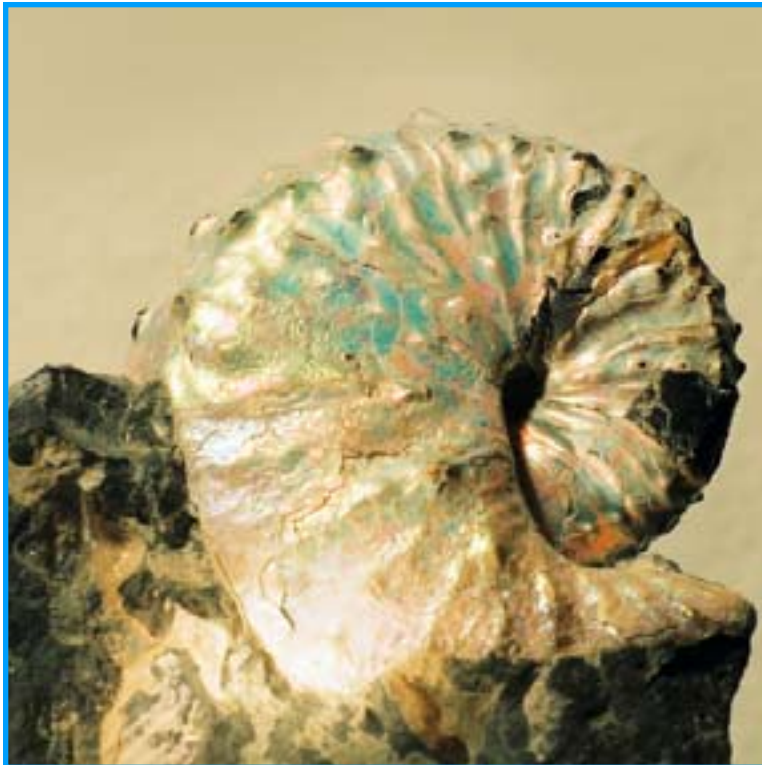


— SECTION EIGHT —





## The Gateway and Ascension Chakras

The Gateway Chakras are not new. They have always existed within the Chakra System, but the information that is transmitted through them is usually deposited in the unconscious. As the New Light vibration and the New Time frequency begins to filter into the Mass Consciousness these chakras will transmit information in a more coherent and conscious process for all who embrace the New Light and the New Time and begin the Ascension Process. The first rarified chakra is called “The Golden Crown.” This chakra is just above the Crown Chakra center and contains the Akashic Records of the Soul’s incarnations. Above the Golden Crown is the “Causal Chakra.” This important Vortex lies at the outer edge of the aura and in companionship with the Assemblage Point and the Heart Chakra regulates the flow of energy from the Soul Star Chakra to the body. Contained within it is the Higher Self, a more pure expression of the Soul’s energy, which communicates directly from the Soul a deep knowledge of right action in every situation. The Higher Self is often the first part of the Soul’s expression that begins communication through dreams or through expanded elements of intuition. Above the Causal Chakra is the Soul Star Chakra. Access to the Soul Star Chakra increases direct contact with the Soul and the communication of the Soul’s Intent is enhanced. Above the Soul Star Chakra is the Stellar Gateway, which is often depicted as a tunnel of Pure Light or a Portal that connects the Soul to the Divine Source. The Stellar Gateway Portal resonates to the Coherent Light Color Ray of highly polished silver. The fields of influence that are facilitating conscious access of the Ascension Chakras and the transmutation for Earth and Her Life forms from 1999-2012 are the Black Hole in the Center of the Milky Way Galaxy and the Zero Point Field in Quantum physics.

# From The Holy Bible

The Book of Genesis Chapter 3, verses 22-24.

*And the Lord God said, Behold,  
the man is become as one of us, to know  
good and evil: and now, lest he put forth  
His hand, and take also of the tree of life,  
and eat and live forever:*

*Therefore the Lord God sent him  
forth from the Garden of Eden, to till the  
ground from whence he was taken*

*So He drove out man; and He  
placed at the east of the Garden of Eden  
Cherubims, and a flaming sword  
which turned every way, to keep the way  
of the tree of life.*

# The Book of Revelations

Chapter 22 verses 1-2

*And he shewed me a pure river of  
water of life, clear as crystal  
proceeding out of the throne of God and of  
the Lamb*

*In the midst of the street of it, and on  
either side of the river, was there the Tree  
of Life, which bare twelve manner of  
fruits, and yielded her fruit every month:  
and the leaves of the Tree were for the  
healing of the nations.*

# Reemphasis of Two of Maia's Readings

December 1998

*I see you are gliding on ice and all the colors of the rainbow abound. You are with another. Twirling together-seeing through one another's eyes.*

Maia suddenly stopped and began to cry; tears flowing down her cheeks first drop-by-drop, then trickle-by-trickle, a stream, a river, and a flood of tears. A momentary look of panic crossed her face. She eventually composed herself and looked deeper into the Rorschach swirls in the bottom of my (Nance's) cup.

*Yes, you can glide on the ice. You are O.K. My Nance is O.K. You glide. An awakening. Beautiful, beautiful. A Light of rarified beauty awakens you and the other. A butterfly and the number 3. A clearing of all chakras, a radiant and permanent energy. You are healed, whole. You are purposeful and resonant with the Light that is emerging. A purpose, something so wonderful you cannot imagine it now. Your Soul holds the image; the Soul is the image. You and the other are the energy of a chakra. You and the other live the life of the chakra. Cleansed, beautiful, perfect.*

January 30, 1999

*I see a huge gold key attached with a silver thread. Moving horizontally. Blue sky, tremendous light, and white clouds. A white door. Key goes in and turns the lock. The door opens into a beautiful room. Wooden polished floors and lots of windows. A white casket. Nance is in it. Then another room, Nance with another. Love is everywhere. Nance ascending with another. Brilliant Light. All doors are open. I see you (Nance) surrounded by Light, like a beautiful angel. The key moves so swiftly up and takes you with it toward Enlightenment.*



. – CHAPTER 29 –

The Zero Point and the  
Pyramid and the Stone

NANCE

Why are humans given the questionable gift of knowing we will die? I realized that as consciousness was evolving on Earth other animals besides the elephant recognized the solemnity of death. My own cats had illuminated that fact for me when they observed in their own evolved cat-like ways Jessy-cat's passing. And yet I still felt that only the human animal knew from the moment of conscious awareness that each day brought death closer.

I thought these thoughts the night of September 10th of 2001 as I felt an insidious Movement begin to bubble up from the incredible Stillness of the past few days. My thoughts in retrospect were timely. I could not sleep. Neither could Frank or Maia. I spoke to Maia first. She felt a terrible foreboding. I reminded her of the Light that she had witnessed only a few weeks before and I reminded her it was to us and millions like us to see the healing despite what might defy that Sacred Sight.

She said, "I know. I have always lived in the Light and now I have seen the Light in which I have always lived. You are right. I will see it now. Perhaps now is really the reason I was blessed with the experience at our Portal."

She called it "our Portal," but I didn't remind her that it wasn't ours. The Portal belonged to the world.

She asked with almost a whisper, "Nance, do you really think the last World War will begin next week? I only ask because I have never felt so much darkness in my life."

My answer was the only the answer I had, “Maia, see the healing. That is all we need to do. That is all we need to know.”

Frank called me near midnight at almost the exact moment I heard not a conch shell or a drumming from the part of the Heart Portal in my backyard, but rather a barely audible chant of what seemed like a million human voices. He said he had heard a loud booming sound from the Maya Yuga Portal as well. As we talked we both walked toward the Portals. I could smell the earthy aroma of the Heart Portal. The aroma of roses and lavender, the Heart Portal aroma, was very strong. I could see even the dark sparkles of multihued iridescent Light on the ground. I could barely hear what I would later call “the species chant.” Frank followed the trail of iridescent blue light to the Maya Yuga Portal.

He said, “The aroma is so intense and so wonderful here. I wish we could describe it.”

The only description I had is that the Maya Yuga Portal’s aroma is the aroma I imagined God would have.

“Nance, the sound it so different here tonight. I can hear a faint wind. It is so strange. It isn’t coming from the Portal; it is being pulled into it. I don’t know what it means but for some reason I think that is a good sign,” he said with some reverence.

We were silent and didn’t speak openly of the darkness we felt approaching. I finally said with some much needed levity, “Well, Paul will have two more sounds to add to his description of Cosmic flatulence.”

We both laughed at Paul’s joke of the Portal sounds and then we became very serious.

Frank said, “I don’t think we are going to sleep tonight. Let’s hold the Stillness and pray Peace.”

We stayed on the phone for over an hour and prayed peace and held the healing where it already existed in our hearts and in our minds.

Neither Frank, Maia, nor I fell asleep until about 7 o’clock on the morning of September 11th. At 8:10 by my clock, I awakened from a terrible dream.

*I heard a voice say that the king without a country and the country without a king had begun to manifest a prophesy. I saw the image of Osama bin Laden rise out of the Vision Quest deep dark pool of the world. He was wearing a white robe and a blue turban. I could see someone behind him hidden in shadows.*

*Osama bin Laden said simply and quietly (I thought almost with sadness), “It has begun.”*

*I then saw massive clouds of dark and light begin to clash all over the world. I heard and saw terrible explosions and destruction everywhere.*

I turned on the television. Nothing was being reported. I thought with some relief that if anything was about to happen it wouldn’t until next week, but I couldn’t shake the feeling that something had already happened. Maia awakened at 8 A.M as well and saw in her early morning coffee cup a great Darkness engulfing the world. She saw also a Divine Light, the same Light she had seen on August 25th, healing and eventually transforming that Darkness. I turned off the television and tried to go back to sleep. My mother called me at 9 a.m. with the terrible news. I joined the world in watching the unthinkable.

During the morning hours of that defining day, Frank remained asleep and dreamed in the Transmission of swirling lights that something important had been mitigated. He said he awakened from that Transmission at about 10:20 but had fallen back asleep.

While Frank and I had been forewarned that the Purification Path would be defined in September and could not be avoided and had shared our information with Maia, none of us were prepared for what occurred. We joined the world that day in shock and in great sadness. The sadness became even more palpable for us when we learned more about Flight 93. On that fateful morning of September 11, the already hijacked Flight 93 passed over the air space of the Pittsburgh Chakra System, which had already become a single Point of Light among twelve on the Crown of Venus. A Convergent Point occurred; a decision was made in a matter of moments; and the passengers of Flight 93 entered Planetary Guardianship. As the plane bridged into the Somerset Chakra System, the decision made was executed within the Power Chakra of that system. When Flight 93 crashed into a field near Shanksville at 10:06 that fateful morning, an important mitigation occurred, the first mitigation on the Path of Purification. Their selfless act changed the fate of the entire world because that hijacked plane was headed toward the United States Congress.

The crash occurred in the same Earth Chakra system that contains both Fallingwater and Seven Springs. Later in the week as newscasts showed some of the faces of those brave Planetary Guardians, our grief became more poignant. The faces shown had appeared years before in 1996 within the crystal waters of a Crystal River in the Vision Quest Garden. Our sadness deepened as we realized we had lost members of our particular soul family. We were comforted by the fact that death is not an end, but a transition. And we were comforted by the knowledge that the passengers on Flight 93 had manifested their Souls' Intents with bravery and selfless courage.

Most of us will not be required to make such drastic choices, but all of us will be required to meet one Convergent Point after another in the coming years. The choices made at those points by governments, leaders, and ordinary people will determine how difficult the coming years will be for our species. The choices made will determine whether or not all of us will be prepared to make the ultimate choice when the Transformation Point is presented to our species.

During the week of September 17-21, the Planetary Convergent Point arrived. The inevitable event happened. A decision was made by the United States of America in response to the terrible events of September 11 that placed the entire world in a New War that would first be fought within the Shadows of the Human Soul. The world of the Mass Consciousness entered the Path of Purification during that week. The Stasis Path closed. Nothing would ever be the same again. The Light and the Dark that defines reality in Third Density Light polarized. The war in the heavens began to be fought on Earth. We knew from Transmissions that over the next three years the Polarization Process would squeeze and push the remaining energies that need healing in our hearts and in our world to the surface for all to see and experience. The Darkness would be uncoiled, and there would be nowhere on this planet for it to hide. Not in our nations, not in our leaders, not in our individual lives or in our hearts.

The long periods of seeming quiet between battles or assaults will provide our species with the experience of Stillness. Integration of Stillness is a crucial and necessary process in

the Transformation that is occurring. This is the last generation. The time is NOW. Everyone must make a choice. This choice is not what side to take in the ongoing battle between the Light and the Dark, although that choice may need to be made first by many. The ultimate choice is which Path to take. There are only two. The Destruction Path leads to an extinction event. The Creation Path leads to Transformation. Both are present and literal in our world. A New Light vibration and New Time frequency is preparing the planet and Her life forms for an evolutionary event that will affect not only us, but also the entire universe. As the spiritual war in the Heavens rages physically on the Earth, the battles will be waged in visible and invisible ways. Terror will be unleashed through the four elements that define Third Density Light. Darkness will attack from the air, from the ground, from the water, and from fire. The current conflict is primarily a spiritual conflict. Only spirit can heal spirit. An element of rarified Light and a frequency of a more Universal Time has arrived to illuminate the place where our healing already existed. Frank reminded both Maia and me that The New Light and the New Time is the spiritual resonance divinely provided for the last Time of the End Times.

## MAIA

Frank helped to keep Nance and I focused on the healing during those dark months at the end of 2001. The Spiritual Warrior that I had seen in my cup in 1998 had come into his own. I marveled at his quiet strength, his unconditional love, and his ability to completely focus on the Work at hand. And there was plenty of Work to be done. In fact, the real Work and the difficult Work had just begun. It is easy to see the healing when everything validates that sight. The real Work is to see it when almost nothing validates it.

In October I clearly remember Frank's sagely words when I was particularly sad. He said, "The Mojo Women are already busy pulling the weeds in the Mass Consciousness so that the seeds for our Collective Transformation will have fertile and unencumbered ground in which to prosper. You can be sure they are using only the karma that already exists to clear the space! For those bridging into Fourth Density Light, an Ultra feminine Violet Ray of Light is already illuminating the Galactic Creation Path to open the heart, to facilitate Soulbraiding, and to reveal the Gestalt, the Coherent Whole of the Process that is unfolding. That Gestalt will be illuminated completely by the Light you saw in August, Maia. The Divine will enable us individually and as a species to abandon the time consuming and futile process of arranging and rearranging the sum of the parts in a desperate attempt to discern meaning. You must trust with all of your heart that the Divine is awakening us to the recognition of a new dispensation that insists on the choice for healing."

He continued, "There are no Messiahs among us, yet. The Messiah arrives if He must after the Transit Point is offered. He will come only if needed to offer once more a chance to those who refused to relinquish the ways that define the suffering, loss, and death. It is for each of us individually and all of us as a species to do the Work now and to make the choices that will result in Transformation. Those few masters who do walk among us are not moved to enter into the struggles that are defining this moment in human history. They have come to observe, and through their Divine Act of Seeing, they intricately define the observed and illuminate the

choices that lead to the Transformation. It is our Soul's Intent for us to become a part of that Mastery. It has already resulted in an exacting memory of who we are and why we came to Earth. We came to collect the energies of Soul that had been attached to the past, the future, the above and the below. We came to bring those energies into the Now for healing and for Transformation. We came to utilize the energy of that fullness to walk the Galactic Creation Path on Earth in the only place where it could be done for us. We came to open a Portal that illuminates the Universal Path of Transformation and transmits healing to all who choose to receive it. We came to do something critically important for our time. We came as agents of the Divine. The energy work of our journey is important; we are not. Contained within it is the microcosm of the journey of the Human Soul. Contained within it is the way to the healing. Our response to this Time will afford us the opportunity for our continued awakening. The energy of that awakening will also become a microcosm within the macrocosm of the Human Soul of which we are, by Divine Design, a part."

When Frank, a man of few words, spoke, he spoke volumes! And he reminded us that the immediate Work was to get the first version of this book published. To my husband's chagrin I delayed our trip back to Florida to help Nance and Frank in that process as best I could. Besides, I didn't want to leave Pittsburgh at all. I wanted to stay close to them and to the beloved Portal. I visited it often that autumn and marveled at the iridescent blue light that sparkled on the ground and at the heavenly aroma emitted by the Stone.

The autumn was busy. Nance and Frank set up a publishing company, signed contracts for the development of a website, and signed contracts for the book's preparation and publication. They didn't have a cent to pay for any of it. But they knew that they were completing an important Soul Intent and that somehow the money would be provided. I proofread the manuscript and worried just a little about how they were going to pay for the publication of three thousand books, the initial limited authors' edition. Realizing that Seeing Is a Sacred Act, I quit doing cup readings after September 11th for others. However, I still did one a day for myself. Occasionally I saw Frank and Nance in the cup and I knew that they would receive what they needed. The purity of their intent assured it. Others weren't so optimistic. Someone even suggested that they sell some of their crystals to finance the book's publication.

Paul, who denied any reverence for the Divine Process, quipped with quite a bit of reverence, "Well, that would be like tricking out the Virgin Mary, wouldn't it?"

I really laughed at that one and I laughed with real joy two weeks later. On that day a stroke of real luck was bestowed upon them. That luck provided them with exactly the money they needed for the publication and related costs of the first volume of this book, minus the taxes. We all laughed at that. For some reason God didn't recognize that taxes had to be paid. But Frank and Nance did. So they financed the remaining amount needed on their new business credit card. This was not the first nor was it the last time that the abundance of the Universe provided for their needs. I see often in my cup that they will someday have a great deal of money. I don't know how that will occur but I do know that they will not spend it on lavish things. I know that they will set up a foundation to support the healing work of others and to accomplish a Soul Intent planted in October of 2002. I have learned so much from them but one thing that they have demonstrated with clarity is that the Universe is an abundant place. They always receive what they need, they always share with others what they receive, and they

never use the money that comes to them to support a lavish life style. They live simply and don't mind that a bit. In fact, they wouldn't do otherwise, no matter what.

I stayed in Pittsburgh until January 2002 and was with them when the book was released. I helped them with the presentation of the book that was attended by many more people than they had expected to attend. Not bad, for having no advanced publicity! By July not a single copy of the limited edition was left for sale. I left for Florida in late January but not before one last visit to the Portal. George took me there and we took pictures of the Vortex, the Evergreen trees, and the Portal. When I arrived back in Florida I was saddened but not really surprised that all of the pictures of the Portal were blank. The other pictures came out fine.

