

---

**999**

---

or

Playing the Glass Bead Game with Pythagoras

Nataša Pantović

# Content

Playing Hesse's Glass Bead Game with Pythagoras .....	4
Ruben .....	36
Father Benedict's Round Table of Solomon .....	49
A Man Training To Love .....	82
Ama's Mother .....	96
Cronology of a Minor Famine in 17th Century China.....	107
A Man Trained to Hate .....	145
A Man Trained to Kill .....	153
Lilith .....	182
A Man Training to Be .....	196
VITRIOL .....	201



...by plunging into the depths of the mind, for which there is no great need to open the eyes to the sky, to raise the hands, to direct the steps to the temple, nor sing to the ears of statues in order to be the better heard, but to come into the inner self believing that, God is near, present and within, more fully than man himself, being soul of souls, life of lives, essence of essences: for that which you see above or below, or round about, or however you please to say it, of the stars, are bodies, are created things, similar to this globe on which we are, and in which the divinity is present neither more nor less than he is in this globe of ours or in ourselves.

**Giordano Bruno**

# Playing the Glass Bead Game with Pythagoras

*If history is a story, then whose story becomes history?*

“She is a witch!”

Whispers disturbed the building silence netting frames of ghastly images on the streets of Macao.

“What do you mean a witch?” that is Ama! “They have arrested Ama!”

This little commotion of confused words, unsettled thoughts and scattered feelings was happening on the streets of Macao in China, sometime in the mid-17<sup>th</sup> century, during the Age that is known as the one of Reason.

Two shadows, deeply moved and connected in an invisible hug, rushed through the night talking, merging their forms with the moonlight and shadows of the buildings and trees.

“Just after the death of her father that retched soul, Fra Thomas, couldn’t settle down, he was the one to arrest Ama.” stuttered the ghostly figure.

“Arrest! That is absurd!” The second man shook his head with the most sincere and spontaneous gesture of anger. “Her father is the founder of our Church and University! Their friends are influential, they would not let this happen. When did it happen?” His

voice like a bird shot through the wing could not rise.

A family of bats hung upside down observed the scene. They formed a shape of a butterfly carved in rare white jade, the mother whispered silently to her lover: "let us sleep, it is that time of the day..." Trusting her fate to her new just found friend, balancing in mid-air, she opened her eyes and instinctively moved closer to the fire to hear this story, for a story-teller of the bats she was, so she was curious.

Illuminated, in the starlight, their faces narrated an excitement for the tale that is about to begin.

Together harmoniously all the bodies gathered the wood for fire, lit it and let it glow through the night of dancing sadness under the stars, a dance choreographed by the moonlight a thousand of years ago. A shimmering halo like golden desert sand reflected past, present and future, an oracle of thoughts burnt in the fire that very moment.

"Last night! If it happened to her, it can happen to any one of us! Does Ruben know?"

"Ruben? Ruben is nowhere to be found, lost, gone..."

"What do you mean gone? Maybe the same people killed him?"

"To call infinity a number," the bat contemplated "does not make it one."

A restless crowd they were before they were fed and entertained by spirits, later surrounded only by birds, after their fears were lessened, it takes no reading of the stars to see that the men were friends with Ama. Free from death for one immortal moment they sealed off their destiny in the totality of Now.

On the other hand, for the Lord of Death, nothing was too soon or too late, for each soul that has attracted his grasp, only knew about "too late".

"No, no! The two are not connected. He left the Monastery, went into seclusion, and then disappeared a couple of months ago. What bad timing, it is now that Ama needs him the most..."

For several heart beats they just stared at each other realizing how tricky some of their games were, escaping, just in time, the bad ending.

Time entered a spiral of a blazing comet, from past to future, across their lives canvases drawn by ants, insects, bees during just one life-time, with a complete focus on a detail called - destiny. Suspended in one moment we were able to execute wonders. Diving into a brief, spontaneous dance, the bat chuckled to herself, echoing the movement of the stars. Bare-foot, through the woods, to the sea, where it was deep and calm, she listened to the sound of AuM altered by grass-hoppers and frogs. Gathering fruits, berries, healing herbs, she shared her offering with the forest fairies and other restless spirits.

"Fra Tomas is a crook! He is a haunted soul! He hated both of them."

Many more unspoken words of fear, confusion, disbelief, for a moment of eternity, crafted a thick wall of silence. The sound of a bird or wind blowing their way, started the conversation again.

"Ama's Chinese friends will not let this happen... Wait and see..."

"There is no time left to waste. To accuse a woman of being a witch, an inquisitor needs only two witnesses and the confession that is forced out of the accused. I've seen neighbours accusing each other, locking relatives or close friends, punishing the innocent, and often the whole scary witchcraft story is based on the fanciful accusations of scared children."

"Ama would never confess to such a ridiculous thing!"

"I pray that we never come to the moment of trial and notorious enquiries. It is easy to force anybody to confess: pricking her body with needles to find a place, made by the Devil that is insensitive to pain. Do you remember those horrid jail chamber chairs? Full of spikes? I've seen them many times. Poor women either die during the torture, or confess anything to the confessor. Even a thought of the horror of such methods makes me sick..."

"Enough, enough, that won't happen. That is ridiculous! How barbaric can a man be! We are in

China! These horrors happen in the main-land, not here! The Chinese wouldn't allow mass murder of their sisters and wives to eradicate flying monsters that supposedly devour children. They are too scared of the spirits of dead, and too civilised to even dream out loud such a nonsense."

"We must help her... We have to act..."

"Fra Thomas is crazy, you never know what he might do next, can we call Father Benedict?"

"He was arrested too..."

"Arrested? For Christ's sake! To arrest an old wise man? This won't come to any good!"

Stalagmites meeting stalactites, inside the caves of the Tibetan or Serbian or Ancient Greek's mountain ranges were the same as the ones in China.

The dark marble with no artificial light, avatars of metamorphosis, inviting in only the bravest, only with the purest of the hearts, for the others will choke within own fear. Plunging deeper in, all myths became reality, all forms merge with divine, inviting Bronze Age rituals of singing, dancing, praying. Deep inside caves, inside the Mother's womb itself, the Maltese Hypogeum or Ethiopian catacombs, with no air, pulsating quicker, drumming, praying, chanting, further opening, further transforming, from Yang to Yin states of consciousness, into the female intuitive brain, as used by Orthodox Christian Priests in Mountains' Monasteries, or Yogis in India, or by New Zealand Maoris, Arabic Sufi meditators,

Kenyan Masai hunters, or Australian Aborigines' desert's dwellers.

Personally, passing the Universal black hole, getting transferred into different states of consciousness, with a stone in my hands, rubbing it gently, multiplying the light, singing Kirya Si, Kirya AuM, Kirya DŽ, voices wheeled, the moment stopped, the story teller became real -

"One camel paced meditatively through the desert sand or was it indifferent towards the goddess story about to be born..."

A long, long time ago, somewhere in the higher altitudes of Europe, the ancestor's spirits and the Goddess were allowed no more. No Lady Moon, no Shakti dance, no supreme Taoist exchange of Love, no Bull worship, no scripts to share, no music, no art, no Cobras stare, for 2,000 years the women are put to shame. A shop cat yawned, cats are allowed, as long as they are not black!

Remember, Ama's head was always held high, the memory of her face lit in the glow of the sun-set, "we will hide it in a pomegranate, in the number of 1 and 8 that are no numbers but entities, in our own Strength of Being. We will hide it in "X" and "Đ", in "H" or "Š", inside the numbers of 1,0000 (four not three zeros were used by Ancient Chinese and Ancient Greeks)." Ama wrote it on the stones.

If history is a story, then whose story becomes history?

Asked a man calling himself Pythagoras, guiding his camel through the sand dunes.

Coming from Europe and his future, my reality was Roman, Paris was built by Romans, Barcelona was built by Romans, Belgrade, the city I came from, was built by Romans. The totality of my knowledge was painted by this invisible force that identified itself with an Empire that at the time of no travel, wild mountains, a few cities, has left its stamp everywhere.

Do you read mythology, there where you come from, in the future? Asked Pythagoras during our cosmic encounter while we were playing the Hesse's game of glass pearls, at dawn, during the night of All Souls, in between reality when I managed to jump through the portal that connects all the souls living on our little planet.

A myth is a story that speaks of a mix of truth and lie at the same time. It is like a history lesson from a market place that is at times deliberately exaggerated, to be amusing and teach a lesson. Its ground is maybe real history, only changed to be remembered with extra added facts that were rumours made up on purpose. In very ancient China, wondering monks of 500 AC, collected and transmitted books on miracles of the Bizarre, reporting events from the past, mixing natural with super-natural, twitching slightly so the Real-World encompasses the sphere of Angels, Spirits, Goblins, and Divine that is in its essence intangible. Said

Ama's spirit, dancing through the air, as though this type of story needs to be danced not narrated.

The whole point of history, you might argue, is its truthfulness, yet when transferred through the poetry, it becomes storytelling and as such carries totally different wisdom. Whispered the bat.

The world of transformation was always associated with the python, or dragon, or snake, so skilfully shedding its skin. Can you sense why my name carries the sounds of Python, God Ra and iSiS - smiled Pythagoras

What about the City of Rome and the Great Mother, I asked.

It is in the nature of humankind to tell stories, and at the root of every culture we find myths and legends. A Hellenistic myth considers Rome to be an Ancient Greek city, narrating a story of a Hellenic Gods and Goddesses. The city of Romolo e Remo, Venus and Mars, cats and dogs, the centre of the original conflict of a female Goddess based worship and a male God dominated rituals.

The story goes back to the Ancient Greece and the Great Mother who has all through the ancient history had a role of the Creator Goddess. Shakti if your wish, with her Kundalini force." Said Pythagoras

What about the famous symbol of Rome, the famous mystical wolf, the symbol of Rome and the twins' brothers?

Lupa Capitolina: she-wolf with Romulus and Remus was cast in bronze during the 13th century AC while the twins are a 15th-century addition, but every myth has the truth hidden within, just read the original... Suggested Pythagoras.

"Shame! Shame! Not in here though, not in Macao..."

Trying to deeper investigate the atrocity of the witch hunt, examining the craziness of some of the Church officials during these times, we came across an official record naming one hundred thousand women with a name and a birth-place killed during these procedures. One hundred thousand women with a name, back in time, will naturally become a scary number of millions of the ones that were un-recorded, too poor to be noticed, too innocent to be noted, the number confirmed within the unofficial rumours of the sane, centuries later.

How the hell it has all began?

Hunted by dogs of own desires, kept awake by own sinful thoughts, Pope Innocent the VIII has decided to blame his sleepless nights on spells and folk magic, punishing all the Mother Earth followers, Devil's worshipers, nurses healing sick with herbs,, single widowed women seducing man in their dreams; the village youth, and of-course the daughters of rich merchants, whose fathers were not to be black-mailed. Supported by Malleus Maleficarum's Witches' Hammer, in its blind madness, the Inquisition got all the power to act against this so-called evil - the hunting manual,

printed and re-printed many times in the centuries to follow.

This wicked book was created by the Devil speaking through the two German Dominicans.

This legal slaughter and torture manual became an oil in the lantern of the witch hunting-craze. A best-seller, a hit amongst different classes, passed from hand to hand, read aloud in Churches, and village squares, stored in special places, with the Bible and consulted in the dark corridors of the torture chambers. The best Hunters, and kids would know it by heart, reciting it as a deepest wisdom against the poor women.

Reprinted and translated into German, Dutch, Italian, Spanish, English and Portuguese, it outsold all other books except the Bible!

For the benefit of the reader, that might not be familiar with the content of this now almost forgotten book, without a wish to enter into its cruel and disturbing mental core, just a glimpse of this document will keep you awake at night.

*'All wickedness, is but little to the wickedness of a woman...'* is written in the manual. *'What else is woman but a foe to friendship, an inescapable punishment, a necessary evil, a natural temptation, a desirable calamity, domestic danger, a delectable detriment, an evil nature, painted with fair colours... Women are by nature instruments of Satan - they are by nature carnal, a structural defect rooted in the original creation.'*

We share with you this thought left in many, of how can anyone in their right mind allow the book that carried within its pages these sentences, to become readily accessible to uneducated mob, thirsty for scandals, Devil's blood and punishment?

No wonder, the mob was fascinated with the idea of witches, flying monsters devouring kids and having secret sexual allegiances with the Devil.

In the middle of the night, they cuddled their kids even closer, as the nights are scary, the peak time for the transformation, ruling the darkness of starry nights: stealing good health, good fortune, poisoning cattle, and destroying crops.

Fanatics demanded many drops of Eva's blood... A crazy revenge for the paradise lost, sadomasochism that has back-fired, creating a forest fire burning thousands, maybe millions of trees.

Some high officials, read - a very few educated and cultured men, accepted the ways of the hunt and stopped questioning or using their reason if they ever had one.

"For what is written and published must be the highest of truths!" This is why I have never put any of my thoughts to writings. Pythagoras was back.

In the ancient European society the humanity fought so hard to establish the law as the norm, they abandoned all legal procedures and norms, aware that not a single woman would be accused if the procedure was governed by the law.

You must have heard of Parthenon (Ancient Greek: Παρθενών), a temple on the Athenian Acropolis dedicated to the goddess Athena built around 440 BC? Asked Pythagoras

With the most unfortunate history of our religious wars, the ancient Parthenon was first converted into a Christian church in 600 AC and during the Ottoman rule in Greece, from 1453, in to a mosque. Yet it managed to survive until 1687, when the Pope and the Venetian Governors assembled the so-called "Venetian" army, and send a general Morosini to fight the Ottoman Empire. In his unsuccessful siege of the city the Acropolis was bombarded continuously for eight days, and on September 26, 1687, a bomb hit the storage gunpowder magazine and completely blew it apart.

The subconscious material or mind chitta has its own "body" that engulfs the Soul. Each soul from its birth passes through various awakenings, or dissociation from the sub-consciousness. Meditated Pythagoras

Mind chitta is an astral vibratory response within the subconscious layers with the precise words, feelings, and thoughts formations. We all enter it unconsciously. An ancient Indian Philosopher Patanjali recognized these dynamics in his Yoga Sutras. Said the bat.

The infinite divisibility of the atom with its rapid transformation prevents the Soul from manifesting. Two atoms react uniquely different when with each other and two Souls have uniquely different encounters. Two mothers exchange parenting knowledge, two grandpa share their illnesses; two

lovers interact through a sexual contact. The circumstances dance within the Universal Flow, creating a type of Dough that subconsciously modifies our thinking principle as a Soul materialized on Earth or someone who belongs to a Group. We naturally belong to various Groups: age, nationality, profession, religion and 90% of our subconscious mind "belongs" to these dynamics making us learn from each other, yet the conscious manipulation or the "molding" of any group's dynamic is not a recent phenomenon within Human History. Chuckled Pythagoras.

Passing the time portal, a few days ago, both the Heritage Malta and the Serbian Heritage have inaugurated Roman Villas that were occupied for at least six centuries from 200 BC to 400 AC. The villas were olive and wine producing within their little ancient merchandising worlds. In both cases, note, how misleading the name is the "Roman Villa" makes us travel to Rome in our minds, yet the age points to the Eastern Roman Empire where the Byzantine Kingdom of Greece was.

My Ancient Greece was known as Hellas, said Pythagoras, and our ancient maps show it as the centre of the world surrounded by the Mediterranean Sea. Malta, South Italy, Crete, Greece, Ancient Europe, the so disputed area of Thrace and Macedonia, Istanbul (later Constantinople) was also a part of this world full of Islands and coastal cities.

At the corner, where Heaven meets the Earth, two mice had a chaise around a slice of bread.

Come closer. Over here is the precious work of art, a

bird's nest left abandoned, from the summer three years ago. Still surviving the test of time.

"Well, I must say the creature is rather charming, leaving the traces of flowers behind its tail, or is it a butterfly in its shade..."

Gaze fixed beyond his shoulder, an English tourist passes by.

"My gratitude, Madam, for your generosity", whispered a man touched by the scene. Sha\*woman\*ka of an intricate nature flew passed this morning horizon of the astral realm, listening to a baby whining in her dreams. The sparkling realms of sand extended beyond the imaginative into the spheres of Gods.

Archaeologists on their quest, explorers of once real gathered to examine the soil. Enough remains of the building to give an idea of its former grandeur, on the summit of the hill, the ruins of a compound consisting of twelve houses forming a square.

To the North we flew, in search of lost richness, to the South in search of Goodness, to the East towards the rising Sun, to the West to meet the Kings. None knew will we succeed. For it was the Labyrinth we feared, the Labyrinth of Government rules, Religions dogmas, neighbours' set in concrete mind set, towards the Silk Road and the giant cobra expressing the secret of aNX (anch), the secret of the resurrection of the soul from and back into the hands of Holy Spirit. Pythagoras added picking up a stone observing its shape.

Lovers merged to unite with Tao. The inn-keeper never minded the noise for the couple had the same surname, newly wed they said, and that is not against the rules.

Hundreds of faces flocked the market that eve, seeking peace in unruly shopping. Black Friday, if you please, of any hemisphere at any time of our history.

Its face silvered by the moon's shadow, the lake mirrored an approval, or was it a disapproval? He needed the approval in order to define himself - as a ghost or a shadow or a thought form just about to disappear, so let it be, the Luna's reflection said: "I approve of you!"

The church elite and judges,

Who are supposed to protect us...

...started their malicious hunt with an amazing zeal.

No cost too great, no number too high and no logic too inverted to serve the greater good of Christianity.

Yes, you ought to be familiar with this scenario, it is not the first time that a murderer 'saves' not only his soul but the souls of his beloved villagers, killing a wicked Shakti, cleansing the Earth of Evil as the End of the World approached.

End of the World, of course, another nonsense!

Our fellow men, for women were at home nursing numerous children, from all around the planet: Portuguese, Spanish, Germans, Italians, English, and French all believed in the conspiracy of the Devil to destroy the Christian world.

The hunt begun and no mercy was ever shown. The torture and execution became a necessary evil. Sisters, mothers, neighbours, lovers, all, came under the attack of the faithful. Being different, standing out in beauty or sickness, rich or too poor, or unlucky to have a 5 year old dreaming a witches' gathering, the fearful dream was a mighty proof for the inquisitors!

So, children were witnesses? Asked the bat, surprised with the stupidity of human nature.

Oh, yes! Sometimes the main ones! Kids as young as five would be called as witnesses. Their vivid imagination gave the priests and the mob plenty of mind-chitta materials. Madness within the circles of the ruling class, different kastas, the madness of the hunt!

In reality, no 'doing' was crazy to comprehend, for the accusers thoughts of sacrificing new-born babies, or causing natural disasters, droughts, floods and diseases.

A religious war against the worshipers of any faith, quite a handful thought! The bat moved closer to her lover.

A typical craze would start with one or two suspects

and through the forced confessions would spread indefinitely. The longer the panic the larger the numbers, and of course wealthier the victims.

Get this, a French witch hunter, Pierre de Lancre, accused, believe it or not, ALL 30,000 inhabitants of Labourd of witchcraft, priests included! He succeeded in executing around 600 women in the region.

A German witch hunt could kill hundreds in a single city, in Würzburg the number was 1200. The Catholic archbishop of Cologne, boasted that he burned 2,000 members of his flock during the 1630s. The witch prosecution spread from Northern Italy to Poland, Germany, France, Switzerland, and England. Our time became the Burning Time.

Can you imagine, your mother or sister within this cycle of nightmares?

Can you imagine all the medical knowledge passed through the centuries and shared amongst wise women, midwives and women healers disappear, burnt during these Burning Times?

Luckily, not all of Europe got the bug. My Spain was protected...

Really, what has happened?

Alonso Salazar, a Spanish inquisitor, a man of notorious reputation for burning heretics in Spain, was the one to stop witch-hunting in his region.

How come? What happened?

Salazar was a judge in a trial that threatened to engulf 1,800 suspects, of which 1,500 were children, in his Navarra region. As a lawyer, his common sense guided him to reject the statements of children. He visited the supposed witches gathering places and interrogated in details the women that gave their testimony, about where the devil sat and how the ceremony looked like. Of course, they all contradicted each other. He cooked supposed poisons, and ointments, and they all proved to be harmless and fake created by women to satisfy blood thirsty curiosity of their persecutors. In fact, none amongst 2,000 people involved has ever seen a witch. Salazar realised that the Devil hides in unjustly accusing the innocent. He freed all the accused and the Spanish Inquisition never executed another witch.

"I thought that this far, in Macao, we would be free from this madness." After a moment of silence, a shadow under the tree said.

"Ama is a witch! Fra Thomas claimed, but we will see for how long this absurd accusation can hold."

An absurd accusation indeed, but this was the century with absurdity as the middle name of much that has happened. The 16<sup>th</sup> and 17<sup>th</sup> century tip-toed over the Earth with the clumsiness of a Giant, shaking the roots of all past beliefs, leaving huge finger prints all throughout scientific work and religious structures.

These centuries saw changes in knowledge, culture, and conscious behaviour; our unconsciousness, habits, and good old superstitions stayed within our make-up for a while longer, lingering there, waiting for some other spiritual revolution to happen hundreds of years later.

This was the time of the first telescope discovery and the time of the earliest really precise star movement observations. The time when mathematicians and astronomers for the first time challenged our homocentric cosmology, and its obsession with the mighty-human-centric quantum reality!

Pythagoras stopped the story in mid-air! But it wasn't always like that! He said.

Flourishing blossoms of an oRCHaRD and peaches of immortality remind the artists that whenever they pick up their painting brushes, their symbols will shine GOLD. The opening and closing rhythms of the compositions resonate the same way the limestone beneath a mountain's breath. Guided by bare-legged moon-ladies dressed in white, saints of all religions have the intuitive visions of the future, heaven or hell. Pilgrims venturing the mountains' passes hear enchanting melodies of the Ladies of Tao, as a sound of bees or a distant flute.

Let me now take you to a different time and place, said Pythagoras, time and space travelling us to Egypt to the Petrie excavation in 1897, of Six Temples at Thebes, during the time known as the New Kingdom, of Ancient Egypt.

We (me as a spirit and the researchers back in time) have approached the city of Amarna from the north by river, the first buildings ran all the way up to the waterfront being the main residence of the Royal Family. The Northern Suburb was initially a prosperous area with large houses, but the house size decreased further from the road. Most of the important buildings were located in the central city and so was the Bureau of Correspondence of Pharaoh, where the Amarna Letters were found. The Bureau of Correspondence! Can you comprehend that!!!

As in the Ancient Egypt or Ancient European Danube Culture, those who worshiped her wished to achieve a new birth in death. Nut, the Egyptian all Mother sky Goddess, arches over Earth to swallow the Sun, to let Ra run through her body during his night journey, so she symbolised the Cosmic power that is all encompassing, all knowing, and enlightening, the great mother that when drawn inside the Ancient Egyptian coffins promised the same nurture and rebirth for the souls of the dead.

Just before we approach the city of Amarna that exists no more but in our imagination, a bird eye view, from Google maps, zooms us in to recently discovered archeological findings of deserted shrines to the West and East Mother goddesses, carved back within caves, in the sides of the mountain ranges of Mount Sha, down in Ancient Egypt and up the sacred path across the waters, across Sinay, to the Ancient Greece and Balkans, up the Danube river, all through the Islands of Mediterranean, to Cyprus, Crete, Malta, to the South of Italy into Croatia, Serbia, Macedonia, Bulgaria, carved in the rock at

the mouth of the caves, worshipping Goddess Moon whilst her long rays caresses the altars.

The tinkling of the water could not mark the passage of time, so no traces are left of the Priestesses sacred fire, initiation times of Tao, virgin births, water rituals of baptism, resurrection after death rituals, so Ank or Anch or AnX, blessed sign of Venus, representing holy spirit sent forth by the Goddess, enters a soul, and returns back to God ending its journey on Earth, after dying.

The city of Amarna is an ancient capital city of a region in Egypt, where a Pharaoh Akhenaten (aXeNaTeN = note a striking similarity with the name AleXaNDeR) and his wife Nefertiti ruled. It covered an area of approximately 12 km; on the west bank of Nile, the land was set aside to provide crops for the city's population. The people that lived in the region and found a few settlements including the famous Babylon, called itself aXeN. The construction of the Temple has started in 1,346 BC, by the AXenaten's son, the King Tutan Khamun (Xa+Moon) who was born in Thebes, the modern LuXoR in Egypt.

The entire city was encircled with a total of 1 + 12 boundary stele engraved with carvings. The stele are cut into the cliffs on both sides of the Nile (10 on the east, and 3 on the west) and record the events of AXetaten (aXeTaTeN) from founding to its fall. The document records the pharaoh's wish to have several temples of the Aten = Athen = aXeN. The lingua franca used during, what is now known as the Late Bronze Age, in the area was Akkadian.

In 1887, a local woman has uncovered a cache of over 300 cuneiform tablets now known as Amarna Letters.

All the frescos at ancient temples speak of the constant drive towards an omnipotent, omnipresent God or Goddess that governs all and is not accessible by words or art works. It is a sound but not a form, a concept but not a meaning.

The religious reforms of Akenaten, in the New Kingdom, were aimed at changing the monotheism towards the Female Goddess Aten, the story that was later in history referred to as "Amarna Heresy".

The Mediterranean Islands, like Crete, Malta, the South of Italy, the Mount Olimp (Holy Mountain in Greece), Macedonia, Balkan Countries, Egypt, Ethiopia, at the time, had sophisticated spiritual rituals fully archeologically documented as early as 2,500 BC, and have been since fully incorporated within the Christian Church ritual practices and philosophical concepts.

So, why the Excalibur of a Warrior?

We now need a sword that gives all the power, we devote our lives to find it, but only a chosen few can hold it, like a Holy Grail or Lapis Lazuli, it is a word, frequency, symbol, all of it at the same time. Drawing the number one and eight on the sand, but I'll tell you about them later, the sounds of "X" "Š" "Ð" "Dž" each hiding a story of a different mystical and occult nature.

The images at the Ancient Egyptian Temple site and Ancient Greek philosophers speak of SuN as the number 1 or Omnipresent and Omnipotent Goddess that as its rays emanates aNXs or Holy Spirits or Sounds or Metaphysical Frequencies of Consciousness that enter the body in its journey through the earth. Accumulating experiences of goodness as the highest goal, while reunited with Divine after the death, symbolically, and astrally becoming Gods.

The One that is Xa emanates 9 rays (aNXs) to the Left and 9 rays (aNXs) to the Right, towards the side where the King is seated and to the other side where the Queen is. The two multiply into many, becoming three, for in their hands are the kids, and there are three (3) of them. One (1) that is not a number, but an entity, becomes two, that is a snake, a Kundalini force, a movement, a merge of Yin and Yang, and than three, a triangle of trinity forces that together symbolically form a DECADE (10) or 3 letters hidden within the Sun (YHW or YHSH or YHX) + 9 + 9 Gods or sounds of Gods and Goddesses, each carrying an energy form for "at the beginning there was a word / logos and the word was with God and the word / Logos was God"

The number one as the origin of all things and the dyad as matter while a triangle is a symbol of Apollo. The four is for four elements, the odd numbers (1,3,5,7,9) are masculine and even numbers (2,4,6,8) are feminine. Chanted the bat her knowledge of this subject matter.

With ten being the "perfect number", Earth being spherical, the globe divided into five climatic zones,

continued the bat.

Yes, just before the dark ages of European science, harmonics of the world and order of the universe was our musical symphony. Pythagoras added.

After this time, it took Europe ages to accept zero as a number and a concept. Accepting zero, we finally accepted the possibility of an idea that has no form. For some Monastic Orders the adoption of zero was a device of the Devil. Zero provided a framework for the development of atheism. Zero is associated with nil, non-being, nothingness, emptiness, and with zero defining non-quantitative as non-existent, everything non-quantifiable could now be defined as non-existent - including God.

It was Barbarians worshipping Bog (a Slavic name for God) and saying Jai to Vo (Bull) within the word DjaVo (devil) meaning "Jay Vo". It was Barbarians that have passed the knowledge of Amorites, Babylon, Pythagoras within the same region. It was aXeN, Artemis and DioNisus that was worshiped in this area, just at the time of Christ during the legacy of Babylon, Ancient Greece, Maltese Temples, Ancient China, Cyprus Civilization, or Serbian VinČa that had floor heating in houses 4,000 BC.

Most of you probably remember this story: Once upon these times, carving our future, our ancestors dreamt of a new, better, more exciting Christian kingdom, and they sent ships into the vastness of unknown seas, to find the shortest route to the source of gold, exotic spices, silky-skinned women – India. The Destiny led one of the ships off a well-known course, to touch the shore of what is now

known as Brazil. The year was 1492, his name is Columbus and he was granted, by the King Ferdinand II of Spain, to equip three ships and sail out west into the Atlantic, in search for a western route to the Orient. The Great Admiral of the Ocean Sea Verily, verily, (he was called that way) landed in the island of San Salvador, discovering a new continent and with it new tastes, sensations and new thoughts.

Potato and tobacco were brought from America, together with coffee that was brought from Africa, the ritual of smoking and drinking tea and coffee entered our veins. Spices and coffee sneaked into the streets of London and Paris and a first slab of chocolate was on sale in Spain. A completely new set of Gods and Deities marched into our conscious and unconscious sphere, influencing the minds of European philosophers, artists and scientists.

The exploration bug entered our blood, transforming all our maps, our diets and our preferences for clothing. After centuries of isolation, the World looked at us, and we looked at the World, and our eyes finally met, in this glow of self-reflection, doubts and challenges. We needed to share it with others.

During the times of Leonardo Da Vinci, Michelangelo and Raphael, the time of nude, luscious sculptures and paintings in churches, that surprise visitors even today with their bare boobs, and pronounced gluteus maximus, we officially as lunatics, marched into the Age of Reason. Our Universities flourished, manuscripts that were for centuries exclusively passed from one monk to the other, were finally

discovered, printed and published, and for the first time distributed, freely or in secret, amongst the geeks thirsty of knowledge.

The transition needed a place where all are equal, where commoners can pay their bill, where all can sit together, where one must wait to be served, hence one can listen and talk. This time of transition needed a coffee house.

The preparation of coffee is somewhat complicated, the beans need to be roasted, ground and brewed, so it takes time to serve a customer, there is always plenty of time to 'kill', yet the black liquid is cheap and affordable to all. The coffee houses near the Great Mosque in Cairo and the ones along the waterfront in Istanbul, the simple coffee shops in villages near markets in Yemen, or the big spacious elevated halls in the cities of Persia, the ones in London, Paris and Milan, all had the same in-common, they were visited by scholars, teachers, and students, sitting either on the floor or low benches talking, reading and discussing various manuscripts.

Coffee shops offered all of this: an informal seating that encouraged mingling, a door open to all that can pay a penny for the magic liquid, and a great atmosphere for study, debate and story-telling. They provided a place where different classes could meet and talk more freely than anywhere else, so much so, that in England they got nick named: 'penny universities'.

Coming back to the heart of the Asian continent, now in the 16<sup>th</sup> and 17<sup>th</sup> century, Chinese believed

that within their Great Walls spreads all true civilisation. Outside it is wilderness and chaos haunted by robbers and barbarians. Within it, there is China, with large and well lit cities with water and drainage, Universities and large libraries, paper money that allows the flow of commerce and growth of trade, markets and industry.

If you didn't know, the Chinese were the ones to invent the press, gunpowder, and the magnetic compass some centuries before these miracle war-inducing goods came to Europe. The land of silk, spices, stunning cities and amazing culture was in those days ruled in order and harmony by their Emperor, Thiencu, the Son of Heaven.

China was these days also governed by some very educated men. It had two special orders of chosen philosophers, whose titles carried a great respect and authority. These wise men task was to advise the King of any violation of the law in any part of the Kingdom and not even the King himself was spared from their scrutiny, and their dishonesty.

The size of their navy at the time is impressive; at the beginning of 15<sup>th</sup> century they counted more than 1,300 combat vessels, the world's largest and most technologically refined merchant marine and navy. Its ships sailed to the coasts of Africa and back but whilst the nations of Europe seemed to be entirely obsessed with the idea of domination, no Chinese King thought of waging a war against Europe or Africa. For thousands of years they used the trade to communicate, crossing the dangerous mountains and hostile deserts, along the Silk Road,

transporting and trading precious stones, spices and silk.

After the discovery of the sea route to India, the Portuguese were one of the first to open the trade with all the distant kingdoms of the Far East. They landed and settled for the first time in Macao's small harbour in mid-16<sup>th</sup> Century.

This is where Ama was born.

Macao started her life as a shelter to weather storms, a port for refugees, mainly missionaries fleeing trouble in other parts of Asia, but was a good choice for settlement because of its perfect position: some 40 miles to the east-northeast, across the mouth of the Pearl River, is Hong Kong, and not further than 100 miles is Canton.

Not long after the first Portuguese built their settlement, Macao developed into a major port for trade and the centre of culture and religion exchange funded by its soon-established virtual monopoly on trade between China and Japan, and Europe and East Asia.

From 1573, collecting phenomenal amounts of gold, and silk and spices, claiming their God's supremacy with guns, bribes, and piracy, following the example of all the major colonising forces throughout the Earth at the time, they demanded autonomy, they established their own governing body with a Governor appointed from Portugal or elected by local Portuguese.

In 1582, disapproving of the Portuguese violation of Chinese governance, the Chinese Main Governor summoned the Governor of Macao, and tried to teach him the rules of law and order, a simple property game we all find familiar today, yet so far from the consciousness of European war and gold thirsty semi-Gods of the time.

The struggle for political supremacy between the two continued for centuries to come.

However, underneath the layers of greed, beneath the selfishness of Royal Courts and Churches, something more mysterious and profound connected the two lands: the Chinese and Europeans.

Stronger than the urge to trade, wage wars, posses, convert, amidst these turbulences, was our fascination with one another, our deep respect for the hidden beauty radiating from the other.

The Chinese Philosophy developed in a different direction than the European one.

Nobody in China thought of studying Nature in an independent, methodical way, they approached it with a sacred awe for the mysteries of Universe, and built an amazing system of beliefs based on ancient mystic formulas, the system deeply rooted in the minds of people, interwoven into their way of life. For the Chinese, Nature is a living organism and its breath lives in everything, producing different conditions of heaven and earth, called: Yang and Yin. The heavens, Yang, give light, warmth and life; while Yin or Terrestrial Breath, brings death and

darkness. With the knowledge of the two, one can live happiness, abundance, and peace on Earth.

The wisdom radiating from the ancient Chinese philosophies, wanted to move into the grounds of Europe that desperately needed this 'female' approach to Earth and its beings. Europe that has already experienced it two and more thousand years ago.

Holy water and the sacred word that is all you need. Said a gypsy witch with a snake around her neck.

Maria's tears they are, from the grave of Jesus. Not an item easy to be found. Not a request easy to be settled. A magic key of everlasting happiness.

I'll get you the bottle of tears but for the words, you got to speak to a wizard, a male, from Egyptian gypsies, a Bedouin from the desert, the worshipper of Nuit. Or to an Arab sailor with own boat, a Sufi follower, or to a wondering barefoot priest from Syria, a hermit from the Sinai mountain, Sha Ra where MoShe saw the burning bush. That is a bit more difficult for they talk not to women.

A butterfly flew passed breaking the silence building nets of wisdom somewhere in the space. It whispered...

The philosophical research concerning the divine poses the question: Is there a meaning / sense / purpose to voicing / writing / reading as us finite beings talk about God and Infinity?

Is a human being really able to discuss God and Cosmos?

Knowing God is a mystical experience, first and foremost a subconscious one we wish to go far back in time, because at the time when none travelled, none spoke other languages, and the Humanity was a hand-full of human beings, if a civilization within their Lands had an Alphabet, they must have nourished Science as the Supreme Act, so they had art, sports, culture, and researchers that spent their lives exploring.

There is an ethical importance in speaking about God / Goodness / Law totally unconnected to the question of faith, or occult knowing of Tao's existence or non-existence, and whether a Man (as a King or a Fisherman) has the capability to answer this question. Both the ancient Egyptians and Incas remind us that the mystical name of the Sun-Moon God is Amon Ra. Ra or Da as the sounds of the supreme male quality, and Ma or Na as the sounds of the supreme female quality, these two also combining within the name of the Hindu's supreme God B-Ra-Ma, or Be Ra & Ma or within the Christian worlds through the devotion to Marija as Ma + Ra to me (Ya = I)

The Christians have preserved the secret sacred sound of the supreme Egyptian Goddess, aXeN praying to the name of Xristos. The Arabs will praise AllaH, and the Hindus priests when devoting their prayers to their Supreme Male God will sing: Om Namah SivaYa. The Mystical Tibetan Buddhists use "Aum Mani Padme Hum"

Traveling to the birth place of the western religious movements, we meet the Jewish EloHim: the all-powerful one creator, Elyon: The God Most High, El Roi: The God Who Sees Me, El Olam: The Eternal God, El being the strong one or a universal "La" that is "singing to", "praising".

Of course, we bow to Jehovah: the Lord, or Adonai: the Great Lord, YHWH: as "I AM" or YAH: "I AM H", IMMANUEL: the Supreme God (during the meditation visualizing Cosmos) within us "I AM" IT or the Hindu So HaM.

For decades, the scholars agreed that Jesus most likely grew up in his home at Nazareth, using Aramaic as his mother tongue. Some speculate that Hebrew was only the language of Rabbis, a dead language after the Babylonian Exile. The fact that the Gospels were originally written in Greek show it was widespread in Jesus' time so when he conversed with "Romans" they would have used Greek. Judging the crowds attending the gathering, the scholars concluded that Jesus spoke the entire Sermon on the Mount in Greek.

Now, just listen to the Ancient Greek philosophers' definitions, we are actually speaking of wording used 2,500 years ago!!!

"This logos holds always but humans always prove unable to ever understand it, both before hearing it and when they have first heard it. For though all things come to be in accordance with this logos, humans are like the inexperienced when they experience such words and deeds as I set out, distinguishing each in accordance with its nature and

saying how it is. But other people fail to notice what they do when awake, just as they forget what they do while asleep.” - Heraclitus (535 – 475 BC).

Philo of Alexandria (20 BC - 50 AC), used the term Logos to mean an intermediary divine being or demiurge. Plato's Theory of Forms was located within the Logos, but the Logos acted on behalf of God in the physical world.

The concept of Logos, in Sufism, is used to relate Divine to mankind, for no contact between man and God can be possible without the Logos.

Plotinus in interpreting Logos as the principle of meditation, gives methods to achieve ecstasy, using Logos, as the Divine Eternal Principle, existing as the interrelationship between the Soul, the Spirit, and the One. For Plotinus, the relationship between the three, by the outpouring of Logos from the higher principle to the Soul, or by Eros (loving) coming from the lower principle. Centuries later, Carl Jung contrasted logos vs Eros represented as the alchemical Sol and Luna, science and mysticism, or conscious and unconscious.

Gods or goodness or law is within the words AMR, in Ancient Egypt translated as the God Amon Ra, in Latin translated as AMORE. Pre Latinization, pre Supreme Male God Philosophy entered our minds, souls and lives, the one that was given to us by our wise ancestors as MaRRy, the sacred name for LOVE. The one that has put forward the first command “Do not Kill” in an attempt to safeguard the Humanity’s efforts to reach God / Goodness / Divine.

There are 21 discovered symbols / stamps within Ancient Serbian Vinča culture that dates back to 6000 BC. Can this be a coincidence? Through the trade, the Ancient Chinese have passed the numbers 1-10 as sacred symbols, within the philosophical set-up of Taoism as: Yin and Yang, a male and female representation of Cosmos, that within its forces manifest as  $10 \text{ symbols} \times 2 = 20 + 1$  that is Tao (Yin and Yang combined) the same as the one found in Egyptian / Phoenician alphabet, or Jewish Kabbalah, that within its wisdom talk about God, creation, divine, Tao, Female and Male consciousness manifestation forces, Kundalini awakening with its journey back to Goddess.

The two were meant to merge and Macao became the symbol of this merge, an alchemical egg that has morphed into a mythical beast of the times yet to come.

Macao's Goddess that protects the little peninsula and supports her growth is A-Ma. People of Macao believed in A-Ma, and fishing boat returning to the harbour took turns to line up in front of the temple giving A-Ma their offerings.

As it is with all magical stories, Macao or the Bay of A-Ma, is symbolically connected to the mainland by a sand land bridge, creating a peninsula in the shape of a lotus flower.

Various stories and miraculous rescues of the fisherman caught in the rough sea were connected

to the Goddess A-Ma. The most famous is the story of a girl who dreamt of her father and brothers caught in a storm and who tried to help them in her dream. Her mother was alarmed with the uneasiness of her child's sleep and she shook her to wake her up, causing her, in her dream, to let go of one of the boats. Later, the story goes, her brothers returned without their father, recalling a terrible storm and the vision of a beautiful girl, their sister, coming to save them but vanishing just before she was able to hold onto their father's boat that disappeared within the roughness of the sea. The girl, appearing as a spirit, continued helping boats in trouble bringing the sailors to safety for many centuries.

Another tale is the one of a fisherman boat giving a free passage to a peasant girl and being saved from a typhoon that destroyed all the other larger vessels. When the small boat landed in Macao, the girl walked to the shore and mysteriously disappeared in a glow of light. The passenger of the boat was none other than Goddess herself.

The fishermen built a temple in her honour at the entrance of Macao's inner harbour.

The legend that most profoundly relates to the deeper levels of our story is the one of the Sun Goddess Ama-Theresu.

Once upon a time, Sun Goddess, Ama-Theresu, had a horrible fight with her brother, Storm God, and after one of those tiresome, scary arguments only a brother could contemplate and with the full scrutiny execute, she got so hurt that for a moment of insanity she forgot her real Nature and decided to

escape and retreat into a cave. She blocked the entrance of her new abode with a large stone, leaving the rest of the world in Darkness.

Oh, mighty heavy was the Darkness! A minute after minute, an hour after hour, a night after night, all the living creatures that depend on Her Light waited for Her return. Long is the wait that is filled with fear, grave is the thought of even a possibility of the Goddesses disappearance. To no avail were tears of lilies and butterflies, that have shorter lives and for it even deeper connection to Her Light, the Sun was not to be seen in the skies, She was hidden in her dark abode and nobody could entice her out. The Lady Balance that rained on Earth before this moment, hid Her face within the lava of a newly born volcano, allowing Chaos to prevail winning its game of Death and Destruction, Life as we know it, started to wane.

After the 4th night, even Gods got worried. Their words were useless against Her fears, and they realised that they had to bring Her back to the purpose of Her own existence.

An Oracle was called to shine the Light into this little game of unconsciousness, to gather the energies of the Beginning and the End, and give a hint of where the Key to this puzzle hides.

Create an atmosphere of Magic and Wonder in front of Her cave, the Oracle said, the atmosphere that triggers curiosity even of the tinniest forest spirits, the energy of game, excitement, trill, that might entice Her Majesty to look outside. Chose a woman that will dance her way into infinity, eternity, Golden

Light, using Maya of different realities.

Nothing less than the purity of Her own Being will make the Goddess return to the Path of Life. She has to be exposed to Her own Light, the Oracle said.

Hang up a mirror at the entrance of Her cave, Oracle was revealing the clever plot. Entice Her to look outside.

And who is the maiden? Gods looked around.

And the Oracle said: You will find Her amongst the Stars. She has many names.

Nuit is one of Her names, Holder of Stars. She carries a lantern oiled with innocence and joy, her voice is a soothing melody and her touch is one of an angel. If she finds you wondering in the middle of a tunnel of shadows, lost, fighting against own and other people's devils, living within self-created nightmares, She will take you by the hand and deliver you to the World of Colours.

Alchemy is Her name, a witch, a doctor, a magician, an artist of transformation, a principal force that leads a Soul's journey to its Merge with the Holy Spirit. Unpredictable, she experiments playing with Gods and Devils. She guides the union manipulating energies to accelerate our transformation.

She is Maria, Virgin Mother, a protector that is always awake. The Embodiment of Strength and Wisdom that is capable of carrying pain of generations to come. She understands and forgives

fully, unconditionally, and patiently turns back to Love.

She is Kali, a Principal Force of Destruction, a carrier of storms, a fierce Goddess that brings fear to humanity, incarnating terror. With skeletons around her neck, and corpses as her carpet, she dances, screaming, demanding from her followers a complete renunciation. She shrieks that the ultimate nature of Life is Death. Laughing at our pain, sending it back, over and over again, until we learnt our lessons, she is a dark and ugly, evil manifestation of Self.

Her name, said the Oracle, will this time be Ama, a female that sleeps in every one of us, Yin of Creation, a wisdom guide that with her purity extinguishes thirst for spiritual longings. She is the one that stands on a crescent moon with stars in her hair, pouring water from jars of her soul into lakes of emotions, awakening compassion for humankind and its Chaos, nourishing Earth and Her constant renewal.

Materialised in a female body, through centuries, with the life of an ordinary person, She ascends to meet the ones that are ready for Her, that call Her, that have a wish to understand. She is the personification of the Universal Mother. She lives Love and Clarity and She dies at Will, when She decides that it is time to go.

Her name is Ama.

There was an Ama in the village, a girl at a peak of

her vitality that had 'abundance' written on her forehead, just emerging from the search for identity, growing into a wonderful human being. As a fragile essence rising from the foam of a rough sea, she was gentle and giving in her openness, powerful and overwhelming in her beauty.

Gods called Ama and told her of a plan to organize a huge gathering in front of the Goddess's cave asking her to dance for them. Ama was to give a performance that would remove obstacles from the hearts of man, hoping that the noise of Happiness, Delight and Joy will intrigue Sun Goddess to come out from her hiding place.

Ama was a beautiful young dancer that enchanted many in a nearby village and had a body and a zeal of a Goddess. Ama knew that her dance is going against all the odds of depression and distress. She knew that the hope was gone from the minds of Man. Looking at the sky, night after night, in vain, waiting for Her arrival and observing everything sink into Darkness had scared and tired them. She felt her task was difficult. She needed to create an illusion of Light that would lead to the release of pure Light.

The gathered crowd was waiting, grumbling, gossiping, and whispering. None and all felt like partying, none and all understood why they were there. In the middle of their anxiety music brought by stars and Ama emerged, dancing her Magic, encircled with Beauty that is Pleasure and Bliss.

Carried by the Divine Ecstasy she drummed using her feet and hands, her voice became an

instrument, she swayed in the rhythm of breathing, using her knowledge of non-breathing, she carried Life on her naked shoulders. Awakening spirits, enchanting Gods, and rejoicing people was the core of her dance that instantly healed the doomed, sick and tired minds.

Torches uncovered colours of her flesh, glow of her smooth skin became an invitation to her Dance. She had nothing to lose and everything to gain: the salvation of all living beings on Earth. With her dance her body became a prayer wheel connecting Life and Death, creating Timelessness within the Space of this Myth.

Her beauty unfolded shining the energy of Creation.

Dancing with Gods, people and animals, teasing them with her nakedness, her burning body was moving effortlessly through the crowds inviting them to forget their troubles and join this crazy festivity.

The invitation came too sudden to refuse, too strong not to be noticed and crowds started moving and clapping, feet followed the rhythm and within minutes the air was filled with laughter of approval, hooting and shouting; Man lit thousands of torches forgetting their misfortunes, Gods joined in the celebration; animals and cocks began crowing loudly in unity, and it felt as though Earth for a moment regained its Balance: the ecstasy and delight returned. The Essence became Now, past and future disappeared.

And yes, the plot has worked!!! Sun Goddess was

surprised to hear all the noise of happiness outside Her cave. World was supposed to be dying in Darkness without Her! Moving the stone to see what caused all the cheer the Sun Goddess caught a glimpse of Her own reflection in the mirror hanging in front of the cave and got transfixed by the image, by Pure Light. This sight has reminded Her of who She really was and at once destroyed Darkness hidden in Her heart making Her return to the reserved palace in Heavens and vow never again to be frightened by any storm and never again to hide from the sight of Gods, men, or Earth.

The beautiful naked girl was standing amidst the delighted crowd that was enchanted by the sight of Sun's return. Ama, with her purity and determination, managed to win the world of shadows, fears, and death that succeeded in seducing even Sun Goddess herself.

Ama, of our story, was born inside this temple at noon of 21<sup>st</sup> of June 1593, by an African mother, a wife of a Portuguese Lord, Ottavio de Nobille.

*Gold is the first and the most perfect of the  
elements.  
Gold comes from the centre of the earth, and while  
it passes through warm and pure places, it becomes  
the subtlest and purest element on Earth.  
It is the most beautiful of all metals, the best that  
Nature can produce and no other element can  
corrupt it, or change it.  
For what the eagle is among birds, the lion among  
beasts, the Sun among planets, such gold is among  
metals. The legend says that the centre of the sun  
emanates gold, by its rays to all beings. It is a life  
substance that penetrates all living things.  
And all the beings on Earth carry within a grain of  
gold, hidden deep within their inmost centre - a  
precious grain of gold. Our core is golden, and when  
our body gets perfected and our mind gets purified,  
when we cleanse the uncleanness from it, we will  
reach within the centre of our beings, our own most  
precious gold.*

# Ruben

## *The Dutch attack on Macao, the 24<sup>th</sup> of June 1622*

Her skin, dark olive, tight and silky, her eyes, shape of almonds, piercing and deep, her hands, carved iron, fingers long, jet-black curly hair, and a gracious swan-like neck. Even though I wouldn't admit it, at the time, I wanted her from the very moment I saw her.

I got to know Ama during the Dutch attack on Macao, the 24<sup>th</sup> of June 1622.

The future generations will also remember the 24th June, 1622, they will call it the 'Dia da Cidade' or the City Day, the day of miracles, the day of a fight with the Dutch, who also had their eyes on our fast-growing trade centre, that was now virtually controlling the European - Far East trade route. During the last couple of years, Macao became the target of repeated invasion attempts, culminating with this most violent and dangerous one in June 1622.

Macao is hot and damp in summer, especially when there are no winds coming from the ocean or interludes of typhoon. Once or twice a year, the humidity reaches its highest point, the hot air swells over the Land and it becomes impossible to move or breathe or work, the settlement gets lulled into its yearly sleep. Once or twice a year, the heat becomes unbearable, it becomes the master, it spreads over the stone narrow streets covering us with dust and sticky sweat, and both, animals and people fight against this sickness of Earth, locked

within their shelters. At the time of the attack Macao was asleep.

At around noon a fisherman came back to the city alarmed with the sight of a fleet of Dutch galleons. He entered the church breathless, almost crying, grasping for air, panicking, and told me, the local Jesuit Portuguese priest, the man left in charge:

that this was our last day

that there was no hope for our Land

that there was no God that can help us

that there was no worst nightmare than this that was just approaching us.

The moment when 13 huge ships appeared on the horizon manned by thousands of men was a moment of Hell for the citizens of these 3 small islands.

Macao gathered traders from Portugal and Spain, it gathered survivors of shipwrecks, refugees that managed to escape Dutch prisoners' ships and others who found mercy from pirates escaping cruel death. The population in 1622 was already an amazing mix of Portuguese, Asians and Africans.

Today, when the priests and the city council did their fast estimate of people able to fight they added up only 600 men aged over 12, and almost 3,000 women and children older than 8 with around 500 African slaves. Macao has much more inhabitants

but this was a very good time for trade and the army of men was miles away in inland China trading their porcelain, silk and spices. We were really just a handful, compared to the thousands of soldiers that were about to embark on the island.

God why did you forsake us? – were the words that roamed my mind for what felt like an hour after I heard that Dutch were going to attack.

Everything was against us: the humidity of this summer day, the settlement deeply affected by the heat and the lack of air, the fortress, Monte Fort that was far from its completion, and the atmosphere of the crowd in front of the church, the atmosphere of fear, despair and anger towards God that sends this type of challenge.

The ships surrounded us and they looked mighty and evil. The so long dreaded attack of Dutch was finally there, about to happen. One is never ever really ready for death.

My mind was in shambles.

Destiny would have it that I started my journey to China with a close encounter with Death. During the night of my ship-wreck, even though I trusted the skills of our Captain and the strength of the ship that was our home all the way from Portugal, the storm that we had encountered was so strong that it shook all my confidence and awakened all my fears.

When it had started, it raged for hours increasing its strength and fury with every moment that passed.

The rain came down in torrents and during this wrath, we never once saw the sun by day, nor the stars by night. The tempest was so fierce that no one could remain on his feet. The noise was so deafening that we could not hear even our own voices. My fear was so thick that I thought my head is going to burst when the ship gave its first terrible threatening jerk. If I remember correctly, it was the 3<sup>rd</sup> day of our nightmares, when we hit a rock just off the Formosan coast where the ship gave up its fight delivering us to the sea. The woodland under our feet cracked and disappeared and I was not sure what was spreading faster, water or panic overcoming the crew. The creaks coming from the hull convinced me that we are now at God's Grace and that only He could save us from the ill fate of disappearing within the depths of the glum waters. For the first time I became fully aware of Her Majesty - Death.

All through the days of ship-wreck, Death was steadily breathing down my neck. What an ugly and powerful face she had!

This little episode had a happy ending, once we managed to build our little improvised boat, we set off for a new adventure expecting the worst, but after some days of calm sailing and a calm sea, God's giving, we reached the cost of Macao with almost three hundred survivors.

At this point of our little story, a small transgression, before I tell you all about our little war-tale with the Dutch, I feel an urge to introduce myself, give you a brief sketch of my background, my hopes and thoughts at this stage of life.

I had entered the Jesuits in Rome at the beginning of this century when I was 17 and I was ordained a Jesuit three years later taking a special obedience to the Pope undertaking to go wherever I am sent. My Love for Jesus, Truths of Religion, and the quest for Self-Knowledge led me to choose this path, the path that demanded extreme Faith, extreme Sacrifice and extreme Hardship, the path of a Spiritual Warrior. Like all the others, I took the vow of poverty, and the vow of refusal of external honours, material worlds did not interest me.

Going to foreign lands, being surrounded by unfaithful, by dangerous customs, diseases, strange people, was inevitable, but I had nothing to lose spreading Jesus's teachings and delivering more souls to salvation.

Deeds, not words, interested me, dwelling in the Holy Land imitating the life of Christ, or becoming a missionary, devoting my whole life to bringing Christianity to the East was my mission.

After I have received permission from my superiors, I embarked on a Portuguese merchant ship with the greatest zest heading to China.

The Dutch fleet started its approach at the same time when I started panicking:

We had just a dozen of cannons and an unfinished Fort

and a bunch of kids, women and slaves.

Nothing more than a dozen of cannons!

God why did you forsake us? I couldn't help thinking!

Like an animal trapped in a cage, pacing up and down, thinking the same useless thoughts, not seeing a way out, not knowing how to re-collect, not understanding, I tried to appear calm.

God why did you forsake us? Was the scream that kept bouncing of the walls of my cell.

All I heard was Silence, a God mighty Silence. My mind was too upset to hear signs from Heaven.

The Fort built by us, Jesuits priests and locals, some years ago, was looking at us. This mix of mud, shells and straw, was our only hope. The mixture packed into place could, perhaps, withstand a hail of cannonballs.

But for how long?

And why?

How long before the defeat?

Are we heading towards suicide?

What were our choices?

The stories of horrors roamed in my head, executions and isolation, torture and merciless

killings...

Was that God tempting my Faith?

I screamed this question in the silence of my room.

She appeared from nowhere wearing her colourful sarong.

We have no time to waste! she said

There is no other choice.

Let's find the shelter within Monte Fort.

A beautiful African youth with the name of the Goddess who it was rumoured knew how to speak with ghosts and animals. The ones who admired her talked about her as of a guide, the scared ones were unnaturally polite to her. She was loved and hated by many.

Her unusual background, her figure, voice, manners, all of her, just couldn't pass unnoticed. If she was born in any other Christian country she would have been marked as a saint or burnt as a witch, but in Macao, she was a walking legend.

A daughter of an African mother she walked gracefully, gliding through our mortals' worlds as though she was just a passer-by observing our struggle to survive untouched by our pettiness, and

trivialities, always within her supreme state of peace.

Ama lived in the house of her father, Ottavio de Nobile and she was his favourite. The fairy-tale woven around Ottavio de Nobile, his wife and his daughter Ama, during the long, cold winter evenings, among fishermen and lay-people, were many. The gossips whisper about ancestors' ghosts and angels, and sometimes even Goddess Herself intervening in this child's birth and life, they talk about unspeakable love that existed between Ottavio and his wife and about her magic death.

Ottavio de Nobile came to Macao around 30 years ago bringing with him his wealth, vast knowledge, his laboratory, and books about Philosophy, Astronomy, Art, Natural Sciences, and a spectrum of secrets about the reasons for his immigration to Asia.

Ama's mother got violently sick while giving birth the very day they landed to Macao, and the crew brought her to shore, into the Ama's temple soon after the first contractions have started. The baby girl was born healthy but unfortunately nobody was able to save her mother. One life was sacrificed for the other, the legend narrates, and to thank the Goddess for saving his child, Ottavio gave her the name of A-Ma – the Great Mother.

The day, when 13 Dutch ships appeared on the horizon surrounding Macao, only a miracle could save us and I felt within the depth of my being that Ama was to create that miracle.

Faced with the danger, my mind was divided into two, three, five different personalities and speculatively worked against me, wasting my powers and precious time.

I can!

I can't!

You can't!

But they might attack the village core killing all the kids!

We can defend if we retreat!

The men are out travelling!

But they will soon know our numbers...

It is useless, if we surrender they might be open to negotiation!

My many 'I's all screamed at the same time, fighting, whispering, moving within me, bringing clouds of weaknesses, dragging deeper into the abyss of my own fearful imagination.

If you have ever experienced a close embrace with the force of fear, its dark and cold touch, its sweaty smell and with the never ending spiral downwards into its core, with every breath my hope was gone, confidence diminished, my core soaked with the icy power that paralyses all the movements.

Citizens of Macao were in panic repeating my own thoughts, yet expecting my guideline searching for the guidelines from Heavens.

“They are on the way!”

“The ships are approaching”

“If only our men were here”

“We have the Forth, we must retreat” This was a female voice, an inspiring voice, shiny eyes, a head held high, she was passing Her inspiration through me, thank God I have recognized her, I woke up and started moving.

Fear and despair turned the force of their direction.

It is hard to explain how this has happened. What an invisible force guides us? Angels perhaps? Archangels? In a few moments, moments that lasted an eternity, the impossible became our Reality and Death was not a Threat any more.

Retreating to Monte Fort, high on the hill in the centre of Macao.

A puppet of a Miracle orchestrated on the hill tops of Olympus, I was. Transformed into Moses’ magic stick, opening waters for Jewish refugees passing through.

That day, during the fight against the Dutch, I followed the intuitive voice that trusted Ama, and I took the role of the guided and the guide.

Everybody including slaves, women and children were with me, ready to die and ready to follow.

From time to time, in my quest for further guidelines, I would turn to find her facing Chinese, Africans and Portuguese encouraging them with the same determination, just changing the tongues of her speech.

This was my first battle ever. I feared this was Her first battle too. With minimal chances our sword was bravery, our shield - complete trust. Intuitively she was my perfect general and I was her perfect warrior. With no time for doubt with actions coming from divine we let ourselves be led.

The Dutch were about to disembark and the war game was about to begin.

From the Fort we could see clearly:

"Galleons are landing and tens of boats leaving the ships", I've heard her say, observing the mighty army rowing towards Macao.

We knew that they were many, they did not know our numbers. We lost our fear, their fear was on our side. We lost our minds, their thoughts and doubts were inspiring us.

Admiring Ama's determination to fight for lives of Macao's women and children, the army approaching us must have the same mighty impression I had with my first encounter with Macao's Goddess A-Ma.

The temple devoted to A-Ma was the first building I saw when I have for the first time landed in this little settlement.

The temple built by fishermen is on the cliff facing the sea, and it appears from nowhere smiling at the newcomers. Flying eaves and carved lions looked at me from above, reflecting the light of the dawn, receiving me with the grace and superiority. Magical and mystical and yet so real, this architectural miracle stood in its simple perfection manifesting Heavens on Earth. After months of travelling, and the fatigue of our encounter with Death, it was not easy to resist this sight, my heart was filled with a unique mixture of respect and obedience.

The maze of red-hued prayer halls, pavilions and altars, Gods and Goddesses that ruled these lands, for an instant of amazement and insanity, opened a worshipping paradise within my heart. Centuries of prayers instilled the energy of harmony and purpose into the walls of this temple. When I have first arrived, I fell on my knees and kissed the earth: A-Ma was calling me...

Today I knew, there is no soul that could stay untouched by this sight. From the villagers' point of view the smell of offerings: flowers, fruits, and candles, and the sense of complete devotion that this place carried within its walls is enchanted...

Yet from the new-comers point of view, the network of climbing gardens surrounding the temple, the shapes, the magic of this fabled place, the mysticism could have only brought fear.

The ancestor worship and life with the spirits, the superstition and supernatural, became the essence of this encounter. Today, when Death was just minutes away from us, I saw African slaves calling their spirits and living-dead, Chinese pleading to their ancestors and different Gods for help, Christians and non-Christians praying together, people of different religions united against a common enemy, lighting candles as one, and this scene changed something essential within me. A crack of an enlightened idea of a possibility of non-Christian, non-Buddhist, non-pagan, not-named God carved its path amongst neurons of my brain waiting for its moment to break the stone of firmly set beliefs that I called mine for many decades.

While converting Chinese into Christianity to replace worship of idols, I would give my converts images of the cross to adore and teach them to light candles on the altar in admiration of Christ and Holy Mary. Today, candles were the same, they were lit to all Gods – to Christ, to A-Ma, and to Buddha - showing our respect to all, burning for Life.

Looking Death in the eyes, with the Force behind Creation supporting us, we were united in the fight to save our lives.

Children and women into groups of seven, all around the fort, chanting war sounds following rhythms of cannons' fire, giving the impression of multitude of

fearsome warriors. Soon, shouting and sounds of horns were coming from everywhere within the fortress.

The strength was on their side, the illusion of strength on ours. Our battle could not last long, time was not on our side, we had to act fast. We could not afford face-to-face combat, we could not afford them knowing our numbers. We were loud and united in our despair.

