”

“Should we call you Lamira then?”

“Oh, no. That name would only remind me that part of me is missing. I think I need a new name for my new life as a third dimensional female.”

“Follow me,” he said warmly as he stood. He reached his strong hand out to welcome hers. “We will get you a new name for your new life.”

CHAPTER TWO

Reunion

Her name was to be Shature. Ramor told her it meant “ability to stand alone”. She thought it was a pretty name and guessed he picked it for her to help her cope with the absence of her Complement. “Complement” was what the other Venusians in human form called the other polarity of their one self that lived in the higher dimensions. Shature had been told that long ago Earthlings had been able to communicate with their Complements and some even lived as androgynous beings. However, times had grown very dangerous and evil on Atlantis. There was so little loving, spiritual guidance and so much temptation for selfishness and ill-doing that the vibratory rate of the planet had dropped. Hence, the resonance had become so low that most people were either only male or only female.

It was hoped that the other polarity of self that lived in the higher dimensions could serve as a kind of inner guide or conscience. Although most of the people were totally unaware of the higher aspects of themselves, a component of their Souls could still remain pure in the higher dimensions. This other half, or Divine Complement, could then assist them to be receptive at times, such as during sleep, crisis or upon death. Those who were able to study in the Temple's mystery schools could learn how to regain communication with their Divine Complement and, in so doing, create constant inner guidance, companionship, and comfort.

Shature was very anxious to learn this communication, but she had other things to learn first. She studied diligently in her classes, and the years passed by quickly. One of the first things that she had to learn was to raise her consciousness above that of the masses and, in fact, above that of many of the priests and priestesses. There were many people who used the cloak of spiritualism as a boon to their personal power. These initiates were not healers or artists. However, they had gone through their mystery schools and had gained great powers to manipulate the forces of nature and the unconscious forces within the minds of others.

There were three schools of learning in Atlantis. The Light Robes, the Gray Robes and the Dark Robes. The Light Robes studied unity consciousness and unselfish service to the Oneness of All Life. The Dark Robes studied the attainment of wisdom for their own selfish purposes and used malefic Magic for selfish acquisition, no matter what the cost to others. The Gray Robes sought to find a balance between the Light and the Dark Robes. Unfortunately, lately they had focused their learning more in the direction of the Dark Robes and had joined the forces of evil that were overtaking the planet.

Shature had great difficulty with the dark forces within her own physical body. On Venus, their vehicle was fifth dimensional and of pure light. The resonant vibration of Earth was much lower than on Venus. In order for her to hold her life force in her physical form, she had to adopt a consciousness far below that which she held on Venus. Also, her Earth body was that of a child and the concept of childhood was quite foreign to her. On Venus, the newer bodies were somewhat smaller and less developed than the older bodies, but they were soon independent. Since the Venusian environment was much safer, the young were free to make most of their own decisions and choices soon after their incarnation began.

On Earth, those who did not know her true identity treated her like one who had no awareness of what was best for her. When she was among others of the hundred and forty-four thousand who came down to Atlantis, she could relax a bit, but as a group they all had to be careful. If the wrong people found out who they were, it could mean their lives. The forces of darkness wanted Atlantis to stay the way it was. They thought only of the present and refused to look at the long-term effect of their actions. If they found out that the Light Robes had received reinforcements from Venus, there would be mayhem. It would then be difficult for the Venusians to carry out their tasks of rescuing those who were ready to hear the truth. Already, a few of the Venusians had “disappeared”. Their friends could use their telepathy to follow them to a certain point, but then, they seemed to disappear. When Ramor was asked what had happened, he only said,

“They were found out. From this dimension it is difficult to tell if their essences were able to return Home or not. There is even a rumor that certain Souls have been trapped in special crystals that the forces of darkness control.”

“Does that mean that the evil ones know who we are?” they asked.

“I’m not sure. I’m hoping that they only saw that these Souls had enough potential to be dangerous to their present power structure and they did not know about their Venusian identity. I must stress-- be careful. Do not let all of yourself show, as it is too dangerous. Look closely into the aura of others before you interact with them. We must all protect ourselves, and each other, so that we can achieve our primary goal--to save this planet from complete destruction!”

“How will we do that?” they questioned.

“I don't know,” was his reply. “I only hope that at the appropriate time it will become evident.”

Shature’s studies at the Temple proceeded slowly. Before she could learn to communicate with her Complement, Shature had to learn all about these evil priests and priestesses and how to protect herself from them. She learned that their powers were drawn from the lowest Astral Plane. Between the third dimension of physical Earth and fifth dimensional Venus was the fourth dimension, also known as the Astral Plane. The Astral Plane amplified and radiated the emotions and thoughts of both the third and the fifth dimensions. There were many levels of

vibration within the fourth dimension. The Lower Astral Plane held the emanations of Earthly emotions and intentions, and the Higher Astral Plane held the emanations of the fifth dimension.

In order to raise her consciousness to the fifth dimension, where she could fully access her Venusian powers, she had to learn how to forge a path through the Lower Astral Plane. The Lower Astral Plane, being the lowest resonance of the fourth dimension, was filled with the fear and anger of the newly dead who were unable to connect with their Spirit Guides or higher dimensions of themselves before or during death. There were also discarnates in that plane that did not want to accept the termination of their physical life, and they sought any avenue to return to a life that was now over for them. Before Shature could reach the higher planes of consciousness where her other half may be awaiting her, she had to learn how to protect herself from the dark psychic forces of this plane. Fear was the greatest problem. There was so much fear emanating from Earth that the Lower Astral Plane became impassable and working her way through this lowest plane of consciousness was much more difficult than she could have imagined.

Even though few Earthlings confessed an awareness of the fear that was a part of their everyday existence, their auras revealed that they knew something was amiss. There were murders and burglaries, something unheard of on Venus. Since their fear was not expressed, it was instead acted out as anger that held the desperation of their fear of survival. Groups of people gathered together, presumably for safety, and then attacked other groups. Fear and evil permeated the air, twisting the focus of even these safety groups, and the solution became a part of the problem. The fear, desperation, and anger were contagious and threatened to lower Shature's consciousness as well as the consciousness of the other Venusians.

No wonder Lamire had to leave her. Shature's earth body actually served as protection against the negative psychic energies that engulfed the planet. When Lamire could not enter it with her, his essence was vulnerable, without protection. The Dark Robes, and now the Gray Robes as well, could trap and use life force if it wasn't held within a vehicle. They could even steal the life force from the living if that person were weak enough. Therefore, she had to keep herself strong. This was difficult because she constantly felt lonely and sad. These emotions eroded away at her strength and clouded her mind. She missed her other half and she missed Venus.

Ramor realized Shature's problem and kept her busy. Since her body was now thirteen Earth years, she looked mature enough to leave the Temple. Therefore, one of her tasks at the temple was to go to the marketplace with some of the house staff. She was chosen for this job because she had retained her empathic and telepathic abilities and could assess the feelings and thoughts of the population. She had to be careful. It was difficult to psychically read others without allowing their negativity to enter her. Sometimes she could do this, but if she was at all tired, ill, or harbored any strong emotions, she could not shield herself from others' negativity. When this happened, it would take her many days to clear out her aura

and regain her center. At the times she was “tainted,” she was very susceptible to human diseases-- physical or emotional. She would then have to go into isolation until the danger was over.

Another reason for her to go to the marketplace was to identify other Venusians. Not all were as fortunate as she was to be taken to the Temple, and some could not even remember who they were. However, their auras would tell her that they were Venusians, even though they could not. Shature always kept her consciousness open in search of a clue as to Lamire’s whereabouts. If he had taken another body, and she found him, she could join with him as a mate. Her constant searching and sadness were beginning to show in her attitude and in her health to the point that even her good works were becoming overshadowed.

One day, she received a summons from Ramor. Once again, as she entered into his presence, she was aware of his beautiful golden aura. “That’s because he is with his Complement,” she thought jealously, forgetting how well he could read thoughts.

“That is why I have summoned you here,” he said sternly.

Shature realized that he had read her thoughts again, and she was ashamed and embarrassed. She made no reply and hung her head.

“I realize your pain,” he continued in a softer voice, “but your obsession with finding your Complement is endangering you and those around you. You underestimate the power of the evil priests. Many of the Black and Gray Robes can also read minds, and they will begin to wonder why you would have such thoughts. Already, as you know, several of us have disappeared. They are certainly suspicious of something.”

“You have to realize that the person you are now *is* all of you. You must stop desiring that which you cannot have at this time. It only distracts you from your growth. In allowing yourself to fall into sadness and depression, you are moving your consciousness in the opposite direction from that which you wish to realize. If you continue to fall into your emotions, you will never be able to move your consciousness through the Lower Astral Plane to communicate with your Complement. Also, the forces of darkness will surely see your leaking psychic field as one which they can steal or use. You are so involved in your personal pain that you have lost sight of the severity of this situation.”

She was shocked by his words. She had no idea she had been so transparent. Yet she still had to ask him some questions, even though she knew it would make him angry.

“Does this mean that I will never be able to join with Lamire in this life?”

“Yes,” he replied firmly. “In fact, you may never be able to join him until the grand cycle is over and you are ready to return Home.”

The enormity of this statement took her breath away.

“However,” he continued, “You will probably only be aware of your separation for this lifetime. By your next life you will be an Earthling and the separation will feel as natural to you as it does to everyone else. You will be able to meet with your

Divine Complement in your dream-state, or deep meditation, and in-between incarnations.”

“Will my other half always remain in the higher planes while I struggle down here?”

“No, my dear, just as it acts as a beacon for you while you are embodied, you will act as a beacon for it when it is embodied and you are in the higher planes. I know that your next question is whether the two of you will ever be together on the physical plane. The answer is--perhaps. However, that can be a very dangerous arrangement because if both of you fall into darkness, your Soul (which encompasses both of you) will suffer greatly and the recovery will take many, many lifetimes.”

“Why didn’t they explain this to us on Venus?”

“As I said before, we did not exactly know it. Now that so many of you have arrived and more time has passed, we are more aware of the situation. Actually, you are among the more fortunate. Many others are not even aware they are Venusians. We have decided to allow them to make their own discoveries because the realization of the separation from their Divine Complement is so agonizing.”

Shature was glad she remembered her Complement, even though it was painful. At least she had a memory of her full potential and something concrete to work towards. Somehow realizing that she was not alone in her pain, and actually better off than others, helped her to stop feeling sorry for herself. She realized that she had been selfish and was actually endangering others with her negative attitude. It was time to face reality, get over her grief, and focus on fulfilling her mission. Ramor had helped her to get out of her problems and regain her sense of purpose. She apologized honestly for her behavior and left his presence with a new attitude and sense of direction.