Over the next ten months I talked often with Nance and Frank. I saw them often in my cup. I visited the Portal in my dreams, meditations, and in my daily thoughts. I held the Stillness with them whenever it arose from what they called "the empty spaces."

## FRANK

The year of 2002 was for us a year composed mostly of Stillness. Despite the fact that we did nine book presentations and began a new phase of Work in our healing practice, so many days of that year were held in Stillness. In fact, I now think that the original version of this book went out into the world in that year of Stillness not just to illuminate the Galactic Creation Path but also to incubate in the place where our journey had taken place and to be purified there. Certainly our journey in 2002 and 2003 changed the emphasis of the original book. While the story of our journey remained essentially the same, some aspects were relegated to the empty spaces because they were no longer important. Other aspects of our journey that had been in the empty spaces of the original book popped out to become extremely relevant.

One was the concept of birth, death, and resurrection. Shortly after September 11th and to the present two new kinds of clientele presented themselves at our door. Interestingly while many had read the first edition of this book, none realized we had written it. One kind came with the exacting recognition that they were in the Process of Purification and came to us to be assisted in making the choice for Transformation and healing. The other kind came to us in the latter stages of life threatening illnesses such as advanced cancer, lupus, and heart disease. Our journey had equipped us to help the first kind of new client; all of whom, by the way, now exist where the healing has already occurred. The second kind of clients, who were mortally wounded and facing the Angel of Death were a new kind of challenge for us. Despite their physicians' dire prognostications, all were healed. In fact, we shared with all of them the experience of miracles of healing. Perhaps the most poignant example of all of those clients is the story of the person who wrote the "Introduction" to this book. Demetria's story and the journey we shared with her is perhaps one of the most important in our life's experiences. Stories like hers can be read on our website at [www.twinmiracle.com](http://www.twinmiracle.com). We recommend those stories to anyone who is suffering from a life threatening illness and to anyone else who wants to share the journey with others who found the place where they were already physically and spiritually healed in spite of the information to the contrary that existed around them.

Our journey and our unusual life experiences in regard to the anchor points of human life

during the Cycle of Human Evolution that is waning had enabled us to transmit the healing where it already existed to the clients who were at death's door. Our present life experiences concerning birth and death were, in retrospect, not by coincidence. For example, I was born premature and the Angel of Death hung around my infant body for quite some time before He finally departed. My mother died in a terrible accident just a few days before her own birthday. In addition, when Nance and I were introduced to the Mayan Calendar in the autumn of 2002 we took the time to have our birth dates charted via that Sacred Calendar. I was not surprised to learn that I was born on Mayan Day 1 ruled by Venus as the Morning Star and represented by Death, the element of Fire, and the Transformer.

Nance's Mayan birthdate is Day Sign 1 also but ruled by Venus as the Evening Star and represented by Birth, the element of Water, and Offering. That sounds about right for my Nance! However, she has experienced more than I the anchor points of birth and death in extreme and numerous ways. Both Nance and her mother Millie almost died at her own birth. Her paternal grandfather died on her father's birthday, and her father died on hers! Her first love Louie took his last mortal breaths just as the New Year of 1968 was taking its first. Nance has been privileged with the gift of being present to hold the hands of three people as they passed away and of three new mothers as they have given birth. In 1997 she faced the possibility of imminent death from her own illness that defied medical treatment. Then she faced and looked right through Death and overcame the illusion and the fear.

Birth, death, and resurrection are highly aspected in both of our ordinary astrological natal charts. The outer planets of Uranus, Neptune, and Pluto are placed in such a way that a humanistic astrologer who looked at our charts simply said, "You two have come here to overcome the limitations imposed by the ego and the desire to separate from the Source. You came here together to embrace the evolutionary path back to the Source. You came here to do difficult work and to experience Transformation."

We think that is why we are all here. That "Third" element called "Transformation" that exists within the synthesis of the duality of birth and death is the energy that whispers to all of us. We personally know no one whose Soul is not exhausted by the experience of loss, death, and suffering. We personally know no one who is isn't ready to cast off the karma of Third Density Light and embrace Transformation. For us the experience of Transformation changed slightly after September 2001. That change planted a seed experience for what was to come.

In the late summer and early fall of 2002 several readers of the first version of this book recommended that we read Carl Calleman's *The Mayan Calendar*. When we did, we were stunned at the similarity between our journey and Mr. Calleman's analysis of the Sacred Mayan Calendar. Many of the similarities have already been discussed in this book, but the time frequency similarities are worth repeating. The thirteen years of the Galactic Creation Path from 1999-2012 in the Mayan Calendar are divided into seven days and six nights approximately each a year long. During a Mayan year long Day, darkness can appear. During a Mayan year long Night, light can arise as well. While we did not experience time in exactly the same way, our experience of Stillness and Movement is quite similar. For us Movement and Stillness coexisted, but usually one or the other arose from the empty spaces to become the predominant time frequency. Our experience of Stillness and Movement occurred outside of any visible connection to any linear time frame. However, despite the activity of Movement, the year of 2002 was definitely for us

overall a year of Stillness. It just so happens that 2002 in the Mayan Calendar was the second Mayan Night of the thirteen Days and Nights of the Galactic Creation Path.

Occasionally we received in the swirling Geometric Transmissions dates indicating times when the Stillness would intensify. We cleared our calendars and prepared to hold the Stillness during those times by having one or both of us remain in Void meditation, thinking nothing. Usually the dates we received spanned three days and two nights in linear time. Sometimes the time span was a week. We held the Stillness thinking of nothing until the Stillness so intensified that nothing existed and a Zero Point was reached. Shortly after experiencing the Zero Point in ways we had never experienced the Nothingness before, Movement would begin to bubble up from the Stillness. At that point and only then did we jointly see the healing where it already existed. We felt each time we entered into this process that millions of others of the human race were doing so as well. By no coincidence each time we were guided to experience this particular meditation process, something was occurring in the world that coincided with the same time frame. We held the Stillness, experienced the Zero Point, and saw the healing during the times when terrorist events were mitigated; when Pakistan and India were on the verge of nuclear war and pulled back; when events in Israel and the Middle East calmed. At other times, no matter what millions of others and we did, the Movement, when it came, resulted in choices that reinforced the war raging on our planet. Regardless, we faithfully entered into the meditation process at key times and saw the healing no matter what occurred when Movement emerged from the empty spaces of Stillness. The really difficult Work that requires discipline is to do just that: see the healing where it exists regardless of the circumstances that belie that true reality.

We held the Stillness, experienced the Zero Point, and saw the healing when something extraordinary occurred within the Ancient Landscape of Western Pennsylvania in July of 2002. As with all events, we were initially unaware of what exactly was occurring in the world. As we entered into Stillness on the evening of July 24th, we had a strange simultaneous lucid vision.

*We were climbing a very mud slicked hill in the pouring down rain with many others. Our goal was to reach the top of the mountain to release nine Stellar Gateway/Alter Major Crystals into the air so that the water would recede. We had four of the nine crystals. Others had the other five. We did so and the waters receded.*

The next day when Nance was taking her break from holding the Stillness she noticed that our four crystals were gone. Those crystals bridged the Alter Major Chakra, which provides the memory of survival during times of great evolutionary shifts. She didn't give it much thought then. Even taking a break from the Stillness prevents much thought! During the next three days we each separately learned during our individual breaks of the plight of the nine miners trapped at Quecreek, but again we made no connection. On Sunday the Zero Point was reached and later that evening the Movement began to bubble up from the Stillness. We saw the healing where it already existed. We ended our meditation to discover that all nine of the Quecreek miners had survived three days and three nights of Darkness to arise from the empty spaces of a water filled cave to greet the Sun of a new day. The Miracle of Quecreek occurred only nine miles from the crash site of Flight 93 and within the same Somerset Chakra System

that had been such a focus of our journey together in 1999. When we ended our three-day meditation, we discovered that our four Alter Major/Stellar Gateway crystals had reappeared! The Miracle at Quecreek mirrored survival and miracles of Biblical proportion for the world. For us those three days and three nights mirrored the miracle of Transformation that arises from the synthesis of Stillness and Movement, which occurs when a Zero Point is reached. Whether a year in linear time was expressed in either the energy of Movement or Stillness, Nance and I continued to honor the importance of holding Stillness when it arose from the empty spaces. We held the Stillness until a Zero Point was reached and together saw only healing when the Movement began. That very process was about to become the focus of our Work together.

## NANCE

I visited the Eagle House and the Portal with only one day's notice that such a visit was required. Usually the Geometric Transmissions gave us the dates of Portal visits well ahead of time. I can't say exactly on which day that visit occurred because Frank and I had long since stopped keeping journals. I know it was in October of 2002 and I know the moon was new, a very good time to plant the seeds of future endeavors. I hadn't visited either the Eagle House or Portal since early summer. As I drove up Route 8 that day I had no idea why we were to be at the Portal that night. We had only received in the Geometric Transmission just the night before that we were to be at the Portal the next night. We had no idea why. The only clue I had came from a call from Maia. She was very excited as she told me that during that morning she found nine fully developed pictures of the Portal on her desk, the very pictures that had been blank before. George was sure surprised by that! And nothing in the ordinary world could explain the sudden appearance of the photos. While Maia had not seen us in her cup either and could not illuminate the reason for our rare and rather impromptu Portal visit, her experience set the stage for the sudden appearances that occurred for us that evening.

The first appearance was of an unusual crystal that "manifested" between us during our customary hand merging in the cone of light in Frank's living room. The crystal is a clear quartz crystal in the form of a wand with ruby and sapphire phantom crystals inside of it. As I touched the rare crystal I felt such tremendous energy and I heard a voice from within myself say that we needed to take the crystal with us to the Portal and on our walk through the woods to the field. Frank felt the crystal was very old and he felt that it resonated with a powerful energy of protection.

He said, "I think we need this crystal on our walk tonight. I rarely go to the Portal when I hear it absorbing that strange wind that seems to come from all directions. The sound of that strange wind has intensified all day. I actually wasn't sure we should even stand on the Portal when it is absorbing that sound. But I guess with this crystal I feel it will be alright."

I had heard the sound of which he spoke during my summer Portal visit. I agreed with Frank that it was a strange sound and not at all like the sound of the conch shell or even the species chant that I still heard emanating from the Heart Portal in my backyard. The "wind" sounded sad and a little spooky.

At 12:10 by Frank's clock, midnight by others, we went to the Portal first. The night was

clear and completely moonless. It was so dark I could barely see the iridescent blue sparkles of Light on the ground. The strange sounding wind coming into the Portal from all directions was not nearly as loud as it had been an hour before, but I could still hear it. As we walked together toward the Evergreen trees I saw a light crisscrossing the sky that was not a plane, a star, or of this world. For the very first time, Frank did not frown when he saw it, too.

The second appearance occurred when we stood on the Portal. The Stone was bigger, at least by a third, since we had last stood on it the previous summer. That amazed me, but not as much as what I felt when we actually stood on the Stone. I could barely move. Frank didn't seem to notice what seemed like a very heavy gravity. We stood in silence as his palms touched mine. I didn't think my hands could move at all. The heaviness was so pervasive. But our hands did move effortlessly within an invisible force field of our Soul and within our merging hands we held the sapphire and ruby phantom wand. Our hands moved, but nothing else did. In fact I couldn't move my legs at all. I tried to raise a leg and I couldn't. The force of gravity coming from the Stone was so intense that I almost felt as if I was being pulled into the Stone. Frank said he felt something warm and heavy but his experience was not nearly as intense as mine. When our Portal meditation came to a close, Frank had to help me off the Stone because I continued to feel an incredible magnetic pull and heaviness from the Portal, itself.

I was happy to be off the Stone and in front of the Evergreens. I took a few moments to stretch my muscles that were sore from the experience before we entered the dark woods. And they were dark. We hadn't brought a flashlight so we took a few moments to allow our eyes to adjust to the absolute darkness before we continued our walk down the path to the field. Frank and I see better in the dark than most people. As we began to walk again, I was just a few paces behind Frank. Suddenly something real and tangibly physical touched my shoulder. I jumped and let out a little startled scream when Frank did the same. He had felt something touch him, too. We both stopped in our tracks.

"Well this is a little spooky," Frank said.

"Here take my hand and let's put this crystal in our hands, as well."

I felt his hand clasp mine and I felt the crystal and its protection as we proceeded. But I have to admit that I was feeling a little bit strange and little bit scared. As we rounded the corner of the path and entered into the field I became more than just a little scared. I saw the heat signature of a large circular object in the middle of the field. Frank saw it, too. We stopped immediately and at the same moment. His hand tightened around mine.

He said, "We are going home."

And then with more firmness in his voice he added, "Right now."

"No we aren't," I responded.

And with equal firmness I added, "We are awake; a saucer is in this field; and this is the opportunity to go right up to it."

Frank's response was quick: "Are you out of your mind? We are not going to approach that saucer, protective crystal or not. We are going home."

"Well, I'm not leaving," I said and I meant it.

"O.K. Nance," Frank said, "Let's compromise. We'll stay here but we aren't going to approach that saucer. Let's just hold our ground and see what happens."

His hand relaxed around mine and we stood still. Above us the Milky Way was clearly

visible as well as the Light we had seen before. It slowly circled high above us in the sky. We stood Still. There was no sound. Just Stillness that intensified with each moment. In time, who knows how long, we experienced a Zero Point and were startled when Movement occurred with no advance warning.

## FRANK

I nearly stopped breathing when two bright red lights appeared on the edge of the woods that encircled the field. They were circular and about the size of dinner plates. I really thought it was time to leave but I knew that Nance wouldn't budge. I knew however that the Lights so startled her that she momentarily let go of my hand as she took a few steps backwards away from the saucer shape and the two lights. She quickly moved forward and took my hand once again.

She said quietly, "I think I'm really scared now. What should we do?"

For some reason I suddenly was not afraid. I became very calm and even more so as the two red lights began to move slowly from the woods toward us. When that occurred, Nance's hand gripped mine, but she didn't move or suggest we run away.

We watched the lights approach and then we saw two more below them. As the lights came closer we realized with some relief that they were lights on a big wheeled, four wheel drive truck with a high cab. In fact I could hear the faint sound of the motor as it moved over the roadless field. As the vehicle reached the middle of the field the headlights shone on the saucer and revealed it to be nothing more than bales of hay arranged in a large dome shape. Nance laughed, but I didn't. I didn't like the feeling I was having. What was that vehicle doing in the woods on private property well after midnight? Who was driving it?

The very large truck came to a stop just in front of us and the driver apparently was feeling similar misgivings about us. A large burly man stepped down from the high cab of the vehicle with a shotgun in his hand and said rather menacingly, "Who are you? Are why are you in this field at this time of the night?"

Nance didn't bat an eyelash at the shotgun or the menacing man, but I did. I immediately surrounded us with Light and began to transmit Light to the whole situation.

Nance responded, "We have permission from the owner of this property to be here. We come here often to look at the stars. My name is Nance and this is Frank. Who are you and what are you doing here?"

She put out her hand in greeting and before answering her question the menacing man softened and began to laugh, "Oh, I know who you two are. My dad talks about you two all the time. You both think this land is as sacred as he does."

He shuffled his rifle to his other hand and extended his right hand to meet Nance's and continued, "My name is Wesley. I'm Mr. Painter's son."

Wesley barely acknowledged my presence and began to banter with Nance about the notion of the property being sacred ground. I barely heard him. I was focused on transmitting healing to the entire situation. I did hear him say something about his father's belief that the ground held a secret beneath it that was related to the Native Americans. Some kind of monument or

structure. For that reason it was holy and had been in the keeping of his family for almost two hundred years.

I heard Nance's response. She said, "Well, we agree with your father."

"You would," Wesley said and added, "That's why dad allows the two of you come here any time you want to. I think its all bunk."

At that precise moment the Light that was not a star flashed so brightly above us that even Wesley saw it.

He said without a moment's hesitation and with a much softer voice, "I've been watching that strange light all night. You know, last night I was at Moraine State Park and I saw one just like it only closer. I swear it was a UFO. It flashed at me last night, too."

The Light flashed above us once again and Nance asked Wesley once again, "We see Lights like this one all the time here. So you didn't tell us, why are you here so late?"

"Oh, well last night I got it into my head to come hunting tonight. Dad is in Florida and I thought I might be able to shoot either the white deer or the white fox," he said rather matter of factly.

Nance gasped and asked, "What? What white deer and white fox?"

"I'm surprised you haven't seen them. They have been on this property since, let's see, 1999. Dad sees them all the time. Just reinforces his silly notions of the holiness of this land. For me, I just thought one or the other would look great hanging on my wall."

"His notions aren't silly. Wesley these are sacred animals. Don't you know about the white animals that will appear to help humankind near the end of this Cycle of Creation," Nance said speaking as if she were talking to someone who would know about "Cycles of Creation."

Apparently Wesley did because he answered, "I know all about that stuff. I'm part Native American. Don't believe a word of it."

Nance took Wesley's hand and looked right into his eyes, "You are part Native American and you are all human. These are desperate times, Wesley. Those animals are here to help us. Please don't kill them."

I don't know if it was her touch, her manner, or her voice, but Wesley put his gun on the ground and I saw a tear form in his eyes. Nance continued to talk to him about the land, the animals, and Earth.

Finally Wesley said softly and with commitment, "I'm sorry. I don't know why I got the notion to kill those animals but I promise you that I won't. I promise. I promise. These are desperate times and maybe you're right. I promise. I really do. Anyway, Dad would probably disown me if I did."

Nance placed her arms around the strong, tall, burly man and hugged him. He hugged her back.

I just watched in amazement at the quick turn around in Wesley's demeanor. Both Nance and Wesley were smiling when the Light flashed above us once more.

Nance said unexpectedly, "You know, Wesley, some day Frank and I want to buy this property from your father."

Wesley laughed and said, "Well, just a month ago someone offered Dad twice what it is worth to develop this land. Dad turned him down flat. The only time he ever agreed to sell some of this land was in the sixties. He seemed to be guided to that for some crazy reason.

That strip is the street with the houses. He says that none of the rest of it will ever be sold for development.”

“We know all about that. In fact, Frank lives in one of the houses on that street. We know from our talks with him that he doesn’t want the rest of this property developed and neither do we. That’s why he will sell it to us because he knows we will honor its sacredness and never develop it.”

