

# *THE UNCONSCIOUS PART I*

## *Introduction and First Chakra*



*By  
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## Introduction and First Chakra

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## ENTERING THE UNCONSCIOUS



We can think of our unconscious like a deep pond. The surface of the pond is visible to our conscious self and we can interact with it by swimming, fishing, or wading. We have little awareness of what lies hidden at the bottom of the pond. Things of a higher vibration, such as a leaf or a feather, float on the surface of the pond, but things of a lower vibration, like a rock, sink to the bottom of the pond. However, even the feather and the leaf may eventually sink to the bottom of the pond over time.

Our happy experiences and memories are of a higher vibration because they are filled with love and can float on the surface of our consciousness. On the other hand, our unhappy experiences and memories are of a lower vibration because they are filled with fear. These fearful memories and experiences sink to the bottom of the depths of our unconscious, our lower astral plane. Just as the bottom of a pond is murky and obscured so is our deepest unconscious. To clear our old feelings of fear, guilt and shame we must enter the water of our unconscious to rescue these portions of our psyche that are trapped there.

### THE SHADOW POND



I walked beside the dark pond and felt a chill deep in my bones. The sky was dark and looked like rain. I knew that I must hurry to shelter, but somehow I could not pull myself away from the foreboding pond.

There was something in there; I felt its presence. It frightened me, but I did not wish to run. I had learned that fear is like a shadow and that every time I ran from it, it grew bigger. But, every time that I faced my fear, it grew smaller.

I felt strong enough to face this fear now, come what may. I walked to the rim of the pond to see what secrets lay hidden in the murky water, but all I could see was a grim reflection of my self.

Oh, it is too dark today and soon it will rain, I thought with a shudder. I will come back on a clearer day. Perhaps then a sunbeam may find its way into the depths of the pond to expose its secret.

I turned to walk away, but with my very first step I knew that I must stay. If I could not see what was in the pond, maybe I would have to feel it. Maybe, I would have to actually enter the pond and feel its dark waters upon me.

The thought of entering the murky water made me cringe. Should I keep my clothes on as some meager attempt at protection or should I enter the water as naked as the day I was born?

I knew the answer. I must face the depths without any external protection. I must find my protection in the courage that it would take to enter the murky pond. Courage, which was deep within my core, would be my only protection to face the darkness and the secrets that it held.

I shed my clothes quickly, before I lost my nerve, and jumped into the foreboding pond. I held my breath and immediately dove to the bottom. I navigated with my arms, as I was not quite ready to open my eyes.

When I touched the bottom of the pond, I knew that I must open my eyes while I still had enough air in my lungs to remain at the bottom. A vision of muck and grime awaited my opening eyes. But what was that-just over there?

Something golden was sparkling against the surrounding filth. Oh it must be rescued, I thought. It does not belong here. This golden thing is different from the dirt that surrounds it.

I swam to the golden sparkle and wiped the mud from its surface. The dark mud hovered in the water, waiting to again cover the golden object. I reached for the treasure with the intention of bringing it to the surface, but found that it was held fast to the bottom of the pond. I pulled and pulled, but it did not budge.

Finally, I stood on the silt-covered bottom to gather enough resistance to free the bit of gold. My toes squished into the sticky mud and my struggle filled the water with silt. I had to close my eyes to protect them and pulled upon the golden object while I pushed against the floor of the pond.

Yet nothing worked and I was running out of oxygen. Would I have to abandon the treasure that lay hidden in the murky pond's depths? I stood still for a moment and released my hold on the golden object. It instantly sank back into the mire.

Only a small portion of it glistened through the filthy water. With shame, I realized that I could not free the treasure. Then I remembered that it had been my intention to "feel" the water. Yes, now I felt it. It felt like shame, and guilt, and most of all, it felt like fear.

The fear permeated every rock and every atom of the pond. No wonder that which was beautiful could not be freed. As I stopped my struggle, the mud that had filled the water began to settle-settle onto me.

I felt it clawing at my skin reminding me of feelings that I had felt outside of the dark pond. **NO!** I must leave these depths and the feelings that they aroused in me. I could not save the treasure. I would have to leave it in the murky depths.

Besides, I could hold my breath no longer. I must return to the surface. The thought of escape felt good and necessary. I swam to the surface with a mixture of relief and sadness, relief that I could free myself from the silt and sadness that I could not free the hidden treasure.

My head bobbed above the surface of the pond and a cool rain rinsed the dirt off my face. I swam to the edge of the pond and pulled myself onto a rock. Standing, I allowed the gentle rain to cleanse my body. The feel of the fresh water upon my skin rejuvenated and calmed me.

The mud of the pond was easily cleared, for it was never mine. I realized then that the filth of the pond was something that I had temporarily taken on, temporarily experienced.

I looked at the pond again. It seemed clearer now. The mud that I had stirred up had again settled to the bottom. I remembered the bit of gold that was still trapped there. How could I free it?

I would have to again enter the murky pond and swim down into its darkest depth. Could I remember my own purity, even when the mud clung to my form? Could I find the bit of gold hidden beneath the silt and bring it to the surface?

"Yes," I cried to the sun that was breaking through the clouds. "I shall find what has been lost. That which has been buried and forgotten shall be found and returned.

"Something of great value is lost In the depths of the darkness,  
and I must retrieve it."



## *OUR NEW WORLD*

It is a New World that we walk into. This New World is filled with challenges that we can't yet imagine. We have told ourselves that if there were no fear and conflict that life would be easy. However, is it easy to learn how to hold the consciousness of a cloud?

We have worn these earthen bodies for so many third dimensional lives that we have forgotten the myriad of forms that our consciousness can create to define and protect us. We have defined ourselves as human and learned to protect ourselves with battle and prayer. However, we could not protect ourselves from each other. We humans have always been our own greatest enemy.

What will it be like when we are fifth dimensional and there are NO polarities, NO teachers, NO saviors, and NO enemies?

How will it feel when we hold all polarities within our form?

How will it feel when we are male and female, together in an androgynous Lightbody?

If we can IMAGINE how it will feel, if we can REMEMBER how it has felt, it will hasten our transformation. However, in order to remember the feeling of our true multidimensional selves, we will also have to rewrite the old mental programs of limitation and separation.

We created these programs during our many third dimensional lives. These programs will not allow us to believe that we deserve the light that has come into our bodies. Because we don't believe we deserve the Light, we cannot use it to create the life that we truly DO desire.

To release these old programs of fear and limitation, we will journey into our deep unconscious. We will enter the murky pool of repressed pain and fear, so that we can rescue those portions of ourselves that have become trapped there. Down we will go into our deepest unconscious, into our first and second dimensional bodies.

We will journey into our humanoid animal and into our genetic coding. Then we will enter our lower astral self, which is the storehouse of our deepest hidden darkness. We will have the courage to travel there because we KNOW that we are NOT "just physical".

We know that we are pure consciousness and the bodies that hold our consciousness are in need of repair. Mental programs and emotional beliefs were learned a long time ago when we were children. That is, we were children either in our years or in our awareness. Now we will step across the threshold of our unconscious and into our deepest self.

Programs that once protected us have become limitations. We are ready to rewrite or release them. When these old programs were created, we did not have the power to deal with the situations at hand.

Hence, we had to create a defense mechanism so that we could protect ourselves enough to survive a situation that was beyond our control. However, we now know that these defense mechanisms were like training wheels, which allowed us to "get by" until we could learn to ride through life without them.

We are ready NOW to travel down the seven stairs into our deepest core so that we can rewrite programs of fear and helplessness and replace them with programs of love and power.



## *JOURNEY INTO THE UNCONSCIOUS*

We journey down the seven steps into our deepest  
**UNCONSCIOUS SELF**

### Step 7

Faith gives you  
courage to enter  
your unconscious

### Step 6

The vision of your dreams  
and aspirations leads you  
down the stairs

### Step 5

The need to communicate with  
yourself drives you on

### Step 4

The need to form a loving relationship  
with yourself encourages you to continue

### Step 3

Your thoughts loose focus as you feel the power  
struggles of your ego

### Step 2

Your emotions come upon you like a sudden storm and  
end just as suddenly

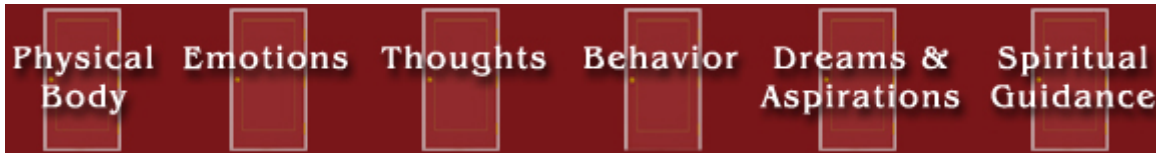
### Step 1

You are on the threshold of your repressed past and the core of your  
present



## *DOORWAYS TO THE UNCONSCIOUS*

We see before us we see a hallway with six doors, which are marked:



We enter this realm with caution and patience. Patterns that are stored in this region have been hidden from our conscious mind for a long time. Now we are strong enough to return to these lost portions of our past so that we can experience and release what is now a lost memory.

These forgotten experiences and feelings hold within them the force that once forced us to bury them. When we bring these dark memories into the light, we will regain the power that was lost long ago when we were afraid. Then, we can use that power to heal the faulty programs that those painful memories created ~ FOREVER!