After her talk with Ramor, Shature was able to expand her service for the forces of light. She had an ability to tune into the vibrations of the Earth and could determine when and where the next tremor or major earthquake would occur. Then healers and other helping units could go to that site to be of assistance. Although they had to be careful whom they warned to avoid arousing too much suspicion, they could use their information to calculate how much longer the continent would survive. This gave the rescue team time to relocate those who wished to leave for safer areas. They could also buy time for the continent by moving to the areas of darkness and performing healings on the Earth.

The light workers had discovered that wherever there had been an earthquake, there had previously been actions of Black Magic by the Black and Gray Robes or excessive use of the power crystals by the rulers and wealthy. Each disaster radiated through valleys, waterways, or marshes from the Central Crystal, which was the main power source for the entire continent. The members of the Temple had warned the political figureheads repeatedly that the overuse of the power

sources was causing underground weaknesses. None of them cared, however, because they had lifestyles to maintain and possessions that needed power.

One of the main drains on the Central Crystal was the Life Regenerator. This was a unit which revitalized the life force of individuals who entered it. It lengthened their life as well as healed them of diseases. This unit consumed vast quantities of power and was constantly in use. Once everyone was allowed to use the Life Regenerator if they petitioned and proved that they had not yet finished the service of that lifetime. Now it was a service that was bought. Therefore, only the wealthy could afford its use, and even they had to wait from six months to a year. However, enough money could buy a position at the head of the waiting list. These wealthy and lazy people did not want to care for themselves properly or face the Karmic Board at their death. They were making their own lives a little more comfortable and ruining the lives of all the generations to follow them!

Once the Central Crystal belonged to everyone. It had been brought to Atlantis long ago from the ancient land of Mu. It was said that they had received the Crystal from the first star people that populated Earth. Now, the wealthiest members of the ruling class had bought the Crystal. The money that they received from the use of the Life Regenerator lined their pockets and assured their positions as the real power behind the throne.

As Shature's studies and service at the Temple progressed, she began to feel a growing peace of mind. She learned that she could acknowledge the conditions on the planet without allowing them to affect her emotionally. As she gained this ability she was able to learn more truths. The realization of truth, she determined, was dependent on one's ability to embrace it without agitation. After she had accepted the loss of Lamire, everything else was easy in comparison. When she released her constant search for him, she began to allow herself to make friends. These friends brought her joy. They would sit together at meals and in their free time laughing and enjoying each other's company.

Vicor was one of her first friends. Vicor was also a Venusian and had taken the body of a boy at the same time that Shature had entered her young female body. They met at the temple several years later when they both studied with Ramor. Vicor was very virile, full of life and laughter, and seemed to always see the positive in every situation. Although he was a bit arrogant, his heart was pure and his Soul shined through his deep brown eyes. Vicor pursued a friendship with Shature and included her in his large group of friends. His open, friendly manner melted the ice around her heart and helped ease the anger that she had been working so hard to release.

Lateen was the first female friend she made. She was quite short with a petite body. She appeared very delicate with her wispy blond hair and light blue eyes, but she emanated a deep courage that Shature admired. Shature probably liked Lateen so much because she was much like her. Lateen was shy, quiet, and often

took long walks alone in nature. In fact, it was on one of Shature's solitary walks that she first met Lateen. At first, they avoided each other, but they both enjoyed the same places and kept running into each other no matter where they went. Finally, they laughed and began to talk. It was with Lateen that Shature could share her deepest fears and insecurities. Lateen was also aware that she had lost her Complement and shared Shature's sense of loss and loneliness. They discussed their different experiences and feelings and found great comfort in each other. Shature learned that there were some things that a woman can only share with another woman. It was difficult to only be half of herself, but she was learning more about her feminine self than she had ever known on Venus.

And then there was her very special friend, Jatain. He was the closest to her of all her friends. There was a feeling between them that felt familiar, like they had known each other before. He did not remember his entry into his body nor the initial loss of his other half, but he gradually grew to remember his consciousness on Venus and how it was different from Earth's. Shature and Jatain were able to help each other greatly. Shature helped him to remember his first entry into a human form, and he assisted her in overcoming her pain and loneliness. As the years passed, their friendship grew. They became constant companions. They ate together, went to Temple classes together, and spent their free time together. Often they walked in the hills around the Temple and swam in the pools that were still clear and fresh on the Temple grounds. They talked about everything, laughed, studied and meditated together. With every day, Shature's pain diminished and she allowed herself to open her heart to her dear friend and companion.

Before they knew it, Shature and Jatain were at the age of initiation, which was twenty-one in Earth years. They both were excited and anxious. Prior to their initiations, they fasted on water and juice for seven days. They each stayed in isolation on the Temple grounds reserved for that purpose to await their vision. There was an area for women in a lovely garden and a different area for men in a nearby courtyard. This segregation of men and women reminded Shature of her loss of Lamire and brought up her old feelings again. She tried to control her anger, but the sorrow of her separation from Lamire distracted her from her meditations. The more she fasted and meditated, the more hurt and angry she became. She needed to consult with someone because she was obviously doing something wrong. This was to be a time of purification, not a time of bringing up old painful memories.

By the end of the sixth day, she was so uncomfortable with her emotions that she felt as though she might explode. Shature thought she had released these feelings, but they now seemed stronger than ever. She began to pace back and forth across the grounds of her isolated garden. As she did so, she worked herself into an ever-deepening trance. The anger grew, as did the sadness, to a state that was almost unbearable. As the emotions grew stronger her trance deepened until her outer world was blocked out by her inner vision.

She saw herself walking down into a deep, dark tunnel. As she descended into the tunnel her anger and sadness began to turn to fear. Fear of what—she did not know. It was raw fear without reason or purpose. She saw it before her like an energy field that filled the tunnel around her. She realized that she had created a place within herself that was an echo of the environment outside her beloved Temple.

“No!” she cried. “I cannot do this to myself. I am to be a Priestess. I must release my pain.”

Then, as if in response to her words, a huge golden light ignited before her. Shature stood frozen to that spot in awe of the phenomenon before her. As she stood transfixed, the blazing light gradually took on a vaguely human form.

“If you are ready to release your suffering, you can surrender it to me,” spoke a voice that radiated from the light.

“But how?” was her response.

“If you can believe that you are not alone and can accept that you have chosen all of your experiences, then you can release your suffering. Your emotions are the carriers of your third dimensional experiences. They bring you the lessons that you must learn in order to fulfill your destiny. Once you have learned your lessons and taken responsibility for the choices you have made, you can surrender the painful emotions to the light.”

“But what are my lessons. I do not know them.”

The light began to fade.

“No,” called Shature. “Do not leave me alone again.”

“I am not leaving you,” responded the voice within the light. “You are choosing to push me away.”

“I don’t want to push you away. How am I doing it.?”

“Feel yourself. Does your energy pull me to you or push me away.”

At first Shature did not know what the voice meant, but she could see that her confusion was making the light grow dimmer.

She knew that she must still her mind and listen to the light’s message. She tuned into the core of her being and allowed a tone to arise with her breath. The tone was dissonant and she coughed when she tried to release it. She held out her hand and looked at her aura. It was dim and close to her body. Yes, she understood now that she could not accept the light in her current state. All that she could see was the light before her and the tunnel of darkness behind her. Did she choose to fall back into the tunnel from whence she came or was she ready to move forward into the light? With that thought, the light grew brighter. Shature knew that it was responding to her ability to accept responsibility for her life. She attempted to move her physical body toward the light, but found that she could not command it. She did not know if she was standing or sitting, nor how long she had been in the tunnel.

“No,” she thought. “This tunnel is an illusion. But the light is real because it is the force of life that I have not allowed into my physical form. I have chosen to

allow all of the emotions that I have felt since I came to this dimension, but I have not allowed the force of this light to balance them.”

“You came to Earth to clear the darkness and replace it with light,” explained the voice in the now radiant light. “However, first you had to understand the nature of darkness. When you were on Venus, you lived in a state of unity and joy. Until you came to third dimensional Earth you had not experienced separation from the Oneness. When you experienced this separation you felt fear, sadness and anger for the first time.

“In order for you to complete your mission on Earth, you must learn to understand and become master of these emotions. Then you can release the illusion of separation by remembering your true nature. If you can master your pain enough to release your darkness into my light, you can assist in releasing the darkness of the planet as well.”

“Your words are wise and I will heed them. May I ask who you are?” asked Shature.

“I am you.”

“Do you mean you are my Complement?”

“No, I am you -- complete!”

“But that can't be,” she argued. “You are so powerful and serene, and I am insecure and afraid.”

“There is a portion of us that is insecure and afraid. Your consciousness is now limited to that portion. You can expand your consciousness to encompass the portion that I AM!”

“How do I do that? I have tried and tried.”

“You do not need to try to achieve that which has always been yours. All you need to do is to remember.”

Yes. Shature realized now that during her eleven years on Earth, she had been so busy learning and trying that she had forgotten much of her life on fifth dimensional Venus. Could it be so simple that all she had to do was remember? But where would she begin? There was so much. There was the floating gardens that surrounded the Violet Temple and the beautiful pink shores that caught the Waters of Light. There was also the special cove where, in her androgynous form of Lamerius, they had meditated and relaxed.

Yes, Lamerius! She had forgotten the name that she and her Complement used when they joined into one being on Venus, because she was afraid that remembering it would bring her torment. But it was the forgetting that brought the pain, pain of separation and loss. She remembered how proud they had been to take on the challenge of assisting Earth and the camaraderie of the hundred and forty-four thousand. They were as one mind and one heart. She had missed that. But she had found it again with Ramor, Vicor, and Lateen...and with Jatain. She was surprised to find that she could remember times from her third dimensional life that brought her power and serenity.

The third dimension had not been completely bad. The relationships with her friends in the Temple were strong and warm. They were mostly Venusians, but they also wore the clay bodies of the third dimension. The fear of Earth had made it difficult for her to trust. However, when it was safe to trust, the fear made the trust seem even more powerful. She thought of Lamire and how it felt to be one with him, and she thought of how it felt to be close to Jatain. It was different with Jatain, but it was good. It was serene and safe. They were two separate bodies, but their love united them.

“I do remember,” she called to the voice in the light. “I remember that I am not separate from you. I am not limited to the pain and fear that surrounds me. I am you and you are I. We are One!”

