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PLEIADIAN PERSPECTIVES ON ASCENSION

Mytre and The Arcturian



Inside the Arcturian

I absorbed the Celestial Signature Frequencies for so long that I could no longer keep my eyes open. To my surprise, I could absorb them in a completely different manner when my eyes were closed. It was as if the perceptions of my new, fifth dimensional body only kicked in when I was not using my physical vision. Also, an interesting sound that was beyond my hearing with my eyes open began to resonate through out my Lightbody.

This resonance, along with the changing light images striking my inner vision, set my new form into a spin. At first I barely noticed it and thought I was just dizzy from concentrating for so long. However, I was not concentrating then, and the dizziness quickly transformed into a buzzing sensation that ran through my entire form. I understand why it made me dizzy at first, because this sensation traveled in ever-expanding circles out from my body.

These circles of sensations traveled out at the same time that they traveled deeper and deeper in to my form. As if that was not enough, there was a wave sensation that started to flow up and down my form. I found I could no longer keep my balance enough to stand or even sit, so I lay down flat on the hard rock on which I had been standing.

Once I changed the angle of my body, the sensations also adjusted so that the waves, which were once perpendicular to the rock perpendicular became horizontal with the rock. In this manner, the waves continued to move up and down my spine. Simultaneously, the ever-expanding circles were moving deeper and deeper into the rock and higher and higher into the atmosphere.

There seemed to be a rhythm to the circles and the waves, so I decided to match my breathing to that rhythm. WOW, just two or three breaths and I took off. I am not sure which "I" took off, but I was no longer laying on a rock looking into the Cosmos. Instead, I was flowing through the Cosmos.

I say that I was "flowing," rather than flying, as I was not moving any of my body parts. It was more like I was flowing with an invisible stream. I knew that I must be moving in my consciousness and that my body was probably still laying on the rock. However, I was so enjoying my experience that I didn't want to do anything to alter it.

There was a glint of question about whether I was in a superior holoprogram, or if this experience was real. Fortunately, just before the doubt set in, I heard the Arcturians words, "Is there a difference?" Yes, if I created this part of the holoprogram with my thoughts, or if I created this reality, I was the creator in both cases.

An inner voice reminded me to stop analyzing, as it lowered my consciousness and diminished my experience. To my credit, I actually stopped thinking and surrendered more deeply into my journey. At this point of surrender, either I fell asleep or went into a deeper state of consciousness. Actually, isn't sleep and surrender are the same? Either way, my logical thinking stopped.

I stopped analyzing, stopped questioning and just LET GO. It was as if I heard a silent snap, and took off like a rocket in about a 45-degree angle towards my right. I began to resonate so quickly that all thought and/or emotion were impossible. I was no longer wearing a body. I was pure consciousness. However, my consciousness had more awareness than it ever did when a humanoid form restrained me.

Then, my Essence shot out like a star burst, and I was fully aware of every perception from my myriad different viewpoints. I do not know how I did this, but I knew that this experience could only happen when my consciousness resonated to a very high frequency of reality.

What happened next was even more surprising. For each of the starburst points became a different expression of my total self. Within the NOW of the ONE, I could simultaneously perceive, experience and interact with each of these versions of my SELF.

Suddenly, as if I had crossed some invisible threshold, my experience became too much for me. I felt like a Starship that was going too fast for the Ship to maintain its integrity. I did not want to end this experience, but I began to wonder what would happen if I didn't culminate this adventure.

"STOP!" I heard within. It was the Arcturian speaking. I knew this because I had recognized its Signature Frequency.

"Stop, slowly," I again heard within.

However, since I didn't how I had started this journey, I did not know how to end it. I was going faster and faster and starting to feel completely out of control, which frightened me.

"Open your eyes, NOW," The Arcturian said.

I opened my eyes quickly, as if my some defense reflex. Then the dizziness came on full force. I was spinning so fast that I could not tell up from down and right from left. I was completely disoriented and on the verge of-I don't know what-when I felt a warm light around me.