Wesley smiled and said, “As long as Dad is alive I don’t think he will sell this property, but I guess if he ever did it would be to you. As for me, my wife and I are the only heirs. I will sell it in a heartbeat. I’m not living out here in the middle of nowhere. I don’t care who buys it as long as they have the money.”

Nance’s Merlin eyes gleamed. She looked at me and smiled and then said to Wesley, “Let’s make a deal now. Agree to sell this property to us for its fair market value if your father doesn’t do so first.”

Wesley smiled. He thought for a moment and said, “I’m not greedy, so O.K. If you have the money for the fair market value, I agree to offer the property to you first.”

Not letting anything left undone, Nance said, “Agreed, let’s shake on it.”

“Agreed,” Wesley said as he shook Nance’s hand.

Then seeming to really notice me for the first time, he turned and shook my hand, too. His handshake was firm and strong. We smiled at one another for the first time. I felt something incredible, something I can’t describe, as we shook hands. It felt wonderful.

I knew that some day Nance and I would become the caretakers of the property that we felt was certainly Sacred and Holy Ground.

Wesley then picked up his gun and said that he better be getting home. He told us to not stay too late because it was getting cold. After he turned his truck around and prepared to leave he leaned out of the cab’s door and said, “I took some pictures of the white deer and the white fox. I’ll leave them at Dad’s. When he returns in the spring just go down to the house and he’ll show them to you. From now on I promise the only thing I’ll be shooting is pictures. I’d like to get a few more. See ya.”

And with that he drove away. We were touched by his parting offer, but by spring we wouldn’t need to be seeing pictures of the sacred animals.

## NANCE

Although it was getting cooler we stayed for another half an hour in the field. We gazed at the Milky Way that was so low in the sky. We imagined we could almost touch it. We watched the Light that was high up in the sky as it continued to slowly circle the field. Occasionally it flashed at us. We felt quite exhilarated on our walk back to the house. On our way we decided to meditate at the Portal once more before retiring. As we approached Frank’s yard we distinctly heard the strange sad wind. It had increased in volume and in intensity. It definitely was coming from all directions and being absorbed into the Portal. When we reached the yard and Evergreens, two angels as big as the trees stood there with arms outstretched. They seemed to be telling us that another visit to the Portal that night was ill advised. Given the

intensity of the wind being absorbed by the Portal, we agreed. What was that wind? What did it mean? Of course, Frank advised me to not think about it. In time, experience would provide the answers to the questions.

We sat on the patio rather than going into the house. We were silent and in the silence enjoyed the energy of moments. At one point I know we both began to discuss our experiences of that night. We marveled at the synchronicity of the experience with Wesley and certainly discussed our recognition of why that night we had to be at the Eagle House. That night the seeds had been planted that would result eventually in mature fruit allowing us to become the caretakers of the Sacred Land. That night we had intervened to save the lives of two sacred animals. We discussed the sacred animals and wondered why we had never seen them. And we remembered that Shelly, who lived only a few miles away, had told us she had seen a white woodchuck in the summer of 1999 on her property. She also told us that she had heard that an albino deer had been seen in the woods, too, but she had never seen it herself. How likely could it be that three sacred animals had been living in the same woods since 1999, the year that had changed our lives forever? Our appreciation of the Ancient Landscape and its Sacred Ground increased as we talked. We wondered what Wesley meant about his father's belief that an ancient Native American monument was buried somewhere on the property?

Suddenly a Stillness enveloped us and we yielded to it. It intensified and we reached its heavy and perfect Zero Point. And then bubbling up from that precious Nothing came an epiphany.

At the exact same moment we both said, "The Being told Maia to find the Pyramid and the Stone."

My heart began to beat faster as the recognition arose from the empty spaces. At that same moment tiny twinkling blue/white lights appeared in the Evergreens and we watched the two Angels melt away into the trees as well.

Frank said, "My God, Nance, the Stone is the top of a Step-Pyramid. That is what the Being meant. That is the ancient monument buried in this Sacred Ancient Landscape."

As soon as he uttered the words, I knew it was true. We excitedly recalled all of the clues. Frank's dreams of Step Pyramids, many more than are revealed in this book, and his Mayan lifetime; the very human chant we had heard and the subsequent dreams of that Sacred Music flowing from Pittsburgh's Point through the river systems to Meso America; my lucid dreams; Mr. Painter's guidance to sell just one strip of the Sacred Land for development; and that development resulted in the ground being broken in the year of Frank's birth for the house that was so important to our journey were just a few of the clues we discussed.

We also discussed briefly the topography of the land. Frank's street was cut through a perceptible mound about a third of the way up the slope. The woods are at the top of the mound and Frank's house and the Portal behind it lie at the mid point of the mound. The topography fit perfectly.

Frank said, "Now we really know what Mahajarom meant when he said that finally making my way to this house was so important. Now we really know what he meant when he said that the energy here was vitally important for us to complete our journey in this Time of the End Times. Nance, the Portal had to be activated before the Purification Path occurred on Earth because only that which is above can heal what is below. The entire energetic symbol of all of

the Constructs of Consciousness exists here. And I think what is here is the original inspiration for the Step Pyramids in Meso America. What is here, the top of a Step Pyramid is slowly transmitting the Light of the Transformation Path, the last Construct of Consciousness. That Light is flowing through the Fourth Underground River to the Point and from there to the Ohio River and then to the Mississippi and out to the world.”

Except for one “fact” I was sure he was correct. Before stating what I thought then was a fact, I reminded him of another clue.

“Frank, what is here is important to the world. That’s why our Galactic visitors are so often in the sky. In fact, one of them actually assisted in the activation of this single Point of Light in the Crown of Venus. Maia saw it with her own eyes. I’ll bet that every other Point of Light on the Crown had similar assistance and in the Ancient Landscapes of each of those Portals is hidden a structure of archetypal importance as well.”

“Yes, I guess you’re right about that. And another thing Nance, Venus is so important to Mayan Cosmology. We just read about that in Calleman’s book. Thank God, that book was given to us at exactly the right time. Otherwise, I don’t think we would have been able to reach this epiphany. When Maha said that the information we needed would come to us through others when we needed it, He wasn’t overstating what has occurred over and over again for us.”

It was then that I said, “Well we need some information now, Frank. I believe all of this but there is a problem. If I remember correctly all of the Pyramid Mounds in the Ohio River Valley and along the Mississippi River post-date the Mayan Step Pyramid. Most archeologists believe that those mounds came from the Mayans not the other way around. That can’t be correct, if what we believe is true. I could call the Museum and make some inquiries.”

“No, Nance, don’t do that. We don’t reach out for information. I’m not concerned. We’ll get the information in accordance with our Soul’s Intent and the Intent of others. That’s how it always is. For now, let’s just not think too much. This epiphany is important but we can’t over analyze it. Let’s just let it unfold. O.K.?”

Except for telling Maia and Paul we kept to ourselves what we had discovered and we didn’t reach out for information. It didn’t take very long at all for the information we needed to come to us.

## NANCE AND FRANK

The first information came to us within a few days. Our first client the following week was Chip, who practiced the Hindu religion and had adopted an “American” name because his own was difficult to pronounce. He arrived with his usual smile and with a gift: a picture of Krishna, the Hindu God of Creation. We were very touched with his thoughtfulness. As we discussed the picture, Chip told us a story about Krishna and crystals. He relayed that according to legend at the end of the last Great Cycle of Creation, Krishna took apart his beautiful crystal, ruby, and sapphire sword and hid the many parts in remote places in the world. At the end of this Cycle of Creation the crystals from that sword would begin to reappear to banish darkness, karma, and suffering. He said the little wands from the sword were already reappearing and were being used to assist and guide the human race towards healing and transformation. He

described the Krishna wands from legend. They were small wands of clear quartz crystal with inclusions of ruby and sapphire. Each contained a small twin crystal inside and at the base of the primary crystal wand.

Chip said with some glee, “Those little twin crystals and the whole wand represent our Trinity: Krishna, the God of Creation, Shiva, the Lord of Destruction, and Vishnu, the Preserver.” Chip’s dark and beautiful eyes sparkled when he added, “Of course, the largest crystal, the wand, is Krishna.”

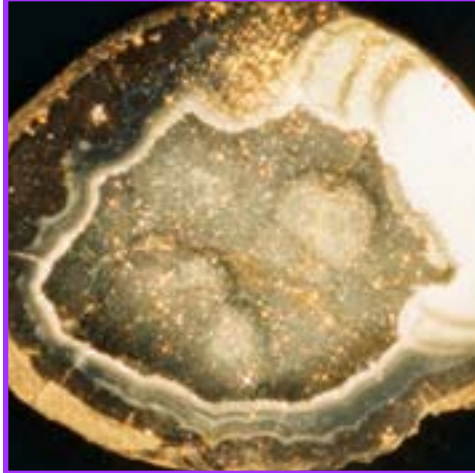
We looked at one another and then at our newly acquired ruby and sapphire phantom which was on the table. After Chip left we closely examined the wand. Inside at the base was a twin crystal! Apparently another of Krishna’s crystals had reappeared. We both felt a sense of awe and reverence and for a few moments we felt a little overwhelmed. We knew that the microcosm was the macrocosm, but we were really microscopic in the scheme of things. Why had this crystal come to us? Eventually we didn’t think about it except to recognize that the Ancient Landscape where our Work was being done might well be very significant in the scheme of things. Two weeks later a client who was not Hindu, presented us with another picture of Krishna; we think to just make sure we got the point. We did. We used that special crystal with each client from that day forth and we used it in all of our Planetary Work until the end of 2003. At that time the Krishna crystal was used in a very different and more precise manner. It didn’t occur to us until December that the wand with its ruby and sapphire inclusions was a perfect crystal representation of the Miracle of Fire and Water.

The very next week we learned through Paul about Iron Mountain, a secret place located within the Ancient Landscape of Western Pennsylvania and located near the Eagle House that was the repository of the archives of human civilization. The week after that, again through Paul, the real information we needed was provided to us via the Discovery Channel’s documentary on Meadowcroft Village. Shortly thereafter a book, recommended to us by a friend and given to us by Paul, fleshed out the information about Meadowcroft. The book called *The First Americans* by J. M. Adovasio, the chief archeologist of Meadowcroft Village, is fascinating. Apparently prevailing archeological theories were crumbling as fast as some ancient monuments with the discovery of Meadowcroft. The first Americans, or at least among the very first, lived in Western Pennsylvania over 17,000 years ago. By late December 2002 Paul was intrigued enough by our unfolding experiences that he gifted us with two other books that put the icing on our needed factual cake in more ways than one. The first, *Mexico Mystique* by Frank Waters actually made the observation that the Mayan Pyramids were the final result of the more ancient structures of the Mound Pyramids that flow from the Ohio River Valley down the Mississippi and finally into Meso America. In fact those very Mounds are presently dated to have been built centuries before any Pyramid was built in Meso America.

Transmissions from the Sacred Geometry revealed to us in November of 2002 that indeed a Step Pyramid existed within the Ancient Landscape behind the Eagle House. However, it was not man made. It was, rather, a product of Nature and longer ago Earth Changes. It was, however, the original archetype of the pyramids of the New World.

The second book given to us by Paul in late December 2002 called *Maya Cosmogogenesis 2012* by John Major Jenkins came to us only a week after the ultimate epiphany experience of our journey. That book fleshed out the details of our experience of the end of this Time of the End Times.

Outside of all illusion, outside of the cone of light, more can be seen and experienced. Our journey has provided us with experiences that more each day enabled us in the Sacred Act of Seeing to see the healing where it already exists. We came here to keep a promise we made long before Earth incarnation. On December 21, 2002 we experienced that promise being kept. During that monumental evening, the Zero Point that arises from synthesis of Stillness and Movement transformed into something that in October was unfathomable to us. On that evening within the Ancient Landscape of Western Pennsylvania, the Distant Music of a sad wind would become clear and with it the understanding that had eluded us for all of our lives in our long Earth Walk.



## – CHAPTER 30 –

### Oh, Night Divine

FRANK

My meditations had never been on the mysteries that unfolded in our journey together. Most often my meditations were an experience of the Ultimate Mystery: the Void, that hot and heavy Nothingness from which all is projected and to which all returns, at least from a time perspective. Actually I know that perfect Nothingness is where all perpetually exists. Neither the illusion of matter nor time that is the observer of all of the realities of the phenomenal worlds obscure the truth. As I reflect back on my journey with Nance I am so aware of the wise guidance we received in our first experience with Mahajarom in late 1998. His observation to us is so true: the observer and the observation were so intricately intertwined that the observer's intent actually fashioned the observation. He advised us to yield to the observation of something much more wise and more clear sighted than we were individually and together. He advised us, knowing the power of the human mind and ego, to not reach out for information and to not think too much. He promised that the information we needed would be provided. It had been. He advised us to experience purely the Divine Observer's observation of our journey. Eventually we both completely yielded to His sage advice and to the Observation of us that provided us with a purity of intent and unexpected and wonderful awakenings. Mahajarom, the spiritual representative of the Divine, provided us with a different experience of what we called "Soulbraiding." For years we had collected the energies of the past, the future, the above, and below into our own hearts where that energy was healed and purified. He, however, had absorbed us into His own heart. On that day our own healing really began because I believe on that day our individualized egos fully capitulated to the Highest Will.

From that day forth our individual needs and wants were dissolved in the radiant and Coherent Light of the Will of more than even our Soul. The mastery we had reclaimed to yield to pure experience and the Divine Observation that observed our journey enabled us to attune to the next pure experience of our journey and to master the challenge brought with that experience.

Sometime in early November 2002 our experience of the Portal changed dramatically. What had been a sad and elusive wind occasionally being absorbed by the Portal became distinct. I awakened one night to the sounds of wails, cries, moans, and screams. I went to the Evergreens and heard those terrible sounds of suffering coming from all directions and heard them be absorbed into the Stone. The sounds of human suffering did not emerge from the empty spaces but were being absorbed into those spaces within the Maya Yuga Portal and relegated to silence. A few minutes would pass and then the wave of the sounds of suffering began to be collected from all directions once again to be pulled into the Stone and disappear. Fortunately, during the daytime when conscious human activity abounded, the sound was barely audible. However, at night when everyone was asleep, the sound was not only audible but also loud enough to discern. I have to admit that the experience of hearing so much suffering not only shook me to the core but also made my human heart ache. Only the knowledge I possessed from my own experience of “Soulbraiding” calmed me because I knew that some important and mysterious process of “Soulbraiding” was beginning to occur for all of humanity. Fortunately the sounds of suffering being absorbed only lasted a few days at a time. Silence then prevailed for a few days to be followed by a loud and booming sound from the Portal that then poured out iridescent blue/white sparkles of Light to cover my yard and my house.

As the Portal absorbed the suffering from the past, the future, the above and the below off and on over the next month and a half, I occasionally felt that I did not want to live in my Eagle House. This was particularly true when I heard distinct human voices crying out as the suffering was being pulled in to the Portal. In particular the voices of small female children who cried, “Mommy don’t leave me. Please, don’t leave me,” tore at my heart. Had I not understood the important process that was occurring, I think I could have lost my mind. But I did understand the process and the “why” of it. I just didn’t understand the “how.”

I didn’t have this experience alone. Kyra certainly heard the sounds of suffering and during those times she never left me out of her sight. Nance heard the voices when I took my portable phone into my yard. She offered to come up and support me but I didn’t want her to do that. I felt her support and love constantly. Also I felt it was important during the times that the Portal was absorbing suffering for one us to continue to hear the wonderful sounds of the conch shell and the inspiring species’ chant that Nance heard emanating from the Heart Portal in her backyard. I know Shelley heard the sounds as well from miles away. While her experience wasn’t as distinct as mine, she didn’t sleep during the days and nights that the Portal absorbed suffering. Neither did I. Nor did Nance. I think some supernatural force must have put my neighbors into deep sleeps because none of them ever mentioned to me that they heard anything. I certainly didn’t discuss it with any of them.

At around the same period of time I noticed two odd occurrences in my house. First I noticed that the smokey mirror in my bedroom turned almost black. Fortunately I did not see on its surface any of the suffering of the world, but I knew that the mirror was also absorbing

suffering. I made a ritual of cleaning it with my Herkimer Diamond as often as seemed warranted. Second, as I lay in my bed wide awake, I often also saw a baseball-sized globe of White Light on the wall behind my dresser. The globe was three-dimensional and was beautiful. Occasionally it would float to another part of my room. The presence of that globe of beautiful Light gave me comfort.

In mid-November I definitely wanted to live elsewhere. One rather warm evening the Portal was silent, but Kyra wasn't. She wanted to go outside. Since I knew that "the door to summer" was soon to close for her outdoor romps, I indulged her. We sat on the patio and together enjoyed the last warm evening of the year. She, as always, was right by my side. I felt Kyra rubbing against my leg as Nance and I talked on the phone that night and I occasionally reached down to pat her cat head. Suddenly as I was reaching down to pat her head once again, she wasn't there. I got up from the chair and looked for her. I couldn't find her anywhere. My heart began to pound because Kyra never left my side. I called for her and searched for her to no avail. Nance tried to keep me calm, but calm, I wasn't. Finally Nance suggested that I just sit in the chair and get quiet, which I did.

After a few moments, Nance, who had the gift of sensing remotely, said, "She's by the Evergreens. I can hear her, but her voice is far away. She's there, though, I can see her there."

I went to the Evergreens with a flashlight. I looked under the branches of the trees and called her. No Kyra. No sound. Finally I took Nance's advice and just sat quietly on the patio calling to her in my mind and reassuring her. After three hours she suddenly was back rubbing against my leg. I was so filled with joy that I picked her up and hugged her. Her little heart was pounding. I brought her into the house. She was ravenous with hunger. I fed her, calmed her, and cuddled her. Where had she gone? Where had she been? I dimly wondered if she had been absorbed into the Portal. More likely I thought she had just moved into another dimension of space. That sort of thing had occurred often in my house since the day I had moved there, but never before with a living being! This time Nance suggested that I be the one to quit thinking about it. I did but over the next week I thought about Kyra's disappearance and reappearance with a difference. Since she had come to live with me, off and on the fur on her haunches fell out leaving bald spots. She did not have mange or any other discernable disease that caused this problem. I would transmit healing to her and eventually her fur grew back. But also eventually it fell out again. I noticed the following week that not only had her fur returned but that it was fuller than it had ever been. You know what? Her fur has never fallen out again. Wherever she had been, she had been fully and permanently healed.