### *THE RED DOORS*

The red doors represent the most repressed portions of our psyche and the most primal level of our consciousness that is our first and second dimensional self. Here is the threshold to our lower astral plane that is the repository of our deepest fear and pain, our dark side. Our dark side is the part of ourselves that we have judged as "bad".

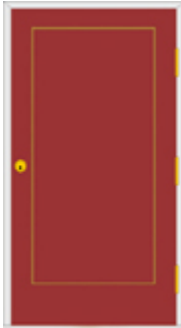
Behind these doors hides the repressed thoughts and feelings that we had to push far away from our conscious mind. We pushed these memories away because we did not feel that we had the strength to deal with the situations that caused them.

However, these repressed memories, thoughts, and emotions have become embedded in the molecules and DNA of our cellular structure, our first and second dimensional selves. Our body then tries to display to us the reactions to these memories that our mind has denied.

Behind the red doors, our body, emotions, mind, and spirituality are like four strangers. Each one holds their pain without the belief that they are alone and isolated from all caring and support.

The first door is marked:

## PHYSICAL BODY



We knock.

As the door opens, a message is displayed:

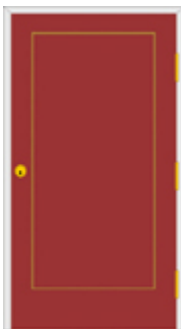
Forgotten memories of fear, shame, sorrow, and anger give our bodies the message that there is a threat and that there is something, somewhere, that we should be afraid of. This constant message of impending fear creates anxiety that disorients us and puts our bodies into fight/flight response.

Sometimes the unseen battle is too much for us and we become depressed. In our depression we try to close ourselves off to external stimulation, but the pain comes from the inside and we can't run from ourselves. Our immune system becomes depressed from the chronic stress, and our health suffers.

We feel like animals who are struggling to survive. Unfortunately, we are so filled with fear that we are even cut off from the survival instincts that are innate in our primitive self. Life becomes a constant, lonely struggle to make it one more day. Our sex drive, if we still have one, is only a selfish urge or a desperate need.

The second door is marked:

## EMOTIONS



We knock.

As the door opens, a message is displayed:

Emotions from our fourth dimensional astral body interface with our physical bodies via our hormones and biochemistry. Since these dark feelings cannot be accessed by our conscious mind, our body's discomfort at keeping these secrets is projected to our consciousness as an illness.

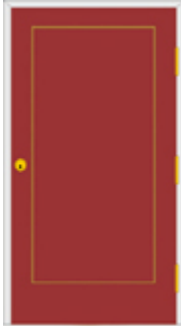
These hidden emotions create an overall sense of dread that feels like a heaviness upon our bodies and a floating anxiety which keeps us hyper-vigilant, jumpy and nervous. Depression numbs our emotions, makes us eat and sleep too much, not enough, or at the wrong time.

Then our bodies are even more uncomfortable. We feel like the victim of our emotions and sex is a desperate need for love or the conquest of a failing ego. In a vain attempt to control our emotions we seek out drugs and alcohol. Each

substance creates a certain "emotional feeling" and temporarily serves the purpose of dampening the emotions that constantly haunt us.

The third door is marked:

## THOUGHTS



We knock.

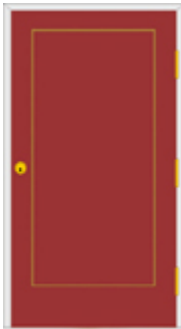
As the door opens, a message is displayed:

Our thoughts are out of control and without focus as negative and obsessive thinking overtakes our free will. Out of control thinking reinforces our feeling of being a victim. Problem oriented thinking creates a downward spiral with no hope of resolution. Unbidden thoughts come into our mind, which punish us with old core beliefs about the inadequacy of our being.

Our thoughts make us feel separate from everyone and everything and limit us from achieving our desires. Therefore, our moral principles and codes of right and wrong are debased to a state of war with the world around us. We give ourselves permission to do anything because we are separate from society. However, we are all "herd animals" and soon find another "society" where using drugs and alcohol, having "fun", and "doing whatever we want", rules.

The fourth door is marked:

## BEHAVIOR



We knock.

As the door opens, a message is displayed:

Our behavior mirrors our dark side. But how does a child know that they are bad if someone doesn't tell them? How can a child learn to distinguish between good and bad if they are told that everything that they do is bad? The unconscious memories of childhood's painful situations bring forward the defense mechanisms that we created in our childish efforts to survive.

The behaviors that are initiated from this portion of our unconscious are a reaction to a reality that exists only in our fears. While we are in this state of consciousness, our doubts and fears create a gray filter that alters all our perceptions. We see an enemy everywhere we look. Therefore, we believe that we are justified in our selfish and self-serving actions. The drugs that we have

chosen to "help" us have now become our masters and getting more of them becomes the predominant action in our life.

Because of our inner battle we have an unconscious need for domination. We create obsessive-compulsive and ritualistic behaviors in a vain attempt to protect ourselves from our unseen enemies. Because we react to what we fear we saw, or heard, we miss many beautiful moments and our defensive behavior reflects our constant sense of victimization. Our out of control behavior is a self-sabotage as we create the very thing we fear-over and over again.

The fifth door is marked:

### **DREAMS & ASPIRATIONS**



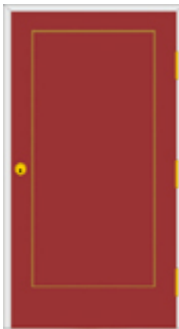
We knock.

As the door opens, a message is displayed:

Our failed or forgotten goals reaffirm our sense of unworthiness and inability to succeed. Lost dreams and aspirations haunt our daytime and cause nightmares when we can finally sleep. These nightmares are our deepest unconscious crying out for comfort and support, but we have become the cry and cannot perceive of ourselves as a system for support.

Our self-esteem reaches its all time low as our lost aspirations reaffirm our sense of unworthiness and inability to succeed. If only a small speck of light could enter our darkness and show us to our Higher Self.

The sixth door is marked:



### **SPIRITUAL GUIDANCE**

We knock.

As the door opens, a message is displayed:

Finally, when we can no longer stand our fear and pain, we fall to our knees to ask for guidance. Then perhaps, if even for a moment, we can feel the long arm of love as it reaches through our fear and self-pity. But a moment is all that is needed to accept guidance from the realm beyond time. Through our fears, our sorrows, our anger, and our pain, the hand of LOVE seeks to comfort and ease our tortured heart and weary mind.

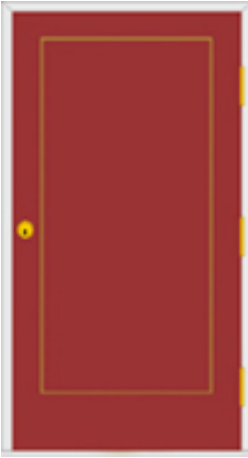
If we can open ourselves to this love, if we can believe that we DO deserve this love, then we CAN allow it into our hearts. Then we WILL be able to accept the

love that has been offered. When love from our Self is in our lives, we can begin to sincerely love others and to allow others to intimately love us.

When we have released the fear and chosen love, the cycle is completed.

ENTER the PHYSICAL BODY DOOR to return the darkness to the LIGHT.

## THE FIRST RED DOOR



The first red door is marked PHYSICAL BODY

We go to the door and knock. A message is displayed, "The physical body displays emotions that the mind had hidden."

Forgotten memories of fear, shame, sorrow, and anger give our bodies the message that there is a threat and that there is something, somewhere, that we should be afraid of.

This constant message of impending danger creates anxiety that disorients us and puts our bodies into fight/flight response. Sometimes the unseen battle is too much for us and we become depressed. In our depression we try to close ourselves off to external stimulation, but the pain comes from the inside and we can't run from ourselves.

Our immune system becomes depressed from the chronic stress and our health suffers. We feel like animals that are struggling to survive. Unfortunately, we are so filled with fear that we are even cut off from the survival instincts that are innate in our primitive self. Life becomes a constant, lonely struggle to make it one more day. Our sex drive, if we still have one, is only a selfish urge or a desperate need.

The physical body displays emotions that the mind has hidden.

The physical body door represents our first and second dimensional self, which is our physical "animal" body, and all the cells, minerals, genetic programming that make up that body. The first and second dimensions are of a lower vibration than our third dimensional form and are therefore usually a part of our unconscious reality.

This door also represents our Lower Astral sub-plane of the fourth dimension because our first and second dimensional selves are our most primitive and primal selves. The first and second dimension represents the part of us that is not self-aware and subsequently not aware of the ramifications of our actions.

When we are not aware of the impact that we have on others, we can give ourselves permission to act in very selfish and self-centered ways. These actions then resonate in the lower astral plane where they come to our



consciousness as fears and nightmares.

When we become conscious of the message of our physical body, our physical earth vessel can prepare for the return Home to our true vibration. This preparation includes the acknowledging and releasing of old darkness that has been stored within our bodies, often since we were children.

## THE PHYSICAL EARTH VESSEL

Once we have journeyed into our deepest unconscious and have touched our darkness, we can return it to the Light. However, this process of bringing our darkness into the light is one of introspection and learning to become friends with ourselves, and with our Multidimensional SELF. Like all friendships, this one begins with communication, and good communication begins with listening.