In response to her call, the light, which had been in a vague human shape, moved closer and closer until it was directly in front of her.

“Step into me,” it said, “and I will step into you. You are physical, and I am spirit. Together we are ONE.”

With this final message, the vision faded, leaving only stillness and peace. Her pain and anger were absorbed into the light and the light had been absorbed into her. The light held her darkness and the darkness was a portion of her light.

Shature’s initiation vision served as a shield for her. Whenever she began to fall into her negativity she remembered herself -- complete. As a complete Soul, she was above pain and self-pity. She could rise above the consciousness that was vulnerable, and thereby stay above personal and planetary destruction. She began to see her environment not so much as a place of which she was a part, but as a place she moved through and worked in while in her waking state. Her dreams became more vivid. Before her initiation, her dreams had been disturbing and vague. Now they were very clear and often gave her messages that she took into her waking life. She had one recurring dream in which she saw herself standing before a stone wall. She heard a great rumbling but was unafraid. She knew the waters would come, but she would not die. She knew that this message was for her alone and that she couldn't tell anyone, even Jatain.

Jatain had also completed his initiation. She saw less of him now, but when she did, it was different, more serious. They had both gone into their own darkness and come out stronger and wiser. She believed that soon she would mate with him. They brought great comfort to each other, and their friendship grew stronger every day. She wondered if her Complement would be jealous, or if he was above those lower emotions. Some day she would communicate with him and ask. For now, she had to live the life she had and stay out of old her disappointment.

One day while she was in the marketplace (she was now the main buyer for the Temple), she came upon an interesting discovery. There was a group of people who all had the same kind of aura—one which was very clear and loving. These

people moved throughout the marketplace, supposedly buying, in groups of two or three. On a physical level, they had nothing in common. On a higher level, however, she could see that they were in constant communication with each other. She knew she had to be very careful, as what looked like a friend could, in fact, be an enemy. She had to find a way to communicate with them. She moved to the group closest to her, ostensibly to buy something at a nearby booth, and accidentally bumped into one of them. Apologizing, she took that moment to look into its eyes to feel its essence. This being was not an Earthling, and it was complete, both male and female. She felt a great rush of love and compassion from it that could not be simulated by a member of the evil priesthood. She decided she had to take a risk and find out more about these beings.

In her mind she said, "I know you are different and are part of a group that is moving throughout this marketplace. I am a friend and want to know why you are here." She figured that if they were as evolved as they appeared to be they could read her mind.

Out loud the being said, "My name is Kamur, and this is one of my friends, Questur. We are visiting your fine city. We would appreciate it if you could show us about."

She knew she was taking a chance and would, therefore, involve no one else. Carefully guarding her thoughts, she led them to a small knoll with a large tree and some benches. In a low voice she said,

"I know if I communicate with one of you, I will communicate with all of you. Have you traveled a very great distance to visit?"

Kamur smiled in a knowing way and answered, "Yes, we all have traveled a very great distance. You, too, appear not to be a native of this place."

This could be a trap for her and she had to be wary.

"I, too, came from far away, but I have been at the nearby Temple since I was a child. It has been a wonderful environment for me. I never felt at home before then."

"Yes, I can understand that," replied Kamur. "We also are having difficulty adjusting to this area. It is quite different from our homeland."

"Why have you come to our city?" Shature replied, still disguising what she was really saying. However, Kamur seemed to follow her completely.

"We have come to meet with some friends of ours who have been here quite a while, but with whom we have lost all contact. We were concerned and came in search of them. I wonder if perhaps you have seen them."

"No," she replied. "I have never seen anyone with your qualities before. I'm sure I would have noticed. However, my life is somewhat sheltered at the Temple. I would only have seen them there or in this marketplace. I will ask around for you. Perhaps we can meet again next week at this time and I can tell you what I have discovered."

"We will be here," replied Kamur. He then nodded goodbye, as did his companion, and left.

At that moment, one by one, the other small groups finished their business and moved away from the marketplace. They all went in different directions, but she knew they would meet later with Kamur. She believed their group departure as an act of trust for her and as an affirmation of her suspicions that they were together. She would talk to Ramor about this as soon as possible.

“How could you have taken such a risk?” She had never seen Ramor angry before. His aura was filled with red flashes.

“Please, Ramor, do not be angry. I was very careful. I told them nothing. You underestimate me and my ability to read others. Remember, I was chosen for this job. You have not seen me much since my initiation. I can understand your worry, but you must trust me more.”

Her calm and confident voice soothed him. He was surprised by his unexpected outburst of emotion. He cared for her more than he had realized. Should he tell her or would that be inappropriate?

“I am sorry for my outburst,” he followed. “But I truly care for your safety, perhaps more than I realized.”

Shature was flattered.

“Thank you for your concern. I know that my job is dangerous, but I must not avoid it. I am confident that they are not an enemy. I observed and 'felt' them for a long time, and I believe that they were doing the same with me. As before, I will divulge nothing to them, but I want to meet them again to determine what they are about. You can send someone to observe me. If all goes well this time, we can determine a mutual spot where we can meet again.”

“All right,” he conceded. “But, do not linger too long in the marketplace. Sell them something and make it look like a business arrangement. If you find them trustworthy, meet them again in three days under the Fountain Rock. We can observe you there and their escape will also be cut off if they are up to something. If they have come from Arcturus, then they will be our allies.”

With his final words, she left feeling excitement and a tinge of fear. In five more days she would meet them. She had a lot of planning to do in the meantime.

The days of waiting sped by. It was now dawn before she went to the marketplace. She was dressed and ready to leave. First, however, she would check inside with her Inner Guide. The blazing golden light of her initiation visited her again and again in her dreams and meditations. Even though her initiation had revealed the golden light as a higher portion of herself, she could not yet totally accept the power of that concept. Instead, she identified the light as an Inner Guide, a being inside herself but separate at the same time. Over time, she had gained a relationship with it and learned to allow its great love to enter her heart. She now trusted it completely. She would need it today to keep her honest with herself. Excitement or strong emotions could blur her vision and she might miss something important without a constant communication with her Guide.

She sat in the corner of her room looking out towards the valley. She lit the wick of the scented oil bowl and closed her eyes to go inside. Almost at once she felt the familiar, loving presence. She had many questions to ask, but she had learned that it was always fully aware of her circumstances and knew her questions before she could ask them. She waited, staring into its luminous eyes and losing herself in its essence. Gradually she began to hear its voice.

“Listen. Listen very carefully. Your personal mission is in danger. These beings are indeed as pure as they appear, but you must proceed with caution. A higher portion of yourself has already determined your destiny and it is imperative that you listen to your own inner prompting. Do not be alone with these visitors, for although they mean well, they could lead you away from your higher purpose.”

“Should I abort this meeting?”

“No, there is something which you will gain from this meeting. It is within your path to follow up on your plans, but be cautious. Danger is also an opportunity for growth, both for you and for those whom you wish to help.”

With these final words, the presence faded. Shature had learned that once it left, it was finished communicating and there was no point in trying to re-connect. It was time for her to go and she was frightened and surprised. She had not thought of the destiny of which her Guide spoke. She was so sure of herself, so sure of her well-loved instincts. Had her ego been interfering with her ability to perceive the truth? Perhaps she had been wrong about her guidance. Maybe she was not clear about anything and was only imagining everything. For a moment she even doubted her meditation, but she quickly stopped that because she knew that that behavior would surely lead to her destruction.

Everywhere there were conflicting messages. If she couldn't believe the ones which came from deep inside her, then she knew she had no chance for survival. She gathered her things and headed towards the marketplace with her companions. It was just after dawn and the air was filled with mist. She had always loved this time of day—sunrise and sunset—times—of transition from one environment, one state of mind, to the next.

When Shature and her companions arrived at the market place, they discussed their plans while they awaited their meeting. Her companions were there to watch over her. Just before the sun had risen a quarter of the way in the sky, like last week, the visitors arrived and made themselves look busy unpacking cases.

Shature and one of her friends approached the visitors carrying boxes which they would 'trade' with the mysterious strangers. She could feel the warmth of their essence long before she was physically close to them. She must be careful to guard her thoughts since they were very good at reading them.

“Hello,” she welcomed them. “We have brought herbs and spices grown in our gardens at the Temple.”

“Thank you,” replied their leader. “We have also brought what you have asked for, jewelry made of shells and minerals from our homeland.”

As she looked at the jewelry, she saw that it was made of materials not available on Earth. She tuned into his thoughts to see if he had an explanation. What she received was:

“You were right. We are from another planet. You must trust us. We mean you no harm. This area is in great danger, and unless this danger is addressed, it can destroy the entire planet. We only wish to assist you.”

“How helpful of you,” she replied out loud. “You know how needful of it we are.”

He smiled at her and replied, also verbally,

“We would like to show you what else we can do for you. If you could follow us to our camp, we can talk in depth about our transaction.”

Shature, remembering Ramor’s warning politely declined.

“I am sorry, we are too busy now, but we will return in three days and meet you in the valley just south of here under the large rock. It is known as Fountain Rock. Trust must be built slowly for both of us!” Shature said as she looked sternly into his eyes.

“We will be there!”

As they were returning to the Temple, she reflected on their meeting. She had much to say to Ramor. She had not had time to tell him of her morning meditation. She felt frightened, confused and excited. What did all this mean and what should she do next? She decided to go inside herself before she met with Ramor. She had difficulty at first, as she had so many conflicting emotions, but at least she felt connected.

“You did fine today,” spoke Shature’s inner guide. “Continue the communication with these beings. But proceed very slowly. Meet with them as planned, but inform Jatain and bring him with you. He also has a role to play here.”

Jatain was more than ready for the challenge and excitement. Ramor agreed to the plan but was very cautious.

“Be careful. They could be followed by the dark forces,” cautioned Ramor. “They have been reported observing the visitors as well.”

Shature went inside herself again for further instruction, but received none. She would have to follow through on her plans and stay alert. She felt much safer with Jatain there. Her relationship with him had continued to grow and they were, in fact, talking about naming a date for their bonding.

The visitors returned three days later at the Fountain Rock. However, Shature, Jatain and the others had waited many hours with no sign of the strangers. Just as they were preparing to leave, the visitors arrived.

“We could not come sooner. We believe we were being observed. We cannot meet like this again. Can we come to your temple as soon as it is safe for us? We know where it is.”

Shature looked at Jatain. His look transmitted to her,

“If they know where it is, what harm can it do?”

“Please come to our garden on the south side of the Temple at your convenience and we will communicate again. Have you found your companions yet?”