Since our purification in the spring of 1999, I have gladly embraced the responsibilities incumbent with the journey I had chosen with Nance. However, in the late autumn of 2002 I came into the full recognition with great humility of the gifts bestowed upon us by some Divine Grace that arose from that choice. Part of that gift was the privilege to live in my house and to experience hearing the sounds of human suffering being absorbed from the past, the future, the above, and below into the Portal and then being healed. Whenever the terrible and heart wrenching sounds got to me, Kyra's presence reminded me of how purposeful and Divine was the Work that Maya Yuga Portal was performing. I was sure that in eleven other places in the world the other Portals of the Crown of Venus were doing the very same Work.

# NANCE

It was snowing as I drove north on Route 8 toward Frank's house on the first day of winter 2002. The solstice sun was setting and a full moon rose to illuminate the longest night of the year in the Northern Hemisphere. I felt the expectation of something wonderful but I tried not to think about what could possibly lay ahead for us that night. It could not be predicted by thinking; nothing in our journey thus far could be. Oh, Maia had always provided exacting illuminations but how they fleshed out always surprised us.

Maia had seen us in the Rorschach swirls of her morning coffee cup all during the previous week but she could not discern any details. She said that what she saw was just, but not just, glorious and illuminating Light. Twice in the days previous to my visit to Frank's, Master Bubba had come to each of us to transmit His Love and illuminate our path.

During that week the Transmissions of Sacred Geometry had changed. The twelve sine waves that converged at a single point to form a star were seemingly absorbed little by little each night into the central point. The night before my visit only the single glowing point remained. The enfolded nine cones of light spilled forth the words: "Maha Yuga," "Singularity," and "Time Zero." I took Frank's advice and decided to allow the meanings of the words to eventually evolve in the context of pure experience.

Even the Being As Old As Time had arrived the night before my visit. I saw in His crystal blue eyes a vision of thousands of crystals like our Krishna crystal arising from the Earth at places where water met land. Mirrored in His eyes, I saw each crystal form an intricate grid pattern that emitted a Crystal Blue Light that covered the Earth.

Something was about to occur but something always did when Frank and I were together particularly if we were at the Eagle House. So many holy and divine experiences had arisen unexpectedly from the empty spaces when I was with him there. I felt but didn't know that this night was to be the most divine of all. However, strangely I did not feel the Stillness that usually preceded such occurrences. I simply felt calm and somewhat excited to be on my way to Frank's house to be with him on the Winter Solstice for the fourth time since we reconnected.

It was fully dark when I arrived at the Eagle House. As soon as I exited my car, I heard the sounds of suffering being absorbed into the Portal. The sounds were barely audible but I could hear crying and moaning. Tears formed in my eyes.

By the time we entered the house tears were flowing down my cheeks as I said to Frank, "My God, how do you manage hearing this?"

He answered, "It's not too bad tonight. In fact, right now the sounds are rather muted. Later, when everyone else goes to sleep, I'll hear them very clearly. You are clairaudient."

He placed his arms around me and continued, "I have the ability to detach better than you do and my clairaudience isn't as acutely developed as yours, thank God."

However the slight quiver in his voice indicated that perhaps his detachment wasn't perfect. I hugged him and we remained in an embrace that comforted us both for quite some time.

Finally Frank said, "You know, Nance, the desire to eliminate suffering is what motivates most of what we humans do. Sure, terrorists and murderers cause suffering, but they do that to relieve their own. And think about all of the doctors, the humanitarians, all of the ordinary

people who perform incredible acts on the behalf of others to relieve suffering. The desire to relieve suffering in others and in ourselves has been the primary motivation of our entire journey together. That's one of the reasons I live here and you live near the Heart Portal. There are much better sounds at the Heart Portal, but the sounds from both Portals are equally important. This particular phenomenon from this Maya Yuga Portal and the other eleven on the Crown of Venus is vitally important. My living here is my part of our Work. The suffering I hear being absorbed is our suffering, too, because we are human and until all of the suffering is absorbed and healed, the Work will continue."

His eyes softened as he continued to speak from his very human heart, "I hear the sounds of pain, starvation, poverty, illness, and the sounds of broken hearts being absorbed from all of the past, the future, the above, and the below of the human experience. I hear the sounds elicited by a massive Planetary Soulbraiding. I know that process. We know it. We have experienced it in our own ways and still are. We know the purpose of that process. I endure what I hear because I understand the importance of what is occurring. Despite what I am hearing nearly all night, I use the experience to further my ability to see the healing where it exists. In fact, I know that what I hear is the absorbing and healing of the illusionary spaces to which our species remains attached. What I hear is clearing the spaces for the healing to emerge. The space has to be cleared of the illusion of suffering in order for the reality of healing and transformation to arise from the totally empty spaces of the past, the future, the above, and the below."

For once I was silent. I had nothing to say. However, Frank did and when he spoke again I heard from him something I did not expect.

"Long ago you told me that Love transforms darkness. I said then that while I believed it could, it was not yet safe enough or time for that to occur. I think it is time now. My experience in interfacing with this Portal has changed something in me. At night when the sounds increase I transmit Love to the darkness as it is being absorbed. I think that none of this would be happening unless a part of the Human Soul was interfacing with the Maha Yuga Portals. I know that at each Portal human beings are assisting in the process of the healing of our species' suffering. You transmit Love all of the time with the absolute belief that Love can transform everything. Now, I do, too. Not just when we are doing our healing sessions with others, but all of the time. And I do it because I believe that Unconditional Love, which is Coherent Light, can transform everything, even the darkest of the dark. I thank God for the opportunity to live in this house and to be of service to the incredible process of healing that is occurring for our entire planet. Despite the difficulty, I wouldn't want to live anywhere else."

I began to cry with joy. Frank once again put his arms around me and gave me one of his wonderful bear hugs.

He said laughing, "Now, if this really continues for the next ten years as the Mayan Calendar indicates, I might need a pep talk from time to time. But I don't think I'll need one often because I also know that somewhere in time the process is already complete; the complete healing already exists. That's all I really need to know. And I know it. So do you."

I did know it. We had already experienced healing and almost everyday witnessed others experiencing healing as well. Yes, someday, somewhere in time the incremental process of healing all suffering would lead all humans to the existence of life without suffering. I wondered for a moment why was it that the process had to be incremental? Why couldn't it all

unfold now? Before I asked that question again, Frank laughed.

He said, "It can happen now, if we all want it. The Purification Process will last only as long as we as humans insist on it. So let's do our part as humans and live our lives past the process because as far as I can tell we have no need to re-enter it. And I can't imagine anything that would induce me to discontinue seeing the healing where it exists. No matter what happens."

I certainly agreed with him. We were not totally free of circumstances that could induce suffering. We were free of any desire to attach to the inducement. That much we had learned. That much we had become. My thoughts were interrupted when Frank again spoke.

He said laughing, "Well, Nance, I don't know what is going to occur tonight but we aren't going to the Portal. Not when suffering is being absorbed. Besides, if you look out the window, you will see two angels in front of the Evergreens. I don't think they are going to depart and grant us entrance."

I looked out the window and saw the angels. I wasn't disappointed really. In fact, a part of me was relieved. Perhaps this night would simply be a night of ordinary occurrences, a night without much more phenomena than the phenomena already present.

Frank laughed because he was reading my mind.

He said, "Well, finally! I believe with all of my heart that Love transforms all darkness and you have no need for phenomena. I think we are both making some significant progress."

"It's about time, huh?" I said implying more in the question than I intended.

The evening's events would demonstrate that it was about time.

## FRANK

We ate the wonderful dinner that a client and dear friend had provided for us. I lit a fire in the fireplace and we settled down in our usual spots in front of the cone of light in the living room. The moment we were seated we both felt that wonderful and mysterious force field pull the palms of our hands until they touched. The merging was as always uplifting. During those moments of hand merging Stillness enveloped us. We smiled at one another as our merged palms danced and glided. When they came to a soft and yet abrupt stop we both felt a tremendous surge of heat. At that very moment a loud booming sound came from the Portal through the cone of light right into the living room. The sound startled us for a moment. Then we looked down and discovered two beautiful elestial crystals resting on the floor between us. They were exactly like two others that we had found in the same spot nearly a year before. These particular elestials like the other two had steps etched throughout the matrix. While rough to the touch, we knew that elestial crystals revealed clarity of hidden levels of situations or occurrences and enhanced expanded states of awareness. Nance smiled and she picked up the new crystals and placed them where she thought they belonged in the grid pattern of crystals we had been constructing at my house for over two years. While there still seemed to be one space left to be filled in the pattern, apparently the elestials were powerful enough to activate the grid.

Nance laughed with pure glee as she said, "Turn off the lights. This Ancient Landscape is Coherent Light. The crystals are flashing back excess Light."

When I turned off the lights, I saw the soft glow around the Landscape. It was beautiful. I vaguely wondered what Time frequency did this grid pattern transmit? What Light Density did it represent? I didn't know that I wasn't going to need to wait very long to find out.

We sat in front of the glowing Ancient Landscape and meditated together. Despite the Stillness we both felt, time had certainly passed by very quickly. Eventually I thought that perhaps a walk to the field was in order.

We were seated in the dining room putting on our boots and coats. I placed the Krishna crystal in my pocket and noticed that it was 12:10 a.m. by my clock. I thought it was very appropriate to take our walk through the woods and to the field at midnight of the longest night of the year. I opened the door to the backyard. As soon as I stepped on to the patio I saw them and stopped. I leaned down to make sure. Definitely the tracks on the threshold of my back door were fox tracks. I followed the trail of the tracks in the snow with my eyes. There she was seated between the angels and barely discernable against the snow.

"Hush," I said to Nance and pointed to the tracks and toward the Evergreens.

Despite my advice, Nance did not hush.

She said rather loudly and with musical glee in her voice, "Oh, the white fox. She is here."

The fox looked toward the sound of Nance's voice and us. She nodded her head once and then trotted off to the right and into the woods.

Nance was laughing and obviously very happy to have finally seen the white fox, but she was also laughing about something Paul had said to her before she had left home.

She said, "Paul commented that our journey is very masculine in nature."

I gave her a puzzled look.

She continued, "He said that in our journey together we never stop to ask for directions. He said he was surprised that only once had we lost our way."

"Yeah, but does he remember that we received precise directions that time to avoid losing our way? We just didn't listen."

"Oh, he was just making a joke. He knows that we get directions all of the time. Tonight we are getting them from a white fox. Let's follow her tracks in the snow and see where they lead."

So we did. We were so focused on the adventure that we barely noticed the two angels in front of the Evergreens. We barely heard the sounds of suffering that were being absorbed into the Portal. The tracks led into the woods, through the Crown Vortex, and to the path. The fox had turned left toward the field. The light of the full moon illuminated the path through the trees so we had no problem following the tracks. As we walked down the path I heard Nance softly humming the song, "Oh, Holy Night." Occasionally she sang the words.

I heard her soft singing, "Oh Holy Night, the stars are brightly shining. This is the night of our dear Savior's birth."

I thought to myself that it wasn't the night, nor was it December 25th. I knew that most Biblical scholars believed Christ was born in the spring not at the beginning of winter. Again I vaguely wondered why His birth was celebrated in December. For me that night was one of many questions; questions that all were about to be answered.

I was focused on the fox tracks and on Nance's humming when she didn't know the words and singing when she did. The thought momentarily crossed my mind that nearly everything

she either said or sang had a way of illuminating our near future. That night what she sang definitely illuminated what we were going to experience, a night that later I would refer to as “Divine.”

I heard her melodic voice become stronger and more pronounced as she sang, “The thrill of hope. The weary world rejoices for yonder breaks a new and glorious morn.”

And then even stronger and more melodic she sang out, “Fall on your knees. Oh hear the angel voices. Oh night Divine. Oh.....”

And then, “Oh, Frank, look. Now!”

I looked up but only in time to see the rear white haunches of a deer leaping from the path into the woods.

“Did you see it? Did you see it, Frank? The white deer just leaped out of the woods and over this path right in front of us. It is beautiful. Did you see it?”

She was almost beside herself with joy. I told her that I saw only a bit of him, but I have to admit I was thrilled myself.

“Frank, this is wonderful. These animals have been here since 1999 and tonight we see them both. I’m so excited. Let’s hurry to the field. Maybe they both are there waiting for us?”

She grabbed my hand and we hurried but when we reached the field we saw no white deer, no white fox. What we saw was of the usual and the unusual, typical for a field visit. The typical sparked a discussion. Lined up in rows along the field’s perimeter were bales of hay.

Nance said, “You know those bales of hay are exactly where they are every year. I’ve been wondering about that.”

I could feel it coming. She’d been thinking about something too much.

She continued, “It makes no sense that those hay bales were stacked in the middle of the field in October. Why do that? And how could they have been stacked to form a circular disc shape?”

“What are you suggesting, Nance?” I asked with some hesitation.

“It just doesn’t make sense. I wonder if they really were there. I wonder if we just imagined we saw bales of hay? Maybe what was there was really what we first thought we saw?”

I took a deep breath. I just didn’t think it was important and finally I said so, “What does it matter. What matters is that we intervened and saved the lives of those glorious animals that night. And what matters is that we shook hands on a deal to eventually buy this property. Nothing else matters.”

“You’re right but imagination is more important than knowledge. I think Einstein said that and I think it’s important to discern what we imagined and what was real.”

“Well, Nance, no offense to Einstein, but imagination and knowledge are equally important. The awakening lies where they meet. We didn’t imagine Wesley and as for the hay bales, well, I just don’t know. What I do know is this. Look up. The same Light we saw circling the field last October is back and circling the field right now.”

We both watched the unusual that had become so usual during our visits to the field. The Light that was not a plane, a star, or a satellite slowly circled above us. Without warning suddenly a beam of light shot out of the night sky from the direction of the unusual Light and glowed in a perfectly round circle on the ground in front of us. The light beam did not diffuse or scatter. It remained for a few seconds and then switched off as quickly as it has seemed to

switch on. Where the circle of light had been we discovered a glowing solid ball. I reached down to pick it up. It was still warm to the touch. The ball was about the size of a golf ball. It was gold in color and it was very heavy. I was amazed that the small ball seemed to weigh at least several pounds. I handed it to Nance. The weight of the small ball amazed her as well.

After a few moments she said, "This ball is hot and heavy like the core of the Earth or maybe the core of the Sun. It's a microcosm of the energy of both. I guess we need this tonight for some reason. Here, you hold it."

She returned the ball to me and I placed it in my other pocket. We stood beneath the full moon and watched the Light in the sky that was no star just blink out and disappear. We remained Still and in Peace in the field we loved. Eventually and rather quickly clouds came in and were so thick that they obscured the moon completely. Only the dim glow of a full moon was perceived beyond the veil of clouds. The longest night of the year became very dark.

"Time to go home," I said and added, "It's getting late."

Sometimes I also said things rather illuminating as well.

As we entered the woods on our way home, Nance said quietly, "The woods are dark and deep. And we have miles to go before we sleep."

The woods were dark and deep but we didn't have miles to go. Nor did we have much time. And as for sleep. After that night, sleep became for us an entirely different state of being.



– CHAPTER 31 –

Time Zero and the  
Miracle of Fire and Water

NANCE AND FRANK

The woods were dark and deep and became more so as we walked the path back to the Eagle House. They also were supernaturally silent. We heard no rustle of leaves. We barely heard our footsteps. As we approached the swirling light of the Crown Vortex, the marker for our turn out of the woods, we heard no sounds from the Portal. Nothing. Only Stillness and silence blanketed our world. As we stepped into the yard, we noticed that the night sky was completely enshrouded in clouds that glowed with a slightly red and almost menacing light. The full moon, which hung over the house, was barely discernable behind the veil. The sentinel angels remained motionless in front of the evergreens indicating in their angel ways that access to the Portal would not be granted that night.

We stood in Stillness hand in hand observing the fiery clouds and the faint glow of the full moon.

I whispered, “Nance, look at the frost on the back window of the house.”

She looked and saw what I saw delicately etched in the frost-covered glass that was illuminated from the inside of my house by the small light in my kitchen.

“My God, Frank. It’s a vision of the Virgin Mary!” Nance whispered.

Clearly we both saw the Blessed Mother. We were amazed and puzzled. To us the Virgin Mary certainly was a representation of the Great Mother, but frankly her personage was

the last thing we expected to see that night. As we observed her beautiful countenance, she seemed to melt into the empty spaces of the frost on the window and disappear. We watched in amazement as a different vision arose from that same empty space to form an angel etched in frost. The delicate gossamer wings of the angel seemed to flutter slightly before the angel also disappeared. Once more another vision arose to replace the angel.

“It’s the face of an old man,” I said to Nance.

The face was indeed that of a very old man. The clearly etched frost revealed the deep wrinkles of one who had survived the rages of time. We stood in Stillness and observed the face transform into that of a face of a man who was young and vital. Over the next few minutes the etched work on frost of an unseen artist revealed an old woman, a young woman, another angel, an alien, and finally again the Virgin Mary. Each delicate rendering was beautiful.

A slight rustling to our right disturbed the Stillness. We turned together and observed the angels in the front of the Evergreens depart. They merely melted into the tapestry of the trees momentarily casting a pearly white glow in the branches and on the needles before they fully disappeared. The ground in front of the Evergreens was covered with sparkling iridescent crystal blue Light.

Nance said,



“The Portal is pumping out Light. The angels are gone. Shall we go to the Portal? I think we should.”

Frank’s answer was immediate, “Of course. That’s usually why you come to visit these days. So I’d say that all signs indicate a ‘go.’”

He followed the crystal blue sparkles and went around the Evergreens to approach the Ancient Landscape of Stone. I was behind him. Just before I turned the corner of the trees to approach the Stone, I turned once again to look at the frost-laden window. The full moon that hung over the house seemed to pierce the red and fiery veil of clouds and brighten. For just a split second I swear I saw the front of the house rather than the back. My eyes involuntarily blinked and I saw the back of the house and the window absent of any etched vision in frost. Some trick of the mind, I thought, or perhaps just a momentary sensory overload had confused my mind.

The moment I stepped on to the Ancient Stone at the Portal I felt extreme heaviness. Frank was already standing in his accustomed place facing me. He had placed the Krishna Crystal and the heavy Golden Ball on the Stone. The Ancient Stone had definitely become larger since my visit a few months before. I started to comment on that obvious fact but I couldn’t speak. In fact the heavy gravity had so quickly intensified that I couldn’t move anything but my head. Frank wasn’t moving either. We stood Still. The heavy force field was unlike anything I had ever experienced at the Portal. I tried to move my arms and my legs. I couldn’t.