The cannons in our hands, none knew how to shoot but we were striking in unity. Some of the firemen were children, just passed the adolescence age, and they were most amazed by what a gun could do. Perhaps they were all waiting for this moment of bravery that each boy eagerly looks for and each mother silently resents, listening to the stories of grown-ups around the fire, just after the dinner, the stories mostly invented to be scarier and more exciting than the reality. We had no protection of guards and soldiers, of trained muscles and strong army, the only protection we could hope for was the protection from Above.

We aimed and observed. Every time we hit the target we screamed celebrating our temporary victory. We aimed and shouted. The Fort was on fire, our euphoria was at its pick.

A lucky shot (if such a thing as 'luck' exists) from a cannon on the walls of Monte Fort hit the Dutch gunpowder boat resting in the bay and created a huge explosion that caused attackers to panic. We saw smoke and heard screams, the Chaos was in their lines. This gave us further strength, God was

on our side. We had nothing to lose, lives we have already left behind.

In the mist of smoke and heat of our exited bodies I heard chanting in the background, candles lit everywhere, lost in the smoke and purity of our beliefs. We have surrendered and this surrender made us Whole.

Music was getting louder and the beat was encouraging us to move, up front, united, violent, coming from the core of Force unknown to any of us our little army was rapidly spreading disorder through the Dutch in front of us. Another lucky shot and the second ship was on fire and with this one, believe it or not, we managed to injure the Dutch commander.

Noise, smoke, chaos...

Screams...

Minutes passing as seconds...

The battle that was decided before it has started...

The outcome defied anybody's belief, the minuscule army managed to sink a few more vessels and in the ensuing confusion we turned into attackers routing the Dutch completely.

The fear was transformed into bravery and almost certain defeat into a victory and our sleepy and scared city became the city of strength, violence and euphoric joy.

Later part of that joy, part of that euphoria, feeling powerful. feeling changed, I wanted to celebrate so I searched for Ama in the crowds and saw her standing peacefully outside the centre of celebrations, steaming with life, glowing within clouds of dust with an expression of somebody whose mission was not yet complete. It was not happiness but stillness that mirrored on her face. Or was it sadness?

“I promise you one thing! I will teach all our children to hate wars!” she said to my surprise.

“There are no winners in a war, there is death and destruction and this barbaric force should not be a part of any human experience.” she shared her thoughts with me some days later.

“On a cosmic scale, a winner will anyhow become a loser and a loser will experience a role of the winner, so why such an urge to kill or hurt, when we are just puppets in this theatre of Life. Within our little journey there is a commandment we still are not ready to hear: DO NOT KILL... DO NOT KILL... DO NOT KILL...”

“So, when we are at the very top, surrounded with the smell of success, we must carefully look at the defeated, at the fellow being that is in trouble.”

Ama was among the ones who stayed on the battlefield tending wounded, both the Dutch and the citizens of Macao.

Later that week, Ama and her father, managed to convince the City Council to grant the freedom to all the slaves that were in Macao during the attack, in recognition of their almost suicidal loyalty.

That day I've decided to get to know Ama better.

For a man to do all that is demanded of him, he  
must regard himself as greater than he is.

**Goethe**

## **Father Benedict's Round Table of Solomon**

*Holy Tetractys, thou that contains the root and source of the eternally flowing creation.*

"Every-body and every-thing on Earth lives under the influences of Yin and Yang." said a Chinese man looking deeply serious.

"Every single rock or plant or a water source hides within it a mixture of these two properties, spirits, manifestations and for Life to manifest in its fullest potential, their proportions must be right. Isn't that just fascinating as a theory that if there is too much heat or too much cold the earth will not be fertile, diseases will prevail and people will not live in harmony? Yin follows Yang as birth is followed by death and night by day, joy does not exist without sorrow, nor health without sickness."

Meditating the meaning of Life and Human Existence with my Chinese friends was my favorite past-time.

Sitting inside Ole (Ama and Ottavio's) coffee and tea house we had much to share.

The inside of Ole is quite appealing. It is a simply decorated single large room with cushioned benches running all around the walls. Its simplicity is charming and the whiteness of the walls dances with the outbursts of colours of red and golden silk cushioning. It has a water basin in the middle that gave us all a feeling of peace and tranquillity.

I spent many nights in summer, and days in winter frequenting this place, meeting friends and strangers, reading, writing and discussing both weather and the purpose of life on Earth. I spoke to peasants, craftsman, merchants, slaves, mandarins,

all passing through Ole, all classes coming from China, Siam, Malaysia, Ceylon, India, Japan, Philippines, Korea, and all of its frequent customers that returned to its allure year after year for inspiration.

Both, traders and passers-by intermingling on our little peninsula, would find our little hiding place, leaving a bit of themselves every time they came to visit Ole. Macao had regular trade routes to Japan, the Philippines, and Indo China. Exchanging Chinese porcelain, silk, musk, and furniture made of precious woods with Japanese silver, sandal wood, amber, aromatic woods, and incense from Indochina and spices from the islands of South Asia. It was a very vibrant little place. The porcelain, the silk, the precious woods furniture and the incense found its way into the simple décor of this magic place, inspiring visitors' lush dreams of Heaven's and Nature's beauty.

Ole opens in the early morning and it is then as well as in the evening that it is mostly frequented. The evenings were reserved for story-telling, music, and candle light poetry reading. Some were open for public and some had a special audience invited just for the occasion.

Amazing as only a dream can be, within this coffee shop patrons were more or less freed from the rigid protocols of our times. People varied, conversations varied, often uncovering deeper levels of philosophical truths, or Universal secrets. Since customers are free to choose their-own seating on the elevated platforms around the walls or on the floor that was in the winter covered in silky carpets, and colourful cushions, the exchange of thoughts, and the life-changing discussions often happened amongst strangers. The places were taken on the first come first served basis, not according to rank or wealth, creating a very exciting sense of freedom from any social constraint.

The art of making tea is called 'Cha Dao', said Ottavio standing amidst the ancient vases and jars, at a small carved wooden table performing the tea ceremony.

A good tea has the flavor of nature. It smells of the spring mountain waters, earth and air filled with cold breeze of winter that has just decided to leave us-added Ama, bringing some more porcelain tea caps. Get to know the tea plant to be able to bring out its most fragrant properties choosing the right pot, right amount of tea leaves, the right water temperature, the brewing time.

It was obvious from the enthusiasm that the father and daughter shared, and the shine in their eyes, that the ritual of preparing and serving tea had a special place in their lives.

The smell of tea, its taste, its texture, how smooth it is, how hot the mixture is, how refined the leaves are, and its right combination will bring out the perfection in it. Muttered Ottavio as thought he was talking about an alchemical process of changing metals into gold, not making tea.

He gently took the small porcelain cups from Ama cursing them in his large hand, placed them in a circle around a small, unglazed clay teapot made from red sand clay.

To seal the inside of the teapot, I boiled special old tea leaves mixture with water for many hours. Oils from the tea leaves sealed the pores of the fired clay and left a delicate scent that will stay with all our teas. An alchemist and a magician spoke to us about the sealing of the teapot.

"This is green tea", Ama continued, "the leaves of this tea are not broken, but dried into little buds,

bringing the buds closer so I can smell them." The tender plants collected on the mountain hills looked alive in her beautiful gentle hands.

"What is the difference between black tea and green tea?" I asked, looking at the young, tender leaves in front of me.

"The difference is the length of the fermentation used to process the leaves."

"While fermenting, the green tea changes its colour into reddish-brown." She smiled. "The longer the fermentation, the darker is its colour."

"So green teas are just lightly fermented, I repeated while she nodded, "yes, the red and black teas could sometimes be fermented for years."

Ama left the tea leaves in my hands so I can touch them. Each step of this magical creation was for me a sensory exploration of a spiritual experience. The smell took me in to a journey to the high mountain ranges covered in mist untouched by a human foot. After boiling water, Ottavio rinsed the teapot and cups with the steaming water. Each one of his movements was precise and meditative carrying within the respect for all the elements: fire, water, earth, air, respect for the tea and us, his guests at Ole. Using a bamboo tea scoop, he filled the teapot with tea leaves and then poured the boiling water into the pot to very quickly drain the water out.

"This dispels any bitterness", he says while rinsing and setting the tea leaves.

He poured the boiling water into the tea pot again and around 30 seconds later he poured the magic liquid into the cups moving the teapot around in a continual motion over the cups so that they are all filled together.

"The tea has to be poured low to minimize escaping of aroma and it is important not to have bubbles in the pot." He looked at me, as though he is telling me a secret of eternal life. "Bubbles, when mixed with the tea, form a foam that spoil its purity."

"Each cup should taste exactly the same and have the exact same colour," he noted.

Handing one of the cups to me I gracefully sipped the magic of this liquid. The tiny chalice is just large enough to hold about two small sips of the tea. The tea tasted much different than it smelled. It had a bitter, earthy, green-twig taste. Looking at the colour I observed a few leaves gently unfolding within my cup. Each time, I have entered the silence of meditation observing this little ritual.

The ceremony continued.

"Each pot of tea serves three to four rounds and the same tea leaves are used over again until the fragrance is gone." My host explained.

"China is the homeland of tea." I noted as they both nodded.

"We, for certain know that the Chinese had tea-shrubs five to six thousand years ago", Ottavio said.

"During the mid-Tang Dynasty (around 700 A.D) a Buddhist monk, Lu Yu, wrote the first Tea Classic. It was called Cha Ching, a script explaining and exploring the art of making tea. Ama loves this ancient script, maybe one of these evenings she could share it with you."

"Tea is very popular in China. In summer we cool ourselves drinking it, and in winter it warms us. We have a saying," Ama said smiling: "Rather go without salt for three days than without tea for a single day."

"Yes, I see constantly lots of old men gathering around teapots, talking," I said.

"This we call: Lao Jen Cha, Old Men's Tea ceremony, and probably we inherited it from our ancestors from 2,000 years ago," Ama added thoughtfully.

After the tea ceremony, Ama took me around their little coffee and tea house. She wanted to show me the gardens that were behind the gate, reserved for friends and blooming wonders in this spring day.

Walking through the gardens I could see that all the structures, bridges, fences and trails were designed in a most imaginative and refined manner. Weathering just gave a meaning to some of the areas crossing our paths.

The plants and the paths, all, take in the element of time with grace, old age and death is not frowned upon, here in China, it is respected. Ama was reading my thoughts.

The garden was built around a large pond.

"Water is an important element in Chinese life and it is almost always present in Chinese gardens," my beautiful host explored the elements with me. "Even in the dry gardens, you find water symbolized by grey gravel or sand with sand patterns on it."

In the centre of the pond was an island, "an island of immortals," Ama explained, "a large stone resembling a miniature mountain."

"Because of its sacred character, the island is no longer accessible to people, as you can see no bridges lead to it." Laughing is praying, so we laughed often.

The island was the shape of a tortoise, an animal that according to Chinese mythology lives ten thousand years and symbolises longevity, and there were no bridges leading to it, just a few small rocks placed around it, inviting visitors to hop from one to the other, giving them a hope that even though the sacred place is unapproachable.

"With an effort, one still can reach it and live everlasting happiness." I said.

Trees and plants planted all around the paths were also narrating stories. "Both the bamboo and pine as an evergreen," Ama pointed out, "express longevity and happiness."

"The black or male pine and red or female pine symbolize yang and yin forces of the universe. That is why they are planted next to each other, they could not exist without the other. The plum brings forth the qualities of vigour and patience since it blooms first after the cold winter months."

Further down the path, I noticed some large rocks with their main bodies set deep into the ground as though the gardener wanted to offer a symbol, a thought, a shape intriguing our minds, expanding beyond just the physical manifestation. I asked Ama about it.

"This garden is a shrine," she said. "We surround ourselves with shrines." Every stone, every tree, every pathway is a shrine." Looking around I saw a symbolism behind each pattern, each plant planted, and each colour chosen. "We build shrines everywhere, within the walls of our houses, at the entrance of our shops, at the corners of our streets

and in the fields." Symbols, rituals and magic, were all in the core of our Being.

We entered their outdoor pavilion with a floor carved in the shape of a Chinese character. Through one of the carvings on the floor, surged a stream running from the pavilion to their rocky garden.

"Giving full respect to all the elements," Ama said, "within an Egyptian Initiation, next to the great Sphinx of Thebes that has a head of a man, body of a lion, wings of an eagle, our ancestors worshiped the Water, Air, Earth, or Fire, stolen from Gods. The pre-structured resistance within all that is Form, a dragon-like creature that represents the Life Force itself. Throughout our mythology, the man swims through consciousness and subconscious layers of behaviour and within various artistic expressions, as a knight, he fights the Life Force, taming the Dragon with Knowledge and Light."

This thought brings my heart back to Pythagoras. "Bless us, divine number, thou who generated gods and men! O holy, holy Tetractys, thou that contains the root and source of the eternally flowing creation! For the divine number begins with the profound, pure unity until it comes to the holy four; then it begets the mother of all, the all-comprising, all-bounding, the first-born, the never-swerving, the never-tiring holy ten, the key holder of all." This is a Pythagorean prayer about Tetractys, smiled Ama reciting it by heart.

Yes, I also know of an ancient Pythagorean oath that mentions the Tetractys, I added:

"By that pure, holy, four lettered name on high,  
nature's eternal fountain and supply,  
the parent of all souls that living be,  
by him, with faith find oath, I swear to thee."

The ancient Greek work always fascinated me the most. Hellenistic mathematicians in the 500 BC, preferred using a system of numbers based on the alphabet. To indicate that a letter is a number, they would place a horizontal line above the symbol. The Tetractys or Decad (for it has 10 numbers and letters included) is both a mathematical idea and a metaphysical concept.

1 or 10 or 10 of each number, or 1,0000 (one of 10,000) a number and sound frequency of supreme God.

If the Ancient Greek numerical system, had an alphabetic letters assigned to a number, researchers would get some most inspiring combinations, 241 as  $200 + 40 + 1$  would have been  $\Sigma MA$  or 666 is written as  $\chi\xi\zeta$  ( $600 + 60 + 6$ ) X-Ð-C, and philosophers would have explored the Saturn shift of frequency or energy from 6 "C" to 60 \*Ð to 600 \*X

"The symbol for "dragon" in Chinese is long 龍," she added showing me the symbol carved on a stone we passed, "associated with good fortune, traditionally having power over rain. Many East Asian deities have dragons as their companions. Do you know that the Emperor of China is the only one permitted to have dragons carved on his house, clothing, or personal articles?"

"Really? So how come you got these?" He pointed to a sculpture shaping the pond.

Not on the clothing though,

"The muř-uřřu is a Mesopotamian dragon from Babylon with the body and neck of a snake, the front legs of a lion and the back legs of a bird." I recalled.

"Interesting," Ama smiled, "Chinese shamans are educated for decades, researching many different fields: weather forecasts, magical healing, dream interpretation, and fortune-telling, using astrology,

sound healing or feng-shui, to communicate with Gods and spirits. The relationship between Chinese and their Gods is very personal.”

I had to admit that for most of Europeans, Chinese culture was completely alien, yet I had a privilege to study Ancient Greeks, so I could contribute to this little discussion. Knowing Ama's deep fascination with Pythagoras, I told her: “Pythagoras gave the name of Monad (1) to God, and Dyad (2) to matter. The first and highest aspect of God is described by Plato as the One. The Monad (indescribable) emanated the Demiurge (Tao, Consciousness, and Transcendent Source) or the creator. Plato, in the Socratic dialogue Timaeus, refers the Demiurge as a benevolent force that has created the world out of Chaos. Plotinus metaphorically identified the Demiurge as the Greek God Zeus (spelled as θεός or Διός ) becoming “Dios” of the Catholic Roman Church.

Do you know how the Ancient Greeks spell the word “Goddess”, I shared this spelling with Ottavio. θεα

Aristotle equated matter with the formation of the elements moved to action by force or motion. These two are known as Aristotle's Energeia and Plato's Demiurge.

The Demiurge of Neoplatonism is the Nous (mind of God), and it is:

1. Arche – “beginning” or the source of all things,
2. Logos – “reason” or the cause behind all,
3. Harmonia – “harmony” reflected with the Numbers in mathematics.

It would seem then that the Orphic view of the Demiurge was integrated into Jewish and Christian Gnosticism. Later within the Judeo-Christian

tradition, the Demiurge or creator, became Lucifer or Satan with the firmly attributed evil to the concept of Creation, whereby God wishes to limit man's knowledge by forbidding him the fruit of knowledge in paradise, while within the teachings of Pythagoras and Plato there is no "lesser", or "worse" God creating Universe and Humankind, even though the Universe is in Chaos."

We returned to Ole to share a cup of 'coffee'.

This is not my first time in a coffee shop." I took Ama's hand, "I came across these fascinating gathering places travelling across villages in Yemen, and Mokeya was the name of the places. There, they stand in an open country, before the other village huts, at the edge of the settlements, offering Kischer, a hot infusion of coffee-beans, to travellers. This hot and bitter drink was strange to taste at first but with the most amazing smell, a bit like black tea but with an earthy overtone to its taste. Back there, in Yemen, it was served in simple and beautiful earthenware cups with water that was given out gratis." At the very beginning of my encounter with this magic liquid, it took some time to adjust to the bitterness of the coffee taste, but later I got hooked to the smells of spices added to it, to the ceremony around its making, and to the sweet expectation while waiting for coffee beans to be roast and ground, and the warm feeling of expansion that followed the experience of drinking. Here, at Ole, in China, the drink is served in beautiful Chinese porcelain cups.

Ole is near water, has many windows, and two small private almost invisible galleries, with an amazing view into the endless blue, where I many times got lost contemplating the secrets of existence. Its front garden was accessible to all and it changed with the seasons, shaded by a huge tree, full of roses and flowers, offered us, who came there regularly, a performance of shades, with interlude of sounds.

"Our, Western world is a rational, intellectual world that exists within linear thoughts, formulas, and clear logic." My friend, Ottavio, started one of his usual discussions when he was surrounded with his friends. "It is what Chinese call the Solar, Male, Yang of the creation."

"Chinese however is intuitive and imaginative. It is the heart, filled with symbols, signs, sounds, and meditations. It is the Yin of the creation, the Moon, the Female child of the Universe."

"If it just could be achieved," my dear friend, he turned around to face me, as though he is telling me the secret of our great, great grandparents, "the merge of Yin and Yang, would lead us to perfection, uniting Solar and Lunar ways of thinking would lead us, humanity, to a new state of Consciousness."

"Has already been attempted some thousands of years ago. In our wish to relate to omnipotent, omniscience, and omnipresence God, we used art, music or poetry to express since Ratio has no unobstructed pathways towards Divine.

The mysticism as a life-long research and devotion to God through beauty, is within each one of Ancient Europe Neolithic structure. But it is not just beauty that surrounds them but their deep mystical connection to the sound, symbols and mini universes represented in each sound or word.

When meditating about our Neolithic ancestors, attempting to connect to the stones as portals, to higher knowledge, our ancestors have mastered symbols and have created the first portable ways to communicate with Gods of Death: writing signs and chanting."

"My research is within alchemy that wishes to see the carbon of the human soul that is now visible as graphite, transform into the one of a diamond. If it just could be achieved we could see an inner

transformation of any metal to gold. The Alchemy of Humanity! So, tell me more about yours?

"The real mix and historical factual mess-up has started once the minds of Europe have equated Roman Empire with the area of Macedonia, or Greece or the Byzantine Empire. The Greek civilization was far more advanced than any we have known within this area, dates back to 1,000 BC, yet Babylon goes back to 2,000 BC, with ancient Danube Vincha going back to 5,000 BC. All in the same region, all carrying "pagan" devotion to Mother Earth, expressed within Slav languages with the sound Dj, Ch, Sh.

The Egyptian civilization, ruling the area pre 1 BC, was absolutely stunning, so fascinating that each European King had a team of scientists researching ancient Egyptian wisdom. The Babylonian empire, Ancient Greece, or the Danube civilization, all have existed and managed the region of the wider Mediterranean for thousands of years before Rome."

"Continue, continue," Ottavio said, pouring some more tea.

"My home town is SiRMiuM, and the so called sacred topography of the Balkans, the northern frontier of the Roman Empire, from the banks of the Danube to the Adriatic Sea, hides the most interesting Ancient European Civilizations.

You must remember the story of the three Roman co-rulers Galerius, Diocletian and Constantine the Great. Galerius worshiped Dionysus and has deified his mother Romula and himself. Dionysus is the ancient god of wine, fertility, theatre, and religious ecstasy. His Roman name was Bacchus. We find him as a God as early as 1500 BC, worshiped by Mycenaean Greeks.

The idea of death and resurrection, the god's permanent aspiration to bring humans into the world

of gods after making them immortal, is from there. Dionysus is the savior of souls and the one who bestows eternal life. Like Dionysus and his mother Semele who joined the gods at the Mount Olympus, the striving for liberation of the Dionysian cult is at the core of Ancient Greek spirituality. It is from the Dionysian rites that the idea of the soul related to the divine and the soul immortality was passed to Humankind.”

“In Sirmium, while growing up, I used to play digging for gold in the archaeological sites of the area. Believe it or not, kids would collect all sort of ancient jars. The city got its nick-name as the city of martyrs.”

“JeSu, the Son of God has been translated in many ways, in an attempt to keep the original authenticity of the name and sound. The real sound of the name was Y-SH (Ja=Š or I=SH) as in YaSha and it has meant exactly that: “I am SH”, the sound, at the time, worshiped as the name of the Supreme Female / Sun God by all the monotheistic nations of Europe – JeWs were the Ya-Sch followers.”

“Yet it is through the mystical Sh or X, that we seek enlightenment, it is the element that through love induces the higher states of consciousness, for the lady love tolerates not a FoRcEfuLL effort. In our not so distant and in our very distant past we have followed Ra (Sun / GoD / BoG / Dio) or Ma (Moon / H / Sha / S).

When times were good, they loved each other, when times were rough they resorted to violence against each other. One would even hide the script from the ignorant so to stop them from killing each other.

The followers of the one God believed in trinity, the power above the Ra and Ma story that has been called by many names, by different monotheistic religions.

In the name of Democracy, Justice, Equality, the researchers of all the branches from all the countries, call them to stop and announced the end of the Religion Violence, and end of the Chosen Ones. This was the main cause of all the European wars, which have been one long continues never ending story.”

“The major philosophical question we face even today, is: can you kill for God?” Said Ama.

“Mo-She came back from Sacred Mount Sinai, the name suggests the followers of the Moon Sacred Temple, with a straight forward NO, that has since been changed into many different forms.”

“Any substance, as an alchemist would tell you, whatever it is,” continued Ottavio, “is what it appears to be, set just for a moment lost in eternity, by parameters of a given place, time, and given circumstances. Carbon could be graphite and diamond at the same time. When a human being is subject to hardship, and mistreatment, he could become a murderer, a thief or an abuser. How quickly before he becomes an animal? When one is treated with love, respect and care, how far can he develop?” Contemplated Ottavio.

“A human being could be studied by investigating a section of his liver or the brain, or observing the amazing matrix of soul’s behaviour patterns,” meditated Ama, moving swiftly through the space of the hall.

“What is better: to build our knowledge from individual broken segments forming a thousand pieced mosaic puzzle-that clearly obstructs our vision, ...or to follow the spiritual intuitive way that uncovers the secrets of the cosmos interwoven with a magic game of our own imagination?” Asked Ama.

“Is there a man on Earth who could manage to bridge the gap between the two, who will not get

discouraged by the barriers of different languages or by the dogmas of their religions?" They both for a moment, so I thought, looked at me...

Like a fog, silence crept into my world, entered my mind through the breathing and became a part of my being.

Silence narrated a story of a deep profound longing planted within my soul at the gate of creation.

Soon after I arrived to Macao I became Ama's and Ottavio's friend. Both their lives were veiled with mystery and encircled with many common folk's legends, I loved and deeply respected their freedom of speech and thought, unknown to many in this day and age.

As a wild wind that crosses the planes on a still summer day surprising everybody around, or a water whirlpool playing in the midst of a calm sea, immensely freed from pre-conditioning, and prejudices, and almost dogmatically against dogmas, they lived their lives in Macao where different religions co-existed.

Ottavio was versed in both Western and Eastern philosophies. It was his love for religious studies that inspired him to support the intellectual and artistic elite of Macao, gathering them at his coffee and tea house, at 'Ole', having endless discussions about God, Purpose of Life, Philosophy or Art.

The group that gathered around Ottavio and his daughter Ama, was a group full of weird scientists and artists, wonderful trouble makers, who loved their tea and coffee.

Ole is by no means a noisy, cluttered space. With its serene, simple, white washed walls, paved with soft stone, and furnishing that is kept to a minimum, scented with incense, and large windows facing the

big blue ocean, lit by candles at night, its design talks magic about its owners Ottavio and Ama.

To the eyes of non-believers in this astonishing shift of ages, life still appeared the same, and yet, underneath this calm surface of the sea of the existence, a great transformation was taking place.

This evening we have just finished listening to Ama playing 'bianzhong', a heavenly instrument made of 65 bronze bells. Ama's hands played the bells as though each of her fingers possessed a brain on its-own with a magical, instinctive, intuitive feel that directs the music without any interference with the cold, intellectual and rational brain that exists up there, in the head. She took me on to a journey of phoenix sounds, rituals and tales of harmony only found in the sound.

After the performance, I examined this marvellous instrument that took me to such an inspiring spiritual journey.

An amazing three-tier frame carries the bells that are each different in size giving different sounds. The frame and the bells had Chinese characters engraved on them.

Ama told me that she is at the moment studying the 3,000 characters found on the instrument and that they are a treatise on ancient Chinese musical theory. The instrument was a gift from the Chinese Emperor and was made purposely for Ottavio as an exact replica of a 2,000 years old organ that is used by the court's musicians in creation of ritual and court music. The one that I was listening to was just 10 times smaller.

"This exquisite work of art largest bell is as high as myself," explained Ottavio, "and it weighs over 200 kg. Inscriptions are engraved with gold on each bell and its music capabilities are amazing... I watched five performers play the Royal set."

"This replica sounds just as amazing..." I remarked.

Ottavio is not a man much given to flattery but he couldn't hide a smile of pride for possessing such an art work.

"It is fascinating that virtually all major texts, whether philosophical, or poetic from old China are discussing music, music as an integral part of ritual activity, or music as a key to understanding Nature." Meditated Ama.

"A Soul or Duša in Slavic," I told them, "is on its mystical journey through sounds and their frequencies, and is influenced by them. A fairly early monotheistic notion, of one and supreme God to worship, was evident within the development of the Balkan Slavic languages, and it in its puzzling complexity ends with the supreme mystical story of the Holy Trinity."

"The Orthodox Christians have kept the secret of sacred sound and music within their own ritual practices. The most ancient description of Divine Liturgy is written in 138 AC by Justin the Martyr, a Christian saint, a well-studied man who in his Dialogue tells us of his early education, his theological and metaphysical inspiration coming from the philosophers of Stoic, Pythagorean and Plato schools. He refers to Sun-Day, as the Lord's Day, the day of Kyrios. The lingua franca used during the Late Bronze Age in the area was Akkadian." I offered my bit of exchange into this conversation.

"How interesting, music must have been used by all the ancient civilizations as the major tool to shift states of consciousness. Confucius, we are talking 500 BC, was convinced that music has a role in maintaining social order. His idea was that a musical system reflects the proper code of moral behaviour. In his view, Life is about 'wholeness' and music is

able to demonstrate the importance of regularities and wholeness." Said Ama.

"Chinese have a great interest in studying the vibration of any instrument. They compare pitches to the configuration of cosmic Qi energy." Added Ottavio.

Ama's beauty engulfed me. Her fascination with the Chinese system of knowledge was infectious, leaving me in awe at the vastness and depth of knowledge opening accumulated by Humankind.

"The Chinese interest in music is an interest in numbers and symbols, not in quantification and absolute numerical value. Numbers are manipulated as symbols. The Chinese have an elaborate scheme of correlations, the 12 pitch scale is related to the 12 lunar cycles, and they created an elaborate edifice of relationships to interpret Nature, Humans and History." said Ottavio.

Early Chinese mystics tell us that 12 pitches are discovered by their sage Ling Lun with a name that means 'structure and order', he was a minister of the Yellow Emperor. Ling Lun observed the songs of the male and female phoenix, the male (yang) calls were six and the female (yin) were six. The legend says that these became pitches of the early music structure. The Yellow Emperor ordered Ling Lun to cast twelve bronze bells that sound the exact pitch. In the Chinese mind, this ordered symbolic set derived directly from observing Nature. Its pitch is an attribute of a lunar cycle. Under each moon, you will find zodiac recommendations and suggestions for human behaviour, and each pitch belongs to a particular lunar cycle.

Confucius believed that if you disturb the rightful order and structure, your mind is going to be disturbed. For example, he spoke of the music of Zheng comparing it to the colour - purple. Purple, is a combination of colours, a combination of red and

blue. It detracts from the purity of red, and it does not have the depth of blue. He claimed that the music of Zheng was not in harmony with the elegant ritual music of ancient China, and that this only reflected the state's government that was deviant and wicked.

"It is an astonishing shift of ages that we live in, isn't it?" Ama enquired.

The astrological and prophet texts published all throughout the 16<sup>th</sup> century led to the same conclusion: that the end of our World would be with us, if not the next morning, then surely in the couple of years. The astrological tables have predicted an unusual succession of eclipses at the very start of the 17<sup>th</sup> century and numerological the year 1600 was the chosen year: 16 being the number that was composed of seven and nine, the divine numbers by hundred times, multiplying its magical fatal value.

Ottavio laughed at this belief.

Soon after he arrived to Macao, Ottavio publically exhibited his good will towards the Church and City Council supporting the foundation of St. Paul's College, which was the first European University in China. The College offered courses in European Arts and Theology and simultaneously concentrated on the studies of the Chinese and Japanese language and civilisation.

With his never-ending fortune he heavily financed this project. Just after he had given me a substantial amount of money for building one of University Halls, pouring Chinese tea into my cup, he said:

"It is quite amazing how a culturally and scientifically inferior nation took upon itself a mission to convert a superior one. Missionaries would love to convince the Chinese to worship the *Right God*, his voice slightly changed emphasising the absurdity of this term, even though this IS a supreme dogma

that puts God into a box that does not allow expressions of spiritual diversity amongst different nations. If there is anything that will destroy the Church, and Religions, it will be this selfish attitude of every one of them that keeps the right to God only to its followers!”

It was very difficult to win an argument with Ottavio, he was more or less always right, quick with words, hard with fakes and hypocrites. Honest and truthful to the core creating many rivals.

His enemies within the Church have often questioned my relationship with him, but with my easy access to his wealth, their greediness superseded their worry and his heretical behaviour dispersed amongst the golden shine of his coins.

Speculations about Ottavio’s fortune were many, speculations about murders, devils, inheritance, and wicked businesses, but no one could really tell anything specific about Ottavio’s past and his wealth: he only joked about it. Trying my luck this time, asking him about alchemy and his fortune, his answer was as mysterious as he:

“With alchemy, my dear friend, I DID learn how to make gold,” he said. Using alchemy, any metal can become gold, and any human can reach his highest potential. “The coffee beans become gold,” he looked at me with a devilish smile, “I work with both, metal and people, and people my dear friend, are much more challenging!”

Alchemy is a science that fascinated many for centuries. Scientists would spend hours and hours of sleepless nights examining and experimenting with the nature of chemicals in hope to find the sacred stone that transforms metals to gold.

Ottavio tried a few times to pass some of his enthusiasm towards Alchemy.

"Alchemy and Astrology, it is said in the old scriptures, are two of the eldest sciences known to mankind passed to us from the prehistoric times. According to old Rabin's legends, the two arts were divinely revealed to Adam, promising that when the human race masters the wisdom concealed within them, the curse of the forbidden fruit will be removed."

Astronomy and alchemy were the most sacred secret of the Atlantis priests. Apparently, when Atlantis was destroyed, the art was passed to Egypt and then to Europe. The sages and philosophers created an intricate allegory of symbols to conceal their wisdom.

"Personally, I believe that all the ancient secrets were passed through the sounds." I explained, "The Lord's Prayer in Greek is: "ΠΑΤΕΡ ΗΜΩΝ Ο ΕΝ ΤΟΙΣ ΟΥΡΑΝΟΙΣ ΑΓΙΑΣΘΗΤΩ ΤΟ ΟΝΟΜΑ ΣΟΥ ΕΛΘΕΤΩ Η ΒΑΣΙΛΕΙΑ ΣΟΥ ΓΕΝΗΘΗΤΩ ΤΟ ΘΕΛΗΜΑ ΣΟΥ, ΩΣ ΕΝ ΟΥΡΑΝΩ ΚΑΙ ΕΠΙ ΤΗΣ ΓΗΣ ΤΟΝ ΑΡΤΟΝ ΗΜΩΝ ΤΟΝ ΕΠΙΟΥΣΙΟΝ ΔΟΣ ΗΜΙΝ ΣΗΜΕΡΟΝ ΚΑΙ ΑΦΕΣ ΗΜΙΝ ΤΑ ΟΦΕΙΛΗΜΑΤΑ ΗΜΩΝ, ΩΣ ΚΑΙ ΗΜΕΙΣ ΑΦΙΕΜΕΝ ΤΟΙΣ ΟΦΕΙΛΕΤΑΙΣ ΗΜΩΝ ΚΑΙ ΜΗ ΕΙΣΕΝΕΓΚΗΣ ΗΜΑΣ ΕΙΣ ΠΕΙΡΑΣΜΟΝ, ΑΛΛΑ ΡΥΣΑΙ ΗΜΑΣ ΑΠΟ ΤΟΥ ΠΟΝΗΡΟΥ. ΑΜΗΝ." I sung

"The sacred Egyptian SH, later became W, in English, has changed its form into the Greek Σ, S of the Latin Spirito Santos, as early as within the translations of the script of the Ancient Greeks, hiding the SH vibration of Isis, the Death, the Underworld, Night, Meditation, MiNoS, Mum, Nirvana, Death, Sub consciousness, or the YiN of Consciousness that has in the Ancient Europe lost its potency with the loss of sounds such as Ğ or Đ or Š or DŽ or Č."

"There is no CH as in Cheese or as in ČoNo in Slavic languages, or Church in English, in the Greek language, so the first translation of any ancient text into the Ancient Greek Θ or ω . or Σ or Μ, got a

different sound. CH always sounds like K. At one point of our history, within the Ancient Egyptian, Ancient Hebrew, Ancient Geez, all the names of Gods, influential people, Kings or Phaereos carried the sounds of Ž Đ Ć, DŽ or SH, and all the sound rituals were conducted with this magic Tibetan Buddhist deep male musical scale and was contrasted with the female angelic sounds of N and M sung with vowels through the Greek Ἀμήν AMEN or AMON or AMIN." ψάλλει τὸ Κύριε, is - In peace, let us pray to the Lord or = ShaLoM with Siii, KiRiJe (bless-me with S or Š)

"It is like speaking a Universal language, the language of Gods, the first language, understandable to all!"

As a philosopher, I knew that passed through pictures, like the ancient Egyptian spirituality, whether Christians, Muslims or Hindus, Taoist, Jews, Atheists or Buddhists, our scientists, applied psychologists and consciousness researchers, always followed their inner-most drive for goodness as their souls' quest, no matter what their have chosen as their personal growth system. This was my description of Alchemy.

So, the whole world of mythological creatures was a gift of conscious and unconscious learnings and some exceptionally talented scientists of the last 200 years devoted their lives to translate these works.

I've seen him transform many times.

Ottavio and me shared the same fascination with the glorious lady Knowledge, people's little peculiarities and weaknesses did not quite amuze him.

"I am a heretic, my dear friend Benedict, all these books make you one." Ottavio looked into my eyes, nodding "but all the knowledge in the world is useless if we do not act consciously, understanding the consequences of our actions and thoughts."

"Can we ever hope to understand the consequences of our actions to the lives of the people that will live many, many centuries later?" I asked, not hoping for an answer.

Did Christ know that his teaching will be used and abused during the centuries of religious wars? Did Moses know that 1,000 of years later we will still struggle to understand his main command: do not kill! Does everything happen for a reason?

That evening we were invited to a dinner and treated to a variety of delicious vegetarian dishes.

Each dinner at Ole was a carefully prepared master piece. An amazing variety of wholesome Chinese treats teased our taste buds.

Each dish was presented in exquisite porcelain wares, Ottavio's gifts from various courts. The fineness of the porcelain with delicacy of the paintings were impressive.

The elegant deep blue flying-fish dragons writhing against storming waves stared at us passing their wishes for good fortune, long life, immortality, and plenty. Peaches represent immortality, pomegranates symbolize fertility, and apples are a homonym for peace, were all greeting us symbolically, this time when we sat around for the dinner.

Drinks were in porcelain jugs in a form of women playing instruments with the divine fruit nectars pouring out through their hands, reminding us of the importance of music.

Veggie fried rice, bright, crisp and spicy Chinese beans, tasty steamed buns, fragrant ginger and lemongrass flavour vegetable salads, young, thin beans that are tossed in soy sauce with fresh ginger in a stylish side dish, roasted tofu deliciously browned and flavoursome, little rice and sesame

pancakes with a topping of a crunchy salad of nuts, marinated red cabbage and Chinese salad leaves. All of these magical dishes were performing a séance in its own right.

At first we indulge in the tastes, smells, and textures, to be soon released into the waters of mental endeavour.

After the meal, finding myself in front of Ottavio's amazing library, I picked a book randomly, caressing its leather covers. The printing press brought a complete revolution into our worlds: I was witnessing the huge expansion of knowledge amongst the educated classes all across different cultures.

The book in my hands was *Malleus Maleficarum* otherwise known as *Witches' Hammer*, the book that became fundamental for superstitious gibberish of millions of people who believed in witches.

"Did Pope Innocent know what kind of effect he would have on masses before he drafted his decree talking about witches?" I asked showing the book to Ottavio.

"Did the Dominican monks that wrote *Witches' Hammer* knew that the book will become the largest executing manual of any times?" "Do the first two superstitious witnesses, accusing their neighbours of witch-craft, know that their accusation will spread like fire and eventually cause the death of their own daughters and their own mothers?" Asked back Ottavio holding the book.

I wasn't the only priest that disagreed with this book and the methods used by the Inquisition to torture innocent women. It was a matter of a constant debate amongst us within the Monastic Order and I became very angry every time somebody supported it. The fact that we were so far away from the main-

land Europe made my resistance to these hateful, and spiteful acts possible.

"A Confucius' would say that it is a man that makes the Way great." Ottavio said in anger, talking about the manual, angered him.

"It is man that can change and shape the history. We are not peons, or some sort of victims, we are staging this little performance called life."

"What a horrible book, a burning manual!"

A typical craze would start with one or two suspects and through the forced confessions would spread indefinitely taking 100s and sometimes 1,000s of innocent, the longer the panic lasted, the larger the numbers and wealthier the victims.

Treading the path of the development of Human Thought, giving full respect to Mother Philosophy and acknowledging how difficult it is to implement any noble idea in the world where Peace as Humanity highest Potential is still a very far goal, I was in owe of leaders who were introducing democracy within their city states 100s of years before Christ.

In search of perfection, veneering many centuries of struggle for equality, researching consciousness, and the arena of alchemy of human society, some of the most amazing social experiments and their implementation by exceptional souls were born around the Mediterranean, more than 2,000 years ago.

"Look at all the discoveries of those young and excited minds that are galloping freed from their cages of centuries of Dark Age!" I could hear someone say.

"So many Souls have descended to guide us through this transition. So many books have been published that break our current beliefs, so the new ones will be born from their ashes."

Somebody picked up Campanella's book and started reading: *Truth can be hidden and persecuted, but it cannot be held prisoner by injustice; in the end it emerges from the darkness and is once again resplendent.*

As a priest, writer, and a professor, I had an access to works of Campanella, Copernicus, Giordano Bruno and I admired their fight with dogmatic systems within the Church.

Giordano was one of my teachers and his work inspired me greatly. A well-travelled, well-educated priest that lived in Switzerland, France, England and Germany, translating books, lecturing, and wherever he could, announcing the new view of the Universe.

Picking up 'De la Causa, Principio e Uno' I started reading Giordano Bruno's contemplations of God:

*'The absolute potential is one, the act is one, the form or soul is one, the material or body is one, the thing is one, the being in one, one is the maximum and the best.. It is not generated, because there is no other being it could desire or hope for since it comprises all being. It does not grow corrupt because there is nothing else into which it could change, given that it is itself all things. It cannot diminish or grow, since it is infinite.'*

"Our amazing culture gave birth to the likes of Giordano Bruno." I whispered thoughtfully.

"Giordano spoke of the infinity of the universe," whispered back Ottavio, turning his head towards the starry night.

"So, he says that we are not alone... An Italian, I've

heard?" Smiled Ruben.

"He lived all over the world, in Switzerland, France, England, Germany, worked as a translator of many inspiring books, lecturing, and wherever he could, announcing the new view of the Universe. I was talking about a man who inspired me greatly, so I happily took a role of a narrator about his amazing work and his unfortunate destiny."

"A life of a travelling scholar and a lecturer, I wouldn't mind that type of life." Ruben added.

"Giordano was a Christian?" Somebody asked.

"Yes, a Dominican friar, but he saw the Church teachings as entirely irrational, based on no scientific basis. He believed in an infinite universe which had left no room for Christian God that was solely occupied with Earth and humans. His philosophy made the mystery of the virgin birth meaningless, and he thought that only the ignorant could take the Bible literally." Ottavio joined our discussion with a zest of a true heretic.

"His integrity and the lack of compromise towards his ideas got him imprisoned and he spent six long years in the dark dungeons of a Papal prison." I continued the story. "And yet, when threatened by the death sentence Giordano answered: "Perhaps you, my judges, pronounce this sentence against me with greater fear than I receive it.".

"Perhaps you, my judges, pronounce this sentence against me with greater fear than I receive it." Repeated Ruben thoughtfully.

"Is it true that he was the leader of an underground movement?" Asked Ottavio.

"That I don't know, but what I know is that he was a prophet whose thoughts changed the world bringing about a cosmological and moral revolution." Said Ruben.

"Killed as a heretic, burnt by the Inquisition in Campo di Fiori in Rome in 1600." Ottavio offered the un-happy ending.

A brief silence covered the room. The faces around the fire were contemplating the life and work of a man who was not alone, but had to die because he was the first one to publically challenge and disapprove the obvious.

"The ancient thought, that universal orbits must be circular, was not a new re-discovery for Europe," I said.

"Ancient Greece, between 800 BC and 100 BC saw most amazing advances in art, philosophy and science, and it was the age of city-states or polis that had own Local Governments, free of Global Taxes, protected by own Gods, for hundreds of years.

This was the time when science and religion were not separate and getting closer to the Truth (In Search of Truth) meant getting closer to the Gods. Classical Greece is considered to be the seminal culture or the cradle of Western civilization.

Just to give you an idea of how advanced this civilization was, Pythagoras and his students Plato, and Aristotle, both coming from Athens, understood the importance of symbols, numbers, or mathematics as instruments of Universal Truth that offer divine knowledge following the main Macro manifesting within Micro principle. Pheidon of Argos established a system of weights and measures, Theagenes of Megara brought running water to the city. Homer produced his Iliad and Odyssey, found later in the rich Egyptians Mummy burial cases, sculptors created statues as memorials to the dead, Anaximandros devised a theory of gravity; Xenophanes wrote about his discovery of fossils; and Pythagoras discovered his Pythagoras theorem.

As farming villages grew larger, they developed their own Governments and organized their inhabitants around set of laws. They all had economies that were based on agriculture. These city-states were known as poleis and were protected by own Gods or Goddess.

Athens and Sparta were both protected by Athena or perhaps I shall call her aXeN. Most had overthrown their hereditary kings, or priests, and each of these poleis was an independent city-state. The new poleis were self-governing and self-sufficient. The new emerging polies were not politically controlled by their founding cities.

Following the Classical period was what is known as the Hellenistic period during 300 to 100 BC, during which we find Alexander the Great within Babylon walls.

This classical period also brought with it a political reform known as "demokratia", or "rule by the people."

"By the 6th century BC Greece had influential Governments: Athens, Sparta, Corinth, Thebes and Argos. Athens and Corinth also became major maritime powers. In this period, the advent of the democracy of Athens led to a 'golden age' for the Athenians. They spread Greek art and initiated a creative revolution. and it spread around scientific circles very quickly, notwithstanding the dangers of the Church." This time it was Ama breaking the silence.

"Despite the threat of the Inquisition, Galileo Galilei, another great man and scientist, after his discovery of an astronomical telescope and his detailed researches, publishes revolutionary prints describing the motion of the Earth around the Sun." Ruben was back to the Age of Reason.

"You are talking about the *Dialogue Concerning the Two Chief World Systems*, isn't it?" Asked Ottavio. After he has published this work, the Inquisition quickly declared his views absurd and arrested him."

"You are fortunate to be living in China." I turned towards Ottavio. "Otherwise you would have had the same faith." I smiled at my dear friend.

"For sure," laughed Ottavio, "a witch, a wizard, a magician, an alchemist, or simply a man who is not afraid to question, and 'these' are the worst!" "Also, I would not wish to stay anywhere else, my dear

friend, this is where everything IS happening!”

“We find the Ancient Egyptian name of God in Greek translations to be: NØR sounding a bit like the Ancient Chinese Taoist Tao Te Ching story of Yi (as one) that has created aR (as two) and SaN (as three), while Babylonian speak of all talk about the same Theological concept of Trinity of sounds and frequencies that have carried the manifestation into Being, as female and male.”

“Much like Chinese...” Ama added thoughtfully.

“We find the Ancient Egyptian name of the Supreme God written as nHr or nTr or nDr (sounds of X for Kristus, Đ for Jay, and Č for chakra or čovek in Slavic) symbolically represented as a moving X, a spiral, a snake, a Kundalini moving wheel, the Supreme Goddess.”

“Our ancestors were supreme masters in sound frequency, when they gave us symbols, or sounds, they did it for they had a complete science / theology within their mysticism and magic, in mind. Treat them as the most educated researchers of the Humanity History, perhaps 0.001% of humanity, who were trying to pass their knowledge to us. The Ancient Egyptians for example speak of the sounds that is used to change the energy from one to the other, so they call Gods; H or D or T pronouncing them as X, or Đ, or Č, allowing the soul to take the quality of the sound of Gods. For example the sounds R or B carry within its sound Ra, BoDy or BuDHa, Dio, the enlightened one. Bu in Chinese means towards the divine, Bu taking the sound of the name for the Soul in Ancient Egypt, or the

number eight in China, infinity, meaning also a prophet, a God in making, symbolically represented as the cross + Yi (that is one) - + I (descending from heaven) to form a human soul that is blessed by the Divine Spirit."

"Fascinating!" Ama was the first one to break the silence.

"So that is why the Church increased the use of the censorship with its list of forbidden books, the *Index Librorum Prohibitorum*" asked Ottavio turning to Ruben.

"You are talking to the converted, I strongly disagree with the Church that is blessing slaughters in the name of God." Ruben agreed.

"Our task is for sure, to find where the balance between the two is, between the science and spirituality on Earth." Ottavio nodded. "Now this IS a difficult task."

"Science and spirituality are so intrinsically different that it is impossible to establish peace amongst them." Ruben contemplated.

"Male and female side of God's creation, Yang and Yin of Nature, mental and emotional side of human mind, the supremacy of any one causes the destruction of Balance and Harmony." Ama's hands danced a sort of tai-chi dance, her beautiful figure moved and hands circled their way into harmony to visually announce this eternal truth.

“Who could possibly understand the Way?”

This is the time when I was re-discovering the writings of ‘pagans’: Greek, Roman and Egyptian philosophers, whose works were re-published, bound in silk, and revived after centuries of neglect.

The truth revealed in these texts went beyond the fashion of manuscript searches and hunts for undiscovered classics.

The Philosophy of our age is tightly connected to the Old and New Testament, but with the discovery of press and re-discovery of Greek and Latin texts, the scientific minds of our era got challenged, and opened to the new ideas.

At that moment I was reading *Metamorphoses*, Transformation, an epic poem in fifteen books written 2,000 years ago, by the Roman poet Ovid, completed in 8 AC. The poet's writings are based on already fully established Ancient Greek manuscript tradition, re-writing myths, the creation story, Ovid begins by describing how the elements emerge out of chaos, and how mankind degenerates from the Gold Age to the Silver Age to the Age of Iron. This is followed by an attempt by the giants (Titans) to seize the heavens, at which the God “Jove” sends a great flood which destroys all living things except one couple, Deucalion and Pyrrha.

The *Metamorphoses*, as a collection of myths is influenced by an earlier Greek work called the *Theogony* Θεογονία “Birth of the Gods” attributed to Hesiod 700 BC where Hesiod describes how the gods

were created, their struggles with each other, and the nature of their divine rule. In the Theogony, the origin (arche / arche) is Chaos, a primordial condition, a gaping void (abyss), with the beginnings and the ends of the earth, sky, sea, gods, and mankind. Symbolically associated with water, it is the source, origin, or root of things that exist. Then came Gaia (Earth), Tartarus (the cave like space under the earth), and Eros, who becomes the creator of the world. The majority of the hymns celebrate the twelve Olympians gods and goddesses who dwell on Mount Olympus. In ancient Greek philosophy, arche is the first principle of all things. Thales (700 – 600 BC), claimed that the first principle of all things is water.

In the Babylonian creation story Enûma Eli-Š (great Š), the universe was in a formless state and is described as a watery chaos. From it emerged two primary gods, a male and a female, and a third deity: the maker Mummu.

My meditations were interrupted by Ama's question: "Have you seen Leonardo's and Michelangelo's anatomical drawings that show their close study of human remains?"

"Yes, they are pretty amazing, some of the taboos of our era are constantly shaken." Ottavio's eyes were shining. "Human dissection, for scientific studies is now accepted and became a part of the scientific studies of different Universities enhancing our chemistry, medicine, and human anatomy."

"Standing at the entrance of the 16<sup>th</sup> century, Leonardo Da Vinci's life is another example of the

life of an ideal 'Renaissance man', an all-round genius, a painter, a sculptor, a scientist, an architect, a philosopher and a spiritual teacher with ideas that were far ahead of his time." Ama narrated this story. Leonardo was a man she admired greatly.

"Leonardo is an inventor with the mind set deep in the future and the body living here, amongst us. His designs of flying machines, flour mills, and different engines, including a bicycle are not of this time." Said Ruben.

"A very inspiring soul, I heard he played the lyre..." Ottavio remarked.

"Not just that, he was an expert in botany, discussing war strategies with the soldiers and the nature of life with the truth seekers. His observations of the motions of the stars, the path of the moon, and the course of the sun are quite remarkable." Ama has read all his books.

"A bit like you!" Laughed Ottavio...

Leaving Ottavio's place that day, walking through the streets of Macao, I contemplated the best ways to transfer these inspirational stories and thoughts into my day-to-day life.

Sunlight covered the Ocean and the twilight brought magic into my vision, I saw petals closing their home for the day, and ants hurrying back into their nests, saying good-night to each other, and wind whispering through the branches its lullaby to the birds and I strongly felt that we, humans, are just a

fraction of this miracle called life. The night time crawled upon me and I dived into the vastness of the stars above me, sensing their infinity, and their eternity, reflecting our own unimportance.

Seeing myself as a mathematician, a scientist, and researcher, the dogmas presented to me by my Church have never really interested me. Reading manuscripts of some of the most amazing minds that argued that Earth is not the centre of the Universe and that we, human beings, are not the only sentient beings in this vast space, convinced me of how unimportant we actually are.

Long time ago, somewhere deep within my brain, God lost his long white beard, and his role of a parochial father that watches over his flock and counts their sins.

How small and insignificant we are. Holding a flower, I meditated.

The importance Christianity gave us was obviously exaggerated but un-importance that was opening in front of my eyes within this matrix of millions and millions of stars and billions of lives was dragging me into the oblivion of passivity, depression, and darkness.

To bring the life back into my bones, I needed a mission, I needed a purpose, a reason for living on this planet. I knew, both Ama and Ottavio had a mission and they both truly wanted me to become an essential part of it.

Love is life.

All, everything that I understand, I understand only  
because I love.  
Everything is, everything exists, only because I love.  
Everything is united by it alone.  
Love is God, and to die means that I,  
a particle of love,  
shall return to the general and eternal source.

**Leo Tolstoy**

## A Man Training To Love

### *The Worship of Θεά*

Ama is an embodiment of every man's desires. She is our dream of a perfect mother, a perfect lover and a perfect companion. A gentle pearl hidden in an oyster shell for such a long time that it became amazingly precious. Enchanted by her appearance, the sound of her voice, her scents, especially the scents, mystical, eastern, African, often undefined scents of my soul biggest dream, the tender, yet loving almost visible as light of her presence.

When I realised I am in love, it was way too late for any struggle my mind might have wished to put up. The love I've felt for Ama was deep and kind of devotional, the one that I instinctively reserved for Christ and his teaching. Loving Ama compared to the closeness I felt with God.

For months, perhaps even years, she entered my worlds as a storm, physically, mentally, emotionally, with no place for much else while she was around.

Travelling on my missions, she was within the shadows of unknown women cast on the walls of ruined houses, smiling at me from the statues of Chinese Goddesses, in the shape of lotus petals floating in a random lake, within silhouettes of stones on my way to the Collage, in my dreams, especially in my dreams.

If you were ever in love, you might understand the madness my mind was going through, the constant whisper that followed me through the sleepless nights, the hope to catch a glimpse of her fearing some might notice my fixation with her stories, habits, thoughts and dreams. Being a priest in love, just deepened my excitement and enchantment with this special soul, and prolonged my agony of consciously admitting that the butterflies in my stomach was my flesh's response to the Amor's arrow now deep inside my sub consciousness.

Set in my beliefs, I was convinced I knew my path, walking steadily, forcefully, determined to show the world this steady iron box I referred to as my life.

"The box that is around you" Ama said jokingly, "is rather hard to break".

The chemistry inside my brain wedged wars against my neurons and their well-established path-ways. My princess was wide awake and pain-strikingly conscious of her prince's darkness and fears. Fully dressed in my warrior's armour ready to protect her from her sins, her lean, thin figure elegantly floating through the air confused me, her mind full of mental acrobatics skilfully transformed my efforts to 'convert her' into little explorations of many dogmas. Afraid to touch her, just in case my earthy touch breaks the spell making her vanish, disappearing into the realms of angels, I moved a step back.

"What about your emotions," she asked teasingly, "can they be, with an expert help, rounded or are they also square?"

A warrior without an armour, shy, clumsy and soft in her presence, "mould me", deeply longing to abandon the role of the spiritual teacher, I told her.

"The feelings I have for you are not sexual, I feel the purity of the spiritual connection between us."

The two of us became friends in a spontaneously loving moment of laughing, a laughter that hurt me because I did not know what to do with it.

"Ruben, how can you talk about sexuality, when you were celebrate all your life?"

The only thing I knew of sex was what had been written within the manuals that condemn sex.

"The connection between our souls feels everlasting, spiritual and intense." The ground underneath my feet was dissolving.

"The Taoist view sexual energy as a gift from God, as an energy embedded within our human core for a reason. The merge with Spirit, they see within it. Taoist believe that joining the Essence is the most profound spiritual experience." Ama held my hand caressing it with utmost gentleness.

Some months later I told her: "I don't need the physical contact with you to feel complete," caressing curls of her hair. *Just breathing the air you breathe is enough to open my heart.* My mind added silently. The sin of carnal lust and the subtle worlds of love are set apart by the widest, deepest gap imaginable.

The flow passing through me was precious, vibrant and its vitality re-discovered me. The delicacy of the vibration could have sustained me with no food for days. I was in love.

During my mornings' walks struggling to find my way through the maze of Macao's streets, I saw a sparrow determined to stop Earth from turning its seasons into a deadly winter for it may kill his entire family.

A sparrow in love, building the most amazing nest for his lover, choosing a tree with a Church, my soul ached for Ama, descending this feeling from the dream's astral worlds to the terrestrial spheres. A physical sensation of thousands of roaring lions, filled my heart with a fluid touch of the lady Love.

Examining petals or my hands, sometimes for hours, admiring God's creations, slowing down, my soul wondered through the softness of the clouds of my imagination. Imagining her walking, talking, dancing, and disappearing into the Light. Pondering around her words like a bee around a flower, for days, keep returning to experience the essence of its nectar.

Powerfully self-absorbed, obsessed at times, not absent though, still able to meet people truly, I looked into the eyes of Venus. Her touch went deep through my skin, deep into the core of my being, physically in my bowels, in my stomach, and in my spine. Curious with this sensation, I observed its growth.

Delivering me into a space of not breathing, not moving, into a specious mystical space of the Church ritual.

Dark Blue was the world around me, Dark Blue took me to the end and the beginning of all known creation. Dark Blue were her feet, her eyes, her body and our merge reflected on the iron mirror opposite the bed that refused to know any boundaries, jumping through the illusion of time and the dimension of space-less-ness. Dark Blue was my first cum that shackled the Earth awaking my ancestors peacefully asleep for centuries. Dark Blue were my feelings of re-discovery of my-Self through this disappearing, engraving into every single cell of my body the re-collection of personal history. Dark Blue was her stomach that I've kissed lost within all possible realities of the being.

Taking the dark blue silk and covering her naked body, a man within me, the one with a strong personal history, strong habits and beliefs, the man in a box, felt the box rattling under a tremendous pressure of a Soul's yearning for freedom.

"I believe in what I preach," When our naked bodies have separated from an eternal embrace, I muttered holding on to the only thing I mentally knew.

At that moment, when my mind kicked in again, I almost ought to have felt guilty, the "I am" needed to re-assert itself pushing through this weird and unknown territory.

Leaning forward, looking straight in her eyes, I repeated more determined, "I do believe in what I preach."

Looking at her silent naked beauty I disappeared in her eye, again fully, for to love her, was to love the rest of humanity. Vanishing, we merged again into a time-less motion, this time into an Essence with no name other than Light. Our bodies swayed within the dance of creation or Shiva and Shakti exploring the prime-ordeal merge.

"Am I still a man I used to be?" I asked hours later. "Can I go back to the Monastery and live what I used to live?" My God and Jesus, the Holy Church, just a moment ago, were the essence of my life, and they had told me -

that I ought to believe in mortal sins and

the forgiveness of sins,

my Church clearly defined me as a sinner and it said

that I should ask for forgiveness and yet,

now I felt our Union, was nothing but Love.

Two Rubens have now started living within me, one that finds no thoughts or arguments of trivial pursuits of bored souls, happy with Silence he explored within the prayer and Nature endlessly, and the other who is more argumentative, who is not sure what is the essence of his fight is. An irresolvable question kept hunting the second

Reuben: why did God give me this path? Losing its head and faith, he entered into futile arguments suddenly and terribly, shattering any unity. This Reuben started having open quarrels about the most futile questions, he relapsed into brooding depression and mistrust with his Authorities. Intolerant, nervous, quarrelsome this man kept hesitating about many strengths and weaknesses of his character.

Through experiencing Love, I lost Purpose, the purpose that led me to choose priesthood as a vocation, led me to China, and guided my life-force since a teenager. Helping people understand Christianity, finding Ama, got my mission on Earth in question. Giving me Love, God has taken away all I previously fought for.

One night, after an amazing merge with Ama, that had lasted for hours, falling asleep in the Ama's Temple, a woman appeared in my dreams standing above my head-rest. I called her Purpose.

*Remember, she revealed, touching my forehead, that Life is not just a string of days to be lived mechanically. They are our attempt to awaken and arouse the divinity in us. To receive this most precious gift, you will have to die and get re-born again.*

A cupid appeared from nowhere whizzing his message. These two didn't seem to like each other.

*My Mistress Venus appears from nowhere, he curiously looked at me, and if you are not careful*

*she will disappear as fast as she came into your life. She may take your heart, your mind, your body, juggling them, in an infinite play. Be warned, to trial you, she might bring her brothers jealousy, passion and desire into Her dance, testing your attachment to her family. If you offer her a mud of your existence, she may, in front of your eyes, disappear, wither and die. Carrying a veil of death in her hands she will either devour your-own earthly state, or the divine essence of Her own being. Giving you a gift of the Universal birth is the experience of the fullness of awareness.*

That night I woke up with a fever wishing to shake off the words that I've just heard, to push them into the subconscious darkness of my worst worries, or disappear into oblivion of someone else's consciousness, but they did not vanish.

It is not difficult to love, I stood hesitating, caressing the grass under my feet, Nature loves while it breaths. Love is all around. Or is it?

How can it be that this profound feeling, this indestructible state of being, could ever disappear, be forgotten or changed or misused, taken for granted, abused? Impatiently rejecting an opportunity to observe the birds waking up I returned to the Monastery.

Afraid even to think that I could ever let go of this mesmerising beauty I glanced into my future.

Tuned towards an abyss that stubbornly forgets, something or somebody whispered into my ears:

afraid to lose her,

afraid to hurt her,

afraid to lose her, afraid to disappoint her,

afraid to lose her,

fear will kill your love, kill your love, kill your love...

A river has materialised in front of me, a rain drop carried by a cloud circling above mountains, getting absorbed by a source, moving livelier and livelier, into a stream, uniting with other streams with the same goal, to reach the river, following the current, becoming a larger magnetic attraction aiming towards greater, finer, higher, stronger, vaster, so often dreamt of, and yet completely unknown, so well imagined and yet never experienced, reaching towards the sea. When my drop was certain that it cannot get bigger nor better any longer, the sea merged with another forming an ocean. At one point all the oceans came together and became one big mass of water on Earth. What an amazing journey!

My drop carried within, all along, from its birth, a possibility to become a part of something greater. All along the way, there was a chance that it will disappear or evaporate going back to the cloud, entering an endless circle of change and transformation, the drop that was never the same and yet always was – One.

One night, sitting together looking each other deep into the eyes, touching ever slightly, my palms were

lost in hers. My breath followed hers into non-breathing, non-existence, into the core of Life.

Vibrating with every cell of my Being this sacred flow, my mind was lost in the web of eternity, fully conscious of every movement around me.