Instantly, I was calm, safe, centered and inside the Arcturian???

I tried to move out of it, as it did not want to invade its body, but I heard it say, "Just sleep now. That is enough for now."

I woke up the next "morning" in my bunk feeling like a new person. How could I wrap my mind around what had happened? I started to repeat my old question of, "Was that real or just a dream."

I got my own answer this time, which was, "Is there a difference?"

Note to readers,

I have great empathy for Mytre, as I don't know if I am making this up or experiencing it in a different version of my Multidimensional SELF. However, I have no idea what I will write until it appears on the page.

Also, if I am to question if this is "real," or did I just make it up, than everything good and wonderful that has happened to me in my entire life is "not real." Therefore, I must agree with my Mytre SELF. There is no difference between my "making it up" and "experiencing it."

I am beginning to understand that one of the greatest leaps into our fifth-dimensional consciousness is to admit to our self that EVERY thought and emotion creates our reality, which is already created within the NOW of the ONE.

Therefore, my thoughts and emotions are creating this reality that is already occurring and being sent to me through Mytre. Without sequential time, cause and effect are the same. There is NO difference!

MYTRE AND THE ARCTURIAN



WAITING FOR THE LIGHT

My "new person" decided to go to the group Mess Hall rather than eat alone in my cabin. Little did I know what would happen there? I took my sonic shower, even though I did not want to wash any of the Arcturian energy off my body. However, it was a lifelong habit to bath in the morning, so I did.

While I was in the shower, I wondered how many of my lifelong habits would leave me now. I had no idea that my life would take me to this experience. No wait, I had no CONSCIOUS idea that my life would go this way. But, there was always a "something" that wiggled around in the back of my mind that there was "more." I had no idea what this "more" was, but the feeling grew as I matured.

Now, I was on an Arcturian Starship, and I had just experienced being inside of an Arcturian. My mind was reeling at the concept of existing inside of another Being, when a small anger began to grow within me. "Where is that coming from?" I asked my self. I pushed the anger away, got dressed and went to the Mess Hall.

As soon as I got there, I knew that it was a bad idea. I looked around at all the "normal" people, at least they were normal to their world, and knew that I did not fit. I no longer fit in my old world, nor did I fit in this world. I looked about the room and wondered how many of them had experienced what I had. Then, I reprimanded my self for being elitist. But, I didn't feel better than them. I just felt, out of the loop.

How, and with whom, could I share what had been happening to me? On the other hand, how could I keep this all bottled up inside? With that last thought, I began to feel such pressure in my body that I felt like I would burst. NO, I did not want to be so alone. It was hard enough to leave my family, to abandon my Village, to not return home with my crewmates. They would be received as heroes, and I was the one who saved the day!

Where did that arrogant thought come from?? Obviously, I was not fit for public life right now. I turned in such a hurry that I bumped into a tall Antarian. When he growled at me, as Antarians often do, I yelled at him to get out my way. I pushed him in a combative way. If he were not the better man, we would have had a fight right there in the Mess Hall.

Mortified by my behavior, I literally ran from the Mess Hall, out the door and through the corridors

in a desperate attempt to find solitude. I was so angry, afraid and sad that I never considered returning to my cabin.

"As the Cycle completes, that which is left in the dark must be released into the Light," came the voice of the Arcturian inside my head.

"Where are you?" I yelled in an embarrassing manner.

Quickly realizing what I had done, I tried to apologize. Unfortunately, only more anger could be found. I did not voice this anger, but since the Arcturian read my mind better than I could, I might as well have screamed it.

There was no answer. I knew that I had not listened to what the Arcturian had already said, so why would it tell me more? I realized that in my fit of "unconscious" anger, I had unconsciously run to the holosuite. Since I was there, I might as well go inside. The same program of Signature Frequencies was running. Actually, I am sure the Arcturian could see in it's NOW that I would end up here and would need the familiarity of something, even if it was a holoprogram.