How do we learn to listen to our "self?" Most of us barely listen to our conscious thoughts and feelings. Therefore, subliminal thoughts and repressed emotions are total strangers to us. Fortunately, our physical bodies can assist us. Our physical body is our earth vessel and the vessel that our Soul visits earth in. Our earth vessel is made up of the same elements as the planet that we are on. This ship is biological and all steering and controls are connected to our consciousness via our nervous system.

We have made many visits to third and fourth dimensional earth. The memories of these adventures are stored in the hard drive along with all the steering and control mechanisms. This hard drive is located in the first and second dimensional elements of the body and the part of us that can access this information is our fourth dimensional astral bodies. If we can learn to "consciously" communicate with our astral body, we can download that information into our third dimensional physical brains.

When we are ready to return Home to our Source, especially if we wish to maintain connection with our physical earth vessel, we must have access to the data stored in this hard drive. We must find a way to interface between the vessel (physical body), the pilot (the ego), and the higher dimensional forces that can communicate across all frequencies (the Soul).

When this interface has been completed, the Soul can inhabit the earth vessel and pilot its return Home. In order for this journey to be successful, our Soul must totally imbed itself in and integrate with our physical earth vessel. Since our Soul is multidimensional, it can access all the messages that are received by and stored in the first, second and fourth dimensional unconscious. The Soul can then "download" that information into our third dimensional consciousness.

However, first the pilot (our egos) will have to completely surrender all "control" to our Souls because our limited third dimensional consciousness is incapable of

perceiving the myriad of messages that are necessary to complete our journey. All reality below the fifth dimension is programmed for separation, limitation, and polarity. The only way to consciously pilot our vessel into the limitless ONESS of the fifth dimensions is to allow our Soul to enter into and captain our vessel.

The only route of return our ego knows is "death". Death is a form of separation, just like birth. When we are "born", our Soul allows a portion of itself to go through the frequency filter that holds our galaxy in the third dimension. This frequency filter allows only first, second, third and fourth dimensional molecules to pass through. The fourth dimensional portion of us interfaces with the fifth dimension via our Soul and it interfaces with the third dimensional portion of ourselves via our etheric body.

### THE ETHERIC BODY

The etheric body, also known as the etheric double, is the vehicle through which the stream of vitality that keeps our physical bodies alive flows. It is the etheric body that interfaces our physical body with our astral body. The fourth dimensional astral body can then integrate with our fifth dimensional Lightbody.

The etheric body serves as a bridge that conveys the invisible undulations of thought and feeling from the astral world to the visible, denser physical world. To clairvoyant vision, the etheric double is a faintly luminous violet-gray mist that interpenetrates and slightly extends beyond the physical body about 1/4 of an inch.

The etheric double is not separate from the physical body nor does it have a separate consciousness. The etheric body solely receives and distributes the vital forces which emanate from the Sun and distributes them to the physical body via the chakra system. Every solid, liquid, and gaseous particle of the body is surrounded with an etheric envelope. Like the physical body, the etheric body ages, decays, dies and releases the Soul.

The etheric body has two functions. One function is to absorb prana (also known as chi) and distribute it to the physical body. The other function is to act as a bridge between the physical and astral body. Prana is a Sanskrit word which means, "to breathe". According to Occult science, there are three forces released from the Sun. One is electricity, the other is prana, and the third is the Kundalini, or Serpent Fire.

These three forces are distinct and cannot be converted into each other. The uses of electricity are well known to our Western world, but only those who are familiar with the esoteric philosophies and Eastern medicine are aware of prana and Kundalini.



## PRANA

Prana, which emanates from the Sun, enters the physical atoms that float about the earth's atmosphere. Prana is directly relational to the Sun. On sunny days there is more prana in the atmosphere, but on cloudy days and at night there is less. Prana is the force that interfaces with the third and fourth dimensions.

Prana forms into vitality globules that cause physical atoms to glow when it enters them. The combination of balanced feelings and clear thinking causes a reaction in the body that allows it to assimilate more prana. Prana is known as the force of vitality and the "life breath" of an organism.

Prana allows the astral body to communicate with the physical body by means of the etheric double or sheath. Through the etheric sheath, the prana runs along the nerves of the physical body amplifying its perception by uniting the fourth dimensional astral world with the third dimensional physical world. Prana enters our etheric body, and eventually our physical body, through the chakras.

## THE CHAKRAS



Chakras are small vortexes that rest on the surface of the etheric double. Their two functions are to absorb and distribute prana to the etheric and physical bodies and to unite the fourth dimensional astral world with physical consciousness. Prana rushes into the center of the chakra from a right angle.

Chakras are like wheels with varying numbers of spokes. When the prana enters the center of the chakra it sets up a secondary force. This secondary force sweeps around the chakra with its characteristic wavelength creating an undulation, which catches the spokes and causes the chakra to spin. The more the chakra can assimilate prana, the faster it can spin, and the more the physical world can interface with the astral world.

Being conscious of the inflow of prana will allow more of it to enter our physical bodies. The lower dimensional beings that do not have self-awareness have less prana flowing through their forms. As life forms become more and more aware of themselves and of their environment, they can decide whether they wish to experience more of the Astral Plane.

Willingness to experience the Astral Plane causes an impulse within the astral body to open a vortex, which is one or more of the chakras, through which the Astral Plane and perceive the physical world and the physical world can perceive

the Astral Plane. In this way, a partnership is established between our third and fourth dimensional selves in one or more areas of our life.

Through the flow of prana, our physical body can experience more of the fourth dimension and our astral body can experience more of the physical world. When the Kundalini, also known as the Serpent Fire, integrates with the prana, the chakras become vivified and perceptions of the higher world gradually become conscious.

Kundalini emanates from the Sun and lies at the core of Mother Earth, just as it lies at the base of our spine. Kundalini is the force that calls us to return Home and the force that can transform our earth vessels into vessels that are able to make that journey.



### KUNDALINI AND THE DIVINE MOTHER

Kundalini is the highest infinite energy, which is coiled up and dynamic, at the base of the human spine. Within the Kundalini Force contact is made between the infinite, divine creative energy and the finite, physical sexual energy. For the Soul to gain its highest spiritual potential while incarnated in a physical form, the great mass of Kundalini energy locked in the root chakra must be released to travel up to the crown chakra.

The root chakra, at the base of the spine, represents our connection to the feminine Goddess energy that is manifest in the body of planet Earth. The crown chakra, at the top of our head, represents the masculine God energy that exists as pure potential in the non-physical dimensions. This energy radiates to earth within the prana and Kundalini emanations from the Sun.

When the Goddess Kundalini has traveled up the spine to meet her Divine Mate, the union of Spirit and Matter are consummated. Kundalini is known in the Eastern world as the Goddess Shakti. When Goddess Shakti is awakened, She sweeps us up in Her tremendous passion to reunite with Her Lord Shiva in the crown chakra.

This Mystical Marriage symbolizes the combining of the male and female energies within our bodies and the awakening of our multidimensional consciousness. After this Marriage, we will be clear enough for our Soul to inhabit our physical form and live its Divine Purpose through us.

In the Western world the Kundalini is symbolized by the medical symbol of the caduceus, the rod with two snakes coiled around it in spirals. At the top are two wings, which are images of Mercury or Hermes who are the messengers of the Gods. The caduceus is the symbol for healing, health, and transformation.

The center rod symbolizes the spinal cord. In Yoga philosophy the center cord is called the Sushumna and it represents the grounding, neutral cord of the three parts of the rising Kundalini.

The left cord is the Ida, which represents the feminine side. It is negatively charged, ends in the left nostril and has characteristics of coolness related to the moon. The right side is called the Pingala, which represents the masculine side. It is positively charged, ends in the right nostril and has characteristics of heat related to the sun. The Ida and the Pingala represent the masculine and feminine energies which we all carry regardless of our gender.

According to the Indian guru Muktananda, the Kundalini has two aspects. One aspect is often perceived as the outer cosmic energy of spiritual life force. In China this force is known as Chi, in Japan it is known as Ki, in India it is known as Prana, and in the West it is known as the Holy Spirit. We all have a limited form of Kundalini energy running through our bodies or we would not be able to live for it truly is our "life force". Kundalini is the energy that pervades and enervates the world as we experience it.



The second aspect of the Kundalini is the hidden or inner form which is usually "asleep" as a small bulb of energy stored at the base of the spine in our root chakra. This energy usually becomes dormant very early in our lives because we become engaged in the process of living. As children, we must learn to identify with our sensate, mental and emotional processes and with the genetic heritage of our physical bodies. In order to learn to survive in our physical world, we often separate from any awareness of our Soul.

When our inner Kundalini awakens, it turns our awareness inward to our Source and offers us an opportunity to uncover who we are, where we come from, and where our true Home is. It is the beginning of the spiritual journey that enables us to regain our multidimensional consciousness. However, in order for the latent Kundalini energy to rise up the spinal cord without physical incident, our male and female energies must be balanced, and our chakras must be clear.

When the Kundalini awakens it is a dramatic transformational force that flows through the nadis, the nerve channels of the body, and rises up from the base of the spine via the Sushumna. As this force enters each chakra it increases their spin. The increased spin spews out the toxins which rises the resonate frequency of each chakra.

This process could be likened to changing our wiring from 110V to 220V. The experience is a mix of bliss, joy, terror, and rage. Each memory and emotion

trapped within every chakra must be cleared. This clearing can be painful, but as it is completed we can experience life with a level of peace and joy that was once unimaginable.