At that point of time and space I was not afraid of Death any longer... Braking my boundaries and ego structures Ama taught me Love.

The Maya dance we danced that night had the name of the Dance of Life, we touched the centre of the circle of existence, following the wheel of destiny, entering the spiral we became the magic that separates us mortals from Angels, Gods and Spirits.

Lapis that was, the sacred stone that transforms metals into gold, transferring us from the semi-conscious states of mortals into dimensions of meditations, into the Light of the Chinese Golden Flower, the Tao transformation or Kundalini awakening, they call it.

Broken into millions of pieces, I was the journey from a single drop into the ocean and back into the drop again. That evening when we met in the gardens of her coffee-shop I whispered:

"Before I met you I could not imagine non-existence. It was beyond me to comprehend that 'I' in any form of consciousness could cease to exist. I wish to die and awake to be reborn again. I pray for a new beginning"

“Are you leaving me?”

Holding her I felt her shiver, fragile, delicate, brittle, this woman in my arms was, afraid to lose me, and I wanted her to stop me, wished her to direct me into her eternal embrace. Yet I feared this will not happen, I feared she will let me fly in whichever direction I chose to, even if the direction meant losing me.

*If you choose me, we could transform metals into gold within every Soul we touch. We could prove that it is possible to live Love even with all the obstacles that this choice demands. The world of Love opened its doors to you, and you were privileged to enter. Will you now abandon it all? Still more stirred, I was aware that the return road is up in flames.*

*Whoever enters knows how difficult it is to get in, you are treated as an honorable guest. Love gives you powers, to foresee future, understand past, heal or materialise things. It takes courage to enter the door of knowledge, it takes double to choose to live it. Carrying the responsibility of such a Divine gift might be too heavy to bare.*

The ducks across the stream were staring at me with their radiant colours, joyfully playing with the water, competing for the attention of their mates. God's creation in all different forms laughed at me.

The yellow fields of flowers took me to my childhood memories of my mother who I hardly had a chance to meet, she died when I was four. The flowers' yellow gave me a mix of peace and melancholy, a mix of memories with no proper trace or recognition.

My happiness was firmly ground within this material world, its eternal playful game and no doubt I was attached to its allure.

The grass teaches me eternity, teaching me rules of Life's simplicity, born to die, disappear, vanish within the chambers of Nirvana to be reborn again from ashes hidden within the Earth.

From the perspective of a Jesuit priest who has a path to follow, God to guide him, and converts to listen to him, it was difficult to admit that "I" is still rooted deeply within grounds of habits, and selfishness, walking a path still very far from God.

Helping to save poor unbelievers. I separated people to us and them, the more I labelled them as Christians, Buddhists, Atheists, Pagans, the more I suck strength from the body of Christ that lived within me.

Entering the Church's embrace, what seduced me most was not the power or the money, Jesuits bow not to ask for money and live life of ascetics through their journey to God, I was seduced by knowledge that opened its chambers to me. The chamber of knowledge was full of toys and different goods, it was interesting, bewildering, amusing, it kept me

occupied for hours, days, years, decades, and it probably could have kept me there a whole lifetime.

Many devils slept in this abode hidden behind veils of superiority, control, arrogance and self-importance. Forever I will remember that night...

"A bad thought will increase in power and it will overcome you before you realise the darkness of the monstrosity that is approaching behind your back. Use your Will-power to re-focus, exercise virtues, exercise right thinking, or right living. This is the true chamber of knowledge." Ama turned to one of the people within the room, took his hand with the most gentleness telling him he exercises this quality very powerfully.

Now, this odd person living in Ama's household, was a rough self-educated Dutch-man, who appeared from nowhere and stayed with them for God knows what reasons. He was a soldier, strong, handsome, most of the time silent and withdrawn within his dark misty world. His eyes, if you ever had a chance to look at his eyes, spelled trouble, his movements were harsh, and he had no name, Ama called him: 'Krishna', 'Milarepa', 'Eagle', 'Iskon', 'Ozon', 'Aron' whatever he wished at the time. When she introduced him, she told us he was her angel and I was jealous of the connection that existed between the two.

Leaving Ama that evening, a thought haunted me, the obscurity of her choice. What a scavenger's look, no family to call his own, what has bordered me most, a feeling I could not forget, forgive, or forsake, was this inkling, an insight, that he is,

might one day be, or will be her lover. That was undeniable.

My jealous thoughts piled with an astonishing speed and very soon, the angry and exhausted possibilities, the games my Mind played on me, were endless. Not long after, I hated the poor man who Ama had mentioned that fatal night. It took me a night of not sleeping, a night of a sound dreamless sleep and a day of making love, talking and walking with Ama to realise this whirlpool of negative emotions. I was humbled by the experience.

It is said that angels start singing once you tell the truth to yourself and people around you, I could not hear mine: a Jesuit, a preacher, a priest, a Portuguese in Macao, yet, just a man at the very beginning of his journey. Has decided to break the chains of his attachments, all of them!

Father Benedict, a middle aged, greyed hair man, with blue eyes, full of fire, deepened by the many months spent in the company of the vast sea, howling winds, and silence, full of wisdom gained by the many moons of prayer and meditation, in an attempt to understand people made Ama's vision his own mission. I could have joined Ottavio and father Schall reform the Calendar, translate books, become a part of their task, yet, I could not.

Through my life, I followed the guidelines from my spiritual teachers vigorously, following superiors, or the Pope, following Ama... I knew of a Jesuit priest who behaved the way the Church wanted him to, I knew a leader, a confessor who led his flock through the difficult times, being what his students wanted

him to be, I knew of a man who wanted to be a friend, a soul mate, a lover, a man who knew nothing but what his long awaited newly discovered wife, Ama wanted him to be. But I did not know how to Be. Awake in the middle of the night, walking through the woods, I prayed...

Wanting to stop the wheel of fortune turning, I wished for a new skin, get out of the Monastery, jump off this voyage on Earth. Perhaps, I did believe in suffering, perhaps the world of happiness, love, togetherness was not just as yet mine. Jesus suffered for the humanity, perhaps, my pain was meant to give strength to the rest of the world?

Fighting against the common enemy, against the Dutch, standing shoulder to shoulder facing Death, with a common goal, was easy; defending Ama against the attacks of my superiors, short minded priests and suspicious citizens of Macao who called her a witch, and our relationship 'blasphemy' was easy. Fighting against myself, against my deep need to refuse happiness and accept suffering as the way of being, is completely different matter!

*I will pray for you, were her last words.*

So I walked away...

The Tao that can be told is not the eternal Tao.  
The name that can be named is not the eternal  
name.

**Lao Tze Tung**

## Ama's Mother

### *A Tale of an African Shaman*

I was born in Kenya, in the tribe that is today known as Pokot. The Pokot people of Kenya belong to the 'Kalenjin' group. People from the tribe are tall and beautiful, very fit and strong and they take pride in their good looks. Today, the people from my tribe are renowned to be very good athletes and very often they win the hardest of races.

As a daughter of a tribal chief I was initiated into secrets of magic and sacred life from an early age and as soon as I reached maturity, I gained the status of Medicine Woman of my Tribe.

In Africa Gods and people live together all the time.

God is everywhere and Nature is God's supreme manifestation. Sun and Moon are His eyes.

God is present with us at all major events: at the birth of our children, circumcision, at our weddings, funerals and at the harvest times. We worship Him every day through our rituals, music, singing and dance.

Before we put any crops into Earth, we sacrifice a cock or a hen or a goat to a God of lands, to a God of crops, or to our ancestors whose spirits protect us from Death.

We create shrines around sacred trees as sanctuaries for animals, humans and prayer temples, a Snake is not called by its name so not to remind her of her powers, and people respect the darkness and its secrets.

The elders of the village taught me how to heal the sick, make sacrifices and pray to Gods for health, rain or victory when my tribe was in a war.

Her Majesty Moon became my protector and was for a long time my best friend. Looking at the moon, night after night, after night, opened my Soul to Her Wisdom.

She taught me about Her different phases and Her influence on Earth. She thought me that we should plant and sow during Her journey from the new to the full and to gather fruit, cut flowers, prune trees during Her journey back to the new moon.

Even the smallest living creatures, ants, are affected by Her powers, they rest and worship Her in their nests when the Moon is new.

Predicting weather when she was as red as gold when the winds were coming, observing Her, I learned when was the best time for bleeding, preparing medicine, baths, or purges. She has also guided me through all my spiritual discoveries.

When She was descending, disappearing, losing Her powers, I learned to be humble and patient. Following the wisdom of waters I withdrew during the nights of no moon, keeping quiet and still,

waiting for the time of activity. When She returned, in Her full glory, illuminating the starry nights She would again teach me expressiveness and beauty of movements and sounds.

All creatures of the savannahs followed this secret dance, so the nights of Her Majesty were very noisy, alive and vibrant. Piercing sounds of frogs, hoppers, locusts and other insects prevented us from sleep and I often would go down to the lake to admire Her reflection and Her full and magnificent glory.

My ancestors thought me how to fight the sickness, and please the Gods, She thought me how vast the Universe is, and how amazing the laws of our worlds are.

The spirits are the beings that live in the world between men and Gods, they are humans that have died and who stayed to help us communicate with Gods. To pass their messages, they appeared in my dreams, or I had used a special dance or drumming, inviting them to possess me so that they may speak through me while in trance. The spirits can act maliciously or with good intentions, I learned how to distinguish the two.

If a man or a woman dies violently or is thrown away without a burial, they might return as evil spirits hungry for revenge. They can possess men and cause illnesses such as madness or fever or may endanger a village through an outbreak of epidemics. These must be driven away. My task was to convince them to leave.

As Medicine Woman and the second to the village priestess, I was sometimes called to help the village rain-maker to call or dismiss the rain. When the elements became too heavy and persistent, or in the heart of the very dry season, when even the rain maker's efforts became futile, I had helped him so that extremes of weather did not hurt him in his attempts to interfere.

In harvest times, I was involved in the village feast, giving thanks to the Earth Goddess, the source of all fertility and to the ancestral spirits of the clan, who will oversee the harvest, blessed it and ensure a fruitful season, a season of plenty.

Some months before the Portuguese had landed with their ships and soldiers, I had a dream about their arrival.

The wise man and elders met and discussed dreams: the arrival of a white man was to be bloody and full of suffering, yet was to lead to the spread of our people and culture into the new continents.

During the 16th century my father's tribe was defeated, and my destiny turned to be far away on the shores of new lands, I was taken away from Kenya as a slave.

Managing to find a protector in a man who fell violently ill and I saved from Death using herbs that I brought with me. Fear or gratitude made him take care of me until we reached the Portuguese lands. There, I made my presence known to Ottavio De Nobile, a Portuguese magician and a priest who

could read dreams and communicate with spirits. He recognised me and came to my rescue, he bought me and made me his companion, his wife, his teacher and seven years later, the mother of his daughter Ama.

Our marriage, our Alchemical Marriage, was a marriage of a powerful spiritual man, the white king within Portuguese Worlds and me, the queen of magic and mysteries, his black queen.

Together, our knowledge multiplied hundreds of times. Together, our souls were reborn and we undertook the alchemical process of transmutation.

Teaching him the power of herbs, and stones and metals, he thought me how to heal all sort of diseases using different methods previously unknown to me.

“If we can gain spiritual strength to change ordinary consciousness into the pure awareness, we can hope to share the reality of starry worlds and become immortal.” Ottavio did sometimes publicly display some of his magic powers.

Once he helped the authorities find the murderer of the villager whose body was found in the woods. Three people were under the suspicion. He advised the council to bring the suspects to the fresh corpse knowing that the body will start bleeding from the wound in the presence of the murder. As though, the dead victim felt the presence of the killer and got again agitated by anger and fear, the miracle did happen, the wound started bleeding again when the

third man walked passed it. Scared by the event, the murderer admitted the charges.

The police was, of course amazed by the result, while Ottavio insisted: "even a magician of a very limited understanding should know this little secret kept within the body of the murdered, the knowledge of the murderer."

Ottavio's spirit, had within itself a mighty fire, his mind was strong and analytical, very different from mine that was connected to Her Majesty the Moon. His strength and my surrender gave a birth to the Perfection, to Gold, to our daughter Ama.

When she was born I died to become a living-dead following her throughout her life, protecting her and guiding through her youth, until she was 35 when she was ready to move through Earth alone.

That evening, at Ole, in Macao, at the tip of China, on the planet Earth, my daughter Ama was narrating a story. The colour of her skin, in a weird way, had protected her from the well-sealed destiny of a woman of her age. If Ama was born white she would have been married and kept in a golden cage of a family life, but born black from a slave mother, God gave her an unusual freedom and a possibility to live whatever she wanted.

That evening Ama was surrounded with people of all ages and they were all in a way her followers, admirers, and students. It was late and logs of disappearing fire in the centre of the gathering radiated a red hue. The smell of burning wood was

in the air, the sky was clear and illuminated by bright stars and the magic of the spring was enchanting the crowds. The atmosphere was one of a serene calmness, peace and surrender to the expectation of a promise.

"Ama will narrate a story, of a lost land living on Earth thousands of years ago." Said a bat hanging upside down inside the branches of the tree.

An echo of someone's thought or just a breath of wonder caught in between two moments was the only sound that managed to escape the block of silence that formed when Ama did her story-telling.

'Long before the human race as we know it today, long before the Chinese, Spanish or Portuguese empire, long before Buddha, Christ, Romans, Egyptians or Greeks, an island with unparalleled beauty was the home of a race that called itself 'Sons of Gods'. The place was called: 'Centre where the Will of God is known'. In China this civilisation is known as Sons of Reflected Light, and in Egypt as Companions of Horus. It is believed that they brought their knowledge to us from across the sea.

Legend has it that this place was ruled by Enlightened Kings guarding the highest Wisdom ever obtained. Sons of Gods had beautiful, long, strong bodies, faces with high foreheads, sharp noses and strong black eyebrows. Tall and lean, subtle, and mysterious, they understood Tao. Their eyes carried amazing beauty coloured yellowish, brownish, green, a colour that reminds one of a leaf during early Autumn days.

The weather of this magical place was quite extraordinary. There were no distinct seasons or maybe it is better to say, at all times of the year, there were all seasons present. The seasons coexisted in harmony with each other. They passed to us the knowledge of how to make glass and pottery, how to use metals and medicine, how to work with silk and make art, and to the few, they also passed the secrets of Spirit. They spent most of their time experimenting, exploring, researching different ways of living with others on the Planet.

They saw Earth as an animated being that within its delicate net hides the spirits that influence all. Instead of building houses to protect them from rain, wind and snow as we do today, they lived in harmony with elements, in harmony with Nature, so they lived in caves. They were able to send signals and messages to other beings throughout the Universe.

They learnt from Nature to foretell the future and to understand the past. They knew the inner virtues of sun, planets, vegetables, minerals, and animals, what qualities are latent within them; what is their purpose, and their properties, and what their occult possibilities are. Knowing the secrets of Nature they attempted to know God.

They had also become masters of their dream states. For them sleeping was just a continuation of a day, and every thought and sound carried a meaning and strength of materialisation.

They mastered music with various instruments, formulas and sounds were their sacred rituals, they

have never wasted their precious time and energy on interactions that would not inspire them or teach them something new.

But as it is on Earth, all that has its beginning, has its end, this race also approached its-own end. The children were playing near the woods and were eagerly waiting for their teacher to appear and in their innocence they `interfered`.

`Why did you stop the rain!' the Wise One shouted when He arrived. It was rare to see him shout, it was rare to see him upset, but this event changed the history of the race.

`Who gave you the right to interfere!' Anticipating His lecture they had decided to interfere. It was not difficult to stop the rain. If the mind is focused, even a child's mind can do it, clouds will listen, the wind will subside and rain will go away. A ritual lasted a few minutes and children saw the black clouds withdraw and the storms disappear.

The little play was even amusing and powers performed were seductive, yet the teacher wasn't amused.

`I do not want to follow your individual wills.

I want to participate in His flow.

If He sends the rain, there is a good reason for it.

How can you believe that your minds know better than Him?

What if you have just disturbed a number of happenings that would have occurred with this rain?

And what if the rain would have brought us experiences that are much stronger than the ones that we are expecting now?

You did not trust Him!

You were not attentive enough to the sounds of forest and Earth's joyful murmurs for rain and with your selfishness you have transformed them into a cry. I've heard this cry coming to meet you and it is haunting me at this moment!

As it was predicted, the incidences kept occurring.

The predictions were becoming their reality, the predictions about the end of their journey and the split that will happen amongst them.

The Wise Men already knew the decision. After some meditation and experiments with the knowledge of the past, present and future, they announced the best way forward.

They split Sons of God into three groups.

One of the groups was transferred to an isolated island. To protect the island from outside forces, visitors and curious or evil spirits, the chiefs cut it off using mountain ranges, deep waters and vast lands. To reach it, one would need to descend into the depths of Earth, following the path of red hot lava; or climb the highest mountains surrounded by ice

and meters of snow into the areas from where no man has ever returned. The mission of this group is to stay on Earth and continue influencing the major energies of the Supreme Mother Gaya's matrix. They are not to be met by Men and their presence is not to be known.

The second group transformed into tree Devas: tree spirits that inhabit trees that are able to live thousands of years. Their bodies merged with the ones of trees that outlived most civilisations, wisely observing their passage through time. The Hindus recognised the hidden powers of these Beings and they worshiped the old trees, the Chinese kept large forests untouched as their temples, the Egyptians knew that they were divine. Many spiritual disciples sat beneath the branches of old trees to strengthen their spiritual growth and get the necessary inspiration. We all can still communicate with them but to be able to do so we need to learn the language of Silence.

The third group decided to stay on Earth as spirits, mostly invisible or visible only to a few.

All the ancient cultures talk about this race.

Confucians talk about this age. They talk about the time when the Great Way was practised, when people lived good faith and in affection. The race that did not regard as parents only their own parents, or as sons only their own sons, but that lived in harmony with all, as brothers. This was the age of Great Unity.

The Persians took the custom, never to admit anyone as a king unless he was a Wise Man. The king was to the country a king, a priest, a prophet, a magician, and a scholar of Nature. The Egyptians too, had the knowledge of the secrets of Nature and they also asked from their kings to acquire the wisdom of priests and magicians. Whether Christians or Buddhist or Taoist, we all seek to find this place at the end of our journeys. Weaving this amazing matrix of our past, present and future, we connect to Sons of God, and to our perfect life in a different, more enlightened Earth. All the movements start within our own excellence.”

This evening was one of many at Ottavio’s coffee and tea house ‘Ole’.

That night, after a séance, Ama faced me with her loving kindness and maturity of an enlightened being and asked me to leave and join higher realms of existence because she was all set to continue her journey without me.

As any mother would I had protected my little one the best I could, all through her life on Earth. I guarded her sleep from disturbed spirits when she was a child, I directed the first cannon against the Dutch during the attack to Macao, and the great storm (you will learn about it later) that scared Chinese and led to release of Father Schall was in my hands. When I died Ottavio helped me through my transition, he spent days and days in prayers guiding my soul. When he died, I was there to guide him, when Ama died, if she has ever died, only Light could be seen in heavens, no trace of attachment just pure Light.

'...as there is no truth which is not joined or opposed to what is false, so there is no love without fear, ardour, jealousy, rancour, and other passions, which proceed from their opposites, and which disturb us, as the other opposite causes satisfaction. Thus the soul striving to recover its natural beauty seeks to purify itself, to heal itself, and to reform itself, and to this end it uses fire, because, being like gold, mixed with earth and crude, with a certain rigour it tries to liberate itself from defilement, and this result is obtained when the intellect, the real smith of love, puts itself to the work and causes an active exercise of the intellectual powers.'

Giordano Bruno

# **Chronology of a Minor Famine in 17th Century China**

The virus that has attacked us was a minor one. Yet who can imagine panic who has not lived through one?

We may have known sickness of various forms yet this one came in a burst of many people's thoughts all passed to us through various media. This was a minor virus with a death count not larger than norm...

Who can imagine the panic of a city? The panic of the suburbs, the great sweep of fear and the anxious eyes of the stomach twisting.

Still, they say this famine was a minor one, no more than one of many that struck the humanity so many times before. The temples have closed and the royals did stop the public audiences, and the grand procession was cancelled. The one who died, for the most part, only the aged, or the ones with an underlying condition, a weak heart or a smoky chest, along the ones weakened by other illness or by loss of hope.

Just Before

The market emptied early with the good folk carrying off expensive purchases and the others going off with extra food, safe for another day. Public gatherings and wedding feasts were postponed or cancelled with gold prices rise, for we all know that it is good to purchase gold when the

World falls down. Or as someone else has wisely said: Fear and hunger breeds revolution.

“There is a big war coming”, said the wise woman observing the spread.

Plump bodies grew bigger, for the lack of moving, and thin ones stronger, for no movement was allowed.

The shops, the owners, the glittering entertainment industry will soon rise above its losses, will recover and grow fat again. Perhaps it is possible for us to imagine a minor panic.

Now this is where our experiences diverge in two, the ones who could and the ones who could not refill the empty balls. Some of us have also gone through a minor famine, listening to the wailing of children or a grumpy wife with their stomachs twisting in pain. We might or might not be able to fill that gap, the gap between a earth-quake that has caused the minor famine, in a minor kitchen of a minor few, who have lost their half legal professions or closed their, just managed to open barber shops.

“Now is the right time for the practice of Compassion, do it in steps: remember yourself, exercise, and contemplate.” I've heard one of the Moon Ladies on our little Planet alter.

Some time before -

The 7th day of the 7th lunar month is the end of the rainy season in China, the time of harvest, the time

of the Night called All Souls Night was the night of the great earth-quake.

Some tales ought to be told and told again, re-vibrating the same truths over and over, for if it's not our flesh to hurt, we think the pain to be just a game in a rehearsal of life.

Some tales ought to be told quickly, as a glance or dance over an ice-coated river, for we, souls incarnated to learn, cannot absorb them into our Being just as yet, for our aura floods with different colours.

Children have deep longing to believe that World is based on Truth and only parents have the true respect for that longing. The orphans in any city will tell you many tales, most of them myths, half-truth, half lies, for it is only the myth that can protect their fragile souls from the colours of the reality. Within their family mythology or constellation they managed to live beyond the ordinary, becoming extra-ordinary... Now, they had no problems imagining a famine, even a small one, run chills up their spines. For each encounter of a man, was the one of disorderly causes and effects by no mean predictable effects.

Extraordinary times call for extraordinary measures.

Riot police clash with market traders.

Traders shouted "The King must go".

Thousands of people thronged the country suffer.

'End of the world'

A powerful earthquake has struck north of China's capital, damaging buildings, burying vehicles in rubble and causing several fires.

The major earthquake strikes all of China.

Prime Minister said the earthquake was the biggest in the last 140 years.

Several fires were also reported. Residents without homes sleep on the squares.

Soldiers wearing masks and carrying shovels could be seen helping efforts to clear the damage on the streets.

The overcrowded housing, a lack of sewage systems, and unsafe drinking water. Government sees

"Overcrowding is a huge issue,"

People are relatively isolated, they have inadequate access to healthcare, the housing is after the disaster crowded... food insecurity is an issue and certainly unemployment rates – those all act to make people more vulnerable.

This is a "crisis waiting to happen,"

'God's punishment':

"God told me through his holy book, Quran, to urge people to refrain from sin. Our bad deeds will be punished. The earth-quake is God's punishment," A man surrounded by a small crowd said.

Several states have declared states of emergencies and ordered the closures of businesses.

We have declared a national emergency. The governance has been under fire for all the issues that the country has faced.

The Buddhist Temple is turning into a giant warehouse as a base to store food and other essential items which will be delivered by a team of volunteers.

This is causing the Great Recession.

Earlier this month the Government has released prisoners to help reduce the risk of the diseases spreading in its prisons.

Global hunger could double due to the Earth-quake all through the countries.

Some residents continue to live in tents more than 18 months after the triple disaster of earth-quake, fire and disease.

In light of the attack from the Invisible Enemy, as well as the need to protect the jobs

This disease has targeted those with the poorest health.

Many moons before in the parallel Universe called Earth...

Li Po was an artist, a painter, my Chinese language teacher, and the guide through the vastness of Chinese culture and the way of thinking. This tiny gentleman was ancient, but very vital and alive with a small white beard, long white hair tied in a ponytail, educated in Peking, and now living in Macao. He had a studio teaching Chinese brushwork.

One of the first major conflicts between the Catholic movement and Chinese authorities occurred during 1616 when a high ranking official in Nanjing, called Shen Huai, advised the Emperor that Catholicism should be banned. The conflicts between Chinese customs like Confucianism and ancestor worship and the Catholic customs like baptism led to the anti-Christian movement. Shen Huai arrested dozens of missionaries for questioning. According to him, Catholicism taught Chinese not to respect parents, or worship ancestors and this was a great sin. Urged by the Anti-Catholic movement, Emperor Wenli passed a law deporting all foreign missionaries back to their homeland.

The conflict about accepting or not accepting Chinese customs, reflected through the conflict about the Christian terminology used in spreading Catholicism in China. Matteo Ricci's approach was to adopt the Confucian practice, referring to God as Tian Zhu: the Ruler of Heaven, or Tian: Heaven. But, after Ricci's death, some of the missionaries

believed that these terms cannot represent God and that only Latin terminology should be used.

We, within the Jesuit movement, have understood the delicacy of the matter and we allowed our Chinese converts to continue with ancestor worship. The Augustinians, on the other hand, were not of the same opinion and they banned this most sensible tradition as heresy. This caused us a lot of problems with the Chinese Government.

After a cup of tea, my teacher Li Po was always looking for an excuse to have tea, served in the courtyard of his house, we wandered around his gardens, talking about Chinese Gods and Spirits.

“Chinese culture hosts many different Gods, Spirits, and myths,” my Chinese host meditatively introduced the subject of our discourse. “We believe that every living thing is spiritual, that all, wood, stones, animals, are spiritual beings manifested in matter.

We believe that everything is just a countless manifestation of one and the same Chi, spiritual energy.

Everything just reflects its Divine origin: a stick, a house, a blade of grass, earth or a star. Because of its Divine Nature, we give it all its due attention and worship.”

In a pursuit of happiness and harmony, the Chinese philosophers carefully studied the mysterious influences of Nature, a bit like my Ancient Greeks

and Ancient Egyptians, looking into the stars, observing earth, comparing essences of different elements.

The Chinese were checking the pulses of earth for centuries, to learn how to select an auspicious place or time for an activity. Within this complicated system of knowledge, one can say when the Harmony is achieved or when it is broken.

“For example, should anyone suddenly fall sick, it is almost certain that the Chinese will find its cause in the disturbed energy within the area.” Said my host.

“Disagreeing with Tao means suffering, if a man obstruct or disturb a valley, or a river, the insulted element will revenge causing an illness or misfortune.”

“Chinese Gods are not always very benevolent,” said Li Po smiling, “they sometimes bring suffering. They could be moody, have peculiar personalities and are responsible for calamities, disasters, lack of harmony and unhappiness. We give our respect to all of them, the benevolent ones and the ones that create disorder, and fear.”

As in every other country, the Chinese world was divided into the crowds that followed blindly and educated minority that was defining the moral code. The hundreds of fortune teller and roadside oracles that I saw on the marketplace, and in the streets of Chinese towns, were mainly an entertainment for masses.

"The book at the very core of the early Chinese philosophical thought, serving as a common ground for the Confucian and Taoist, is called Yi Jing," my host said bringing forth a book that we studied in the years to come.

It was an early edition, a true work of art, composed by famous calligraphers.

Confucius wrote a commentary for this book, around 500 BC, and his wise words became the conduct code of the Chinese Kings and society.

"We believe that spirit and matter are two aspects of the same thing. Spirit is inherent in matter. We also believe that **change** is inherent in the cosmic order."

The original meaning of 易 yi is the lizard, that changes its color according to its place, and it is a combined character of the sun 日 (Yang) and the moon 月 (Yin); Yi has 3 meanings: **Simplicity** - the fundamental law underlying everything in the universe is simplicity; **Change** - the universe is continually changing; and **Persistency** - a central rule that does not fluctuate with space and time. 經 Jīng means sutra, scripture, or a great teaching.

The Yi Jing reflects the universe in miniature. Each picture, each hexagram, illustrates one aspect of 'Chi' and the subtle Yin-Yang interaction that exist in nature.

The hexagram consists of a solid (Yang) and a broken (Yin) line, and signifies the change between

Yang and Yin. The book consists of 64 hexagrams, or combinations of the solid and broken line. Each hexagram looks at life from a different angle and all together they cover all aspects of life. This grid of polarities spans the spectrum from Yin to Yang, describing the relationships between the two opposites.

Everything in Nature manifests either through Heavenly Father or through Mother Earth. Yang is strong, muscular, pure, and vigorous and Yin is gentle, feminine, flexible, fertile and patient. Yin gives and maintains life.

Balance is achieved only when Yin and Yang are in harmony.

To help me further understand the concept of Yin and Yang, that is so deeply engrained within Chinese way of thinking, my teacher opened the book and guided my focus onto two hexagrams that form the basis of the Yi Jing philosophy. The Yi Jing starts with the hexagrams Qian and Kun. Qian is heaven and Kun is earth. When heaven and earth are born; the whole of creation comes into being.

My mind wondered for my research got me into the possession of a George Ripley Alchemical manuscripts. He was a sovereign in Yorkshire living from 1415 to 1495. The Alchemist George Ripley was in a pursuit of the Philosophers' Stone.

Excuse my luck of focus but satisfying yours forever

thirsty curiosity, this story travels through the channels of Cam, ascends the hills of Edinburgh and enters Oxford's castles, exploring very rare manuscript that use both verses and images to portray ancient esoteric teachings.

For all the mystical researchers, the copy I researched 'Hermes Trismegistus' was drawn during my time, during the 16th century. Dozens of alchemical drawings accompany Ripley's poems "Verses upon the Elixir", "Boast of Mercury", "Trinity". These images pass the message of our hermaphrodite Universe, of Kundalini awakening, of Life going forth seeking to materialize in all possible forms, of the sacred movement towards perfection. Meditating on the images entering a journey of encountering various mythological creatures, we are shown a processes for the production of the philosopher's stone in pictorial cryptograms.

Now this Ripley's Scroll shows 7 stages of transformation, an egg shaped vase grey in color, possible of becoming any shape, color or form, full of sperm like tadpole released by a huge green frog presumably in water, as eggs that hatch and through its growth develop limbs and lungs undergoing the most amazing metamorphosis.

Eight of the mandalas, seven depicting alchemical experiments; while the eight is a Biblical scene of Adam and Eve and Tree of Knowledge. The scroll continues exploring the story of Adam and Eve, they stand in water surrounded by 7 alchemists with their transformational processes. At the top of the tree of knowledge is a naked dragon tailed woman with "Speritu" encrypted on her, holding a child with

“Anima” hanging from the branches caressing the naked boy; followed by Adam with a sign of Sun and Eve who worships Moon, standing beside the Tree of Knowledge, observed by the serpent and alchemists.

This scene is in the center of Sun and Moon, facing each other, each with feathers, totally reminded me of the Chinese Yin and Yang.

The original meaning of Qian is the brilliant sunshine at sunrise. It inspires all life, making it prosperous. The hexagram Qian has six masculine and solid lines. Its symbol is the dragon. The dragon is a sacred animal; it represents the prestige of the king. It is dynamic as the power of Nature; it is comfortable both in water and in the sky.

Qian is in an essence of creativity, benevolence and righteousness.

The image of Kun is earth. It is pure femininity. Earth creates the world and nourishes it. The whole of creation counts on it for nurture and growth. Kun is a female horse. The horse galloping without limits, to the horizon; with tenderness and submissiveness as its main quality.

“This book never fails to grant us access to eternity.”  
Contemplated Li Po.

And how exactly does it work? I wondered.

“We follow a meditation ritual to calm our mind and gain an access to our inner self. We focus on the relevant issue, ask a question or guideline from the

book, and its answer inspires our intuition to define correct course of action.”

“Does that mean that the answer is already within us?” I asked.

“Correct,” he confirmed!

“That means that we could be using any book?”

He smiled. “Nearly all the greatest minds of China used this book or have written an interpretation of its text,” he said avoiding the direct answer, “the wisdom of thousands of years is within the Yi Jing. Why would you seek another book?”

“Correct,” I smiled...

“Talking about ceremonies!” He exclaimed! “Please now do join me for my tea ceremony!”

We spent lots of time in his studio, a clean, uncluttered and peaceful place that inspired my friend’s work. The studio had a large desk full of ink-stones, rolls of paper, some finished and unfinished paintings, bamboo brushes and beautifully carved holders. The colour dishes and a fresh flower floating in one of the water bowls regularly acknowledged my presence.

Li Po was famous for his calligraphy, the art of drawing Chinese characters.

It took me time and patience to convince him to teach me calligraphy 'cause his artist mind saw this quazi-effort of mine as a waste of time. Teaching a foreigner, a Westerner, who is expecting to learn something about this sacred art in less than a life-time was silly. But he finally gave up his fight and opened for me a little paradise into the art of this ancient science. Carefully observing my friend and teacher paint in front of me, I would observe his strokes, his movements, his compositions, and what he wanted me to get from this observation were his feelings, moods, states of mind.

"Each character is a living entity, with its own energy and the force that awakens within the drawing of the symbol.

Each sentence is a poem, a meditation, a prayer, a combination of characters that cannot be taken lightly."

He drew only extracts from sacred texts. When the lesson was over, I would take his paintings home, study them, copy them for hours, and bring them back the next day for his criticism.

Copying characters over and over again, I learned the symbols, techniques, the use of colours, the way to hold the brush, but also, I was immersing my Soul into the subconscious wisdom of each symbol, delivering my intellect to the higher intuitive force that lived within the characters for millions of years.

As you might already know, there is no such thing as an alphabet in Chinese. A character or symbol is

more than a letter or a word, it is a concept and behind it there are sometimes many words.

Originally, thousands years ago, each character was a small picture, but now these are simplified keeping the essence of each drawing.

"For the most basic use, and for reading the scripts, you need to master about 3,000 characters," my teacher said, with the look of amusement in his eyes.

"So how many do you know?"

"More than 30,000!" He laughed, leaving me with amusing wonderment about the numbers mentioned...

"We begin writing at the top of a page, on the right-hand side and we continue writing vertically. We also open our books from the side you consider to be the back side of the book."

"Speech and writing," Li Po explained, "both express the same impulse, conveyance of thought, one through hearing, other through sight. Speech is followed by the music of words, while the writing is there to liberate the beauty of symbols. The art of character writing is very sacred in China."

There is a definitely defined order to strokes, from left to right and from top to bottom, an order in which a symbol is enclosed within the other.

"Learning to draw Chinese characters," my teacher continued, "the most important is that 'Chi Yün' enters your heart. Chi Yün is spirit-vitality or life-breath of a painting. It is intangible but unless it is born within your heart, you can copy the characters all your life and you still will not draw them correctly."

A relationship between Chinese and symbols is very profound.

"I've heard that some Daoist painters paint with their hair achieving 'wild' curves and 'spontaneous' effects." I asked.

"For example, look at this reproduction of Wang Xizhi's famous work: The Introduction to the Orchid Pavilion, how beautiful, original, spontaneous, and rhythmic it is! Wang Xizhi lived around 300 AC and he is was a Chinese Sage of Calligraphy. All through China his calligraphy is carefully collected and studied. This book was written during one poetry contest. He was a Governor and he invited forty artists to this contest. After the event, he wrote the preface to accompany the poems within the book." Li Po was fascinated by this Sage,

What has fascinated me more within this little story is the poetry contest that happened almost two thousand years ago. They gathered to write about Life, to philosophy, to share their deeper insights two thousand years ago, 300 years before Christ was born!

Somehow, my mind could not grasp the thought of thousands of years in the past. Yet it has happened and it has been recorded, we did exist, they shout from their graves and we wrote poetry, drew characters, sat next to the streams, laughing, drinking, exchanging, and then publishing it, for future generations, for posterity, showing teeth to mortality and its deadly bite of 'forget-ness'.

"The oldest found records are our Oracle bone scripts," my teacher was explaining, "symbols were first written with a brush, and then inscribed with an animal bone tool."

I could imagine that a lot of original calligraphy did not survive because it was drawn on very fragile silk or paper. The ones that survived were mostly inscribed in stone or bamboo.

Li Po showed me a page bound together of bamboo sticks that all had vertical inscription looking like columns.

"Important religious texts like the Buddhist sutras were engraved on the bamboos, or rock faces of sacred mountains." He said.

"Like the one done on Mount Tai." I remembered seeing this little interaction of people of our past and Nature.

"Yes, during those days, the copies of the entire Buddhist canon were commissioned by the Emperor. The most talented calligraphers did the work."

“It is a great honour for a calligrapher to be asked to do the scrolls, it is a sign of respect of the artist’s potential.”

Calligraphy has remained a potent force in Chinese life up to the present days. I studied the language, the symbols, the myths, because I wanted an insight into China's visual culture, into their customs, into their beliefs, for I was a scientist, not only to devise my-own methods in converting Chinese into Christianity.

As a mean of the visual communication, Chinese characters are fascinating in their ingenuity, portraying the philosophical idea behind the word.

For example, ‘xin’ is a character for heart and mind. Chinese see heart and mind as one and the same thing. The frame or state of mind comes from the heart, not from the head as you are accustomed to. A personal insight also uses ‘xin’ as its main character.

A symbol ‘zheng’ is an ideograph of a foot walking in a straight line. It also signifies arrival at the line (which is a proper limit) without going astray. The symbol could be translated as: straight, upright, correct, exact and it is used in words such as: normal, proper, rightful, decent, official, justice, etc.

‘Jian’ is drawn as two spears shattering and destroying the value of shells, and it conveys the idea of cheap, worthless, mean, things that are of little value, but it is also used to depict a poor and miserable person.

"How do you say 'beautiful'," I asked Li Po what I thought was a simple question during one of the lessons?

He stayed quiet for a moment, pensive and amused of the differences that exist between our two worlds, our two languages, our two ways of thinking.

"There are many types of 'beautiful', beautiful as a flower, beautiful as a woman, beautiful within an art object, and so on. Word 'beautiful' does not properly define the concept of beauty that is so vast and deep as an ocean. That is why in our language we use different ways to express all these types of beauty. We do not search for 'fast' solutions and simplify such a magnificent notion such as 'beauty'. We give it a meaning, word, symbol related to the object that carries the beauty."

The world of symbols doesn't live alone. It is interwoven with signs, imagination, superstitions, magic, and dreams. At the beginning of my stay in Macao, I went to a Chinese friend all set to make a good impression with a gift for my host, five packs of a precious and expensive black tea. The gift was taken with whispers, giggles and stares. The host and his wife were amused with the confusion that followed. They explained that the same word 'wu' that is used to indicate the number five, is also used to indicate evil, black, unhappy, violent, militant and that it is a sign of disrespect to give five items as a gift. The inauspicious omen was taken lightly just because I was a foreigner.

A lucky direction brings success while the unlucky one helps the rivals. I could see how much practical trouble this would give to set-up an important business meeting. For what is 'lucky' for one is not necessarily 'lucky' for the other businessman and one can go to an indefinite postponement of the meeting if the two omens never meet.

"On hearing a crow," Li Po continued, "I could tell you your future. If coming from the South in the early morning, you will receive a present, if heard mid-morning there will be rain, if at midday, you will quarrel, if in the afternoon, you will have a misfortune and if you hear it in the evening, you will face a lawsuit."

My face couldn't hide an expression of a complete unbeliever, Li Po smiled:

"This must sound like a lot of gibberish to your mind. However, the Nature continuously presents us with signs. Your point about our free-will is true. Personally I hear the signs but I don't let them rule my life unless there is an important happening, such as building a new home, or choosing a wedding day for your beloved children. Building a home we obey rituals that take care of the direction of the main door, the time of the year, favourite and disturbing winds, trees and house surroundings. The lucky day will lead to reach descendants, to finding a hidden treasure or a promotion to higher office."

Many believe that if an unlucky day or unfavourable place is chosen for a burial, this might lead to calamities and epidemics in the family for years after the funeral. This belief led to quite an abuse by

many so-called experts that determine the luckiest date or the luckiest place for a reward. You can imagine people refusing to bury their loved ones in fear that they do not get it right. Government had to stop this motion, because of the disease that spread from such places, and the chaos that was created in an attempt to ensure the best burial places...

"Many found the way to abuse the superstitious, earning their fortune on the misfortune and stupidity of others. But fools are universal, they can be found in all of countries..."

This mixture of what my mind called: superstitious gibberish and the serenity of my host passed shiver through my spine. I did not want to argue or frighten my host, such a gentle and honest person, I humbly took the role of a student, listening attentively and absorbing his words.

"This amazing mix of values gave birth to Chinese Christians whose beliefs are quite a bizarre mix, don't you think?" I asked Li Po a question that was on my mind for some time.

"You will have no problems converting the Chinese into Christians, as long as we could also worship other Gods. Is that acceptable to you? Christ is welcomed into our houses if it is surrounded with the God of Fertility, God of Death, and God of Harvest. If there is to be any success in the conversion to Christianity, you have to let Chinese Christians continue with their ancestor worships." I felt that Li Po was right.

Staying faithful to One God, we, Church Officials, have announced all Chinese Gods non-existent, a culture that was so connected to worship was declared as the culture of non-believers.

"This is indeed a cause of many debates between the missionaries in China." I told Li Po

"You have a strong reputation in Europe and here in China, for your knowledge of astrology, astronomy and mathematics and this reputation could become your strongest weapon. Some of the manuscripts that you have written and translated have reached and impressed the Court. The educated classes of China will listen to your words with respect." Li Po naturally bowed while talking about my work at University.

Living in Macao, on the crossroad of eras, walking from the Dark Ages to the Ages of Science, I was creating a bridge between the two systems of science and religious thoughts, both carrying within the wisdom of their ancestors. My mission became to make them available to anybody who had ears to hear and eyes to see.

"There are many paths leading to One." This time I was with Ama, walking, talking and collecting herbs in the fields of Macao. "These herbs carry within their fragile essence a secret of Life, Universe, Creation."

Walking and talking with this young lady, I remembered the story Ottavio told me about her birth.

Ama's mother was an African princess Ottavio was madly in love with. Brought from Africa as a slave, he bought her, gave her freedom, and married her when she was still very young. They lived together for 7 years childless and she stayed pregnant on their journey to Asia. Ama's mother died minutes after Ama was born. Ottavio believed that she has sacrificed her life for the birth of this special Soul.

Ottavio used to recall that before the day the ship first time touched Macao he had a dream of an angel wounding him with a spear. Blood from the wound got mixed with the mud of Earth that has opened beneath him and a most amazing flower was born from the depths of the darkness that gazed at him. The voice that whispered from the darkness was murmuring 'Life for Life without boundaries'.

His wife understood the dream to be prophesy of a birth of a child of his blood that will grow to be an extraordinary spiritual being.

He took Ama under his protection and educated her in the best possible way. She spoke Swahili, her mother's tongue, Portuguese, the tongue of her father, and Chinese, the tongue of the country she was born in. Familiar with philosophy, different religious systems, art, mathematics, chemistry, biology, physics, it was always a pleasure talking to her. She was Ottavio's pride and his life experiment, and with every year that passed, she was transforming into a more and more precious flower.

Ama was the only one Ottavio would unconditionally listen to. Her calmness and warmth and his

complete trust in her wisdom, created a bond that was visible every time the two were together.

“As a priest and a Christian,” I told Ama, “I deeply believe that the vast knowledge hidden within the various religious scripts springs from One Source. No matter how good a religion is, its institution and its rules, ultimately degenerate, bringing stagnation, prejudices, and misunderstandings.”

Within Macao, I found a fertile ground for mixing ideas, intentions and dreams of both Chinese and Europeans.

Very early on, I realised that European astronomy and astrology advanced in a different direction to Chinese and that the knowledge of European astronomy could benefit Chinese in building their Annual Calendar.

It was a late summer evening and the coffee shop was closed for public. In the centre of the hall was the fountain and we could hear the water flow intermingle with our breathing. Windows were opened inviting the smell of the Ocean to join the smoke of the Nag Jampa. The wind was playing with chimes, and the low light of candles created a dance of shadows on the floor and on the wall in front of us.

“Respecting the knowledge of our Ancestors, Saints and Scientists, applying Clear Reason and Intuitive Wisdom within this dynamic orphic, hermaphrodite Universe of Unconscious mind Manifestations, at this stage of our evolution, we ask our Souls: how to

live life healthier, happier, or stronger.." Said Ama.

"When public libraries appeared, books were often chained to a bookshelf or a desk to prevent theft. As you can imagine it was not book lovers who would ever steal, for how many book lovers were poor or uneducated? Jews didn't quite have public libraries where a "stranger" could possibly hope to learn Hebrew and explore the script within their local knowledge set-up. Judaism values the Torah scroll to such an extent that if placed in a synagogue it must be written by hand on parchment so a printed book would not do." Ama was thinking aloud.

"In the Islamic Golden Age, 8th century to 13th, Islamic calligraphy, miniatures and bookbinding flourished, yet none of the images within the books had any religious connotations. Yaqubi 9th century, says that in his time Baghdad had over a hundred booksellers. Today we find the most beautiful poems exploring God – Allah, yet the illustrations are very generic: flowers, or simple decorations. Within Islam we find no images of Christ or Allah, so no idol worship could take place. Listening to our historians, we know for certain that the destroyed books, and art works are irreplaceable, often changing history in various ways. Being too busy arguing various points of views, philosophizing, or fighting own partner, we assume that somewhere else animals do not need rearing, plants watering, sick do not need care, and children fall perfect from the sky. Within this life-long quest, so many of us create our-own little Universes, marrying and building own "perfect" families, yet the reflection inside the life-mirror says over and over that we err, especially when expressing judgments too hasty..." Ama continued

with her meditations.

“Examining the tree, its bark and its root, we miss the picture of the forest and its organic growth.”

“One is a female approach,” said Ottavio, “intuitive and dreamy, while the other is a male, scientific, precise and clear.”

For many centuries the scientific thought was blocked, channelled into the dark corridors of dogmas, that now, when it was released, I still feared, that the critical mass to move the change might not happen.

Throughout the history of what we call “ancient Rome”, the Greek was spoken by the well-educated elite, who acquired Greek tutors from educated Greek prisoners, slaves. Within the Byzantine Empire, that was mine home-town, the books were rare and often forbidden.

China led the books printing revolution. The first completed printed book on paper is the Diamond Sutra during the ninth century. Around 1040, the first known movable type porcelain printing press was created in China by Bi Sheng. The copper movable type printing originated in China at the beginning of the 12th century. It was used in large-scale printing of paper money issued by the Northern Song dynasty. Around 1230, Koreans invented a metal type movable printing using bronze. This led to the distribution of “Selected Teachings of Buddhist Sages and Seon Masters” in 1377, a Korean book.

The Christian Monasteries carried on the Latin writing tradition in the Western Roman Empire. Before the adoption of the printing press, books were copied by hand, expensive and rare. Smaller monasteries had only a few dozen books, at the end of the Middle Ages, the papal library in Avignon and Paris library of the Sorbonne held only around 2,000 books.

The scriptorium of the monastery was usually over the chapter house where artificial lights were forbidden for the fear of fire done only in day-light by enthusiastic students...

What I fear more are the lunatics in power. I know of many examples, In 367 AC, Athanasius, the zealous bishop of Alexandria issued an Easter letter in which he demanded that Egyptian monks destroy all such unacceptable writings, except for those he specifically listed as 'acceptable' even 'canonical' — a list that constitutes the present 'New Testament'. When the burning of books is widespread and systematic, like the burning of the Library of Alexandria in 49 AC, or the destruction of Aztec codices by Itzcoatl in 1430s, and the burning of Maya's indigenous American civilizations manuscripts on the order of bishop Diego de Landa in 1562.

We still find the lists of forbidden books by Inquisition within the archives of Vatican - in 1585 Complete works of Dante Alighieri, in 1600 the complete works of Bruno Giordano and Nicolaus Copernicus, etc.

"I have a good news, the great supporter of Christianity Paul Siu again resumed the high offices and is now in charge of the Chinese Calendar reform." I shared the letter that I have received just that morning.

"This will give us a perfect opportunity to demonstrate our good will to Chinese governors, to offer the secrets of Arabic and European science in return for protection and the right to preach Christianity in China." Said Ottavio.

"There is more to it," I said, "Johann Adam Schall von Bell, a great friend of mine, the head of our mission was asked to replace his predecessor Schreck who was gravely ill in the work of reforming the Chinese calendar. This task is far removed from his ordinary duties of the apostolate but he is an honest man and he understands that in its success lay the future of the mission."

Father John Adam was a highly educated man born in a noble family in Cologne. His voice, looks and movements mirrored his background, love for studies and Jesus. He was a young Jesuit when he first arrived to Macao in 1619, when we were still deeply troubled by the war waged against us four years earlier by the high mandarin Kio Shin. Four of our chief missionaries could not any longer do their mission and were expelled to Macao. His first 10 years within the mission were troublesome and bear no fruit. Now, in 1630, he had behind him many years of experience of successes and failure of conversion of Chinese into Christianity, he spoke Chinese perfectly, and clearly understood that for us to succeed our approach must radically change.

When he was asked to replace his predecessor Schreck he immediately understood that in its success lay the future of the Christian mission.

“As you know, I spoke to John Adam, that we base astrology on calculation of the movements of planets along the ecliptic.”

In Chinese astrology, the lunar zodiac has prime importance, the sky is divided into 28 segments of moons journey through the sky.

The establishment of the Chinese Annual Calendar is one of the most important affairs of the Chinese State. The Board of Mathematicians composing of 200 highly educated members gathers every year to announce the astronomical situation for the coming year. Their task is to build a calendar for the year to come, taking into consideration the days of new and full moon, the times of the solstices and equinoxes, the positions and conjunctions of planets, movements of the sun with the dates of its entrance into each of the twenty-eight constellations that form the Chinese zodiac.

“This Calendar is for the natives extremely valuable.” Ama emphasised my point.

“Just yesterday, at Li Po’s house, I met one of his friends, a fortune teller and astrologer, he was constructing a personal horoscope for a rich merchant’s son. He showed me a rectangular frame-shape grid, he was working on, divided into twelve smaller rectangles. He used both horoscope and the yearly calendar to establish auspicious and

inauspicious days in the year, and in the life-time of the merchant's son, to calculate days that are good for his education, marriage, start of business and other family affairs. Looking at the personal Chart and the yearly Calendar, he then calculated days for action and days for rest, days when different Gods are worshiped, and when trouble or luck is more likely to strike. The Calendar is the guide for every single day within the year!" I shared.

"Very important!" Ottavio nodded.

The Chinese astrologers, educated and non-educated people believe that they can calculate the circle of life and death, map each person or event into the horoscope. They all believe in how essential the accuracy of the Calendar is.

Huai Nan Tzu, the ancient Chinese astrological script, groups the stars in five enormous stars constellations. The Heavens are divided into Guardians of the four directional palaces, called: The Green Dragon of Spring, the Vermilion Bird of Summer, the White Tiger of Autumn, the Black Tortoise of Winter. The only one that I could recognise studying the map was the Great Bear that was within the fifth 'palace', called the Central Palace.

Finding a chapter of Huai Nan Tzu that gave Emperors pointers of how to rule the Kingdom and how Heavens behave, I read them out to my friends:

'Men's lives are reflected in the movement of Heaven;

When there is cruelty and violence, there will be violent winds.

When there are oppressive laws, there will be plagues of insects.

The Four Seasons are the Annals of Heaven;

The Sun and Moon are the Messengers of Heaven;

The Stars and Planets record Heaven's seasons;

Rainbows and comets are Heaven's warnings.'

The book also has a guideline for every single day:

'In the time of Chia Tzu, action should be restrained,

In the time of Ping Tzu the worthy should be promoted

In the time of Wu Tzu the old and widows should be cared for, favours bestowed and goods sold

In the time of Keng Tzu walls and barriers should be improved and fortifications strengthened.'

In the time of Jen Tzu close the gates of villages, search strangers thoroughly, execute offenders and close bridges.

We watch the sky all the time, my Chinese friend nodded, noting any changes in the appearance of each and one of the stars. Changes may be in the colour, the position or the brightness and they are all interpreted to mean something specific, an appointed minister will be well liked and respected, a war will break out, a prominent person may be punished for the wrongdoings, the army leaders will die, the earth will be very fertile or destroyed by droughts, crops will ripen to maturity or the harvest may fail.

"To hope to understand the Chinese astrology," I shared my knowledge with John Adam, "we need to understand Chinese symbols, and elements and their interaction."

The accuracy of the Calendar is especially important because the eclipses of the Sun concern the ruler of the country; and those of the Moon concern his generals and advisers and none of them are a good omen that is why a good astrologer needs to precisely calculate both of them.

A typical Chinese calendar-almanac records the days by month, listing auspicious days for journeys, marrying, building houses, carrying on a trade, burying the dead, collecting money, cutting down trees, taking medicine, repairing walls, digging ditches, even sweeping and bathing! Every single activity is enlisted within these calendars.

The Chinese astrology is based on twenty-eight lunar mansions, or Hsiu, the constellations that Moon encounters on its passage through the sky.

Unfortunately, for the Chinese astrologers, finding out the particular Hsiu in which the Moon resides requires long and complex mathematics.

"Since the Chinese year is lunar, New Moon falls always on the first day of the month, and it is shorter than the Western one by about ten days causing the year to 'drift'." Ottavio mused.

"If we make sure that they know that our calculation is superior, Chinese will come and ask for our help." I nodded.

The Chinese astronomers are at the moment incapable of discovering the defects of their methods and calculations, and this was our opportunity to render a service and strengthen our position in China.

"This mission was well understood by our founder, Father Ricci," John Adam told me, "who inspired some of the Chinese philosophers and scientists to start thinking about the translation of the Catholic liturgical calendar into Chinese."

What we need to do is convince the authorities of the errors of their calendar, make them understand that they need us and our calculations.

"To achieve this," John Adam told me, "we will have to design a complete course in astronomy, arithmetic, geometry, and other areas of mathematics. This will be your task, dear Benedict, I will leave it in your capable hands to manage."

So I did. I designed courses, worked on translations, examined the different systems, worked on the merge of the two systems of knowledge.

The wheel of fortune was put into a motion because of a mistake of an hour by the Board of Mathematics in the announcement of an eclipse. We have made sure to warn them that this will happen, and Chinese were surprised to learn that our warning was actually accurate. They decided to request our help.

Many seeds were planted in many minds and the idea of the knowledge sharing became our reality. We all had our own goals, the Church wanted to spread Christianity in China, Chinese wanted to learn a better method for celestial calculations, and the goal of our little group was the interchange of the two scientific thoughts: we had much to learn from each other.

The idea started materialising.

Chinese were open to listening. They were open to learning.

Christians that we approached agreed that this is the way to Chinese hospitality. They were cautious and suspicious at first, of the tools we proposed to use, because some thought, helping Chinese worship their ancestors better, was not something Church authorities are keen on doing; but building their Calendar was building their trust and at that point trust was what was needed to continue our work.

Soon after, John Adam became a trusted counsellor of the new Emperor Shunzhi, he was made a mandarin and became Director of the Imperial Observatory and the Tribunal of Mathematics. His position enabled him to procure from the emperor permissions for the Jesuits to build churches and to preach Christianity.

Within the next fourteen years, John Adam became a very successful missionary.

We managed to convince the Empire to entrust the missionaries with the correction of the Calendar and we started to translate books containing the rules of European astronomy. We worked for years translating precious manuscripts and books into Chinese.

However, not all had the same mission.

Rumours had it that the ships of the English East India Company sailed up the Pearl River and after they were refused trading privileges they went into pillaging and burning of many vessels and villages, spreading destruction wherever they appeared. The Chinese even claimed there were incidences where armed parties of Portuguese soldiers entered into villages and carried off their women, and in revenge they started destroying Portuguese ships killing hundreds of their crew.

“It is difficult to see Christians as anything but savages who cannot tolerate other cultures, Gods, and ways of thinking.” Ottavio started one of his

arguments about the ways Christians behaved as guests of foreign lands.

“Europeans are acting overwhelmingly rude. The companies act with violence and brutal strength, with no moral values, and are inspired and moved only by money.” Ottavio was getting angry talking.

“It is our task to show Chinese the other, spiritual and scientific side of our culture, the side that cherishes philosophy and self-knowledge,” I told him.

The prevailing thought amongst educated Chinese is that missionaries are hard to communicate with and very dogmatic. They push the belief that there is no other truth but Christian truth, and this will always keep them apart from the learned classes of China who know better than just to follow a dogmatic view.

In the midst of this turmoil, we were trying to build a new foundation that was supposed to mark the beginning of a new century of knowledge exchange between enlightened minds of China and Europe.

Our method and our prediction soon proved to be true, working on the Calendar was the way to Chinese trust.

By 1634, we helped in translation and printing of around a hundred books containing the arts of European sciences: astronomy, arithmetic, geometry, mathematics and astrology. Thirsty for knowledge that is coming from afar, the Chinese for

a moment forgot the hardship that Europeans brought and started to open their, for centuries locked, doors accepting our thoughts and beliefs.

All the provinces of China were soon informed of the important task that was given to the missionaries. The news was received with interest and we were now looked at with curiosity and accepted in many Chinese homes where previously we had no access.

Now, when we are working with the intellectual cream of China on a common goal, on the reform of the Calendar, our reputation strengthened, and the Chinese felt honoured to be in our presence.

“Wherever we go we are greeted with respect, listened to and publicly congratulated. Gospel preaching is allowed in all provinces and the first public church opened in the capital. In just a few years of our work, the Emperor, who I met personally, issued an imperial declaration praising our work. We’ve even managed to convert ten eunuchs, within the Imperial Palace, laughed Father Schall. This class was the first one to oppose any of our preaching.”

This happy progress was for a time stopped by the invasion of the Tatars and the revolution that overthrown the Ming dynasty, and brought Manchu dynasty into power.

At Peking, Father Schall assisted the last of the Ming in his resistance, yet to no avail, the time has come for him to leave his kingdom.

Luckily the Tatars regarded us favourably. Shun-chi, a new ruler was only eight years old when he was proclaimed emperor in 1643.

The minister who governed in Emperor's name for six years confirmed all Schall's powers regarding the Calendar. The young emperor was very curious to meet the missionaries; he loved listening to the tales of the foreign lands that these educated men brought with them and he often called Father Schall to the interviews in his palace. The young Emperor even unexpectedly knocked at Father Schall's door to discuss with him the nature of life, Universe and purpose of all things on Earth.

Shortly after this happy event the new mathematical rules brought in by Christian missionaries to make the Calendar, became compulsory for all the official Chinese astronomers.

The peak of these events was Father Schall's appointment as the president of the Board of Mathematicians.

Our victory was finally real!

The negative seeds planted during the last century, were now uprooted and the seedlings turned to be: understanding and respect.

Seeing what was behind us we now had Hope.

The young emperor, Shun-chi, not only appointed Father Schall as President of the Board, but also

gave him high rank as a mandarin to correspond with this important status.

Father Schall was aware that accepting this high rank is a violation of the canon law which forbade priests to hold civil offices and was hesitant of accepting. He tried, for more than twenty years to decline this honour and he told me that he had refused it eight times, that he even pleaded on his knees before the Tribunal of Rites to be released from it, but that he was forced into it to keep the good will of the Governors.

In 1653, as thanks for all the work done in the reform of the Calendar, Shun-chi bestowed on Father Schall the title of *Tung hiuen kiao shi*, "Most Profound Doctor".

John Adam showed me this intricate marble tablet, written in Tatar and Chinese, encircled with dragons and other carved ornaments. For me it was the symbol of all the achievements that we have managed to attain during this time of scientific sharing. Father Schall also got the gift of a new house and a donation for a new church, the first public church that opened in the capital.

But not all were ready for this huge and profound change.

Father Schall's acceptance of the high Chinese official rank, was the reason for much gossip and ethical discussions among the priests in Macao for several years.

A more serious question troubled our missionaries.

How can a Christian Priest be President of the Board of Mathematicians that publishes a yearly Calendar that is full of superstitions and various beliefs that are not in line with the teachings of Christianity?

How can Father Schall stand behind and sign a pagan sacred script that supported worshiping of ancestors, rituals and practices that were not Christian?

How can a Catholic Jesuit Priest head a board that governs practices that are not in line with the Christian scripts?

I'll tell you a story – Ama once told us – there was a very good musician, a flautist, living next to the forest. He was able to play so beautifully that everybody would stop to listen. He was admired by men, by animals and by spirits. He was gifted. He would descend Beauty and Spirit through his music. One day, when he was sitting in the woods playing his flute, wolves, foxes and birds were all peacefully gathered to admire his music, a huge dark tiger jumped out of the forest, surprised everybody, and attacked the flautist eating him alive in a matter of seconds before anybody could utter a word. The gathered crowd was disappointed, astonished and stunned by what has happened. How could you do something like that, didn't you hear how beautiful and heavenly his music was? – they asked in one voice. Music, play, heaven...? What are you talking about, said the half deaf tiger.'

You cannot play music to the deaf, no matter how good you are, the deaf will not hear you.

I was very weary of the deaf.

The audience that reminds me of the deaf tiger is the one that is rough, the one that is convinced that there is no subject that they do not know the best, the one that has closed itself to learning. They are ready to confront you at all times. They are not ready to listen or grow, they are not ready to receive. They like to believe that they own their lives that they can decide, that they can act differently, and yet they are driven by attachments and instincts. Within the infinite number of possibilities for a soul to develop, they always chose the same one – the way of suffering.

Fra Thomas was one of these tigers.

I always knew in advance whether I will meet Fra Thomas that day. An uncomfortable sense of mischievous mystery accompanied his presence and I felt it much before his appearance. My stomach would turn uneasy. Whenever he would plot one of his conspiracies, Fra Thomas was one of my weaknesses.

Finding it difficult to stay calm after any of his visits full of prejudices, fears and failures.

That day he looked as though he is surrounded with a cloud, his voice cold, his brain recalling all the happenings covered with a veil soaked in black.