“No, we have not found them. We will meet you again soon,” he replied hurriedly. He looked over his right shoulder in a worried fashion and quickly left, heading north.

“He looked almost frightened,” noticed Jatain.

“Yes, and I think he was keeping something from us. I wonder where the others are? I don't sense them anywhere near this area.”

“We will slowly gather our things while we observe the area. Then all we can do is go back,” replied Jatain. “Do you think we should try to follow them?”

“We can't now that we have lost sight of him. Also, my inner instructions were clear to not be alone with them. We will meet them on our own territory.”

Many days passed without seeing them. It was almost a month before they arrived at the garden. All of them were together, except for one, but something was different. They didn't seem to have as much vitality and their auras had streaks of gray in them. Shature's first instinct was that they had been sick.

“Are you well?” She greeted them.

“Your planet is not comfortable for us. There are many dark vibrations and we have become ill from the constant effort of fending them off. We have decided to go home. We cannot stay here long enough to help.”

“Have you been followed by the dark forces?” asked Jatain.

“No, we were very careful. We would not do anything to endanger you. We have come to help, but we cannot survive here. One of us has expired and we believe that is the fate of our other companions. We are representatives of a Universal Order. We are here to determine if your planet can prevent the impending disaster and we have determined that it cannot. We do not believe that there will be much left after the final cataclysm. However, if there are survivors, we will return with more representatives to assist in the reconstruction.”

Jatain responded. “We are also aware of the dangers here and have reached the same conclusions. We will work to save those we can and to establish safe points for those who have been chosen to carry on. There are many who will not listen and who will even silence those who dare to speak the truth. Perhaps you could still be of assistance if you could provide a route of escape if none other is available.

“At the time of the cataclysm, some of us will pass over with the masses to assist them in their fearful deaths. Others will immigrate to new safe areas while there is still time. However, there are also the dark forces that need a place to hide. A different planetary existence would not be difficult for them. Perhaps an exchange of information would be of benefit to all concerned.”

The leader of the foreign emissaries smiled and replied,

“Yes, we were going to make that offer ourselves. Yanour here,” said Kamur while pointing to one of the healthiest looking members of the group, “has made the best adaptation to your environment and is willing to stay as a permanent

emissary. He can contact us when necessary and inform us of any way in which we can be of help to you. In exchange, we would like for one of you to go with us.”

Shature's heart sank. She knew that Jatain was the one who was best suited for this task. The thought of losing another love was more than she could take and her eyes filled involuntarily with tears. Jatain knew her emotions and replied to the leader.

“We must confer upon this. Can you spend the night here while arrangements are made?”

“No, we must return, but we will be back here in twenty-four of your hours.”

With this, the entire group turned and left. Shature's heart had sunk to her stomach and she could not lift her eyes from the ground. She felt Jatain's gentle touch as he led her back inside the Temple.

“NO!” she cried. “I will not allow it. How many sacrifices must I make?”

Jatain was calm and looked into her face with such love and gentleness that she knew she could not change his mind.

“We are here for a greater purpose,” he calmly reminded her. “We cannot allow our personal lives to endanger our higher purpose. I have waited for my call and we both know that this is it. There is no one better qualified than I am. I have known the situation almost from the beginning and I am very adaptable in new environments. I am a part of this plan.”

She felt a rage well up in her, not towards Jatain but towards that inner guidance which always seemed to guide her straight into the jaws of pain. Was this her higher purpose? To be alone again? But she knew Jatain was right, and she would not ruin his moment with her fear and anger. If he stayed for her, he would become less than himself and grow to hate her for it. She had no choice. If she had to let him go, she would do so with dignity.

“I can't watch you go. Stay with me this evening, and in the morning we will say goodbye. We have almost twenty-four hours, so let us make enough memories to last the rest of our lives.”

He embraced her in love and gratitude while she struggled to push all of her negative emotions to the back of her mind. She would have plenty of time to review them after he was gone.

They made the most of their final hours together. They walked in their favorite woods, swam in their favorite pond, and watched the sunset from their favorite cliff. In every one of these places they made love—desperate, passionate, and yet, tender love. When, at last, they went to bed, they made love again and again. She took no precautions. She didn't care. Perhaps he would leave a small portion of himself with her. It was well past dawn, their usual hour of awakening, when he looked at her with eyes that said,

“I must leave now.”

So soon? She wanted to say. But she would keep her promise with herself. He had arrangements to make. He was starting an entirely new life. He needed this

time alone. He dressed, and when he was ready to leave, she pulled herself out of bed and wrapped herself in her robe.

“Somehow I will return to you,” he promised.

She wanted to believe him, but she couldn't. She feared she might never see him again, at least, not in this life. She pushed that thought from her mind and embraced him with every essence of her being. He kissed her, long and lovingly, then turned and left the room. As soon as the door closed behind him, she fell to the floor, unconscious. She did not awaken until he had left the planet. Somehow she knew that if she had been able to, she would have tried to stop him.

The weeks that followed were filled with dull pain and grieving. She threw herself into her work and allowed herself no time to reflect or linger on her deep anguish. She also found no time to meditate. She acted as if she were fine. In fact, everyone was proud of how well she was accepting her loss. But, inside she was angry-- angry at her guidance and angry at her destiny. She had enough presence of mind to know that this anger was dangerous. Yet she didn't care and the anger grew like a fire, covered once with a thin layer of sand, waiting for the slightest breeze to set it into a blaze.

However, as the days turned into weeks and the weeks passed into months, she realized that she was no longer alone. She was pregnant. Now she knew she had to heal the anger. Two people were living inside her body and she no longer had the right to harbor and nurture her anger. As she realized this, she felt as if she had just awakened from a dream. She was shocked at what a stranger she had become to herself. She knew it was time to go inside again.

At first she was embarrassed. She had blamed her inner guidance in an attempt to alleviate some of her pain. All it had done was affect her health. Her healer told her that she would have to stay in bed for at least a month or she would lose the baby. She knew it was her anger. How could another being bear the weight of her awful rage? She had to ask for forgiveness. She had volunteered to come to Earth from Venus, but while living in an earthly body, she had lost the higher consciousness which was natural on Venus. Only when she communicated with her inner guide did she experience that feeling of unconditional love and acceptance. She had to return to that feeling in order to keep the baby in her body. It was to be a child of love-- emotional and passionate. It would be a special child. She would have to put aside all of her personal feelings and work at creating a psychic environment which was harmonious with its Soul.

For days and days she tried to go inside, but all she could get was a glimpse of her Guide. At last she received a brief message. She had to communicate with the alien who was here in Jatain's place. She had avoided him all this time as if it were his fault. She owed him amends. She had to summon him since she was confined to her bed. When he arrived at her doorway, she was ready. She offered him some

tea, which he accepted, and they stared at their cups as they drank. Finally, they both started to speak at once.

She raised her hand and said,

“Please, let me begin. I owe you an apology. It was my responsibility to make you feel welcome, but I have been so angry at the loss of my loved one that I have avoided you instead.”

“I know,” he answered. “I could see in your auras that you loved one another. You both have made a great sacrifice for a higher purpose, but soon our communications will be established and you can talk to him.”

That thought made her excited and, strangely, afraid. She realized that it was almost easier to leave him completely out of her life, rather than far, far away and just beyond her grasp.

Yanour instantly understood her thoughts and replied,

“He shall return. I also wish to return to my home. This is a temporary exchange.”

“Yes, I know that is the plan, but I must admit that I fear otherwise. Please excuse me. I do not mean to frighten you. My concerns are for Jatain, not you. I am constantly worrying that something will happen to him. Perhaps that is a normal reaction to the departure of a loved one,” she tried to reassure herself. “But please, let us talk about you. I am sorry to summon you, but I am with child and am presently confined to my bed. In fact, that is the reason why I have come to my senses and realized that I must communicate with you. How are you doing here? I have abandoned you since you have been with us.”

“It has been an adjustment, but I have made several friends. I anxiously await communication with my people. In a few days, I believe that will be possible. The dark forces on your planet have made it necessary for us to create a secret line of communication that they cannot monitor. I will let you know as soon as it is in operation. Being unable to communicate all this time has made me also feel very alone. However, I have found your environment here in the Temple similar to that of our traveling vessel.

“I have spent most of my life on that vessel, which is why I volunteered for this assignment. Being on a planet rather than moving through space is what I desire most at this time. Also, it is a new adventure.”

Shature smiled.

“Yes, adventure. Often it does turn out quite differently than we expect.”

They talked warmly for some time and parted with a sense of camaraderie. He agreed to tell her as soon as communications were arranged. As he left her room, she settled down into her bed and fell into the deepest sleep that she had experienced since Jatain left.

In her dreams that night, Shature again found herself on the cliff reliving the first entry into her body. However, this time the form was more familiar and not as foreign. She re-experienced the separation from her other half and again felt the intense fear and sense of loss. This fear was like a dusty gas that suffocated her and

drove her Complement away from her. She had made this fear an enemy in much the same way that she had alienated Yanour. She would have to make friends with this fear as she had made friends with Yanour. Shature must learn to accept, communicate with, and understand how she had created her fear.

In her dream, she began moving into the fear. It was like a dense fog all around her, and she could see nothing. Shature had to remember to control her breath because she was terrified. She had to find her way through the fog in order to...to what? She did not know. In desperation, she called inside herself and saw a light--very dim and far in the distance. At least she had a point of focus now. Shature moved toward the light and it appeared to also move toward her. Finally, with all her force of will, she moved her arm through the dense fog and touched the light. As she touched the light, the fog disappeared. Shature then found herself face to face with herself—her other half.

She awakened suddenly. She understood now. It was her fear that had created her sense of separation. Fear had separated her from her Complement and only love could make her whole. With that thought, she fell back into a dreamless sleep and did not awaken until the next morning.

As the dawn struck her face, Shature remembered. She remembered her dream, she remembered Venus, and she, most of all, remembered Lamire. She had finally united with him, with herself. She was finally whole. However, half of her was not here in the physical world, but rather existed in the spiritual worlds. In between was a bridge with all the colors of the rainbow and all the tones of the scale. Shature would learn to use that bridge, constantly and with every breath. She would learn to live consciously in the awareness that she was One. Shature would allow the peace of that realization to fill her consciousness, just as it had on Venus.

And now, she just had to remember to remember!