During this special time of planetary transformation, more and more of us are able, or soon will be able, to answer the call of the Goddess Kundalini. Masculine and feminine energies have been in a battle for dominance and manipulation for eons.

It is now the TIME for each of us to balance and merge our own feminine and masculine energies, our yin and yang. In this way, the yin of matter and yang of spirit can be combined within our consciousness and within our earth vessel

Like any journey, the Goddess Kundalini's journey begins with a single step. That step is our determination to break through the barriers of our unconscious mind to unlock the wisdom, power, and love that is trapped behind the veil of our forgetfulness. When we have healed our history of pain and fear, the Kundalini can begin its rise up the Sushumna, chakra by chakra.

However, caution and patience are vital. To force the awakening of the Kundalini before we are physically and morally ready could cause grave consequences. One never calls upon the Goddess Kundalini for curiosity or selfish reasons. Her force is fifth dimensional and, like a dry leaf could not stand a fire's blaze, our untamed egos could not survive the rise of Kundalini's Serpent Fire.

## OPENING OF THE CHAKRAS

All of our senses, perceptions, and possible states of awareness can be divided into seven categories that are associated with each of the seven chakras. Each chakra represents certain portions of our body as well as certain experiences and states of consciousness.

Tensions that are felt in our psyche are also felt in our bodies via the chakra system. Conversely, tensions felt in our bodies are also experienced in our psyche. The chakras are how our unconscious and superconscious self can communicate with our conscious mind.

Each chakra vibrates to a different frequency. The lowest frequencies are closer to the base of our spine, and the highest frequencies closer to the crown of our head. The chakras are located on the surface of our etheric body. Each of the seven chakras is in a different location along the spinal cord and each chakra influences a different endocrine gland and nerve plexus.

Chakras one, two, and three will be discussed in the Unconsciousness section of this web site. The fourth and fifth chakra will be discussed in the Conscious

section and the sixth and seventh chakra will be discussed in the Superconscious section.

To find the source, and heal the issues that await us beyond the First Door, we now enter our First Chakra, which is located at the base of our spine. Hence our First Chakra is also known as the Root Chakra.



## *THE FIRST, ROOT CHAKRA*

**LOCATION:** The first chakra is located at the base of the spine.

**PETALS:** This chakra rules the lowest vibration of our body and has the slowest wavelength. There are four spokes, or petals. Four is the number of the square and foundations. The square is related to being honest, or giving a "square deal, the four energies of earth--earth, air, fire, and water, and the four directions. Four walls, four legs, or four wheels represent a strong foundation.

**NOTE & MANTRA:** The note for this chakra is C and the mantra is "lam" or "e" as in red. Chanting these mantras in the key of D while focusing our attention on this area of our body can enable us to more consciously access the first chakra.

**COLOR:** The color for this chakra is red, which is the lowest frequency of human's visible light spectrum. Red is the color of anger and/or vitality.

**RULES:** The first chakra rules our PHYSICAL energies. Also known as the root chakra, it governs our vigor, heredity, survival, security, passion, money, job, and home. This chakra aids us in our everyday survival.

**SENSE:** The sense of smell is related to this chakra. Our sense of smell is our most primitive sense, and is the first sense that awakens upon our physical birth. The receptors for smell are located at the base of our brain and feeds directly into our limbic system, which is the area of memory and emotion. Therefore, aromas can immediately access emotional memories stored in our unconscious.

**ASTROLOGICAL SIGN:** The astrological sign associated with the root chakra is Taurus. The symbol for Taurus is the bull. Like our root chakra, the bull is a symbol of masculine power and fertility. The bull roots in the earth with his front hooves and lowers his nostrils toward the ground to warn any who would

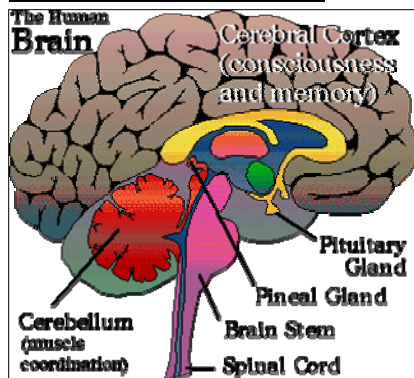
threaten his "herd". There are many cows in the herd, but only the strongest bull will be able to preserve the genetic integrity of the group.

The first chakra is actually the basis of both our masculine and feminine energy. It represents our masculine will and male sexual organs as well as the feminine energy of the Goddess Kundalini. Therefore, a man can learn to integrate his feminine power and a woman can learn to integrate her masculine power through the clearing and opening of this chakra.

**ELEMENT:** Earth is the element associated with the first chakra and the mineral kingdom is the top of that hierarchy. Crystals have been prized by humankind for eons and have also been used in esoteric healing. Since it rules our first dimensional self that is unable to reflect upon itself, perceptions from our root chakra are usually unconscious. This first dimensional portion of us can only be aware of a "hive or species consciousness".

Even though, the first chakra has many masculine qualities it is also the "seat of the Goddess Kundalini" and is therefore often associated with our relationship with our mothers and with Mother Earth. Our relationships with our mother set up our attitude toward home, security, and money. If we are cut off from our roots, we feel cut off from the earth as well.

**CONSCIOUSNESS:** The first chakra rules our survival consciousness and



represents our deepest unconscious and most primitive self. This chakra represents the reptilian portion of our brain, which is our brainstem, our center for life support. The brainstem and the area immediately above it are called the reptilian brain because it is possessed by all creatures from reptiles to humans. For reptiles, this area is their entire brain, but for humans it is the base, or stem, of their brain. In fact, part of this area is known as the brainstem.

**PERSONAL TIMELINE:** The first chakra represents birth to two years of age. This is the time before we have completed our process of individuation and still perceive ourselves as a part of our parents. This chakra represents our struggle to come to terms with our physical life and physical body. Our Multidimensional Spirits are new to the limitations and separation of our new 3D reality, and we struggling to learn how to control our physical earth vessel. Fortunately, we naturally travel into the higher dimensions at this age and can return Home whenever we are desperately in need of comfort and understanding.

**SOCIAL TIMELINE:** Anthropologically, the first chakra represents the time when humankind was cave dwellers. At that time in our "civilization", we lived

from day to day. To assist in our struggle for survival, we worshiped animals and other aspects of our physical environment.

**ENDOCRINE GLAND:** Each chakra feeds prana into a different endocrine gland. Just as there are seven chakras, there are seven endocrine glands. Both the chakras and the endocrine glands are located along the spinal cord. The endocrine glands manufacture hormones and supply them to the bloodstream. These glands are called "ductless" because there is not a duct to any specific part of the body. Instead, hormones are released into the bloodstream where they are carried by the blood to every organ and tissue to exert their influence on all functions of the physical body.

Each gland is internally related to the other glands and also works closely with the nervous and circulatory system. In order for the organs of the body to work efficiently, the blood must contain certain chemicals. Many of these chemicals are secreted by the endocrine glands, and this secretion is vital for the health of the entire system. Our bodies can become diseased if there are too many or too few hormones.

The endocrine gland for the first chakra is the adrenal glands. There are actually two adrenal glands located with one on top of each of the two kidneys. The adrenal glands are the body's call to battle. When adrenaline is released into the system our perceptions become clearer, we have added vigor and feel more courageous.

The release of adrenaline activates the fight/flight syndrome, which prepares us for "fight or flight." Release of adrenaline and activation of fight/flight is brought on by real or imagined danger. Therefore, our emotions can activate a release of adrenaline when we feel extreme fear or even chronic anxiety. The first chakra is the "survival chakra," and the fight/flight syndrome is vital for the survival of every species.

**NERVE PLEXUS:** The first chakra is located near the sacral plexus. The sacral plexus is the nerve center, which rules the skeleton, legs, feet, eliminatory system, male reproductive organs, and the prostate. If there is a problem with the leg or foot on the right, masculine, side of the body it can indicate issues of trust in one's will. If there is a problem with the leg or foot on the left, feminine, side then it can indicate issues with trust of one's emotional life.

**CLEAR:** When the first chakra is clear we feel secure, grounded, and stable. We can use good "common sense" to balance our finances as well as our everyday responsibilities and still initiate new activities and interest. Our eliminatory system functions well, neural activity in our legs and feet is healthy, and our ability to initiate sexual encounters is comfortable and natural. Our root chakra is the home of the Sleeping Serpent, our Kundalini. When this chakra is clear and



balanced the Goddess Kundalini Shakti can awaken and begin her gradual rise towards reunion with Lord Shiva.

UNCLEAR: When the first chakra is unclear we feel insecure and fearful. We can also become absent-minded because we are ungrounded. We may also have a difficult time with our finances and day to day necessities. Whatever security we derive from material things can become threatened. There can also be problems with our home, which is our base of operations in physical life. We can become self-indulgent and self-centered and suffer from depression and grief. We may suffer from hemorrhoids, constipation, sciatica, or prostate problems.

All of the above emotional, behavioral, and physical health issues have to do with the ability to let go. We cannot let go of our sadness, let go of material sources of comfort when finances require, or even let go of the waste material of our bodies. If we cannot release what is holding us back, we cannot move forward. Difficulties with our sciatic nerve and problems with our legs and feet display this dynamic. Prostate problems can arise from frustrated sexual or creative drives.