Frank’s eyes were wide and passive. I could hear his unspoken words, “Don’t fight it. Just flow with the Stillness and stay anchored to the Stone.”

I relaxed and felt the heavy gravity envelop me. Then I heard, felt, and saw something incredible.

I heard a loud crackling sound. I felt a shudder rippling through the ground around the Portal. I looked up and watched the shrouded full moon begin to slide across the sky slowly slipping north toward the woods. I observed the ground around the Portal ripple and seem to liquefy. The Portal held us in absolute Stillness.

I heard Frank's soundless voice whisper, "Nance, just remain grounded to the Stone. Stay anchored."

I stayed motionless and anchored but my mind raced to understand the motion all around me. I thought that the crust of the planet was moving, slipping south. That's the why the moon seemed to be slipping slowly north.

"My God," I thought, "the axis is slipping! A shift in axis is occurring! This is the night of the Transformation."

As the full moon reached the edge of woods, I felt the gravity intensify from the Portal. As that occurred, the fiery light in the Heavens above and the liquified Earth below froze. I felt an incredible awareness that something had just stopped the movement. An incredible balance between the Earth and the Heavens had just occurred. The world and sky had ceased their movement. but I noticed that Frank, still anchored to the Ancient Stone, was shaking all over. I tried to reach out to him to steady him, but I still could not move my arm.



Amidst the sensation of incredible Stillness, I observed Nance's physical body tremble and momentarily dissolve into twinkling lights. I thought for a moment about Star Trek and the teleportation process. That's as close as I can come to describing what I was observing. Her body became physical once again only to dissolve into thousands of tiny iridescent golden lights that illuminated the darkness. Almost at the same moment I felt my entire body begin to vibrate. Every cell and atom seemed to be spinning very fast. I felt as if something was uncoiling in every part of my being. I felt light then heavy. I felt vibration and increased vibration. I felt, I literally felt, every aspect of my being spinning. I relinquished control and felt my physicality being pulled inward by a tremendously strong gravity and then I felt being pulled downward followed by a sensation of moving upward at warp speed. The next sensation I had was of something wet and cold. My consciousness became aware that our golden spiritual bodies joined by our clasped hands were in a tunnel of iridescent rainbow Light. Gemstones of all colors lined the walls and glowed from within. We, one Golden Soul with two aspects, were in a physical tunnel that I somehow knew was underground. A rapidly moving silver stream of some kind of liquid that had the color and consistency of mercury was moving us swiftly and horizontally beneath the Earth. I knew we were moving south.

Suddenly we were standing on top of Mt. Washington overlooking Pittsburgh's Point. Our physical bodies were intact. The sky above was ablaze with fire. The Three Rivers below us were swollen. The waters were inky dark and churning. They mirrored the fiery light from above, which provided the only visible light over the entire city. Throngs of people were gathered on Mt. Washington and at the Point where the Three Rivers converge. Thousands more stood on the Fort Pitt and Fort Duquesne Bridges and on the small connecting bridge that spanned the park at the Point. The fountain fed by the underground Fourth River reflected the red and

orange light that covered the sky. I noticed a large cone shaped object in the park below close to the fountain. We were standing next to a building that was cantilevered over the side of the mountain. Unlike other similar structures cantilevered over the mountain, this building was in the form of a nine-step pyramid. I was still holding Nance's hand.

I heard the voice of a very aged black man, who was standing next to us, say, "Plasma, they said, plasma. Some kind of Earth discharge. Happening all over the world, they say. Me, I think it's God's wrath. It's all in the Bible, you know."

A middle-aged woman, who was leaning on a walker and standing behind him, disagreed.

She said, "No, I heard on CNN before the power went out that something like a comet hit on the other side of the planet. Plasma, they said, but from a comet's tail."

Others discussed the rumors that they had heard before the technosphere responsible for all world- wide communications had collapsed. We were relegated to reading the smoke signals in the sky. However, no one agreed precisely on what the heavenly fire communicated. The only consensus of the rumors was that something had occurred involving the disruption of the planet's electromagnetic fields. Nance and I remained silent. I knew she was thinking: "What is plasma?" If I was thinking anything, I was thinking about how we got there. I noticed that Paul was standing next to us. He, like us, was very calm.

At one point he turned toward us and said, "I'm going home now. You too have work to do here."

Then he said to Nance,



"I'll tell you what it is when I see you, hon."

I didn't want my husband to leave. Before I could ask him to stay or about what he meant by his enigmatic statement, he disappeared into the crowd. I felt very sad. I wanted to go home with him but I believed that I should stay with Frank.

Despite the fire above, it was quite cold and I noticed that it was getting colder. I noticed the old black man's hands were shaking. I took my gloves from my pocket and offered them to him.

He smiled at me and said, "Thank you, ma'am."

I wanted to comfort him so I said, "Don't worry. It will be O.K."

"I'm not worried, ma'am. Me and the Lord, we're square. I'm not afraid."

I wasn't afraid either. In fact, it seemed that really no one was. There was no panic and when people did speak, they spoke almost in whispers. Frank's hand tightened lovingly around mine as we watched two balls of fire form in the sky over The Point. Like two blazing suns they moved toward one another. I held my breath. I had seen this scene so often before in dreams and visions that were the first in my life and would be the last. The time was now. I felt a wave of joy wash over me. Just as they almost touched I felt a wave of vibration course throughout my body. And then I found myself standing in the living room of the Eagle House.



The polished wooded floors were bare. The room was empty of furniture or any adornment except for the grid pattern of the Ancient Landscape of crystals on the fireplace hearth. The doors were wide open. Nance walked toward the large front window that was also open. Warm summer air filled the sparse room. Through the window I observed a crystal blue sky and white billowy clouds. I also saw several people clothed in violet and dark purple hooded robes walking in the street backwards. They looked very strange but Nance didn't seem to notice them. She stood in front of the window transfixed. Her eyes seemed focused on the single sun in the sky. Bare polished floors, doors open, and wide open windows? The scene was so familiar but I couldn't place why? I heard a chuckle. Well, not really a chuckle. What I heard was more like a cosmic sound filled with music and mirth. I turned toward the sound and there in the right corner of the living room stood an extremely tall man clothed in a luminous White cloak of Light with a hood covering his head. He was so tall his head touched the ceiling. Suddenly I was annoyed about the doors having been left open.

I said to him, "Did you open all these doors? Are you responsible for opening all of the doors to my house? Who are you and what is your name?"

The cosmic chuckle was his first response. He raised his head and I saw his face. All that I could really see were his eyes. They were crystal blue.

His etheric crystal blue eyes sparkled and he said softly with a voice that sounded like the music of God, "I'm always here when the doors are opened. So are you. So is Nance. Am I responsible? Are you? Is she? Perhaps, Frank, you would be best advised to not attach to the notion of cause and effect at this important time."

Again I heard the music of a mirthful laugh punctuated with a bit of poignancy indicating his disappointment that I didn't already know what he had said and what he was about to say.

He continued softly, his musical voice filling the room, "You'd be wise to understand that a convergence of events always has the same outcome. Events have converged and the doors are open. That's not really the same as one thing causing another."

I understood what he said. In fact, I understood it very well.

His crystal blue eyes met mine and he said, "Some people call me 'Nez'."



I heard the familiar musical voice of the Being As Old As Time, Itself say, "Some people call me 'Zen'."

I turned away from the window and the sunlight and saw His Light filling the entire room. His crystal blue eyes sparkled. I was happy to be in His presence.

Frank stood before him looking up at His crystal blue eyes. I looked up, too, and as His beautiful eyes met mine I felt supreme peace and happiness. Then something very strange happened. The Being As Old As Time, Itself shuddered once and then I saw the Light of that Supreme Being begin to freeze.

I thought dimly, "How could Light freeze?"

But Light was freezing and was forming sharp angles and curves as it did so. For just a split

moment, the frozen Light Being took on the form of a pure white casket. I shuddered and then I was in another room in the house. Frank was with me. I think we were in the master bedroom but again the polished wooden floors were bare and the room was absent furniture or any adornment except for the smokey mirror that was propped against one wall. We looked into the mirror. This Time of the End Times the smokey mirror did not reflect mortality. This time it reflected immortality. Frank looked at me and smiled.

“My God, look how young we look,” he said and added, “You look exactly like you did when I first met you in 1967.”

He looked exactly like he looked when he first arrived at my Friendship House. I couldn't remember exactly how long ago that was.

He laughed again and said, “Your hair is long and blonde again but I think this time you are a natural blonde.”

“I imagine that just with a thought we could have any color hair we want here,” was my response.

As we continued to gaze at our renewed appearances suddenly the smokey mirror filled with light that was coming from behind us. Something bright and shiny glinted in the mirror. We turned and were in the open spaces of Point State Park. Everything was so green and fresh. The grass sparkled with iridescent light. The air was pure and intoxicating. The Three visible Rivers were as clear as crystal and the waters sparkled sapphire blue in the sunlight. Above us the sky was azure blue. Before us stood a huge crystal that was standing where the fountain fed by the Underground River had been. Upon closer inspection we realized that the crystal was the Krishna crystal but much larger and slightly different in another way. The small bright blue sapphire phantoms had gathered at the top of the crystal and the ruby phantoms had gathered together to form a layer of bright red beneath the sapphires. They were suspended within the crystal in an intricate balance.

“The Miracle of Fire and Water is represented in a crystal gateway,” was Frank's comment as we noticed that the small twin crystals in the bottom of the larger crystal were indeed gateways. Two by two people emerged from the crystal ark to enter the place where the healing existed and to experience a sacred covenant. Twin Souls who all appeared to be about thirty years old smiled as they entered the garden and into the sunlight of what I was sure was the first day of summer, the longest day of the year.



Nance said, “I've been wondering about something, Frank. It was winter and now it is summer. Either the weather is entirely different here or maybe the world turned upside down and we are now in the Southern Hemisphere.”

I laughed and said, “You are amazing. Here we are somehow in Paradise and all you can think about is geography and weather patterns. As much as you think, I'm surprised we even got here.”

She answered making the understatement of all of our lives, “Well, it's strange.”

Suddenly a Twin Soul approached us and the beautiful young black man said to Nance, “Told you the Lord and I were squared. No need for gloves here.”

Nance hugged the man and his partner. We all were so joyful.

The young and beautiful black man pointed and said, "Look the New Jerusalem, just as promised."

We turned to see throngs of people walking two-by-two under what was now a crystal studded archway of the little bridge that spanned the park toward a crystal city. The sight was magnificent. The crystal buildings of the city sparkled in the sunlight. Somehow I knew that the crystal archway was one of twelve gateways scattered throughout the Earth that led to similar cities of crystal. The world was transformed and so fresh and wonderful. The black man and his partner walked toward the city joining thousands of other couples.

Nance's Merlin eyes flashed with mirth and violet light. She said playfully, "Well, Frank, if you are ever going to kiss me, it should be now."

I put my arms around my Twin Soul who was still a relentless force of nature, but I knew that something more relentless than nature defined her essence and mine.

I said softly, "That kiss could never be taken back. It would anchor us here in this paradise for, what does the *Bible* say, a thousand years. And we both know that a thousand years here could very well be a lot more than a thousand years in linear time. Do you really want to stay here?"

I relaxed my hug as she stepped slightly away from me. Her Merlin eyes smiled and I heard the Music of her voice as she responded, "Well, we did already absorb this lifetime. We already experienced it. I guess that there's really no need to project ourselves back into it. No, Frank, I want to go home. How do we do that?"

I hugged her again. Love swirled around us and within us. I knew the answer to her question but suddenly Paul stood beside us and provided it.

"You just let go and proceed. Good choice, by the way. As beautiful and wonderful as it is here, there is so much more work to be done. It will be difficult, you know. You won't be walking between worlds any more. You'll be walking between time and no time. That's a much more awesome straddle."

Paul laughed and added, "I'll help you as much as I can."

He pointed to the smokey mirror that somehow hung in the pristine air in the garden of the New Heaven and the New Earth. Nance's smiling Merlin eyes, now crystal blue, met mine. We turned and looked into the mirror. The swirls within the mirror reflected the edge of the phenomenal worlds. We concentrated on the swirls within the glass. I took her hand to leap once more into the "unknown," fully aware that we would land safely.



Frank took my hand and we, like *Alice Through the Looking Glass*, stepped into the smokey mirror. As we did so a kaleidoscope of mismatched images flooded our collective mind. We were on the top of Mt. Washington, but it was behind the Eagle House. We were on the Portal but standing in front of the Evergreen trees. We were facing the front of the house, yet seeing the back of it. We were behind the Evergreen trees standing at Point State Park. The confusing images swirled us back and forth between one unlikely and confounding locale after another. Suddenly I felt a sense of extreme vertigo. Everything was spinning around me and I felt as if everything within me was spinning, too.

The vertigo subsided but the spinning within me intensified as I realized we were standing on the Portal. As the sliding full moon reached the edge of woods, I felt the gravity intensify from the Portal. As that occurred, the fiery light in the Heavens above and the liquified Earth below froze. I felt an incredible awareness that something had just stopped the movement. An incredible balance between the Earth and the Heavens had just occurred. The world and sky had ceased movement, but I noticed that Frank, still anchored to the Ancient Stone, was shaking all over. I tried to reach out to him to steady him, but I still could not move my arm. His body was phasing in and out. His body became physical once again only to dissolve into thousands of tiny iridescent golden lights that illuminated the darkness. Almost at the same moment I felt my entire body begin to vibrate. Every cell and atom seemed to be spinning faster and faster. I felt light then heavy. I felt vibration and increased vibration. I felt, I literally felt, every aspect of my being spinning. I relinquished control and felt my physicality being pulled inward by a tremendously strong gravity and then I experienced myself being pulled downward. Finally at a tremendous speed, I felt myself being pulled upward.

The next sensation I had was of something frozen and cold. My consciousness became aware that a wave of millions of highly polished silver discs that tapered inward and upward to form a point had gathered. All of the pointed discs were spinning and gliding over a stream of ice flowing in an iridescent tunnel. Gemstones of all colors lined the walls of the tunnel and glowed from within. Two golden points of light blazed on the top of each highly polished spinning silver disc. Golden dualities in intricate balance in the singularity among millions of singularities of spinning silver discs were reflected on the dark indigo blue surface of ice. We, one Human Soul among millions, were gliding on the ice. Twirling together we saw through the spiritual eyes of our collective nature. Spinning discs from other points in the Galaxy joined the Wave Pattern of Consciousness. The frequency of the close sound of a conch shell and the Distant Music of the Cosmic Drumbeat orchestrated somehow the intricate gliding, swirling, and spinning of the individual spinning discs. Some discs wobbled precariously and were absorbed into a dark and churning chasm in the ice.

The wave intensified in movement and the grace of the gliding and swirling was beautiful. Swirling and purposeful cones of light emerged at intervals where the ice melted slightly to grant entrance into one world after another. The Collective Soul held an image of each world. The first world held the healing of the Galactic nations, a paradise where the essence once presumed lost was found. At each entrance point of each cone of light a wave of spinning silver discs glided into the cone of light. A choice had been made and the Collective Soul felt joy with each choice. Eventually the golden points of light that blazed atop each of the spinning discs became one golden light of unimaginable brilliance.



*Consciousness glides and spins moving toward perfection undiminished by the choices made by the individual aspects of Soul. The sound of the conch shell becomes the Distant Music as the beat of the Cosmic Drum comes closer and closer. The frequency and vibration of the heartbeat of the Universe slowly melts the frozen surface. A river of crystal clear water flows forth and the silver spinning discs render their forms and became one with the waters.*

Consciousness is the water, clear as crystal. It flows into in a deep dark tunnel. The Crystal Wave of Consciousness compresses into a single Point of Light, a singularity moving in the heavy darkness. A Void: dark, empty, majestic, the ancient nothing from which all emerges becomes the essence, the near absence of being. The heaviness of the Void moves over the singularity of Light and compresses it. The Cosmic Drumbeat ceases and there is Silence: clear, empty, and absolute, the most distant vacuum from which the fullness of Music comes. A shudder in the compact and compressed single Point of Light reverberates throughout the vacuum and breathes a creation before there is sound. A single photon of focused Light emerges from the power of the heat of the Void and the silence of the vacuum. A hum from the Light's vibration is the first sound, a bang of Creation containing all sounds. The Cosmic Bang shatters the silence and divides the Dark from the Light. The Light breeds Light and fingers of Pure Radiance emerge from the Darkness of the Void. A Tree of Light spreads its branches throughout all of the Darkness. Light and Dark exist in a unified field of perfect and intricate balance that hums the Song of Creation. The branches of Light render the first mature fruit of the Tree, which cast their seed upon the Void. Light cascades outward until it forms unfathomable crystal clear water. From the depths of the crystal water arises a life force, a radiant Singularity of Light, Consciousness borne of the Tree with Intent's first seed—the desire to remain with the Glorious Tree. From that desire the boundaries of being and non-being are formed; there is no below or above, just the great forces of expansion of the fruits of the Tree of Perfect Light projecting Creation from its Source. The Immortal Tree actively imparts the essence of being, a pulsing singularity of Light that becomes the self-impulse of the wave pattern of life. The pulsing self-aware Singularity holds the Vision of the Tree of Immortality, the Tree of all Life, and emerges from the Void to beget patterns, new vibrations, and cycles. The seed of the Tree of Life is imprinted within the seemingly empty spaces of Spirit, Soul, and Matter that form simultaneously. A Universal landscape intricately orchestrated, whose first symphony is the vibration of love emanating the memory of Wholeness that is the Immortal Tree, becomes the Eternal Immutable Now of Creation.

The fruit of Consciousness reflects on the Created Worlds with an inner eye before there is sight. The fruit of the Tree experiences the universes unfold from the Void and the Light of the Immortal Tree. Consciousness is imprinted with the memory of both the beginning and the end and all that is between. Consciousness reflects on the Source of all Healing and remembers the existence in the purity of love that courses through the Immortal Tree before there were gods or angels and all that was projected both before and after. The essence of Consciousness borne of a Singularity becomes that of clear water, flowing from the Tree; the intent remembered is the passion of Perfection, Wholeness, and Absolute Oneness.

With compassion Consciousness flows to experience the vibrations of universes and the suffering of the forms and processes borne of sleep that pulsate in the illusion of separation from the Immortal Tree. Consciousness flows with only one intent as it actively enters into the limitations of first time and then space. That intent is to collect all aspects of its Light and guide all to awakening and enlightenment, to collect and guide all back to the Tree, the Source of all Creation and the Healing.