Once surrounded with that black velvet, the darkness was too concentrated. Living his own Reality that he called the reality of the Church, clenched to despair, where each wrinkle narrated a story of 'I' that does not want to be Awake or Conscious, he hated Ama and the hatred was his Life.

"She is a witch, I am certain of it, and I will do all I can to stop her black magic. And her father is a witch too! All that wealth, what do you think, where is it coming from? It is Devil that helps them out!"

"You remember Ruben, he was like son to me, he is now under her spells and who knows how many other people too. I am here to warn you, I came as a friend, before you become one of them!"

"I know of their wicked work, devouring children and causing sickness and death."

I stopped the time waiting for him to collect.

I stopped the time waiting for Earth to react.

I stopped the time waiting for the critical mass to move the energies into the balance. I looked up into God's eyes and saw nothing, refusing to look at me. The time has not yet come! We planted the seeds for future generations to enjoy. This was not our moment! The time has not yet come!

Humanity was not yet ready to hear.

Fra Thomas, Church and Humanity were too

immersed in anger to notice anything else.

Fra Thomas's face, his choice of words, all the 'holy' wars, and the killings in the name of Lord, tortures, prosecutions, Inquisition, they were all gathered there, in front of me, shaping the destiny of the future centuries, within Fear and Confusion.

Taking out from the pocket of his little coat a book, hidden until that moment, his Witch-hunter's manual, he said:

"Do you know what is happening in the main-land? They are all over the place! They fly and meet the Devil every night! It is now the time for us to re-act and uproot this supreme wickedness!"

"You must be familiar with this," he continued reading, as though he was hoping to influence me, change my mind or break the spell I might be under: *'it has recently come to our ears,'* he started reading, *'not without great pain to us, that many persons of both sexes, heedless of their own salvation and forsaking the catholic faith, **give themselves over to devils male and female,** and by their **incantations, charms, and conjuring's,**... ruin and cause to perish the offspring of women,..."*

*"...that they afflict and torture with dire pain and anguish, both internal and external, these men, women, cattle, flocks, herds, and animals, and hinder men from begetting and women from conceiving, and prevent all consummation of marriage..."*

"She is not married, you know that," he said, "and she managed to lure Ruben into her sinful net." I know that, I saw them together!

We looked at each other, measuring words, using them as swords. He carried a shield of intolerance rooted deep within the humanity, its beliefs, its fairy-tales, its myths, its Holy Books, the shield of Separation.

Any reasoning would have been weak against his pain.

My words about fairy tales of witchcraft, about love Ama had for the people around her, about the ones she cured, got scattered and bounced off a wall, returning as wounded birds. The more I said, the more he believed that I am the Witch too, dancing sinful dances on the Full Moon on the Grave Yards, using dead people bones as music instruments.

The era we lived in was not as yet ready to accept our mission, was not as yet ready for such a drastic change, the merge of many into One.

The Humanity was too obsessed with a motion of separation. Our dream of building the critical mass that changes the world's consciousness and its way of behaving, entered the cracks of stones, hid behind the thick evergreen branches, merged with the moon's reflection that observes the river flow, in front of this man with an epithet of dogma steaming revulsion from each of his pores.

We managed to translate and distribute books and open Chinese thought to the Christian thinking, but we didn't manage to open the channels from the other end, our homeland thinking pattern stayed firmly grounded, inflexible and stubbornly rigid.

Even though, within our lifetime, we managed to re-earn the Chinese respect, even though we managed to establish peace, even though we built churches this was not enough.

Fra Thomas aimed a carefully prepared poisonous arrow into my heart saying that the Authorities of the Church in all our work saw failure. The Church was now officially disapproving of our Mission.

"The Chinese continue to follow their primitive rituals and customs and they combine their ancient worship with the Christianity, and this is unacceptable, it is a disgrace and heresy."

"Beliefs in guides and spirits are primitive," he repeated, "predictions are pagan and the Church cannot live in peace with paganism!"

"We have to fight against the old customs within this land for our Mission to flourish! It is not a Christian victory if we co-exist with the old"

Fra Thomas was just passing a message we all feared, the message of the Church that did not want to move, grow or accept.

At the time, with my mind deep within the Mission, it hurt me deeply to see that even here, thousands of

miles away from Rome, was difficult to escape the grasp of the Old.

The minds of men were not yet ready to hear.

“To the non-Christians,” Fra Thomas was shouting, “we have nothing to say, other than they were given a chance to repent and come to God, but they chose not to.”

That month, in 1655, five theologians of the Roman College examined Fra Thomas’s accusations and Father Schall was asked to resign from the position of the President of the Board of Mathematicians.

That month, Fra Thomas arrested Ama for witchcraft.

The fortune wheel turned against us.

Its deadly cracks were above our heads and we feared it would crash directly on us.

Years of work and effort seemed to be in vain.

The Galaxies of Human Minds were shaking, we had the support of hundreds of Souls that were born to help the shift, the Lady Science passed to us so many insights, and yet, the Old Structure was not ready to fall.

The history now reads like this: Conflicts between the Chinese Government and th Catholicism that culminated in the 1616, and that were under the

control for more than 30 years, were now back at its highest force.

High ranking officials advised the Emperor that Catholicism is not respecting Chinese customs and that it should be banned.

By disrespecting Chinese culture we sent out a message of war.

Our protector, Emperor Shun-chi died in 1662 and Chinese arrested Father Schall and myself in 1664. Although they found no evidence of conspiracy, we were imprisoned on the count of high treason and of propagation of an evil religion. Across the country, about 30 missionaries were arrested and sent to the capital for questioning, only a few were allowed to stay outside the city, the rest were deported and imprisoned. Churches were closed down and scriptures burnt.

In 1720, some 50 years after our death, the time carried the same tension between the two, Emperor Yong Zheng passed a law deporting all missionaries from China. Most of the missionaries were forced to flee for Macao, a lot of churches were converted to town halls and schools or torn down. Followers were banned from becoming Catholics again.

Our age, called for martyrs that would die in the process of the reform, sacrificing themselves for the benefit of the future generations.

The success of the Calendar conversion was apparently short lived, yet its effects touched the

depths of both civilisations.

Within the mission, during our struggle, I reached the heights climbing the untouchable, and hit the bottom within the darkness of the jail.

After the short trial where everyone including us knew we were guilty, we were condemned to be cut in pieces and to be beheaded.

When I completely gave up, when I surrendered to Death, the Heavens opened to deliver a miracle.

A violent earthquake came over Peking, a thick darkness covered the city, meteors appeared in the sky, with the dark rain damaging a part of the Imperial palace.

Listening to the air filled with the sound of roaring lions and cracking thunders, the end of the world seemed near. The rivers, roads moved and trees got uprooted. Earth's anger was visible everywhere. Chinese feared the worst. They had a fresh remembrance of an earthquake that occurred around a century ago, the earthquake that was still vividly alive within the stories of their grandparents.

That time when Earth bestowed its rightful place amongst us scared mortals, the power of Her dance was such, that the hills that took thousands years to form became valleys in a minute, and valleys that hosted river beds for centuries, became hills. That earthquake was huge, the awakened Dragon hit an amazing area of 500 miles.

The rocks ruptured under the massive burst of energy. No corner on Earth was spared. The elements took their revenge in turns. Water gushed out from underground and fire closely followed it. The winds stormed filling the air with horror. 98 counties and eight provinces were that week visited by Death.

Bodies mixed with debris buried under poorly constructed houses or simply swallowed into the Earth's womb were everywhere. The Chinese that survived could not extinguish the fires for days, and what the fire spared, the floods destroyed, ruining the water supplies opening the door for diseases to quickly spread. A total of 830,000 people lost their lives.

A possibility of history repeating itself was terrifying for the grand-children of the Great Earthquake.

They quickly connected the meteor rain with our imprisonment and in fear of worse calamities, they decided to release both myself and Father Schall. Our death sentence was revoked and we were sent back home.

In the meantime, we sent a statement to Rome explaining what has happened with our mission, and a new commission concluded in 1664, eight years too late, that there was no valid reason for Father Schall's dismissal.

Unfortunately, none of us could turn back the time.

Throughout my stay in jail I meditated about God, purpose of Life and Universe and my karmic pattern within this amazing Mission.

Both John Adam and I, spent our last years separated from the other missionaries and removed from the obedience to the Pope. I lived in Ottavio's household into my old age. I stayed Ama's and Ottavio's faithful friend until the very end.

I left this life some years after Death knocked also onto Ottavio's doors and I left with a determination to return when the time is ripe to reopen my mission.

I maintain that Truth is a pathless land, and you cannot approach it by any path whatsoever, by any religion, by any sect... If an organization be created for this purpose, it becomes a crutch, a weakness, a bondage, and must cripple the individual, and prevent him from growing, from establishing his uniqueness, which lies in his discovery for himself of that absolute, unconditioned Truth... You can form other organizations and expect someone else. With that I am not concerned, nor with creating new cages, new decorations for those cages. My only concern is to set men absolutely, unconditionally free.

**Krishnamurti**

## A Man Trained to Hate

### *The 17<sup>th</sup> Century Witch Hunter*

For years I (Fra Thomas, if you wonder about my name) didn't want to meet her, because I believed she had a power of a nymph that attracts her victims and locks them with her beauty taking away the freedom of their free will.

The rumours of the magic, spells and witchcraft that surrounded her, kept us mentally connected and physically firmly apart. Not knowing her gave me strength to attack her and hate her for being what she is. I used every single chance to scold Ruben or any other Christian for seeing her and I used every single opportunity to voice my disagreement when the citizens of Macao followed her.

It was difficult to watch over the moves of Ama and Ottavio de Nobile because their lives were very private.

Ottavio de Nobile was for me a difficult target, because of his wealth and his powerful friends. Some of the very influential and well-known men of Europe and China were on the list of his protectors. Many times I tried to instigate an inquiry against this man, but my efforts were to no avail.

Knowing that Ama was black and that her mother was a slave, I waited for my moment, for Ottavio's death, to take my actions against her.

In the meantime, I followed their friends, prominent

missionaries, scientists, government officials, and amongst them Ruben, Benedict and Father Schall closely.

Ruben was like a son to me before the Dutch attack. The amount of converts he had was a beautiful example to other young priests who came to China with the same mission, to spread Christianity and preach Christ's faith. I was always impressed by the strength of his faith and I could not see him losing the sight of Christianity.

When he arrived to Macao he was a very eager young man, completely devoted to Christ, to Jesuits and their teachings. He believed with all of his heart in conversion and together we spent months finding the best ways to deliver non-believers to Christianity. It was Ruben who came to an idea to exploit the fact that Chinese truly believed in the existence of Tao or the true way.

"This belief," Ruben told me, "will open the ears of Chinese to the preaching of the Gospel and to Christianity as a possible true path - the two did not clash, they were complementary."

"Chinese are very systematic in their approach towards morality," Ruben continued devising his theory, "and they firmly believe in hierarchy and order, they believe in the use of reason to determine which way is true, and our entry point into their culture should be this appeal to reason."

“Chinese will see Moses’ Ten Commandments as a very systematic way to approaching God,” Ruben explained, “so we will have no problem with their introduction.”

Using this approach, we were very convincing and Chinese listened carefully to our reasoning; soon we were leaving converts in vast numbers.

Our relationship started changing after the day of the Dutch attack to Macao. I was away on the day of the attack and when I returned I heard amazing stories of his bravery.

It was after the fight that he for the first time mentioned Ama, but it wasn’t but after some years that I realized how close to Ama he became. My suspicions were proved by the ever decreasing number of converts he had, and by his final refusal to continue converting Chinese into Christians and his constant wish to instead stay in the monastery and pray.

The only logical explanation for his weird behaviour was that Ama cast a spell upon him.

Years past and no effort of mine was fruitful so during one of our encounters I demanded from Ruben to either leave the Church or stop seeing Ama. To my amazement he decided to leave us both. Hearing his decision, I felt as though I have lost a son.

Ever since, I kept this wound open and the pain burning, looking for a moment I would revenge the

loss of this special Soul.

Only once we had a chance to talk face to face, the time I was in her house determined to arrest her, determined to prove her connection with Devil.

A room that looked like a prayer room with an altar in the middle was our battle field. The altar was in a triangular shape, a triangle with all the sides equal. The room was full of astrology symbols.

I knew that Ama was familiar with astrology. I also knew of Ottavio's efforts to reform the Chinese Calendar and I knew that astrology was closely related to this effort.

My excuse for this little visit to De Nobile's household was a research I chaired on alchemy. I used Father Benedict's recommendation so that Ama would invite me into their house.

"As you know," she said, "Alchemy and Magic are female aspects of Christianity. They represent the unknown side, underground methods, daughters, Yin of religious work."

I was going around the room, looking at books that were piled next to the fire place and pictures hanging on the walls, I searched for the forbidden books, for a proof that Ama was a heretic.

"While you, preaching Christianity, work with morals, Alchemy works with the undiscovered side of conscious, the side that is inside the shadow."

The word: shadow, attracted my attention.

She looked at me and smiled.

“Developing female principles,” she said, “through understanding myths and magic helps the visible, rational, Yang part of soul development, the religion. A Yin side of the nature always seeks, asks, awakens the Yang counterpart, Christianity and Alchemy seek each other and are closely interlinked.”

“Through Christ or through Devil,” I asked.

“The goal is the same in both cases!”

I almost jumped out of my skin.

“For Alchemy and Christianity, of course,” she continued as though she didn’t hear my remark, “the goal is getting closer and closer to God.”

“Dismissing magic and damning unknown, proclaiming it Devil’s work, we just deepen the gap between good and bad, creating ever stronger differences.”

*That is why I cannot hate you, you are a part of a God’s plan, I could see her eyes telling me. A whore sins because she is labelled as a sinner and she is not given a chance to repent. Because we label her as a sinner, she stays one. All our sinners are sinners because they know not of other ways. Is this for real or am I dreaming? I quickly awoke from my vision and got back to her words.*

“Dismissing Alchemy, Astrology, Medicine, Science, Magic, dogmatists turn their back to progress, to evolution, to change.”

*The dogma ruled behaviours are static, they wither, die, tying knots around their necks, jumping into deep waters followed by a heavy stone of raggedness, inflexibility and lack of wisdom.*

Again, I was transferred into a different state, it was my mind talking, not Ama, and yet I could hear Ama’s voice within my head.

*Look at the world around you, how many boundaries, how many walls, everywhere. Because we define sin so sharply we become sinful and we cannot get out of this circle. Any chemical used in one way can cure a disease but used in another can kill. Christ talked to prostitutes and tax collectors, we don’t – we accuse them, attack them, hate them. We see our mischief within them and we cannot live with them within us. Their ‘un-holiness’ makes us unholy.*

Was she casting a spell on me? *In the long run you cannot win, because progress is always one step ahead.* I shook off this vision and came back to the room of our encounter.

She was holding the cross in her hands with the most gentleness.

“The cross will give us freedom. The square that was born out of a circle will give us freedom. Four points will direct us.”

"Its secret is not in perfection but in completeness. Everything that is below the abyss carries the imperfection within. The order was established from the infinite and the life of dualities as we know it on Earth begun. Only through us meeting, marrying, merging, we will both reach God."

"A Taoist opens and receptively listens to the Mother Earth, he is tolerant and patient believing that the gateway to the root of heaven is a feminine approach to life, gentle, invisible movement. The adept becomes 'hsien', a person who will never die and he can ride the wind and fly to the heavens forever."

Her words puzzled me. The cross that gives us freedom, duality and God, Mother Earth and the abyss, riding the wind, flying the heavens, of course she was talking about witches!

"Containing the female within the male, black within the white, Yin within Yang, one will reach true unified energy and vitality, one will pass the door of immortality."

"Too many negative thought will kill you," she said, now looking straight into my eyes.

For a moment I felt my shield melting, for a moment I felt my heart opening, for a moment I felt weak. Too many negative thoughts will kill me.. I quickly closed my eyes and re-composed, in fear she is hypnotizing me.

I hated her when she talked about Alchemy, I hated

her when she talked about Christianity, I hated her when she talked about the Chinese beliefs, even though I wanted to hear just a bit more, hoping that her words will give me more proof of her witchcraft.

"Knowing the strength of a man and keeping a women's care, discovering the fire within the water, becoming a child once more." Ama continued.

*Christ did say – become a child!* My thought wondered, but I re-focused again, afraid to lose my hate, breaking her spell one more time.

During that encounter with Ama, I must have uttered many words as a response to hers. Obsessed with my-own mission to destroy this woman. My focus had only one goal, to discover a thief, a liar, a deceiver, a witch, I was looking for a proof that she is a hidden monster that feeds on people's energies and blood, and that we must accuse her and we must stop her.

I must have struggled and enquired and behaved as a child would, full of anger, wanting to prove and fight, being loud and rude and hard, not wanting to understand, not wanting to listen, not wanting to learn.

For some reason Ama offered me a key to the knowledge and this key has haunted me since. Now, I cannot remember any of my words but that day, I was there to arrest her, and so I have. Ama did not hate me. On the contrary, I saw love in her eyes. She didn't even see me as a necessary evil. A part of God's plan, a nuisance perhaps, but a part of God's

creation. Deep within, I was defeated by the strength of her Purity.

Just in case you still wonder did I manage to do any harm to her or her father or her mission during my lifetime, yes, I did. I convinced the Church officials that the reform of the Chinese calendar was a disgrace and that Father Schall was to be asked to resign and that led to the set of events that have awoken Chinese anger.

Also I managed to imprison Ama for the witchcraft but her imprisonment lasted only a few days during which I didn't manage to conduct any of my enquiries to prove her connection with Devil.

Her influential Chinese friends released her dismissing any court case as illegal since Macao was not supposed to be ruled by Portuguese but Chinese Government. She was out of the prison in no time and I was heavily scolded for daring to detain her.

My death put an end to the futility of my mission whose purpose only God and Ama, at the time, understood.

'He who joyfully marches to music rank and file, has already earned my contempt. He has been given a large brain by mistake, since for him the spinal cord would surely suffice. This disgrace to civilization should be done away with at once. Heroism at command, how violently I hate all this, how despicable and ignoble war is; I would rather be torn to shreds than be a part of so base an action. It is my conviction that killing under the cloak of war is nothing but an act of murder.'

Albert Einstein

## A Man Trained to Kill

I got to know Ama during the Dutch attack on Macao, during the 24<sup>th</sup> of June 1622.

Ama healed my wounds helping me recover after our defeat. I was a soldier of the Dutch East India Company whose fleet attacked Macao that fatal summer day in June 1622. I didn't trust her or anybody else around. I didn't like people and I didn't expect anything from them, I was just waiting for smoke to settle, my wounds to heal, and for time to be alone so I could escape, escape physically cause my mind was locked in chains, and I could do nothing about it.

The Dutch East India Company (for the ones who know Dutch: Vereenigde Oost-Indische Compagnie, VOC) was running the Asian trade routes and they were major political and economic power of the time, establishing colonies, and concluding treaties with Asian rulers.

VOC was empowered to have its-own army, and I was a part of it, to imprison and execute convicts, and wage wars in Asia. As Portugal was 'united' with the Spanish crown, with which the Dutch were at war, the Portuguese Empire was a target for military interventions.

Macao was a thriving port with excellent trade connections, so overtaking it could have meant increasing our domination in the region and further profits for the Company. Just to give you an idea of the Company's monopoly and the power at the time,

the statistics say that during the 16<sup>th</sup> and 17<sup>th</sup> century, it sent almost a million Europeans to Asia on more than 4,500 ships, working with 2,5 million tons of Asian trade goods.

I had good relations with the 'top heads' of VOC, I was amongst their most respected soldiers, spies. They have entrusted me with a very interesting and an inspiring mission: they asked me to discover the secrets of martial arts that were carefully developed within China for centuries.

As a soldier, I was trained to fight with many different weapons, but observing one of the Chinese fighters I quickly realised that their way of moving the body, their strategy of using opponent strength, their attitude towards the enemy, were more than a fight, they were an art form. Fascinated by this art the mission became my quest and I happily came to China as a spy to steal this fighting discipline from the very best. In Holland, we had arms, ships, canons, but they, Chinese, had a secret to the human body and mind.

My destiny soon led me to the Shaolin monastery in South China that was renowned for its long tradition of Chinese martial arts. In 1610, when I first stepped onto the Chinese ground, China was still ruled by the Ming Dynasty and Shaolin monastery blossomed. In those days, it housed over 1,000 soldier-monks.

As you can imagine, I had a hard time entering the monastery.

The monks would not under any circumstances trust a stranger, a foreigner, a Dutchman. An old local man narrating a fable gave me a key to their doors. According to the legend of Shaolin monks a Buddhist monk called Bodhidharma brought the martial arts from India to Shaolin monastery in early 500s. When he arrived at the temple, he was refused an entry, so he went to a cave nearby and meditated until the monks were convinced of his spiritual eagerness.

Knowing this story, armed with the letter of recommendation from some high Chinese officials, I followed suit using the same technique Bodhidharma used to be admitted to the temple.

The recommendation letter protected me from an immediate expulsion but I had to spend weeks that turned into months living in the cave next to the monastery, sitting still, meditating, or training whenever I knew that there are curious eyes observing every movement I made.

Awaking the curiosity of young soldiers monks, intriguing them by the fighting techniques I mastered during my past, slowly I gained their trust with my persistence to stay put until I am accepted to live in the Temple.

After they saw me practicing meditation for hours, sitting still unconditionally, convinced them that even though I am a foreigner, I am keen on learning Zen Buddhism and that my final goal is Enlightenment.

My entrance to the Temple was granted when I

coincidentally stumbled upon a youth who was hurt, dying with a fever not very far from my cave. I tended his sickness and helped him come back to the Temple. The elders of the Monastery saw this as a good omen, and allowed me to enter the Temple's door.

Before I was initiated into the martial arts practiced within the Temple, more than three years later, I had to patiently await my turn, proving myself to be loyal and trust-worthy. To insure that the art was not abused, it was never documented or given to 'strangers'.

After months spent cleaning and working within the monastery, practicing Chi Gung during the day and meditating at dawn, mid-day, mid-night, I was allowed to participate in the martial arts training.

Chi Gung or what they call the 'energy work' is a mix of minimum effort exercises performed in a focused precise manner. My previous training relied on speed, power, and discipline, so I found these slow movements, quiet and gentle work-out, fascinating.

Monks were convinced that Chi Gung can heal any disease, and keep the body in a perfect balance. According to them, Chi Gung exercises are essential for developing stability, training body posture and understanding the unity of breath and movements, and for increasing sensitivity.

Not only that, I learned that Chi (Qi) is more than a concept or a method of healing, for the monks, Chi is the vital energy or life force that lives within all of

us and it is a physical reality. People, animals, trees, rivers, mountains, planets, stars exist as an intriguingly complex network of overlapping and interacting energy fields. Knowing Chi, was ultimately, knowing God.

When the monks felt that I was fit for initiation, I had to take 36 oaths and 21 moral codes that officially marked me as one of them. Now, I could start my proper combat training. Once I was allowed to practise I learned quickly.

To the monks, my teachers, martial arts were methods to cultivate their mind and nourish their Buddha nature. 'Ming Sum Gim Sing' they would say: understand your mind and see your true nature.

Within the Temple, monks developed a new, high level martial art, gathering all the experience of the previous methods. The elders shared the most advanced knowledge of the human body, of human psychology, and fighting, and they created a completely new style called Wing Chun.

Wing Chun was designed for a single purpose, hand to hand combat. The monks' goal was to in the case of emergency, train ordinary people, even women, to fight very effectively in the shortest possible time. Their goal was to create a martial arts system that was simple and deadly. Every movement of the hands and feet had to be coordinated, precise and powerful and it had to directly apply within a fight.

When I got to know it, I realised why this new art

was conducted and passed from monk to monk in such secrecy. It was a supreme art of killing.

Wing Chun is like a divine dance, my teacher said, it is very precise and clear. You do not need all the kicks that you usually find in other Martial Arts, you don't need all the strength, it is design to be effective. Wing Chun does not have fancy stuff around it, no high kicks, and its movements are very refined.

All you need to learn is the 'Five Lines' of human anatomy and you direct your strikes onto the third Yang line. This line is called the "One" line and divides the body into half. This line is the secret line that covers many vulnerable vital points of any human being. Hitting any of them will cause instant disability or death.

It is all about the human sensitivity, my teacher explained, about the flexibility, and coordination of arms and hands. Your opponent would be looking at your hands and your feet would have already broken his knee caps, it is very fast, very effective.

You have to have the knowledge of how to use the force of the opponent against him and how to position your arms, limbs, and body in such a way so that the force becomes explosive. The fights do not last long, they are over in a couple of minutes.

The Hung Fa Yi punch is the most effective because it travels the shortest distance, he said, and is supported by the entire body structure. You will use it, only when your space is threatened, and then all

the options are open: kicks, punches, traps, throws. This is one of the most dangerous postures for the combat.

I practiced Hung Fa Yi punch for months and performed it to its perfection. Wing Chun was a perfect combat technique for someone who was trained to kill since the age of 13. My passion for fight was in the past used by the VOC military machine and I was one of their best soldiers, famous for my talents. I knew how to hide, endure hardship, wait, sneak like an animal, and appear unnoticed killing quickly. I had a reputation. The more I was encouraged to kill, celebrated and recognised for my 'bravery', the more I hated myself and humanity that created me.

Even though it is difficult to believe, I was actually once a normal 12 year old boy who wanted to become the best in whatever he was studied, who looked at the shiny armour and dreamt of riding a horse defending his King. I got the armour, I got the horse, but the dream was long forgotten in the river of blood that was floating everywhere I went.

When I left the Temple, I realised that I have become a supreme killing machine.

Every time my space was threatened, my tools would automatically turn-on and my kicks, and punches were mortal.

My mission as a spy was at this point accomplished but I felt that my journey has not yet begun. Going back to Holland was not an option, the work on

much more amazing 'machine' started within the Temple, and the work on my 'mind', on my energy force, on my 'Chi' has opened in front of me, showing me an infiniteness of possibilities.

Lost in my thoughts, in my own discoveries of futility of life, its order and its sense, I lied and escaped from myself many, many times. Long time ago I stopped believing in God, in salvation, and in love. Hating others, I hated myself, entangled deep into a circle of defeat. People who saw me as a hero while I was on their side despised me when I rebelled killing somebody I shouldn't have. Their disgust amused me. As a sinner, for them, my best place was in the hands of Death.

Soon after I reported to the Dutch, I was sent with the ship to fight for Macao, where I ended up stranded with the DeNobilles.

After the combat where I was left unconscious on Macao's grounds, Ama healed my wounds. She treated me as though she was my sister, as though she knew me all her life, and as though there is nothing more natural in the world but to spend sleepless nights curing a prisoner, sinner and a slave.

She asked me my name and from then onwards she treated me as a free man and a sin-free soul. Now, this was scary, I just knew that this woman had absolutely nothing against me.

"My bird keeps flying directly towards my cat," Ama said when she met me, "she comes to me only when

the cat is in my lap, and lands exactly where the cat sleeps and she keeps exiting her nest only when she hears the cat purring. Just yesterday, I saved her from the cat's jaws, do you think she will ever learn?" She glanced over me as though she doesn't see me and continued: "Or will she stay flying towards the deadly embrace over-and-over-again choosing a completely un-fair fight over her deepest fears, and sacrifice her fragile body within the same attraction a suicidal butterfly enters the flame?"

"Her hypnotic fascination, is so similar to our fixation with suffering that keeps haunting us even though we know we could keep our journey towards the death, long and intense, walking the edge, without falling into the abyss of its shadows."

That midnight, once the sounds died within the house, I left what she called 'my' room, she left it unlocked, and I went into her chambers with an intention to steal some silver so that the money would help me find my way in these foreign lands. To my surprise she was standing dressed beside her door, holding a lantern in her hands, and she looked at me, as though she was expecting me.

Puzzled and engaged, I could have killed her or abused her, but there was no fear in her eyes.

"You will find the best to sell and the finest silver inside this chest of drawers," she said, as though the silver was there just so that I could steal it.

"You can also use this strong cotton bag, to put it all in," she pointed to the large strong hard woven

sack.

She behaved as my companion in this crime and in reality I was stealing the silver from her. Like an animal trapped, I saw nobody, I had my martial arts techniques and fear and she had none.

"I will go to sleep now," she said, "so tell me if you need anything else."

"But if you decide to stay, I will teach you how to walk the edge without the need for suffering, it will be my pleasure to have you within our household."

She handed me a lantern, going back to sleep, as though I was her brother coming back from the night with friends, so she is helping me enter.

Minutes passing like seconds and hours like minutes, holding to the lantern she gave me, feeling the candle light entering my Soul, I felt exposed. Every time I tried to put the silver into the bag I felt a knife going through my heart, something braking inside me. *I will teach you how to walk the edge without the need to suffer* I heard her say, over and over again. The whole house was asleep. Peacefully asleep...

I had to understand!

Leaving the sack, the silver, going to 'my' room. I fell asleep repeating '*I will teach you how to walk the edge without the need for suffering*', dreaming that I was crying for hours until the dawn broke when without remembrance of a dream I entered a

firm strong dark slumber that lasted for eternity. Nobody came to wake me up. That day, I fell down with fever and I regained my consciousness and strength 2 weeks later with a clear understanding that I wanted to stay in this household longer.

When I managed to get up and start walking, I became perfectly aware of all my ugliness. Aware of my body that was dirty, tired and abused with the long, heavy journey of lies and killings that I called my life. Aware of the fact that I can hardly look anybody in the eyes and in this household everybody was looking me in the eyes! Their eyes were inquiring about my soul's journey, here on Earth, their eyes were not accusing but inviting into the worlds I had no idea existed.

Within the Monastery, I was learning how to be still and meditate, here I will learn how to start knowing myself.

The process of my transformation was about to start within this chaos called my mind.

I was ready to spend a lifetime understanding!

During the first year of my stay in Ama's household, I was convinced that I am obsessed with the Devil.

Thoughts of all the murders I had committed tortured me, made me sick often.

The only way that offered any help during those long self-pity days was a hard physical work. I found myself taking the dirtiest possible jobs, punishing

my body and trying to purify myself from sins that now have existed only in my head. The people around me did not condemn me and have accepted me as their equal.

Since I knew no better I developed an obsession with the Devil and I was convinced that the Devil was ruling my heart. I thought that I would never manage to get rid of the grasp of the King of Darkness. When I had enough courage to share this thought with Ama, she just laughed. She narrated a story that happened in India many, many hundreds of years ago.

“I will tell you a story of Krishna, and his main follower Arjuna. Krishna is an Indian God and he was one day meant to keep the guard deep within the dark forest. Arjuna, his main worshiper, got very upset and worried, he didn’t want his Lord to get hurt because these woods were famous for the existence of notorious Devils that would attack and kill innocent. Hearing his worry, Krishna smiled and replied, ‘Arjuna, I have never created demons and evil spirits.’ This puzzled Arjuna, ‘then, how can the non-existent demons appear in the forest and attack innocent’ he asked his Lord? ‘The demon you are talking about is not a demon at all. It is just a reflection of the evil qualities within you, your hatred, your anger, and your jealousy. The anger in you is manifesting as the demon. Its power is increasing in proportion to the intensity of anger within you.’ Said Krishna. ‘No demon has ever been created by me!’”

This was very different from anything I’ve heard before. Is it possible that Devils exist only in our

minds? "And God, what about God?" She smiled and left, I was not as yet ready to hear the answer to that question...

Looking at the paintings of Krishna, a blue skinned young Hindu God playing his flute, a shepherd boy lost in the game of life and laughter, surrounded with many forest beings or Dakinis in love, I tried to connect with his lightness of Being. With his pearl ear-rings, head scarf decorated with diamonds, a happy God, not disturbed by Devils, evil spirits, or negative thoughts, seeing Life as far too interesting to waste on worries and decay. From that point onwards, I asked all to keep calling me Krishna.

One of the first lessons within the Shaolin Temple, during my life in China, and within this magic house, was an elaborate lesson about the concept of Yang and Yin.

"Krishna, how are your Devils?" Asked Ama teasingly.

"I have troubles with all my little Devils (I was now amused calling them this way), with hatred, self-pity, attachments, desires and I am yet to learn how to transform them into their positives."

Waking up in the middle of the night tortured with one of my previous 'kills', I run, disappeared, surrounded by two, three, four of them, my fighting mechanisms kicked in again and I fought killing them all.

I would have probably given up if I wasn't, every

now and then, rewarded with a feeling of complete bliss and peace. This timelessness detached and fulfilled essence after a heavy day's work or a day spent walking in the woods listening to crickets, would take me by surprise like a lover would, gently leaving me fragile but alert.

"Can it be that by the act of physical isolation I open a channel that hides unseen at the bottom of the sea, to our ancestor's accumulated wisdom?" I asked Ama.

"Your initiation has started at the Monastery," Ama replied, "now you'll experience the transformation."

"I will tell you another story," Ama narrated one of her stories during one of her story-telling evenings at Ole, "it is a story of a very popular Indian saint called Milarepa. Milarepa lived around 600 years ago, she said.

His father was a wealthy, influential man. When Milarepa was still a child, he grew ill and accepting his imminent death, he called together his family and told them that he is leaving all his possessions in hands of his brother until Milarepa grows older. After the father's death, however, Milarepa's greedy aunt and uncle, divided the estate, forcing Milarepa's family to live with them as slaves. They were forced to work hard, exchanging their work for bits of food and some clothing.

Milarepa's mother was desperate for a revenge, so when Milarepa was old enough, she sent him to learn black magic. Milarepa was a good student and

to please his mother he managed to create a disaster for his cousins at the family wedding. All the relatives who have been cruel to him while he was a child gathered at the wedding. The magic casted by Milarepa, forced the horses kept outside the main entrance to ran into the main supporting column of the house and the house collapsed killing everyone inside. Milarepa saw the blood-shed that he created and was not pleased. The ghosts of his dead relatives started haunting him.

Milarepa's mother liked the display of the boy's power and did not understand the menace of his action. Once more, she demanded Milarepa's help asking him to protect her against the neighbours who were mistreating her. He launched a powerful hail storm on the area, ruining all the crops. After the storm he saw that the fields of grain were destroyed, many of the animals were killed and that even birds perished in the storm. This greatly disturbed him and he decided to try and find a teacher who would help him save his Soul.

In search for help he became a student of a famous Yogi called Marpa. Marpa knew there was a great deal of evil karma to be worked out so he asked Milarepa to build stone structures on high rocky hills only to have him tear them down again, and start the work from scratch. Marpa was also very short tempered with Milarepa shouting at him and beating him for every mistake.

After this hardship was over Marpa gave Milarepa instructions in the methods of meditation.

Learning how to meditate, Milarepa vowed that the

life of meditation was the only path for him. He spent years meditating in a cave. It is believed that Milarepa is one of the rare saints that managed to reach enlightenment in a lifetime.”

So I have a chance, if Milarepa managed to get enlightened, I still have a chance... I muttered.

From that day onwards, I asked all to call me Milarepa.

Through the purification, I tried to understand the nature of sin and why it was so natural for a human being to be negative. Easier said than done!

“Happiness is a choice,” Ama looked at me with her sparkling eyes, “a conscious choice!”

“Tell me Milarepa, do you think that you push yourself into Unhappiness?”

“Like your cat or your butterfly,” I reminded her of her allegory that was still alive in my memory even though many moons have gone by.

“It is a misconception that happiness is a gift, it is a choice!”

But what a difficult choice! I almost screamed...

Many years of evolution taught us, people, how to preserve energy, how to walk easier roads and how to survive with as little effort as possible.

It is in our code to go into inertia and laziness if the circumstances let us.

It is the same with any animal, many will let you overfeed them and in the process become very fat, lazy and slow.

Our animal, survival instincts will tell us, indulge, use the opportunity. We become a machine that wants to indefinitely.

The inertia leads us into depression and to learn how to avoid the pattern of becoming a slave of instincts, laziness or sleep, we have to work hard in training to love.

To choose Happiness as the way of Living, I need to train Love. I repeated slowly.

In the same way you were once trained to kill, now you need to train love. Ama affirmed.

To choose Happiness as the way of Living, I need to train Love.

I've heard of yogis that managed to keep their bodies without any sleep or food for days, and the legends say that they still could feel strong and healthy just gazing at the sunlight and meditating. My experience thought me that not all of us can be yogis! My exuberant fasts and hours of not sleeping just led me to different types of sickness. My Soul wanted to find a different way.

My lesson was that the body temple needs

nourishing, a proper balanced diet, rest and action. Like with machines that have to be maintained every day I had to learn to be aware of my actions and chained reactions.

Knowing that I don't know, I started listening to what is happening within my head. Listening to thoughts is a difficult and troublesome process

So, I spent years learning 'remembering'.

In the middle of my meal, leaving hunger behind, leaving tension behind, leaving gluttony behind, I would find pleasure in the food.

Stopping in the middle of a conversation or heated argument, observing people that were talking, I would deliberately walk barefoot through the woods, or wear minimum clothing when it was cold, observing my eagerness or hate, asking myself: who is it that is angry, who is the one that is sad, who is the one that hates.

One day I started hearing my thoughts.

The thoughts most difficult to fight were the petite ones.

I struggled.

They would creep in to my head as worms, slowly and almost unnoticed but they would multiply fast and take all the space, becoming the centre of me and my life, causing sadness and anger.

In the same way I was once trained to kill, now I trained to love.

The thought that I am a sinner and that everybody around me is a sinner separated me from Love towards people around me. The hate towards sin was the gatekeeper I couldn't pass on my way to Love.

"Through the development of virtues your Mind gradually 'whitened'," Ama explained years later, "through the constant struggle with instincts, where 'I' breaks into many pieces, your 'I's changed. I saw you changing through all these years."

**Try with this thought, Ama said, try with: I am not any better or any worse than anybody else around me.**

Neither better nor worse! Experimenting with this thought was challenging especially when a beggar or a leper or a madman would knock on our door. Nobody is any better or worse than I am. Nobody! I looked at their dirt, sickness, separation from life, at rotting wounds pushing my disgust to extremes and thought, I am not any better or worse than you. Somewhere behind that battered and abused life-form that does not look human any more is a Soul that is no different than mine.

Prompted by Ama, I meditated on Christ or Buddha or watched great men speak. Wow! A little me is not any worse than kings and priests or any other human being! That was a tough one.

"Teach me about Awareness." I asked my Dakini.

"Walking through Life asleep, demands less effort. It is easier to say 'Only God knows why this has happened! Once you are in the state of awareness, you are exactly where you are supposed to be. Indeed, God does know why something has happened! You as a Soul, descended through Spirit, knows exactly why certain things are good for you.

The Remembrance brought back the pain.

"One thing to remember is that God will always give you more than you can take. The circumstances around you constantly change so that you can learn how to respond to them, if your Soul doesn't find challenges and does not feel that it is growing, improving and progressing, it will create the challenges that might destroy you." Said Ama.

Following own path of purification, after many, many years, I have again fallen violently sick secretly hoping that Death will bring me closer to the union with God, with Love and Spirit and Light.

Ama was next to me, looking at me, with the same eyes of recognition and the spark of inner joy that recognised my secret plans.

"Purity is not enough," she said nursing me, "you have to continue moving because the force is invoked and if this power is not used for Light, it will change into its opposite, it will be used for demolition, consumption, extinction, death." "In the process of transformation after black becomes

white, white has to become yellow and then red, the energy of fire, it has to become Sun itself. It is your time to become Sun." She trusted my strength.

Another time she said: "After whitening when the male and female principle within you merge, you will become a vehicle of pure force, crimson is born and that crimson produces gold."

The new self is full of energy that is fire, firm like earth, flexible like water, and light as air. Alert and playful one becomes the philosopher's stone, changing myself, I acquire the power to change others.

"At the very beginning, when I first met you, your 'I', your body, and emotions, and your mind, they all worked against your spirit, closing the passageways to the Soul's expression, leaving it isolated, alone and hidden. You have been imprisoned and you suffered and your Soul was a captive of your desires, bound to the wheel of life. Winning back your divine nature, building your own core of awareness and light was a fight worth fighting.

There is a spiral movement in our spiritual development and this spiral can at times feel discouraging. Yet, Light unfolds, bringing your Soul out of imprisonment, your Soul catches that Light and that is how you yet again gain freedom."

The Soul, now full of light, screams: awaken!

"Your Soul wants to go through the last stage of the alchemical re-birth: through the resurrection. Here,

in China, it is believed that the alchemist overcomes the limits and ascends to higher states becoming a *Zhenren* or Authentic Man. You can become a zhenren gaining the power to stop the cycle of Life and Death.

Your death is in your hands!”

Compassion for all the living beings in the Universe.

All through my life I felt that sickness was my escape. My body would become weak and painful swimming in this deep swamp of muddy waters of unconsciousness. Life was not easy to live. This time, I felt it hard to imagine that I will wake up tomorrow. Hard to look at the world that is full of suffering and love this Divine play of energies as a part of the same coin.

However, I owed this last try to Ama, I owed her the trust that she had in me, so I broke through the clouds of self-inflicted torture that felt very comfortable and safe.

I was re-born to help her in her mission.

It was a beautiful spring day of 1630, and I’ve been in Ama’s household for over 7 years. Ruben left Ama’s life a year earlier and I felt Life and beauty flowing through my veins.

That day’s spring breeze found a mission in destructing my focus, one moment, I stared at the

moon, another, observed the cherry blossom, or smelled my favourite rose - Moon.

Ama was with me chanting about her favourite, the secrets of the alchemy of the soul: "Your body is a chariot, horses are thoughts and emotions, and the charioteer is the soul. The chariot, horses and the charioteer, a body, mind, and soul, they all play a role in the speed of our movement towards enlightenment and the state of happiness we are able to achieve. If the horses lead the journey, the chariot might never move or it might move too fast or take the opposite direction; and if the horses are strained or abused they might die of exhaustion before reaching the destination;"

"If they are let loose they will stop to eat, sleep, they will fight and will not care less about the charioteer." I added playfully, following her little comparison.

"Correct, if the mind is let to rule, it will behave as wild horses, it will disobey, struggle and possibly kill the charioteer."

"If the chariot (our body) is not in a good condition, it will break during the journey, and no matter how good the horses are, the speed of the chariot will diminish and the journey might end before its time." I added listening to her giggle.

"Correct, body has to be respected..." She added flirtingly.

"Can I now respect your body", I leaned to touch her

belly. Dancing with words.

"Across the stones and through the deep waters, inevitably breaking my wheels, always cursing God for it." My hand has disappeared inside her blouse.

"Better ever than never," said Ama. Putting her hand onto my lips, her touch was enchanting. This was the closest we have ever been to each other.

"The soul, how do I listen to my soul? I asked moving a step forward, allowing her to feel my heart-beat.

For a moment, that lasted an eternity, we were close enough that I could hear her heart-beat.

"During my strenuous training, I got used to ice baths to strengthen my body's response to colds and diseases. More physical work made me stronger, I moved my threshold of hunger, but now I wish to explore SeX, I whispered in her ear."

"Every single day we are given a choice to make or break the mechanism that is given to us to survive!"

"The body's limits should always be challenged and pushed a step further but steps should be small and done one by one, because jumping two at the time can cause a fall..." She retreated in a playful game.

To understand my chariot was a life-long task, the task that needs a strong Will Power, so I thought: finally, this one is within my powers, not a problem at all.

A merge with Cosmic Love and Cosmic Light, my essence wished to merge with hers.

She looked at me, believing in the powers I never knew I had.

"I met many followers and a few leaders and leaders are always worth fighting for," Ama said.

My Warrior of Light, please, from now on, call me Vishnu. It is Light that will transform me, Pure Light.

This Web felt as a living creature difficult to understand and visibly catch.

Knowledge at that time enters freely.

The True Self is centred in Love.

If you realise your True Self, **you will not need suffering**, you will understand what a waste of time suffering is, when Consciousness can be your choice. On the opposite scale of suffering you will find Love. So, to stop longing for the states of suffering, we need to actually train ourselves in loving! We need to learn to breath Love, speak Love and be Love every single moment of our lives. Love controlled by Will.

"Train me Love, my princess, whisper about Love." I demanded. "Talk to me about Being in Love, about the Merge of the Black Queen and White King," Blowing words into her ear.

"Love is supreme, it expands and overcomes boundaries, it melts all it touches." her hips were around mine.

"When I met you, my life changed." My breath caresses her neck.

My arms were now firmly nested inside her dress, I pushed her body close to mine, our blood pulse, our breath became one.

"Love is not something foreign or external," I took Ama taking her shiver into my Being. "God gave us love, but it is not true that He or She has ever taken it away from us. Not true." I moaned. "Remember it..."

Learning how to love I offered a prayer so deeply devout to Her Majesty, to Venus, to the Goddess of the Sea. I offered the prayer like a simple man, waiting for a swift punishment, repentance and I got none, just the deliverance and joy of a newly found child.

My wilful disobedience carried me into the continents where God does not reign, where the crown is on Her Majesty head.

"Do you feel the Love's flame burning our bones," I asked Ama, not letting her move away from the magic of my touch. "Wonderfully warm with full chests, your strong spine, silky skin, your excitement to meet me carried within the scent of roses."

Deep within I know that Love is the answer to my urge to merge with One.

May the grace of Love of the stars be yours. I kissed her left cheek

May the grace of Love of the winds be yours. I kissed her right cheek

May the grace of Love of the waters be yours. I kissed her forehead

In the name of the World of All Life, Let you become Love. My lips met hers and disappeared within so much expected kiss that took us into a journey around our little planet Earth.

Uplift the heart and feel kisses of stars and breathe of angels upon your body, She is around.

Force and fire, beauty and strength, laughter of delight and souls filled with divine drunkenness, her nature is Love, her blood is immortal divine nectar, Ambrosia that brings eternal life, through Her Beauty the wonder of the Universe opens in front of my eyes, she gives unimaginable joy and to love her is better than all things.

Her body is a palace of which each stone is a separate jewel and I marvel it and worship it, one by one. Her presence is the very light of God and my thoughts are smitten dead before her.

To lie in her bosom, feel her hands, smell her scents, to come to her joy, to love her, to yearn for

her, to merge with her, I live. Becoming pure for her, I give, open and dissolve, I befall innocent, transparent, newly born.

Invoking Gods I drink her, love her, disappear in her, for beautiful she is, desirable and in union with her, I enter Understanding.

Rejoicing within the secret temple of her body, eyes burn with desire, for she is Life and Love, our bodies are one, our minds are one, our love is one, Separation becomes Unity.

Yin merges with Yang in the sacred union of a man and a woman. The tiger meets the dragon, water mixes with fire and the woman becomes one with the man dancing in the act of making love. We complete each other and our exchange creates a perfect harmony.

Awakening the original Self I immerse myself within her, she is my guru, I am hers and we are devoted to the eternal joy of bliss.

Becoming one with the great rhythms of nature, free from desires, we both become perfect. The union of Shiva and Shakti release the nectar of purest gold within our bodies and this gold, as radiant as sun is the elixir of immortality. The end of our union is in pure bliss, pure joy.

The Light glows ever brighter, all my senses unsteady, smitten with ecstasy, I am the Lord of Light, Love, and Life, flowering the influence of Sun,

staying eternally young, innocent and beautiful, dancing the dance of the creation of the Universe.

Rays from our bodies pierce in every direction inviting the Lady of the Stars to join our dance, we are not each one, nor two merged into one, we are all that was and will be ever created on Earth.

We are, what we are supposed to be all the time, what we are born to be, bright Gods, feeding on delight!

I am not my body any more, I detach observing two bodies completely immersed in their love play. With her hands she held his face, her hair caresses his hands, their lips merged together gently and strong, inseparably, completely tinted with an elixir of love. Their faces mirrored bliss and with every movement they danced extreme love they felt for each other.

Merged in One in the dance of creation, disappearing for the world around them, knowing only the other and this divine ecstasy, her belly button was touching his and her breast were pressed against his chests, her nose against his nose and forehead against each other, in an embrace that lasted eons.

A passer-by, many centuries later saw their materialised image through the Galactic space and time, and in an amazement whisper 'Look at that rock, doesn't it remind you of two lovers merged together.'

Warm and soft were their hands, softer than touch of any silk speaking of adoration, complete giving,

absorbed in the love play. She was his and he was hers and they were not in their bodies any more, many became One and One divided into many and they knew, finally they knew, what it is like to be one with God. Flowing, overflowing, disappearing, breaking all known-s to enter into Life pure, innocent, and without fears, dissolving the limits of time. Two, fused in one, got the power of many, liberated within their own creation.

Expanded beyond this Universe, in Silence and in Screams, they thought each other the mystery of Being.

His erection was strong and he was moving slowly, relaxed and in controlled manner, vitality and energy encircled them and they were spontaneity, naturalness and freedom.

Their hearts beat faster, the faces blush and energy flows in waves, revealing mystical moments of two souls merging together. She became his Highest Priestess and he became her Master and Supreme Lover, they initiated each other in the mysteries of Love.

Finding each other they found what is dearest to their hearts, that opens them and inspires them to experience vastness and strength of the most powerful energies of the Universe.

The heat building and rising up the spine to the brain, giving both a sense of bliss. Playing gently, unhurried, resonating perfectly they lived within the beauty of their merge. After hours of this perfect

Unity where Will is no more and breath becomes like the one of a baby within a womb, they became Immortal.

She as a cosmic creative force of birth and re-newel, receiving his energy, his fire, his strength, openly and lovingly, closing the circle between the two, Yin and Yang of the Universe.

Subtle as Earth, imperceptible as Water, bright as Fire, free as Air, infinite as Space we became One. Transcending all elements belonging to this world, helping metals become its higher self, become gold, speeding the time, moving through the space, achieving immortality within the merge of two.

It was two years after our first merge when Fra Thomas visited us with his personal mission to arrest Ama accusing her of witchcraft.

In Ama's household among many other books I found the book you all already heard about, the Hammer of Witches, the manual of the witch hunters that in details explained the process of the witch hunt.

*The **method** of beginning an examination by torture is as follows:*

*First, the jailers prepare the implements of **torture**, then they **strip the prisoner** (if it be a woman, she has already been stripped by other women, upright and of good report).*

*And when the implements of torture have been prepared, the judge, both in person and through other good men zealous in the faith, tries to persuade the prisoner to confess the truth freely; but, if he will not confess, he bid attendants make the prisoner fast to the **strapped** or some other implement of torture.*

*And, while he is being tortured, he must be questioned on the articles of accusation, and this frequently and persistently, beginning with the lighter charges-for he will more readily confess the lighter than the heavier.*

*But, if the prisoner will not confess the truth satisfactorily, other sorts of tortures must be placed before him, with the statement that unless he will confess the truth, he must endure these also. But, if not even thus he can be brought into terror and to the truth, then the next day or the next but one is to be set for a continuation of the tortures - not a repetition, for it must not be repeated unless new evidences produced.*

Ama warned me of Fra Thomas.

He was never my favourite, he reminded me of a headless chicken running in circles, still believing it's world is the world of living.

That day, he came to arrest Ama and Ama, my love, my soul-mate did not allow me to interfere.

I could have smashed him as a fly, with one hit of the palm against the wall, I could have thrown him

out and waited until he returns with many more men that claim that they have the authority to arrest, torture or kill the innocent, I could have waited for them all. I could have given my life for Ama if she just allowed me to do so.

But the evening before Fra Thomas came to our house, Ama told me about the re-building of my Web and the task that I had in this life-time.

“You have to,” she said, “re-build the Web that you have so carefully constructed in your previous life, the life of a murderer, the life of somebody who does not like people, who can kill and hurt others without any hesitation.”

The key of all my efforts was in changing this Web through changing violence into non-violence.

The violence that was breastfed into my Being since the very beginning of my journey on this little blue Planet was within this Web, the violence that is the main theme of our Religious upbringing. My task was to act differently, to attempt to uproot this violent behaviour from my personal Web.

Understanding the Web and its influence, constantly changing its structure, hoping that one day a new re-born field will face me offering me a chance to act differently. In the same way I was in the past trained to kill, now I was training how to live life without violence.

“What you need to understand,” Ama said, “is that you are not re-building only your Web but also the

Web of your ancestors, your family, your neighbours, your surroundings, your offspring, the Web of the whole world with its core within the militant and insensitive.”

My personal war against my negative conditioning grew into the war against the Humankind’s strong predisposition to kill if we believe the cause is just.

She took me aside whispering: “Promise, you will not, under any circumstances, go back to the world of killing. A Warrior takes a responsibility for his acts and the intent of NOT KILLING is so very important. With the fulfilment of this promise you will also change the world of similar behaviour around you. Keeping the promise you help the humankind get rid of the thirst for killing.”

Fra Thomas wanted to take her that evening, to put her in a prison, to torture her, with a wish to kill her, and I was there watching this little man, and listening to the strong impulse that was guiding my being: This time it is RIGHT to kill!

All these years Ama trusted me. She trusted my Light and left me to develop within the glow of Her enlightened being. Now she needed my response, to save her meant going back to the Web, to save her meant I would betray her guidelines, break the promise, jump out of the Path, go back to the violence, and all of my being wanted to so -: go back to the violence! My Soul was bouncing in a dance of opposites, in a dance of white and black.

God sent me Fra Thomas, the temptation too difficult to face.

Coming out of the room hearing his words of the arrest with only one thought: I am here to save you my love, I will not see any authorities torture you, I don't give a damn about the Web, I will change your destiny, the world does not need such beautiful martyrs. With a simple wrist movement, Fra Thomas will no longer belong to the Land of Living, he will go to Hell, where he belonged to. Soon, I might follow him there too. In fact, if we meet again, up there, me and Fra Thomas, in the midst of the fire, I will still chase him and kill him if he even dreams of hurting you. She was more precious than all the eternity of Hell. I had no doubts, determined in the righteousness of my act!

Within the next scene that unfolded in front of me, Ama stood a few centimetres away from me. Our motion slowed down as though somebody touched us all with the magic wand. I could feel myself losing the power, feeling my legs becoming heavier.

She raised her hand and the silk of her dress rubbed against my cheek, she touched me in between my eyes and this touch was the last one I could remember. Within seconds everything ceased to be, unfolding the secret of my Life. I saw a point of dense, brilliant light growing brighter and stronger in the centre of the dark that surrounded me.

The light was coming from the centre of the earth, entering my body as a breath of fire. My spine, my bones, the skull, jaw, and teeth, my muscles, they were all shaking, receiving this divine flow. The

divine energy was entering my system forcefully, with great power expanding. The energy was coming down from the sun, moon, planets, and it was bright and luminous, powerful and warm. Lost within this expanding consciousness, within love, within this living golden fire I saw a vision, a woman of indescribable beauty.

"A Warrior chooses his path and he follows it unconditionally," Ama said. "Un-conditionally..."

This was the day of my final transformation.

There was no person on Earth that I trusted and loved more dearly than Ama, there was no person whose opinion meant more to me than hers. Ama gave me a chance to understand the difference between human love and Divine Love, a chance to bring this experience to the Web of Humankind.

I am since long dead but my eyes stay fixed on this little blue planet just in case She decides to return, sheltered by Her wisdom, I might be able to surrender to Her path to its very end.

*'However much we have drifted on the ocean of suffering,  
today we see clearly that there is a beautiful path.  
We turn toward the light of loving kindness  
to direct us.'*

*Anonymous*

## Lilith

As long as the belief is: we need suffering to grow,  
the world will be suffering and the belief will  
be limiting

All through human existence you have faithfully worshiped me and my powers, worshiping your own weaknesses. Stronger your limitations, stronger the manifestation of my powers.

All through human existence you carefully collected the dust of my feet and distributed it among yourselves, whispering stories of my victories, feeding on the grossest parts of my reality.

All through human existence you adored me and evoked my presence addicted to my being, my shrouds of secrets, and shadows.

Only a few manage to turn away from my gaze and look at the light that lives around me. As a gate-keeper of the worlds of darkness. I exist within your minds and am worshiped more than any other God.

Where there is Life, and there is Consciousness, I exist.

My name is Lilith, and I am Adam's first wife and was thrown out of Paradise because I refused to surrender to him. Refusing to live with Adam, I chose a life with demons, with whom I have innumerable children. God sent his angels to find me and with them a punishment, one hundred of my

children were killed each day. This made me mad with grief and that is when I decided to retrieve into the shadows of your minds.

Like my sister, Kali, the black Indian Goddess who drinks the blood of her victims and wears human heads around her neck, I also wear a terrible mask of suffering and Death. I am otherwise known as Black Moon, the one that creates and destroys Life, the raw, untamed, murky secret of your own nature, the suppressed, shadow-side of your personality, your deep desire to separate from God and live in my embrace, suffering.

Facing me is not easy, because I awaken within you all your fears, the dark becomes darker and your demons multiply, shaking the very essence of who you are, who you were and who you would like to be.

If you feel doubt, withdraw, if you feel insecure, withdraw! Facing me, understanding me, to finally detach from my powers, is the road of the Warriors and only the Determined will have an access to it. This is the road of the few.

To discover me, you will need to put away the idea of two and be of one body, entering into the road of your hidden nature, the nature that worships Suffering.

The rhythm that led to Her was hypnotic, Ruben felt it within his bones, magical, it was the rhythm of his dreams. As in a dream, hearing drums in the background, feeling secure and loved for the last

time, feeling sorrow creeping into my heart, knowing that the time has come to enter a different world, the world so well-known and yet so mysterious, she invited me to step forward and enter the greatest mystery of the human existence, Her world, the world of Lilith.

To take you away from familiar faces, familiar sounds, touches of console, and the remembrance that you are not alone, that is my mission. In my world, Light will disappear. On this journey, you will become one with others vibrating bodies, your brothers and sisters in sorrow, you will merge with them. Prepare to receive the energy of fear and awakening, of burning tension of final initiation.

To learn the secret, you will become one with men living around you, now and 100s of years ago and 1000s of years ago, one with their lives, with their sufferings, with their fears.

I was waiting for you, so many years, with the cup that you called for, so that you could get to know the bottom, get to know me, Black Moon, Black Mother, Lilith.

Let's enter into my stage and peek into one of Many heads.

The name you know, it is Ruben! Step forth so all could see.

*The only thing he knew is that he was surrounded with clouds of despair, experiencing the end of his worlds. He was within, what he called 'his body', at*

*the edge of a cliff, above the sea, wanting to die.*

*And even though he was experiencing misery, desolation, hopelessness, he felt one with the beings around him. Thoughts, worries, life with its past, future and present, everything disappeared. He was a part of one body that danced in a circle finding its cause, moving towards the end of life and creation, going back to the beginning, to its Creator.*

Put away the idea of Many and be of one body!

Drink from my essence, from the very source of pain, from the cup that is specially prepared for you, Ruben, carefully taking care of your-own weaknesses.

Ruben listened to the wind hauling through the cliffs and he heard Ama's voice breaking through his storm and there was Aum in Her voice. 'You are now on-your-own!

He looked around his-isolated-mind and he took Lilith in, seeing people around, familiar faces and strangers, looking, as though they know him, each one with a different experience of the same suffering, each one with a wound that still needs healing.

