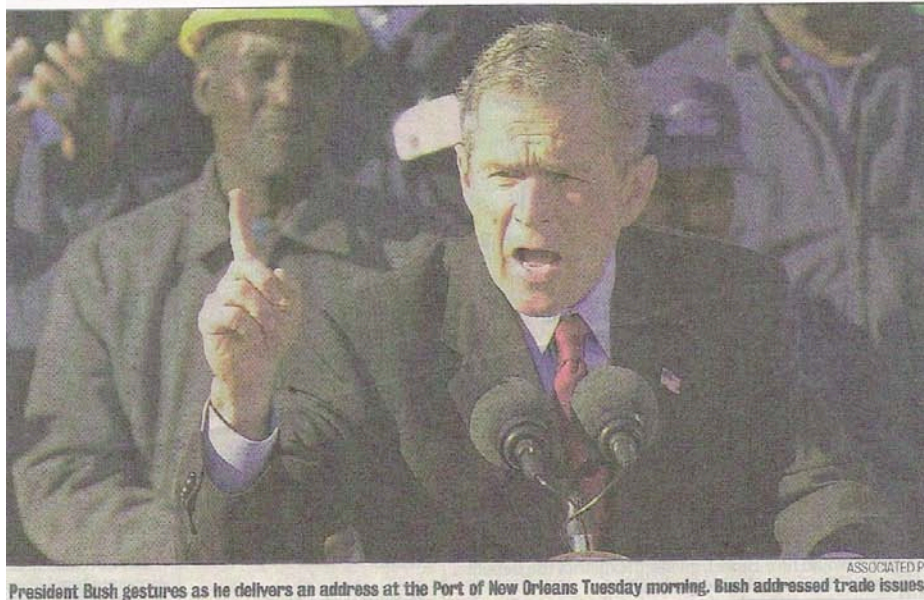


## **Meditations on the Sleeping Dragon aka 'Book of Babel**

Synopsis Chapter Four

### **Know Thy Devils**

Read 'His' lips, blessed be He. Like Father, Like Son.



President Bush gestures as he delivers an address at the Port of New Orleans Tuesday morning. Bush addressed trade issues.

It's pretty clear that man is the beast, and his number is up. Understand; these are not men, they are symbols, making symbolic gestures. Our world leaders, making symbolic gestures.

The Old Testament and Koran are possibly the first handbooks for Holy War.  
 .666666 is the messenger. 666 is man, the carrier.



The mathematical relationship between the number of protons, neutrons and electrons which satellite within an atom of Mercury is .666666 on into infinity.

Mercury is the messenger of heaven; the interpreter or mediator; *logos spermatikos*, the seeds scattered about the universe. Alchemically, Mercury relates to the concepts of fluency and transmutation, and astrologically the intellect. Mercury is a god whose metal is white, therefore of a lunar nature. The resulting archetype is both chthonic and celestial/hermaphroditic. These are also attributes of the dragon. Mercury, the philosopher's child, is fluid and dynamic, as the subconscious and has an unlimited capacity for change and transformation; .666666 on in to infinity; limitless powers of penetration.

666 is the number of man. Who was formed from the dust of the earth. The molecule corresponding to life on earth is carbon whose number is 666: 6 protons, 6 neutrons, and 6 electrons.

666 is the number of the Beast.



The first and original phase was/is differentiation. The second, the lunar phase of the feminine principle, receptive and reflective; the Era of the Mother Goddess attuned to the earth and the serpent power. The third is/was the masculine Solar Hero, the purpose or completeness he aspires to live up to. The fourth leads in to synthesis, a harmonious melding of the productive energies we have been setting in motion; bringing them down to earth in process. If these energies are not productive to life, we self destruct; Five, Chaos; the most massive of jig saw puzzles.

An answer is in the Alchemy and attributes of Mercury. This is the Dawning of the Age of Aquarius, and material becoming of the completion of the thought, begun with the Word, we have been forming; our expression. We are moving toward lighter and brighter times because we do not deny the existence of the dark, deep inside, below and heavy. But we no longer allow dominion or domination by this negative and destructive expression of the Beast, the Barbarian, locked into tradition. There are countless transformations in the time/space continuum, .666666 on into infinity.

And 6 and 6 and 6 add up to 18 which is equal to 9 which provokes inspiration, in Numerological divination. 6 is the number of transition, the time of transit.

And 7 is the number of the inner sanctum, the secret zone. The I Ching says that 7 is the number of young light.

History: past, preterition, rust of antiquity, archaism, in the memory of man. Records of time: relic, monolith, account, chronicle, legend.

HisStory.

“That’s just the way it is,” they say. “Because I said so!”

The history of evidence shows us that the function of a patriarchal mythology is to separate and enforce opposition. Notice Christianity’s insistence on the seemingly opposing structures of heaven and hell. These days to go to their heaven would be a nightmare for many of us. One by one Christian spokesmen lose one to the Devil, who is most definitely alive and well on planet earth.



Focus on Be Coming. Put the collective conscious to rest, at ease, in peace. Understanding. Regression in positive mode; Remembering, re-collecting how to move forward.

The Legendary Jesus Christ manifested, exemplified human kinds potential. 'I am the way, and the truth, and the life...' He was true in living his motivation. Until we are allowed to realize this divine potential within our Selves, every one, and act in accordance, we cannot receive promised blessings beyond. Our actions symbolize who and what we are. Messiah is not a Man, he is a symbol, making symbolic gestures. Messiah, all the greatest masters of peaceful being, are the way to be, each in their own individual expression, and we ours.