EARTH'S CHAKRAS: Just as the first chakra represents our physical body, the Earth's first chakra represents Her physical body. The planetary first chakra is located at Mt. Sinai in the Middle East. Lady Gaia is allowing Her Kundalini to rise to meet her Divine Mate. It is TIME now that we hear Her call. Hence, this area of the planet is the center of great unrest.

DIMENSIONS: The first chakra rules our first and second dimensional selves. Our first dimensional self represents the genetic coding, cells, and minerals of our bodies. It also represents our most primitive "animal self", which is represented by the fight/flight response that serves to assure the survival of the species. The root chakra also rules the male sex glands and the testosterone that they secrete. This testosterone drives the males in our society, and the male polarity of our psyche, to perpetuate and protect humanity.

SUMMARY: The body of Mother Earth and Her consciousness, Lady Gaia, is the third dimensional planet that supports our physical body. Just as our physical body communicates with our consciousness by its state of health, disease, comfort, and discomfort, Lady Gaia communicates with us via the health of Her planet.

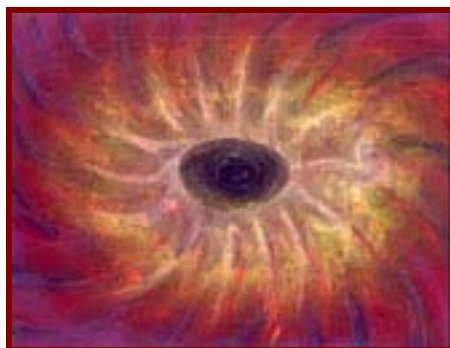
Our Western society has traveled so far into our third dimensional individuality that we have lost sight of the fact that we are members of a greater whole. We have forgotten that we are members of a planet that we must all share. This forgetfulness has allowed us to overlook the fact that our individual destinies are intrinsically tied to the destiny of Mother Earth who houses and feeds our physical self.

Our physical bodies and the body of Earth send messages to us via the first and second dimension. If there are disruptions and diseases on a genetic and cellular level, if the elements of earth that are around and within our bodies are disrupted, if plants and animals are becoming extinct on a daily rate, there is a message that is being sent. We can say that we have heard these messages, but if our behavior has not been altered, then we have not LISTENED.

We can deny or ignore our bodies and the body of Earth upon which we live, but it is difficult to deny or ignore our behavior. Our actions interact with our environment and with others to create a mirror that forces us to look at ourselves. We can hold on to a victim mentality, which allows us to stay in denial and lie to ourselves, but our actions do not lie. In today's world, a lot of our needs for survival are "getting what we want". We must learn to recognize that our actions dictate to us what we truly want, for that is what we find time to "do". Only when we can recognize the messages from our unconscious as they are displayed in our behavior, can we take full responsibility for our actions.

However, how much time do we have to learn to listen to the needs of our planet and Her future generations? Has our individuality, which we so dearly prize in the West, cost us our ability to see the bigger picture? When our first chakra is closed, it is difficult for prana to infuse our physical body. We are then out of touch with our own power to listen to and respond to the needs of our body and the home of our body, Earth.

Our actions then become reactions, and our ability to take responsibility for our personal power is diluted into a dismal struggle for survival. However, when the first chakra is awakened, spirit lives in matter and all of our behavior is directed by spirit, the spirit within our physical bodies and the spirit within our Earth.



### *A VISIT TO THE LOWER ASTRAL*

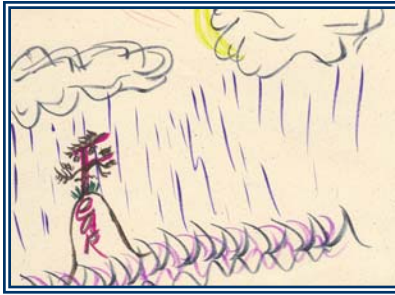
The third and the fourth dimension influence and react to each other. Events in the third dimension affect the fourth dimension and, in turn, events in the fourth dimension affect the third dimension. There is a relationship between the two, which is usually unconscious to our physical reality. Everything that has ever happened in the third dimension remains in the fourth like an echo.

This echo reverberates between the two dimensions creating a perpetual motion machine that creates the same patterns of reality over and over. If the pattern is filled with love, it assists us in accepting our Soul into our physical form. However, if the pattern is filled with fear, it holds us in negative cycles that we repeat over and over. In order to stop these cycles, the fear must be healed with love.

The Lower Astral Plane is the lowest vibration of the fourth dimension, which holds the invisible emanations of all the fear, and negativity that is projected into it from the physical plane. The lower astral plane has been known as Hell, but it is a Hell of our own creation for it is merely the completion of actions that were initiated on the physical plane.

The Lower Astral Plane is where all the fear, anger, sorrows, and pain that we created and/or did not heal in our physical life awaits us to be cleared on the next dimension. The lower astral plane is like the cosmic dump. All the fear that people have when they "die" to their third dimensional world settles in the lowest vibration of the fourth dimension. This fear then influences the third dimension.

For us to bring our Soul down into our physical body so that it can transform our earth vessel into a Lightbody, we must face the darkness that we have left in the Lower Astral Plane and clear it with our LOVE. When we have done that, we create a tunnel of light through the density of this Plane, which allows us greater access to our Higher Selves. Clearing our Lower Astral Body also assists us to release our greatest enemy—SHAME.



## SHAME

Shame, shame  
I know your name.  
Whatever the reason,  
you're always the same.

You make me feel  
like I am less.  
You hold me back  
and cause me stress.

Down deep inside me  
you do hide  
behind my fear,  
beside my pride.

You tell me  
not to try again.  
You say I don't  
deserve to win.

"I am your friend.  
Hold back," you say.  
"They'll soon find out  
so just don't play."

But who are "they"?  
What will they know?  
What is it that  
I must not show?

When you say I'm bad  
and don't deserve,  
it is your power  
that you preserve.

The power of  
my hidden shame  
to hold me back,  
that is your game.

But I won't play,  
not any more.  
You've won so far.  
I've kept the score.

I don't believe  
I should hold back.  
I don't believe  
I have this lack.

I know you grew  
inside my mind.  
The cause of this  
I must now find.

Then send you out,  
outside my life.  
Purge your conflict,  
release your strife.

When did I take  
the shame you give?  
I'll find that day  
you started to live.

Then love that me  
who took you in  
and tell it,  
"No, you did not sin.

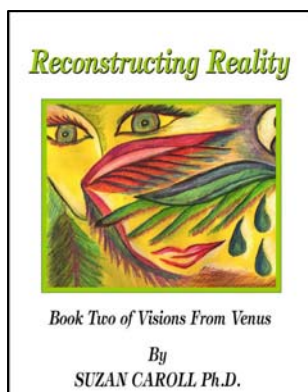
"You were a child  
and knew no better.  
You learned that shame,  
down to the letter.

"Now give it back.  
It's a mistake.  
Its someone else's  
shame you take.

"Dear child, I love you  
you are a wonder.  
Let no one pull  
your dreams asunder.

"I welcome all  
you have to say  
and know that you  
will show the way.

"The way to life  
that's filled with glory.  
I listen now,  
please tell your story."



Excerpts from:  
*RECONSTRUCTING REALITY*  
*Book Two of Visions from Venus*

By Suzan Carroll PhD

(In this section of Book II, Shature, the main character, is studying on the fifth dimension and acting as the Higher Self to her different third dimensional lives. Shature does this by entering into a dome, which allows her to interface with the physical world.)

*"Shature, I have felt your approach. Are you ready to resume your studies?" spoke the Guide as Shature entered the Temple.*

*"Yes, my Guide, I am. I feel different somehow. I feel like I am on the edge of a great transition. I have merged with my Divine Complement and we have realized some patterns that we must release. I know that I must heal my fear of abandonment. This fear creates a vicious cycle. First, I fear that I will be abandoned. Then, because I am afraid, I cannot trust others. Then, because I cannot trust others, I am angry. Then, because I am angry, I push others away. Then, because I push others away, they leave me. The, because others have left me, I am afraid that I will be abandoned."*

*"Wonderful, my one. I can see that you now understand the pattern that you have created. I have telepathically received your desire to view the lives in which you danced this cycle of abandonment. Your desire will activate different third dimensional realities and program them into the dome. The dome will then present a holographic display of one time period at a time. Remember, you are actually entering that time frame and any interaction that you have with its occupants is real and will most assuredly alter their reality..."*

## Ancient Egypt

This time, Shature found herself experiencing the story as a participant rather than as an observer. She was not too happy about this since she knew that something happened in this life that pulled her into her darkness. She began to feel a panic arise from deep within her and she knew that she would have to calm herself in order to remain detached. Yes, something very bad had happened. She could feel the evil overtake her like a million spiders crawling on her flesh.

"You are feeling the evil around you," spoke the Guide in response to Shature's thoughts. "You are now in a life in ancient Egypt and you are a Priestess of the Temple of Set. The Temple of Set brought the teachings of the Dark Robes to

Egypt at the fall of Atlantis. The name Set means 'cutter' or 'isolator'. Set's followers seek initiation through self-deification and call upon the forces of isolation and limitation to free them selves from what they believe is the 'delusion of unity'.

They desire the experience of the greatest individuality without any responsibility to others and without the consequence of their action. They believe that the end is more important than the means. They achieve the fulfillment of their desires through the use of Black Magic, which is the interaction with the disharmonious energies of the physical and the lower Astral Plane.