*Within my nightmare I got surrounded by abandoned babies, separated lovers, abused children, bruised mothers, liars, murderers, sickness, broken bodies, refugees, burnt houses, miscarriages and loses, Death in Her many forms, surrounded by pain, pain everywhere, from the very*

*beginning of time, to its very end.*

*My tremble entered the space of no shame and no return, I became one with Many that surround me, one with you that so much hope that you will escape from this bitter cup.*

*I was a baby almost choked to death by its umbilical cord and the words whispered to me were 'Fight or you will die, breathe or this will be your last breath, you are alone.!'*

*Their dreams pulsed for a moment, disappearing, dissolving fast as though they have never existed, and she caught his hands, looked deep into his eyes and heard him speak about love that will last forever.*

*The world had stopped.*

*In the middle of her pain, I was left alone.*

*Why couldn't we be together? Zeus split the lovers in half, condemning them to spend their lives searching for the other half, and I found my half just to leave it to another endless search.*

*Isn't it possible to re-live everything from the beginning, to stop the time, to change the place, to re-construct the end? If we are destined for each other, why can't we just Be Together?*

*Observing this strange game! Me, Ruben, the big preacher, philosopher, leader who could give many spiritual advises in his youth, and guide the masses*

*through their sufferings, now, had to put up his own Life onto the Lilith's stage, his own Heart under the grounding wheel, enter the endless circle of suffering Me.*

*Led to despair in this test, I screamed hitting the boundaries of my own skin, I screamed trying to be heard in this world of faceless faces walking on this Earth not noticing anybody, screaming a silent scream that tore apart my insides. Death no longer scared me, it was the emptiness of Life...*

*The question 'why me?' is irrelevant, it is for the weak ones, for the ones who don't have the Wisdom to see the universality of this crazy feeling...*

*Diving deeper into my own fixation of separateness, into my own scream, I saw myself at five, at twenty, at forty, 100s of years ago, and far down the path of the future, and God was always there, and she, Lilith, was always there.*

*My mother stood next to the window every morning looking at a house across the river, wishing to be a part of its household, dreaming and praying for a new life that will bring her happiness. I saw her wish come true, moving to the house of my father, now standing next to the window of the new home, looking at the old house, every single day, waiting for the sunrise with the same thought: I wish that I can go back in time and be in the house across the river where I was happy.*

*Seeing my father madly in love, ready to kill and die for the chosen one, always leaving her every time*

*she completely gave him her heart and I saw him suffering lonely surrounded with strangers from lack of love.*

*I saw lovers who were not meant to be together because their families wouldn't allow it or they lived in different places or because of the age difference or difference in class, or because they were separated by wars, poverty, disease and I saw them dying of broken hearts.*

*In the midst of the play, of my own theatre, my own game, the scenario continued with unlimited number of roles. As long as the belief is: we need suffering to grow, the world will be suffering and the belief will be limiting...*

*Stumble in despair, search for her, in the branches of the trees hanging over the cliff, asking: why? why suffering? My misery needed an answer.*

*This was definitely not a mistake nor a coincidence, God as a perfect conductor invented Lilith for a reason!*

*The vision came back to haunt me. This time I was in my own body sometime in the future. Inside, there were only broken bones. There has been nothing before and there will be nothing after this feeling of deep sadness. Lilith voice said.*

*My face disappeared within the white mist, I was a dead man walking, with the head in my hands, puzzled why everybody is looking. I was a walking pain.*

*You are the man who once had everything, Lilith said, a warm home, an exciting mission, a powerful church, your friends, your loved one, they all disappeared, at once.*

*I turned around, I thought I've heard God laughing.*

*If I wanted money, I got it, piles of it. If I wanted power, people were at my feet, wanted me to like them, wanted me to nod in an approval, wanted me to send a blessing, wanted me to smile. If I wanted love, I got a most amazing woman falling in love with me, if I wanted Knowledge, it accumulated within my mind to excite the followers. I had everything and I had a freedom to choose. All through my life I had a freedom to choose...*

*My Soul was in pain.*

*Today with no love, no friends, no mission or future to call my-own, I heard my thoughts echoing through the valley.*

*The same people that once admired me, now, despised me. Walking alone through the mazes of unknown streets, lost in my thoughts I was looking for the meaning of life.*

*The belief in God did not offer comfort, why, why would a soul choose a life of separation, why would we constantly come back to suffering?*

*Suddenly a child was trapped inside of me, crying. My heart bled listening its screams. The little one was hurt and there was nothing I could do to stop its*

*anguish. The rain within the depths of my heart smelled of the fear invading. You all probably are familiar with the sound of a child crying! The scream that is complete, frantically devoted to its core, expressing the pain of the whole mankind. The cause is lost, the reason gone, just the cry stays, merging with the screams of many unconscious us.*

*Shhhhhhhhh, my dear one, some tried to console it, shhhhhhhhhh. Gentle whispers, shhhhhhhhh, our loved one, shhhhhhhhhh, the voices offered hope, warmth and love. We'll secure your little body, calm your little mind, guard you from attacks of evil and the feel of the mother's protected womb. Calm down, our dear one, calm down, they tried. All for nothing... The child's cry lasted for hours. Hours...*

*After I had stopped crying I bowed to the child within me that needed this cry drowned within the spheres of unassuming, I now understood, the humankind need to suffer is very deep. I meditated, the human need to love is very deep.*

*Love gives, just like a flower would, giving its fragrance to the world, completely, unassuming, unconditionally. Ama danced through her love game singing. But now, when Ama is gone, just a thought of her name brought back an instant sharp physical pain.*

*A thought crept into my mind, a thought planted within me all these years of priesthood: the pain is not useless, remember, it has its own purpose. You have decided to leave the Garden of Eden, life there was too easy, too comfortable, you were not alert.*

*Shaking off this thought, I could almost hear Ama laughing hearing these words 'and your understanding gets more and more profound but it is still very childlike'.*

*'Stop the dance for a moment', I pleaded.*

*'When you stop the dance, a miracle happens, entering the sound of Silence, the pain disappears.'*

*Shaken out of my dream state, observing my little stage, I saw the pain as a companion constantly seeking attention, appearing and disappearing, becoming the centre illusion, whenever I let it Be.*

*Suffering teaches us compassion. I was not entirely sure were these my thoughts or thoughts of the humankind that knows of no other way...*

*Within the sound of waves breaking underneath my feet, I could again hear Ama laughing. These were words of Ruben who is consoling his flock.*

*But there surely is another way, I screamed into nothingness.*

*When did all of this begin? I cannot see the end of it, but there must have been a beginning!*

*A bird flitted from my sight taking with it a thought of suffering that was with me since the beginning of time.*

*'The moment has never happened', I've heard Ama,*

*'It is all an illusion,*

*Its birth, its existence, its reality,*

*All of it is in your head.'*

*Holding on to my imaginary conversation with Ama  
for it was the only sane corner within the alley of my  
misery, I dived into it with a spark of hope as a  
drunk-man faced with a medusa's deadly glow.*

*You were in love with me yesterday, you are in pain  
today and you will not remember me tomorrow.*

*I will always remember you, I stopped her!*

*Don't say always, she said, always does not exist...*

*Always, always, always, I repeated my little mantra.*

*Nothing is static, you are that endless combination  
of your thoughts, feelings, cells. In reality, with no  
static you, we just have a series of memories  
implanted within your brain.*

*Will you remember me? I insisted.*

*If I paint your image and frame it, the reality of that  
image will be gone even before you completely  
become aware of its existence.*

*You are being cruel to me! I stopped her. Is that  
because I left you?*

*You live in our past and in the thought of the future we will never have and these two you call yourselves, but both of them are not real. Ama was correct.*

She wiped a tear rolling down my cheek releasing it into a crack of a stone, where it formed a crystal millions of years later that hid a story of my lost and never-again-to-be-found love.

She took my hand delivering me onto a journey with my past. Come with me now into the narrow streets of Macao contemplating Life and our original sin, separation from God. Come with me into the head of a young Ruben, the head of a priest that has just moved to China, some decades ago, before he fell in love and before he left his beloved.

Come with me into your past, in hope to find the key, and in some future lives avoid my bitter cup. Enter his story once again, but be aware, that we could be a part of any man's life, going into any other century or place, following the destiny, walking on our journey towards the Truth.

*I saw a bird that fell out of its nest, just born, beautiful in its fragility and it died under a tree, all in front of my eyes. I saw it dying... Giving birth and being born is painful; ageing as decaying surrounds us, nature is cruel...*

*Ruben smelled the air, he felt the spring in his lungs. He felt the first sun rays caressing his forehead.*

*Does the grass know that it is dying and does a bird suffer when her baby falls out of the nest? We, humans, give it much more strength and much more importance than any other living creature.*

*Being conscious of how temporary Life is, we suffer, contemplated Ruben.*

*We all pass through the same movements: birth, growth, wish to procreate, wish to socialise, decay, death, the only thing that separates, you and me, from other living beings on this little planet Earth is that we are conscious of what is happening to us. We are conscious of the Life's game, of the eternal spiral and this causes us pain. Yet, the same consciousness accelerates our search for the higher meanings in Life.*

*The same consciousness gives us strength to continue our journey.*

Ruben took the fragile body into his hands creating a little tomb for the dead bird. Its body still looked perfect mirroring the miracle of Life.

Looking at it, Ruben saw the Universe as a vast organism that breathes and develops, with its parts moving and interacting, creating a mysterious resonance that constantly changes.

He buried the little bones covered in feathers, blessed it with leaves, leaving behind just a few traces of a human interaction with Nature, that wind will disperse returning to the perfect balance. The

Death will in no time become invisible to the eyes of passers-by.

*We all dance within this stage, within Life, thought Ruben, still kneeling down after his little funeral, and while dancing, we seek to understand this web of energies. Is this the essence of our Work? This understanding of Life and Death?*

Looking up, through the trees, into the clouds, he couldn't help feeling, that someone is watching attentively...

Ever desire-less, one can see the mystery  
Ever desiring, one can see the manifestations

**Tao Te Ching**

# A Man Training to Be

## *A Nirvana's Dance*

The air smelled of pine. Cool air covered my skin and the moon looked at me, talking – in signs. Lost in the movements, I was seeking the End. Looking within...

Alone, in the presence of others, all my life I walked the dream of Life.

Dressed in white with a transparent body of Light, a vision appeared, a vision of my enlightenment. A wind follows Her subtle, gentle being, she is the Master of the surrounding waters. She took my Heart and the same Heart painfully trapped by my Mind, was now released, re-birthing in Joy filled with strength and beauty.

A sign engraved on my forehead set me apart from the islands of man. The sign carried the question and the answer, shining as a star marking the beginning and the end of the journey.

She said: At the beginning there was a word, word and a sound.

God was that sound.

Sound was a vibration and vibration was energy.

Life decided to move away from God.

God has decided to create Life.

And it all started materialising, here, on Earth.

Cells, living organisms, grass, trees, enlightened trees, beautiful old trees that concurred death able to live for thousands of years.

Cells, living organism, forming into animals, evolving into humans that try to break the circle of life and death through consciousness.

Identifying with the separateness created an isolation of units and an illusion of division from Life.

Consciousness opened eyes to suffering, opening a channel for accelerated growth and the everlasting wish to break the circle of Life and merge with God – NOW.

From stone to stone, a walk became a run, Orion smiled at me from above. The visibility was low, I felt the confidence building protected by the stars and the Moon light hidden behind a cloud in the distance. The spirits of Water, Stone and Wind accompanied me. The strength of Earth supported me through the sounds and whispers of the night. Very soon, a little goat within me found its way following the inborn trust in its own steps. From stone to stone, with every breath, closer and closer to the sea. I jumped over the water pools, avoiding the cracks, animals, worlds of unknown, caves of damp and darkness, walking the edge, closer and closer to the sea.

All through my journey, the call stayed clear, coming from the depths of waters, merge with One!

We know you, we belong to the same gap in Time. Our heartbeat connects with yours. You are given the chance to sail the wave of our truth and move the boundaries between the understandings of two realities. You have seen the birth of Venus. The foam's crystal white, from the depth of the sea, through stone and wind, the shell emerged caring the beauty of the pearl in its hidden core. Opening to you, disclosing secrets of birth and death in its golden transformation, She unfolded.

In between reality and dreams there was a World where I trusted Orion and Earth carried over the rocks into that world of altered realities. Merged with Life I understood the powers within me.

The Sea has given me its code. Blue and endless, it surrounded the whole of my being, it entered my core. Running through my blood, spiraling my skin, moving within the cells of my body, it gave me the ability to become It. I finally could communicate with Life understanding its movements, breathing, the process of evolution, the emergence of cells, the process of growth.

Entering the Lotus of Heart, still in trance, experiencing minutes as hours, days, eons, I've heard Her voice:

*'May the clarity of my vision guide you, for I am a part of you.*

*May my breath become your breath and fill you with Life.*

*May my words find a place of truth within your heart.*

*Allow my love enter your body with the gift of Life.*

*May you become this most precious gift; your Divine Nature.*

*Through our time together, may you know Yourself.*

*In that knowing, may you find your true home, the God within.'*

Finally alone with no roles to play, I was the loneliest person on Earth and completely fulfilled.

At the very beginning of my journey.

She was with me many times since, in dreams, guiding my Soul gently and firmly, always closer to One.

On my journey, 5 years later, sitting around the fire during one cold winter day, I heard a story that best described Her nature, her name was Nirvana.

Is there such a thing as wind?

Of course there is, came the reply.

What is its colour, its shape, its thickness?

It has no colour or shape or thickness.

Can one touch it and can it be shown?

No, it cannot be touched and it cannot be shown.

If it cannot be shown, how do you know it exists?

I am positive it exists, even if it cannot be seen.

Nirvana is like that.

It cannot be touched, or seen.

But we are positive it exists.

Last time I saw Her, was the night before I died, again in my dream. She came to visit. Compassion personified. My mission on Earth was fulfilled, I was ready to leave this realm realised and peaceful.

**V.I.T.R.I.O.L.**

***Visita***

***Interiora***

***Terrae***

***Ractificando***

***Invenies***

***Occultum***

***Lapidem***

# **Visita Interiora Terrae Ractificando Invenies Occultum Lapidem**

Fire, Water, and Air.

Being, Knowledge, and Bliss.

Sulphur is a male fiery manifestation of the Universe, it is activity, desire, the Rajas that is seen as energy, excitement, fire, brilliance, restlessness, the swift and creative, it is the initiative of all Being. It represents sudden and violent but impermanent activity. If it persists for too long, it will burn and destroy.

Mercury is fluidity, intelligence and power of transmission, it is the energy sent forth. Represents the Wisdom, the Will, the Word of creation whose speech is silence, it is Satva that is calm, intelligence and balance. It represents creation in all forms. Unexpected, he unsettles any established idea.

Salt is the vehicle of two forms of energy. The formula of our Universe is Love governed by Venus. She combines the highest spiritual with the lowest material qualities – Love materialised on Earth. Born in water, from mud, she bears the lotus. Salt is inactive principle of Nature and it is seen as Tamas – darkness, inertia, sloth, ignorance, death. It is matter that must be energised by Sulphur to maintain the equilibrium.

Life has emerged as an interplay of the three elements and as such is in a state of continuous change. Nothing can remain in any phase where one state is predominant. Three elements flow into each other, reward of an effort is peace that ultimately sinks into the original inertia.

In the process of creation, the Black King is marrying the White Queen, the male and the female principle in Nature are merging. The energy sent forth through the Will, is penetrating the female aspects of the Universe to create Life. The formulation of any idea creates its opposite and this preserves the equilibrium of the Universe. The opposites are equal and they manifest in various forms, Sun and Moon, Light and Darkness, Fire and Water, Air and Earth, Spirit and Soul. The result of the marriage is the Orphic egg that is the essence of Life – the colour of egg is grey. It is capable of taking any possible form.

Any Thought merging from Life becomes a Separation and it can be balanced if it is married with its Contradiction. The merge brings equilibrium, the white woman now has a black head, the black king a white one, the fire burns up the water and the water extinguish the fire to be harmoniously mingled at the end. Below the Abyss, contradiction is division, but above the Abyss, contradiction is Unity.

The formula of continued life is death.

The formula of ascending above the Abyss is resurrection.

In the process of transformation the life form from the Orphic egg has to die to be reborn again.

The spirit, as mighty fire descends and connects itself with now completely purified soul giving re-birth to the divine man. The King and the Queen are resurrected to give a birth to the new body. The merge, this time, led by conscious effort, brings love and joy into heart of man, creating the light that will destroy and re-create the world.

Within the earth's womb each metal grows slowly developing and transforming into its perfection, its highest manifestation – gold. Nature and God are striving towards perfection, everything moves towards One. Just as human strive to become fully conscious, so all the metals strive to reach their purest state – gold.

Gold by its nature does not rot or decay and that is why it is the most precious. Gold is not receptive to oxygen that is breath of life for living organisms.

***Visita interiora terrae ractificando invenies occultum lapidem.***

Visit the interior parts of the Earth: by rectification you shall find the hidden stone.

V.I.T.R.I.O.L. is a balanced combination of the three alchemical principles, Sulphur, Mercury and Salt.

Through the rectification the new life is created.

Through the rectification Spirit and Soul merge creating a new body, a new divine personality.

Through the rectification life is correctly led in the path of the True Will. Love is the law, Love controlled by Will.

Through the rectification True Will springs from within as a fountain of Light and the flow of Love leads into the Ocean of Life.

Through the rectification action brings Perfection that is Silence and every form of energy is directed, applied with integrity to the full satisfaction of its destiny.

*when a particle and antiparticle touch  
they both disappear in a burst  
of gamma radiation  
that generates huge amount of energy...*

*can this be Love?*

**Nuit**

---

# ***TREE OF LIFE***

---

A Journey into the Field of Dreams

Nataša Pantović

AND HOW IT HAS ALL BEGUN?

Following the Tree of Life

## INTRODUCTON

This is an adoption story of Ema and Andrej whose hearts beat with mine. All the actors are true within this amazing stage of life.

# Contents

Chapter 1 Maya of Power.....	259
Chapter 2 An Invitation to a Tantric Ball .....	301
Chapter 3 Field of Dreams.....	328
Chapter 4 Alchemy of Soul .....	356
Chapter 5 Alchemy of Humanity .....	372
Chapter 6 Ubuntu: A person is only a person through their relationship to others .....	380
Chapter 7 Spiral .....	387
Chapter 8 Nishagandhi Nisha = night gandhi = perfume .....	394
Chapter 9 Wu Wei .....	404

## Chapter 1 Maya of Power

Power corrupts. Ultimate power corrupts ultimately.

Guerrilla leaders and spiritual gurus share a golden medal within this mad, curious, ever-changing, opportune race for love, respect, and supremacy. Written within our codes as a malfunctioning DNA we learn to compete from very early on. An extension of the survival instinct, deeply carved within atoms, flowing through the rivers of prana, directing the currents of thoughts, coloring canvases of individual auras, competing to be the best in football, better than our siblings, or partners or enemies, showing the neighborhood that we are worth IT, whatever this IT could possibly be.

Within a struggle for more power, belongings, a bigger house, more love, a more beautiful wife, we turn our soul's key, senselessly, in an endless tribal dance. The ancestral drive for supremacy, for fulfilment of happiness, for raising prophets, geniuses, "saviors" of the world to come.

Guerrilla leaders and spiritual gurus competed within this race pretty well, before they lost their throne, in the modern era, to the more sophisticated players, the media created icons, show business Semi-Gods (the art-work of 100s of marketing gurus) that so perfectly exploit our desire for "admiration", adoration, lust.

Many corporations seek to understand the magic inter-play of cult leaders, try to copy their successful methods including them within their team building exercises, strategy implementations, board members incentives. The key is within the trust that is blind, within the weird strenuous mental and emotional journeys that abandon families, die or kill for the leader.

The politicians, media semi-Gods, CEOs of some of the largest corporations on Earth master this intriguing skill of creating a self-contained bubble that follows own to the perfection molded rules,

where “individual” is often abandoned and collective, mysterious is worshiped. The followers are isolated from their friends and family, taken to the dungeons of face-less Boardrooms, within the depths of forests, vastness of caves, into the silence of mountain peaks. With an intimate emotional encounter, often removing the comfort of all known ties to the society, replacing them with the comfort of an ideology.

This scenario becomes further exciting or dangerous if sex or large amounts of money is within the make-up. Born at the time of some of the first ever created show business icons, famous never to be forgotten guerrilla leaders, and perhaps some of the last gurus, I had an honor to observe some of the greatest ones in this ever changing Hermaphrodite Universal stage of consciousness manifestations.

The subconscious material or mind chitta has its own “body” that engulfs the Soul. Each soul from its birth passes through various awakenings, or dissociation from the sub-consciousness.

Mind chitta is an astral vibratory response within the subconscious layers with the precise words, feelings, and thoughts formations. We all enter it unconsciously. An ancient Indian Philosopher Patanjali recognized these dynamics in his Yoga Sutras.

The infinite divisibility of the atom with its rapid transformation prevents the Soul from manifesting. Two atoms react uniquely different when with each other and two Souls have uniquely different encounters. Two mothers exchange parenting knowledge, two grandpas share their illnesses; two lovers interact through a sexual contact. The circumstances dance within the Universal Flow, creating a type of Dough that subconsciously modifies our thinking principle as a Soul materialized on Earth or someone who belongs to a Group.

We naturally belong to various Groups: age, nationality, profession, Religion and 90% of our subconscious mind “belongs” to these dynamics making us learn from each other, yet the conscious manipulation or the “molding” of any group’s dynamic is a fairly recent phenomenon within

Human History.

They were teaching me that even though subconscious mind is more powerful than conscious one can live Consciously.

The subconscious mind is an integral part of the mind that modern psychologists acknowledge as an invisible layer of human consciousness. My research suggests a form of an amoeba rather than a layer, a hermaphrodite, morphed amoeba that in some of its manifestations is covered in mold. I'll tell you in a minute why...

The subconscious mind patterns are programmed by repetition, soul-to-soul contacts and deep emotions. If the emotion is "fear" we run a risk of raising a child that will not properly develop Own-Self but stay in the shadows of the Parents' Will-Power, or a soldier that stays overpowered with his King who consciously or subconsciously wishes him to stay mentally and emotionally weak, so he can kill for his King.

While executing my humble research on Chinese writing characters, I came across some very inspiring findings passed to us "mortals" from Ancient Chinese philosophers. In their wisdom inspired Knowledge, they depicted the mind as both feelings and thoughts, flowing from one's heart and brain. When I found out that if one is saying "I" he points at the tip of his nose, an inner smile symbolically connected the two Eastern philosophies within me, an Indian Guru Sivananda claims that unit consciousness meets the Universal within the So-ham meditation, I am It, is what we repeat, exactly where the breath enters the body.

While meditating on the shores of the Mediterranean Sea facing the East, I let sun and water as the most immanent physical sources of life, whisper secrets of the life of the unconscious.

God, Shiva, Zeus, Yahweh, the divine attributes of omnipotence inspired me this morning using the tone of the voice of Tarantino's main black movie character Samuel L. Jackson who I've seen acting within the *Hateful Eight*, a film released in 2015. Tarantino is an American director, who in the early 1990-ss, as an independent filmmaker released

Reservoir Dogs and who wrote the script for this film in three-and-a-half weeks, believe it or not... The voice of this black man stirring a deep emotional effect within me, for the sound altered mirrored all the Cosmos or the collective unconsciousness that represents Blacks', Maoris', Aborigines', Slavs' or American Indians' struggle against this molded ameba of the sub-consciousness of Humanity.

Kabbalists use blessings and curses while addressing this Grey Egg, to use an allegory of an Alchemist, a Hermetic Vase or Philosopher's Stone, shaped as an egg symbolizing creation; Hinduists work with *tamas*, *rajas* and *satvic* behavior patterns; claiming that it is possible to control Kundalini, symbolically represented as a Snake, if and only if one is a Guru – the banisher of darkness. Christians and Muslims use Devotion, believing anything else to be a black magic act leading eventually to misuse of power in the exact same way Fascists have abused it, having an all “*satvic*” positive behavior patterns - causing mass murders, killing for Goodness, regardless of the “Do Not Kill”, the 1st ever principle we have learned as Humanity.

While exploring our concept of unconsciousness, Hinduists talk about belonging to a Karmic group or belonging to a Casta system, an elaborate matrix of supposedly reincarnated behavior patterns. Within the same quest explaining types of human beings an Astrologer talks about signs of Zodiac, or a Gestalt Psychologist explores a family or a Nation constellations

“For indeed our consciousness does not create itself; it wells up from unknown depths. In childhood it awakens gradually, and all through life it wakes each morning out of the depths of sleep from an unconscious condition. It is like a child that is born daily out of the primordial womb of the unconscious. In fact, closer investigation reveals that it is not only influenced by the unconscious but continually emerges out of it in the form of numberless spontaneous ideas and sudden flashes of thought.”  
Jung, *Psychology and Religion: East*

This multi layered animal, resonates with instincts, security fears and

habits while in the 1st Chakra, ruled by “safety” fears – with small kids and their parents this would be – a fear of dying of hunger. While transcending into higher states of being, within the Hindu philosophy moving from 1st to the 7th Chakra, as patterns deepen and we insist on virtues such as: physical, mental and emotional cleanliness., rhythm, devotion to beauty, gratefulness, compassion, honesty, goodness and conscious behavior, we hope our little ones will stop manifesting unconsciousness in a form of rotten molded ameba, and become inspired conscious human beings.

“Everything subliminal holds within it the ever present possibility of being perceived and represented in consciousness. The unconscious is an irrepresentable totality of all subliminal psychic factors, a “total vision” in potentia. It constitutes the total disposition from which consciousness singles out tiny fragments from time to time.” Jung, Forward to Introduction to Zen Buddhism.

Mystical Christians and Muslims, Tibetan Buddhists and Alchemists all claim with almost certainty that the only way to salvation is to pass the knowledge gained for the benefit of all. Christians and Muslims believe in the ultimate Christ’s sacrifice for the benefit of All of the Humanity.

Alchemists symbolically represent this spiritual path towards enlightenment as a pelican feeding her baby birds with own blood represented in Ripley’s scrolls as a dragon. On the other side of the world, Tibetan Buddhists devised an elaborative meditation practices where the practitioner takes the suffering of the rest of the Humanity as the Highest ever to spiritually experience goal.

My wish is not to convey nihilism; or “destiny pre-determined” thought forms. We as humanity have mastered these – just study any World’s Religion or Jung to further understand these.

It is not “suffering” that has ever fascinated me, but the resurrection of Christ within the Universal Spiritual Growth Spiral.

It is not the circle but the spiral in my limited knowledge, I attempt to

follow, through understanding the poetry of Humanity's Consciousness expressions, through respecting the East and West, Shiva and Shakti, Ancestors, Saints and Scientists, mythology and knowledge accumulated within the Humankind.

As within that old and for-ever abused book - the Old Testament mythology where Lucifer shines light through our understanding of pain, as Souls we wish to move out of our fascination with Pain, out of the predetermined Destiny path, out of constant Fear

As a billionaire manager in the US would do, with his knowledge embedded experiences, he would fully understand he knows nothing, but he will employ the best quality specialists to protect his processes, know-how, strategies, human resources, to perform his marketing, guide his finances and he will trust their abilities to execute this complex task of staying the best within the market

Or, as a billionaire manager in Italy or Japan would do, with his knowledge and experience, he would know with certainty he can trust none but his family members, and he will employ endless "family members" to support him in his growth.

Yet we – Humanity - for their own sake, wish them not to kill all the others in this process

Or the Law makers, who know they know nothing of how complex the Human Nature is because the circumstances constantly change, who inquire, examine, research, so the Humanity with all its animals, plants, rivers will benefit.

We will attempt to explore the spiral.

After a few days in an ashram of a tantric guru Baba-Ji and after a meeting with the IBN executive board in their headquarters in London everything around me had an inkling of a fake, not yet well rehearsed theatre scene. A Big Strumph by all standards, the best in everything he represented, sternly judged each step we took around his Palace, as a

King would use the eyes of his servants and knights. He blessed and cursed through his invisible helpers, his closest devotees, helping his students and workers walk, talk, deciding what to wear, how to breathe, laugh or cry.

Mind you we are just a step away from the physical struggle for survival, separated from the huge battle with the elements, materializing our day-to-day reality only 150 years after the magic of electricity. Pre-electricity there was 600,000 people in Paris, 300 graduates in all of Serbia, with all of our Planet's population being around 1 billion.

In our not so ancient past we had vast lands, a few scholars, an unjust social system with many differences between rulers and the "commoners", differences in life-styles that made one class bath in gold and the other often starve to death. The education with its Lady Knowledge was uneasy in the hands of only the few, often Priests, it wished to explode through the consciousness of all. Just merely 150 years ago the world looked very different.

A busy 150 years we had, busy in all our attempts to establish equality across the races, sexes, cultures, countries... Philosophers, scientists, researchers were rare animals during the 1,000s of years pre-electricity, constrained by famine, sickness, lack of funds, with just a fraction of any research shared amongst the scholars of different countries. Dogmas were our breast-feeding milk while we trusted our Church and Kings to take us into wars, to lead our Crusades, into witch-hunting if necessary, or to proclaim our sacred right to occupy other continents, feel "chosen" to execute His Holy Will.

A huge smiling photo at the entrance hall, subconsciously sending the message of peace to my mind, a father figure, similar to a Jesus image at the altars of our Churches, set straight the hierarchical structure of this place, the group's rules silently demanding adoration towards the Jewel in the Lotus. A familiar recipe seen within many hierarchies.

In China only the ruling class could wear red for 1,000s of years, so if

anyone sees a glimpse of red they assume the royal family lineage paying a due respect. The King is Son of Heaven in many traditions protecting his in-born right to rule as he pleases. It was handy to use God's direct appointment. Gurus have a similar privilege, they also have a direct connection with God, some are born as incarnations of a famous Spiritual Leader or have just recently received a telepathic message or a Holy Spirit blessing.

Like with guerrilla, soldiers, a political party, or a large company, within an Ashram one is asked to take off the old clothes removing the old habits, to forget the old friends, family, customs, books, the good old familiar coffee shop, and all that ever meant comfort, safety, or a hiding place. Following a strenuous daily routine with a lack of sleep and privacy you start building the relationship with your guru, or your Boss.

In no time the life stage becomes so overpowering that the soul forgets that it has ever existed before the moment of entering into the camp. The 'I's shed off their skins, one by one, staying naked and exposed to love of the supreme ideology or the supreme leader always carefully marked within yearly personal reviews.

Incidentally I came across the Baba-Ji's reward and punishment chart. Being a manager myself, I found this rainbow-shaded display of virtues and sins quite intriguing. The colorful bars danced creating almost a childish delight.

The Hindus system of thoughts recognizes 3 gunas: Tamasic as an inert inactive manifestation of forces represented as black, Rajasic as an active alive red force moving projects into action, and Satvic as a violet-blue nature, spiritual, sensitive and intuitive potential that sleeps within us. Divine is represented as White. Within the yogic system there are 7 chakras that are active within each one of us. If any of the chakras is closed we will experience a sickness or a dis-ease. Any misbalance will lead to life challenges, emotional restlessness or mental confusion.

The Hindu system is complex, mystical and magical with shapes,

numbers, sounds, colors, planets, Gods, animals associated with each chakra, at the same time offering a range of tools a spiritual practitioner can use to tune into this amazing instrument called human body, glance secretion and brain chemistry. The science of interaction of gunas, Kundalini snake as the energy flow through the seven chakras is amazingly intriguing.

Within the Baba-Ji's chart each spiritual practitioner was assessed, intuitively judged, personally by Guru and placed within a category of either Tamas (inert, latent), Rajas (full of action) or Satwa (spiritual, subtle), was given a color, a dominant chakra and number of white, silver or gold stars representing good deeds (usually a donation), Karma service, or actions that pleased the Guru. Some got black stars for their misbehavior, or disrespect towards Guru or one of his Devas.

During the 70s and 80s Baba-Ji called himself a tantric guru. While Internet searchers increasingly altered our mind-sets, giving us fast miracle solutions, sharp and clear definitions, and titles that state: '9 Best Relationships Tips for a Happy Marriage', Baba-Ji didn't follow trends and he did stay true to the ancient teachings practicing meditation, promoting vegetarianism, writing books about Spirituality and Sexuality. Even just a mention of the word "sex" got many minds excited, so his life-style of many concubines became his rebellion statement against the Church dogmas and humanity's dreamy standards. Since work with the sexual energy, is far down the future of humanity's efforts to control this life force, blessed are the few who can call themselves Tantric Yogis without building a huge Shadow over their souls.

You should find your Guru. Not challenge him but trust him and give yourself completely. That is when you are going to feel his divine grace...

At the other side of the world, Sai Baba performed his-own set of miracles. He got famous for materializing gold. A golden egg or a ring spit out in the midst of spiritual gatherings... 1,000s of followers flocked

to receive a spiritual gift and guidelines. During the purification and adoration ceremonies all over the world by his students, holy dust materialized on the top of his paintings. Whether he was with his students physically, mentally or just energetically, he helped them go through life whenever he was needed. Since many gathered to witness his miracles, he was surrounded by guards, his speeches were at all times interrupted by delirious screams of disciples entering unconscious adoration trances.

The guru is a manifestation of Divine. He is the supreme one, He is Divine. He dispels darkness and brings light into souls. Another sentence that follows the aura of the chosen One.

Following this definition, a difficult mission for any soul to fulfill, Guru just cannot be wrong, with the supreme knowledge, anybody mentally challenging any information is dubiously questioned and scorned for disrespect. A bit like our Holy Scripts that are divine and cannot be questioned, the stories of his birth, childhood, initiations, are passed in a candle story-teller environment, multiplied, magnified, magic-filled many times over. Thousands of synchronicities get woven into the fabric of a Guru making, so he becomes one and only, unique and inseparable from God and the Crowds. The techniques are many, tried and tested during 1,000s of years, so now the top marketing Gurus try these recipes on various politicians and show-business personalities.

It had all started with a motion that we mortals are insignificant. That the humanity is divided into millions of useless and worthless souls that tick through this life in a dream and a small percentage that realizes this fact, separates from the “useless” going into a pot called “special”. This motion is well supported within any main stream religious document. The majority belongs to the mass that breaths, procreate, works, lives and dies, the chosen ones belong either to a nation, or a sect or a religious movement, and they carry a promise of an eternity.

To “earn” a status of the “special”, one passes through an “initiation”, a sacred rite that unites him (since it was always him) with Divine force,

Holy Spirit or secrets of Kundalini opening. This is why the mantras were always secret, and the methods of meditation kept within the depths of the monasteries. It is an intricate and complex mosaic that kept millions in fear of life, God, death, promising the eternal Hell even for the youngest.

Until recently, preoccupied with keeping our bodies alive we were surrounded by sickness and poverty. Feeding hungry mouths was a major goal in any of the family on our little planet. Educating a child demanded a tremendous effort so all through our history there were only a few who could read, write and they were highly regarded. So much so, that scholars who wrote books were soon after they die moved into a category of “saints” in almost all the cultures on Earth.

Still the motion of the “special” ones kept the Earth turning. The special were the ones coming from the Colonial countries, a bit richer sons were educated, bringing with them the aura of superiority. Just a hundred years ago, reading, writing or travelling was a deep privilege. Having a private doctor, usually meant one also sustained a household full of servants, friends, teachers, employees. Doing anything else but “work” to survive, becoming scientists or artists was a special destiny.

The commodity of free schooling and health, became our reality just very recently and we are all still quite dazed by it.

The King showered grace. Closer to the King, closer to the source of power. The King was so isolated in China that he could not exit the Royal City. Imagine this, you cannot exit your golden prison, always followed by thousands. Does this remind you of the show-business Divas of today? Whether you are an Elvis or a Monro, there is no return on this path of the enchantment of crowds.

Practicing mysticism or magic, can get confusing at times, for it was a matter of life and death at one point of our existence. Worshiping Kabbalah with its set of most amazing tools, Gods, Goddesses, prayers, mantras, colors, angels, mystical angels hierarchies, a mystical Jew could

easily forget God stepping into any Idol worship, worshipping new clothes, music-stars, or gold. Manipulating magic tools, the way Hitler has done, using sound, abusing words, our mental set-up, psychological response mechanisms, with emotional black-mails of millions, transfiguring the swastika symbol, playing a symphony with our conscious and subconscious minds, he turned our drive for goodness into killers' instinct.

So, where do we draw the line?

Materialized in a body of a chimpanzee, with words "VITRIOL" written on his forehead, a soul of a man, once Alchemist, finding himself within these karmic circumstances can testify we are all confused.

Depending of your belief systems, you will either lough at the above sentence or accept it as a possible reality.

The Muslims' belief system encompasses a strong dislike of hell, as an after-life experience, and apocalypse, as a likely event of our future, both Old Testament claims, so worshipping idols, drawing them within their Mosques, is just not an option. Their mysticism is expressed within the most amazing Sufi dancing, poetry expression of likes of Rumi, and use of drumming circles.

The Jewish mystical knowledge is hidden within the most amazing Tree of Knowledge that is a Kabbalist playground of symbols and magic, and their family centered practices are kept within different rituals from the birth of a baby to an encounter with death. Within one of the family rules is the ritual of worship one's wife at least once a week, within the sacredness of the love ritual, reserving that space and time (Friday eve) for the union, so that one will fully worship God the next day, on Saturdays. Christians also devote one day to worship God, on Sundays. Worshipping love and family.

Within the Christian countries that consciously or subconsciously understood the profound dynamics of worshipping love as a quality within one's family home, an image of Mary and her baby appeared as a

symbol in our homes, at the street corners, in Churches, within all the worshiping places. This is such a delicate state of existence, being in a dreamy reality, co-habiting with spirits or perhaps within a morpheic egg, that needs a huge amount of support within its fragility. Worshipping this state when the family is at its weakest, welcoming a new born soul, at the very beginning of the parenting journey that in its own complexity becomes a tremendous transformative spiritual experience to each one of us, parents, is divine wisdom.

Both Muslims and Hindus insist that the union with God should stay our daily encounter so they all pray, or meditate at least twice a day. Whilst eating at the best of Macedonia's Skoplje sweets and coffee shop last year, within the Muslim ancient market side of the city, the owners of the street bars have all at one point just disappeared, got their most beautiful silk woven carpets and joined the crowd praying. It was a beautiful scene seeing them saluting God together.

In his practices, a Hinduist Yogi or a Buddhist will enter silence as his daily practice, known as sadhana, or dharma and will participate in many elaborative ritualistic offerings that are a part of daily reality of any Temple. Within a typical meditation, a Zen monk will practice no thoughts whatsoever, a Hinduist monk might add a mantra (what is mantra) or a symbol (what is mandala) to this practice, or follow a set of steps passed by a Guru, recommended for Kundalini awakening, supported with imagery of 7 chakras and their relationships with one's body.

Within a Christian mysticism, this silent encounter with Divine is within our relationship to art or classical music.

In ancient China, Confucius and Lao Tzu have given people various moral laws of behavior and were also exploring the individual and humanity's relationship with Tao.

Music is a very important instrument of any soul's exploration, so it is exploring various instruments interact within their harmony or

symphony or singing the names of God, whether we are chanting names of Christ in an Orthodox monastery within their 6 hours long morning marathons or Shiva Shakti mantras in the middle of a Hindu temple. It is puzzling when within such a versatile world of practices we start believing that there is only one name of God...

Within the scientific observations of different types of atoms at similar energy levels, the states with the similar behaviour patterns are called: solid, liquid, gas, and plasma. This classification is from the Ancient Greek system of Aristotle, a student of Plato, in 387 BC in Athens, to the outside world better known as the teacher, advisor, & consultant of Alexander the Great who was the first one to travel to Egypt.

Walking the path of a spiral ascend, giving our deep respect to ancestors wisdom and scientists consciousness researches, with the knowledge that even within our history we follow a circle, spinning around the same centers until our souls understand the divine message, observing the ascend and descend of some great Civilizations, we know that our predecessors built Temples worrying greatly if there are to be destroyed.

According to the Bible, the Humanity's first ever Temple, was the Temple of Solomon, the plans still to be found within the ancient religious manuscripts of Israel, that hid within its depth a closed door which is to open only to Messiah.

According to the Old Testament, Solomon Temple, also known as the First Temple, was the Holy Temple in ancient Jerusalem from the 970 BC to 600 BC built by the King Solomon. The temple was dedicated to Yahweh, and it was the place of the Ark of the Covenant containing the original tablets of the Ten Commandments. No archaeological excavations were ever allowed on the Temple Mount. Solomon was a wise king of Israel who succeeded his father, King David. According to the Tanakh, the Temple was destroyed by the Babylonian Empire in 598 BC.

It has all started tells us the Gospels of Matthew (12:42) and Luke (11:31), when the "queen of the South", in Ethiopia well known as Queen Sheba decided to travel from her home-land Ethiopia to meet this wise and generous King Solomon. The Queen was received with honors, given a Palace and respected while exchanging wisdom with the King. Before she left, there was a great feast in the king's palace so Queen Sheba stayed in the palace overnight.

That same night, Solomon had a dream about the birth of the son rising over Israel, moving to shine over Ethiopia and the Byzantine empire. Solomon gave the Queen a ring as a token of faith, and she bore him a son, whom she named Baina-leḥkem, a Son of the Wise Man, later called Menilek, and even today some of the Ethiopian families claim their ancestry from his family. The boy spent his childhood in Ethiopia, and went to Jerusalem carrying his father's ring, and was received with great honors. Prior to leaving, secretly the expedition took the Ark of the Covenant, and brought it to Ethiopia where apparently it hides even today.

Mapping the wisdom of perfect mathematical harmony, within the Solomon Temple, we are told, all the measurements were symbolic and referred to sacred numbers. The shape was square or pyramidal, and at the main door we find two columns covered with bronze representing two Trees found in Paradise, Yakin and Boas, representing two contrary yet mutually analogue Tao manifestations, man and woman, idea and form, cause and effect, Yin and Yang. The circumference at the bottom was 12 cubits, the number of creation and realization, the four directions multiplied by three forces of manifestation (satwa, rajas, tamas).

Like a pyramid or a sacred triangle the walls of the Temple were built like the Babylon's main square, larger at the bottom, rising up, with a chapel or a church or a temple at its very top, the same architecture of the Mayan's temple structures.

At the top of the Temple we find a pomegranate, actually not one but

many branches spirally rising to become one. What a divine fruit!

A thumb sized 44 millimeters artifact dated to the 1,300 BC known as „ivory pomegranate“ is the oldest ornamental ritualistic object apparently used by the high priests in the Solomon Temple, now acquired by the Israel Museum and regarded as the most important item of biblical antiquities in the Israel Museum's collection. It is made of hippopotamus bone and bears an inscription: Holy (Sacred) to the Priest of the House of God that was unscripted onto the item a bit later.

There is no deeper enemy to any scientific or creative thinking to the Superstition, so the protection of our Temples became our major hustle all throughout our history. Protecting a Temple from the destruction, no matter what religion it belongs to, has not yet become our mind-set. Blackmailing another religious group with the destruction of their Temples is still a major war strategy. Do you ever wonder why?

The Greek Parthenon is an ancient temple on the Athenian Acropolis, in Greece, dedicated to the goddess Athena, built in 450 BC, when the Athenian Empire was at its peak. During early 180s Lord Elgin, the British ambassador to the Ottoman Empire, that was occupying the Christian Greece at the time, removed about half of the Temple and transported it to Britain. The oldest ancient Greek temple is now on display in the British Museum in London, together with the full set of Egyptian mummy's graves taken from Egypt.

The political ambiance and religious systems of the time let them change hands with no major upheaval or revolution, at the time there were too few scientists or conscious good men to fight for these sacred items to remain in Greece or Egypt. Since the early 1980s, Greek governments have disputed the British Museum legal title to these most precious antique sculptures, do you wonder why...

Now what you probably don't know is that the great limestone rock were the Neolithic remains discovered on the slopes of the Acropolis Greece, indicating a Temple on the hill from at least 2,800 BC. The

earliest known Hellenistic structures, the one dedicated to Athen dates back to the 6th century BC, replacing the previous Megalithic Temple Structure, followed by a Christian Church and a Mosque built on the very exact same sacred spot...

Within the Himalayan Buddhist Meditation Centre in the center of Katmandu, while traveling through Nepal I had a privilege to experience a Tibetan approach to spirituality. 40 days of chanting endless Tibetan prayers, learning meditation, attending workshops from various Lamas, hoping to understand the four Noble Truths as taught by Buddha, then dwell into methods and aspects of the awakening mind of bodhicitta. Bodhicitta is the attitude of wanting to become a Buddha in order to benefit all sentient beings. It becomes the driving force behind all our Dharma practice. Apparently, the realization of ultimate bodhicitta, emptiness only, has the power to liberate us from the suffering. Ultimately, we try to answer questions of how do we shed our habitual anxiety, stress, blame, guilt and depression? I was in the center of learning Buddhist psychology and philosophy, practice and theory from the Tibetan point of view.

When in New Zealand, in Auckland, we found an Ananda Marga Ashram, and I helped Dada (one of their Yoga Teachers) to do marketing of his Jet Boat Pegasus. We spent days in meditation, afternoons on the river testing the jet boat or doing marketing activities with water-skiers. In Spain within the 30 days Sivananda Yoga Teacher training program, we spent hours after hours meditating, practicing yoga, chanting mantras and listening to the teachings. Whether in Malta, Serbia, Holland, the UK or New Zealand, various groups on our Little Planet are engrossed in the spiritual work.

When a friend is sick, our mother, brother, we do connect to compassion. I don't know how it is with you and your family, but within my family 'cancer' was the un-named One. My father's mum died of cancer leaving five children, the youngest one only 2 years old. Her husband soon followed her into the world of Death transforming a happy family into lots of orphans.

We had everything, my aunty recalls, and now suddenly we could

no longer ask for milk in our white-coffee.

Five orphans all of the sudden, left floating from cousins to an institution, and back into an unknown space, until my father was old enough to get a job and gather them all under his young, un-experienced wings. This experience was associated with the 'un-named' one and when It appeared within the family again, I've heard my aunts talking:

Is it Him?

Him, let the devil take him away! Him, for the Christ sake!

The appearance of Him, immediately took away all misunderstandings and bickering and left us all with the sense of compassion. We experienced Him, we carry Him within our DNAs, we understand Him and we open our hearts to the pain of the diseased.

Seeing war stricken countries for some of us have the same effect.

My visit to Africa and Asia moved me out of my little puddle into the ocean of consciousness, breaking through my limitations.

Whenever I hear people struggling with their non-existent struggles I sincerely suggest them to visit the slums of Addis in Ethiopia and spend 10 days helping Sister Ludgarda at her orphanage. With her 60+ she manages an orphanage of 150 kids of all ages, and yet whenever she ventures out in her van to do various chores, takes babies to hospital, buying medicine for her HIV effected babies, or witnessing a court hearing for new adoptive parents, she fills her pockets with sweets so she can give them to the children begging around the cars.

Can you even imagine this level of consciousness and compassion when surrounded with troubles of 150 kids she treats as hers, within the slams of this poorest country in the world, she still has time and energy to remember the candies for the little ones on the street!

As a member of a family, as a member of a group, as a citizen of a

country, as a female with white skin, while within the orphanage, I was on the brink of something completely new.

As a yoga teacher, as a poet, as a writer, as a manager, I still could not connect with the compassion fully, as a mother the grasping of this quality became more profound, praying for the health of each baby that was lucky to still be breathing, I felt compassion towards ALL.

Applying any wisdom system from a different country to own environment is a difficult task that requires proper assessment of the circumstances surrounding the system.

Respecting the accumulated knowledge within one's country, a spiritual researcher or a practitioner attempts to apply various methods and techniques without getting entangled with superstitions, various Ego-s inner dynamics, Universal knowhow circles looping around our souls creating a mirage of progress.

Yet, my inner work has deepened, when I was one month in a Nepalese Tibetan Buddhist monastery practicing various Tibetan Buddhist Tantric meditations.

Just a simple example, if you are an astrologer, you will know this to be the confusing truth, being born with the Sun in Leo, the summer time in Egypt, Syria, or Mediterranean countries, we speak of a shiny Sun blessed personality; or being born at the end of the year cycle, in the midst of a bitter winter, we contemplate an ambitious Capricorn. Just transferring these simple „concepts“ to Australia, where the seasons are totally opposite we get a different astrological implementation of these two signs. Just simply following the inner logic of the system, without a proper adaptation, we will intuitively rightfully conclude that much is wrong with many systems of knowledge.

When a Feng Shui practitioner talks about North, South, West or East, his thought form and feelings about these directions comes from a set of beliefs built in ancient midland China. So, implementing a concept of „North“ or „South“ within a zone around equator has not the same

implication to implementing it in the far Northern countries.

Following the Solomon wisdom, the wisdom of the ancient Temples, East as the direction of the rising sun, North as the beneficial one, the ancient Chinese Feng Shui Wealth and Prosperity area would be the upper left hand corner of our homes, Feng shui practitioners believe that east, north, and northeast directions are full of positive energy. From the point of view of Bethlehem, the Gospels of Matthew and Luke identify Bethlehem as the birthplace of Jesus, we come across the North East as the wealthiest place of the region. Is there any magic in this?

It has all started when Hatshepsut (1507–1458 BC) received a sign, a vision, an oracle from the god Amon-Ra, making her Pharaoh of Upper and Lower Egypt. Her instructions were to lead an expedition to Punt on water and on land, and bring exotic goods from the God's land. A blessing or divine incense they wished for, an incense they believed was essential to properly worship their gods and protect them in their after-life journey. Hatshepsut was the second female pharaoh historically recorded and regarded by Egyptologists as one of the most successful woman ruler of an indigenous Egyptian dynasty. After the mysterious death of the queen, a serious conflict between Hatshepsut, and her nephew Tuthmosis III, became visible as the destruction of many of her statues around the country. The relief showing her enthroned, and receiving the gifts of Punt, has been fully chiseled out.

The envoy to Punt is pictured on the Hatshepsut's tomb paintings. The row after row of painted reliefs chiseled on the walls tell us about the journey to this far-away God's Land. After journeying in peace and exchanging offerings they found the land they called Punt.

Hatshepsut refers to the temple as Djoser-Djeseru, or "Sublime of the Sublimes", the "Holy of Holiest". Interestingly this exact same name is found within the Malta's Hypogeum underground temple.

According to the scripts painted on the walls, Punt can be reached by land and by sea. Hatshepsut's reliefs show a village on the waterside, fish in the water, trees on the shore, animals and realistically looking people.

All the archeologists agree that the Egyptians were not good sea sailors so when the state treasurer Nehesj led the journey sailing with five ships, manned with 210 men that included sailors and 30 rowers per ship, they took 9 years of return trip to complete the journey. From Punt they seek magic, rituals, ancestors support, frankincense and myrrh. Hatshepsut's delegation returned carrying 31 live myrrh trees, the roots carefully kept in baskets for the duration of the voyage. This is the first ever recorded attempt to transplant foreign trees.

Surprisingly the expedition did not carry gold, ivory or animal skins, so purpose was not trading but rather a ritualistic offering with strings of beads, a dagger, some bracelets, and a wooden chest.

In Egypt myrrh was burned in vast quantities during the daily temple rituals so demand was endless. The records show that a single trading expedition would bring back to Egypt sometimes even 80,000 measures of myrrh. The Hatshepsut's expedition brought back complete trees of this herb.

In a sign language similar to the one above the Egyptian historians told us "...loading of the ships with marvels of the country of Punt; all goodly fragrant woods of God's-Land, heaps of myrrh resin, with fresh myrrh trees"

Coming ashore, the natives greeted Nehesj warmly. The Chief of Punt named Perehu and his wife Eli are depicted on this 3,000 years old carving bearing gifts of frankincense and myrrh. The myrrh was among the ingredients of the holy anointing oil used much later in Israel. The mention of this herb must sound familiar... "Astrologers from the East . . . opened their treasures and presented him with gifts — gold and frankincense and myrrh."—Matthew 2:1

The records chiseled on the walls tell us that the sailors worked hard to complete the mission and journeyed back from Punt to Egypt. The loaded boat shows the goods prepared and shipped back. One of the images, smiling from 3,000 years old painting depicts the queen Eli (walls of Queen Hatshepsut's temple Deir el-Bahri) that is the mirror image of the Fat Maltese Goddess statue found in Temples?

Punt's location stayed a mystery. As of 2012 some scientists reached a conclusion that Punt is in Northern Ethiopia. This conclusion was reached upon matching baboon remains from the coast of Red Sea with the ones found in the British museum from ancient Egypt. Baboons were considered to be worshippers of the sun-god and the image of the ship depicts baboons as a gift sent back to Egypt on the expedition.

The exact location of Punt is still debated by historians. Most scholars today believe Punt was situated to the southeast of Egypt. The older literature however maintained that the label "God's Land", was a "Holy Land" or "Land of the gods/ancestors". Moreover, E. A. Wallis Budge stated that "Egyptian tradition of the Dynastic Period held that the aboriginal home of the Egyptians was Punt..."

Now to the west of Egypt we do find Malta and its oldest free standing structures on Earth, we find the Megalithic Temples built from 5000 BC still worshipping "Ra" around 2200 BC. The two temples around Ġgantija in Gozo, Ғaġar Qim and Mnajdra in Qrendi, Ta' Ғaġrat in Mġarr, Skorba and Tarxien Temples and Hypogeum are all listed as UNESCO World Heritage Sites.

As the womb of the Goddess opens to allow the worshipers into Her Holy chambers within the temples above the ground, the underground experience is dreamy, mystical, soul changing. Descending a spiral, eleven meters into the ground, the chambers are intricately woven within this Sacred Space with rooms, doorways, passageways, inviting the snake-like stir, before facing a complete standstill, the total underground carved in stone silence, darkness and stillness of a dream or of death.

The Holy of Holies, the Main male Chamber, stands at its core with its straight lines, precise geometrical shapes, inviting the obedience to the principal of perfection. A mirror expression of the temples above the ground, with more profound and mysterious energy. Changing states of consciousness, invites each soul into the alchemical VITRIOL.

Next to it is an Oracle room, a round womb like chamber covered in

spirals painted by the red ochre, the color of blood, the life stream. It is in this room that the archaeologists discovered the statuette of the sleeping lady. This peaceful woman, made of limestone, invites you to the land of dead, taking you in, through the gates of a familiar state, the state of dreamless sleep. The lady lies on her right side in what is by Yogis known as Krishna pose, also a yoga position recommended in Tibetan Buddhism as a pose for dying, with her right hand under her head.

Following silence, through the dreamless sleep, she takes us into the Goddess's dreams. Within the wisdom of Her Eternal Stillness, she lets us die to get reborn again.

Within the Oracle room, we find a hole through which a man's voice echoes, amplified, resounding throughout all the other caves.

During 2007, I was part of an organizing committee of Metageum'07 that was a week-long event that included an international conference, guided visits to sacred sites, and workshops exploring the "consciousness of the Megalithic Temple Builders", held at The Caraffa Stores, Birgu. An international, inter-disciplinary conference with a series of workshops enabling us to make the imaginative leap into the Neolithic worldview. Speakers at the conference ranged from archaeologists, psychologists and artists, to researchers in esoteric subjects. The conference presented new results of research, and encouraged further debate and discussion. Presentations at the conference venue, field trips to the temples or the workshops had a long list of renowned guest speakers from the archaeological field, both academic and independent, including such world-renowned researchers and authors as Graham Hancock. Each afternoon a bus took the participants into one or more of the megalithic temples and other prehistoric sites.

The experiential thread of the Conference included esoteric workshops, poetry writing, storytelling, spiral walking, trance-dancing as a group

shamanic activity run by Body Temple, from New York. The Saturday 10th November, gives a very good overview of a typical day. That day the speakers included Dr Anton Mifsud (on Malta as Atlantis), Peter Marshall the main organizer / CEO of the Conference (on Malta's role in the lost civilizations of Europe from England), Dr Louis Lagana of the University of Malta (on the influence of prehistoric Malta on modern art), and Erik Davis, author and journalist from California. The Saturday afternoon our field research was inside the Hypogeum. A specially formed team of researchers was recording the sounds vibrations of various modern and ancient instruments within this 11 meters underground 7,000 years old Temple. I was privileged to be meditating inside the Oracle Room during these spiritual experiments.

Within these chambers, the dead were buried in the crouching fetus position as though their bodies are brought back to the womb. A woman buried with her baby in her arms, a boy with his puppy - are all laid with the same care.

A chamber after chamber, going through this maze, a thousand years before the Egyptian pyramids, and five thousand years before Buddha or Christ, at the very bottom meditating in Oracle room, I could hear every single whisper of the sound engineers seven meters above me, entering a most profound meditation, hearing the deep sounds of bells, and ancient tribal instruments, the ground under me was shaking hitting the vibration of 111Hz, transcending me into higher states of consciousness.

While meditating in Ggantija during the full moon nights, at the time when temples were not surrounded by wires or their pathways covered in wood, the full moon and megalithic stone took me to similar VITRIOL, or spiritual union with Goddess. In my meditations, I could see a young woman sleeping on the stone floor of the Temple getting in touch with her dead lover; silhouettes of people dancing or chanting while praying; circles of bodies, opening like a flower to absorb the healing energy; secluded individuals meditating invoking Her Energies; a pregnant

women spending time in the Hypogeum so to bless and protect her new-born.

The spiritual Christian, Muslim and Jewish Centre Jerusalem is a city in the Middle East, located between the Mediterranean and the Dead Sea. It is considered holy to the three major monotheist religions: Judaism, Christianity, and Islam. Both Israel and the Palestinian Authority claim Jerusalem as their capital. During its history, Jerusalem has been destroyed a number of times, and captured and recaptured 44 times.

King Solomon, commissioned the building of the First Temple, 1st millennium BC, making it of central importance for the Jewish people. Christians within the New Testament talk about Jesus's crucifixion there. In Islam, Jerusalem is the third holiest city, after Mecca and Medina and Muhammad made his Night Journey there, ascending to heaven where he speaks to God, according to the Quran. Having an area of only 1 square kilometers the Old City is home to the Temple Mount, Dome of the Rock and al-Aqsa Mosque, and the Church of the Holy Sepulchre.

Bethlehem as the ancient center of Christianity was re-built by Empress Helena, in 328 AC, the first of seven wives of the Roman Caesar Constantius, mother of Constantine the Great (born in Niš, today Serbia) historically referred to as the "First Christian Emperor". Empress Helena, was born "the lowest of commoners", perhaps she was a Gypsi... In 326 AC Helena undertook a trip to the Holy Places in Palestine. She commissioned the building of two churches, the Church of the Nativity, Bethlehem, and the Church of Eleona, at the sites of Christ's birth and Jesus' tomb in Jerusalem that became the holiest places in Christian worship. Constantine the Great's capital of the Roman Empire was Constantinople (now Istanbul) for more than a thousand years, his Kingdom is now referred to as the Byzantine Empire.

This was such an important area for all the spiritual pilgrims that around the 8th century a forged Roman imperial decree by which Constantine the Great was supposedly transferring the authority over the Western Roman Empire to the Pope, the document called The Donation of

Constantine, appeared to support claims of political authority by the papacy. Lorenzo Valla, an Italian priest and Renaissance humanist, first exposed this forged document in 1440.

Life flourishes with the sun and water. If our homes face “South” eternal sunshine comes to our doors. Yet polarizing our little Planet Earth, we now unfortunately have South that is very poor and North that lives in luxury (the countries that are an exception just prove this rule).

If you live within Gaia’s north you have implemented free health and education for all. This brings us to the statistic of 50% of people over 25 with the University degree in Russia that had a huge Government investment in human resources that is now paying off, or in Korea, in Switzerland, Germany or Scandinavia, the richest countries in Europe, around 50% of the University graduates in the US, and 35% in the UK that still protects the combination of Public and Private model of education.

If you are born anywhere in the poor South, and you are reading this, you most probably come from a rich family, like the Buddha who was a son of the King, who shared his wisdom enlightening minds of Gaia 2,000 years ago, or you truly believe in research, beauty and creative thought so you as Leonardo da Vinci has done, made them a center of your life-long research.

If you are in the Vatican State, you will know that just the Sistine Chapel in Rome is visited yearly by 6 million visitors, the museum generates around \$87 million from ticket revenue and another \$30m from merchandising.

We in the Mediterranean countries see Northerners as more of Yang, or individualistic characters, while in the country like the UK and Scandinavia, North is reserved for the warmer, Yin type of personality, Scottish, while the South is where Englishmen live. When applied, in the European far North, the „north“ and „south“ as mystical experiences of the ancient Taoist Chinese spiritual system of knowledge are reversed.

The medieval English alchemists, Masons, Rosicrucian, mystical Christian practitioners will tell you all about this reversals that confused many during the mid-ages.

In sociology, we acknowledge the difference between the Eastern and Western worlds. Cultural rather than geographical divide, we mentally associate Asia with the East, and Australia, Europe, and America with the West. Some scholars would define Russia as East, and Islamic nations regard predominantly Christian nations as the West. Hinduism, Buddhism, Taoism, and Islam are some common religions of the Eastern worlds. Today our scientists, philosophers, mystics and artists learn from each other, applying science to comprehend the ancient wisdom, Micro and Macro manifestations.

*“The same stream of life that runs through my veins night and day runs through the world and dances in rhythmic measures. It is the same life that shoots in joy through the dust of the earth in numberless blades of grass and breaks into tumultuous waves of leaves and flowers. It is the same life that is rocked in the ocean-cradle of birth and of death, in ebb and in flow...”*

Stream of Life, a Bengali poem by Rabindranath Tagore

Albert Einstein says

*“I cannot prove scientifically that Truth must be conceived as a Truth that is valid independent of humanity; but I believe it firmly. I believe, for instance, that the Pythagorean theorem in geometry states something that is approximately true, independent of the existence of man.”*

Baba-Ji was also referred to as: The King, the Guru, the Chosen One, or simply as Baba. There were no other Kings quite like him in the whole Kingdom of Humans living their Lilliputians lives all around him. Babaji had many wives, lovers and devas and they were all faithful followers of his life, his message, and his work.

Inside the hall of fame, within his living area, he hung portraits of Shiva,

Buddha, Jesus, Baba Ji and one of himself in his 20s, and asked his devotees to daily sing praise to each of the images.

His message was simple: 'We are all love. Remember the time when you are truly in love, how happy and radiant you are!'

Know Thyself, and you'll know love. He exclaimed!

What a noble goal! What a noble man! What a noble fight! I've heard a whisper waking me from my hypnosis. The fight for truth always made a strong impression on me...

Back to Serbia, Dragan was his name, he walked through the woods surrounded by youth dressed in white robes woven with gold. Instructing the ladies to shower him with rose petals he walked slowly, appearing extraordinary large.

New John De-Baptist I am, announcing the second coming of Christ.

His sermon was on a field where he improvised a river with a line of plastic crossing the field diagonally.

This is the river Jordan, he dramatically stated and who is baptized within it, read: passes across it, is saved from the sins.

All the present got a plastic bag to spit in it, the sins, the negativity, the devil within, and people diligently spit into the bags, competing who will go through more cleansing, crossing the plastic called River Jordan, praying.

Grandmothers got their disabled grand-children, forced them to kneel at the edge of the plastic line, the sick and tortured kneeled, many screamed. He walked on water (plastic), the sick tried to touch his feet, ending this bizarre day preaching.

A family got a man who could not walk, they carried the bed on their shoulders, and Dragan took the mike telling the sick man – "Rise!" with the most sincerity, he screamed "Rise!" and the poor man tried, but the

sickness was terminal and he fainted feebly onto the bed.

You do not have enough faith! Dragan screamed. Only Faith can save you!

Watching this scene in half horror, half amusement, jumping over the Jordan River left-right-left-right, followed by many disapproving eyes for ruining the sacredness of the place, I was only 20 at the time, but the mockery of the whole act was so blatantly evident, yet it was scary how many desperate got hypnotized by this man. We were around 300 surrounding him, I wondered how could this possibly be legal...

I have also met many Guru systems that vaporize on the distresses of people, said an Indian friend of my, Joseph, who are ready to do anything to save the lives of their close ones.

Some 4 years ago, I met a young man, around 23 years old; with tumor on his face; he lost the vision of his right eye when someone who practiced the holistic massage assured him with new hopes. This young man's father died when he was 14 and he used to heavily beat him... The day his father died from tuberculosis - he said he couldn't cry, not a single teardrop even though he was full of sadness. He also recalled that some years ago he had seen some pornographic movies and he feared that God might have decided to punish him for his rotten-sickness. Maybe, Joseph told him, there is a tear that has stayed in your right eye since your father has died, maybe if you go to his grave and confess, your eye might be less painful. A year later my brother told me that he died. Said Joseph. I've seen people like him sucked to the marrows before dying, by Gurus and conmen all around the country.

I'm firmly convinced that we have the choice to stop feeding on such toxins; but are we ready to do so?! When we have a headache we go to the doctor; and when we have a soul ache to the guru... is that all??

One of my close friends, a collage teacher, always talks about all kinds of spiritual subjects, teaches music and karate etc., a very engaged man started selling magnetic beds for an exuberant sum of money, promising all kinds of rejuvenations and healings, with all that promoting and promising kind of talk; of course he firmly believed in what he was doing... The enterprise did lots of coaching on the subject, imported magnets from Japan and so on! He even tried selling me one!