It was dark and snowing. I was on my knees. I opened my eyes and turned my head. I saw the Evergreen trees but my inner sight still held the image of the Immortal Tree that is imprinted in all of Creation. I stood up slowly and noticed that the heaviness of a supernatural gravity was no longer preventing movement. I moved my arms out from my sides and stretched out

my fingers. I stretched my neck and looked up as I moved my arms above my head. I stretched out my arms and pointed my fingers toward the heavens. The sky was clear. I lowered my arms and again stretched them out to my sides. I imagined my feet rooted to the center of the Earth. I stood still and allowed my own body to mimic the Tree of Pure Light that had emerged from the absolute darkness of an unfathomable Void. I smiled and realized that my own body was an imprint of that Immortal Tree. I looked down and noticed that the Portal was covered with iridescent crystal blue sparkles of light. Frank was on his knees. His body was still shaking as if every fiber of his being was resisting our return. I reached down and helped him to his feet. I put my arms around him to steady him. Slowly the perceptible vibration that shook his entire body ceased and he became fully physical once again. He smiled and put his arms around me tightly. We stood in Stillness and absolute silence for what seemed an eternity. Eventually he relaxed his bear hug and stepped back from me to stand in his accustomed place on the Portal. We looked into one another's eyes and felt a force field emerging from that glance that moved our arms toward one another until the palms of our hands touched.



We smiled at one another as our touched palms began to move. Nance's Merlin eyes gleamed and sparkled with joy. I could feel the profuse oil forming between our joined palms and I think my eyes must have been sparkling, too. Our merged hands glided effortlessly. Beginning at our Heart Center our hands began to move up, down, to the right and to the left and in all directions in between. Their effortless gliding movement within the force field of the Soul did not form pyramids, squares, or circles. Our gliding hands etched in the invisible air the form of a tree.

"Our hands are forming a tree," Nance said softly and with reverence.

"We and all of Creation are the tree," I whispered.

As if in agreement, we heard a loud snort. While our hands continued to glide, we turned to see the white deer standing only a few feet from the Portal. The white deer sparkled with iridescent Crystal Blue Light that covered its coat. We smiled and I imagined the deer smiled back at us before it turned to trot away into the woods. Our hands glided to rest palm to palm at our Heart Center. The force field relaxed and our merged hands parted. We stood in silence cherishing and remembering each moment.

Eventually I took Nance's hand and we walked the small pathway of stones that lead from the Portal around the Evergreen Trees and into my yard. The sky was perfectly clear and the stars shone brightly above despite the radiance of the full moon that hung above my house. My grass was covered in sparkles of Light and I noticed that we were, too. As we walked silently toward the house, I heard Nance humming "Oh, Holy Night." I could barely believe that she had hummed that very same song only a few hours before as our journey that night had begun.

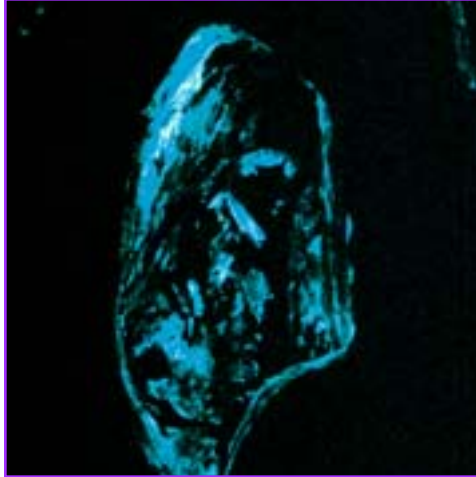
We entered the house and were greeted by Kyra whose coat also sparkled with Crystal Blue Light. She leaped into my arms and acted as if she had seen not me in ages. Perhaps she hadn't. I hugged and petted her. Besides Kyra's loud purr, the only sound was the music of Nance's laugh. I placed my cat back on the floor and Nance and I went into the dining room to remove our coats and boots. I noticed that iridescent sparkles of Crystal Blue Light were everywhere.

I sat at the dining room table to remove my boots. I noticed the clock. It was 12:10 a.m. I was completely amazed.

I said to Nance, “Look at the clock. We returned at exactly the same time we left.”

Still fresh from the Sacred Act of Seeing the Tree of Life, her Merlin eyes flashed crystal blue.

She said simply, “Yes, we never left our seats. It’s called ‘Time Zero.’”



## Recollections Eight The Stellar Gateway

Time Zero is the freezing of all of the Light Densities of the Created Worlds that are fashioned by the various frequencies of Time, the first and Sacred Act of Seeing of Divine Consciousness. The cherubim, who held the flaming sword that moved in all directions, a perfect metaphor for Time, to bar humanity from the Tree of Life had sheathed the sword. All Consciousness in the Galaxy, no longer bound by Time or Space, threw off the shackles of confinement and entered into a Wave Pattern to complete the Process of Creation. For some Eden, the essence once presumed lost, was restored. For others the Tree of Life, the Source of all Healing, became the destination.

Before we reflect on how the experience changed us, let us first reflect back on how our understanding of what occurred was reinforced and illuminated. First our experience of December 2002 was repeated over and over again during meditation and during what became for us “sleep.” Second, occasionally Sacred Geometric Transmissions revealed to us concrete information that reinforced our experience. Third, as has been the process, we received information from others in accordance with our Soul’s Intent and theirs. Finally, near the end of 2003 we reached out for information ourselves for the first time in our journey of pure experience. We found easily what we sought on the Internet and through our local research library.

Our experience in late December 2002 changed us in both profound and mundane ways. Allow us to be clear. Our experience was not a vision. It was an experience that was visceral, physical, emotional, psychological, and spiritual. And it was an experience that we shared detail by detail. Paul had told us during the experience that our choice to forego paradise and to continue to the Source would result in a much more difficult walk than we had ever attempted. He spoke the truth. In fact we didn’t find our footing walking between Time and Time Zero for eleven months. Those eleven months were in many ways the most difficult months in our

journey together. In other ways they were the most tranquil and peaceful months as well.

The fact that Time (beginning with the freezing of the Being As Old As Time) froze in our experience on December 21, 2002 took us about a month to realize. Yeah, we were a little slow in coming to that understanding but the experience itself placed us between the experience of Time and No Time and we just couldn't think. Talk about Stillness and Movement!

When we did realize that our experience was fashioned by the freezing of Time and that the frozen surface upon which all of consciousness glided and spun was Time, we wondered once again what could possibly freeze Light? Not having any answer to that question, we yielded to not thinking and allowed the answer to be revealed to us in accordance with our Soul's Intent and the mechanisms provided. The answer came in December 2003. Now remember that Time is not Light per say. Time is rather the elusive non-spatial frequency continuum that determines the properties of Light, both physical and spiritual, that fashion the Worlds of Creation. In mid December of 2003 we each were watching CNN. As is usual for us, the sound was on mute. We were attracted to reading the crawl space, an attraction that occurs when information is about to be provided to us, and learned that scientists in Russia and the United States had just frozen Light. Curious about how exactly astrophysicists did such a wondrous thing, we consulted the search engine suggested by Paul called "Ask Jeeves." Now bear with us because what we found is an example of the convergence of physics and metaphysics. And you already know that when any convergence occurs there is usually illumination.

Apparently, astrophysicists had been trying to slow down and freeze Light for a number of years in a process known as electromagnetically induced transparency. However, in the previous experiments only the signature hologram of the laser pulse was stored. The actual frozen photons were elusive. Here is the summary of the process that resulted in success. Astrophysicists projected two laser beams in opposite directions into the gas of rubidium. The beams created a signal pulse that created an interference pattern that made the atoms in the rubidium gas behave like tiny mirrors. The photons in the signal pulse bounced backwards and forwards between these "mirrors" and essentially froze the photons of Light. The applications for such a successful process are somewhat mind-boggling. Such control over Light will result in almost a science fiction use of optical communications and will further expand mankind's knowledge of quantum physics.

Yes, we don't quite understand the specifics either, but the Gestalt is rather clear to us. After reading the articles about the experiments, we both recalled something about rubidium, but we couldn't quite remember where we had heard that word before. When we thought about it, we each connected rubidium with one of our stones, lepidolite. Each of our Grid Patterns of the Ancient Landscapes of Crystals contained a piece of lepidolite. It is one of the few stones that we possess in multiple forms. Each piece of lepidolite is iridescent violet with streaks of highly polished silver veins. We romanced those stones and read them individually. Each seemed to be important in transmitting certain time frequencies. We also used the various pieces of lepidolite to bridge the Crown Chakra to the Stellar Gateway. Finally in late December 2003 we consulted "Ask Jeeves" once again and found something rather interesting about rubidium. Rubidium is a silver radioactive element that is used primarily in the precise timekeeping of atomic clocks. In nature it is found in appreciable amounts in only one mineral-lepidolite! The silver element, the coherent light of laser beams, mirrors, and the field reversals required to

freeze Light in the astrophysicists' experiments were surprisingly synchronistic to the elements of our own experience of Light freezing. The microcosm is the macrocosm.

What convergence of effects made it possible for astrophysicists to successfully freeze Light and for us to experience that same phenomena eleven months before? Remember that Supermassive Black Hole at the center of our Milky Way Galaxy? When astrophysicists verified its existence on September 5, 2001, they verified also that it was in a dormant phase. Well, in mid 2002 that Black Hole became active and began to feed on the nearby Light. The heavy gravity is absorbing the surrounding Light as we speak and is compressing it to a singularity. Singularities are Zero Point Fields present in all Black Holes where time and space and the known laws of physics dissolve into nothingness. Sound familiar? The now active Supermassive Black Hole at the center of our Galaxy is absorbing Light which is forming a bright luminous disc spinning rapidly around the invisible center. Now, don't worry, the Black Hole isn't going to gobble us up. Our Solar System is quite a distance away on one of the spiral arms of the Milky Way. However, there is that "spooky action at a distance" to consider.

According to a *Discovery Channel* program taped for us by Paul in the spring of 2003, apparently all Galaxies contain at their centers Supermassive Black Holes. In ways we aren't prepared to explain, current theories suggest that the formation of these Supermassive Black Holes that absorbed the gas clouds from the Big Bang actually gave birth to the Galaxies and to all the stars, planets, and life forms contained within. Every molecule and subatomic particle of our galaxy is intricately intertwined with the invisible Black Hole at its center. The heavy gravity of the Black Hole began to absorb energy recently and become active once again. So wouldn't in some way everything else in the Galaxy reflect in a spooky way the action of the Black Hole from a distance? A convergence of events during the linear thirteen years of the Galactic Creation Path during this Time of the End Times results in this being the last Time of End Times. The Black Hole is absorbing; Portals are activated and absorbing; and the process we have called Soulbraiding begins. The past, the future, the above and the below is being absorbed throughout the Galaxy to become the concentrated energy of a singularity poised for warp speed evolution that enables the Process of Creation to be completed. Interestingly, the invisible Black Hole initially seen by astrophysics as a phenomena of apocalyptic proportions is now seen as the mechanism for birth and creation of the Galaxies. It is also the mechanism that triggers transformation. Seeing is a Sacred Act!

Speaking of absorbing energy and compressing it to a single point. Now let's reflect on the those highly polished spinning pointed silver discs with two glinting suns that were a part of our collective vision since early childhood and certainly are prominent in our experience of the Transit Point at the very last moment of this last Time of the End Times. We experienced the pull of gravity at the Portal and everything being absorbed and collapsed inward, downward, and then quickly upward. We experienced becoming a highly polished silver disc with two points of golden light at the top and observed millions of similar discs spinning over the frozen surface of Time. But what are those silver discs? Our understanding of them arises from the convergence of our pure experience and from Geometric Transmissions. We knew from working with our clients that the human body contains trace amounts of the elements of both gold and silver. Apparently these trace elements have no known function. Our work with Chakra Systems revealed to us that both the sun and the moon are represented in those systems. In

the Human Chakra System the Golden Sun Chakra lies above the Crown Chakra and contains the individualized Soul memory and personality of the individual. An unsealed and flowing Golden Sun Chakra is Coherent in its Light. The flash back of excess light forms the corona of Golden Light surrounding the head that is often seen in paintings of the Saints and Ascended Masters. Beneath the feet lies the moon-like silver Earth Star Chakra that connects us to the Planetary Consciousness and holds the memory of all of our innumerable existences on all the innumerable paths. The sun above our heads and the moon beneath our feet with the trace elements of gold and silver scattered throughout most of the cells and atoms of the body are the mechanisms of our individual and collective transformation.

The silver spinning discs are the fully unsealed and activated Earth Star Chakras. They carry the energy signatures of unsealed and transformed physical body and consciousness that have been collected and absorbed into first the Earth Star Chakra. The incredible spinning and vibration we felt in our physical bodies at the Portal was the actual uncoiling of the Mitochondrial DNA that transforms the physical body into the Light of pure consciousness. If the choice made is to enter into Fourth Density Light and therefore into a more evolved physical existence, the MtDNA will recoil at a higher frequency and the physical body will reconstitute intact but at that higher Light Density Frequency. The Mother Gene gives birth to the new evolved human in an evolutionary leap that occurs at warp speed. The pulling inward and downward deposits consciousness in the Earth Star Chakra. The quick movement upward is an experience of the field reversal when the Earth Star Chakra is absorbed into the Stellar Gateway Portal, highly polished silver in color. The glinting golden suns are the masculine and feminine aspects of a Composite Soul. The traces of silver and gold in the body are awakened to their purpose for being there. This process occurs at exactly the moment the electromagnetic fields of Earth reached the Zero Point, the signal that begins the uncoiling, prior to reversing polarity. The polarity reversal of the electromagnetic fields has occurred on Earth 177 times before. There are a number of scientific indications that a long over due polar reversal has already begun. It occurs for the 178th time at the very last moment of this Time of the End Times and converges with the exact moment that Zero Time occurs.

We know that this all appears to be so very strange and unlikely. However, during our healing sessions quite often a very physical crystal or stone is actually absorbed into the client's body to pop out intact days or years later when the healing is completed. The absorbing of the crystal never occurs until a near Zero Point in the electromagnetic field occurs prior to the Transmission of Coherent Light. We have observed this phenomenon of the New Physics of Light often and so have our clients. Is it any stranger for the physical body to be absorbed into the Earth Star Chakra to pop out later intact when the healing is complete? Also since December of 2002 we have witnessed the bodies of several clients dissolve momentarily into bodies of Light during critical healing sessions. Our experience of the New Physics of Light has convinced us that anything is possible.

Earth and all of Her life forms morph into the highly polished silver discs of consciousness free from the cone of light that has held both the planet and Her life forms in the suffering of Third Density Light. The Wave Transformation begins as single points of consciousness in the form of silver discs that spin and glide to new Cosmic Addresses. Makes one wonder about the similar highly polished spinning silver discs that have been seen in the skies of Earth since

1947. Similar discs are rendered in ancient cave drawings, religious paintings, and are often depicted in crop circles. Many people believe those flying discs are spaceships coming to save us from Armageddon. What is being seen in the sky and in the art of man and the Earth is the vehicle of our collective “future.” The archetype of our collective salvation is arising from the empty spaces and beginning to become real in our physical world to release a memory from our collective consciousness. There were no little green men in those spinning silver discs. Those spinning silver discs are the forms of composite consciousness. The double suns are the masculine and feminine representations of the Twin Soul Matrix on its voyage to paradise. Those silver discs are all of us; we are the vehicles of our salvation!

This Wave Transformation is not death; it is transformation. Perhaps when the God collects his little cones of light (highly polished silver cones, we think!) after death has departed, the first lesson will be how to balance and spin and glide over the frozen surface of time to the destination of choice. We are all being afforded the initial practice of that important lesson now. Collecting, absorbing, and healing the energies of the past, the future, the above, and the below to which the Soul is attached is essentially the Process of Purification. Once completed, only then can the force field of energy of Soul be concentrated enough to fully enter into the Stellar Gateway and successfully become a part of a Cosmic Wave Pattern’s Intent on completing Creation. We remember that initially the ability to balance and spin was a bit precarious. In fact for some aspects of Consciousness that ability was not achieved resulting in falling into an abyss. No wonder Maia became a little alarmed when she first saw in her Sacred Act of Seeing in her cup in December 1998 what was to be the most important moment in our long Earth Walk. Our initial practice of the all-important skill to spin and glide effortlessly on ice occurred seven weeks after her reading when the Feminine Ray spilled from the sky on the ice-covered field behind the Eagle House. One of us managed to spin and glide then. The other fell on his ass. Fortunately by December 2002 both of us had absorbed and healed the energies to which our Soul was attached enough to enter the Wave Pattern and glide and spin. Living and working with a Maya Yuga Portal, a highly geospiritual phenomenon, certainly helped as well.

Several kinds of field reversals will converge at the moment of Time Zero and the beginning of the Wave Transformation. Some of our experience on the first day of winter in 2002 was simply our brains trying to tune into a channel that was not yet fully available to humans. We don’t expect the Transit Moment to include houses turning around, people stepping into mirrors, names appearing backwards, people walking backwards in the street, or bi-location. These were simply the ways in which our brains tried to understand and portray the field reversals that were occurring. We don’t expect that the world will seem to have turned upside either. However, we do expect that besides the shift of the electromagnetic poles, a shift in the geographic poles with an accompanying shift in the Earth’s axis will occur during the Transit Point. When this occurs the crust of the Earth will slide over the Earth’s mantle like the loose skin of an orange over the fruit. The ground will seem to liquify and the heavens will seem to move out of place. Such events have occurred a few times in Earth’s history but are rare and can very well result in a near or complete extinction event. By the time all of this occurs, we will all be ready to “get out of Dodge” (an American expression meaning “to get out before it gets rough.”) Any human, who still has not made the choice for transformation, will most likely quickly have a change of mind. By the way, “plasma” is the fourth stage of matter. The

first three are liquid, solid, and gas. Plasma is produced by the sun and the stars and can be the by-product on Earth of rocket engines. It is theorized that plasma also could be produced if a comet's tail hit the Earth's atmosphere. More interesting to us is that plasma could also be produced by the Earth's Core during cataclysmic geological shifts and displacement of the Earth's crust.

What about that Krishna Crystal? Was our experience just a metaphor?