CHAPTER THREE

The Bridge

The next fifteen years passed in a moment. Shature communicated with Jatain often, but she saw him only once in the first seven years when he returned for their son's seventh birthday to participate in the naming. Their son was named Vidann, which meant "the builder," because his life reading predicted that he would have a large part in the reconstruction after the great change. Shature had wished that Jatain could have attended their son's birth, but it hadn't been safe for him to return at that time. Again, Shature had stood alone.

Birth on Venus was quite different from birth on Earth. For one thing, the Venusian parents would know the soul that was to inhabit their child. When a being determined that the body was worn out or that it needed a rest, they would pick parents for their next incarnation. They would then walk into the Flame of Life for transmutation. The Flame of Life was actually a vortex that could carry the soul either home to the higher dimensions or back to the fifth dimension for incarnation. It was called the Flame because it appeared to be a large violet flame that was surrounded by the Violet Temple. Once a person chose to enter the Flame from their fifth dimensional home on Venus, the Flame would take up the atoms of the old form and reconstruct them into a new shape.

When it was time for the soul to again embody, the chosen parents would reach into the Flame together and bring forth the life spark of the child. This spark was a miniature adult, but with little life force. The couple would nurture this seed of life spark with unconditional love and their own life force until the body was strong enough for the soul to re-enter it. After that, the child reached adulthood quickly and remembered his former life and everyone from it. Death did not involve forgetting, but was more like sleep. It was a time for the soul to return to the Spirit World for rejuvenation and further instruction.

Shature learned from her labor that human birth was quite different. She was unprepared for the helplessness of her infant, but she found the process of bonding and mothering wonderful. It was through her experience of mothering that she finally came to peace with her physical body. When Vidann was two years of age, he was secure enough to be left with others during the times that she carried out her many duties at the Temple. There was much to do. The time of change would be coming soon. Already, there were more and more earthquakes. Those who had aligned themselves with the dark side were so attached to their personal power that they would not accept change, even in the face of total destruction. They continued to rule as they had always done, no matter what the cost to others

and themselves. They had lived in lies so long that they refused to face the truth. They continued to overuse their power sources and to pollute the Earth with waste materials. They continued their Black Magic because it worked best and quickest for them, and they ignored how its low vibration affected the stability of the planet. There were also the dangerous and evil beings whom the dark forces had created. These "un-humans" were the lost ones who lingered in the and were urged into form by the rituals of Black Magic. They had no soul and made perfect slaves for their creators. They terrified the people and even turned on their masters. Now the members of the Temple hardly dared to leave its grounds, as the cities and even the countryside were full of these roving demons.

For the past several years, Shature had been so busy with her work that she had not had a chance to think of herself. After the child's seventh birthday, Jatain had been able to return to the Temple on a regular basis to be with her and Vidann. She had also developed a warm and intimate relationship with Yanour, who was like an uncle to her son. Ramor was like Vidann's grandfather, and a father and mentor to her. Through all of the years and all of her problems, Ramor had been a constant part of her life. His calm strength served as a beacon to guide her through her emotional crises. Finally, after all these years of mothering, service, and intimate friendships, she had grounded herself in her human form. The entry had been long and slow. On Venus, the neural patterning of the brain was such that it had evolved beyond the emotional irrationality of the human brain. Her greatest human challenge had been to learn how to prevent herself from falling into the caldron of emotions that awaited deep inside her earthly brain.

As she continued to master her emotions, it was easier to learn to control her thoughts. Thoughts wanted to come upon her uninvited, and she had to learn to command them into obedience. She was the one who was in control of her. She was not her thoughts, her emotions, or even her body. She was a being of Light. She was a Venusian. She had to remember who she was in order to stay in control of her physical body. Her intense emotions had been in control because she was not fully in her form. The animal, which was the form, would then become unruly and undisciplined and have its way with her.

Shature now understood that fear was the emotion that initiated most of her problems. When she allowed herself to fall into her fear, she would recoil from her human form and leave her physical self in command of her spirit. However, if she denied her fear, it became a hidden enemy that struck when she was least prepared. With discipline, meditation, and patience she gained the ability to recognize her fear and acknowledge it without becoming its victim. If she could remember that she was a Venusian on Earth on a mission of love and mercy, she could calm the fear that welled up within the depths of her humanness. When she placed her consciousness in her Higher Self and higher purpose, she could comfort her lower form. In all of her agony of being abandoned, she had actually abandoned her self, her mission, and her very reason for existence. If she could

keep a connection with her Venusian consciousness, she could stay in mastery of her physical vehicle and her destiny.

By Vidann's fifteenth birthday, everyone in her group knew that Atlantis would soon be destroyed. Shature and Yanour had worked with Jatain and the Arcturians to establish an escape route for those who were in danger of being found out by the dark forces. They had also established the location of safe areas where groups could be sent to begin a new life. The work of the hundred and forty four thousand was almost complete. There were few remaining who would hear the truth even though many people still inhabited the continent of Atlantis. The ones who would face the truth had immigrated to other areas or were giving service until the end. It was time for the final exodus to safer locations. Yanour had returned to his people and Jatain had returned to Earth to take Shature and their son to safety. However, as soon as she began to plan for her departure, the dreams of the great flood returned.

Night after night she awoke in terror seeing the waters bursting through the walls of her room. This was not how it was supposed to be. Jatain was taking Vidann and her to safety. Why, then, was she being prepared for this lonely and terrifying death? She tried to communicate with her inner guide, whom she now could recognize as her Higher Self, but every time she tried, a fear would well up within her and the communication would be terminated. She finally realized that she would have to enter the dream awake and face her fear!

She knelt before the wall that she had seen many times in her dreams, closed her eyes and awaited the vision of the oncoming waters. She felt the terror rise up in her and focused on a small spec of light before her inner eye. She was a Venusian. She was a being of Light. She had volunteered for this assignment. If it was her destiny to die here, then she would accept it. With that thought, she saw Lamire, her Complement, before her as a glowing, golden being of light. He came to her and held her in a warm embrace of deep love and acceptance. During that moment she knew that she could face anything. She was not alone. She was One. In the many years that she had worked so hard to ground herself in the Earth, he had worked to ground himself in the higher dimensions of Light. When they joined in that moment, they connected a circuit of pure cosmic force that could be channeled through her into the core of the Earth.

The Earth needed that circuit to stay on its axis at the moment of the cataclysm. As she felt the current move through her, she was aware of all the others who had knowingly or unknowingly volunteered to be a channel of Cosmic Light to assist the Earth in her moment of challenge. In her vision, she saw the waters breaking through the stone wall before her. She felt a surge of fear and heard the joint voices of she and Lamire say,

“I AM that I AM
I AM in service to the Father Mother God.
I give of this life freely and lovingly so that the planet may survive.”

As they chanted this decree, Shature felt the deepest, purest and most unconditional Love she had ever known. This love came from the higher dimensions and flowed through the joint circuitry that she and her Divine Complement had created to ground the love in the planet Earth. Shature was ready.

When she awoke from her vision, she knew it was time to send Jatain and her son away with the others whose destiny it was to relocate. She would tell them all that the time was now. They must leave, but she must stay. Life was not physical, but spiritual, and it would never end. It would only change!

The awareness of this truth had been very disturbing and also very illuminating. As soon as she had calmed herself, she knew that she must first go to her beloved Ramor to tell him. When she had told him of her vision, he looked deeply into her and said,

“Yes, I must also stay, and there are two others. Interestingly, our rooms are at the four corners of the temple, as if this had been the plan from the very beginning. Over the years, this temple has become a vortex of energy and now it shall be used for its true purpose.”

“Do the others know yet?” asked Shature.

“If they do, they haven’t told me. In fact, I don't even know if they are aware of their Complements yet. If they do not make their connections in time, we will have to do the ceremony alone.”

“But can't we tell them?”

“No, they must discover the truth for themselves.”

“I understand. I am telling Jatain and our son to leave with today's tide on the Temple’s last remaining sea ship. I fear the time is very near. Is there anyone else I should warn?”

“No, there are only a few, and I will tell them. You take all the time you need to say goodbye, again, to your loved ones.”

She smiled. Goodbye was a word with which she was familiar and had finally learned not to fear. She kissed Ramor on the forehead as she left and was surprised to find not fear in her heart, but joy.

She told Jatain and Vidann that they must leave that day, to pack only what they needed, and to meet her on the dock just before tide. They would sail with the evening tide. She could have given herself more time with them, but she realized that that could have been more difficult. There were only a few hours, and she needed to go within again and spend time in communication with Lamire. They

had to bond completely, unifying physical and spiritual. Finally, she had learned to put her personal self second to her divine mission.

When she returned from her contemplation, she knew that it was time to go to the dock. She gathered up a few things to give Jatain and Vidann by which to remember her. For her son, she packed the statue of Varnika, The Venusian Great Mother. And for Jatain, she gathered her life's writings and wrote a small message to him:

My Beloved,
For all the life
I have not shared with you,
look within these pages.
Our Love Lives!
-- SHATURE

Shature had finished packing and was heading through the door when she understood why she had not spent the day with her family, but instead, in deep meditation. She realized that choosing to leave was just as difficult as being left.

When she arrived at the dock, they were waiting. Vidann was as tall as she now and almost a man. To her surprise, after their long embrace he held her at arm's length and looking straight into her eyes, said, "You aren't coming with us, are you Mother?"

"How did you know?"

"It is a dream I had many, many times as a child. Standing here with an unknown man, whom I now know as my father, knowing that you would leave us. It used to frighten me, but over the years it grew to become almost comforting."

"But dear, why did you never tell me of it?"

"My inner guide told me not to. He said it was a gift for me alone, and that one day I would be able to tell you, but I must wait. Now I understand."

"Do you know why I must stay?"

"Not really, but I accept it. Just as father had to leave before I was born, I must be parted from you when I am almost an adult. Sometimes our destiny is more important than our personal loves."

With tears in her eyes, and deep love in her heart, she embraced him for the final time. He had become a man and a very wise one indeed! She gave him her gift and turned to Jatain. No words were necessary or spoken. They held each other long and hard and then looked into each other's eyes in a final unspoken goodbye. She gave him her gift and turned to walk away. That first step away from them was the most difficult thing she had ever done, even more difficult than her entry into an Earth body. She dared not look back as her steps turned into a run. She had to create as much distance from them as possible. When she reached the temple, she shut the door behind her and ran to the balcony to watch their ship leave port. Only from this safe distance could she see them leave forever!