Now he sneaks quietly as he moves in the neighborhood where he had sold a few of these beds hoping he won't run into some of those people (some of them quite poor) who expected all sorts of health wonders; relief from pain; or that wonderful long awaited sleep that never came... Said Joseph. Today, he works with homeopathy... but, when people have cancers and other serious diseases you can't fool around with people's lives.

I'm a very logical man; I don't give myself to any particular group of spiritual people, or by those who feel some kind of special privilege to belong to the one (which might hold the ultimate of the ultimate experience). In fact I don't even consider myself spiritual; I trust life and life guides me! Sometimes, I express its messages through writing or painting, or whatever the expressions through which the thrust of life wishes to reveal.

I have stripped it down to the basics: I "respect" the practices of everyone! This is the only theme of my religion if at all I have any! Otherwise, I pay attention when I walk on the grass - but I don't look forward to save the world!

Like the Desiderata says 'GO PLACIDLY AMID THE NOISE AND HASTE. REMEMBER WHAT PEACE THERE MAYBE IN SILENCE. AS FAR AS POSSIBLE WITHOUT SURRENDER BE ON GOOD TERMS WITH ALL PERSONS SPEAK YOUR TRUTH QUIETLY AND CLEARLY.

AND LISTEN TO THE OTHERS.EVEN THE DULL AND THE  
IGNORANT. THEY TOO HAVE THEIR STORY...'

I simply live through the consciousness that "when you pluck a flower you disturb the stars in the constellations" These lines of the poet Francis Thompson had a great impact on my life as a teenager. I realize the importance of our acts.

What about magic, mysticism and its forever hidden beauty of influencing human minds (a composite of thoughts and feelings)? How did we pass that knowledge? Through colors, symbols, sounds, all these days used left, right and center by our Entertainment Industry to evoke fear or magic wow from its audience. So, is there more to it? Is there a direct channel to God through music, art, prayer, meditation, nature? Will you see it in kids? Try your luck playing the dice with your little girl when she is age 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, and see how many times she will get 6, the highest score, now multiply this zeal with 6 billion people and their wish to succeed. If you are a billionaire business or a Government, you will not take chances, but have your symbols, mysticism, magic, sounds perfectly reflecting all your goals. In today's world this science is called: Political Marketing..

The fight for the world of 'radiant love' in the world that still can not live more than 50 years without a bloody war... We, humanity, had a 150 years of grace, removing some of our basic sufferings, we dived into mental and emotional research. The Science exploded creating nus-products of our-own destruction. The two world wars left us with dozen millions of dead, freedom for women, race equality, and for the first time in the human history, more or less equal laws for all.

During the medieval times of Serbia, during the 6th century when the Slavs entered the Balkans, we used red-hot stones for cooking, just after milking sheep or goats, the milk would be poured in the hollowed pumpkin with the heated rocks inside. The vegetables were cooked in the same way. Heated stones were used for the preparation of skorup,

or kaymak, white butter like cheese. Porridges made from barley, oats and millet and broths with vegetables are still prepared in all the small mountain huts. Bread made from the mix of wheat, rye and barley, was a base of the diet of our ancestors, this is why we find some great baking skills within almost every family in Serbia.

Within the Orthodox Christianity, a Greek or Slavic version of Christianity that worships no Popes, a Priest is allowed to get married experiencing the family life and parenting troubles. In fact Nikola Tesla was a son of a Serbian priest, whose upbringing and home schooling led to some inspiring applications of goodness within his set of beliefs.

The hill of Soko Banja's (Serbia) 5th century Fortress rose sheer up from the plain. It was fortified by a large belt of rocks. Climbing up during the late hours each morning, we saw a dance of vapors of smoke ascending towards the sky forming the most amazing rainbows. I was told that the water of the well is sacred, and was never used except for healing. It was called the well of the test - it had a couple of sounding vessels attached, opening and closing with the wind. If one of them was opened or shut, the Gods, spirits, ancestors, were leaving a message to the morning worshipers. Statistically, they got a 50% chance to guess any truth or lie, in a sacred place, using a ritual performed by a pure soul, the percentage rose to they believed - a divine answer. Worshiping the elements, we observed sun's rays narrating the story while we silently sang Ra its praise.

We were on our pilgrimage finding a water source at different times of the day, sometime at sunrise, or at sunset, gathering around the source buzzing with bees and insects, drinking healing waters and bathed.

During my stay there we ate no animal food, only oats, berries, and fruits of the season like the locals do.

All four of us had our hair long, dressed in simple cotton clothes like the old Macedonians; we walked barefoot through the mountains. We carried a wooden stick each, slowly moving through the meadows.

We crossed a plane before we met her, an old, wise woman, collecting all sorts of aromatic plants. Recognizing each other by sparks in our eyes, we kept each other company walking towards a water source exchanging healing crafts. She was initiating us into some of the secrets of the plants found in the valley or in the market.

"This is a very useful shrub, she handed what I knew to be cinnamon to me, so attractive to goats, that if you hold it in your hands they will follow you whining like babies and repelling to the ants, that if they smell it they will remove their nest from your home..."

Directly under the cliffs where the chamomile grows, cliffs that are un-accessible to men, a group of youths was climbing the neighboring trees collecting various fruits – plums, apples, pears. The butterflies observed this little ritual watching them from the distance, feasting on the sight of people tearing the clustered fruits from the bushes. Each morning when we passed, the trenches were full of new ripe berries, ready to be collected by passers-by with the sun-rise.

Let us Time travel into not such a Distant Past. Our humanity pre-electricity. You know the times, just before our grand-parents, when we still struggled to keep warm and safe.

No water, no electricity within a typical house-hold, quite a bit of effort to keep a family running. Washing clothes, or a house was a major struggle, food preparation took a tremendous amounts of time. Family members, usually male, would be out all day farming, or within a city working, a grand-mom would stay at home cooking and women stayed carrying for the young ones.

How many of you know of this struggle of our mums to keep everything clean? Noble worriers trying to safe-guard own kids from the clutch of death. Just a few generations ago, animals lived within our households, either in the house next door or within the cellar. The pollution was our major struggle, endless flies, smell of dung, cats and dogs so dirty you would never allow them in.

Keeping the body “clean” meant sometimes endless visits to the water source, to wash the clothes, to collect water for cooking, to drink. This endless “dirt” resulted in many diseases, sometimes taking millions of lives. It took us ages before we associated bacteria with dirt and our lack of clean water with death.

The removal of this physical "struggle" to eliminate pollution, a gift of electricity and water, led to amazing advances in science, technology, and an introduction to huge “mental” pollution.

All throughout our history, our countries lived in constant wars. A typical war would last “forever”, sometime even a hundred of years, usually amongst neighbors, every now and then conducting a battle, where a 1,000 men would die and this loss of souls was recorded within folk stories in the most horrific of ways so we hopefully remember not to repeat it. One of a typical war poem, a sonnet I recall talks about birds feasting on orphans eyes flying to mothers and delivering hands of all her dozen children. Mothers’ pain are memorable. Like children we get scared of horrific stories. Mothers do not like sending husbands and kids to wars...

Any war was a matter of “Mad” Kings policies, their imposed Laws and always handy Ideological Manipulation of Masses.

Post electricity, we started again one of our ‘war-games’ and ended up with 70 million mobilized men, more than 41 million casualties, over 18 million deaths where 7 million were civilians (meaning children, old people and women). That war left us with 23 million wounded.

A naïve world was the world of our grand-parents, with many farmers families scattered throughout our beautiful planet, believing in the fairytales, admittedly easily manipulated by their Kings and Popes, yet the manipulators were always “appointed” by God. What an amazing drive for “Goodness” within the humanity that tried to trust none but God’s words. The Bible and Religious Scripts were the only books widely read and distributed among masses.

When we started using printed press widely, and the magic of radio, and the TV, became our reality, a major brain washing campaign happened and we entered into a fight between the far right and far left fighters of the world, each one claiming to be fighting for the „better“ humanity. The fight between fascism and communism. You follow my thoughts. The second world war death figure was 80 million including deaths from war-related disease and famine. Civilians killed totaled 55 million. Out of these amazing 80 million, the US and the UK (countries that later claimed that they have won the war) loss was 500,000 combined. It touched and deeply disturbed many people of the world, as an ideological fight that went out of control, it showed us how powerful our science and our inventions are, and how careful of the „mental“ pollution we ought to become.

Perhaps we are no longer that receptive to hypnosis, or we learned that blatant hatred leads nowhere, or we finally understood the commandment “do not kill”, or the one of “love thy neighbor”, or that we are now more or less an educated lot, and that our media is now much more responsible than during the time of our grand-parents when they distributed Hitler speeches and unfortunately were not allowed to talk about Holocausts...

Our generations have to keep in mind that it is not our drive towards “Goodness” that separates us from our ancestors. The Humanity drive towards “Goodness” is the greatest drive we have ever experienced. It is the manipulation of this “sacred” drive that leads us to wars against other human beings.

Can Human Nature with its profoundly caring and loving side abandon we vs. they behavior patterns and learn from Genocides of our Past?

Artists, scientists, consciousness researchers’ trust in Humanity’s goodness supported Gypsies even when all the others were against them. The weddings had Gypsy bands, poets composed music influenced by their rhythm, writers whispered their myths, love for horses, freedom, magic, we learned fortune telling techniques from their grand-

mums, our film-makers like Kusturica won Oskars making films narrating the stories of these Balkan Egyptians, keeping their fame glowing, within our subconscious and limited consciousness mind that knew that the children of Cain do carry an interesting story to tell our souls.

Carmen is an opera by French composer Georges Bizet, 1st performed in Paris in 1875. It is one of the most popular internationally acclaimed operas of all times depicting the fiery gypsy Carmen and her lover José who abandons his home, deserts his officer's duties, yet soon loses Carmen's love. It all ends in a total disaster where he kills all in a jealous rage.

Crossing the borders from Austria to Serbia travelling to Belgrade by bus, we stopped at a petrol station resting from our long journeys. Stepping outside, with my adopted kids from Ethiopia, I noticed an elegant noble Gypsy man in his 40s wondering at the back of the station. Respecting his poverty and circumstances, this meant, we are now meeting a beggar who is here in hope to support his huge family.

You must have heard of the Romani 'roomāni', or ciganos, colloquially known as Gypsies, they are an Indo-Aryan ethnic group living mostly in Balkans originating from the northern India. Other endonyms for Romani include, for example: Ashkali or "Balkan Egyptians". According to the Genetic findings study, published in 2012, a single group has left northwestern India, leaving an Indian state of Rajasthan about 1,500 years ago reaching the Balkans about 900 years ago. There are 1,500,000 Gypsies in Egypt and 10% of the Serbian population is Romani.

The first historical records of "the Egyptians" reaching south Eastern Europe are from the 14th century: in 1322 when an Irish Franciscan monk Symon Semeon has encountered a migrant group of Romani, in Crete, calling them "the descendants of Cain". Just a brief reminder of who was Cane for all the history, mythology, religious researchers -

In the biblical Book of Genesis, Cain and Abel are the first two sons of Adam and Eve. Cain, the firstborn, was a farmer, and his brother Abel

was a shepherd. The brothers made sacrifices to God, but God favored Abel's sacrifice more. Cain murdered Abel, so God has punished Cain to a life of wandering...

Having travelled around the world as a single woman, often without any money, I was fortunate to experience the drive for God/ Good-ness within Humanity. Mini-universes functioning within each country helped us in educating our children, healing our sick and living together in communities without constantly endangering each other. Since I am a Slav, whose nation was once enslaved, growing-up with Gypsies, who once came from India migrating through Egypt, our subconscious connection understands each other's growth and sufferings and we collectively disapprove of the injustice and the Genocide that has happened with the Indigenous groups on our little planet.

We probably all fear this so abused and yet powerful word - genocide - the deliberate and systematic destruction of an ethnic, racial, religious or national group. Following the drive for God, Good-ness, various Humanity's groups have executed them.

The followers of Cain, Gypsies were expelled from Germany in 1416, Lucerne in 1471, Milan in 1493, France in 1504, Catalonia in 1512, Sweden in 1525, England in 1530 (see Egyptians Act 1530), and Denmark in 1536. In 1510, any Romani found in Switzerland was to be killed, with similar rules established in England in 1554, and Denmark in 1589, and Portugal began deportations of Romanies as slaves to its colonies in 1538. In the Great Gypsy Round-up, Romani were imprisoned by the Spanish Monarchy in 1749. During the first decade of the 18th century, Gypsies were slaughtered in Holland in a so-called 'heiden' hunt, a Gypsy-hunt. Finally, during World War II, the Nazis embarked on a systematic genocide of the Romani, called the Porajmos. It was allowed to kill them on sight. In Croatia, for example, that has supported Nazis during the Second World War, in the concentration camp Jasenovac, 25,000 Romas, the entire population living in Croatia was killed.

Sharing a table with a Gypsy man at the petrol station, from the beginning of the story, he told me he is 40: 'Usually I work with the farmers in the field cutting corn, or collecting seasonal fruits but there is no field work at the moment, and I have just become a grand-father'.

Congratulations, I rejoiced hearing about his baby-grand-child, knowing that as the head of his family he is the one who has to take care of the grand-children too. We shared some food and I gave him some money ready to continue our journeys to Belgrade. Just while exiting, the petrol station owner approached me, assuring me that they do give him some work and food each day, as though it was me who he ought to report since God has sent me to check on his goodness, that is very thoughtful, I said, thank you for caring.

When in the center of Belgrade, within a shop selling Serbian traditional plumb cakes, I full-heartedly recommend to all, a gypsy girl aged 7 with her sister aged 5, entered for the Man in charge of the shop has prepared for them some plumb cakes and some water to start the day. In a minute, I told my kids, a „righteous“ one will inevitably come along to impose the law and order within our „happy to share with kids“ circles. In fact, in a matter of minutes, we had a visit of a woman, a passer-by who wished to inform us that the kids beggars are outside – who knows who gave them the right to sit there where all the virtuous customers are!

Gypsies have always had problems integrating. Many Serbian governments had implemented benevolent „integration“ policies, trying to help them clean or survive, removing their „tents“, giving them apartments instead, sometimes in the best of areas of Belgrade, yet as soon as they could, they would sell their properties and go back to live on the top of garbage piles. The obligatory free schooling that Gypsies would at all cost ignore; the radio, journals, TV in their language, was not a lot of success in an attempt to break into their segregated colonies.

Aboriginal peoples lived in Australia for thousands of years before

Europeans arrived. During the late 1700s it is estimated that there were about 750,000 Aborigines. After the arrival of the Queen, by the 1920s this number reduced to 75,000. The gradual takeover of Aboriginal lands for farms and settlements of her Majesty followers. The introduction of sheep and rabbits devastated their environment, and settlers often killed Aborigines who trespassed onto 'their' land. In their own land, they now suffered discrimination and were attacked by disease. Throughout the 1600s and 1700s Britain has deported its criminals first to America and later to Australia. Once they had served their sentences they could apply to buy land and become settlers.

As soon as Europeans began to settle in America, in the early 16th century, they imported enslaved Africans to work for them. In 1444, first slaves were brought to Portugal (of course it takes a heart of Gold of a Portuguese even to dream of converting others to own religion, saving non-believers) from northern Mauritania, in 1510, first slaves were shipped to Spanish (Spain invaded Portugal in the meantime) colonies in South America via Spain, in 1518, there was a first direct shipment of slaves from Africa to the Americas, in 1652, Dutch (with their perfection drive) established their first colony in South Africa.

Yet, the slavery of huge proportions, started only when our Popes have decided that non-baptized Africans should be enslaved. Early genocides started with our obsession with the Christian superiority, and were supported by our increased movability, huge ships, European trade companies, and our ever-lasting obsession with Gold.

Over the next 300 years more than 11 million enslaved people were transported across the Atlantic, and Britain led this trade from the mid-17th century onwards. Many cities grew rich on the profits of industries which depended on slave-produced materials such as cotton, sugar and tobacco. Read about a few getting rich and many staying poor.

The British trade was a three legged voyage: from British ports to West Africa, where enslaved people were bought with guns through the dreaded 'middle passage' to America, where they were used to work on

the plantations growing only crops that Europe wanted: tobacco, sugar, cotton. The merchant ships would load up with these products and take them back to Britain.

At the same time, In Asia, in China, the legal code drawn up in the time of Hong Wu emperor in 1364, known as the code of Ming Dynasty protected slaves giving them all the right of free citizens.

The Ming code also laid great emphasis on family relations. It was based on Confucian ideas influencing China until the end of the nineteenth century. Commerce, trade and naval exploration flourished with ships reaching the Americas in 1421, before Christopher Columbus set sail. The first expedition in 1405 consisted of 317 ships and 28,000 men with cargoes of export, mainly silks and porcelains, bringing back foreign luxuries such as spices and tropical woods... At no point they were intended to extend Chinese sovereignty overseas. Towards the end of the Ming rule, during 1557, the first European colony, Macao, was founded by Portuguese.

Going back in time the Egyptians, we are told, also employed slaves, using the Jews, Europeans and Ethiopians. The main religious texts of Judaism, Islam and Christianity recognize slaves as a separate class of people. The Romans kept Greeks (who were culturally and intellectually far superior) as slaves: soldiers, servants, and teachers. During the 9th century, the Slavs, who inhabited a large part of Eastern Europe, were taken as slaves by the Muslims of Spain, by the Spanish Ottomans Empire. All women were at one point considered slaves, only men were free. This is at the time when none could read nor write, when education was reserved for our Kings and Priests, we did not travel, we stayed at home fishing or cultivating lands, hoping to live a bit longer than 40 years of age.

The campaign in Britain to abolish slavery began in the 1760s, with pro-slavery Brits arguing that the enslaved Africans were happy and well-treated. Eventually, in 1807, Parliament passed an Act for the Abolition of the Slave Trade. However, slavery continued in other areas of the

British Empire including the territories run by the East India Company. It is estimated that a further 1 million people were enslaved and transported throughout the 19th Century.

Do you remember the Opium Wars – such a disgrace to any educated mind of Europe... In the late 18th century, the British East India Company started smuggling opium from India into China. The Chinese Emperor passed many decrees against opium that was at the time forbidden in China in 1729, 1799, 1814 and 1831. Even Americans entered the trade by bringing opium from Turkey into China. Apparently, some of the American opium traders included the great-grandfather of US President Roosevelt. According to United Nations the British sent the opium to their warehouses in Canton, from where Chinese smugglers would take the opium into mainland China. The Chinese Emperor finally seized all the opium in Canton. This has caused the 2nd Opium War where British East India Company acted as a British army fighting local Chinese.

During the mid-19th Century, in Ireland, the great famine caused by Brits was their Holocaust as millions of tons of food were taken by Britain while a quarter of Irish population literally starved to death not being able to cultivate enough potatoes for their own consumption. I've learned of this famine reading a Turkish news in remembrance of a Sultan who was reported to have hidden a shipment of food from Her Majesty the English Queen and in his goodness sent it to the starving Irish population. He has offered to help directly, but was discouraged, because that was seen as "Minding someone else's business" and the English court would have found it highly intrusive and politically incorrect. The renowned British historian, AJP Taylor, declared "all Ireland was a Belsen", a Nazi concentration camp of its time.

Researching all of this, we probably all exclaim - thank God we do live in the today's society, not a 100 years ago or 1,000 years ago! Yet at all times we do have a choice to act as consciousness researchers, as artists of our times, not harming other sentient beings on our little journey through the Planet Earth.

Apart from artists who subconsciously supported Aborigines in all areas of the world, our tops scientists always reminded us of who we are in this mini-Universe of ours.

Just a brief reminder of who our scientists are.

If there is 6.5% of the world's population with the University degree, there can't be more than 0.06% of people with the Phd. We are talking about the ones who have devoted their minds, souls and lives to science, researching Mathematics, Human bodies, Philosophy, Psychology. They are the ones that had Leonardo da Vinci as their role model, and Leonardo was dissecting bodies to learn about human anatomy when one went to hell for doing this. The ones who have Giordano Bruno as their role model who was burnt on stake for telling the Truth. Their minds are set in the far future, so you ought to respect scientists and their life long dedication to our future benefits. Can we trust our Librarians? Do you know how much a librarian earns just to be surrounded by books and research? Less than a builder, a volunteer truly, devoted to books guarding the knowledge.

So if you wish to know any truth, go to your top scientists, go to the UK, Maltese, Serbian, French, Dutch, Spanish, Swiss and Portuguese libraries, or their National Archives, research their work and you will again gain full respect towards the few who carry the Truth of Human History and are not afraid to show you how Large Corporations and Religious Fanatics have manipulated our drive for Good-ness and have in the past 2,000 years emotionally abused our souls and our noble drive for Freedom, Justice, Equality...

## Chapter 2 An Invitation to a Tantric Ball

Saturday late afternoon, an eve of a public holiday the flap of my post box spit out a sealed envelope into the belly of my corridor. Quite late for the post-man I thought observing the envelope that cuddled like a cat in my lap.

My belief that we generally get what we deserve somehow as the Universal Law never works with my post, I simply can't get rid of all the junk mail from various saviors, politicians or health freaks, adverts and bills that I almost religiously refuse to open and pay. This time though, the envelope looked mysterious, velvety, warm, appealing to all of my senses. Hidden behind its ordinary shape was an invitation to a Tantric Ball!

It is with great honor and joy that we request the pleasure of your company at the forthcoming Annual Tantric Ball.

You are cordially invited to come to the Field of Dreams for the reception before the Ball.

Dress formal...

A Tantric Ball in the Field of Dreams! How lucky or unlucky one could get to receive an invitation of this sort! Not an invitation one could easily refuse!

The envelope promised the magic of the Field of Dreams, the Ball, the excitement of new encounters, seeing some old friends who will inevitably be there, my cat miao-ed a complaint, reminding me that I still have life dancing its rhythmic dance on this side of the world. Yet the idea of work, plants to water, a pile of dishes to wash, and let's not forget my usual ever-favorite coffee shop on Sundays' mornings somehow just could not compete with all the wishful imaginary tales of a Tantric Ball. My old habitual Self did not have a chance to win this battle, and before I knew it I was already choosing what to wear.

Soon my bags swayed with all the special shiny silky dresses, swirling in gold and purple of my choice. I put in my special underwear, just in case there is a prince perfect waiting for me within the Field of Dreams. This thought angered me greatly so I almost gave up the idea of the trip altogether. My two Selves were bickering at each other.

I am not going to the Field of Dreams in yet another search for a perfect man!

This brings me to Babylon! To see its relevance today, I was tempted to go a step further, into the learnings beyond 2,000 years ago. Into Babylon and Amorites that lived 4,000 years ago. Their wisdom is within our words.

Gods or goodness or law is within the words AMR, in Ancient Egypt translated as the God Amon Ra, in Latin translated as AMORE. Pre Latinization, pre Supreme Male God Philosophy entered our minds, souls and lives, the one that was given to us by our wise ancestors as Mary, the sacred name for LOVE. The one that has put forward the first command “Do not Kill” in an attempt to safeguard the Humanity’s efforts to reach God / Goodness / Divine.

The wish to go far back in time was inspired by Ethiopia, Egypt, ancient Malta, because at the time when none travelled, none spoke other languages, and the Humanity was a hand-full of human beings, if they within their Lands had an Alphabet, they must have nourished Science as Supreme Act, so they had art, sports, culture, and researchers that spent their lives exploring.

Now this becomes very interesting... Follow me in this journey!

Amorite is an extinct language, formerly spoken by the Amorite tribes from Babylonia (the end of the 3,000 and the beginning of the 2,000 BC).

It is the founding base of all the later languages on this side of the world (Arabic, Greek, Latin and all the other alphabets). This ancient structure

in several cases has the letter š – *like in my name Nataša*

The name of the civilization is also known as “Neolithic Ugarit” and was fortified with a wall, as early as 6,000 BC. At the time of no trade, no major movements between nations, small boats, etc, between 1800 and 1200 BC, it was so advanced to be ruling a trade-based coastal kingdom, trading with Egypt, Cyprus, Syria, and much of the eastern Mediterranean.

Kings of Egypt wished to remember Gods names so they called themselves - Amenemhat III, a pharaoh who ruled from 1860 BC to 1814 BC.

This was the Humanity’s Female path to spirituality, science, research, evolution, the one that says “Do not Kill”.

I don’t want to confuse you with all the scientific words but these writings were called - the early form of Canaanite, the language family which would later evolve into its daughter languages, Hebrew and Phoenician. Your knowledge of history still supports you enough to comprehend this – it is not a “miracle”, nor extra-terrestrial creatures ruling the world, it’s the time of no travel, no writing, no printing press, no water, no electricity. These are our “grand-fathers” inventions, yet the “Western” civilization was advanced enough not to “hide” its wisdom with the ruling classes so to better manipulate the masses, but to pass the knowledge to the Humanity. It is our Humanity’s drive towards democracy, research, spirituality, God and Goodness.

We have the same drive for “Goodness” as our ancestors, now we just have access to more “Knowledge”. We are ALL the SAME within our consciousness and sub-consciousness struggle, we are just, as souls, incarnated within different circumstances. When born within a richer part of the world, we now all can read and write or claim our health benefits, yet only a few can devote their lives to the Humanity’s research.

Amorites were the first fighters for Justice Freedom Equality back in

2000 BC.

You must have heard of Babylon, the city that was pillaged numerous times and was officially "damned" by God, with its name written within our official copies of the Bible, the most published book of all times!

The lovers of LOVE will rejoice hearing that Babylon founder were indeed called Amorites.

Even though consciousness and God / Goodness is my research I have missed the fact that Amorite monarchs led a revolution of their times (2,000BC North Africa), they freed citizens from taxes, distributed Church land to citizens, abolished forced labor, spread education building most amazing cities...

Can you imagine the Blessings or Curses of Babylon!

Babylon, Bāb-ilim, God's Gate, in Hebrew Babel, Arabic Aṭlāl Bābil, was the capital of southern Mesopotamia 700BC-2,000BC. Around 700BC the city was at the height of its power. It is located south of Baghdad, Iraq. It was the main commercial center of the area and the largest city in the world (10 square km), the first city to reach a population above 200,000, so its wealth and prestige made it a target for foreign conquerors. It was a literary and religious center of its time worshipping God Marduk.

Imagine being born in Babylon! We are talking 2,000BC. The city of eternal FAME, cursed and blessed by so many, the best when at the height of its expression, scientifically supreme in many aspects - managing people, wealth, education, resources, benefiting ALL including the generations of our time.

Yes, and the Tower of Babel!

In the center of the town there was the great temple of their God Marduk, called Esagila, with its tower built through centuries, Etemenank, later known as the Tower of Babel.

Hanging Gardens of Babylon built during 600 BC, one of the Seven Wonders of the World .

Just to give you an idea of how the place looked like, from the temple passed the paved Processional Way, its walls decorated with lions, bulls and dragons... East of the Processional Way had private dwellings built around the central courtyards. Between the inner and outer defense walls was irrigated land with a network of canals. The Greek philosophers refer to the Hanging Gardens of Babylon as the most beautiful man-made structures of the known World. The original Ishtar Gate of Babylon can be seen on display at Berlin's Pergamon Museum since 1930.

So, who built such an advanced city? Who were Amorites?

By around the 2000 BC to 700 BC, much of southern Mesopotamia was occupied by Amorites, who had a semi-nomadic lifestyle, herding sheep. To be able to trace them, the historians observe their language. They were Northwest Semitic speakers. The Amorites (/ˈæməˌrɑːts/; Sumerian MAR.TU; Egyptian Amar; Hebrew אַמּוֹרִי 'Ĕmōrî; Ancient Greek: Ἀμορραῖοι) established several prominent city states in existing locations, Babylon was raised from a small town to an independent state and the largest city. The term Amurru in Sumerian texts refers to both them and to their principal deity.

The most widely spoken Semitic languages today are Arabic (300 million), Amharic (22 million), Tigrinya (7 million), Hebrew (5 million), Tigre (1.05 million), Aramaic (1 million) and Maltese (482,880 speakers). My most precious Malta!

The Phoenician alphabet is of fundamental importance in human history, as the source of the Greek alphabet, and of the Aramaic / Hebrew and Arabic writing systems.

In the earliest Sumerian texts, all western lands were known as the land of the mar.tu Amorites.

The Amorites appear as nomadic tribes under chiefs, who forced themselves into lands they needed to graze their herds. Leaders with Amorite names assumed power in various places.

Amorite monarchs led a revolution of their times, they gave or let out for an indefinite period numerous parcels of royal land, freed the inhabitants of several cities from taxes and forced labor, creating a society of big farmers, free citizens and enterprising merchants.

Men, land and cattle ceased to belong physically to the gods or to the temples and the king.

The economic life of the country was no longer exclusively in the hands of Priests and Kings.

The term Amorites is used in the Bible to refer to certain highland mountaineers who inhabited the land of Canaan, described in Genesis 10:16 as descendants of Canaan (Cain). They are described as a powerful people of great stature "like the height of the cedars" (Amos 2:9) who had occupied the land east and west of the river Jordan. They were referred to as "giants".

The view that Amorites were tall nomads led some racist Nazi writers in the 19th century to claim they were a tribe of "Aryan" warriors.

At the same time in the Region we find Mediterranean Megaliths, built by Giants...

Dolmens and standing stones have been found in the north and south of Syria, in Lebanon, Iran, Iraq, Israel, Jordan, and Saudi Arabia. A semicircular arrangement of megaliths was found in Israel at Atlit Yam, a site that is now under the sea. It dates back to the 7,000 BC.

The Megalithic Temples of Malta are prehistoric temples, UNESCO World Heritage Sites, built between 3600 BC and 2700 BC. They have been claimed as the oldest free standing structures on Earth. Locals know them as Temples built by Giants.

While researching looking for Amorites close to OAC, in Egypt...

From around 700 BC, the Amorites of Syria disappeared from the pages of history...

What Does the Rosetta Stone Say?

In 1799, about a year into Napoleon Bonaparte's occupation of Egypt, French engineers unearthed a large black granite stone with parallel inscriptions in two languages: Greek and Egyptian and three scripts: Greek, Egyptian demotic, and Egyptian hieroglyphics. The stone, which fell into British hands in 1801 and is in the British Museum, is known as the Rosetta Stone and is one of the world's best-known archaeological artifacts.

The Rosetta Stone (from Fort Saint-Julien Egypt 196 BC in the British Museum London), is an ancient Egyptian stone of black granite 114 cm long and 72 cm wide, found near the town of Rosetta (Rashīd), about 56 km northeast of Alexandria, bearing inscriptions in several languages and scripts; their decipherment has led to the understanding of hieroglyphic writing.

It is a copy of a decree passed in 196 BC by a council of Egyptian priests celebrating the anniversary of the coronation of Ptolemy V Epiphanes as king of Egypt. The Ptolemaic dynasty was a Greek speaking dynasty of Macedonian origin that ruled Egypt from the 4th to the 1st century BC.

The council of priests pledges a series of actions to bolster Ptolemy V Epiphanes' royal cult, with the construction of new statues, better decorations for his shrines, and festivals for his birthday. The decree states that it should be inscribed in stone in hieroglyphics, and Greek and placed in temples throughout Egypt.

Greeks and how do Greeks fit into this puzzle! Greeks are EVERYWHERE!

During Aristotle's time (384–322 BC) in the Macedonian court, he was the head of the royal academy of Macedon Kingdom. he gave lessons

not only to Alexander, but also to two other future kings: Ptolemy and Cassander. Alexander the Great travelled to North Africa and the far East and has died in Babylon in 323 BC in the city he planned to establish as his capital. Alexander's legacy includes the Greco-Buddhism, and the presence of Greek speakers in Persian lands.

Plato's own most profound philosophical influences are Socrates and Pythagoras.

Constantine I, an Emperor who ruled Byzantine Lands between 306 and 337 AC was the first to accept Christianity as the state religion in the city-state now known as Constantinople, Istanbul. His mum Helena became a Christian Saint Helena, was an Empress of the land that was at the time called the Roman Empire. Apparently she was of the Gypsy origin. She became the wife of the future Byzantine (what is now known as Roman) Emperor Constantius Chlorus, father of Constantine I, who was Caesar, the deputy emperor in the west, in 293 AD. Constantine I was born in Niš (today's Serbia). As emperor, Constantine I strengthened the empire and separated the civil and military authorities. He introduced a new golden coin that was used all through the Byzantine and European for more than a thousand years.

Alexander III of Macedon (Greek: Αλέξανδρος Γ' ὁ Μακεδών; 21 July 356 BC – 11 June 323 BC), known as Alexander the Great was the king of the ancient Greek kingdom of Macedon. Before the 4th century BC, Macedonia was a small kingdom outside of the area dominated by Athens. During the reign of the Argead king Philip II (359–336 BC), Macedonia ruled over Thrace. For a brief period, his empire was the most powerful in the world passing the legacy of the Ancient Greek civilization. This why we now find ancient Greek manuscripts in Egypt dating back 100BC, Greek arts and literature, philosophy passed to northeast Africa, spread throughout much of the ancient world. This is the time when the philosophical thought was exchanged from Greece to northwestern India.

The philosophical research concerning the divine poses the question: Is

there a meaning / sense / purpose to voicing / writing / reading as us finite beings talk about God and Infinity?

Is a human being really able to discuss God and Cosmos?

We all agree that knowing God is a mystical experience, first and foremost a subconscious one. There is an ethical importance in speaking about God / Goodness / Law totally unconnected to the question of faith, or occult knowing of Tao's existence or non-existence, and whether a Man (as a King or a Fisherman) has the capability to answer to this question.

Meditating on the shores of Mediterranean, paying respect to Silence, to Nothing in all its forms, during the morning of the Equinox, during the Full Moon, I was experiencing the mystical names of God. Within the Christian worlds we often use Amin / Alleluia, Buddhists deeply appreciate the sound and frequency of Aum, the ancient Egyptians remind us that the mystical name of God is Amon Ra. Ra or Ta as the sound of the supreme male quality and Ma as the sound of the supreme female quality, these two combining within the name of the Hindhu's supreme God B-Ra-Ma, or Be Ra & Ma. Could it that simple? Perhaps not, but do your-own research further...

The mystical Christians preserved the secret of sound of the supreme God, singing the name Ma-Ri-Ya within a song Ave Marija = mystically equals to Amon-Ra-Yahowa. A typical prayer song both in Judaism and Arabic will praise: Allah, and the Hindus priests when devoting their prayers to their Supreme Male God will sing: Om Namah Siva, or Jay Krishna, or Vishnu Jay, and they have a huge variety of Mantras addressing any sort of Gods. Mystical Buddhists will use "Om Mani Padme Hum"

Within the western tradition the names of Gods were hidden with Elohim: the all-powerful one creator, El Elyon: The God Most High, El Roi: The God Who Sees Me, El Olam: The Eternal God, EL: the strong one

And also within:

Jehowah: the Lord, Adonai: the Great Lord, YHWH: as “I AM” or YAH: “I AM”, IMMANUEL: Supreme God (during the meditation visualizing Cosmos) within us “I AM” IT.

For decades scholars agreed that Jesus most likely grew up in his home at Nazareth using Aramaic as his mother tongue. Some speculate that Hebrew was only the language of Rabbis, a dead language after the Babylonian Exile, yet it is likely that Jesus still fluently spoke Hebrew. The fact that the Gospels were originally written in Greek show it was widespread in Jesus’ time so when he conversed with “Romans” they would have used Greek. Judging the crowds attending the gathering, the scholars concluded that Jesus spoke the entire Sermon on the Mount in Greek.

Have you seen the oldest preserved Gospel of John found in Egypt 200 AC? Took me ages but I did go line by line comparing the old Greek text to the translations, with the mind of a Slav from a Balkan country, because we still do use the same way of narrating ancient stories.

In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God...

**Ἐν ἀρχῇ ἦν ὁ λόγος, καὶ ὁ λόγος ἦν πρὸς τὸν θεόν, καὶ θεὸς ἦν ὁ λόγος.**

En arkhêi ên ho lógos, kai ho lógos ên pròs tòn theón, kai theòs ên ho lógos.

Despite the conventional translation as "word", **λόγος** is not “a word” in the grammatical sense, the term lexis (λέξις, léxis) would have been used if our narrator wished to convey “a word”. I much more prefer what David Bentley Hart translates as: 'In the origin there was the Logos, and the Logos was present with GOD, and the Logos was god'.

# λόγος

Logos (Ancient Greek: λόγος), a Greek word meaning "word", "reason", or much more Heraclitus (535 BC - 475 BC), used the term for a principle of order and knowledge. Stoicism as a school of Hellenistic philosophy (Athens 300 BC), influenced by the teachings of Socrates, defines the logos as the active reason pervading and animating the Universe. Neoplatonism is a term used for a chain of thinkers that lived around that time in Greece.

“This logos holds always but humans always prove unable to ever understand it, both before hearing it and when they have first heard it. For though all things come to be in accordance with this logos, humans are like the inexperienced when they experience such words and deeds as I set out, distinguishing each in accordance with its nature and saying how it is. But other people fail to notice what they do when awake, just as they forget what they do while asleep.” - Heraclitus (535 – 475 BC), Translations from Richard D. McKirahan, *Philosophy before Socrates*

Philo of Alexandria (20 BC - 50 AC), used the term Logos to mean an intermediary divine being or demiurge. Plato's Theory of Forms was located within the Logos, but the Logos acted on behalf of God in the physical world.

The concept of Logos in Sufism is used to relate Divine to mankind for no contact between man and God can be possible without the Logos.

*“That which is Below corresponds to that which is Above, and that which is Above corresponds to that which is Below, to accomplish the miracle of the One Thing.” — The Emerald Tablet of Hermes Trismegistus*

Plotinus in interpreting Logos as the principle of meditation, gives methods to achieve ecstasy using Logos as the Divine Eternal Principle existing as the interrelationship between the Soul, the Spirit (nous), and the One. For Plotinus, the relationship between the three by the outpouring of Logos from the higher principle to the Soul, or by eros (loving) coming from the lower principle. Centuries later, Carl Jung contrasted logos vs eros represented as the alchemical Sol and Luna, science and mysticism, or conscious and unconscious.

While praying for the rest of the humanity in his prayers to God, at the very end of St John, Jesus uses the same word, praying for Humanity saying -

John 17:20 Οὐ περὶ τούτων δὲ ἔρωτῶ μόνον, ἀλλὰ καὶ περὶ τῶν πιστευόντων διὰ τοῦ λόγου αὐτῶν εἰς ἐμέ, 20"

“And not concerning these only am I making request, but also concerning the ones who through their **Logos** believe in me.”

Another beautiful insight worth noting is whenever we hear: Verily, verily, I say unto you... Jesus actually uses:

“**αμην αμην**”

Amen, Amen I say to thee... He uses it often...

To see its relevance today, let us go a step further, into the learnings beyond 2,000 years ago. Into Babylon and Amorites that lived 4,000 years ago. Their wisdom is within our words.

Gods or goodness or law is within the words AMR, in Ancient Egypt translated as the God Amon Ra, in Latin translated as AMORE. Pre

Latinization, pre Supreme Male God Philosophy entered our minds, souls and lives, the one that was given to us by our wise ancestors as Mary, the sacred name for LOVE. The one that has put forward the first command "Do not Kill" in an attempt to safeguard the Humanity's efforts to reach God / Goodness / Divine.

We wish to go far back in time because at the time when none travelled, none spoke other languages, and the Humanity was a hand-full of human beings, if they within their Lands had an Alphabet, they must have nourished Science as Supreme Act, so they had art, sports, culture, and researchers that spent their lives exploring.

"Did Moses part your hair?" jokes a child when they see the hairstyle of my daughter. "Is it a boy or an abortion?" exclaims another one jokingly, when fighting with the girl peers at school. In an attempt to be "naughty", one of the kids created a poster "The Jews deserved it". "Muslims can't have sex before marriage", hahaha, they were laughing at a Muslim friend, "But I can have 3 wives!" he shouted back. Yet when the moment comes and it is Ramadan, they all try not to eat in front of him supporting his fast dedicated to God. "Out of my country, go back home, go back home, you are a foreigner, an alien, "barranin" (an outsider in Maltese), said a Chinese protecting his table from his friends.

What a mix of nationalities and stories in the school of my daughter! We are deeply privileged to have this life-style as an experience! All screaming and laughing... This is a reality of the multicultural Malta: Catholics, Orthodox, Chines, Protestants, Muslims, Jews, all mixed together. Can you hear the kids laughing? Yet when the religious sentiment gets abused, when we start competing around "God" and "Goodness", we confuse and abuse the very basic of sentiments, we start consciously or subconsciously believing that "Babylon is damned" and "God doesn't love children of Cain", "Non-believers should be prosecuted" and women are inferior...

Ascending the Spiral of Consciousness we realize how we relate to each other in our drive for Goodness... The Universe's Micro and Macro

Cosmos is at our feet searching to manifest as deeper knowledge and understanding of our little Self within Conscious Living with all the sentient beings on our little planet Earth.

Some 200,000 years ago in South-East Africa, Homo Sapiens entered the world stage. Human DNA is broken into 46 chromosomes, each parent contributing half. XX makes a female, XY makes a male. The combination depends on the father. Following the DNA story, around 80,000 years ago humans left Africa. By 40,000 years ago, we were all around the World. Malta's first inhabitants date back 7,000 years ago, the culture that built over 30 temples, the oldest free standing stone structures in the world.

Their culture flourished for 2,000 years and has disappeared around 2000 BC.

In 2008 the DNA study was published in The American Journal of Human Genetics, and early results of study showed that 50% of Maltese men are of Phoenician origin. The researchers looked for Phoenician DNA in modern day Lebanese people. The DNA in Greece, Crete, and Southern Italy had the same information. A study published in the Annals of Human Genetics in 2004, also points at Southern Italy. The decline of the Roman Empire was followed by Arab rule of the Islands.

At the turn of the 11th century Kings from Northern France gained Power in Southern Italy and expelled the Arab and Byzantine Rulers. There were only around 20,000 people up to 1500 AC. By the end of the 15th century all Maltese Muslims were converted to Christianity or have disguised their previous identities.

After 1500 AC Malta was given to the Order of the Knights of St John. In 1528 the population of Malta was 12,000 with 5,000 residing in Gozo. Within 10 years, it has almost doubled to 22,000 including the Knights. The knights stayed in Malta for 268 years. Most Knights were French and they excluded the native islanders from important positions, natives viewed them as arrogant intruders since they were even dismissive of

the Maltese nobility. Even though French introduced Italian as the official language, the native inhabitants continued to speak in Maltese (Arabic). In 1566 they built Valletta, named for Grand Master la Vallette. Valletta was renowned as a center of art and culture containing works by Caravaggio. The island's hospitals and education were expanding. The Hospital of Malta included Schools of Anatomy, Surgery and Pharmacy.

The first Public Library was established in 1761 and the University was founded in 1767. During the period of rule under the Knights, thousands of Muslim slaves, captured as a result of Mediterranean maritime wars were taken to Malta. It is estimated that in the mid-18th century, there were around 9,000 Muslim slaves. Although there were laws preventing them from interacting with the Maltese, they were allowed to sell their merchant in the streets of Valletta. A mosque was built in 1702 for Turkish slaves.

As for Jews, The Knights would often take passengers of merchant ships hostage in order to get the ransom and it would be up to Jewish Societies for the Redemption of Captives to raise it. There were many Jewish slaves in Malta during this period and Malta was mentioned in Jewish literature of the period for its large enslaved Jewish population. In the time before World War II many Jews fleeing Nazism came to Malta as it was the only European country not to require visas of Jews.

The decree of the French National Assembly in 1789 abolishing feudalism in France also abolished the Order of the Knights of St John in France and seized their assets. Their Mediterranean stronghold of Malta was captured by Napoleon in 1798 during his expedition to Egypt. In 1834, the order settled in Rome. The Order issues its own passports, currency, stamps and even vehicle registration plates. The Order maintains diplomatic relations with 107 countries. The British amalgamated Malta into their empire during 164 years. Malta declared itself a republic in 1974 keeping two languages – Maltese and English.

Whether you are an atheist, Muslim, Christian or a Hindu in your search

for God / Goodness you will know this to be true, there was never a special race of Humans who embodied all the virtues of this world. No matter how sincerely the Kings of our past insisted on inherited DNA hierarchies dividing human race into groups or Castas with the most unfortunate Karmic unwritten laws in India, the Lady Science still hasn't discovered a gene of leadership that could create a capable Ruler. It is the family, society and friends that guide our children's goodness towards the self-confident and inspiring youth.

The ancient Temples were built to be an allegory for the enlightened man. Within an Egyptian Initiation, next to the great Sphinx of Thebes that has a head of a man, body of a lion, wings of an eagle, our ancestors worshiped the Water, Air, Earth, or Fire, stolen from Gods, as the pre-structured resistance within all that is Form, a dragon-like creature that represents the Life Force itself. Throughout our mythology, the man swims through consciousness and subconscious layers of behavior and within various artistic expressions, as a knight, he fights the Life Force, taming it with his knowledge and Light.

Parthenon (Ancient Greek: Παρθενών), a temple on the Athenian Acropolis dedicated to the goddess Athena was built around 440 BC.

With the most unfortunate history of our religious wars, the ancient Parthenon was first converted into a Christian church in 600 AC and during the Ottoman rule in Greece, from 1453, into a mosque. Yet it managed to survive until 1687, when the Pope and the Venetian Governors assembled the so-called "Venetian" army, and send a general Morosini to fight the Ottoman Empire. In his unsuccessful siege of the city the Acropolis was bombarded continuously for eight days, and on September 26, 1687, a bomb hit the storage gunpowder magazine and completely blew it apart.

A few days ago, the Heritage Malta has inaugurated a Roman Villa that was occupied for at least six centuries from 200 BC to 400 AC. The villa was an olive producing villa within this little ancient merchandising world. Note, how misleading the name is the "Roman Villa" makes us

travel to Rome in our minds, yet the age points to the Eastern Roman Empire where the Byzantine Kingdom of Greece was, its capital city of Athene and Constantinople (later Istanbul of Turkey).

The Ancient Greece was known as Hellas and the ancient maps show it as the center of the world surrounded by the Mediterranean Sea. Malta, South Italy, Crete, Greece, Ancient Europe / the area of Thrace and Macedonia, Istanbul (later Constantinople) was all a part of this world full of Islands and coastal cities.

In ancient Greek mythology, human beings were created in the image of the gods, using the mold by Prometheus, a Titan, who was a child from Uranus, the Sky and Gaia the Earth.

Prometheus molded shapes out of earth imitating Gods, Athena breathed life into the shapes, creating the Mankind. The Titans as kids were hated by their father and were rebellious against Zeus, the chief God.

Our sources come from the Ancient Greek pottery buried in Funeral rites around 100 BC - 500 BC and since there is not much of it, to understand minds of the ancient Greeks we turn to the major philosopher meditating upon the myths and legends of the Titan Prometheus during the Socratic era of greater Athens, to Plato. The Plato's philosophical discourses are in the form of the various dialogues mentioning Prometheus. In Plato's writings about Prometheus we read:

“After the gods have molded men and other living creatures with a mixture of clay and fire, the two brothers Epimetheus and Prometheus are called to complete the task and distribute among the newly born creatures all sorts of natural qualities. Epimetheus sets to work but, being unwise, distributes all the gifts of nature among the animals, leaving men naked and unprotected, unable to defend themselves and to survive in a hostile world. Prometheus then steals the fire of creative power from the workshop of Athena and Hephaistos and gives it to

mankind.”

Prometheus stole the Fire from Gods against Zeus’s wish who didn’t want humans to become too clever, so for this act Zeus chained him to Mount Caucasus, and further punished him sending a mighty Eagle to tear out his liver each day, to be saved by the hero Heracles, some centuries later. As further punishment for Prometheus daring to imitate Gods with his new created Men, Zeus has sent a great flood to kill all the people. Prometheus managed to warn Deucalion and his wife Pyrrha, who in turn prepared an arc (the Arc of Deucalion), filled it with food and were the only survivors of the Great Flood.

This leads us to the story of Sisyphus and his Torment, Sisyphus was condemned to roll a rock up a mountain, only to have it roll down each time he reached the top. How frustrating his task was, Up and Down for eternity.

Uranus hated and feared his Titan children, he locked them deep in Tartarus, so they never see the daylight. One of them, the youngest and most terrible, named Cronus has killed him. His substance touched the Earth creating Giants, the Furies, the Nymphs and Aphrodite. Aphrodite was born from the foam of the sea in Cyprus. Malta hid two monsters, the legends say – Scylla and Charybdis. At Dodona, the ancient Greeks asked the oracle how they should act, listening to the rustling of leaves on a sacred oak tree. At Delphi there are the ruins of a temple, a theatre and a stadium where the Games were held every four years in honor of God Apollo. At Olimp these games were done in honor of Zeus. People all over Greece would come to Delphi to the Oracle to ask questions of the priestess of Apollo, Pythia. Apollo was the god of healing, music and poetry.

Hades, the ruler of the underground, sub consciousness, the astral world, wears the cap of invisibility and is accompanied by his three headed dog. Hades is the name of the God and the Land he ruled upon. The Land was divided into 3 areas, one for the virtuous, one for the wicked, and one for the souls of the neutral ones. Five rivers pass

through Hades: Acheron (Sorrow), Cocytus (Lamentation), Styx (Hate), Lethe (Forgetfulness), Phlegethon (Fire). During the four months of the year, Hades lives with his wife Persephone, a young and beautiful daughter of Demeter who taught us the art of growing crops, who eating his four pomegranate seeds has bonded her-self to return to Hades 4 months of the year, during our winter. According to Ancient Greeks the Humankind has already passed through Golden Age of plenty, and Silver Age where the deterioration has started, getting violent during Bronze Age and wicked and unhealthy during this age, Age of Iron.

Old Greek Philosophers used mythology to pass the wisdom of many subconscious struggles we, mortals, experience, using the most gruesome story-telling tools to keep our memory alive. Fighting against a foggy existence of any words put together that needs a solid emotional platform to give us even a slightest chance to remember – this moment.

The Monastery Manasija was surrounded by Knights dressed in simple white cotton overalls, wearing beards of all sizes, transformed into the 15th century meeting place, the Festival at its entrance had 3 village men with their bellies in an ice-cold stream, standing still, experiencing the coldest possible waters directly from the Earth's belly.

Climbing the walls of the Monastery & engrossed within the Festival, it was clear that this scene was missing something essential. There were no Monks around us, no chants going on forever, no sound of Christian prayers endlessly repeating the name of God chanting praise to Christ or Marry, none to pass the knowledge of the spiritual growth or practices of the Orthodox religious culture.

All Serbian monks, all Knights, are these days in Greece, believe it or not, 2,500 of them, praying on an Peninsula secluded from people, technology, Internet, TV, women.

You might have heard of this special European Christian place called

Hilandar, “eternally” given to the Serbian Christian Church as long as there are 7 practicing Monks actively guarding the place, where visits are only limited to men, who wish to experience an Orthodox Christian Spiritual Retreat. Some of the monks spent all their lives without ever seeing a woman walking on a street. No money is ever taken for Food or Lodging. No meat consumed, no alcohol other than wine, no cigarettes, cars or mobiles reception found. They chant twice a day and their prayers last from 4 to 6 hours starting at 2-4:00AM till noon standing behind an Altar singing the most wonderful Christian music of male voices chanted in a typical Orthodox Christians Mass. They pray twice a day.

Founded by Saint Sava, the son of a Serbian King Stefan Nemanja, who was born in 1169. As the youngest son to the King, and with a strong zeal for learning and spiritual work he became a Christian monk following all the ascetic monastic practices. Nemanja followed his son’s example and abdicated in 1196, giving the throne to his middle son, Stefan. Both Nemanja and his wife Ana took Christian monastic vows. Nemanja took the monastic name Simeon, and was later proclaimed a Saint Simeon. Sava obtained the independence of the Serbian Church from the Emperor and the Patriarch, and became its first Archbishop. Together they built the monastery of Hilandar on the Mount Athos calling it a Holy Mountain, Sveta Gora, a place that is today physically located on a Greek peninsula and has 20 monasteries.

They both returned to Serbia building many other monasteries, churches and schools, enlightening Serbian people throughout the lands. Whenever a similar effort was done around the Globe where the educated few passed the knowledge to the masses, their efforts were endless, so they soon were acknowledged as Saints or Gurus – the ones who bring Souls from Dark to Light.

Saint Sava has written a couple of books prescribing the monastic life-style rules – a diet that contains no meat, with row vegan intake 3 times a week and allowing fish, cheese and wine during the weekends. He also prescribed chanting practices of a typical Mass. His set of spiritual

practices are respected even today, the Monks eat twice a day & chant for 9 nine hours a day praying.

My memories of a mass sung in an Ethiopian Orthodox Christian Monastery is a memory of deep male voices and the sound of drums. My memory of a Tibetan Buddhist chant sung within the Monasteries of Tibet in Nepal where I spent a month learning about Tibetan Buddhism is the same deep continuous chanting of God's names. 11 meters deep within the Maltese Hypogeum, a 7,000 years old Sacred temple carved in stone, the Oracle Room where I prayed silently, resonated with 111Hz, altering states of Consciousness.

Do you get how powerful and spiritually strong this place is?

With such an admirable ascetic life-style, the Holy Mountain represents a focal point of Serbian religious culture, and of Christian Orthodox culture, also holding a title of "the first ever Serbian University". With ongoing daily spiritual practices, with such an amount of chanting, within a place that has self-generated electricity from Eco sources, has no pavements, cars or animals, we get Organic hand-picked Olive Oil, best Organic Wines, and most amazing Healing Honey, and Icons painted by resident artists Monks, all Serbs living in total isolation.

There is of course a burden to our souls, a hitch to this paradise of Monks living together secluded

When a prayer is altered in any Christian Church, the power of prayer is given to the Church Hierarchy, the country itself, people who pray, main states figures like Kings or Prime Ministers, so the country prospers and main wise men are respected and supported even within the spiritual sphere. In an ideal balanced spiritual-material world, the Minister of Education would be blessed so that the school policies are in wise & reason enlightened hands. With 2,500 Monks living in a foreign country, Greece, there is hardly any wisdom passed from Monks to people, there is hardly any interaction with this Spiritual force that lives so isolated.

Picture this, if you are born into a Serbian Christian family, you are a

practicing Christian, and you decide to follow the “hard core”, “no marriage” option, within the Orthodox Christianity, Priests are allowed to marry, so they stay with their families running various Churches. You can become a Priest or a Monk. In either case, you stay in contact with people passing the wisdom you gained, otherwise there is no point of your incarnation on the planet and following the Christian path of “for the Benefit of All”.

This spiritual force of some of the most interesting Serbian Spiritual Researchers that is locked on a Greek Island makes me wonder: is this why a Greek Rockfeller family – boat owners - has such a tremendous fortune? If prayers do matter, where are they all going? if not to Serbian people who should be the carriers and receivers of this subconscious Christian wisdom blessings?

Within the Ancient Egyptian mythology, Isis creator god, her father, is Atum or Ra.

Isis was a major goddess within ancient Egypt, the time of our travel is 2500 BC, the area we are observing is the Ancient Egyptian and Greco Mediterranean worlds. Mother of Horus, and a wife to Osiris she was in charge of the mortals after death experiences, her image is linked to funerary practices and magical texts and temple rites of the pharaoh. Possessing healing powers, in art usually portrayed as a woman wearing a throne hieroglyph on her head.

In one myth, Isis creates a snake that bites Ra, and in an exchange for the cure, to extract the venom, Ra gives her the supreme secret of his true name - a sound that gives an ultimate power. She passes the name to Horus, her son.

Many researchers explored Isis's name hoping to follow her through the ages examining the sound of her name. Her Egyptian name was *ꜣst*, or *Ēse* in the Coptic form of Egyptian, and *Ἴσις* Isis in Ancient Greek.

The Pyramid Texts, 2400 BC, suggest the nature of the pharaoh to be both Horus and Osiris. The pharaoh as Horus in life becomes Osiris in

death, where s/he unites with the other gods. New incarnations of Horus are blessed as new pharaohs. Isis is an etheric mum of Pharaohs, while an incarnated divine soul of her son Horus is within their material form on Earth. This is the reason why many of the oldest-known Egyptian pharaohs were only known by the name of Horus.

She was the goddess, energy, spirit that makes a man into a king. Her son Horus was an incarnate of each living pharaoh.

Greek and Egyptian culture were highly intermingled at this time, one could probably see the same rituals dedicated to Isis in Egyptian temples and in front of her statue inside Greek temples.

Pythagoras who was well known in Magna Graecia and was a teacher of Plato, and Aristotle, around 530 BC, travelled to Croton, where he founded a spiritual school where initiates lived a communal, ascetic lifestyle, were vegetarians, studied philosophy, art, music, numbers, and discussed God.

Pythagoras gave the name of Monad (1) to God, and Dyad (2) to matter. The first and highest aspect of God is described by Plato as the One. The Monad (indescribable) emanated the Demiurge (Tao, Consciousness, Transcendent Source) or the creator. Plato, in the Socratic dialogue Timaeus, refers the Demiurge as a benevolent force that has created the world out of Chaos. Plotinus who is noted as the founder of Neoplatonism metaphorically identified the Demiurge as the Greek God Zeus.

Aristotle equated matter with the formation of the elements moved to action by force or motion. These two are known as Aristotle's Energeia and Plato's Demiurge.

The Demiurge of Neoplatonism is the Nous (mind of God), and it is:

1. Arche – “beginning” or the source of all things,
2. Logos – “reason” or the cause behind all,

### 3. Harmonia – “harmony” reflected with the Numbers in mathematics

It would seem then that the Orphic view of the Demiurge was integrated into Jewish and Christian Gnosticism. Later within the Judeo-Christian tradition the Demiurge or creator became Lucifer or Satan with the firmly attributed evil to the concept of Creation, whereby God wishes to limit man's knowledge by forbidding him the fruit of knowledge in paradise, while within the teachings of Pythagoras and Plato there is no “lesser”, or “worse” God creating Universe and Humankind, even-though the Universe is in Chaos.

Schopenhauer in his Parerga and Paralipomena, published in 1851, wrote of this Neoplatonist philosopher: "With Plotinus there even appears, probably for the first time in Western philosophy, idealism that had long been current in the East even at that time, for it taught that the soul has made the world by stepping from eternity into time, \* 'For there is for this universe no other place than the soul or mind'..."

Full moon on the Southern Gaia's Hemisphere came expectedly yet surprisingly different. She met Him in full force, face to face, keeping us, mortals, speechless, causing a mini Universal Chaos within the elements. So exciting was their pre-meditated and long awaited Cosmic dynamic Relief. Both a black cat and a black dog crossed my path this morning, reminding me to “remember” to stay awake and exchange with the souls I meet. Pausanias a Greek traveler of 200 AD, describing ancient Greece from his travels, says that Poseidon was one of the caretakers of the oracle at Delphi before Olympian Apollo took it over.

Malta, that could have been Atlantis, where now the ancient Temples stand for 5,000+ years, could have carried that “Oracle”, with its Priests descending Hypogeum, 11 meters deep carved in stone underground Temples that even today resonate with sound perfectly, meditating entering into altered states of consciousness, into prayers and union with Divine, into dreams or Samadhi. conquered

Back in time, that has changed only a 150 years ago, pre-electricity, our

society was infected with inequality, injustice, and a thought that lived within 90% of us for many millennia's - the thought of Equality. The total population of the world, post electricity, rose dramatically from 1/2 a billion to 8 billions. During this time of learning how to live together we went through both the 1st and the 2nd World War.

Thanks to our learnings and to the modern technology, we now have an opportunity to study / practice ancient spiritual growth / self development practices from around the world. This exposure to the mix of East and West, South and North, gives us some very inspiring insights.

A grand piano recital of one of the best world pianist Grigory Sokolov that was entitled "The Legend is Back" took us onto a 3 hours journey through Haydn's sonatas and finished with 5 encores at midnight. While on this "single man on a piano" marathon, we as his audience stopped breathing with every pause he performed. He mastered his and the energy of entire Conference Centre crowd, taking us into the highest states of consciousness.

Both music and sports, fully intuitively connect with the mastery of breath and souls' meditations. There is no exceptional artists, sportsmen or dancer without the mastery of deep breath, circular breath, rapid breath, or deep understanding of the magic of concentration.

Within the spiritual growth arena, in our drive for goodness, humanity used to exercise tremendous efforts to transform Yin into Yang, searching for Balance within Order, applying force to guard "chastity", "honor", or "inner laws".

Within our understanding of the "wisdom" system, like in any learning, we pass through a spiral, slowly climbing up its various levels – physically, mentally and intuitively mastering the tools, comprehending its more subtle wisdom and beauty. Exercising Tai Chi, for example, takes us into a journey that as a gift combines breathing, movement, and the energy flow.

Watching a Master exercise the Art, we watch him / her exchange with Tao / divine.

We never knew Luxury but we travelled twice a year for shopping and culture trips visiting Vienna, Rome, Istanbul, Athens throughout my childhood. My father lost both his parents when 18 and was left with four other siblings with no money or relatives to help, yet this didn't stop him from finishing his Phd in Law, taking care of all the brothers and sisters, and publishing an amazing number of 27 legal books. We discussed Utopia, and Plato at home, analyzed Roman Law and its pitfalls, talked about Tolstoy's sense for social justice, equality and searched for a perfect social system / solution on Earth when the Humanity is ready for it. Discussing our inner drive towards perfection was my breast-feeding milk during my early youth.

Reading Russian and Greeks' classics, many I knew believed in equality, a deeper social and economic justice, a better world with true democracy, workers' management, free education and health for all, and no monopolies of any sort. With dad lecturing about Co-operative Law, I inherited his dream for a better society, within a more profane political structure, an economic system that went beyond Socialism and implied the deep understanding of human nature. Christian believed in such a world, Yogis tried to introduce it within the endless communities of various Ashrams on a small but important scale, we believed in it during the 40 years post-war Tito's experiment now called ex-Yugoslavia.

Just around the time of my High-school successes I came across meditation and the search for Inner Perfection. Hesse's books came into my hands when I was 16 introducing me to meditation, the game of glass pearls took my mind, efforts, breath, and with no experiments with alcohol, drugs, or medication, I followed the life-style of a yogi even before I knew what that word meant. A sort of a Monk with no Monastery, deeply connected to ancient spiritual practices and rituals, I sing my mantras, light my candles and drum within my drumming circle.