"Do you remember how you feared and avoided the Dark Robes on Atlantis? Your Soul could not understand their Black Magic. Your unresolved fear drew you into this life so that you could learn why one would choose to follow the darkness rather than the light."

"Yes," whispered Shature as if she were trying not to disturb the forces of darkness that clung to her. "I can feel that I am totally selfish in this life. Nothing is more important than my own self-advancement. Anyone who might assist me in that purpose is disposable once I am finished with them. I can feel that I am ruthless, cold, and completely without love. How will my fifth dimensional consciousness ever assist one who has no ability to love?"

"I am here with you, " said the voice of the Guide. "I know that is difficult for you to experience this life as a participant. However, your lessons are advancing and you are ready for greater and greater challenges. Keep talking to me with your mind. It will help you to maintain a link to your consciousness as Shature."

Shature was glad to obey the Guide's request. Perhaps if she could talk about what she was experiencing, it would help calm her fear.

"I am a woman of about thirty years," she began. "I sense that my name is Nubnoset which means, 'servant of Set'. I am standing in front of a man with a high hat and dark robe. He has a long black mustache that extends past his chin and outlines a mouth that is firm and strong. His eyes are riveting. I cannot lower my gaze to encompass his body. All I can see is his stern, dark face and a huge hat decorated with rubies and emeralds."

"Who is this man?" asked the Guide to keep Shature aware of her higher consciousness.

"I can sense that he is a High Priest of the Temple of Set. He is my lover...No... he is my father. NO...he is both! It is acceptable in this culture for a man to take his daughter to bed. We have been lovers for many years and we have a daughter named Nephrite who is thirteen years of age. My father doesn't want me anymore. I am too old, or rather, our daughter is 'old enough'.



"I am begging with him not to embarrass me. How can he cast me aside? I am telling him that since I was a young girl I have served him and his evil God, that I have done unspeakable things to myself and to others because he asked me to."

"HA," he laughs at me. "You chose to serve 'my' God and were happy to do so as long as you felt the power."

"His words cut me like a knife. How can that be true? How could I have actually enjoyed a life so filled with selfish and depraved deeds? I look into the heart of Nubnoset and shudder to realize that he has spoken the truth. I have used others to achieve my own ends and pushed them aside when I was satiated. I have ruined my life for a man who has never cared for me. I am not even sad that I may lose him. For the first time since my initiation into the Priesthood of Set, I am afraid. I am afraid that I will suffer what I have done to others.

"I fall to the ground in a plea for mercy. I hold onto his ankles and tell him all that I will do for him if he will just not cast me aside. He laughs again and kicks me away. I kneel on the ground at his feet and cover my face with my hands as I sob hysterically.

"Will you die for me?" he asks as he kneels down and lays his dagger on the floor beside me. He pulls my hands from my face and smiles his sinister smile as he looks into my tear-filled eyes.

"For a moment, time stands still. I am looking into his face as he smiles at me, almost lovingly. But he loves only himself. This is what he wants me to DO for him. He wants me to kill myself for him, just like I have killed others-for him. My father, the evil Priest, picks up the dagger and offers it to me. I know the dagger. He uses it for sacrifices to Set.

"I stare into the glisten of its sharp, curved blade for what seems like eternity. All the times that I used that dagger on others flashes before my eyes. Yes, of course, in the end I will use it on myself. I am to be his sacrifice now. I take the dagger and he chuckles as he stands and walks across the room where he will watch me die-for him.

"I place the point of the blade just below my sternum. I know how to make the kill quick and clean. I learned it from him."

*Then, all went black for a moment as Shature fought to remember who she was. She was not Nubnoset, but Nubnoset was a portion of her. However, there was also a life on Venus, her Guide, and Lamire. Yes, she must think of her life upon fifth dimensional Venus in order to rescue herself from the depths of Nubnoset's Hell.*

*Shature took a slow, deep breath and realized that she had detached from Nubnoset who was lying at her feet. She looked around and, with a cold chill, she realized that she and the etheric form of Nubnoset were in the lower Astral Plane. Shature remembered how she had feared this plane while she was in Atlantis and Faerie.*

*Everywhere she looked was a blood red darkness that was almost black. She heard wails and cries in the distance, but all she could see through the heavy and sticky blackness was herself and Nubnoset. Nubnoset gradually aroused and slowly sat up. Although Shature was touching her, Nubnoset was aware only of herself and the hatred that she held inside of her for the man whom she blamed for causing her death. She must seek revenge. Shature tried to communicate with Nubnoset, but was instead swept back into her mind. Stature's Guide called to her.*

*"Speak to me Shature and tell me of your experience."*

From her place in the lower Astral Plane, Nubnoset, with Shature locked in her consciousness, could observe the physical plane where she had just "died."

"He thinks that he can discard me like a slave." Shature heard the thoughts of Nubnoset-her thoughts as Nubnoset. "I will not have it. He will be sorry for what he has done to me. I will use my physic powers to influence someone to poison him. Xaria, his servant, is beginning to hate him for what he has done to her. I know that I can influence her to put the poison in his goblet."

Shature tried to be the observer and connect with the mind of Nubnoset, but it was impossible. It was only with feelings of compassion or love that Nubnoset could recognize Stature's call and Nubnoset had neither. Shature was trying to understand how her Soul could have chosen such a life. What could she have learned? She died just as cruelly as she had lived. As she sank back into Nubnoset's consciousness Shature heard the voice of her Guide reminding her to continue speaking to him.

"I have done it," spoke Nubnoset as she observed the physical plane. The consciousness of Shature was trapped within Nubnoset's bitter thoughts and words. "Xaria hates the High Priest very much. I have spoken to her in her sleep and used my psychic influence, plus a little Black Magic, to give her the idea of putting poison into his goblet. There he is! He is going to drink from the cup.

"But wait. He is pausing. Could he suspect? He always knew when someone was against him. Could he know that it is I? He is looking at me as if he can see my ghost! He is smiling as he sets down the goblet and leaves the room. I hear him in the other room talking to our daughter. He is telling her that she is so special that he will allow her to drink from his cup.

"He knows! He knows what I have planned. He can see me even though I am dead and he is sending our daughter to her death just to spite me.

"I watch in horror as Nephrite enters the room and walks toward the poisoned drink. What can I do? Who can I call to help me? My daughter cannot see me. Since my death I have come to her many times in her sleep and have tried to tell her about the High Priest, but she will not hear. She loves him like I did when I was young, before the evil overtook my heart and robbed me of the ability to love. She is as foolish as I was and will meet the same end.

"I must call someone. I cannot call on the forces of Set as they are the cause of this. I must call on the other side. I must call upon the Light. But, could the light hear my voice? I have turned to the darkness and become as wicked as my father. I have totally given my Soul over to the forces of darkness in the name of-what? It certainly was not Love.

*Shature pulled herself from the trap of Nubnoset's consciousness and saw a small ray of light enter the darkness of their Hell. This was her chance. Nubnoset did love someone. She loved her daughter and was trying to turn towards the light to save her. Maybe now Shature could maintain an observer-consciousness long enough to serve as Nubnoset's guide. Shature pulled the Violet Fire around her and tried to remember her childhood as Nubnoset.*

*Had she ever believed in Spirit? She then remembered Nubnoset as a young woman sitting upon her mother's deathbed. Nubnoset's mother had believed in the Violet Fire and had given her a cartouche with the name of Archangel Zadkiel engraved upon it in hieroglyphics. Her mother had told her that the Archangel Zadkiel was the guardian of the Violet Fire and she should call upon him for protection. Shature whispered to Nubnoset to remember her mother.*

*Suddenly, the name Zadkiel came into Nubnoset's mind and she seemed to awaken to her bleak environment for the first time.*

*"Where am I?" she asked Shature whom she could now see.*

*"You are dead; Nubnoset and you are in the lower Astral Plane. Some have called this place Hell."*

*"Yes, I have come here at my death because of the corrupt life that I have lived."*

*"And," continued Shature "because you have wished ill upon the living. But, you have remembered love, love of your daughter, and have called upon the forces of Light to assist you in saving her. I am Shature and I am here to answer your call. Do you remember Archangel Zadkiel?"*

*"Zadkiel, yes, The Order of Zadkiel, and the Temple of the Violet Fire. I had a small cartouche that my mother had given me at her death. She told me that it had been passed down from mother to child since the time of Atlantis. I was to hold it and to call to the images with my mind when I was afraid. But, I knew my father wouldn't approve. I loved him more than my mother so I put the cartouche away in my drawer and soon forgot it. Do you think that I could call to it now after serving the darkness for most of my life?"*

*"It is never too late to remember the light," comforted Shature.*

*"But I no longer have a voice. I no longer have a body. And I fear that I no longer have a Soul. I gave them all away because I wanted my father to love me. Do I care now for his love? He has forsaken me even after my death. Now I must save my daughter or she shall meet the same fate. All I care for is the life of my child. I must call upon the Violet Fire. But how?"*

*"Do you remember how your mother called the Violet Fire? She tried to teach you."*

*"But, I wouldn't listen," continued Nubnoset. "It was something about consecration of every portion of yourself. But, I cannot remember now and I must hurry to save my daughter."*

*"Nubnoset," Shature spoke gently. "There is no hurry because you are no longer bound by Earth time."*

*"Yes," spoke Nubnoset in a moment of sadness. "I am dead. I have wasted my life by giving it to another. I will not allow my daughter to waste hers. I cannot!"*

*"Then say the words of consecration with me. I will help you," spoke Shature.*

*"Beloved Archangel Zadkiel, I call upon you to consecrate me in the Forces of Light."*

*Nubnoset repeated the words and then her dark eyes registered light. "I remember, I remember the dedication. I will say it with you." Together, they finished the decree.*

*"I consecrate the energies of my lifestream as it flows from the heart of the Sun!*

*"I consecrate my physical body, my emotional body, my mental body, and my etheric body to the service of the Violet Fire!*

*"I consecrate my eyes to see only the Light.*

"I consecrate my ears to hear only the sound of the One and the still small voice of the Presence!