Jatain and Vidann watched Shature's shape grow smaller and smaller. As they sailed away from Atlantis, Jatain put his arm around his son's shoulders and said,

"I realize now that I also have had a recurring dream. I was viewing the temple as it grew smaller and smaller. I kept thinking that I had forgotten something or someone in it, and I wanted to go back and get it. But it was too late. Now I, too, understand my dream. Our Guides have told us of this moment. It has been fated for a very long time, and we are just now carrying it out. We have much work to do, my son. We will carry your mother in our hearts while we do it."

As the sun began to set, so did a major chapter in their lives. The old life must die and be released, like the old skin of a snake, so that the new one could become fully manifest. All that was known moved farther and farther away. As they turned to go into their cabin, they knew they were beginning a new adventure.

That evening when Shature was in the dining room, she looked around at those who were left, wondering which two were destined to hold the other corners of Light. Since she was female and Ramor was male, she assumed that the other two were also male and female. She made a mental note of which of those remaining had rooms in the corners of the temple and came up with only four possible candidates--three women and one man. If her male-female theory was correct, then Vicor had to be the man and one of the three other women was to act as the fourth pillar of Light. She looked into their auras to see if she could see anything unusual, but everyone was already under such a challenge, knowing the true danger of their circumstances, that it was impossible to read anything specific. It was not her concern, she told herself. Each person must make their own choices about whether or not they would embrace their destiny. But, still, she could not resist the temptation to go over to Vicor and engage him in conversation.

At first he said nothing that would lead her to believe that he was aware of his assignment, if indeed it was his, but then perhaps he was sheltering her as she had been sheltering him. A more direct approach may be necessary. She decided to tell him about leaving her son and Jatain, partially to lead the conversation in the correct direction. And honestly, she also needed to talk about it. Vicor had been a dear friend for many years. There was such sympathy and understanding on his face that she was sure he knew he was staying.

Without thinking, she blurted out, "How do you feel about this assignment?"

She knew at once by the look of confusion on his face that she had made a mistake. She had frightened him because she was afraid, and she felt horrible. She tried to cover up her mistake with a rambling sentence to allow him an excuse not to answer her. Finally, she gave a polite reason why she had to return to her room and left him behind her. She had been wrong. She was trying to force someone else into a realization that might be premature or even incorrect. When she reached her room, all the sadness of losing her loved ones once and for all, together with the fear of facing death, overwhelmed her. She collapsed on to her bed and wept.

Somehow, in the midst of her emotion, she felt a strong touch on her shoulder. When she turned around, she saw nothing. But, when she again felt the force of her emotions, she felt the touch. This time it was even firmer. She turned, and again there was nothing. She dried her eyes and sat up on her bed. She had the feeling that she was not alone, but she still could see nothing.

“Open your inner eyes,” she heard from within herself.

She closed her physical eyes and attuned herself to her inner vision. Before her was her Higher Self.

“Was that you? I felt you like you were physical,” she spoke with her mind.

“Yes, my One, I am physical through you. In passing this most difficult of initiations, you have expanded your consciousness so greatly that you could even *feel* my touch.”

“But I was crying. How could my consciousness be aware when I allowed myself to fall into such a state?”

“My One, your state, as you put it, is a healthy and normal reaction to your circumstances. You still live in a physical vehicle and therefore have to respect its needs. To deny yourself the truth of your emotions would be more damaging to your consciousness than to allow yourself to experience them-- briefly. However, I did interrupt you so that you would not get lost.”

Shature’s meditation was suddenly interrupted by a knock at her door.

“You must answer the door,” continued the golden being. “Remember, I am you -- Complete.”

She stood up, feeling the power of her spiritual connection. It was Vicor.

“May I come in?”

“Of course.”

She led him to a small table and chairs in her room and started to make him some tea.

“No, please,” he said. “No formalities are needed. Could you just sit down here for a moment?”

She sat down across from him and he began to speak,

“I owe you an apology. No, please do not respond yet.” He reached across the table and held her hand as she tried to interrupt him.

“My reaction to your question needs an explanation. I was shocked and confused, but not for the reason that you probably think. I, too, am aware of our 'assignment', as you so tactfully put it. My reaction was not to our task, but to another issue. You see, I also knew there were four of us. But I didn't know who all of them were. I knew it was Ramor, Lateen and myself. In my selfishness, I assumed, or rather hoped, that the fourth person was my mate. When I realized that the fourth person was you, I knew that I too would have to send my beloved away.

“I am a very selfish person. I actually wished for her to stay so that I wouldn't have the pain of sending her away. I so wanted her to be the fourth person that I assumed she just hadn't found out yet. In realizing that you were the fourth

person, I was so overcome with a myriad of emotions that I could not respond at all. Please understand it is not that I am disappointed that it is you. We have been good friends for many years. I was only thinking of my own selfish needs. I see now that the One has set this up for me as a final initiation to purify me for the event.”

“I understand, Vicor. I thought I would die when I turned and left Jatain and Vidann on the dock. I ran all the way to the temple for fear I would lose my conviction. I could only watch them leave when I was safely on the highest balcony.”

Vicor gently stroked Shature’s hand that he just now realized he had been holding.

“Thank you for being so understanding. Did you know that the other woman was Lateen?”

“No, I did not. Did you?”

“Yes, after the last sea ship left I received a message that it was Lateen and me, but I only knew it was also Ramor when I went to him to share my news.”

“Does Lateen know?” Shature asked.

“I don't know. She has said nothing if she does. I received that it was Lateen at the same time that I realized I was to stay. I do not know why. Perhaps by knowing two others, it would force me into the very situation that happened today. Thank you again for being so understanding. I must make preparations for my mate to leave now and try to explain to her what I have done.”

They stood and embraced each other. As he turned to leave he said,

“We will likely be seeing a great deal of each other in the future.”

It seemed like all of Lateen’s life she had felt unworthy, not good enough, and worst of all, alone. Her friendship with Shature had waned after Jatain entered Shature’s life, and Lateen knew that she felt so alone because no one loved her. She remembered the loss of her Complement and missed her talks with Shature about being androgynous. When Shature created her new life, Lateen felt as though the only one she could talk to was gone, except of course her Complement, whom she could not reach. She searched for him everywhere -- in all her meetings, in her everyday life, in her meditations, and in her dreams. Still, he was totally elusive. Once in a while she would catch a glimmer in the corner of her eye or a slight flicker of light in her meditations. Then there was the presence in her dreams. It took on many different shapes and roles in her dream life, but there was a consistent familiarity that continued to reappear. Perhaps this presence was her Complement, and she just could not recognize him.

Also, there was “the memory”. She had titled it that because it was a recurring picture in her mind. She was standing among a very large group of people listening to someone speak. But the people were different, and so was she. She was one of them, and they were from someplace else, far, far away. Shature had helped her remember that the place was Venus and that the person speaking was

the High Chancellor. Lateen loved “the memory”, and welcomed it whenever it came to her mind, because it was the only time that she truly felt she at peace. Recently the memory had become almost a constant companion and she was regaining more and more recollection of her life on Venus. She knew that she had come to Earth to assist, but she could not find her place. She was not a natural leader like Vicor, nor was she as psychic as Shature. She felt as though she was on the edge of Temple activity, and sometimes on the edge of life itself. The only time she truly felt alive was in her meditations, which were many.

Lateen’s meditations were now beginning to bring her a deep understanding. A Golden Light had entered her meditation and told her that she had been chosen to stay. She had no idea what those words meant, but if this Golden Light chose her then she would surely obey its request. She knew that staying would mean her physical death, but that did not dismay her. She felt only half alive in this physical world, and death meant that her physical self could join the greater part of her that had been waiting for as long as she could remember. After the Golden Light came to her, her dream person came more often to tell her about life on Venus. It appeared to be a male and felt familiar, but he was as illusive as ever. Lateen tried and tried to join him, but something always stopped her. The pain of being so close and yet so far was overwhelming. Lateen became morose and kept to herself even more than before. She talked to no one and barely left her room except to go to the garden, wander among the trees, or teach the children music. Lateen was almost constantly in meditation, but it seemed that the harder she tried to connect with her dream messenger, the more difficult it became. She was certain she was on the edge of insanity.

Lateen was glad that no one had observed her difficulties. There was such disturbance and upheaval in the Temple with so many people preparing to leave that she was largely ignored. Ignored because no one cared, she told herself as she gardened alone. But, she deserved that. “I have never cared for anyone else so why should they care for me,” she thought as she threw her hoe down onto the damp earth. Not even the children cared. She was gardening alone—again. Disgusted with her life and with herself, she stomped off into the surrounding woods. She walked faster and faster, as if to outrun her pain until she was indeed running. She was running as fast as she could. Without any notice that she had crossed the boundaries of the Temple grounds she continued, looking neither to the right nor to the left. So what if she got lost, or worse, captured by one of the evil soulless ones that roamed the hills at night. No one would care! But, even in her own self pity, she heard that thought and took a moment to assess her situation. Yes, Lateen had indeed run far beyond the safety of the Temple’s protective aura. She had no idea where she was and, since she found herself in a deep valley, she did not even know which direction to go. Dense clouds covered the sun and, to make matters worse, it was almost dark. Now she had done it. She had brought about what she had feared. She would die alone with no one either knowing or caring about her plight.

Where was that Golden Light now that she needed it so much? “Wait,” Lateen calmed herself. How could she meditate when she was in such a rage? She had chosen her life and there was no point in regretting it at this late stage. She sat down on a log and closed her eyes. At first, all she could feel was the evil entities roaming the shadows awaiting her next move. No, she could not fall into her fear now. She had to regain her center and communicate with the Golden Light. Just as Lateen began to calm herself, she heard a loud noise and the rumble of underbrush coming in her direction. She fought the urge to run. Instead, she surrounded herself with the aura of invisibility. She was a Priestess. Her light would protect her. But the noise became louder and louder and her imagination was stronger than her faith as she felt a terror building in her stomach.

“Please, help me!” she called to the light that she could not see but believed in. “I am a Priestess and in need of your protection.”

The noise stopped and terror was gradually replaced by a deep, deep love. Lateen could feel the love which emanated from within her heart and also from just in front of her. Could it be, could it be that her Complement had come to her rescue?

“I am always with you,” was the reply, “Even if you are unaware of me, I am ALWAYS with you.”

Lateen slowly opened her eyes. In the dim light of sunset, she could recognize the face of her Complement. When at last he was there before her, she did not know what to say or do.

“Follow me,” he said simply as he turned to lead her back to the Temple.

When, at last, they entered the safety of the Temple grounds, Lateen’s Complement turned to face her. They stared into each other’s eyes for what seemed to be a lifetime.

“Why have you cut yourself off from me?” he said at last.

“But I have not. I have been trying to join with you, but have not been able to.”