I sat down on the familiar rock and pondered what the Arcturian meant by, "As the Cycle completes..." I was aware that a cycle of my life had definitely completed and that I would never be the same person, but why the anger? Well, of course, it was because I felt out of control. As a long time warrior, being out of control was the most frightening thing, and fear had to be transformed into anger if a warrior was to survive.

Perhaps, it was the cycle of being a warrior that was ending, for I would never be able to take another life now. Maybe I had to drain out the last remnant of the anger that allowed me to survive the fear that I could not allow my self to feel wile in battle?

"Do you still feel angry?" came the voice of the Arcturian inside my head.

My first reaction was to get angry that the Arcturian would not talk to me "face to face like a man!" Of course, there was that combative anger again. The Arcturian was not a "man." In fact, I wasn't even sure if it was a humanoid. However, I realized that I did not want to get angry at this amazing Being who was teaching me so much. In fact, I began to feel very remorseful about my behavior, as well as my negative thoughts and uncontrolled emotions.

"It is important to release that which you no longer need," came the familiar, loving voice.

The concept of not needing fear, anger and sorrow was mind shattering. How would I protect myself without my fear, fight my battles without anger and mourn my losses without sorrow?

"Do you still enjoying creating those aspects of your reality" the Arcturian calmly asked, as if I had a choice.

"You always have a choice," the Arcturian responded to my thoughts. "YOU are the creator of your reality."

Wait a minute here, I thought. Did the Arcturian just say that I created the lifetime of war, the endangerment of our Village and the loss of my crewmate? The anger began to rise within me like a firestorm.

I wanted to yell at the Arcturian for blaming me for everything that had happened to my world when I, suddenly, felt a sweet, inner-love wrap around me like a warm blanket. For the first time in my entire life I felt safe, not safe because I was protecting, but safe because I was protected.

"Dear Mytre, this feeling is what you have offered to others. It lies just beneath your anger. After all, how could you give to others what you did not have within your self?"

"But, I thought that feeling of safety came from you," I queried.

"No Mytre, the safety that you felt came from within yourself. We only amplified that which was already there."

I knew that I felt anger, fear, sorrow and even love. But I had never thought that I had felt safe. With that thought, my mind became filled with images of childhood with my beloved parents. Our world was under attack, but they never let me feel it. They protected me from their fear, their anger and even their sorrow. When they were with me, they always made me feel safe and loved.

I began to sob, not from sorrow, but from gratitude for the wonderful gift that they had invisibly given me. They sacrificed everything to give me what I needed and told me continuously that I was special and that I would do great things one day.

But, while I was away at school yet another bombing killed them. I was so devastated that I forgot about the safety they had given me and replaced it with sorrow, fear and hate. I started sobbing inconsolably when I realized their gift that I had forgotten and who I had become.

"You have become the great, awakening One that you are in this NOW. Your parents gave you the safety you needed to gain the courage to be a warrior. Now, you must call upon that courage to fight your own inner battle," spoke the Arcturian.

"However, you will not fight this inner battle with anger and fear, for any emotion that you express is amplified by your expression. Therefore, our dear Mytre, you will fight this inner battle with the unconditional love for your SELF."

For what seemed like a lifetime, I was silent both in my words and in my thoughts and emotions. This deep silence comforted me and led me to my Core. I had never thought of having a Core, but there it was. It was a place within the Center of my body that was absolutely quiet. There were no thoughts, no feelings, no images-nothing!

There was only the silence of the darkest night before the dawn. I had just re-lived my darkest night, but it was not yet dawn. I think the Arcturian turned off the holoprogram, for the darkness in the room was as absolute as the darkness in my Core.

Fear wanted to pull me away from this deep, inner-void.