The collapse of Yugoslavia, the bankrupt of its Banks, came to our lives at the same time when my father started suffering from serious consequences from his now 15 years old Diabetes 1 (insulin dependent). His kidneys stopped working, he lost his sight, his body was covered in wounds from the constant lack or excess of vitamins Ca and K (a condition common to the dialysis patients), his lungs were full of water so he could not stop coughing.

By that time my mum has long given up on helping him and has passed through her first nervous break-down, she was later diagnosed with Alzheimer, so the only person who could take care of him, his hospital visits, his state of body and mind was myself. Taking the role of a nurse was an intense task since I was also studying Economics at the time. Yet it thought me a tremendous deal about the power of Western Medicine Diagnosis and its weaknesses when it comes to healing the disease.

Watching my father disappear was heart-breaking, watching my country collapse was mind-blowing. Just before my father died I remember waiting for 5 hours in front of a pharmacy in an attempt to get his regular bottle of insulin. Can you imagine anything more disturbing, getting his regular bottle of insulin took 5 hours!?

It brings back our religious excitement around the statements of the original sin, the lost paradise and apocalypse. It acknowledges the suffering as the natural state of being.

Do we really need suffering to grow? Must admit, I had a very particular relationship with suffering.

## Chapter 3 Field of Dreams

Synchronicity is a wave that we surf only sometime.

At the small airport in Scotland a German blue eyed angel came to greet me. Approaching me, he said: Are you going to the Field of Dreams? You look like somebody who is going to the Ball. I've just arrived and booked a taxi, would you like to join me? Feeling protected, I offered my gratitude to the Field of Dreams that just opened its first magic door.

Following only my instincts hidden deep within my bag and dizzy from flying, I had no clue how to reach my destination. Planning to jump on the first non-existent bus, or find my way around the Scottish rail that had no rails leading to my remote destination, I gratefully embraced the messenger. His first message was: this place is magical, pay attention.

Jenny, our driver, a beautifully alive and yet peaceful lady carried a sign of inner strength on her forehead. A spiral it was, connecting to her soul's power. Jay (that was the German angel's name) told us of how special this event is and how lucky we are to be invited to the Ball.

Just a mention of Liza's name got me to a little red hut with my B&B booked. Liza is an expert in Transformation Game, Jenny said, have you ever played one? I played one many years later, surrounded by my dear soul-mates Rob and Chris who were just about to get married. Chris wanted to answer her inner quest: should I have a child right now or continue with my spiritual, travelling, life-exploring quest, Rob wanted a confirmation that he is entering the right golden door of his life, and I wished to understand the Universal mystery behind the creation of my books. Two hours it took us to all understand our struggles, our mental, emotional, and spiritual drives, all immersed within the Game.

My main message was an expectancy of a baby that will soon grow to be a major part of my life. The Game was talking about my books: 9 babies that I called Alchemy of Love. Chris will wait another 3 years to have a most beautiful baby girl.

The Transformation Game, was designed by a wizard living in the Field of Dreams. It is a Game that offers insight into the secrets of life, clarifying personal issues, recognizing one's strengths and weaknesses, deepening understandings of patterns that run through one's life. Jay gave us a perfect explanation of the game.

Within the Game, Jenny explained, you follow your life path supported by angels, pushed by guidance cards, and insight cards working with your physical, emotional and mental body discovering the in-s and out-s of your Soul's path.

Within the Game while on an imaginative pathway, we connect with our Higher Self, through our intuition.

Our shoulders carry an invisible load of patterns, habits, desires, wishes and the Game helps us discover our destiny. Do you believe in destiny? Jenny asked.

Not yet ready to answer that question, I just smiled and turned away.

Stepping outside with such a powerful message, I knew this is promising to become an interesting morning.

At the very same moment my breath became one with Findhorn's, an intricate web with a precise flow materialized. Taking my passport to the organizers I passed a local shop that un-mistakenly called me in. Every item within this magic shop was to my taste: organic, fair-trade, paper instead of plastic, dark chocolates, home-made, hand-made, brown un-processed savories, vegetarian, vegan delights, selection of nuts, fresh mountain teas, young white cheeses, crystals of unusual shapes, spirals, shells, African and Indian bejs, my favorite mantra music CDs, meditation books of various sages and gurus.

Everything I touched was exactly what I would have chosen for myself going through 100s of shops back home ravaging through shelves after shelves of useless items full of colorings, preservatives, processing, finally finding what I need in a most remote corner of a 'normal' supermarket. People who lived in this community were in total harmony with my concept of eco-consumption. This equilibrium, the sense of balance, the feeling of belonging, sunk deep into my being, giving my soul a sense of wonder and gratitude.

Walking to the cash-point, at the opposite side of this small room was David, an old friend from Malta I didn't see in years. David was a lecturer at three or four Body, Mind and Spirit Festivals I have organized some years back in Malta, he was our guest from the UK, doing his breathing workshops. We also danced 5 rhythm dances together, and perhaps did a shadow-work psychology workshop in the UK together.

David recently moved to the Land of Plenty, following the smell of black gold, Dubai and by the weirdest set of circumstances we met in the middle of the Field of Dreams.

Hey, I am visiting Scotland just for a couple of weeks. Was cooking with some friends, an Indian dinner, and needed a couple of spices I can only find in this shop.

Seeing you I thought I saw a ghost, or perhaps I am dreaming,  
he hugged me. Lunch at my place? Will kidnap you immediately.

The Field of Dreams gave me my surprise visitor, re-connecting me to the old spiritual friend, giving me a guide, an insider, somebody who lived in this magical place and can open deeper levels of its secrets.

A couple of hours later, cooking lunch with other 10 people at David's place, surrounded by 10 souls, each cutting, or washing veggies, adding his/her flavor to this collective lunch, I realized that at least 6 of them arrived to this house coincidentally, i.e. have never met David before!

Findhorn had a sort of a stamp of magic all over its grounds. None locked their houses, the formalities were at their minimum, homes were open to visitors, and socializing had a strong sense of synchronicity.

Later I learned that Peter, Dorothy and Eileen, the Founders of the Field of Dreams, had no money to start their little Spiritual and Eco Community project, but bit by bit everything they wished for materialized.

Their stories of simultaneous concurrences kept re-occurring. One day they needed a type of natural fertilizer and after their 'wish' was sent to the Universe, an abundant hail of straw appeared or a neighbor called asking them to collect a pile of unused recycled organic waste. The wish would materialize as soon as the goal was clear and the intention pure.

They acknowledged they draw upon the reservoir of goodwill, love and peace built around the space and they trusted God to provide. This magic feature of Findhorn became well known among the visitors of the Field. Many came to test it searching for the fulfilment of their long awaited dream.

This was quite different from the distortion of the same philosophy I encountered in India, meeting some very sick Hippies who believed that trusting God will save them from stomach viruses not taking the necessary precautions while choosing their food. Eating contaminated

food is simply dangerous and God has nothing to do with our madness, drinking unfiltered water in India would materialize as a disease no matter how much you pray. My travel partner who I met traveling through Nepal, in the lobby of a Buddhist guest house in Katmandu, was an eighteen year young German who at one point was in danger of dehydration, trusting God will save him.

When ten of us, volunteers, got together to build a Centre that would help kids of the poorest area in Malta, we had no money to start the project. Yet, we bought a house in Bormla (Malta's south) for Lm1.000 twenty years back, not even seeing what is underneath the debris piled on the top of the plot we purchased. Having no machinery to clear the rubbish, climbing 99 steps that separated the house from the road to deposit it into a container. We dug, and filled the debris into sacks, and dug, day after day, walking the steps up and down, for years.

Underneath the debris we found a court-yard and a charming house, we restored, bit by bit, stone by stone, and made it into a center that later changed lives of many within the area. Now 20 years later the Founders got the award and funding for the best volunteers' project in Malta.

That evening my adventures continued, we were all invited to the Big Hall. The Lady Mystery finds its abode all over this place.

At the top of a hill, surrounded by old trees, many pathways lead to it, each paved by an intricate hand-made collage of precious stones representing mythical creatures, branches, or seemingly random shapes brought from caves or depths of the oceans. When seen from a distance this beautiful design forms a gigantic spiral. Climbing up, a symbolic representation of a miniature Universe, unfolded, mapping our subconscious, allowing us to see creatures of our personal dreams all gathered around the spiral!

The stained glass entrance raised in its magnificence, the glass roof lantern was pentagonal in shape. One of the walls had Sun and Moon carved into the stone work, they looked at each other ready for the

union, and many paths led to them, many merged into one.

The hall was built in the shape of the pentagram, it had a stage with a huge real tree within its center. The guardian of the place stood firmly protecting us from our night-mares, telling stories of a powerful lost civilizations that witnessed the birth of its lineage. From one of the corners, an irregular wooden window smiled convincing us that it just came out of another fairy-tale frozen in space & time.

The highlight of that evening's event was the Theatre Improviso.

We have no stories to tell you, no act to share, but the ones that are of your sharing, the stories that sleep hidden within depths of your-own souls.

We all over-identify with personal stories blocking the flow of energy, said a beautiful dark young man standing at the far right of the group.

We identify with misunderstood mothers, or left husbands, or physically, emotionally or mentally abused. Loved by many, missed by a few, surrounded by titles, definitions, words, that fit all sizes, words that are far too many, words that linger not allowing us to experience life fully, that stop us from releasing the pain or joy.

A lady that stepped to the center of the stage had a body of a 30 year old, face in her 40s, with hands showing deep lines of someone in their 50-s, and reddish curly hair. A motherly figure, with the eyes one could trust, shaded green and grey.

We are the artists of your stage, of Life materialized with all its patterns, habits, and karmic pathways within your heads.

This time the actor was a lady in her 40-s, with a body of a yogi and hair of a forest spirit. Later, I learned that today was her 60<sup>th</sup> birthday!

This stage is designed by you, decorated by you, we live in it just for you. Allow us to guide you through your own nightmares.

It is 5 of us, and we will give you what you ask for, we will give you the keys to unlock and re-discover the knowledge of your souls. Put the key into the key-lock.

Anna is a doctor in her mid-forties with neat, a bit conservative clothes. Energetic movements from a thin, strong body were hidden behind her large white shirt and perfectly ironed trousers. Some years back she went to the end of the world skiing with her husband. Both doctors, they loved spending every minute of their holidays together, discovering new continents, unspoiled nature, diving into unknown adventures. After a wonderful day of skiing through the off-beaten tracks of the mountains in Austria with her soul mate, an avalanche covered their path, covering them both. They found them unconscious covered in snow, he died and she survived. Three years ago when it happened, she at first could not think of a single reason why it is good to be alive. Was he or she saved that day when the patrol found them?

Just before Anna told us her story, back in the canteen, she told me that the couple has decided not to have children, they both had their operations, they were completely content together, fulfilled, happy, they saw children as a distraction to their happiness. Back at the Hall, listening to her story, I could see their unborn baby crying for the life she never had.

I will go to India this year and this time I will not travel with my soul-mate, I will travel alone. Her smile spoke of many untold tales buried under the snow, of many hours, days, years, and life times of living love with her other half.

Many years later, my Soul offered me a choice to live my life without kids. My fiancé, a 3 years down the relationship lane partner, already had two kids and could not see himself with another parenting experience. A very successful businessman, an owner of an IT company,

he attributed his family's dis-harmony ending with a divorce, to his incapability to express himself within this equation. The experience of parenting was my soul's quest, and living love with him meant I would consciously decide not to have children. My physical body would live within the Worlds of Plenty, he later sold his company for 33 million euros, looking back, I can safely say that my kids are worth 33 millions and 1 euro.

After a moment of silence such a deep karmic story required, the theatre broke into its timeless performance, acting the story of lost love, of death, of misfortune, of despair, of paradise found that went missing, of lovers that were too good to be true, of attachment and cruel detachment, of joy that was broken in the middle of its laughter. We all found it difficult to watch. I had tears in my eyes.

Fazila has an Indian face, dark eyes with a timeless expression! Speaking quickly, as though with an overdose of life, sort of lust to experience, to be, to see, take-in, even her voice sounded like bells. Divorced with 3 kids, she said, the eldest is 20, middle 18, and the youngest one 13. When she left her husband, she left the old life, old friends, left the States and came to Europe with her then, 8 years old daughter. Her daughter has a disability, she says, she is bound to a wheel-chair. She spent five long years taking care of her as a single mum. She got her a dog, she says, a baby cocker-spaniel, a little wonder-full-of-joy that was with them at all times. It often brought tears to her daughter's eyes. Years of screams and endless jokes followed the two. However, all through this period Fazila wished her life to be more than the imprisonment of obligations and responsibilities.

When her daughter turned 13, the mum decided to send her back to the States. A shiver passed through my body when I remembered my never to be a true friend Carol who left her three kids with their dad in Australia while she returned to her home-land. The youngest one she left behind was three. Holding my three year old, I just could not imagine what happens to people who had to make such choices. She could never properly connect with me and my story. My choices made

her aware of her fears. Seeing a single mother coping on her-own, still meditating, still reading, writing, still managing to Be even without any financial support of a male figure, living in a semi-harmonious relationship with her kids, made her wonder how would her life look like if she did not have the burden of her abandoned kids within her shadow world.

When the wheel-chair was packed, she said with the tears in her eyes, and the suitcase locked, the favorite toys gone, and when we kissed each other goodbye, placing a little cocker-spaniel into her fragile loving hands, I closed the door to welcome my freedom. A tremendous relief was the moment when I sat down experiencing silence. Now I can travel, I thought, have my favorite coffee, and climb my favorite mountains, visit my distant relatives in Asia, go to workshops, learn pottery and maybe start playing an instrument. A world of possibilities gazed at me from every corner of my room! That night I went to sleep realizing that I do not need to cook myself a dinner, do not need to put anybody to sleep!

That night I fell asleep experiencing the silence slowly turning into dreadful, that night I had no dreams. Woke up heavily burdened with the world of possibilities, feeling deep hatred towards myself, I woke up to the fact that I can no longer be with my children.

My daughter's room gazed at me empty. Within the house a huge empty space, within my heart, a huge empty space, within my time, a huge empty space... The cocker-spaniel's empty food ball chases me through the house screaming 'empty!' I do not dare throw it away, now one year later. All the exciting possibilities transformed into the silent emptiness. Nowadays, the gap is so deep that when it opens I have difficulty breathing.

Different colored scarves filled our scene starting yet another eternal dance. The one who represented Fazila, wanted to live and act her

truth, but had no clue what the truth is. Every time she made a decision, chose her scarf, color, shape, she would hesitate wanting something else, wanting more, getting lost within her own worlds. New country, freedom, worlds of possibilities, they all gave space to the dark scarf representing silence that drowned her within its darkness.

The death of Fazila brought us all back to life...

I saw a man falling off a pavement during an early morning in Malta. He couldn't stand up and he cried for help. In a matter of 10 seconds while I was driving past, three cars stopped and six people were running to help him with an expression of worry, compassion, emergency, as though this was their-own grand-pa! I was so happy to be living here...

In Africa I witness a scene of opening of a first public school in Kenia, where so many kids wanted to attend it, that they blocked all the entrances in their excitement, the teachers could not start their work writing in the newspapers that Tanzania kids are not part of this public offering asking Tanzania's parents to please leave the site.

Can you just for a moment imagine that you are this Tanzania's parent who desperately wishes for his child to get educated and send him walking for miles, crossing the border, risking jail, pretending they are Kenyan so that they can learn to read and write.

My parents worked all their lives so that I can go to school told me a taxi driver in Nairobi.

His statement hit me like a blow, awakening within me a simple fact that even to be a taxi driver one needs to read and write. Our so naturally accepted right to free schooling makes us almost incapable to comprehend a system where this freedom is not a part of a country's life. Without the basic schooling you cannot even be a simple Taxi Driver!

In Germany while on a business meeting, just after an outsourcing conference I met a man who was trained to kill. He was within US

special forces, his left hand was broken in 5 places.

You know that some pit bull dogs have been selectively bred and trained to kill other dogs in a fight. We hear once in a while that a baby's head gets bitten or a child gets attacked in the middle of a playing field, or when a Government gets too angry and forbids the dogs within the country. As the protective measure, we kill them all, destroying the creation of our-own sick fantasies.

Throughout human history, humans were selectively bred and trained to kill other humans in the battle-field. Governments, armies, police, special forces, secret forces, all our KGBs and CIAs, spend a lot of money to ensure that their faithful men were not disturbed by the order to kill.

Physical and verbal abuse is commonly used in the training: push-ups, running with heavy loads, shaved heads, complete lack of privacy, abuse and discrimination, crazy officers, all well-defined methods with the same aim, so that the men would lose their individuality, their sense of right and wrong, their existing mores and norms, and so that they will accept a new set of values that include hatred, violence, and killing as a way of life.

Another method commonly used is a stimulus-response conditioning. When people are frightened they will do what they have been conditioned to do. The military has made killing a conditioned response. Soldiers and police learn to fire at man-like silhouettes. They train to fire within a second and they are rewarded if the targets are hit properly – shot in the head or heart. So their conditioned response becomes to shoot the target as quickly as possible, to shoot reflexively, to shoot to kill.

Of course, they are always carefully brained wash so that they believe in the cause of the killing, so that they are fighting against the necessary evil, so that they are hero-s, the chosen ones, the special forces, with no empathy or remorse for the deaths of their fellow human beings or guilt for the murders they have just committed.

That day in Germany, I have met one of them.

I am not a part of the US Special Forces any more, he says, once the cold war was over, they didn't know what to do with us, we were too many, so they started sending us to the front line of the war zones. Once I lost half of my men I decided to quit. There was no sense in staying, it became too dangerous, in fact, it became quite suicidal.

We were sitting at a corner table of a very beautiful Italian restaurant, high ceilings, middle age atmosphere, large windows that cover the whole wall of the place, candles, flowers, all the lot. Through the windows we could see a martial art club practitioners in the middle of their training throwing their legs high.

As a part of special forces did you practice martial arts? I asked.

Martial Arts, he smiled, we mastered a Martial Art called Wang Tsun or Wing Chun.

In the 16<sup>th</sup> Century in China, I knew, there was a set of Buddhist Temples called Shaolin that were used as martial arts training academies. Within the Temples, the monks developed a new, high level martial art, gathering all the experience of the previous systems. The elders shared the most advanced knowledge of the human body, of human psychology, and fighting, and they created a completely new style called Wing Chun.

Wing Chun was designed for a single purpose - hand to hand combat. He said. The monks' goal was to train ordinary people, even women, to fight very effectively in the shortest possible time. Their goal was to create a martial arts system based on simplicity, and efficiency. Every movement of the hands and feet had to be coordinated, precise and powerful and it had to directly apply within a fight. This new art was conducted and passed from monk to monk under secrecy. The legend says that after the Shaolin Temple was burnt among the survivors of the massacres was a Buddhist nun who passed her knowledge onto her

chosen disciple, a young girl named Wing Chun. This is why the Art is called Wing Chun.

Wing Chun is like a dance, he said, it is very precise and clear. You do not need all the kicks that you usually find in other Martial Arts, you don't need all the strength, it is design to be effective. Wing Chun does not have fancy stuff around it, no high kicks, the movements are very refined.

When you stand firm you concentrate all the power in your fist and punch. And he punched the air. Look at the candle, he said, and the strength of the air his punch moved, extinguished the flame in front of me.

Wing Chun is very good in street fighting. It is a close combat fighting. You don't go for the skull, the skull is not easy to break, you go for knee caps, for the throat and for kidneys. You disable them in a couple of minutes and you disable them for life. They don't even feel the pain, the pain comes later, if they are alive to feel anything.

There are only three hand forms, you would think it is easy to learn, he said. In fact, it is very easy to learn the combinations, but to do them well you need to practice for years. I practiced for more than 10 years.

It is all about the feeling, if you know how to dance you would know how to do Wing Chun. It is about the sensitivity, relaxation, flexibility, and coordination of arms and hands. He would be looking at my hands and my feet would have already broken his knee caps – it is very fast, very effective.

You have to have the knowledge of how to use the force of the opponent against him and how to position your arms, limbs, and body in such a way so that the force becomes explosive. The fights do not last long, they are over in a couple of minutes.

You do not see much of Wing Chun practiced, you see it around high level politicians, their body guards know the skill, otherwise it is rare, because it is so effective and so dangerous.

Choosing a weapon, for example, there is a misconception that a weapon should be a knife, he said, picking up a knife from the table in front of him. A knife is short and you are not controlling the distance. When the weapon is very long you will have an advantage. This vase, for example, is a perfect weapon, I can reach your head, in no time, I just need to develop sufficient strength in the wrist.

You also need to develop calmness and stillness and to wait for the right moment when the distance is just right and if you have trained your elbow and finger strikes you can go for the points of the body that are most effective, most sensitive and most unprotected. I used it in real fights; and I developed a reaction, if you are close to me, or you are touching a particular point of my body, I would immediately react, my reaction would be fight, very quickly I would go into the right position and fight.

The footwork of Wing Chun never advances in a straight line. For example, extend your both hands from your body, your arms creating a triangle surrounding your body. I've done what he told me. Advancing straight would bring me directly into the tip of the triangle you have created, to the point of its greatest strength. My body automatically kept the triangle strong. And the triangle is the strongest force in nature, he said, that is why pyramids are triangular in shape and they stayed standing for 1,000s of years. That is why the footwork of the Wing Chun closes on you at an angle giving me control over my own timing and your balance. It is a dance, just like a dance.

The dance that kills I thought, moving my hands so that he cannot touch me anymore.

The head is hard and once you choose the target you go for the sensitive parts - the eyes, nose, and teeth, they are fragile. A strike to the eyes will disable the target, he won't be able to see let alone fight. Attacking the upper gate keeps the opponent occupied. He cannot ignore the fact that an attack is aimed at his face. So than you go for his knees, when he does not expect it, you disable his legs breaking his knee caps.

I don't fight any longer, he said, only once when 3 people tried to rob me - they were from Yugoslavia. One was behind me with the gun and I felt his distance. He is close enough for me to get him, I thought, and the fight was over in 2 minutes, they were all unconscious before I even put the money into the pocket...

He said, I lost half of my people before I decided to quit. I went to Europe, saw people in suits, living ok, with an ok salary and I thought: I can do this: I got a suit and started my own business.

After this, I changed the subject, we talked about art, business, food, movies, concerts, but his description of Wing Chun stayed with me all through the evening.

During my 20-s I was blessed to practice Tai-Chi for 7 years with some of the best instructors living in Belgrade and Malta. To the monks, in China, 400 years back, martial arts were methods to cultivate their bodies, hearts and nourish their Buddha nature. During my Tai-Chi and Chi-Kung training, I felt the spiritual aspects of these disciplines, the knowledge of which were carefully passed from monk to monk so that the art is not abused or misused.

One of my favorite books of all times is Tao-Te-Ching by Lao Tzu. Lao Tzu was known as the Mysterious Dragon. He was born around 500B.C. He was Head Librarian of the imperial archives of King Wu of Zhou. His wise counsel attracted many followers, but he refused to write down his ideas. He believed that written words might one day become formal dogmas. He believed that humans and everything else in the universe,

are constantly influencing each other, so he advised to observe nature laws, develop intuition through meditation, and build personal power to use them to lead life with love.

Confucius visited Lao Tzu and recognizing his deep understanding of life he named him - the Mysterious Dragon.

When Wing Chun left the Temples, the students who were thought the discipline were not beginners, they had already gone through years of previous martial arts and Buddhist training. The monks combined the art with the philosophy keeping the teaching secret and sacred for hundreds of years.

That day, I saw a hand that was broken in many, many places in the close combat.

That night, ending our never to start little romance I went to sleep shivering every time I thought of his left hand.

In the Field of Dreams, the workshops weaved stories of no return, karmic encounters and deep inter-connectedness almost hypnosis with the life of suffering. A lady told us her son is an indigo child. A very special boy from his youth, very artistic and sensitive, he could hear sounds no other could. Leaving his parent's home, he got lost in the world of grown-up. Soon, he was diagnosed, put on drugs until he existed no more, until the sounds disappeared, all the sounds, the ones that the real world could and could not hear. Now he was locked in a hospital, a vegetable-man with no feelings or thoughts.

Another woman's husband had a drinking problem and she wondered should she stay with him or continue learning her lesson of self-respect or self-disrespect or move out of their world of torture.

Another man who was sexually abused as a child raised his hand starting his story of horror, sharing feelings of abandonment, loneliness and misery. Our Wizard, thank God, measured our strength properly, and has stopped him in time.

The time and place cannot support you properly. This workshop with a hundred of souls gathered to experience the revelations, is too big and impersonal to dive into such a sensitive personal matter. There is not enough time nor qualified people to help you carry your night-mares. You might tell us more than you wish deepening the wound and leaving this place once we cannot help your bleeding. Your courage to open up is deep. Love to your soul's intent to deal with the issue, so with no further revelation, please let us send you peace, love and clarity.

The life stories emerged from their orphic eggs, coloring our realities within the whirl pool of conditioning, circumstances, and deep learnings from soul awakenings.

A born to be a winner young lady raised her hand. Confused and fragile for a moment she looked as though her mind is wrapped within the wrong body. Surrounded with smoke, fire-dancers, acrobats and contortionists she now observed the performance of her-own life and suddenly exclaimed:

I am making it all up!

Aren't I?

I have invented all the problems so I don't feel empty?

I invented a worry so that I could fit within the rest of the 'suffering' humanity.

God gave me everything and everything was too much to bare!

I just made it all up!

There are people around me who have serious troubles. I felt I have it too good, I might not deserve it, so I invented fear to protect me. My parents are beautiful, I have good friends and a nice boyfriend, I study and have an interesting job, so I had to

break the circle of my luck. I had to invent the fear! Boredom it was, out of pure boredom!

How hard it is to please us humans – I thought. Glad I am not in Ms. Karma's shoes deciding who gets to do the winning stroke.

Who is there to measure our sufferings?

While leaving for Malta, mid of April, with no planes allowed outside the borders, I had to travel via Vienna, with no trains exited the country, I was in the bus that evening. At midnight, while crossing the border, a Police-Man told us, the sanctions now included the civilian buses coming out of Serbia. Around 20 of us were left with no transport to Vienna, in the middle of the road. Since the directive was very new to all, the Policeman hoped that an Austrian bus would pass by perhaps some 8-10 hours later.

Travelling to Malta on a 18 months traineeship, all my heavy luggage was now looking at me, half-frozen, half-asleep, alone, trying to find a solution to this puzzle. No cars in the que of cars wished to accept a hitchhiker who out of the blue stayed without no transport whatsoever - people were hesitant to help.

Around 10 of us managed to convince a truck driver to place us on the top of his spare tires piled at the back of the lorry for a fee. So I exited Serbia and entered Austria like a chicken at the back of a lorry. Sitting back to back to a woman who couldn't stop crying because she has just left her 4 years old with her grandparents, going to join her husband who works in Vienna. "I couldn't tell her I am leaving. I escaped while she was asleep, she sobbed!" "We can't pay the kindergarten, so she stays with my parents." I cringe whenever I remember her story.

In North Eastern Hellas about the 6th century BC appeared a beautiful teaching both ascetic and Gaia conscious. Orpheus believed the soul to be divine, aspiring freedom, imprisoned on Earth by the wheel of birth. The soul is on an endless journey, as the companion of many incarnated men and animals. Orpheus proclaims the liberation to all who please

God/Gods by self-purification: the purer the lives the higher the reincarnation, until the soul completes the spiral ascent to live as a God.

The real weight and importance of metempsychosis in Western tradition is due to its adoption by Plato. In Plato's view the number of souls was fixed; so birth was always a transmigration from one body to another.

Metempsychosis is the title of a longer work by the metaphysical poet John Donne, written in 1601. The poem, also known as the *Infinitati Sacrum*, consists of two parts, the "Epistle" and "The Progress of the Soul" where by his words he "sings of the progress of a deathless soul". Metempsychosis is also mentioned as the religion of choice by a character Princess Darya Alexandrovna Oblonsky in Leo Tolstoy's *Anna Karenina*. Herbert Giles uses the term metempsychosis in his translation of the butterfly dream from the *Zhuangzi* in Chinese: 莊子

To my limited knowledge Orpheus is Plato's mythological character described in a tale that closes his famous *Republic*. Plato narrates the story of Er, who comes back from the underworld to tell us, mortals, the secrets of the after-life.

The place of Judgment was full of fun where the souls returning from heaven, were choosing new lives, human and animal. The soul of Orpheus changed into a swan, and various others became a nightingale, an athlete or a wild or tame animals. The souls were given to drink a licker called Lethe and would then shoot away like stars to their birth.

Location of our story, North Eastern Hellas, or Thrace an Ancient name for Europe. Thrace (Greek - Θρακη) is a geographical and historical area in southeast Europe, bounded by the Balkan Mountains to the north, the Mediterranean Sea to the south and the Black Sea to the east. In antiquity, it was also referred to as Europe.

The name Thrace comes from the Thracians, an ancient Indo-European people inhabiting Southeastern Europe.

The Orphic religion, first appeared in Thrace upon the semi barbarous north eastern frontier, in Greece better known as East Macedonia, Pythagoras is believed to have practiced it, Egypt has followed it and Pythagoras brought the doctrine from North Eastern Hellas to Magna Graecia, creating spiritual practices for its diffusion.

Byzantine Macedonia 1045 AC or Thrace, within ancient Byzantine maps of Thrace are depicted with Serbian areas being = Singidunum now the Serbian capital of Belgrade, Naissus is today's Niš, and Ochrida is Ohrid and Prespe Lakes are in Macedonia.

The manuscripts found in Egypt, as filling for mummy cases within the Ancient Egyptian graves. The documents form part of the Bodmer group of papers kept at the Bibliotheca Bodmeriana, in Cologne, Switzerland and John Rylands Library, in Manchester, UK – they were used as an after-death protection prayers during the 2nd century AC.

Do you read Amharic, Greek, or Egyptian, or Chinese, all of them still very “living” languages and scripts? Or perhaps Hebrew or Arabic? How many do you think could read and write during 0AC?

Such an amazing skill deciphering the characters...

Back to our most thought provoking statistics of 0 AC what do you think how many could travel?

With our innate mistrust towards strangers: perhaps None or just a Few with either an army of men to follow or a set of beliefs to protect you. Back in time the Athenian General Iphicrates destroyed a Spartan phalanx in the Battle of Lechaeum in 390 BC, using mostly long spears. In the account of Diodorus Siculus there was a reform around 374 BC equipping the army with a small shield, a sword, and a spear.

What a naïve world was the world of our ancestors' warriors and how far we have gone with our nuclear addiction!

Who was Menander and why is his work with the first Christian texts?

Menandros 342 – 290 BC was a Greek dramatist (his father was a ruler of Thrace) who took the prize at the Lenaia festival eight times, and is the best known representative of Athenian New Comedy. He wrote 108 comedies that have all disappeared.

Most of Menander's work did not survive the Middle Ages, except as short fragments. Federico da Montefeltro's library at Urbino claimed to have "tutte le opere", the complete works, but there are no traces of them after Cesare Borgia's transferred the library to the Vatican.

For some reason the work of this very productive artist was considered "improper" by the Authorities, so the Humanity of the Past had it all destroyed, and we learn of him, now, when his collection is found as included within the list of documents found with the Old and New Testaments in Egypt!

We for the first time heard of him in 1907, with the discovery of the Cairo Codex, again within the cases of rich and influential Egyptian Governors who placed the documents within their graves to guide them into happy after-life. Other papyrus fragments continue to be discovered and published.

Even the oldest Syrian Gospel was only completed in 586 AC. It is currently safe-guarded at the Laurentian Library in Florence, Italy.

Can it be, just can it be, that you are absolutely beautiful the way you are?

Can it be that if you live your own truth you would find yourself flowering like the most beautiful flowers?

The clown sat in front of the blond man looking at him dearly personifying love.

It is you who determines, is the world around you worth living or not.

When you give unconditionally, full of love, you get surrounded

by people who feel your love.

So many confused souls within the Theatre of Life worshipping Venus, her secrets, boundaries, learnings. So many within a circle that invites suffering, or within an inward spiral descending. Lots of depression, sickness, confusion contributed to this magic ancient secret – an answer to the age old question, how to live life Consciously?

“Only by discovering alchemy have I clearly understood that the Unconscious is a process and that ego’s rapports with the unconscious and his contents initiate an evolution, more precisely a real metamorphoses of the psyche...”

Jung quote about Alchemy

In our wish to relate to omnipotent, omniscience, and omnipresence God, we use art, music or poetry to express since Ratio has no unobstructed pathways towards divine.

The Mystical knowledge is gained through a life-long research and devotion to beauty, God, divine, through contemplating Universe or comprehending Air / Earth / Water / Sun as the most immanent physical sources of life. These are different spiritual paths to enlightenment from the Himalayan monk meditating, through the fisherman out in the open sea, to the artist composing a masterpiece.

Until recently we couldn’t quite understand our neighbors even if we tried... The first Polyglot Bible was published around 1570 containing text in five languages: Hebrew, Syriac, Greek, Latin and Chaldean.

Why do you think the geniuses of language in her train awakens Morpheus, God of dreaming, who symbolizes the man?

“For primitive man,..., His country is neither a geographical nor a political entity. It is that territory which contains his mythology, his religion, all his thinking and feeling in so far as he is unconscious of these functions. His fear is localized in certain places that are “not

good." The spirits of the departed inhabit such and such a wood. That cave harbors devils who strangle any man who enters. In yonder mountain lives the great serpent; that hill is the grave of the legendary king; near this spring or rock or tree every woman becomes pregnant; that ford is guarded by snake-demons; this towering tree has a voice that can call certain people. Primitive man is unpsychological. Psychic happenings take place outside him in an objective way. Even the things he dreams about are real to him...

Jung, Lecture, Archaic Man, Collected Works, Civilization in Transition

A German Philosopher Goethe, so much loved and appreciated by Jung, has done his first novel at the age of 20, *The Sorrows of Young Werther* (1774). A literary celebrity by the age of 25, Goethe has written four novels; and treatises on botany, anatomy, and color, more than 10,000 letters, and nearly 3,000 drawings. The same constructive consciousness manifestation focused age happened to Nietzsche, who has also self-published all his work. Tolstoy had a family fortune supporting his knowledge, so his wisdom and beauty of expression kept enlightening the Humankind even when he was very old. Giordano Bruno, for example, spent whole of his life researching and teaching Science as a Priest or Tesla pioneered the science of his and our time. Reading the works of these Saints, we must wonder can our intelligence even comprehend its wisdom and depth...

While raring our knowledge perhaps we shall be planting a walnut tree, instead of searching for instant grass gratifications. Trusting the local knowledge-build, with plenty time and space to express, choosing the best possible teachers, preferably poets as suggested by Jung, appreciating the wisdom of our ancestors, within this versatile Humanity, might help us enter the path of quantum Physics, Applied Psychology and deeper emotional comprehending of Ancient Philosophies.

Exercising local Knowledge is like inputting various little known parameters into any picture, combining Gaia's wellness, health and

pleasure, within a matrix of each and every one of us. The humanity's basket of experiences is so complexly bound together. We can see a spiral in all our progress including history.

When in my 30s I hated the story of Isaac, the son of Abraham and Sarah and Abraham's willingness to follow God's command to sacrifice Isaac as his new born baby boy; such a horrible myth where God establishes a relationship with Abraham through the sacrifice of his son. Much later, I learned that we all hate it, because no intelligent human being will ever rationally debate killing of own-son for any God's sake. It is a twisted mythological story of the Old Testament so that a natural parent's hatred will burn in our hearts with a justified anger towards even a thought form that supports such sick thinking, with a strong drive to detest it, "remove it", collectively attack it.

In art, the light is used to symbolically represent the wisdom within this versatile for ever changing Universe, so Christian Saints or Angels have light above their heads.

In movies, the light is used within films, like in the film Titanic, to increase the emotional intensity within audience when they are hearing of the old lady's splendid past. When watching the film, do notice how her eyes always shine, leaving us with this collective trust that she must be sincere. Within the Humanity's past we met these inspired eyes when Philosophers preached, or when artists expressed their love for God, but also when we listened to some inspired youths with their "Holy Spirit" blessed TV personality.

"... even the angels thought Adam the lord of all, and they were about to salute him with "Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord of hosts," when God caused sleep to fall upon him, and then the angels knew that he was but a human being. The purpose of the sleep that enfolded Adam was to give him a wife, so that the human race might develop, and all creatures recognize the difference between God and man."

A Hebrew story, about family, a Priest explaining Old Testament

Throughout the history of ancient Rome, the Greek was spoken by the well-educated elite, who acquired Greek tutors from educated Greek prisoners' slaves. Within the Byzantine Empire, the Greek was never replaced by Latin - also called Romanic languages.

China led the books printing revolution. The first completed printed book on paper is the Diamond Sutra (now in the British Library) of 868AC, during the ninth century. By the tenth century, 400,000 copies of some sutras and pictures were printed, and some other Confucian classics were in print.

Around 1040, the first known movable type porcelain printing press was created in China by Bi Sheng. Copper movable type printing originated in China at the beginning of the 12th century. It was used in large-scale printing of paper money issued by the Northern Song dynasty.

Around 1230, Koreans invented a metal type movable printing using bronze. The Korean form of metal movable type was described by the French scholar Henri-Jean Martin as "extremely similar to Gutenberg's"

Christian Monasteries carried on the Latin writing tradition in the Western Roman Empire. Before the adoption of the printing press, books were copied by hand, expensive and rare. Smaller monasteries had only a few dozen books, at the end of the Middle Ages, the papal library in Avignon and Paris library of the Sorbonne held only around 2,000 books.

The scriptorium of the monastery was usually over the chapter house where artificial lights were forbidden done only in day-light by enthusiastic students...

The history of printing in Europe from 500AC to 1800 follows an interesting line.

In mid-20th century, European book production has risen to over 200,000 titles per year. Throughout the 20th century, libraries have faced an ever-increasing rate of publishing, sometimes called an

information explosion.

Do you ever wonder within this explosion, what is your truth?

But what we know is that some books were burnt and forbidden.

According to Elaine Pagels, "In AD 367, Athanasius, the zealous bishop of Alexandria... issued an Easter letter in which he demanded that Egyptian monks destroy all such unacceptable writings, except for those he specifically listed as 'acceptable' even 'canonical'—a list that constitutes the present 'New Testament'".

When the burning is widespread and systematic, the destruction of books and media can be a component of cultural genocide. We all with pain remember the burning of the Library of Alexandria (c. 49), the destruction of Aztec codices by Itzcoatl in 1430s, and the burning of Maya's indigenous American civilizations manuscripts on the order of bishop Diego de Landa in 1562.

In 1244, as an outcome of the Disputation of Paris, twenty-four carriage loads of Talmuds and other Jewish religious manuscripts were set on fire in the streets of Paris.

We still find the lists of forbidden books by Inquisition within the archives of Vatican.

- Complete works 1585 Dante Alighieri
- Complete works 1600 Bruno, Giordano. The Inquisition's ban on reprinting was lifted in 1718
- Complete works 1616 to 1835 Nicolaus Copernicus
- Complete works to 1835 Johannes Kepler
- 1663 Descartes, René Meditations (1641); Les passions de l'âme (1649); Opera philosophica.
- 1679, 1690 Spinoza, Baruch, Tractatus Theologico-Politicus

(1677); Opera posthuma

- 1827 Kant, Immanuel, Critique of Pure Reason (1781; revised 1787)
- 1841 Balzac, Honoré de Omnes fabulae amatoriae
- 1894 Zola, Émile, Opera omnia
- 1948 Sartre, Jean-Paul
- until 1959 Victor Hugo, Notre Dame de Paris (1831); Les Misérables (1862)

When discussing the Lady Truth, we acknowledge that it always connects to our subjective Soul's view of the world. The truth means "my Objective experience of Reality", so with this in mind, do you know why Germans have the best bread on Gaia and why does this matter?

When public libraries appeared, up to the 18th century, books were often chained to a bookshelf or a desk to prevent theft. As you can imagine it was not book lovers who would ever steal, for how many book lovers were poor or uneducated?

Jews didn't quite have public libraries where a "stranger" could possibly hope to learn Hebrew and explore the script within their local knowledge set-up. Judaism values the Torah scroll to such an extent that if placed in a synagogue it must be written by hand on parchment so a printed book would not do,

In the Islamic Golden Age, 8th century to 13th, Islamic calligraphy, miniatures and bookbinding flourished, yet none of the images within the books had any religious connotations. Yaqubi 9th century, says that in his time Baghdad had over a hundred booksellers. Today we find the most beautiful poems exploring God – Allah, yet the illustrations are very generic: flowers, or simple decorations. Within Islam we find no images of Christ or Allah, so no idol worship could take place.

Listening to our historians, we know for certain that the destroyed books, and art works are irreplaceable, often changing history in various ways.

If you are a Head of your-own Pack whether living in a Forest of Amazonia or fishing through Oceans, you try hard to understand the World the best you can. It is not always easy for all the followers of the Pack to understand that Life is a complex venture, always demanding new learnings.

Being too busy arguing various points of views, philosophizing, or fighting own partner, we assume that somewhere else animals do not need rearing, plants watering, sick do not need care, and children fall perfect from the sky. Within this life-long quest, so many of us create our-own little Universes, marrying and building own “perfect” families, yet the reflection inside the life-mirror says over and over that we err, especially when expressing judgments too hasty...

Respecting the knowledge of our Ancestors, Saints and Scientists, applying Clear Reason and Intuitive Wisdom within this dynamic orphic, hermaphrodite Universe of Unconscious mind Manifestations, at this stage of our evolution, we ask own Souls how to live life healthier, happier, or stronger.

## Chapter 4 Alchemy of Soul

The morning after started with a meditation at dawn. Walking barefoot to the edge of a cliff-like sandy beach, we were surrounded by the most amazingly shaped smooth grey stones of various sizes. Gazing at the sun rising, connecting with Chi, bathed with the early morning mist, the Universe met Gaia within my soul, so I knew that today, during the workshop, I shall talk, honoring the space and time of Divine Music within me, I raised my hand and asked:

If we know that this is all a theatre and if we know that we create the world around us, what is next? How do we live with this knowledge?

A good question, he said? But it is still a question, it still comes from the head. You need a definite answer, a definite path, to lead you and show you the way, don't you?

I disappeared within the comfort of my chair. Why the hell did I need this?

Don't you? It is not your core that wants an answer, it is your head that demands the direction, it is your head that asks?

Or my soul through my mind, I bravely answered.

A check-mate so quickly, do I necessarily have to expose myself? The man is paid to impress, has no worry will he destroy us within this magic process. My egos were quite happy with their co-existence, thank you very much, and were not that excited about the journey this strange teacher was undertaking.

Your soul knows the answers, you just do not listen to it, he said. It is your head that wants formulas to the riddle: what is this life all about. Your soul does not need an answer.

Within the life full of illusions, my soul-mate left after our 5 years marriage falling in love with my best-friend. Do we really

need suffering to grow? I challenged.

Where did this one come from? A deep and profound question asked over and over again. Why did God create suffering?

Back to the Field of Dreams, today we will do a workshop, our Wizard said, a Workshop of Truth.

First we will choose the Explorer, the one who wants to work on a problem.

Any of you will be chosen to represent different qualities and will be positioned intuitively by the participant who is doing the healing.

Stepping into the energy field of that particular quality, a man representing anger will within his body feel anger and a woman representing love will spread love around herself.

By looking at the positions characters take and asking them how they feel, we will all get some insight of where the problem is and how to fix it.

The participant will then experiment with moving people around and bringing in possible missing qualities until the energies open to their natural flow. This little theatre will hopefully uncover the hidden dynamics that have led to the problem.

Instantly I remembered Rob and his question to all of us his friends:

How is it even possible that I grew up without a clue how to share affection, how to handle conflicts, how to understand my feelings and desires, how to express them kindly, how to accept another person's view without immediately taking a position, how to identify and eliminate bias, how to get over possession, envy and jealousy, how to discover and dissect what I really really want... I can call myself educated and successful in terms of knowledge and money, but it must be a

glaring failure in terms of being a human being. Learning these skills in my adulthood just doesn't stick. It's too late, my form is mostly done. I can adjust and train and get better, but will it ever become my nature?

Attending various spiritual, psychological, personal-growth workshops gave me a chance to explore some of the deepest levels of my Soul's experiences. I saw our facilitator choosing a participant lining up people to represent his anger, love, strength, weakness, awareness, movement, stillness, joy, sadness, self-pity, self-respect and the participant walked in front of them bowing to each one. The atmosphere within the hall was filled with deeply respectful silence.

Soul explores life through emotions and mind. It knows the truth and this knowledge is transmitted through the participants. Soul does not analyse, interpret or judges, it does not feel, it just knows.

Your Soul will guide this little game, will help all realize own blockages.

We could see a net woven of the network of feelings, secrets and blockades, respect and understanding in fact - everything that creates the hidden dynamics in one's life.

This little game helps you stand aside from your usual way of thinking so that we can tell with more clarity what is actually being perceived.

The goal of this little exploration is awareness and our emphasis is within the observing not judging.

You can live the dialogue in any mode, you can dance, sing, whisper or shout, as long as you are truthful to the movement of your energies.

Finding myself in the middle of the circle I asked a question - What is my heart's desire? Once again, I would like to work on my mission, my matrix, my relationships...

I would like to find out can we stay in love for-ever...

For-ever is a very long time, he laughed. For-ever is a concept taken from fairytales not the life on earth. But, ok, let me respect your question and without further do let's sink into the scenario of your life.

He asked me to choose my parts giving them a role, defining them, then letting them free, to behave, and act as they please. They will be subconsciously mapping my soul's energies, so I looked at the crowd, at unfamiliar faces knowing they are soon to become parts of me, their conscious and group feelings and chose my fear. He was a man like any other, tall and dark, not particularly handsome nor particularly ugly, but something within him struck a cord and said – I would like to be your Fear. The silence between us confirmed the deal – he is my Fear.

I don't want to see your face, I said to him, I don't want to have you close to me, stay with your back turned to me, and stay as far from me as you can.

So it was! Already insulted, my Fear started living his existence without me, angry at me for being abundant, for the refusal to talk, communicate, even look at him – we already had a fine scenario in place - together we were - hate at first sight. We understood, deep within, that we do not belong to each other, I hated his slimy seductions, his weaknesses, his supposedly supportive role. Ignoring his very existence, I created an enemy that now stood 3 steps from me, lingering at his rejections.

I would like to choose Freedom, I said, and I took a hand of a lady whose eyes were sparking bright.

Taking her hand I felt her touch to be contagious.

Go into the woods, I told her, go and run around, don't get bordered by the sight of us, discover flowers and birds and animals, they are all there to give you a secret, go and enjoy.

She was happy, danced, played, giggled, she moved from place to place curious snooping around the corners discovering secrets of life. Her childish behavior pleased me and I was completely connected to her.

I would like to choose my alter-ego, a man who will represent all my men, the one who will be the male side of my personality.

Are you asleep? I asked a handsome blond German yogi to join this play. His name was Amon-Ra, later I found.

I am all ears, he answered.

Taking his hand, later I found his name was Amon-Ra, he said - within this little play, I will be your man. I felt a strong attraction towards this muscular, well built, powerful in his display of the male side of humanity persona who had gentle hands but firm and secure touch.

I will sit next to you and let your strength lead me to the other dimension, take my fear, I trust you.

I feel heavy, he said, your life is in my hands, my shoulders carry a load, your expectation is too high, I need space.

I was disappointed, I moved away.

We need Love, I said.

Her hair was soft and curly, her eyes warm and gentle. She was all water, she was Venus incarnated in flash – she had to be it – my Love.

Stand between us, I said, come and support us.

She was tender and in her tenderness I could feel fragility, she was a female personified, fluid and see-through as a silk veil.

We needed Strength and Clarity.

A woman came to be my Strength and another danced to be my

Weakness and a man came to act my Clarity. We were all a fine bunch of emotions, qualities mixed together in what was called my life and my personality. They all took their role while I observed the magic and mystical ball created in this mixture of characters.

Fear was getting more and more uncomfortable by the treatment he got. He needed to be seen, acknowledged, he had a purpose and he could not express it. He felt sick, he asked for attention, he lied on the floor- shaking. All the other parts got worried. I acted worried for a moment, I tapped his shoulders – I supposed that was expected from me, I should be acknowledging all my parts - but deep within I knew, as far as I was concerned he could have died there on the spot, I wanted him to disappear. He felt my hypocrisy, he became stronger, wilder, more violent – this game stopped being a game for him – he lived the role of a devil I gave him, becoming uglier and uglier.

Then I spotted Freedom and She called, come, let's play, it is stuffy within that circle, it is crowded and really you do not need it, you could be in the Nature collecting flowers, playing with the wind. Deeply I felt she was right, the crowds of all my feelings tired me, all I wanted is to leave.

But that means you do not want to change, your constellation is in a mess and you want to abandon it?

No, I said, but this all looks like a theatre to me and I am not connected to it. The only one that I feel an attraction to is Freedom, the rest is Maya and I could leave it any time.

Let's get somebody else into the circle, let's have somebody else act your part and you sit and observe and we might be able to find the solution.

The lady came out and stayed still for a moment. She was worried about the tantrums Fear puts up. I sat down among the audience and watched the woman act my part. She was gentle and kind and yet, she was frightened of the obvious disharmony that was within the constellation.

She took the hand of Fear, he was still shaking, and put him in the circle. She gave him a long compassionate hug and then she took all other parts creating a bigger circle around Fear in the center. The harmony restored.

Come in, he said, take her place and tell us what you think.

I am horrified! I said, you put Fear in the center! Clarity, Love, Strength, my Alter-ego, what the hell are you doing? Freedom, are you a part of all this?

Get up, Fear, my Clarity said, get up and move away from the center, this is not your natural place, join the circle.

At the same moment Fear joined the circle Freedom said, I don't want to be a part of this, it is not fun anymore, I don't see flowers and sun and moon phases any longer, where are the woods and joy, we are all so serious. I am off – she said - and she left. The harmony was lost, the chaos returned. The chaos that is harmony, I thought, and felt much better, anything but putting the Fear in the center. I felt an inner smile opening within my chest, I felt good.

The constellation broke, now it was time for dinner.

We have to stop here, he said, I hope you learned something from this little game. It is not always possible to get to the resolution. For some people, healing requires a level of inner change they are not able to make. Yet, the knowledge will stay within you and your Soul will rejoice entering deeper joy.

I stayed in the room with my Alter-Ego and Love and we hugged – three bodies intermingled, three Souls connected, three Lovers connected by this strange act. We staid merged for more than 15 minutes, exchanging.

After we've returned from a dinner he got us all together and said.

There are aspect of ourselves that we dislike and the qualities that we judge, these follow us through our life like shadows and we try to hide, deny and suppress them.

The shadow wears many faces: it can be angry, fearful, depressed, it can be weak and annoyed, selfish and destructive.

Look at the result of turning your backs onto your dark side! It became wild, it started demanding more attention, it screamed until you gave it the prime position within your life. What we resist persists!

Until you make peace with your dark side, your shadow, you will continue to be at war with yourself.

Every quality, emotion or experience is given to you bearing great gifts. Once you learn how to unleash their power you become a master of your life.

Remember, a shadow becomes visible only when it comes into the Light.

Let us now meditate together, he said. Let us breathe in light and breathe out light. Let us breathe in inspiration and healing for each other. Let us breathe out love, compassion, and peace. Imagine us, all together, being a part of a radiant circle in the middle of the Universe. Imagine the web that spreads all through the Universe gaining in strength with every breathe we take in.

Imagine the energy of nourishment and support with every breathe we take out. Imagine the energy of love, light and peace shining through every single cell of our bodies, multiplying, spreading, becoming stronger, purifying the energy of Universe. Feel the waves of blessing swelling within us, removing even the last barrier between our bodies and the divine energies that vibrates through all creation. Let there be beauty and strength, joy, power and compassion, let there be

wisdom and radiant love, everywhere, at any time! Sat Chit Ananda.

Guided by the forces higher than my-Self I was given Hesse to read, meditating for hours every night visualizing the game of glass pearls, night after night, I took a journey towards God having no clue that I was truly saved from Death hiding under my pillows.

Hours after hours of prayers, of concentration, of detachment from what I am experiencing toward 'Who I Am' towards the center of my Being, toward Love as Divine quality, towards writing, toward my Soul, endlessly circling towards God.

The Alchemy of Soul beautifully presented its elves to the student who was already engrossed within the Alchemy of Humanity and ready to learn from: 100s of spiritual books, Anthroposophy Group, Meditation Groups such as Sai Baba, Hare Krishnas, Komaja, Ananda Marga, Zen Groups, Sufi Groups, Tai-Chi Groups, at Spiritual Healing Courses and Seminars, Macrobiotic, Vegetarian and Vegan Cooking Experiments, Mantra Singing Workshops, that were mushrooming at that time in Belgrade.

Forgiving my mum, loving my family, becoming kindness, Love became the most precious miracle in my Life, the real miracle that transformed my Mind.

My childhood allowed me to enter this amazing journey with a constant drive to understand, to experience Love as Divine Force, to Be the Instrument and Holy Mad-Woman some decades later that loves the game of the change towards Consciousness, Awareness and Bliss.

Excuse my digressions and this little journey into my childhood but now you know why the sentence: 'We need suffering to grow' is for me deeply disturbing. There I was, in the middle of the workshop within the Field of Dream, before knowing in the middle of an avalanche, a new performance started evolving in front of us.

Our Clown was in the middle of the little stage again ready to hypnotize us transmitting the knowledge of deep karmic connections, never to be seen family traps, social bonding, sub-conscious and conscious conditionings into what we call a 'human being'.

Do you know that out of stunning infinity of numbers more than 30% of us would chose a number 7 to be their lucky number? Is pink your daughter's favorite color, a rose your favorite flower, and you find the most beautiful wild animal to be: a lion? He nodded working his way through the audience. Stereotypes, my dear 'humans', we are full of stereotypes.

Within this stereotypical world I wake up, walk, eat and sleep, read my newspapers, watch TV, chat on the phone and work waiting for Life to happen. In the middle of this routine I also wait for Love to happen. Love not just as another stereotype, love that is full of expectations, soul-mate love that still lives within various misconceptions. When we have LOVE we don't quite know what to do with it, when we lose it, we are desperately searching for it. Living own boredom the best I can until... Until a phone rings and breaks my known world apart.

My long-term partner, love, soul-mate, lover, at times the only friend decided to leave, he is in love with someone else, he is abandoning our worlds, our country, our matrix, denouncing our dreams, burning our memories, taking apart everything we ever were...

Respecting the knowledge of Alchemists, within this dynamic orphic, hermaphrodite Universe of consciousness manifestations, we now examine the mysticism within teachings of the 16th / 17th century Ripley's Scrolls.

At the top of the Ripley's Scrolls, a large, robed, bearded figure greets the researchers wishing to enter this magic dance of words and drawings. Identified as an Egyptian God of Healing Thoth or Hermes

Trismegistus (thrice-greatest), the legendary figure of Alchemists, is the first one we meet holding an egg-shaped vase and observing seven alchemy processes, used in transformation of metals into gold.

George Ripley was a sovereign in Yorkshire living from 1415 to 1495, Poet, Alchemist and Author of *The Compound of Alchemy*. The Alchemist George Ripley was in a pursuit of the Philosophers' Stone.

Satisfying yours forever thirsty curiosity, this story travels through the channels of Cam, ascends the hills of Edinburgh and enters Oxford's castles, exploring very rare Ripley's Alchemical manuscripts that use both verses and images to portray ancient esoteric teachings.

For all the mystical researchers, apparently there are only 21 in total, 16 of these alchemical manuscripts are in the UK; inside the Libraries in London, Oxford and Cambridge.

For the visual lovers, the Ripley's scrolls we find today, are sized around 5m x 55cm, made of smaller squares, often printed and compiled much later than their originals, sometimes as late as 1800s, based on someone's trusted memory and detailed description. The smallest Scroll measures 1.25m x 14cm, while the largest is in Cambridge, Fitzwilliam Museum, and it extends to 5.5m x 60cm

They are for the first time printed in Germany in the eighteenth century, with text in Latin phrases, they contain poetry verses and images of the process involved in acquisition of the Philosophers' Stone.

Dozens of alchemical drawings accompany Ripley's poems "Verses upon the Elixir", "Boast of Mercury", "Mystery of Alchemists", "Liber Patris Sapientiae", "Exposition", "Wind and Water", "Richard Carpenter's work", "Trinity".

For today's researchers, it is images that pass the message of our hermaphrodite Universe, of Kundalini awakening, of Life going forth seeking to materialize in all possible forms, of the sacred movement towards perfection.

Meditating on the images entering a journey of encountering various mythological creatures, we are shown a processes for the production of the philosopher's stone in pictorial cryptograms.

Meditating on images, with our knowledge of applied psychology and philosophy, emotionally receiving impressions of the 16th century artists, we hope to comprehend -

An egg shaped vase grey in color, possible of becoming any shape, color or form, full of sperm like tadpole released by a huge green frog presumably in water, as eggs that hatch and through its growth develop limbs and lungs undergoing the most amazing metamorphosis.

Eight of the mandalas, seven depicting alchemical experiments; while the eight is a Biblical scene of Adam and Eve and Tree of Knowledge.

In the center of eight circles are two men, a Pope and a King holding a large black book, most probably a Bible, to which the connecting bands are attached. Surrounded by a mandala repeating words "Soul" "Spirit" "Body". Forming an inner and an outer circle. The line around the outer circle talks about "The Black Sea. The Black Luna. The Black Sol."

Ripley Scroll 2 shows Adam and Eve and Tree of Life with Serpent Kundalini snake.

The scroll continues exploring the story of Adam and Eve, they stand in water surrounded by 7 alchemists with their transformational processes.

At the top of the tree of knowledge is a naked dragon tailed woman with "Speritu" encrypted on her, holding a child with "Anima" hanging from the branches caressing the naked boy; followed by Adam with a sign of Sun and Eve who worships Moon, standing beside the Tree of Knowledge, observed by the serpent and alchemists.

This scene is in the center of Sun and Moon, facing each other, each with feathers.

It took me more than a year to get out of my emotional darkness when my soul-mate left our long term nest. Goddess has challenged my strength, beliefs, ideals, giving me my soul-mate, the love of my life, my never-ever-by-others-to-believe prince who ultimately after 5 years of love, did not want to fight for its endings – the one of growing old together in unity. After he left, I returned to the world of ‘living’ some two, three years later.

We have separated, after 5 years of living togetherness, reading each other thoughts, voyaging 10s of countries discovering the magic of nomadic living together. Once upon a time we chose Cambridge as our living place, cycling every day to the 13<sup>th</sup> century Victorian chapel into a lovely vegetarian café for a morning coffee, spending endless hours in ancient gothic libraries exploring 17-19<sup>th</sup> century philosophers, boating through the canals of the river Cam discussing poetry, admiring the Mathematical bridge that according to a popular fable was built by Newton without the use of nuts or bolts, reading mystics, reading classics, meditating, learning Chinese, walking through Kings, Queens, dining at Trinity, listening to choruses’ angelic music, freezing during the sun-less winter hours and sun-bathing at Grantchester Meadows whenever sun appeared.

Our students journeys took us to New Zealand where we found a most fascinating nation of kind and friendly Kiwis, who loved Europeans, lived as both doctors and farmers, where we had a cup of tea with a homeless under the bridge listening to his stories of Hamilton, had many blue-moon roses to worship, swam at the 100-miles beach collecting endless shells, hugged a 3,000 years Kaori tree, meditated under stars, tracking though forests and tropics of Abel Tasman, Waitakere range, got bitten by 100s of sand flies of Karekare beach that took our breath with its dramatic, endless sheet of black sand. Went to the volcanic landscape of later to become Mondors evil realm in The Lord of the Rings. We never managed to do a famous 19km hike through its center, the Tongariro Alpine Crossing, but we swore we will be back to re-experience its magic. In our search for a perfect country

we did miss the Italian food, its cappuccinos, the Greek music, French language and smiles, Spanish night-life, Turkish coffee, German brown bread and Serbian hospitality with its 'gibanica', within the Anglo-Saxon grander we missed the multi-cultural wonders of Europe.

Our hearts were with the ancient worlds not the new ones, so we crossed the Oceans again. This is when our de-facto marriage abruptly collapsed. As it happens within many long term relationships (and if you have experienced one you might know this to be true) growing in togetherness as a couple did separate us sexually. We stopped making love, our passion for the sexual physical contact and experiences diminished, claiming that when love is the focus, this overwhelming energy becomes self-sustaining fulfilling our souls' desires.

Returning from our trip around the World, we rented our Maltese home to strangers and could not return to its warm nest. I suggested that Peter stays with our best friend Roseanne while I was away for 2 months, during my stay in a Tibetan Monastery in Nepal, so that we will, on my return, start a family, babies, screams and all. During the two months, during our separation, he violently fell in love with Roseanne who neatly healed his aches of missing me and smoothly took the role of the wife and his soul-mate.

Roseanne is a widow, her man killed himself taking a drug over-dose after he was accused of stealing an artefact from the museum, waiting for the trial. All this misfortune manifested as Lupus within her body that she managed to heal becoming a vegetarian.

After entering the relationship with Peter, previously a factory supervisor, she got inspired and did finish the University, becoming an English teacher manifesting a more inspiring life-style. We got to know each other at a pottery class where all three of us explored these beautiful arts together.

His so misunderstood sex energy prevailed, exploded in rebellion bringing-in a disaster, tearing apart our soul-mates union. Deeply

connected to our relationship, ready to fight my jealousy, I offered Peter an open relationship but Roseanne saw nothing but her freshly baked love with lots of sex. Peter experience was so transformative that he almost had a nervous break-down.

Shattered after this experience, it took me years to forgive all the parties involved. The loss of love was deeply painful. If one of us died I would have much better ground for my suffering, whilst within this scenario I had to face the disillusion of Love.