“It is true that we are to rejoin into one being again, but you have fallen into your loneliness and isolation. In order for us to become one again, you must confront your fear.”

“Which fear? I have many.”

“The fear that you have no value. Because of this fear you have isolated yourself from others. Together we are to aid in creating a bridge that can be crossed at the time of the cataclysm. You must anchor your end of it in the physical world. This cannot be done until you have healed your fear of unworthiness.”

“But how? How can I feel worthy?”

In response to her question, the woods around her began to blur and the ground and sky seemed not to exist. All that she could see was her Complement. For a moment she became afraid, but his eyes silently comforted her and she relaxed into the experience. She could feel herself gradually transcending all that she had known, and feared, as she floated into and through a land of such pristine beauty that she could hardly contain the many emotions that fought to arise in her.

“Be calm,” whispered his eyes. “All this will be yours, as this is your true home.”

She had a million questions, but the peace was so overpowering that she could not formulate any of them in her mind. She floated above all questions and allowed herself to absorb the deep state of calm about her.

“You can stay here with me here now or you can return to your physical self to heal your pain and complete our mission.”

Return, she thought. Why would she want to do that? She looked into his eyes and felt a gentle understanding and comfort.

“I am your Divine Complement. I have felt the pain of separation, just as you have. In fact, I have felt all your pain and loneliness but have known that we would be united eventually. I am sorry that we could not communicate before now so that you, too, could hold the knowledge.”

As her Complement spoke, Lateen found herself considering returning to Earth. She had waited this long, and now she knew that she would eventually rejoin with her complete self.

“You are needed, Lateen. You have been recognized, and it is a great honor to be chosen for this task. However, the choice is yours. If you return, you must heal your fear so that you can ground our essence in the Mother Earth with the joint force of our love. To do that, you must know that you are worthy. I await your answer, my beloved. As you return to your clay form remember me, remember us, as you make your decision.”

“But how can I feel worthy?”

“I can tell you no more at this time. You must find that answer for yourself.”

The vision disappeared, and Lateen was once again alone in the woods. Her unanswered question echoed in the empty forest. She sat upon a fallen log and contemplated her life on Earth. She had spent so much time alone. What had she gained by that? Had she ever helped anyone? NO! She had only been interested in herself. “STOP!” she screamed inside her mind. Enough of this self pity. If I were without value, I would not have been saved from whatever fate awaited me in the darkness of that lost valley. If I were without value, the Golden Light would not have chosen me to stay and my Complement would not have answered my call. I have been alone because it was my choice, and, perhaps, it was also my destiny. I have judged myself all of my life. And because I thought so poorly of myself, I believed that others shared my opinion. I am a Priestess, not a child. I take responsibility for the life that I have created and choose to believe that I was answering an inner call.

Feeling stronger, Lateen walked back towards the Temple along her familiar route. She remembered how she had fought to keep this forest pure so that the animal’s lives would not be disturbed. As she walked along the path that she had created, she saw small groups or individuals meditating or talking beneath the tall trees. If it had not been for her, the trees would have been logged. She looked up and saw the many birds and other creatures living in the trees. Just before she

arrived at the Temple was the garden that she had planted and taught the local children to tend. Two youngsters with curly hair dropped their hoes and ran to her side.

“Lateen, are we having our music lesson tonight?”

“Yes, at the same time as always,” she said as she patted their heads.

As she entered the Temple, she saw one of the kitchen chefs with his arms full of freshly picked produce.

“Oh, hello Lateen,” he waved to her almost dropping the carrots. “I am so grateful for your garden. Since it is no longer safe to go to the marketplace, it is our only source of fresh fruit and vegetables.”

“It is not my garden,” she called back to him. “It belongs to everyone.”

Lateen was beginning to realize that she *had* contributed to those around her.

“Yes,” she heard the voice of her Complement from inside of her soul. “You were chosen as one of the four because you have loved Mother Earth and all of Her creations. Perhaps you have not made intimate friends, but in avoiding contact with many adults, you have kept a childlike innocence which allows you to commune with the Earth.”

“Yes,” agreed Lateen. “I have measured myself against others and fallen short in the comparison. I have created a place for me, but since I could not recognize myself I could not hear the recognition of others. I will stay upon this physical world until it is my destiny to leave. I acknowledge that I have given service because I can now remember that the entire world is One. That which I have given to the smallest of creatures, I have given to all.”

Lateen’s step seemed lighter as she climbed the stairs to her room. She felt the now constant unity with her Divine Complement as well as with all of life. She would soon return Home, and now she knew that Home was where she had always been.

When Vicor left Shature's room, he did not know what he would say to his mate, but he knew he had to find her and convince her to leave. He realized now how selfish he had been and how he had subtly been convincing her to follow his destiny because he was afraid to face it alone. How could he have been so manipulative, and how could he have been chosen when he had behaved so selfishly? He had to make amends at once, but he did not know how. He knew he would have to find peace within himself before he spoke to his lover. If she saw him in this disturbed state, she would never leave him. She had held herself back in order to care for him, and he now understood that was why she had to be without him as well.

He went to the South Tower that overlooked the ocean. It was here that he spent his time alone in contemplation. As he closed his eyes in order to center himself, he saw the sea rising in a huge wave to overtake the Temple and all the

land. He had seen this vision many times, but this time it felt different. He knew that the danger was imminent and that he must act quickly. He struggled to raise his consciousness, but the more he struggled, the more difficult it became to rise above his turmoil. At last he could withstand it no longer. He fell to the ground, sobbing and pounding it like a child. How could he leave her? How could he die?

“Death is but an illusion.”

He swung his head around in order to see the bearer of such a pure and sweet voice, but no one was there.

“I am here, my One, deep within you. Now that you have released your selfishness I can communicate with you.”

He could not see her, but her voice was like the breeze at dawn. Her warmth and love calmed his heart and he felt totally complete.

“Yes, my beloved. We are complete now. When we took this form, I could not enter. These bodies are polarized and can be only male or female and not complete as we were on Venus. Your Earth brain made you forget me. But your Soul is continuous with mine and reminded you that something was missing. We are together in Spirit now, and when you have completed your service, we can again be united into one being.

“Your dear mate has her own destiny and has a secret she has also kept from you. She will bring a portion of you with her in your unborn daughter. They shall be priestesses. Go now, my love, they must take the air machine to meet with the sailing ship that carries Shature's family to safety. After you have sent her off, return to this place and I will instruct you further. Go now. I await you!”

He arose in a daze. He knew that with this information he could convince his mate to leave. The pain of losing her could only be eased by the joy of the knowledge of their child. From the higher planes he could oversee her and guide her as he had been guided. As he descended the tower, his heart was full and his face radiant.

In his meditations, Ramor had seen the struggles of Shature, Lateen and Vicor. He knew that he, too, had a sacrifice to make. Since he had entered the body of a High Priest who had worked many years to raise his consciousness, Ramor had been able to maintain a constant connection with his Complement and had always felt her as a physical component of himself. Because Ramor had this great advantage, he had been given many more responsibilities than the others had. The body which he took on was fully adult and self-actualized. Therefore, he did not have to be limited by his relocation, nor did he forget, as did many of the others who took less evolved bodies or who had to enter as infants. Most of these comrades had been identified and were now aware adults. They had done their work and were on their way to various safe areas to assist in starting new societies.

Ramor would not be safe. He was one of the four who was to stay. He now had to experience the separation of the polarities of self that all the others had felt all

along. He knew that he had to release his feminine counterpart and have her be his ballast in the spiritual planes so that she could join the Divine Complements of the other three. In this way, there were actually two groups-- one on the physical plane and another on the spiritual plane. It was vital for each of them to have conscious communication with their Divine Complements, who were awaiting them in the spiritual planes to light the path for their ascension. Their Divine Complements would keep them free of fear and negativity, both individually and as a unit. Each Complement was to act as the spiritual end of the bridge upon which the lower self could be guided Home into its own completeness and divinity. Once the four created the bridge, others could cross it as well.

Ramor had felt the separation slowly taking place for several months. Every morning he would awake and feel as though he had forgotten something or someone. Then he would remember with a jolt of pain that he had lost a portion of himself. He felt as though he was slowly and painfully dying. It became increasingly difficult for him to perform his duties, and he looked older and older with every passing day. His health was beginning to fail, and he was constantly fatigued. He realized that the process had to be slow at first, but that now he had to release his feminine self into spirit completely or he may actually die. He knew that he would need help. It was difficult for him to ask, as he had always been the helper, the guide, for others. Now, he needed guidance himself.

With his diminishing awareness, he knew that the other three had accomplished their spiritual connections and were ready for their assignment. He knew they would have to be with him for his final separation or he might not survive. Even now he felt as if a complete and sudden death would be preferable to this slow and tortuous separation. How could he make this sacrifice? What if the cataclysm didn't happen and he was trapped for years and years on this dismal world only half a person?

In a moment of shame, he realized how fortunate he had been. This is how all the others had as throughout their entire time upon this planet. He remembered the terrified child that he had named Shature. She had remembered the separation and had almost died of it. She had lived with that awful pain all these years. He respected Shature deeply now as he truly realized what an agony that had been. He remembered Lateen, whom he had watched develop from a lonely, isolated child into the complete adult that she was today. And Vicor was a young man full of ego and vanity. He had expected everyone to care for him until he came to realize how fully he could care for himself when he achieved his own completeness. Yes, they had all been very brave, and now Ramor would have to match their bravery.

Ramor was concerned for his physical vehicle. It had been alive for many, many years and it had become very old and weak since his separation process had begun. An ever-growing fear had begun to arise in him. Fear was something that he had not known when he was complete, but now it had become his constant enemy. He battled it continuously, and the battle left him tired and angry. He had

snapped at everyone lately and had spoken harshly on several occasions. He had to complete this process now, but he realized that his pride was stopping him. He would have to ask for help. The leader would have to be led. The strong would have to be weak. As his Complement receded more and more into the higher dimensions, he began to feel all of the extreme polarities of this physical world. He was frightened and very, very lonely!

Finally, he gathered the courage to call a meeting of the other three. As they all sat in a circle in his altar room, he looked into each one of their faces. It was as if they all knew what he wanted, but also knew that he would have to ask as a part of his process. Finally, he blurted out,

“I need your help. As you evidently know, I now must release my Complement to the higher planes in preparation for our work together. I have watched in admiration as each one of you has found your way. It is very difficult for me to ask for assistance, as I have not had to do so in the past. I can now more deeply appreciate the sacrifice and great achievements of each of you”

“How can we assist you?” spoke Shature. “You know that we will do anything we can.”