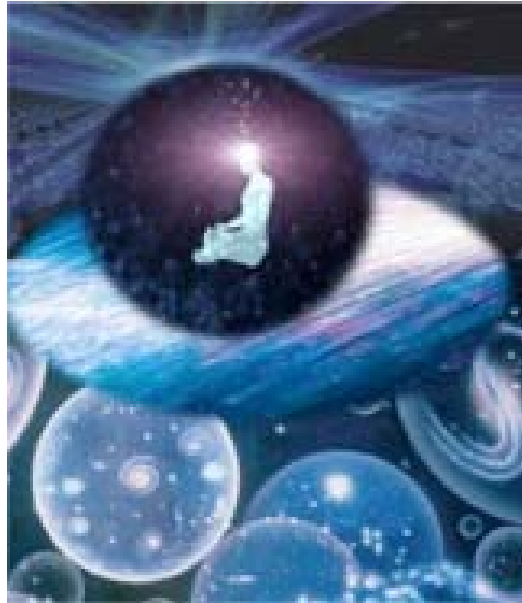
Sorrow wanted to fill it with its unshed tears.

Anger wanted to fight its way into the dawn.

But love-unconditional love-felt safe and could patiently wait for the light

And so, I waited!

MYTRE AND THE ARCTURIAN



BUBBLES OF REALITY

As I sat in the completely darkened holosuite, focusing on the void within my Core, I began to have sensations in my body. At first, my back and legs were stiff from sitting in the same position for an untold period of time. Then, my arms, shoulders and neck hurt, and my face twitched. Eventually, even my eyelashes and hair seemed to hurt.

Finally, the uncomfortable sensations ceased, and I began to experience my body as a flexible cord that was being stretching to its fullest length. At this point, the cord became increasingly warm and began to unravel. I was watching the imagistic language, trying to translate every image.

I believed that the pain and discomfort represented how my Soul felt while limited in the confines of this physical vehicle. Once, I allowed that concept into my mind, my consciousness shifted to the perspective of being above my body.

At the same time that I was above my body, I also felt my form around me. Interestingly, I was having the sensation that I was wearing my body, rather than being in my body. In fact, I wondered if my body was flesh and blood or another creation of the holosuite. I then began to feel as though there was a third version of me who appeared as a cloud emanation who was floating far above me.

There was also a version of me that I could sense, but could not see it. Nonetheless, I heard this me saying to an unseen friend, "I just had a very interesting dream. I was on a vessel in the sky. I was sitting alone in a dark room while this immense Being of light watched over me. I don't know how I knew I was in a vessel. In fact, I didn't know what that huge vehicle was or how ended up there."

Then, a curtain closed across my mind, and I saw my home on the Pleiades. I saw the beautiful green that covered our world. However, our homes were quite different from what I remembered. Each home was of living crystal, which could change shape and size with mere thought. Even though this world was different than mine, I felt very homesick when that image began to fade.

"Wait, I like this vision. I don't want to leave here."

"You never leave a reality," said the Arcturian. "You just change your intention. All programs of reality are infinitely strung together. It is just that you can only take so much before your brain loses

focus. It is best to paint your thoughts, so that you will not forget them."

"Paint my thoughts, " I began. I wanted to ask more, but when I looked at my body, I was a female from yet another reality. However, I was an artist and was using a small brush on a huge square of white material."

Unfortunately, I did not stay there either. Instead, my mind wandered around realities like it was shopping at a store. Just as I got used to visiting one reality, I was led to another. My awareness swept through reality after reality, as if I was searching for something, or some one.

I knew that I was creating these experiences, as I could hear the Arcturian reminding me that I was the creator of my life. At first I was a Pleiadian in all my realities, but when I surrendered to this process, I could experience myself as many other races.

I saw realities in which I was Antarian, Sirian, Tau Cetian, Andromedan, Lemurian and Atlantian. There it was. Atlantis was the reality I was searching for. However, that reality was in a time frame far in the future of my Pleiadian life.

It was then that I began to experience realities that were on totally different timelines than the one in which I thought I was living. With this realization, I began jumping through myriad timelines. I would settle into one time, then just an instant later, I was in a completely different reality in a totally different timeline. Then, I began randomly shifting through reality in times and places that I had never known existed.