"I consecrate my mouth to speak only with the tongues of Angels!

"I consecrate my mind that it may receive the clear and direct consciousness of the Higher Self.

"I consecrate my hands that they may heal and my feet that they may walk upon the Path of Light.

"Take this form, every cell and atom, and consecrate it to the service of the Light.

"Blaze, Blaze, Blaze the Violet Fire!  
Transmuting ALL shadow into  
LIGHT, LIGHT, LIGHT!"

*All was still.*

*They watched the physical plane below where Nephrite paused as if she had heard the decree. Then, the room began to shake and the table holding the goblet tipped and the goblet fell to the floor, spilling the contents.*

*The Light had saved her!*

*But wait, Nephrite was dabbing up the poisoned wine with the hem of her gown and touching it to her lips.*

*"NO! NO! NO!" called Nubnoset. "Archangel Zadkiel, you must stop her!"*

*"She will not die," resonated the powerful and melodious voice of Zadkiel.*

*A ray of Violet Light streaked through the darkness as Zadkiel spoke. But when the light faded the blackness returned and Shature was again pulled inside the consciousness of Nubnoset. The distant voice of her Guide was the only thread of light that connected Shature to her fifth dimensional self.*

*"Speak to me," he called to her.*

*"I am still in the lower Astral Plane," spoke Shature from deep within the consciousness of Nubnoset. "It has been three Earth days since my daughter touched the poisoned liquid to her lips. I fear that she will die after all. No, she has died! Here she is. She can see me now."*

*"No, Mother, I am not yet dead, but I linger so close to death that I can now see your form. I must know. How did I get so ill? Is it from the wine? Were you trying to kill me, as Father has said?"*

*"No, my daughter, I tried to poison him, but his will was too strong. Why would I poison you with his goblet? Somehow he knew my plan and sent you to drink from his cup to punish me. I do not condone what I have done. I wanted to murder him because I could not face my own darkness. I had to blame my evil choices on him. But all of my actions were my own. Please, dear daughter, do not make the same mistakes that I have.*

*"I called upon the forces of the Light to assist you when you went to drink of the goblet. That is why the room shook and the goblet fell to the ground. Archangel Zadkiel has told me that you will not die. I must believe his words. The faith that I could not have for myself I vow to have for you.*

*"Dear Nephrite, I beg you. Do not allow him to corrupt you. My mother tried to warn me just as I am warning you, but I would not listen to her. When you awaken, and I know you will, go to the top drawer of my red dresser. Inside there is a small cartouche that my mother gave to me. Wear it my dear and it will protect you."*

*The image of her daughter began to fade because her body was calling her back. Nephrite would not die.*

*"You will have the strength, my daughter, that I did not," Nubnoset called to Nephrite's fading form. "You **will** be able to say no to him. I was not!"*

The last vision of Nephrite was gone and Nubnoset was left alone in the lower Astral Plane. Even her connection to Shature was forgotten. Shature had gone so deeply into Nubnoset's consciousness to assist her with saving Nephrite that Shature had become lost in the caverns of Nubnoset's tortured mind. Nubnoset heard a voice calling from deep within her unconscious, "Shature, Shature!" but she did not recognize the voice or the name. The darkness of her environment had separated her from Shature and from Shature's Guide. Nubnoset was alone. She was abandoned to the darkness in her death just as she had been in her life. Abandonment, yes that is what her father had threatened over and over again to coerce her into doing his will. Now, finally, she had stood up to him-from the other side of the grave.

A memory came to her of how her father had locked her in a small, dark room until she had agreed to do anything just so that he would release her. The total darkness of the small, foul-smelling room had always terrified her. Every time she was locked inside the room she tried to confront her fear and to relax into the darkness, but it reminded her of the wicked things that were done to her and that

she had done to others. She realized now that it was not just the fear that had made her beg him to release her, it was the guilt and shame as well.

Now, once again, Nubnoset was in darkness. Her greatest fears in life had become her reality in death. Was this to be her punishment for the evil life that she had lived? Was she to exist eternally alone in the deepest darkness? Alone, with only her fear and shame to remind her of what she had done. Unlike the dark room of her childhood, there were no walls here -- only an infinity of nothingness. But, she had made her choices. Her mother had not followed her father's ways. It had cost her mother her health, but at least she had her Soul. Nubnoset knew that she deserved this death to atone for all the suffering she had caused in her life.

But wait, was that a small glimmer of light off to her right? No, it was merely her imagination. Then she heard a voice. It was the same voice who had called the name Shature earlier.

"If you can imagine the Light, then you can choose it." Nubnoset did not understand the meaning of these words, but they did prompt her to look to the light again. It seemed somewhat brighter, but it flickered on and off with the surges of fear that engulfed her. In fact, there appeared to be a connection. When she gave into her fear, the light grew dim or and even disappeared completely. But, when she summoned the courage to face her fear and the deep guilt and shame beneath it, the light grew brighter. The fear seemed to control the Light.

She wondered if, inversely, the Light could control the fear. If she chose to focus only on the light would the fear diminish? Deep in her mind there was a warm chuckle from the unknown voice. The warmth of the voice amplified the light, which made it easier to find in the clawing darkness. She focused on the light more intently now and found that, as she did so, the fear faded. Could she choose to see only the light? Could the light distract her from her fear and anger-anger at her father and anger at herself? Yes, she was angry with herself. She knew now that she had always blamed herself for giving into her father. But, could she have stopped him?

No, she had been a child. She had no strength against her powerful father. Had there been a small speck of light inside that room, or inside herself that she could not see because she was afraid? But, of course, she was afraid. How could she judge herself for that? She had been a child and she was no match for her father. He manipulated her with the dark room and with his dark mind. He always knew just what to say and how to say it so that she would believe him. He even made her believe that her mother did not love her and that he was the only parent who cared for her!

Nubnoset knew that she would have to forgive that child, forgive herself, for giving into the power of her father. With that thought she felt a warm glow arise within her ethereal body. The glow felt almost like love, but she wasn't sure. She had not had much experience with love. She felt love from her mother when she had given her the cartouche and she had felt it from her daughter/sister when she was born. But, she had never felt it from a man. She had felt only fear and hatred from them. No-wait-somewhere deep in her memory a flash ignited. A face appeared in her mind, the long forgotten face of a young man.

Deep sadness and regret filled her as she envisioned him. Her ghostly form shivered with agony and regret. He was the only man who had ever loved her. She had forgotten him because the sorrow and guilt of his memory were too great. He had tried to save her, but her father had found out about them. She remembered the scene as she relived it. She was only fifteen years old. Her lover was one of the young soldiers who were assigned to guard the halls of the temple where her mother lived. Her mother was still alive then, although she was always ill. Some said it was because of her father's Black Magic.

Nubnoset relived how she had met her young man while he was guarding her mother's door and how they had taken the risk of looking into each other's eyes. Normally, the guards were like statues and were never noticed. However, as she passed him, she felt a pull so strong that she could not resist turning her head. He looked familiar even though she knew that she had never seen him. In fact, as she relived the moment, she realized that he had "felt" familiar. As she looked into his eyes, she felt a pull at her heart and she heard the name, Lamire. But, as she learned later, that was not his name nor was it anyone that he knew. But now, the name alone brought such a glow to her heart that the dim light before her beamed stronger and stronger.

"Shature, Shature!" she heard again in her mind. But, the name still meant nothing to her. The only thing that was familiar was the "feel" of her one true love and the name, Lamire. She had never known what had happened to her lover. Her father had found them where they secretly met in the garden. She was taken away from him and put in her dark room until she begged to be released. Nubnoset hoped they had simply killed him and not used him for their evil purposes. She knew that her father could make him call for death, beg for death. It was the vision of what they might be doing to him that haunted her as she was trapped in the darkness.

"Release him and I will be your servant," she begged.

But her father knew better than to allow her to make a decision based on love. He left her in her deepest fear and guilt until she forgot her lover, forgot Love! She never knew how long she had been locked away. When finally they released her, she was taken into deep caves of the Temple of Set where the light of day had never shown.



She must return to those caves again for within them was hidden her Soul-but how?

"Follow the Light," she heard the voice that had been calling for someone named Shature. It was now becoming familiar. She looked towards the light and as she did so, she saw that it was moving away from her.

"No," she cried. "Do not leave me." She moved towards the speck of light and it grew stronger, but still it moved away from her.

"Am I being abandoned again?" she cried.

The light dimmed as she allowed the old fear to come forward.

"I choose the Light," she called. "Do not leave me. I will not allow the darkness to overtake me again."

The light grew stronger in response to her words and began to move more swiftly.

"The Light is not leaving you. It is guiding you," spoke the voice.