“I am not sure, myself. I only know that I am weakening every day, more and more. There is a final release that I know I am resisting, and the strain has become very dangerous to my physical vehicle.”

“Perhaps if we all go into meditation and call for the assistance of our own Complements, we can facilitate this process on both the inner and the outer planes,” suggested Vicor.

They all agreed that this was indeed an excellent idea. As they went into meditation together, the power in the room became almost tangible. The Divine Complements of the three formed a circle of love to beckon Ramor's other half, while the physical bodies of the three surrounded Ramor's and laid their hands upon it to enhance the flow of vital energies into it. Gradually, like stretching a vine to its full length, Ramor's female self receded into the higher spiritual planes. The three massaged Ramor's body from the feet up so that the final separation would take place from the top of the head, and also to nourish and comfort the physical self during this vigorous and dangerous process. Finally, almost with a snap, the process was complete. Ramor was in a deep trance, and they all instinctively knew that he should remain that way for three days and three nights. They moved his body to his sleeping mat and lit candles all around him. At least one of them needed to keep vigil over him at all times.

At the dawning of the third day, they all gathered around him again to call him back to his body. Although he resisted returning, his commitment to his destiny finally led him back into the physical world, while leaving half of himself behind in the higher planes. For a solid week, he remained in his bed while the others fed him and cared for him. His depression was enormous, and he couldn't speak a word for four days. At last on the seventh day, he arose from his mat to face the dawn as he had done for many, many years. This time, however, there were four

of them. They met to face the sunrise and sunset together. They also met every day when the sun was straight overhead to share their individual experiences and to prepare for their future task.

Ramor's health gradually returned. In fact, he felt better than ever. Each of them now realized that their Selves extended far beyond their physical form. They were alive and conscious on the spiritual as well as the physical planes. They were like beacons of light that shone with such brilliance from the spiritual planes that they were manifested into form when their light touched the physical world.

The others, who had chosen to stay behind to assist the crossing over of the many who would die, realized that something had happened to these four. They began to come to each of the four with their problems, and mostly with their fears. Those who remained in the Temple were very brave indeed. They knew that they would all die, but they had volunteered to stay behind to assist the many dead and dying at the time of the cataclysm. When so many people die at once in a violent and terrifying manner, the Lower Astral Planes become very turbulent. This turbulence can ricochet back to the Physical Plane and actually make the cataclysm worse. All those who remained realized that none of the continent would survive, but they were hoping to save the planet. If the disaster were too tremendous, the Earth could actually become disengaged from its gravitational field and be spun off into space. As awful as it is for a continent to be destroyed, it is far worse to lose an entire planet.

The earthquakes and tremors were happening more often and becoming more and more severe. Everyone knew that soon the day would come when the entire continent would be destroyed. The people left in the cities, and the forces of darkness that remained on Atlantis, were in denial. Those in power did not wish to lose their positions, so they flatly denied any real danger. There had been many times of geological upheaval. In fact, the continent had grown quite a bit smaller in the last hundred years. The periods of upheaval would eventually end and things would return to normal. Therefore, the dark forces continued with their Black Magic and with the use of the crystal at full power, just as they had always done. The waiting list for the transformer was as long as ever, and all the powerful and wealthy anticipated the addition of several decades to their lives.

However, some of the simple people, especially those who worked with animals or who worked the Earth, began to realize that something was different. These people had very limited resources and no way to leave. The Temple had sent off its last sea ship and air machine. The dark forces and their allied leaders, allowing no means of escape for those who stayed, viciously guarded the few vehicles that remained in the area. More and more of these natural people came to live in or near the Temple. It became as crowded as it had ever been, but now with women, men, children, and animals instead of priests and priestesses. Gradually, everyone in the temple began to partake in the sunrise and sunset ceremonies.

Even the children and animals became silent. The members of the darkness and the rich, powerful royalty scoffed at this foolishness and continued their lives as before. The continent was more and more separated into two different elements. The dark and the light became increasingly defined.

The four received, on the next full moon, a message that the end would come! Always, when the moon was full, the configuration of the sun and moon in aspect to the crystal created a stronger energy force than usual. This was a time of special ceremonies, as well as special usage of the crystal. The air machines were fueled and the life regenerators were all run at full speed. The dark forces were also harnessing the increased energy off the crystal for their evil purposes. This full moon would be in Taurus, which was a period of extraordinary power in the physical plane. It had always been a time of special feasting and celebration.

All the members of the Temple were warned, and even the peasants knew that something ominous was about to happen. Everyone could feel the tension in the air. No one left the Temple as the day approached. The dawn ceremony was so charged with power that many people fainted or became ill, and several of the older ones died. Many spent the entire day in meditation.

The four had all said their good-byes to everyone and had retired to their corner rooms to spend the entire twenty-four hour period in contemplation. The Temple was placed at the tip of a peninsula and situated so that each direction had a direct view of the ocean. Shature's room was in the North corner of the Temple, Lateen's was in the East, Vicor's was in the South, and Ramor's room was in the West corner. No thoughts or emotions were allowed by any of the four at this time. They were empty vessels preparing themselves to fulfill their duties.

The first rumbling started as the full moon began to rise, and the Earth was in full turbulence as the moon reached its apex. Each of the four had spent the entire twenty-four hours in deep communion with their Divine Complements. Shature could feel the tension of the Temple threatening to pull her consciousness down, but she chose to focus her attention on her Highest Self. All the pain and loneliness of her life lay below her. It was like crossing a high suspension bridge and looking only at her destination, refusing to acknowledge the treacherous rocks below. As the tremors began, she had to discipline herself greatly to not fall into the fear.

But as the tremors grew, so did her Inner Light. She stared into the blank stone wall before her, and in her mind she saw the waters rushing towards her. She knew that the others were having the same vision. It was the vision they had all seen many times. As she imagined this water, she saw it not as death, but as a reunion with her Lamire, reunion with her spirit and reunion with her destiny. Her physical body was being rocked and buffeted, and she had to tie herself to her altar so that she did not fall about the small room.

Simultaneously, the light became so strong that she was blinded by it. She no longer saw the room around her or even her vision of the wall. The tone was so loud and the light was so brilliant that she no longer heard the quake or even the onrushing waters. She could no longer feel anything. Her emotions had become

extinct. Her thoughts were unnecessary. All that was left was this blinding golden light with its accompanying brilliant tone. She stepped into the light as it drew her to its heart. As she took that step, she found she was not alone. Her Complement embraced her, and as she looked around, she saw the other four with their Complements.

They stood in a radiant circle, and within that circle was a vortex of Light that reached below to the troubled Earth. They did not think, nor did they feel. They focused only on balance. Balance to hold the Earth in its gravitational field. They realized at that moment that all over the Earth were other groups of four serving the same purpose. Together they formed a magnetic net of light that protected the Earth from complete destruction. The net was an infusion of their physical and spiritual elements. Spirit and Matter together as one!

From the center of the vortex was a bridge filled with all the colors of the rainbow. Across that bridge came those who believed. Leaving behind their physical forms to the grasps of the onrushing waters, they bravely climbed the bridge to spirit. They left behind the fear and sadness in their empty vehicles because these emotions blurred their vision of the bridge. They pushed aside their anger, at others and at themselves, because it would have trapped them in their dying physical forms. Love alone shone in their hearts and minds. All around the planet, even in areas where the physical vehicle was safe, brave and loving souls realized that this was the closing of an age. In this knowledge they decided to take the opportunity to free themselves from the wheel of birth and death. Since they had faced their darkness and done mortal combat with it, they were able to own their light and see its staircase to a better way.

The Earth would take a long time to recover from this cataclysm, and many courageous souls had chosen to stay behind to help with its reconstruction. But others took this chance to raise their vibrations and continue their existence on the higher planes of reality. Shature and the other three had made the sacrifice to surrender their lives in service to their spiritual destiny. They could choose to reincarnate in a safe area on the planet, serve in the troubled ethers of the Earth, or move into higher planes to continue their evolution. Ramor and Vicor chose to reincarnate, as they believed their leadership qualities would be needed. Vicor was even allowed to enter the yet unborn child of his mate. Ramor reincarnated in Egypt, again to be a Priest. Lateen and Shature chose to stay in the higher planes to continue their evolution.

Shature was sure of her decision as she joined with Lamire above the turbulent ethers surrounding Earth. She was sure of her decision as she embraced him in the cool green fields and clear sky of the higher worlds. She knew that she would be happy and content, or maybe, she hoped it. But she still heard their cries. She still felt their need. Many, many had died in the cataclysm, and most did not even know that they were dead. They kept reliving their horrible death over and over. Because they had not faced their darkness, because they had not embraced their light, they could not see the bridge.

They could not control their fear and sadness that kept their souls in a constant state of upheaval. They also could not control their anger. Therefore, a part of their consciousness was roaming through the ruined memories of their homeland while another part of them relived the deluge again and again. In other words, they were in Hell. She knew that she could help them. Many of them knew her or knew of her. Some of them were evil and cruel, and she would leave them to their fate, since they would not have listened to her anyway. They would rather hold on to the terrifying memory of their lost power than face the humility of their present state.

Some of them, however, were merely led astray. It was a very bad time. These people had no way to see the light because they were surrounded by darkness. They were calling. If someone that she knew was calling for help, how could she turn her back and walk into the fields of glory?

She turned to look into Lamire's eyes. Yes, she saw that he understood. He could go with her now. Their time apart had split them into two separate entities, but because they would not need a physical form in the ethers of Earth, they could be together again, side by side. Would he be willing to go with her? Then she remembered how much it had helped on Earth to know that a component of her complete self was alive on a higher vibration. This higher self often helped her to be objective, to see the true meaning to life's challenges, and to lead her into her destiny. Would she want to give up that higher guidance if she dropped her consciousness into such a troubled environment? No, it would be better if he could assist her from here. She was afraid to return alone, but even more frightened to return to that lower plane without having a beacon in the higher ones.

When Shature was in Atlantis she had learned to raise and lower her vibration in order to enter the different worlds. Her primary essence, however, had remained in her physical form so that she could keep it alive. Only on special occasions, when others were protecting her body, had she lifted the life spark into the higher planes. Now, her primary essence was free of all physical limitation and she would be able to move throughout the different planes with a greater sense of awareness and intimacy.

She would return alone. Alone, she would continue her destiny. Alone, yet in shared consciousness with her Divine Complement and at one with the knowledge and memory of her own true completeness.