I was wondering what the point was of this vision when I heard the Arcturian say, "BE Careful." What was I to be careful about? Then I found out. The worlds began to course through my mind faster and faster until they all blended into a united flow of life.

The realities spun so fast that they started moving in inner, concentric circles as they traveled deeper and deeper into my Core. My dark Core was now filled with bright light and more activity than I could contain. I felt a sudden, upward force, as if a fountain had been turned on.

Suddenly, the many realities joined into one force of energy that rushed back up my core like an erupting volcano. The energy coursed out through my crown as a huge outward spray of light. I could see higher and higher frequencies of reality as the light was disseminated into the dark room, filling it with brilliant images of myriad realities.

Then, unexpectedly, everything stopped. The images froze in place and all the worlds ceased their rotation. Everything in the room became completely still, except for the image of my self. However, this image of my self was without a form. I was a swirling energy field, which was the only source of movement within the entire room. All the many worlds, which once revealed life, thought, movement and emotion were totally still.

I traveled from image to image observing the worlds that were stopped in mid-motions. Wars stopped with unexploded bombs in the air, parades halted with marchers holding one leg held in preparation for the next step and Starships hovered motionless in space. Every person, place and thing was totally still.

"What happened," I asked the unseen Arcturian.

"You left time."

Somehow, I totally understood that concept. I peaked into the many realities and realized that they were moving, but so slowly in comparison to me that they appeared to be still. I looked at my

flowing, form of pure energy surrounded my myriad bubbles of reality floated through silent, streams of light.

"What if I went backward, and instead of the realities flowing out from my core, they flowed back into my core? Would I travel back in time?" I telepathically asked the Arcturian.

"Try it and see," was its response.

I thought about trying to get back in time by reversing the process that took me out of time, but wondered if I really wanted to do that. After pondering that question, I decided I wanted more freedom from time. Time had always been a bit of a burden.

Hence, I decided to experience more of my formless state. However, I did peak into several of the surrounding bubbles of reality to see if I had a body in any of them. I did this, just in case I could not remember how to get back into form without joining a reality. Somewhere, in this room had to be the bubble of reality in which I was in a holosuite on an Arcturian Starship learning about time.

There were so many realities. I didn't want to look into them all. Of course, I could find the Signature Frequency of that specific reality! But, in order to do that, I would have to remember how I was feeling, what I was thinking and who I was being so that I could recall the Signature Frequency.

I would like to say that I closed my eyes, but being a formless swirl of light, I had no eyes. Hence, I could only go into my imagistic memory. I remembered how I felt in the room when I entered the void of my core. I felt the total darkness of the void within and the dark room around me. The darkness actually brought a strange comfort. Yes, it was the comfort of having a form.

I was greatly enjoying being formless, but was also a bit concerned that I would not be able to return to a body, just incase I wanted to. I remembered the feel of my body after I had set immobile for an unknown period of time. Time, it was already becoming a choice rather than a symbol for being alive.

I was not in time NOW, and I felt completely alive, vibrant and free. The juxtaposition of feeling in a body, which was cramped, tired and in pain, pulled my energy field toward a certain one of the many bubbles of reality. I did not resist and allowed the images and sensation to direct my flow. Then, I found myself interfacing with one of the reality bubbles and decided to look inside.

Bad idea! I was instantly pulled into that reality. The room was dark, and I was inside of a dense form that hurt in every imaginable fashion. My mind was racing with undirected thoughts, my emotions were only dimly controlled and the body was so dense that it felt as though my energy had hit a dense wall.

I tried to pull back from the onrushing density, but it was too late. I was pulled into the darkness, into the thoughts, into the emotions and into the body. "Ouch!" was my first comment. I spoke? I had a voice and thoughts were in me rather than around me. I was no longer a flowing energy field and my body was the dense form with which I had just collided.

I tried to get out that body, as it no longer felt like me. But it was too late. I was trapped in time once again. However, now that I had experienced the freedom of being in the NOW I was determined free myself again.



Light Tunnel



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