Can myth and legend converge resulting in an archetype arising from the empty spaces and become supernatural reality? Can the small wands showing up all over the world actually become the Crystal Gateways through which humanity will pass two by two into the New Heaven and the New Earth? Actually, we didn't think much about that part of our experience until December of 2003. Our journey had taken us to many of the local Earth Chakra Systems in Western Pennsylvania and to every chakra in the Pittsburgh System except perhaps the two most important. We had never visited the Root or Earth Star Chakra of our city's system; we had never been inclined to go together (in linear time) to the only place where the Tree of Life is represented in a river system on planet Earth. On the morning of December 7, 2003 we knew that it was time. We walked in the rain to the Point. As we passed under the small bridge that spans Point State Park, we smiled. We had learned only two days before that the small bridge had recently been given a name. It was called "The Portal Bridge!" We walked into the park and noticed that the large clock at the top of Mount Washington that can be seen from the entire city showed it was twelve o'clock noon. We smiled again. We observed several buildings cantilevered over the mountain, but none yet had the form of a Step Pyramid. However, near the fountain we did see a large metal cone structure wrapped in Christmas tree lights. From a distance at night, it certainly would look like a Christmas tree.

We walked toward the old fort that had been the protector of the frontier of what was to become the Keystone State of the original thirteen colonies of the United States of America. We reflected on the history of the old fort. Here the first shot of the first real World War occurred in 1763. Here the first use in the New World of biological weapons in the form of smallpox-infected blankets that killed thousands of Native Americans had also occurred in the same year. Did our visit have anything to do with the terrible outbreak of Hepatitis that had sickened hundreds in our city recently and had taken the lives of several people? The illness started at a local Mexican restaurant and apparently came from infected lettuce or onions imported from Mexico that had arrived in our city via the same route taken by the first Americans centuries ago as they migrated from Western Pennsylvania to Meso America. The outbreak was the largest Hepatitis outbreak in the history of the United States. Was a planetary karma rooted here and not yet absorbed and healed coming at us where it begun? Had we come to transmit healing? We believed so.

We knelt down on the Sacred Ground near the old fort and placed our hands on the rain soaked grass. We prayed and we, in a Sacred Act of Seeing, saw not only the healing where it already existed but also the Source of the Healing. The moments we spent kneeling on that ground were precious and reverent moments for us. As we arose to leave the park, we noticed a few tiny sparkles of Light on the rain soaked grass. We smiled. We also noticed in the distance the crystal spires of the PPG Towers, called by local residents either the "Crystal Palace" or the "Ice Palace." For sure, all over the world similar glass buildings that have the look of crystal

illuminate dozens of cities. Each we think are the architectural microcosms of the macrocosm of the Crystal City of the New Jerusalem that will exist everywhere on the New Earth. We smiled again. As we prepared to exit the park something flashed brightly in the periphery of our vision. We turned and saw what we thought was our Krishna Crystal. It certainly looked exactly like ours. We didn't disturb the small crystal. We were content to leave it where it was. We smiled. In fact, we wondered if millions of the tiny Krishna Crystal wands had suddenly appeared all over the world where the land meets the water. If you are walking someday on the Ancient Landscape of Earth where it meets the water and something flashes at you, smile. Let it be because some time in the near future the seed crystal will become a huge Crystal Gateway leading to the New Jerusalem.

Finally, how about the ultimate destination of the human journey as we experienced it? Before there were eyes that could see, we saw a Glorious Tree of Pure Light arise from the empty spaces of the Void. The Dark and Light in perfect balance is the Miracle of Fire and Water. That experience and the Luminous and Immortal Tree are the ever-present image in our minds today. What we experienced looked exactly like a tree. We have no desire to explain the mystery that is the actual Tree of Life. We simply accept that what we experienced was not a metaphor. Perhaps in accordance with the Intent of the Divine some explanation will be presented eventually but we doubt that. For us no explanation is needed. We didn't even bother to "Ask Jeeves" about it. We are sure even Jeeves can't provide the concrete information to explain the inexplicable. We have observed however, that the Tree of Life is imprinted in the fabric of Creation. The Tree of Life is the Macrocosm of the Microcosm of the Created Worlds. That Glorious and Immortal Tree, the Source of all Healing, is represented in nature everywhere. Observe the leaf of a tree. It contains a central vein and branching smaller veins. Within a leaf is the image of tree, itself. Observe a flower, its stem, and its petals. Observe our own bodies, our circulatory systems, our nervous systems, our lungs, and our livers. Each depicts a central "trunk" with veins branching out in all directions. The image of the Tree of Life is everywhere and the seeds of that Immortal Tree have been planted in the fertile ground of the Soul of each and every one of us to burst forth and flower according to the rhythm of Sacred Time. The mature fruit of the flowering will not only be the healing of the nations during this Time of the Ends Times but will also open the Gateways for the Completion of Creation.

We were curious enough, however, to seek out confirming information that we had not received in any other way in regard to the River System of Pittsburgh. Was it really the only river system on the planet that represented the Tree of Life? Our local reference library assisted us. After much searching, the researchers concluded that indeed only in Pittsburgh did a river flowing south to north converge with a river flowing north to south to form a third river. Only in Pittsburgh did this unusual convergence also include a fourth underground hidden river. The Tree of Life or World Tree observed in the Milky Way by the Ancients is represented exactly in the Ancient Landscape where our journey commenced and continues.

We know that the Tree of Life is also represented in eleven other places on the Ancient Landscape of Earth. In those eleven places, the other Portals of the Crown of Venus, the Immortal Tree is represented in some way other than in a river system. For example, one Portal is located where two mountain ranges converge to form a third and an underground cave is hidden but present. Another Crown of Venus Portal is located in the ruins of a very ancient city.

There two main avenues converge to form a third avenue. Under the city is a subterranean tunnel. A third Crown of Venus Portal is located where three ancient monuments form the Tree of Life. A subterranean cavern connects the monuments. The rest of the Portals have similar but different topographies within the Ancient Landscape of our planet that are the microcosm of the macrocosm. However, don't forget the Maha Yuga Portals, whose purpose is to absorb suffering from the past, the future, the above and the below, are not the only kind of Portals on Planet Earth. The nine Cones of Light that gravitationally encapsulate the realities of the Nine Densities of Light have already begun the process of folding into one another to vortex and allow access outside of the cone. On Earth the Cone of Light that has held our planet and its life forms in the suffering of Third Density Light has already begun to transform into a Vortex. The Seven Chakras are being unsealed. The Vortex is transforming into Portals that are being activated everywhere. No matter where you live, eventually a Planetary Portal will arise from the empty spaces to perform an important function during this Time of the End Times. And most of all don't forget that Portal in your heart. That Portal is vitally important for through it Unconditional Love and Compassion flows the individual spirit to the place where the healing already exists.

Only one final question remains to be answered about our experience. When does the Transformation occur? When does the Transit Point arrive? The signs preceding this Time of the End Time are given in almost all prophecies including the Buddhist prophecy "The One Possessing the Forces of Ten" found in Volume 1 page iii of this book. Careful reading of this prophecy indicates that the signs contained in it have and are coming to pass. Most certainly the relics are being collected from all points in time and space. But alas there is no certain date given for the passage into Nirvana. However, since most Buddhist scholars believe the Supreme Buddha lived on Earth about 2500 years ago rather than 5000, it seems this prophecy has some time yet to come to fruition. Most prophecies give clues but none give actual dates. In fact we have entered into quite a few discussions with readers of the first edition of this book who have very different ideas about the timing of the Transformation than the one we experienced in our journey. Several astrologers believe the Convergent Point will arrive from 200 hundred to 2000 years from now. Several religious scholars either place the End Times within our lifetimes or at least 2500 years from present. Some of our New Age friends are convinced that this lifetime is a rehearsal for the Transformation Point, which will not occur for several centuries. And most of those friends believe when the Transformation Point is reached only a part of humanity will enter into the Wave Pattern. The rest will be blasted back to the Stone Age to begin the journey all over again. Our friends cannot conceive that every individual will transform enough even within 200 years to be ready to enter into the Wave Pattern Transformation.

We disagree, and here is why: Every aspect of consciousness of all the nine Constructs of Consciousness must be represented approaching Time Zero for only then can the Whole of Creation climb the Ladder of the Evolution of Consciousness. Everyday we observe the evolution of consciousness at all levels occurring before our very eyes. The Earth of Third Density Light is belching and roaring but the Earth of Fourth Density Light has already arisen from the empty spaces and exists here and now on many places on our planet. We have observed in our healing practice the uncanny intelligence of viruses and malignancies. We observe the animals in our homes and in our environment moving from purely instinctual behavior to individual

consciousness. After all, only recently have higher apes communicated with sign language and made tools. And how about humanity, the one who potentially possesses the forces of the ten Constructs of Consciousness (the nine Constructs and the Whole.) We have observed clients who came to us initially resonating from what others might observe to be caveman mentality to that of Planetary Consciousness unknit the fabric of their lives to reknit with the remnants their piece of the Divine and Healed Tapestry. Some came to us with no spiritual awareness at all. Some came with highly evolved intuition. Regardless, all have stepped at least onto the Construct of Planetary Consciousness and many have stepped onto the higher aspects of the Galactic Creation Path and have experienced the New Physics of Light that is found there. Some even resonate with the wisdom and fullness found only on the final Construct, the Universal Path. Regardless of religious belief or lack of it, all have developed a conscious contact with the Divine. The Work for each has been difficult; for each, the Work is being completed. Humanity in all of its diverse forms here on Earth and in the Galactic Worlds is preparing to complete the Process of Creation. We are not naive about the capability of our species for violence, brutality, and other acts without conscience. However, during this Time of the End Times events converge that have only one outcome. All life on this planet will enter the Wave Pattern. If Transformation is not the choice of individual aspects of the Human Soul, who fail to yield and heal during the Purification Process, then that gaping hole in the frozen surface of Time Zero awaits. However, it is our belief that every person on this planet is capable of choosing Transformation and mastering the art of spinning over the frozen surface of Time to all points above Third Density Light.

But when is the completion? When is Time Zero? Only the Sacred Mayan Calendar gives a date. Scholarly interpretation of the Mayan Calendar typically places the exact date on December 21, 2012. However, even Mayan scholars differ on the exact interpretation of that Sacred calendar. Some believe Time Zero will arrive as early as 2011 or as late as sometime in 2013. Our experience and observation is that the Mayan Calendar is correct in placing the collective experience of Time Zero sometime during the first linear years of the second decade of this century. Our experience and observation is that this lifetime is not a rehearsal for some other lifetime in the future. Our experience is that Time Zero already exists in the strata of the Immutable Now and all of humanity will meet that moment together very soon. Our experience and observation is that we already have. And yet here we are, Nance and Frank, back on Earth writing these words. Well that leads us to the reflection of how our experience of Time Zero changed us, the authors of this book.

We are ordinary human beings. We are not Saints or Ascended Masters. We are not special in any way. One of us came into this life, like millions of other humans, with a considerable amount of expanded awareness. The other, like millions of other humans, came into this life with no expanded awareness and no spiritual acumen. Regardless of our individual states of conscious awareness, neither of us experienced the texture and color of the fabric of conscious life until we joined together as Twin Souls. Within the Ancient Landscape of the Twin Matrix of our Soul, we began a journey of pure experience observed by the Divine. We were lucky because we had one another; but pioneering the energetic process that will occur for all humans within the next decade is difficult.

The final Construct of Consciousness, the Universal Path of Transformation, according to

the most liberal estimate will not anchor on Earth until at least 2010. Its seven “day” and six “night” cycle will last only thirteen months. Talk about Time speeding up! As pioneers of the energetic process unfolding, we stepped onto the Universal Path on December 21, 2002. Our stay there could be measured in nanoseconds. We also experienced in nanoseconds also what lies beyond the final Construct, the completion of Creation. We awakened back on Earth where that experience is yet to be embraced by our fellow man. We felt definitely like fish out of the clear pure water. We felt completely ungrounded in the physical, in time, and even in Soul.

Our bodies felt heavy and cumbersome. They didn’t feel real or important enough to consider. They mattered very little to us. They were simply the illusionary shells that contained the essence of Spirit. We did not experience the containment. We felt no desire for food. In fact, during the first half of 2003 we simply forgot to eat for many days at a time. This was a real change for two people who previously really enjoyed food. We didn’t feel hunger and the lack of food didn’t leave us feeling tired or sick either. We also didn’t lose weight. Something elusive and invisible nourished our bodies without the need to eat food. We rarely slept. What sleep we had were short “cat naps” that were usually dreamless states. Occasionally Geometric Transmissions were transmitted during “sleep,” but most often those Transmissions occurred while in meditation or while awake. In fact, awake or asleep, we rested in a meditative state that was the consistency of our lives.

We felt almost completely unanchored to linear time. Prior to December 2002 we had to really think to discern what day, week, or month it was. After December we really had to think to know what year it was. Most of the time we instinctively thought it was 2012! Even the rhythm of Stillness and Movement that had been our primary experience of Time faded. We felt primarily an intricately balanced Stillness.

Individuality, individual Soul, or even the Twin Soul that had been the wonderful collective experience we had shared for four years no longer defined our essence. Our essence was that of Pure Consciousness that flowed outside of the boundaries of both Time and Space. Even to use the word “we” doesn’t fit as a pronoun, although “we” is the only descriptor we possess. Words cannot describe in any way the essence of our existence. The Glorious Branches of Light of the Tree of Life intricately balanced in the Darkness of the Void was the definition of our thoughts, our vision, and our being. Yet, this pure and awakened essence of Spirit still lived in physical bodies and in a physical, phenomenal, and illusionary world. Everything seemed so dream like and unreal. Even the Earth Path of Fourth Density Light was illusionary and shadowed. We were not depressed. We were not joyful. We were not disheartened or “heart full.” In fact, we had no emotions and no desires, whatsoever. None.

The wisdom to care for our bodies arose from the empty spaces of our meditations. Since we had no desire to not care for our bodies, either, it just seemed prudent to make the choices we made. We faithfully did our grounding exercises once again. We made conscious efforts to eat. When we did eat food, we ate more protein because that seemed to ground our physical bodies more than our previous vegetarian diets had. That was a real departure for two people who rarely ate meat. We have to say that the only foods we really enjoyed were pineapples and pure apple juice. Why, we don’t know. By the end of 2003, Stillness and Movement fashioned our eating practices. Some days we ate; other days we didn’t. We also made conscious efforts to sleep more normally. That really didn’t work very well, but by the autumn of 2003 we began

to experience sleep occasionally more often in the way we had prior to 2003. However, nothing about our relationship to eating, sleeping, and to our physical bodies ever returned to the patterns or processes that defined us before December 2002.

There is a paradox in awakening in the Cosmic Dream. One is awake and fully aware of living in an illusionary dream. Most would state the total lack of desire is the point of awakening and is a wonderful state of being. It is. Yet, that state of being is a conundrum for the awakened Spirit that still lives in a physical body. Physical bodies and the ego rely a great deal on desire to be motivated. We possessed no desire and had no motivation to do anything.

Initially, we had no desire to do our Work. Not any of it. We had no desire or motivation to work with our clients. Our Work previously had been performed as Twin Souls, who yielded to the Divine and Sacred Act of Seeing, to become vehicles to transmit Coherent Light and awaken in our clients their own healing where it already existed. We weren't Twin Souls any longer. And we were so aware that suffering is an illusion that to enter into a process to transmit Coherent Light to relieve suffering seemed counterproductive in a weird, yet comprehensible way. However, circumstances arose from the empty spaces that required us to keep our commitments. Since we had no desire to not work with our clients either, we continued our Work. In January a woman from California, who had read the first edition of this book, asked for our assistance when she was diagnosed with ovarian cancer. In February the first of several very ill young children were brought to our door. In February and March we spent quite a few days at Allegheny General Hospital tending to a client who had developed an idiopathic (no cause known) pericarditis that defied medical treatment and threatened her life. We actually saw the Angel of Death in her room and we actually watched the Angel of Death depart. Our client was released from the hospital within a week and her life threatening heart condition has not reoccurred. In March the first of several elderly patients, who suffered from either Alzheimer's disease or Parkinson's disease, came to our door. In March Paul experienced such a supernatural event that it nearly took his life. He required our immediate assistance. His story and his description of that can be found on our website at [www.twinmiracle.com](http://www.twinmiracle.com). In addition, the clients we already had in our practice, who had healed from their physical or emotional illnesses, continued to enter into the process of what we called "Ascension Work." Our love for all of those people is boundless. Our love for all life everywhere is. We successfully worked with everyone who came to our door. Exactly how our work was done, we mean the exact process, changed because we no longer existed as the masculine and feminine aspects of one Soul. Initially, we simply yielded and allowed the Transmission of Unconditional Love to flow in a process that was different and more empowered. We didn't understand fully the nature of the change until late in 2003.

Initially, we also had no desire and felt no joy in the phenomenon that had been so much a part of our lives together. Our Ancient Landscapes of Crystals and the Grid Patterns in which they were arranged were merely just another illusion of the phenomenal worlds. In fact, we gave quite a few of our crystals to our clients and friends. Except in one case, all of the crystals given away returned to their places within the Grid Patterns within a day or so. Now there's a lesson in that. Be careful what you romance. We had romanced those stones to discern their natures and their intents. While we detached from them, they didn't detach so easily from us. Since we had no desire to avoid phenomena, either, we smiled when they returned and

continued to use the crystals when appropriate. Occasionally but far less often we even still found some crystals as we walked an entirely new kind of path together in 2003. More often our collection grew as clients who were finding crystals everywhere gifted them to us.

The phenomenon that did increase for us in 2003 was the appearance of the physical sparkles of iridescent Light of violet, gold, or crystal blue. Everywhere we went the Light sparkled on us and in the environment around us. We took no delight in the phenomena. It mattered not to us whether that Light was there or absent. Its beauty and mystery paled in comparison to the memory of the Light of the Immortal Tree intricately balanced in absolute Nothingness. That memory is etched in every cell and atom of our physical being. It resonates in every aspect of our thoughts. It constantly evokes the essence of Pure Spirit that has become the flow of our lives. We did, however, experience some delight when many of our clients, particularly those who had entered into the Ancient Landscape of the Twin Soul Matrix, encountered the iridescent Light in their own lives, in their own homes, and at their places of work.

The Portals and the Earth Chakra Systems that had previously so consumed our time and focus also faded in importance to us. Oh, both Portals continued their phenomenal Planetary Work. The Heart Portal spilled out iridescent Light almost daily and the sounds of either the Conch Shell or the Species Chant flowed from that Portal more often. The aroma of roses and lavender filled the yard of the Friendship House both in the summer and in the winter. The Maya Yuga Portal continued the alternating process of absorbing suffering or spilling forth Crystal Blue sparkles of Light. The sounds of that suffering being absorbed into the heavy empty spaces of the Portal were often audible at the Eagle House. But just as often there was just blessed silence. The etheric aroma emanating from the Maya Yuga Portal was ever present. We know it must sound strange to you, but we just didn't have much interest in what was continuing to occur. We just were no longer attached to the process of the journey because we held within us the awakened memory of the destination.