If Love is not real, and cannot stand such an obstacle as sex, what is there to live for? Within this period of my life I thought of death so many times, seriously depressed, I had no home to return to, no job to go to, no idea of Love to re-connect with, it was only the trust in God that kept my dream of Life and enlightenment burning.

Our actor, our clown also emerged into the world of 'living' giving gratitude to all that tried to help him.

Thank you for creating that performance, said a female voice just after we exited the Hall. I could completely relate with your pain because I lost my daughter in a car accident just a year ago.

She needed to release her story, let it go into the ether of my soul. I gave her a hug, in the middle of the whirl-pool of energy that emerged amongst us.

The sound of bells woke me up. It was 5:30 in the morning and the world around me was slowly waking up. The meditation bells I thought, feeling an urgency to follow them.

A shadow crossing the field hidden in a woolen scarf. Cold air welcomed and awakened me transferring my soul from the world of sleep into this new-born morning. Following her hidden foot-steps through the woods allowing the twilight to tread the same path almost invisible to non-alert eyes. Behind the forest, at the top of a hill was a hidden hut, covered in grass and a little hand-made sign drawn in flowers: 'silence'.

Pushing the door I entered the circular room that was our meditation room.

A man dressed in dark red Tibetan monk's robe was chanting, his hands peacefully resting on his laps, his face expressionless. An aura of serene, friendly lands was with him, a scent of mountains and simplicity of the top of the world life. His hands and his mala talked about mantras that followed his people everywhere, about Om Mani Padme Hum I saw engraved in stones next to the mountain roads, while travelling through Nepal, found in caves, at the entrances of every house, and carved on temple's walls.

Next to him sat a black African girl dressed in silky blue. Both the same age, both coming from the lands very far from here, they looked lost and found in the middle of our surroundings, completely unaware of what is going on in the outside world. The energy of the African woman was the complete union with Mother Earth, elegant, serene, slow movements, with the energy of respectful giving. Surrounded by the air of celebration, of archaic initiations, of magic that is written within each of our subconscious minds, of the energy of the beginning of the human race, of Ama who I devoted my first fiction book. The sounds of drums followed her.

## Chapter 5 Alchemy of Humanity

Each inch within the Field of Dreams was a manifested thought of perfection. The interior castle of the designers of the Centre was cemented in the finest soul's qualities, so their exterior reflected their inner artistic worlds. They treated stone or trees as sacred, as our ancients would 7,000 years designing the world's oldest free standing Temples in Malta.

First time entering Hypogeum, the Maltese underground shrine, descending 11 meters down to its core, and dancing barefoot in Kordin 3, a temple site usually closed for public, I knew that our spiritual exploration journey has started 1,000s years ago, bathing within the energy of the Holy of Holiest. Descending down the spiral, the buzz within my ears has confirmed the sacredness of this space. At the very crossing of the 2 paths within the Temple, I knew that God has no Form to worship, just the vibration that is pure Consciousness.

This place resonated so strongly with the same "Divine" energy.

The land was hostile, but their dream was big, bigger than any reality could take. They lived impossible turning oxygen into fairy dust, feeding six people on unemployment benefits, growing their own vegetables, the biggest veggies any has ever seen. Three spiritual people, with three kids, in the middle of nowhere, with no money nor experience in farming created a miracle. From the barren sandy soil after some years of hard labor, and endless composting they grew astonishing plants.

Peter had it all: an amazing willpower and a strong farmer's back. Dorothy believed she can talk to spirits of plants and Eileen believed she talks to God. They meditated day and night. Three grown-ups and three children with a dream none could fully grasp or understand worked hard to build the Centre of Light on Earth where many religions meet, many spiritual paths cross.

Around the fire many decades ago, they decided to build the Field of

Dreams on the foundation of sand, proving what the Will of Man guided by Light, Love and Wisdom of God can do. They used these three words within their mission. They used to say that if a community lacks any of the aspects of Divine manifestation: light, love or wisdom, it is doomed to fail. Love balances Light and Light balances Love, and Wisdom is there to watch over them.

Whatever their truth was, they lived it sincerely. Other young people came to join and the Field of Dreams started to take shape. The outside world, the horticultural experts, the farmers were all amazed, stunned by the beauty of the story.

The hippies of the time were attracted by the message of meditation, spirits, plants, willpower and faith that has no limits. Vegetarians of the time were turning into followers. They were growing huge plants, herbs and flowers of many kinds using no pesticides or artificial additives. The place had more and more caravans joining and eco houses mushrooming creating a unique eco village. Water sufficient, energy sufficient, growing its own organic veggies, the community became the center of alternative gatherings, workshops, spiritual happenings.

Walking through the Field of Dreams their ghosts working on this most amazing project, fertilizing the infertile land, increasing its property meter by meter, planting and building, cleaning and experimenting for years on end, often tired, often worried, but always very determined to reach their goal.

The Centre of Light had to be in-tune with nature, so many innovative solutions came from the science park of the Centre. Their water is purified by highly sophisticated biological sewage treatment plant that looks like a botanical garden, where water travels through different plants and shrubs ending purified.

The mission gave the essence to their lives. Beauty was their guide. Walking through the Field of Dreams I was listening to their conversations.

What is the best color for this fence? Should we use the color at all?

Will it merge with the nature that surrounds it? Would it be harmonious?

What do you think the best area for the artists is?

Where do we put the potters and their pottery wheels?

Where shall we create the meditation sanctuary?

What shape shall it be?

How can we pay the tribute to the music?

We must find the best possible ways to recycle, purify, re-use...

Sometimes, as it usually is, here on Gaia, they took ages to decide, or they would act instantly upon the divine inspiration. Sometimes they would simply fight endlessly leaving the design or the solution drop. As it is with all Democracies and all fights for justice.

Now this becomes very interesting... Researching the roots of democracy we came to the ancient language Amorite!

Amorite is an extinct language, formerly spoken by the Amorite tribes from Babylonia (the end of the 3,000 and the beginning of the 2,000 BC).

It is the founding base of all the later languages on this side of the world (Arabic, Greek, Latin and all the other alphabets). This ancient structure in several cases has the letter *š* – *like in my name Nataša*

The name of the civilization is also known as “Neolithic Ugarit” and was fortified with a wall, as early as 6,000 BC. At the time of no trade, no major movements between nations, small boats, etc, between 1800 and 1200 BC, it was so advanced to be ruling a trade-based coastal kingdom, trading with Egypt, Cyprus, Syria, and much of the eastern

Mediterranean.

Kings of Egypt wished to remember Gods names so they called themselves - Amenemhat III, a pharaoh who ruled from 1860 BC to 1814 BC.

AMN

The lovers of LOVE will rejoice hearing that Babylon founder were indeed called Amorites.

This was the Humanity's Female path to spirituality, science, research, evolution, the one that gave us: "Do not Kill".

I don't want to confuse you with all the scientific words but these writings were called - the early form of Canaanite, the language family which would later evolve into its daughter languages, Hebrew and Phoenician.

Your knowledge of history still supports you enough to comprehend this – it is not a "miracle", nor extra-terrestrial creatures ruling the world, it's the time of no travel, no writing, no printing press, no water, no electricity. These are our "grand-fathers" inventions, yet the "Western" civilization was advanced enough not to "hide" its wisdom with the ruling classes so to better manipulate the masses, but to pass the knowledge to the Humanity. It is our Humanity's drive towards democracy, research, spirituality, God and Goodness.

We have the same drive for "Goodness" as our ancestors, now we just have access to more "Knowledge". We are ALL the SAME within our consciousness and sub-consciousness struggle, we are just, as souls, incarnated within different circumstances. When born within a richer part of the world, we now all can read and write or claim our health benefits, yet only a few can devote their lives to the Humanity's research.

Even though consciousness and God / Goodness is my research I have

missed the fact that Amorite monarchs led a revolution of their times (2,000BC North Africa), they freed citizens from taxes, distributed Church land to citizens, abolished forced labor, spread education building most amazing cities...

Within the Field of Dreams, in Findhorn, the UK, the intricate patterns woven within this place echoed the Amorite-s magic, had a shape of justice, democracy, endless wishes, stars reflections and Gaia conscious alignments.

The wish was to create a center of magic that will purify each one of its visitors, give a spiritual gift to all the seekers, guide through its sheer existence.

Receiving the gift created for me through the decades of spiritual work, my heart had no doubts about their intentions, I was proud of their efforts and their stubbornness. I was also proud of my friend Rudolf, a lawyer who stubbornly single-handedly re-forested the very north of Malta, creating a National Park where once was a deserted clay, owning a NGO called: Gaia. Volunteering within his NGO, from June 2000 to June 2006, I was a part of the organizing team of the yearly festival called: Body Mind and Spirit, first ever such an event in Malta, later known as Gaia Fest that each year had the 3-5 days program of talks, workshops, stalls focusing on environment, conscious and healthy living, mindfulness, meditation, etc. Each year the number of participants, speakers and companies grew from a 100 to around 3,000.

Stephie joined me walking through the Field.

We decided to wonder around aimlessly.

Stephie looks German speaking with a strong German accent. Her glasses reflect her strong intellect and her provocative dress talks about her self-confidence. She curiously unconsciously examined every bit of my Being, taking on the impressions, storing them in a special box of her brain, for some other time of the day when she will analyze it.

Her approach to other souls is quite Swiss-like, straight forward, she loves discussing life and its meaning. With her boyfriend she argues constantly, giving him clear signs that they do not quite belong to the same world. Obviously in love, with difficulty to figure out what the fuss is all about, he is happy just to be next to her. Stepheie needs intellectual stimulants, sexual challenges and her quest is timeless. With Stepheie I discussed Human Potential and our purpose on Earth, with her boyfriend I talked about flowers, fruit and the beauty of spring on the fields. When we met I found Stepheie more interesting, as the time went by I had a big fondness for his simplicity, yet I could not remember his name.

While sitting on the wooden bench outside the canteen she recalled her re-occurring dream...

I feel as though I am surrounded with an egg shell. The shell is fragile, subtle and I just need to deeply concentrate to break through it. Just one strong effort and I will manage to concur it. On the other side, I know, there will be light and life waiting. Within the shell there is no light, I am crammed with no strength to break through. Within the shell I am in a trap of not wanting to move, change, or get out of darkness.

It's a very powerful image, I agreed, in your dreams, have you ever succeeded breaking through the shell?

You mean metaphysically?

Metaphysically, I wasn't sure how to metaphysically break any shell.

No, literally, I smiled, have you tried doing an exercise in which you see yourself breaking through the egg shell and facing the light of the other end.

No, but will it help, she asked.

I don't know, but it feels like the right thing to do, if you have

this image re-occurring. Go through it with your conscious mind, take it out of your sub-consciousness and see what happens. Don't you think that your image is crying for a solution?

I will try, she said departing.

The next day, we met and she whispered excitingly:

At first I tried to find the way out. I couldn't see any. I checked the egg from the top to bottom and there was no sign of any weakness within the endless layer. No crack to be seen. No sign of light. The darkness around me blinded my mind and it took me some time to understand that I need not the willpower but the trust, so I changed my position, focused and crack the shell open, using all of my body, coiling it across the center, as a spring, supported with the legs and arms, putting all of my weight to force it to crack.

The crack first appeared just above my head. When I broke it all open I kneeled down to collect the shell, I had a strange respect for it, it felt very precious. I saw smiling faces of the ones who love me around me, it surprised to realize that I was not alone. Allowing my Self to Be, I grew bigger, becoming a star, Sun became a big yellow field that engulfed me. We all were energy and the energy was pulsating, it was beautiful!

Her eyes were shimmering.

Tell me, she leaned gratefully towards me: What is your imagery?

A Bedouin in the middle of the desert, struggling to accept the empty space;

The wind that flows through steppes laughing at his question - What is the meaning of Life?

A traveler through time who refuses to anchor;

A shadow on the wall that depends on the existence of Light

A woman who wonders about her purpose...

I was surprised with my own answers.

Will my inner core ever get tired of this search?

Or is my search an integral part of my journey, omni-present,  
omni-potent, ever-lasting ‘?’?

A face engraved within the log of wood slept quietly next to me. Was it  
a Deva, a Ghost or a Wizard? I heard his voice within the wind...

Your soul whispers to you through your insights, intuition, hints  
– listen to it!

Becoming alert of this moment in time and space I asked:

How do I recognize its voice? How do I know that my mind is  
not seduced by habits, attachments, sub-conscious thoughts?

Within the stillness, within the meditation you learn to attune  
to your soul. While connected, every being is a teacher.

This was not quite an answer I wished to hear, today I was more open to  
instant, out-of-the-box remedies.

There is a dream we follow from the beginning of time. To make  
sure that we do follow the dream, God gives us challenges that  
hid pathways to our dream, making us wonder about the  
meaning of our very existence.

A vision of my dream came while I was standing still in front of  
this wizard. It was a dream of Internal Union, the Alchemy of  
Soul, the dream of two that are one, the Alchemy of Love.

## Chapter 6 Ubuntu: A person is only a person through their relationship to others

Dattatreya was very sexy, the word Dattatreya means “guru”. He was everything a woman would like to see in a man: a strong lean flexible body, with warm eyes full of love, with a gentle non-assuming touch that makes you dream of a perfect harmony. He was a better yogi than me.

Do you feel detached from the world of senses? I asked.

No, he said, I am still working on it.

His deep blue eyes met mine and I had this instant urge to take him home and make him mine. His gorges muscular body screamed to be kidnapped, his open heart chakra whispered - it is such a pity to deny it and leave it behind.

Don't you think that it might be a bit stupid from God to get us here on Earth just with one purpose, so that we can deny our senses and die so that we can re-join with Him. Wasn't He or She a bit wiser than that?

In fact, I wished to tell him all of the above but I kept quiet. When he gave me his bike to ride to the near-by village, so I can get to the first pay-phone, when we sang mantras together and our eyes met amongst a 100 of others, when we exercised “scorpion” together and almost fell on each other, every time, I wished to tell him how sexy he is and how wonderful love could be. Wishing to take him into the whirl pool of Maya and show him the proper scorpion sting, the one that paralyses one into the world of images.

Hold on my dear Lady, his God might appear to him on his death bed and I could be spoiling that experience. Feeling a pure raw jealousy sting towards the invisible God's contact with this special soul I stopped a simple thought of a personification of the Goddess within the Siva

Shakti merge. Every time our eyes recognized each other, I gave myself an inner kick withdrawing, knowing that experiencing Love was my truth, and that his one might be different.

Yet, every time my dream fell apart I knew that the scenario is just right, I needed to deeper understand my dream.

Do I first have to understand that love is also an illusion?

Perhaps understanding Venus is just indefinitely more complex than understanding the relationship between a man and a woman?

Like a good surgeon, completely engrossed within every operation, my soul staged a dozen of deep love relationships, living twenty of beautiful inspiring years with my partners, lovers, soul-mates, experiencing many amazing sexual-spiritual encounters, I found the love-game to be the most amazing and sacred experience.

Just before I left for my trip to the Field of Dreams, my-ex David called me to remind me of how strong our love-sexual connection is. We felt deep love growing and expanding through 3 years of togetherness.

Mentally compatible, we laughed discussing Consciousness often. In Kenya, at Nairobi's vegetable market, David never bargained, he paid what he was asked to pay: nothing more nothing less, and he was never ripped off. He left 5 years of his youth in Kenya teaching math, where he met his first wife who was an English teacher. We spent a week in the middle of Safari surrounded with lionesses and their cubs, wild cats, monkeys, birds, a cheetah sat on our car warming her belly while we listened to her purr.

Many months in the UK living in Windsor, feeding the swans at the lake, exploring the chocolate bridge shop, with the office in Ascot in the middle of a golf course resort, gave me a chance to explore London.

Each trip into London core was a new discovery.

First, I gave my respect to Monmouth, a Covent Garden coffee shop, where I can safely say that the coffee is their religion. They buy small lots from many farms in each country – Bolivia, Brasil, Colombia, Costa Rica, Ael Salvador, Ethiopia, Guatemala, Indonesia, Kenya, and within a setting of a tiny three tables / always crowded / sharing cubical / full of brown rough cotton coffee sacks we drunk the best coffee in the world. The next hour of the visit would be reserved for one of the London’s museums, venturing into an Egyptian, Indian or an ancient Greek section I would have had plenty of sacred stones to worship.

Couldn’t quite breath in metros, so I walked through London everywhere... The choice of concerts and theatre in London is most amazing. My search for the fringe theatres, targeting experimental productions, gave me a heaven of discoveries.

During the summer season, I made sure not to miss just opened Shakespeare’s Globe.

A faithful 1990s reconstruction of the 16th century building opened just in time of my visits. Locating it around 200 meters from the original site that was on the riverbank, the founders had a vision to recreate the atmosphere of the original place and architects took a long time to re-invent the ancient. The stage is within the large circular yard surrounded by three tiers of benches and a large open space where some of the audience watched the show standing. To create “as close as possible” to the original 16th century timber-framed building, they used no structural steel, kept seats that are simple wood, and have installed the only thatched roof permitted in the neighborhoods since the Great Fire of 1666. They only partially covered the place. During my stay in London and visits to the Globe, performances were designed to duplicate the original environment of Shakespeare's Globe; with no spotlights, no microphones, nor speakers, all music performed live, often on percussions of the time.

Loved the Richmond river-bank and had many picnics there with Mira, the University friend of mine, who came from Serbia to live with me, in

her unsuccessful search for a Bank Executive position.

We religiously visited the Kew, the Royal Botanic Gardens, where we found our meditation spot inside the arboretum surrounded by 14,000 trees, many of them 200+ years old. A sacred river bank and gardens of such beauty, I thought I could live in Richmond. Also loved the Camden Market with its Asian sellers, its Indian food and artisans from around the planet. At the Leicester Square I found an alternative cinema and at The Gate, a magic vegetarian restaurant, in Hammersmith, David for the first time kissed me.

The English love classical music and their flutist, pianists, choirs are some of the best on our little planet, so I felt privileged experiencing the celestial sounds in ancient sacred spaces!

Pilgrimage to St James Church in Piccadilly searching for talks and workshops on holistic and alternative spirituality. There was always something on, name it, ecology, sustainable living, shamanism, healing, Eastern Mysticism. During 1990s the Rector of St James, Donald Reeves, quite a visionary Vicar, opened the Church up to the New Age and diverse forms of mystical expression. What a breath of fresh air that was for all of us seeking different forms of spiritual development. This was the venue that gathered all the eccentric new consciousness thinkers and was “alive”. Some of the events would have a guest speaker or a workshop environment, and the audience varied from a few dozen to several hundred people chanting, praying, dancing. Would buy some of the magic artefacts in their court-yard, sip a cup of fresh herbal tea (not so usual in the UK these days). During such a day-outing, would also dine at Hare Krishna’s for a further “sentient” boost.

About to get married, announcing the big day to all, with an engagement ring on my finger, choosing the date and venue for the wedding – I wished to do it on an ancient sailing boat, David pulled the trigger. He did not want to have more children. He already had two teen-aged boys. I somehow came into his life a few years too early, and the scar from his separation did not really heal.

Depending of your-own personal story on our little planet Earth, you will hear this ending differently. If you are a teenager, you will not be reading this book, you will be too obsessed with your own hormonal shake-ups, if you are a youth without a partner, you will think that finding a partner, your love-mate is a solution to it all, so you will see no children as no big deal. If you are in your 30s, entering 40s, contemplating a family and kids, you will respect my decision and support me. However if you are 40+ (David was 40 at the time) and already have children, you probably can relate to David and his decision not to have more kids. I was 30 and deeply wished to experience this life-path, so our souls had to say goodbye to each other.

It was me who got him hooked onto a good cup of coffee. It was him who proposed at my favorite coffee shop Ole (you will find the reference to Ole even in Ama my spiritual historical fiction book). It has to be here, he said, “do I have to go down on my knees?”. Yes, I said, go down on your knees and yes, I shall be your wife.

Drinking coffee in Mediterranean is a ritual, a bit like the tea ritual in Asia, performed once or twice a day, never in hurry or from a coffee machine, it is a way to respect life.

Ordering a cappuccino, this task for the coffee maker becomes infinitely more complex. There is a magic proportion of water, coffee and milk that is perfectly balanced and makes the art real. The temperature of the pots needs to be right, milk mixture has to give a thick and smooth froth impenetrable with a tee-spoon. Well, David’s new girlfriend is a coffee shop manager so he will now re-discover this passion with her.

6 months after I’ve adopted my Ethiopian kids, David allowed his management team to make my marketing team redundant, after 10 years of heading the company, leaving my little family with no financial support. The redundancy law in Malta is such that no matter how long one has been within the company if the person is made redundant he or she will get no financial settlement. We were going through a rough time, his management team said, and you are no longer able to travel to

the UK, there is nothing to be done.

Just before that moment, I met his new girlfriend, she took my hands nervously talking about many things, her hands shacked.

I met Maharesh in Addis, Ethiopia. He was a capable young man who once told me:

I wish to finish University and study to become a Special Needs Assistant so I can help Sister Ludgarda take care of orphans with disability.

He shared a room with two other teens from the orphanage. When eighteen, they were out in the wide-wild-world trying to make a living like any Ethiopian youth. When I gave him my digital camera he could not believe his eyes. More he was worried that others will not believe him so he went out of my room shouting with joy.

She gave me her digital camera! She truly did! Look! My new camera!

It was 2008 and digital cameras were new toys of the town. Climbing a hill within the streets of Lamu in Kenia I've done a mini photo shoot with the Lamu teens sharing endless screams of laughter.

Maharesh helped me organize my secret "buying shoes for kids" mission. He would secretly inform each child that needed a pair of new shoes about my wish to help them, we would check the number and execute the purchase the next day.

The secrecy was there simply because Sisters' wish for order within the orphanage demanded that all the donation money is directly given to the Head who will distribute gifts according to the need. The demand was huge so shoes were ordered twice a year and there was no space for more.

My sense for anarchy had a deep respect towards 150 little souls that lived there with no parents so I could not possibly obey the orders. Each

child had big joy receiving gifts. My joy was endless.

I have met Maharesh's long distance adoptive mum in Malta (what a coincidence!) and she told me how disappointed in him she was because after all the help she gave him (a donation of a couple of \$ a month for a number of years), he lied to her, took some money claiming he will enter the University, and never managed to do so.

Telling her that he was the most inspiring youth with a strong and beautiful character who deserves lots of our respect was to no avail.

It is not what we as souls do in life right at this particular moment of time materialized within this particular space, but what would have happened if God has given us a completely different set of circumstances. What is our soul's yearning, do we live it authentically living our Highest Potential? Would we kill that Dostoyevsky's grand-mum if we were born as Raskolnikov in the Crime and Punishment, you must have heard of his internal dialogue?

## Chapter 7 Spiral

A shell in a form of a stone or stone in form of shell found me.

Earth was wise once and humans co-operated with spirits, animals and plants. It was not so difficult to understand where the spiral is heading. The dead ones were asked for advice once, and all the stages of life and death respected. Going to the core of being was not so difficult.

The core of life that is in the centre of the spiral still hides the secret of the beginning of the creation.

This wisdom is known to shells, to DNA, to constellations, and like a battery connecting to its source, life connecting to sun, and breathing to air, returning to the source within Gaia and her intricate matrix of causes and effects.

Within the spiritual novel of our souls, everything is a clue and can teach us the way forward.

Always fascinated with a dreamy side of nature and magic, I felt my Soul often expressing Itself through symbolism, mysticism, poetry.

Did you know that when we make something beautiful, an image, an altar, an art work, a fairy comes to live in it?

When you say something beautiful, a wind blows taking it around the Earth three times until all the birds and other flying creatures hear it?

We do not source power, we invite it in, the shell whispered.

Breaking the chains, we release Freedom, connecting deeply with Earth, this is when the true alchemy of soul happens, merging our male and female side, our scientific and mystical, our solar and lunar, our rational and emotional Being.

The spiral kept re-appearing within my life.

All my researches about Goddess worship, the Ancient Megalithic Sites, the Maltese Temples were stamped by the spiral. The mystical, magical spiral was the major symbol at Bani's and Rob's spiritual wedding, we draw it on our feet, on our hands, on our faces, we carried it within our hair as jewels, as shells, as leaves, as ornaments, as a thought within us, while contemplating its symbolism. Receiving the talking branch just before the ceremony under the trees that was conducted by my two kids, I once more entered the spiral:

It is the dot that becomes an infinite end, the endless expansion that occurs throughout the nature; it is 'I' that becomes 'All', the Hindu 'So-Ham' (I am It), representing our union with God, our spiritual journey that sometimes feel as though we are going in a circle, yet taking us onto another level, slowly, invisibly moving towards the Divine end.

The next morning, observing clouds, twenty of us, on a wooden floor, mats placed in a row, behind each other, we were becoming spiritual cousins of elephants.

Wearing a jacket with many colours and patterns, her face had little or no make-up, her eyes distant as though she was reading from an invisible note-book. However, she did have an aura of somebody who knows. With deep husky voice, one we usually hear on a radio and wonder who is behind it, almost unreal, she soon told us she has her radio-show, somewhere in America...

An altar with candles and different offerings smiled at us: flower petals, grains of sand, dried grass and other magical substances. In silence she offered an invocation to Divine, blowing the four elements mixture into the audience. From that moment on she had us under her spell, we listened attentively almost hypnotised by her charisma.

A beautiful lady for her age, a pacifist, an environmentalist, and a very eloquent speaker, she played with words easily, so much so that at times we had difficulties following her. A sharp and witty mind I contemplated, her wisdom comes flowingly.

This is the astrological story of now, she said, and I will connect it to your path. Our ancestors' tales repeat creating patterns with endings that come to us to haunt us. To stop them from re-appearing we need to realize their meaning and their ties to our actions, we need to excavate them: re-discovering, re-opening, re-doing their beginnings, their teachings, re-tracing their trails. Re-deeming our right to a different story, we enter into the magic of stars and their manifestation on Earth. Venus dances her Universal dance with Jupiter passing through Leo, Mercury is retracing his steps through the house of Scorpio, Uranus and Neptune are waiting for us laughing in secret and conspiring a plot of no return.

Our relatives have lived it, it is written within our charts, our parents have known it as their truth and we are here to follow it or perhaps chose a different path. What if we can break the pattern? What if we can allow our imagination to take charge? What if we are given a Freedom to chose? If we become surprising in our language, action, if we chose not to obey, if we deliberately break the patterns that are established before the beginning of time.

Now, if somebody asked me do you believe in reincarnation, I will tell them that the question is just not relevant. Dwelling deep into concepts that are not within our reach of understanding is not my quest. There is no way we could prove that reincarnation exists or otherwise.

In my youth, I met a number of ex Cleopatra-s, women love to think that they were Cleopatra-s, the time is exotic, the country mysterious, she was a wizard, a witch, a priestess, loved by many, so it is quite an ego trip to believe that you were Cleopatra, then I met a number of Michelangelo-s and after my second apostle, the whole reincarnation business turned into a mockery. Somehow none I knew had a reincarnation of a poor bagger or a peasant. Knowing how many poor lived in the past 5,000 years, the reincarnation becomes an ego-centric game of Cleopatra-s, and Michelangelo-s.

Our lady was in the middle of the room leading the workshop. Her voice

was gentle, her appearance re-assuring. We were to go onto a journey into our sub-conscious mind to discover unknown. Learning what is within my sub-conscious, what makes me who I am, cannot hurt.

A woman who suffered from ME: muscular entrophy, gave us an account of her dreams. Every time she went into a reincarnation meditation, she would see herself living in a different era, with different people, within a different body, but the end of each reincarnation was the same: she would have a violent death, she would have been killed, by knife or gun, or by injuries acquired through fights. This woman was seeking death, even in this life, ME is such a horrible disease!

Remembering the famous prophesy of the end of the world, all those religious groups with the same collective dream and fear that look at the end of times with an expectation: an external force will save us, deliver us from sin, come and destroy us taking a responsibility for our lives, cities, countries – we do not have to worry, we just have to let it be. An external force will do it – on the 11<sup>th</sup> of October 19.. or 16<sup>th</sup> of June 20... There is a relief within this worry, there is a gratification within the fear, also a big manipulation of masses. As long as you fear the after-death, the end that will inevitably come to save us, the destiny that is pre-determined, there is no need to change the current social order.

Feeling secure within God's emotional embrace, lost in an infinite space that belongs to immortals I touched the moment of now - meditating.

When we look at each other, a miracle happens – he said - we fall in love. A soul opens to the other accepting the variety of faces, incarnations, reflections and we fall in love. We learn to keep our gaze short, down to the ground, to communicate what we must not looking deeply into one's eyes. Losing boundaries we abandon pretending, acting, prejudices, expectations, staying with a pure soul experiences. Truly meeting a soul, a celebration happens, a recognition of the life that is joyful, full of excitement and hidden treasures. Within the nakedness of this moment all our fears, worries, life in its glory and its pitfalls,

come forth exposed. Within its magic two souls present one another in their utmost peace creating this wonderful creation dance.

After a moment of sacred silence he said: this dance is our divine appointment and no-one is here by accident.

I invited many, but not many understood the urgency. A unique call received only once in a lifetime. You each came here for a particular reason. The ball of divine energies is your soul's Universal cry to start a journey to the centre of the activities, the centre of your-own story, an ultimate chance to remember why you came to Earth, to understand your purpose.

Start your journey expanding in consciousness that knowing your inner divinity will give you happiness.

Just before adopting my little ones, I've done a charity project with a priest in Ethiopia.

Father George, my Franciscan Gozitan 60 years old priest, who has recently died, had 150 projects running all over Africa and South America. To build a school in a very remote place of Ethiopia, we needed eur6,000 for the entire place, for 500 kids, a teacher's salary included. Can you imagine: only eur6,000 for a school! This makes you wonder about the state of order within our home we call "world".

When in Addis I had no problem walking through the slams of the area of the orphanage.

Visiting this place most of the Westerners limit their experience to Hilton and its surroundings. There are armed guards surrounding the area. The same was with Kenia. The luxury Hotels were surrounded by endless canals of water. As though we were there to experience a luxurious hotel, not to meet people and learn about their customs.

Lost within a village in Kenia, I was the only white man around, lost within the roads of Ethiopian capital, I was the only white person

walking. Within a Cristian Church in Lamu there were two ceremonies, one for the whites in English lasting ½ hour, and one for the blacks with a two hours ceremony. In the midst of the crowds of blacks I sang Alleluia, experienced their sacred drumming, dancing, singing, praying. What an experience!

In Addis I went to a coffee shop, their hairdresser, street avocado and banana sellers, and was driven by their super crowded public transport vehicle that efficiently took me around the city, had my four hours morning outings wondering through the villages, meeting most amazing people and playing with kids.

Determining Earth's distance to the Sun, the motion of stars, exploring the universe, all sciences passed to us through the wisdom of ancient India, China, Egypt, who spent ages researching these questions.

They loved the musing about the nature of light and the speed of light and the light emanated from billions of years in the past. It resonates with our ancestors' wisdom methods passing the knowledge through sound or music or images. The exchange of the written words between the scientists of our little planet is such a recant event!

Following the light, science comes to the discovery made over 2000 years ago of the camera obscura by the Chinese philosopher Mozi and the suggestion of the nature of light by the 11th century Arabic scientist Ibn al-Haytham, leading to the development of the telescope that allows astronomers to devote their lives to the observation of the stars, planets, the motion and expansion of the universe.

What about going deeper, observing the micro-organisms that live within a dew drop, discussing how plants use photosynthesis to convert sunlight into chemical reactions, demonstrating that all our scents are used to trigger reactions in the brain to aid in the survival of the species. The supreme exchange that happens within our brains!

The ancient Greek philosopher, Democritus (460 BC – 370 BC) born in Abdera, Thrace meditated that all matter is indeed made up of

combinations of atoms in a large number of configurations. Democritus spent the inheritance of his father doing research travelling. At the time when none travelled, he went to Asia, and reached India and Ethiopia. He wrote on Babylon and Meroe; lived in Egypt for five years, and mentioned in his work the Egyptian mathematicians with their supreme knowledge, and many Greek philosophers whose writings he was familiar with. He knew Socrates, and Aristotle refers to him as the pre-Socratic natural philosopher. He is described for his modesty, simplicity and cheerfulness. So the basic atomic structure of protons, neutrons, and electrons, and the process of nuclear fusion comes from the thought form of this man!

When you hear this, are you not puzzled of how slow our progress is...

*“That which is Below corresponds to that which is Above, and that which is Above corresponds to that which is Below, to accomplish the miracle of the One Thing.” — The Emerald Tablet of Hermes Trismegistus*

What is my purpose in Life – I asked – how do I live my highest potential?

What an amazing topic!

## Chapter 8 Nishagandhi Nisha = night gandhi = perfume

Entering the world of parenting, adopting my most amazing kids, the complete focus of my life, intentions, and struggles shifted from men to the little ones.

After 10 years as a single parent, while in the midst of an experience of the first solo singing stage performance of my 13 year old daughter, I was beyond forgetting what is the 'relationship' fixation all about?

The sub-conscious patterns formed on the canvas of the relationship world are most intriguing, the sub-conscious patterns within the parenting world are no less colorful. They both gave me a "zoom-in" feature and tremendous focus of the humanity heart-beat.

In Belgrade, the Serbian capital, my city of birth, people accepted my children as though they are wonders from Sharagan.

Can I please photograph her, says the lady in Grinet, a coffee shop opened in 1991, just in time for me to discover it, before I started my journeys out of Serbia in April 1993, with its flower-designed wall papers, carefully selected coffees from around the world, famous for its Mochachino, a delicious mix of coffee, froth and chocolate, and takes Ema onto her knees giggling with her creating a mini photo-shoot.

Here is a cookie for you, says the baker from my favorite bakery around the corner from my childhood flat, called Aca Baker.

The founder, father baker was proud to have done his training in Germany, has originally opened the bakery with his family, so his cheese croissants stayed the best on our little planet. The selection of ground biscuits, bagels, bread rolls, hand-sized buns, flatbread, muffins, brownies, cake, cookies, crackers with herbs, seeds, spinach, cheese, rye breads, spelt bakes, cheese cracker, and various sweet or savory pies.

It has strawberries, she can eat strawberries, can she? Asks the

lady that went down on her knees giving her a hug behind the counter...

Can I touch her hair, says a boy who is waiting for a bus near the Youth Centre in the center and a mid-age lady next to him tells me how she has a 4 years old son, no husband, and she always wished to have a black child...

How beautiful you are! Says a shop assistant of an Indian souvenir shop. Please take this ring as a present, he says, as for the mum here is a pendulum. Please do not pay for any of those. he said.

How many destinies revealed in this one magical day, I thought, just because I am walking with them... People are curious seeing us together, they stop to talk to us, enquiring about the magic of our union. I stopped telling strangers at the traffic-light about the fact that I have adopted my kids because they each time reacted deeply moved, some cried and would tell me their-own destinies and fortunes.

Today, I am not going to take my medication, said a pensioner in Tashmajdan, a city park, I just had my medicine looking at you!

A 12 year old, deposits a balloon in her hands, takes a step back and sits observing her joy while playing in the city fountain in the center. While in a macrobiotic health shop, an elegant teen with dark complexion comes in telling us she just wished to meet Sinthayu because she saw she is from Ethiopia. My father is from Ethiopia, she confessed with a tear in her eyes. My dad went back to Africa leaving my mum pregnant in Belgrade. I do not speak any Amharic because I never have met my father.

I so much wished to get to know someone from Ethiopia, and your daughter is so full of wonder.

Ema carefully observed her new elephant toy, not noticing the colorful veil full of dreams and reality, this lady engulfed her in. Hearing this story, the owner of the shop got up and opened the door for us saying:

Do you live somewhere close by, I hope I will see you here again soon.

Entering a book shop a male shop assistant seated my little girl onto a sofa and while I looked at the books, he abandoned his work mask and took out his childish face, playing with her, cuddling with words and laughing. Tame as a lamb and cuddly as a cat, he said while we were leaving.

The scenes of relaxing, giving, cuddling, teasing, love, play, zanosa are building a castle of inspiration today, one after the other. This 4-years old girl from Africa that speaks Serbian, for Belgrade, that has lost six wars during the last fifteen years, that passed through burning, demolishen, deep poverty, sees in my Ema, the whole of Africa, and sub-consciously connects with Africa's pain and through accepting this beautiful girl, it supports the troubles of this pain-stricken country.

This is the most beautiful hair-style in the whole world" Said cuddling one of the neighbors. No, I wish to have hair like my mum – long and straight, said Ema. Mum would love to have your curls, I turned towards her laughing.

Watching Woody Alen's Menhatten starting his movie with the love statement to New York – I feel the same type of attraction towards Belgrade, my home-city. There is just the right proportion of anarchy and order within this city, just enough followers of cult films, Alan Ford cartoons, and regular visitors of bookshops and theatre within this city.

Today, my city chases doves with Ema, hugs her curls and giggles loudly honestly, with no reservation bridging a gap between whites and blacks that were abused for centuries offering the full support and compassion. Looking at Belgrade with Ema's innocence I meet Him again, understanding deeper levels of Its existence.

Being a 4 year old is the sweetest thing on Earth and giggling is so contagious, try it, you will like it too. Give us your hand, the precious child, just for a moment, bring some sun into our clouds, teach us landscapes only seen by kids and felt by the fulfilled hearts, the

landscapes of hauling winds and singing squirrels. Give us your eyes so for a moment we truly comprehend the meaning of the word “now” and taste the ambrosia that didn’t leave a single God cold-blooded.

The children are from Ethiopia, said a mid-aged man who once wished to be a Monk, the Orthodox Ethiopia, the oldest Christian country in the world, the battered Ethiopia. The land of the Holy Ark, the symbol of the promised country, with the oldest surviving dynasty in the world is now the poorest of the countries. While Kings and Queens from other countries fought for supremacy and killed their princes for power, Ethiopian King is a descendent of the King Solomon. Ethiopians are proud that for the last 2,000 years one dynasty ruled their sacred lands. The Bible mentions Ethiopia as a country of a rich and powerful culture. Some of the oldest Christian philosophical scripts were found in Ethiopia, and our oldest human’s remains come from the womb of these lands.

A thought to adopt came to me as divine Inspiration during a spiritual concert.

In the midst of my meditation while contemplating celestial sounds (floating in between the 6th and 7th chakra ; ) ) vibrating no thoughts; a clear, undisturbed Knowledge, an instruction rather than a message whispered in my Soul's ear that Now IS the time to Adopt.

Wow! What a thought! What a Path! What a Whisper! I will adopt! A child, a baby girl, I thought absorbing the Karmic circumstances that had to materialise with all the Divine Influences, and IT felt quite a bit more complex than the merge of an egg with a spermatozoid.

With 18 years of relationship experience, the circumstances had it, I celebrated my 40th birthday as a single woman. I don't know about you, but my love-life tells me that settling within a new relationship, and building a family might take another 1 or 2 years, so welcoming my 40s I welcomed the Divine Whisper of Adoption's Magical Journey as a potential Single Mum.

I've never consciously tried to have children with any of my partners, and had no problems with the fertility anxiety or pregnancy expectations, had never experienced this conscious physical push towards 'building a family'. No fears nor mis-conceptions of foreign DNAs of my adopted kids' ancestors ruining my life, nor our racial differences disturbing my future, nor discomfort about my adopted child's DNA surrounded me. I was fully aware that the hard core facts and statistics say that: 'There are 17,900,000 orphans who have lost both parents and are living in orphanages or on the streets in the world.' Amongst those 17,900,000 there were my children and I had to find them.

Thanks to the Heavenly provision from this moment on, it took me (believe it or not) exactly 9 months of a most amazing spiritual pregnancy-journey to hold my babies in my arms.

It took me 9 months of paper-work from the conception of the idea to adopt to the moment I was a mum. This was the most spiritual 9 months pregnancy one could imagine. Led by Forces of Spirit, flowing effortlessly, into Tao, into Being, into Life with Love.

Do you remember the famous Wisdom Life Law: When you decide something, God sends some hard obstacles to test the strength of your decision. My Life Wisdom Law has materialised within the thought pattern I hit immediately after I entered the road of asking closest friends and complete strangers for an advice about an adoption.

The thought pattern was a Huge Monster built around all sort of fears and misconceptions: from stories about adopted kids killing their adoptive parents!!!???!!!, running wild and violent and becoming a disgrace for parents, to simple fear that the process is too difficult, too expensive, and too troublesome. The biggest one was: Why would you who is at the peak of her career, happy with her life, home, friends, on a Spiritual Path, experiencing Divine Flow ruin all of this for kids? All the troubles doubled raising kids as a Single MUM! You must be CRAZY!

I've never had worries about growing old on my-own, I loved my Life, my 'perfect' illusion bell. It is not my 'loneliness' that shaped my decisions. Perhaps because I had a chance to experience IT all, the great career, amazing travels, most enriching love life, deepest meditations, devoted friends & family, living in different countries, I had such a strong Soul-Urge to experience Motherhood and Mothering as a Spiritual Experience.

No Life Journey is an easy one, no lessons wasted in vain, during my 9 months of preparation or expectation I hit many invented 'No's: 'you are a foreigner in the lands you live in – the procedure must be very different', 'you are single – that is legally very different', 'you have no family in the lands you live in' (they knew not of my Universal Spiritual Family that was always with me) so I've learned to keep my questions for the informed ones or the ones who have already adopted and the world before my eyes changed into a reasonable procedure that is manageable and doable from all sort of perspectives.

Just before the 'fatal' Moment of Knowledge that I wish to enter the World of Motherhood, adopting my lovely babies as a single mother, I was involved in helping Father Georg, this amazing Franciscan Maltese Priest build one of his orphanages in a remote village in the outskirts of Ethiopia. He was the one to lead my re-Search into this most amazing of African countries and into an orphanage led by his dear friend Sister Ludgarda into the heart of Addis Abeba, Ethiopia.

Experiencing this country for the first time I wrote:

I've never seen so much poverty, so much elegance, so much beauty. Such gracious walks, so many warm & responsive eyes. So many blind & deaf, so much dust. So many perfect hair-styles. Such wonderful climate. So little bushes and trees. So many people walking Beside each other Hugging & holding hands. So many people dying of AIDS. So many heads turning towards the church - praying. So many perfectly white shirts. So few old people. So many people with crutches. So many hands greeting each other. Such

thin cats and friendly babies. Like in Ethiopia...

i went to the cradle of civilisation  
to see the root of problems  
of human selfishness and un-consciousness

i went to the bottom to understand the peak  
facing death, starvation, disease  
i was surrounded with kindness, love and peace  
Is this the Rule?

In the lift of my office building I told Father Georg that I wished to adopt.

I help an orphanage in Addis said Father George and  
“combinazioni” Sister Ludgarda who runs the orphanage is here in  
Malta visiting for a few days, let me call her and we will have a  
lunch together. Today?

This inspiring man was the action in personified, everything was done  
“today” and “now”. This is how I met Sister Ludgarda during her one  
week visit to Malta (what a coincidence!) and this is why when she sent  
me a message explaining that I should not really travel to Ethiopia,  
because this is not a part of the adoption procedure, when I answered

“I already bought the tickets”, “I will come to take the kids’ blood  
for the lab check to Malta” and will bring the blessed chalices (sent  
by Father George) for the new Church, she agreed to the plan.

The day after my arrival to Addis I gave endless gifts to the kids of the  
orphanage. We became friends very quickly. To younger ones I bought  
jewelry, to the older ones I gave shoes, all behind Sister Ludgarda’s  
back. Or so I thought until she told me that the first project she was  
involved in 40 years back, when she started the orphanage, was buying  
shoes for kids.

Visiting the Kinder Mehret for the first time in November 2007 I fell in  
love with two instead of one child so in February 2008 I returned home

with a larger family than initially planned. I went to meet my baby girl and came back with my baby boy and a 3 years old girl.

Visiting Addis for the second time, I wrote:

i asked somebody what to bring to the orphanage in Africa  
and the answer was - don't bring presents  
you can not buy present for 150 children and  
if you bring a present to one, the others will feel left out  
so I went out and bought presents for 150 children  
if they are not my ticket to heaven one day  
they will become exploding drops of happiness

Children now know me by name and they run to greet me - now they feel that they can connect with me even further - I said I am coming back and I kept my word... :)

I bought them their first shampoo and gave them their first presents and they know that there is more and they give me that look of 'secret knowing'. I sit amongst them and they change my hair style in 10 minutes, they sit in my lap and play with my scarf, the small ones want to be held. We share secrets - Sisters do not know about them - I buy them lip-gloss that they are not allowed to wear and give them bracelets that they love... The orphanage is full of beautiful stories... Today I also saw their 3 cows and 10 chickens and I spoke to them too :)

In Addis even a begger moves through life ellegantly. In the middle of the street noises, he sits as a sadhu, streight, proud, slow, untouched by any movement.

Very beautiful people walking passed me, I realised the sad hard core statistic of this place, around 60% of people are less than 16 years old.

Ethiopians still die young, before they are 40.

My diary from our first night together during our family official birth-day on the 8th of February 2008, you will recognise as an experience

universally shared within this parenting journey:

From yesterday, I am a mum!!! I had my first nappy change - did it wrong of course :) and my first bottle mixing (what do you put first milk in powder or water!!!???) and my first night without any sleep (and the second one too - so I have decided to take on the Tibetan Buddhist practice of meditation during the night - wakeful sleep :) - Million is helping me with chanting om-mani-padme-hum-aaaaaaaa-aaaaaaaa) and the first bath (Million was crying as though I am going to kill him) and the first breakfast together and the first everything together - and I must tell you - we are a really good team :).

Three days after we entered into our home as a new family we were robbed of all our precious belongings, all technology, all our gold was gone including some of the sentimental items belonging to my father. We were asleep upstairs in the house while the robbery took place in the middle of the night. As soon as we recovered and re-gathered some of the gadgets, the robbers came back to take them all again.

Briefly after the adoption I left my high-executive position and devoted myself fully to Motherhood. My mum got Alzheimer and my sister could not come to help with the kids as originally planned, so I stayed alone with them ALL THE TIME. I remember celebrating my first going alone into the bathroom event, some 3 years later!

Staying attentive to the Whispers of the Soul, respecting Gaia, and the spectrum of emotional and mental states, transforming crude into subtle, giving my thanks to the Alchemy of Soul, I allowed this Journey to become the Alchemy of Humanity Journey where every thought matters within the Matrix of Collective Knowledge and every action is done for the Benefit of All.

A prayer noted in my Soul's Diary just after the adoption:

Please re-create me again! Let me go behind beyond when my Soul dares to imitate God and breaks the mortal edge of restrictions,

boundaries, pre-programmed codes, prejudices and un-written laws. Let me bind my limbs with blind-fold of love, burn disappearing in the light of inspiration, go through walls chanting mantras of compassion, laugh screaming-off the last remains of air, walk surrounded by the shiniest beings ever lived on this plane. Re-create me, I know you can!

## Chapter 9 Wu Wei

flow of Life governed by Tao  
flow of change

spontaneous  
natural  
**effortless**  
acting through non-action

connecting with Earth and Moon and Sun  
through  
**being**

not inert or lazy or passive  
but swimming swiftly  
within the current  
merging Life with Tao

quiet and watchful  
not-interfering  
receptive  
alert  
directly **connected**

acting            without    action  
trusting    detached    without desire  
spontaneous    natural            effortless  
**Living**

Love is the strongest feeling I have ever experienced and the death of love was very hard to handle. Entering love as a divine source, opens an abode of Opportunities.

At the spiritual marriage of Bani and Rob, some 10 years later, there

were no priests, my kids took them from one side of the forest to the other, with no vows they looked at each other's eyes and expressed their souls wish to unite in harmony living within a Marriage that is not of eternal love but of truthfulness and trust, within a conscious relationship.

At the wedding ceremony, in Czech Republic, we gathered at the Moravian Karst, a protected nature reserve, with 100 km<sup>2</sup> of pristine countryside. Our cottage was just on the top of a matrix of caves where Punkva river slept in its belly.

Located at the edge of virtually vertical cliff that formed the Macocha Abyss with its entrance to the most sacred cave that hid huge millions of years old stalagmites, stalactites, with stalactite curtains and cascades all resembled a dance of underground ferries. Punkva Caves were discovered in 1723 and they opened to public in 1910, only a hundred of years ago, when we (humanity) got electricity. Under a tree, with all of us dressed in white, I gave my Blessing to the Couple:

We gathered here to acknowledge and deepen the soul-mate union of these two lovely souls. We are here to support this amazing Twin Flame honoring the Bounty of Life. May you take steps in trust holding each other through all of your vulnerabilities and learnings, co-creating Life together, opening deeper towards Love, Love that is Wild, Love that is Still. May Angels give you Wisdom to cherish, nurture, and respect one another, choosing trust and honesty above All. May God give you Strength to resonate with the Song of Life fully honoring the truth of each other. Mother of Form and the Father of Consciousness Unite within this Sacred Marriage!

At this most magic of places we performed the 4 Elements Wedding Ritual. At the table we gathered four symbols placing them respecting the 4 Directions. Air as East as Yellow as Rising Sun as Birth represented by an Eagle feather and air purified with an incense (we used Nag

Champa). We offered our respect to the stage of Birth, asking Sages and Saints to support the Birth of Good and Fruitful Initiatives.

My son played a flute that created a magic of AIR sound. Fire as South as Red as Life Force was manifested within the candles lit. Fire in its highest manifestation is Divine Love. We asked Angels to guide our Life Force towards Divine Love. Water as West as Dark Blue as Emotions as Setting Sun was mixed Jasmine, Rose, and Lavender.

Passing the vessels around people gave their blessings. Water in its highest manifestation is Peace. We ask Ancestors to guide us towards Peace. Earth as North as white as winter as Wisdom of Elders. We were surrounded by sacred crystals, so one of them for its color and beauty became the symbol of Earth. The highest manifestation of Earth energies is the Land of Plenty. We ask Scientists to help us live within the World of Plenty. We also gave our respect to the central force, the force that unites all the elements into Tao, Life Flow, represented by Green. A green branch is passed along to symbolize Life. Passing the branch the couple said the vows to each other. Passing the branch, the honorable guests gave their blessings.

We together repeated: "Mother of Form and the Father of Consciousness Unite within this Sacred Marriage." The couple kissed, the participants surround them within an Universal Hug, and all participants sang AUM.

Finding the words to describe this magic ceremony that happened at the Equinox, this poem came to me...

Taking steps in trust, child-full playfulness and joyful peace  
Chanting, drumming, humming, dancing at the most Sacred  
Palace  
Resonating with the Song of Life  
We touched the Spiral where Forest meets Rivers  
Ascending the deepest caves where Stalactites and Stalagmites  
form Castles

Of Eternal Lovers meditating within the Earth's Belly

Mirroring What is Below is Above

We were 12 Honorable Guests witnessing the Sacred Marriage

The Mother of Form united with the Father of Consciousness

Asking Sages, Saints to give our Initiatives Fruitfulness

Angels to protect our Fire of Life

Ancestors to guard our Wisdom

Scientists to guide us towards the Land of Plenty

Holding each other's space, souls' expression, laughter

We honored the 4 elements letting the Equinox

Flow through the Spiral of our DNAs

Worshipping the Central Force that unites us with the Universe

Becoming a Vessel of Love that is Life

We merged with Tao.

During the 10 days spiritual wedding that followed, we camped within an attic of the small guest house that hosted this event.

Ten of us ate, meditated, walked every day, danced creating rituals discussing various aspects of relationships.

If we chose to descend on Earth, and let's just for a moment

imagine that the choice is ours, we look down saying: this role is

not properly played, let me give it a try and create a set of

circumstances that will manifest God in every moment of that

scenario. I wish to manifest a conscious relationships with you

Bani, said Rob.

I cannot promise we will grow old together! Said Bani. The

words "forever" and "eternally" bother me. Earth is now so full

of divorces and separations, we have no patience any longer,

we want to grow faster, experience and explore more.

Yet, it so attractive to see two beings growing together, to see

them not giving up, to see them living Union and Love until their

death? Said Rob, or is this just a myth created to keep a dream

of family going with no regards to the naked truth of relationship headaches?

Both of my parents were strong individuals that almost killed each other within love that grew into misunderstanding, intolerance and finally hatred. I saw them dissolving into sickness and they are not a minority of couples that ended struggling.

One of mine biggest surprises was a discovery of some Super8 camera shots where a young couple: my father and my mother - are filmed actually being in love. I was convinced that they hated each other since the time eternal, so the fact that the hate developed gradually out of boredom, out of miscommunication, out of number of family issues, was new to me. My mother and my father actually loved each other once! Probably the conscious memory of most of the kids is the same, a very different story from its very beginnings.

If we stop growing together towards beauty, inspiration, creativity, joy, we might turn the life impulses into negative ones. Within our need to move we could start walking downhill and destroy each other in an emotional turmoil. Promise we will continue growing together. Asked Bani.

I will try my best! Answered Rob

We do not waste time with any of our relationships, our Soul always moves with a perfect speed. Hopefully we will not need to repeat our lessons. Said Rob

That evening, men collected wood and lit the fire, at the edge of the cliff, close to a cave, we each got our instruments chanting until the sky was full of stars. I've written this poem that evening when we returned to the hut.

It is God that gave us this ability to experience Love 'blindly'. When the energy flows so powerfully and we abandon our Ego, we have some of the most striking experiences of connecting with God.

In its fight with Ego, Love gets closer to Immortality, touching the stone of Wisdom, a Man and a Woman disappear merging. From an orphic egg a child is born!

Through the child and the parents drive towards Divine, perfection, Truth, the physical struggle, the mental challenges and emotional upheavals transform us, we enter subconscious again and again, emerging from the surface of mud, reborn.

The unconsciousness of our kids give us the understanding of humanity, and our drive to help them grow into loving adults is so universally the same.

With courage you will dare to take risks. It takes courage to push yourself to places you have never been before, to test your limits, to act differently.

It was the courage during the years of Prayer for Peace that kept us going during the 10 years of war in Serbia, during the bombardment of Belgrade, during the knowledge that my loved ones are endangered and I cannot be there next to them.

During this time I began each of the new day with a prayer for peace in my heart thankful that I am able to do so. Each footstep that I took in my daily life was sprinkled with a sense of "I pray for peace" that was not given to my country-men back in Belgrade, in my home-town that now had as its daily reality sirens: Šizela and Mirela as warnings that invisible bomb-carriers are arriving. A friend of mine came to visit some years later and completely lost it when she heard the sounds of fire-works in the local village celebrating church Fiesta, my cat reacted the same, with horror hiding from the noise of bombs that carried death.

One of these nights, when the prayer for peace was my true reality, I awoke with the feeling of complete awe to discover a subtle tranquil force of creation, within the Angel of Beauty, the magical flow of energy within me, meditating I was Consciousness, Love and Light. This was one of the closest experiences of God I had in my life-time. With a difficulty I

explain this flow of the life-force, and try to define indefinable.

In one book that tries to mentally define Nature, Life and God, the writer claims that we use words 'impossible to describe' when we want to confuse matters, when we want to find excuses for our mental disillusion. Yet this tangible real undefined and magical flow and Divine reality was 'impossible to describe'. God was flowing through me in its purest form, breathing in and out, I was Light, every pore of my body had this knowledge that the highest form of existence is pulsating through my Being leaving my Soul with no sense of time nor space.

Learning how to get into a Samadhi gave me a key to the most beautiful experiences. A meditator while sitting on a cushion of a "Chill Out" Saturday evening session told me "Once I was realized within my meditations, Samadhi was easy to reach, it was all around..." I told him, for me it was a long painful process of hours of meditation that lasted for decades. It was a particular breathing exercise that gave me the key, yet once I learned how, I could return to the state and re-experience it.

A tennis player has to play 6 hours straight within a tournament. If he does not have an inner strength and wisdom to perfect his/her breath there would be no possibility of success. Following the same knowledge, a Serbian top tennis player, Djoković, moved his diet into a vegetarian, gluten free one and later in his life into a raw vegan one, so he could gain benefits from the consumption of "live" foods. He comes from a Yang based culture, in today's world meat dominated diet, where the ancient Yin knowledge is intuitive and hidden within the practices of Monks, within long periods of Orthodox Christian fasts, or remembered as the natural vow of austerity practiced amongst the poor.

There is a certain light in all things that are dear or precious to us. We see light in beauty, gold, silver, pearls, and in everything that is pleasant.

An Ikebana in the centre of the room was whispering many secrets: the reds, gold and orange, were bathing us with warmth, luxury, and lust,

and blues and violets were spreading elegance, calmness, and reason. The asymmetry, usually found everywhere in the nature, presented us with informal, growing, wild aspects of life.

There were heavy and large flowers, bright and dark ones, strong and tall, curved and droopy, each one of them growing according to its own built-in rhythm. Flower colors were in harmony with one another, they had a special relationship with the container, and with the background of the place. Looking at them I realized that they talk to each other, giving each other space, pointing at each other, giving most respect to the exclusive one – to the center of the maser piece – to the Queen of the bunch that proudly got shown off by its siblings.

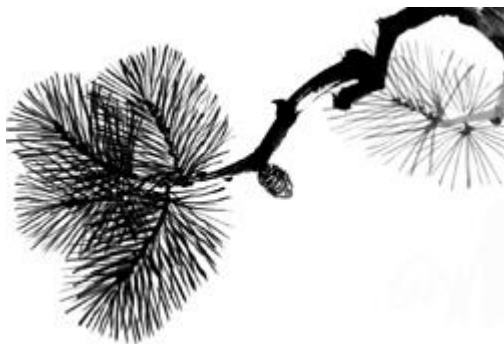
Different flowers send out different messages, and different countries have different superstitions in place. In Serbia, where I come from, for example, a blue flower is never brought as a gift to a wedding because it brings 'bad luck' and number of flowers must be carefully counted: an even number for the cemetery and odd number for as a gift that is given with good intentions.

The art of creating an Ikebana can be traced back to a Buddhist monk who lived in the 15th century. Ikebana was his way of admiring and worshiping the beauty of nature.

Japanese Ikebana learned from Zen its simplicity.

Elegant, natural and refined, the subtle, arrangement of rocks, flowers, shrubs, and running water gave me the sense of complete tranquility.

To create an ikebana, any part of the plant can be used - branches, leaves, grass, fruit.



Respecting nature's cycles, the monks valued withered leaves as highly as the flowers in full bloom. Within this peace of art, no movement was forced, no shape perfect,

nature was adored in its amazing asymmetry.

The silence and emptiness of blossoms brought me to the Zen simplicity of the message - in order to reach the essence, we respect the chaos, eliminate unnecessary movement and dive into unknown.

Without a speck of dust being raised,  
the mountains tower up,  
without a single drop falling,  
the streams plunge into the valley.

An Ode to the Dry Landscape  
by **Muso Soseki** (1275-1351)

When asked about my life motto, I've written - The Secret of Enlightenment is not in Perfection but in Completeness.

The day Ama was published I wrote:

If we run on the fuel of wonder, turning towards every new day with a surprise: we might learn what non-compromising really means and how potent an intention can be. A quality of Wonder invites something that is larger than ourselves into our worlds, and defining the intention of our heart's desire we discover the force of words.

A powerful magic comes into our lives in dangerous times to awaken us from our slumber. A magic of regression, takes into our lives the power of reflection. We all have our intents and dreams yet the stories were taken away from us very early during our childhood. If we head straight ahead there is a big chance that we shall reach where we are heading, a wise one said, and the fear entered the Minds and we stopped, scared. We abandoned the dreams and turned away from our intentions playing within the playing field of illusions. The divine scared us, so we turned back to our earthly selves. A powerful magic is now needed to bring us back into the path of self-fulfilled, and self-realised. This is the magic of our willingness to

connect with our highest potential, the magic of our belief in fairies and their golden dust.

That day I also wrote into my soul diary:

Did you know that the DNA of a caterpillar and the DNA of a butterfly are completely different? In the process of changing from one to the other, the divine of the other dispersed the one, to that extent that no cell was left, no similarity could be traced back for centuries. Death of one identity dissolves one reality into another and Self becomes what the wildest imaginations have dreamt of. Self becomes un-imaginable and un-breakable, an un-disturbed source of power.

*Karen Blixen: "It takes terrible courage to create"*

## **About the Author**

Nataša Pantović, MSc Economics, is Serbian / Maltese Novelist, Management Consultant, Adoptive Parent, and Ancient World's Consciousness Researcher.

Published Author since 1991, with a legal self-help book on Cooperative Law published in two editions by Poslovni Biro, Yugoslavia. Since joining the AoL team has authored and co-authored 9 AoL Books.

The early eMalta years saw a heavy investment by Government in its ICT infrastructure to transform Malta into an Information Society. As Management Consultant working within the MEU, in the Office of Prime Minister, Nataša worked on large number of management and HR consulting projects throughout the various Ministries / Government Institutions.

While heading a large UK IT company (Crimsonwing, later KPMG) that has set-up its operations in Malta, she was in charge of its Management Consultancy, Training, and Business Development, expanding the company's markets in Europe, and has been invited by Malta Enterprise, to promote Malta as a European near-shore IT outsourcing destination. As a woman, and an IT Executive, travelling around our little planet, her memory recalls many venues in London, Cardiff, Manchester, Milan, Brussels, Rome, Amsterdam, presenting the company's large UK IT case studies (Safeway, Banks, etc.) while at the same time promoting Malta IT, but the most impressive was the Euro-Med Summit in Marseille (France) where Nataša was a Guest Speaker in an Experts Panel Discussion addressing Ministers and Business Heads from around the Euro-Med region with the Presentation Strategies for Growth in the Euro-Med Region Euro-Mediterranean Business Summit

2006.

After helping Father George build a school in a remote area of Ethiopia, Nataša entered the most amazing world of parenting adopting two kids from Ethiopia as a single mum. Nuit left her Management Consultancy job to follow this amazing journey into the parenthood. At the moment she says that her kids are actively teaching her how to be a more loving, mindful and conscious parent. Her kids love and train basketball, play music, act within a Music Theatre Group and were Chess Champions of Malta.

Nataša has travelled through more than 50 countries and lived in 5: UK, New Zealand, Holland, Serbia and Malta. As a volunteer she organized six Body Mind Spirit Festivals in Malta, an International Vegetarian Festival, a Children Festival, and 10 days Temples Conference. She regularly writes about variety of self-development topics with Times of Malta.