The Light grew brighter and brighter as she followed it, but it was always just beyond her reach. Then she saw a cave. But wait, the cave was the Cave of Set where she had practiced Black Magic and much worse. The light stopped just within its entrance beckoning her to join it.

"I can't go in there again. It is filled with darkness. But, as she spoke, the light grew brighter and sent a tentacle of itself into the mouth of the cave. It wanted her to enter the cave, to enter her fears and her own darkness that was hidden there.

"I do not want to blame my darkness on another!" She spoke to the impersonal light. "I will no longer blame my father for my own behavior. I could have resisted him like my mother did. In the end, I died just as she did."

"You needed to learn about your own darkness," spoke the familiar voice that now seemed to be inside of her. This voice seemed to be guiding her. Had she known it before?

"You must now learn to view that darkness not as an enemy with whom you must do battle, but as a component of yourself that is always present in the lower worlds. Light and dark are not just 'good' and 'bad' as they are experienced in the lower worlds."

The voice was clear now. Yes, she had known it before, but when? She certainly had not known it in her life as Nubnoset. The voice continued and disrupted Nubnoset's thoughts.

"Darkness and light are only opposite extremes on a spectrum. Light represents unity and darkness represents separation. If you deny your darkness in order to know only your light, you allow one portion of yourself to become 'unconscious' to your total awareness."

"I have definitely not denied my darkness. Now I wish to acknowledge my light."

"Then you must take this light into the cave and unify it with your darkness."

"Will that heal the life I have just lived?"

"It will help."

"Then, I will enter the cave. I don't ever want to have another life like the one I have just experienced."

"Yes, that is a wise decision," spoke the voice. "However, it is a dangerous one. Once you have gone deep into your own darkness, you can easily forget your light. That is what happened in the life that you have just lived. You must first surround yourself with the light that awaits you at the entrance to the cave. It is your own light that you felt when you remembered your lover.

"When you step down into the caves of your psyche, take with you an amethyst crystal in your right hand and a clear crystal in your left hand." A crystal materialized in each hand. "These crystals will protect you and help you hold your light during your journey. Also, use the Violet Fire in the manner that you used it to save your daughter. Remember that your only true enemy is the enemy within that you are not aware of. With your crystals and the Violet Fire, begin your journey NOW."

Nubnoset stepped warily into the dark regions of the cave. She tenaciously held the crystals and constantly chanted for the protection of the Violet Fire. The cave was in total darkness and the only light was her own. At the entrance of the cave she had felt strong enough to make this journey, but now fear was eroding away at her courage. She could not see where she was going or where she had been. She was a small island of light lost in the deepest recesses of darkness.

Then, memories came to her mind, memories of lives other than the one she had just left. Lives in which she had done to others what her father had done to her. She had kept these lives as a secret from herself to avoid the shame and guilt that they held and she had created dungeons in her mind to hold them. Now Nubnoset saw the threshold to this dungeon mirrored before her. On the other

side of that threshold she knew was every life which she had just remembered, every life that she had just felt. Nubnoset sank back in horror, her light dimmed.

"Shature, Shature," called the voice that had been guiding her. Who was Shature and why was the voice calling for her? Had she know this voice before? Was it calling her Shature?

"Yes," replied the voice. "It is you I call. YOU are Shature."

"No," she argued, "I am Nubnoset, or at least I was Nubnoset."

But, she was not sure who she was now. Since entering the cave, she realized that she had been many people in many different lifetimes. Perhaps she had once been the person called Shature. No, wait, she remembered now. Shature had been the name of the one who had helped her save her daughter. And the voice, yes, it was familiar as well. A brief picture crossed her mind of a circular room with a domed ceiling.

"Shature," the voice called again.

Yes, it felt like her name. The voice felt loving and so did the circular room. She wanted to trust the voice and believe that somehow it was calling the wise woman who had helped her. Perhaps that wise woman, Shature, WAS a part of her. Since she had had so many lives filled with darkness, then she must have also had lives in which she developed her light. But how could she be Nubnoset and also be Shature at the same time?

"I am a higher vibration of you," spoke Shature who was freed from the depths of Nubnoset's unconsciousness by her Guide's call and by Nubnoset's awareness of her. "I have come into you from another dimension so that I may guide you. The voice you have heard is my Guide."

Deep within her heart Nubnoset felt Shature's love, but shame for the life she had just lived did not allow her to accept that love.

"I know that it is difficult for you to feel your Higher Self when you have just left a life so filled with darkness," continued Shature in a gentle, caring voice. "Because of the life you have just lived you forgot that there was guidance upon which you could depend. But you forgot because you were so alone in that life that you could not believe that someone cared for you. Even I became lost in you-just as you were lost. But because you remembered love and followed the light, I have awakened in you. Now I can assist you in balancing your darkness with your light.

"Feel me within you as we enter the dungeon. Allow my power, my wisdom, and my love to be yours. Feel me within you as I speak through you."

Nubnoset did not understand all that Shature told her, but she could feel a wisdom, a power and a love inside of her that had never been present before. Nubnoset, with Shature awakened within her, bravely stepped across the threshold of her dungeon. Before her was a long hallway with rows of cells on either side. The scent of decay was nauseating.

The vision of horror made her want to shield her eyes and the sounds of agony threatened to dim her light. She clung to the feeling of this other, wiser portion of herself inside of her. Nubnoset held the crystals firmly in her hands, called upon the Violet Fire one more time, and entered the first cell.

Within this cell was a Wizard who had created a monster, simply because he could. He wanted to test his power of creation and, since he believed he was separate from all life, it did not occur to him that this monster might prey on others. In the end, it preyed upon him and caused his death. The monster and its creator had been locked in mortal combat ever since. Nubnoset shone the Violet Light into the cell. She walked through the bars, knowing that they were just an illusion. The monster and the wizard turned and, for one brief moment, ceased their endless battle.

"Who are you?" they asked together.

"I am the sum total of all that I have been," spoke Shature through the astral form of Nubnoset. "I have come here now to claim you as a portion of myself."

"Why would we wish to join you?" they sneered.

"You have no choice. I am you and you are me. I now step into you and embrace you with my Light. I neither judge you nor fear you. When I was a child, I spoke as a child and acted as a child. Now I am of the ONE and I embrace the children of my Soul. "The Light of my total Self now fills this cell!"

With these words, the monster and the Wizard were transformed into pure creation and creator.

Nubnoset, with Shature as her inner guide, then moved through each cell shining the Violet Fire and embracing the darkness with the light. There was a Priestess of the Darkness from ancient India and an evil witch in early England. There were vicious warriors who cared only for the blood of others, and glory for themselves, and cruel, brutal men who turned their women into slaves to be used for their service and pleasure. There were manipulative women who pulled men into their web like a black widow spider and used their seductive power to harm others.

All of these, and more, were absorbed into the Light.

Down and down the rows of cells walked Nubnoset with Shature radiating from within her until all the cells were absorbed and transmuted by the light. The dungeon was empty now and Nubnoset had to transform it as well.

"I must now clear this dungeon with my Light," Shature and Nubnoset now spoke as one voice. "I must own this dungeon as my own by taking responsibility for its creation. As I stand in the center of this dungeon of my Soul-I NOW forgive myself. I was learning to be a creator and I created separation and limitation. I then abandoned my creations and sent them to this prison deep within myself. I NOW am beyond the time and space of separation and I NOW stand in the center of this dungeon and project my light into each crevice and corner to clear all the density of fear, greed, and selfishness.

"I shall return, again and again, to transmute the accumulation of my own secret darkness and absorb it into my Light.

*"Blaze, Blaze, the Violet Fire*

*Transmuting ALL shadow into*

*LIGHT, LIGHT, LIGHT!"*

*Nubnoset stepped from the cave and took one last look at the life she had left. Below her Nephrite was opening the top drawer of the red dresser and pulling out a cartouche made of a metal she had never seen. She held it by its long chain up to a ray of early morning light that entered a room once filled with darkness. A violet light flashed before the girl's eyes and illumined her face. Nephrite smiled and pulled the chain over her head. The cartouche hid beneath her gown and rested upon her heart. The room was suddenly filled with brightness. Had more sun entered the room or was that the light of Nubnoset's daughter.*



## *THE POWER*

There is a power coming down  
into every cell and atom  
that will lead me to a life  
which I now can only fathom.

This power is all mine,  
but I often doubt that fact.  
It's of a me I can't recall  
though I know there was a pact.

A pact between my Higher Self  
and the one I know as me  
to keep my faith, hold the Light,  
and be all I can be.

There is a feeling deep inside  
that fills me up with love.  
It rises from the Mother  
and descends from up above.

This feeling courses through me  
and prepares me for the Power  
that's waiting for expression  
like the blooming of a flower.

Oh, how can I contain it  
and what will I create?  
Will I birth all that I care for  
or that which I berate?

For judgments that I give  
are judgments I receive  
and that which I do run from,  
first I must conceive.

I must rise above my judgment,  
question, fear, and pain  
to remember all I've learned  
so WISDOM I can gain.

"Hello again," I'll say with LOVE  
when pain comes in my life  
"You'll have to leave, you cannot stay  
I'm through with pain and strife."

For first in my creation  
is peace of mind and heart.  
It's from this firm foundation  
that my new life now will start.

A new life filled with wonders  
I dared not want before,  
a life that's filled with power  
resounding from my core.

I know that what I must release  
is a tiny price to pay  
to clear my life and make a space  
so the POWER then can stay.

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