During the summer of 2003 the first desire we had during that year arose. That desire was to get out of here. We just didn't want to be here any longer. We wanted to cast off all illusion and exist fully and in every way at the Source of all Healing. That desire and the reality that we still lived in illusion made one of us very irritable and extremely annoyed at having to hear the sounds of suffering being absorbed at the Maya Yuga Portal. That desire made the other of us very weary of the Work and very sad. That desire made it impossible for us to even consider finishing this book. Our journey and our story seemed so New Age and so passé. In fact, all Ages seemed old and tiresome to us. Even considering doing the work required to implement the design of our website as it would exist from September 2003 until July 2004 that we had received in a Geometric Transmission in early January 2002 seemed to be only one more anchor to the illusion of which we wish to be free. The desire to no longer be a part of the physical world nearly immobilized us. Frankly, the desire to leave all illusion and the inability to do so really sucked.

We received assistance in breaking free from what was really the ego's clever ploy to reassert its prominence from several sources. The first was Paul. During the summer he suddenly had an interest in taking photographs of the crystals for our website. Our friend Deb joined him and together they began to take the pictures of what would become the "Crystal Illuminations" at **[www.twinmiracle.com](http://www.twinmiracle.com)**. The photographs were so beautiful and filled with Light that we became

motivated to share them with the world. In addition, friends and clients began to write their stories to be posted on the website. While we knew from the Transmissions the exact order in which the stories would be posted, the experiences that people shared prematurely motivated us as well. Little by little the design illuminated in Geometric Transmission months before was coming together with a lot of help from our friends and the skills of our Webmaster.

We also received assistance during those difficult summer months from the Ascended Master, who Paul referred to as “Master Bubba.” Quite often He appeared to transmit Perfect Love and Light to us. In addition, we began to dream once again during our “cat naps.” The dreams, when we had them, were often the lucid visions of an old friend and Planetary Guardian, who had first appeared in the Vision Quest experience in 1996. Metteyya, the energy of an emerging Buddha who was the little elephant in the Vision Quest, appeared in our dreams as a full-fledged Being of Light. He appeared dressed in a saffron robe embroidered with sapphires and wore on His head a twelve-pointed crown that glistened with gems. Like “Master Bubba,” Metteyya never said a word. However, the transmission of His Love and Light revived us.

Slowly we realized that our small part of the Divine Tapestry that is being woven by us all was to share the journey that we had purely experienced in both the revised edition of this book and on our Website. We earnestly began to work on both in August. The primary assistance we received that motivated us to finish this book came not from any Cosmic sound but rather from the Soulful voice of a single human being. The face of that person had first been reflected on the Crystal Blue waters of the Vision Quest in 1996. His initials and his actual name appeared several times in Maia’s readings before he arose from the empty spaces of a reality television show to become the voice for millions in the United States. We found an uncanny synchronicity to our own journey in the words and content of his pop songs. Because of his voice’s illumination and the assistance we received from others, by October 2003 we had achieved a footing between Time and Time Zero.

In November of that year we began to transmit Coherent Light in our sessions with our clients from a slightly different observation. Rather than being Twin Soul vehicles to transmit and awaken the healing where it already existed, we were the vehicle of a Divine Unity transmitting the Source of all Healing to awaken the Glorious and Mysterious Reality that relieves all suffering. We saw and transmitted in the Sacred Act of Seeing what we saw almost every minute of everyday. We saw and transmitted the Tree of Life intricately balanced in the Void. We became a vehicle to transmit the actual Miracle of Fire and Water. The change in focus made a difference in our Work and a very positive difference in our clients’ experiences.

On December 7, 2003, the very same day we first visited the Point State Park in Pittsburgh, Maia saw in her cup events about to unfold in the world. She saw clearly that earthquakes would begin to quicken near the end of December. On December 26, 2003 the devastating earthquake in Iran occurred to be followed by a plethora of less destructive earthquakes elsewhere on the planet. She saw other Earth changes as well which she felt could not be mitigated. Also, she saw the dark time intensifying that would continue to challenge humanity. Having seen the future of our world in a magnificent Light on August 25, 2001, her Sacred Act of Seeing the Divine Light has changed her life and her focus. She held much of what she saw in her cup that December morning in the Higher Light that is ever present in her life and prayed for healing now rather than continued struggle. She also saw in that cup the following.

*The observers and the illuminators, who allow their souls for Universal Convergence, connectedness, and communication, are transporting themselves to other spiritual realms in increasing numbers. They are able to see the plateau of darkness and light simultaneously. These Light Beacons of humanity are moving in a slow wave motion but that wave is picking up speed as time passes. These human beacons are increasing in numbers each day to illuminate the healing.*

*I see many wave patterns of humanity leaving this Earth. Their work is finished and they will not return to the karma of suffering.*

For a while yet many humans having completed their piece of the Divine Tapestry will leave this Earth via the physical process of death. They will not be returning. However in just a few short years don't be surprised if many humans pioneer the process of leaving Earth without transiting through the process of physical death. When that begins to happen, the last moment of this final Times of the End Times will only be a few years away.

As for us, we know we will be here until that last moment. That is the promise we made before we entered Earth incarnation. The promise has already been kept and we will continue to move toward the moment it is kept in linear time. We are so very aware that the human body is the Cosmic Body, the human mind is the Cosmic mind, the atom is the Universe, and the microcosm is the macrocosm. That knowledge comes from being just ordinary human beings. Nothing special. An Intent of the Divine arose from the Ancient Landscape of our Soul and placed us in the only geo-spiritual place where we could pioneer the energetic process unfolding for all of us. This book is the story of our pure physical and spiritual journey and its destination. Flowing from the empty spaces is the energetic microcosm of the Human journey and its destination. Yes, we have had incredible experiences and extraordinary preparation for our journey together. But really haven't we all. Think back on your life. The tapestry is being unknotted whether you want it to be or not. Within the loose threads are the colors of healing of your own journey. Be attentive to the Ancient Landscape of this Earth where you live. The voice of the Earth, our Physical Mother, is speaking to you. Take time for meditation and be attentive to the Ancient Landscape of your Soul. The Voice of the Divine, our Spiritual Father, is guiding you. In the Stillness of meditation or in the quiet hours of the early morning, listen. The Distant Music is arising from the empty space of Creation calling to you. That Distant Music is coming closer. Perhaps you may hear a chant, a conch shell, the heartbeat of the planet, the Cosmic Drum Beat, or the unchained melody of a Celestial hum. When you do, smile and hum, too.

In the meantime, when hope seems to be flickering on the point of extinction our task together is to see the healing where it already exists regardless of circumstance. Our task together is to be that healing. Seeing the healing where it already exists is easy when everything validates that vision. Our real Work together is to see the healing when almost nothing validates it. Regardless of the individual Work to be performed by each of us in the Human Race, that Work is the most important and often the most difficult.

Twice a day, in the morning and in the evening, we stop and remember our existence as pure consciousness unbound by either space or time. We reflect back on Creation and transmit in our small way the Source of the Healing, The Tree of Life, to Earth, to our human family here and throughout the Galaxy, and to all life everywhere. While we have been afforded the opportunity to see the completed Divine Tapestry whole and perfect, our Work in linear time

has not yet been completed. It is changing and transforming at warp speed. What lies ahead for us we know will be the most challenging piece of Work thus far. As the I Ching, transmitted through Sacred Geometry, recently advised, “When the way comes to an end, then change. In changing, you pass through.” Having experienced the Truth in that statement in profound ways, we will not resist the changes already arising from the empty space of the Ancient Landscape of our Soul. However, if you are so predisposed, we appreciate your prayers for us.

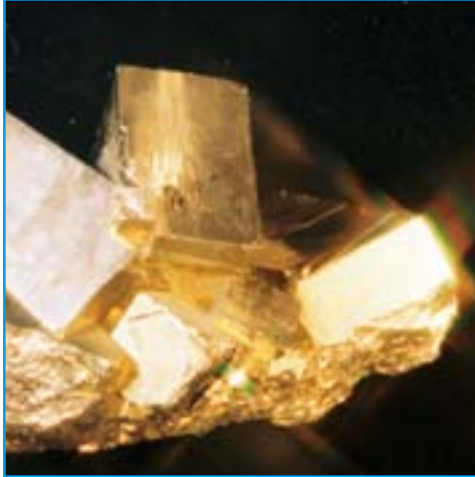
As we write these final words, Opportunity has just joined its twin rover Spirit on the planet Mars. The twin Voyagers have left the Solar System and have entered into Galactic Interstellar Space. Good news for the energetic progress on the Galactic Creation Path! On planet Earth the conditions are ripe with spiritual opportunity as all of the energies of the past, future, above and below are being absorbed into the Present and healed. Such highly focused energy allows Spirit to arise from the empty spaces to prepare all of us for the opportunity of Transformation that is our birthright during this last Time of the End Times. On Earth millions of human beings are entering into the Composite Soul relationship of either the Twin or Group Soul. By the time the Transit Point arrives every human will be in the Soul Matrix needed for the voyage into the next step in human evolution and beyond. Avoid the troubling tendency to believe that such is not possible for you. It is not only possible, it already exists. While most people will not enter into such an evolved Soul Matrix until 2009, the time is ripe for such important Soul connections. In fact, since September 2003 hundreds of people throughout the world have shared with us their own stories of recently entering into Twin Soul Matrix. In the fullness of Time and in accordance with your own Soul’s Intent, you will meet the moment at a Convergent Point where your own Twin Soul Matrix exists. Feel the joy of knowing with certainty that within every moment lays the joy of our collective awakening because currents of Time and Time Zero exist simultaneously. The Soul is already complete, healed, and unfragmented. Only illusion makes the experience otherwise.

Marshall McLuhan, the Canadian writer who theorized on mass communication, said that the medium is the message. The medium is not a book, a poem, or a movie. It is not the story of two ordinary human beings’ extraordinary journey. The medium is the Divine spark arising from the empty spaces within every life form on this Earth, in this Galaxy, and in this Universe. The message is the one you have waited for since the beginning of Time and Space. The message is:

*Now is the Time for war, death, and suffering to cease.*

*Now is the Time to experience Unity and the completion of Creation.*

*Now is the Time to come Home.*



## – AFTERWORD –

### NANCE AND FRANK

The 1982 “New Jerusalem Dream” turned out to be very precognitive in substance, and that substance was not nearly as symbolic as we once thought it was. It planted the seeds in Durational Time of the pure experience of our journey. We offer at the end of this book another lucid dream. This dream is retrocognitive in substance. Within the empty spaces of the two “dreams” lies the entire human experience.

The dream we offer is not our own. In fact it is the “dream” of one of our first clients, David Wilbert. We met David in September 1999. Our friend, Maia, had referred him to our healing practice. When Maia made the referral we asked her not to reveal anything that she knew about him so our session with him would be a pure experience. However, the evening before he arrived we received an unusual Sacred Geometric Transmission about him. The Transmission about David advised us that we needed to be very patient with him and it announced that he represented the ordinary human being who had no previous spiritual acumen or any expanded awareness. The Transmission predicted that through him we would discover the incredible capability of the most common of people to exist where the healing already has occurred. David has done exactly that. David, our Butler County farmer, has found more crystals within the Ancient Landscape of Western Pennsylvania than we have. He certainly has surprised us in more ways than we can count at his ability to exist where the healing has already occurred. His story is truly remarkable. He has become a friend, a fellow traveler, and someone we love very much. His story was the first we posted on our website at [www.twinmiracle.com](http://www.twinmiracle.com) in late September 2003 in “Tales of the Creation Path.” To date (December 2003) over 100,000 people all

over the world have read David's story and his lucid dream, which is one of the most remarkable initiation dreams we have ever encountered. We had not shared with him what had occurred for us in December 2002 and therefore we find his "dream" to be very synchronistic with at least a part of our experience, the most important part. David's dream has inspired all who have read it. He had the "dream" just a few days before the beginning of the New Gulf War in March of 2003.

*I was in a large arena with thousands of other people. I didn't know most of them but I thought we had come to be entertained. I was with a smaller group. The speaker and leader of our group began to talk. He said we were going to take a journey and we were to follow him. He said it was important not to lose sight of him. For some reason I thought he might be a spiritual guide. He started to walk very slowly but somehow I lost sight of him and started to panic. I looked around and I didn't recognize anyone from my group. I tried to hurry through a maze of hallways to find him or someone from my group but I just got more lost. I was scared. I tried to find shortcuts trying to find him but I got even more lost and even more scared. I pushed my way through a crowd of threatening people and entered a room to find safety. As I looked around the bare room I realized that the room was getting smaller and smaller. I realized if I didn't get out I would be crushed because all the walls, the ceiling, and the floor were collapsing and the room was getting even smaller. I couldn't find any doors or windows from which to escape. I was sure I was going to be killed. Suddenly I noticed a very small opening in one of the walls. It was very tiny but I knew that I could magically squeeze through it if I wanted it enough. I wanted it enough. I squeezed through the crack and found myself back in the arena in my seat once again. My heart was pounding and sweat was pouring off of me. My group was with me and all of them were sweating, too. The leader began to talk to all of us. He said we had all just experienced being lost, scared, and confused. He said we had experienced the human condition as it had been for a long time. He said that our suffering and our experience was an illusion. He said what had just occurred was not real but had been done by lights and special effects like in a movie. He said that in fact we never left our seats. I thought to myself, what crap! I knew what I just experienced had been real. I didn't believe him and neither did anyone else. So he said again that we were going to take a journey. He said to follow him and that it was important not to lose sight of him. I was ready this time and made certain that I kept him in my sights, but suddenly I lost sight of him and the entire experience occurred over again as it had before. And as before, I squeezed through the crack and found myself back in my seat in the arena. The leader looked at all of us and laughed. He said "Does anyone want to do it again or are you ready to believe that it was all an illusion. None of you ever left your seats." Suddenly someone in my group started to laugh, and then another did. I laughed too. I got it. I had never left my seat. I woke up feeling Light all around me.*

When you begin to feel the "walls" of the reality of the Purification Path closing in on you, remember to look for the crack in the wall and the Light that shows through it. You can fit

through that crack and follow the Light to the only place where you have ever really existed. In truth, none of us ever left our seats. That truth we have remembered and experienced. We also experienced coming here to keep a promise we made long before Earth incarnation. We experienced that promise being kept. Outside of all illusion, we experience more every day in the Sacred Act of Seeing what we see in the Sacred Language of Geometry transmitted by a Coherent Light. These truths guided our experience of our journey to its completion. It has always been so. These are the only other truths we know. As our own awakening unfolds, they are the only truths we experience.

THE DIVINE HAS WILLED THE HEALING

THE HEALING ALREADY EXISTS

PEACE IS ETERNAL

With Unconditional love and Coherent Light,

Nance and Frank

March 2004



## About the Authors

In the tradition of the Ancient Mystery Schools and the Lone Ranger, the authors have chosen to remain anonymous. They were guided in their journey as representatives of the Human Soul. The Work that they and all humans are performing during this Time of the Times is important. They, themselves, are not. They understand that hierarchies and specialness are energies of that which is passing and are the death of enlightenment.

Nance and Frank chose their first and middle names because they are the names they favored as children. The surnames they have chosen give homage to the pioneers of their genetic ancestry. The Bennetts brought Frank's family to Western Pennsylvania in 1780. Nance is the third cousin of the aviator, Amelia Erhardt.

Maia chose her particular pseudonym because it is her favorite Greek name, which means "magic." She was unaware of the fact that the name she chose spelled differently is also the name of Buddha's mother. Also spelled differently, her name is the Hindu word for the illusion of the phenomenal worlds.

Frank is single and lives with his cat Kyra. Nance lives with her husband Paul and their cats, Mariah, Oumoux, and Hymyadi. Currently, Maia lives with her husband George in Florida.

All three of the authors of this book devote their time and energy to the only activity that has any meaning to them. They see the healing where it already exists in all that they do and all that they are. All else to them is illusion.



“The various frequencies of Time fashion the rhythms of all of the created worlds. Listen. A Distant Music is coming closer. It is not just an Earth Song. It is the Song of the Galaxy. Within the empty spaces of this most sacred of all Music lies the fullness of healing and peace.”

“The human experiences in this lifetime and in others during our collective long Earth Walk have afforded each person plenty of the stuff of suffering and loss. In all of those lifetimes and on all of the innumerable paths of each, a voice has whispered, ‘healing.’ That perennial and relentless whisper from the Soul has become a Clarion Call during this time and on this path of all the innumerable paths. You hear it; you feel it. We know you do. You know that healing exists; you know it exists now. You feel that knowledge in the Stillness of your busy days. It whispers to you during your dreamless sleep. Healing is on the edge of your memory and all you want to do is to turn the right way and discover the essence you once presumed was lost. Our Collective Eyes reflect the weariness of the current Earth Walk. Yet deep within the Stillness of Collective Eyes is the hidden vision of wholeness and healing that is the heritage and the future of all humans. In the Stillness you know the time is Now. From your deep memory you know it always has been and always will be. The question is? Will you this time do the Work? Will all humans? Humanity has spent countless eons practicing human nature. Is humanity, are you, ready to spend the next decade embracing and remembering your Divine Nature?”

“I sat at the dining room table to remove my boots. I noticed the clock. It was 12:10 a.m. I was amazed.

I said to her, ‘Look at the clock. We returned at exactly the same time we left.’

Still fresh from the Sacred Act of Seeing the Tree of Life, her Merlin eyes flashed crystal blue. She said simply, “Yes, we never left our seats. It’s called ‘Time Zero.’”



“The human journey has been long and difficult. The destination of our journey has been shrouded in myth and secrecy. Ancient Landscapes/Distant Music chronicles the long journey and reveals the destination in all of its glory. The myth is no longer and the secret is revealed. For me, reading this remarkable book has changed the anchor points of my life forever.”

“Every spiritual or soul-felt question I have asked was more than adequately answered within the experience of reading Ancient Landscapes/Distant Music. No other book written by mere humans just like me has ever done that.”

“The last chapter of Ancient Landscapes/Distant Music blew open the doors of perception for me. My eyes have been opened to the purpose and glory of Creation. I see the healing where it already exists.”