There is no true, realistic picture of this legendary hero because he was an expression of something more expanded, a symbol. Since these powers manifested thru him, and were recorded, whether literally, figuratively or symbolically; we know it *can* be in the physical. But never for the glory of the Ego-I. Believing and imaging go together. Jesus was and is humble being. He could/would not save his own material body from harm, that is not for who he felt the sympathy and compassion; this healing force.

Onward Christian Soldiers, but an army of Christs (true Christians) would not fight to compete for the glory; they would not wave flags. They would not hold up traffic and trample the earth to death in their mad dash to get to the clubhouse.



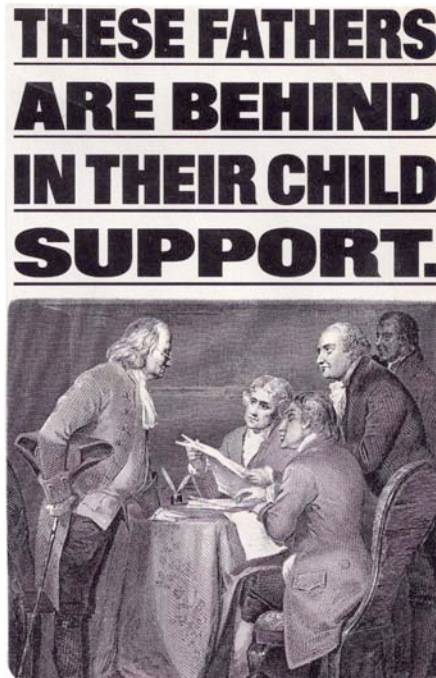
Promise Keepers conference walk to lunch. The event primarily attracted white men, but organizers hope it's more diverse in the future.

They would feed and heal, and bring their wives and children along, and feel sympathy and compassion for the enemy's (?) plight. They would use this compassion to some way dissolve the bombs, the threat of total annihilation, genocide; by moving toward the brighter side, creating better, healthier things, thoughts, activities, goals and ideals; not the heavier side with more man-made codes, rules and regulations, and de-

regulations. The antiquated rituals are nothing but tokens if we are not living the concepts. In 1990 53% of our taxes went to the military, past, present and future; 3% to education. And the situation has as yet still not improved.

It does not matter what who God is. Right now it is the simple feeling that is important; attunement. Even an atheist must have a reverence for the miracle of creation we live on; we inhabitants of the earth. We spend trillions on wars we expect to wage on out into the universe, but we do not feed our own starving masses.

We could call this 'abandonment by the Father.'



Sensory overload: Pain, guilt, denial.

As the Ages of Metal dawned; as men began to rape and pillage and mine the resources of the earth; War began; the long Ages of War began also.

It is the birth of new consciousness they keep killing, every war; Herods. They use Christianity as a ploy, if they are not truly living it. And before Christianity Nimrod had 70,000 boys put to death out of fear that one might be destined to take *his* power. HisStory repeats same old same old.

They are guilty of not living the teaching they claim they believe in. They dwell on ritual alone for thousands of years. The only action to go on killing the physical possibility of this awareness finally being truly understood, enmasse, in Mass. They dissected each word and phrase. They tore it apart to the tiniest components. They eat his flesh and drink his blood. They are cannibals; are they not?

Jesus being only one little man, a small minority toward the good and honest fairness in recognition of the true power in force in this simple yet intricate matter of being alive. A living symbol, and he *knew* he was only a symbol, in mundane reality. The literalness of the crucifixion might have been necessary as an actual living experience to ground the reality of the symbol and the possibility of human minds grasping

understanding, thru symbolic logic. Death being a profoundly important and awed mystery, as birth; but feared as birth should not be feared and so the mysteries not be feared; change should not be feared. But now *we* have brought to birth a living death. He preached life in free surrender to our being, from the profoundest of mysteries.

Death is the crumbling away of forever, cycling away of forever. Birth is the cycling back again.

Whoever he was or might have been, a powerful force was brought to birth, but also an opposing reaction to it. To open the feminine sensibilities of our hearts; receptive, we could conceive from this creative power to midwife and nurture this force he seeded and so loose the opposition. Ego must shrink back into its Self. The synthesis will now take place. His separateness is acknowledged. Since our separation this appears a most fear-full and difficult undertaking.

The old Norse amulet referred to as 'Thor's Hammer' was the form of a swastika. Thor was a simpleminded barbarian, elevated to hero as he went around killing, with his hammer, what was found to seem threatening to men in that day and Age; most of all the dragon serpent who gnawed at the roots of the World Tree, Yggdrasil. Nazi is also a simpleminded barbarian. Men worshipped the Power (dragon) because it had given authority to the barbarian (beast).

The appendages enclose the cross; some translate a turning wheel; but if the cross signifies expansion in all of the fourfold directions, enclosing and using it as a turning wheel inhibits its evolution. They clutch the cross with fearful hands, constricting its purpose in symbolic logic.

Experience is necessary to build a legend, and to enlarge our understanding when we come down to the reading and the interpretation of the symbols.

Ponder the meaning: He died on the cross, and the 'Christians' grabbed on to that, the cross, literally, and so the Tree of Life became a symbol of Living Death, strangulation of the roots not permitting the transformation and re-birth or Resurrection, except in a Fairy Tale sort of legend.

This legend they dwell on, of Jesus Christ, their Messiah, is fascinating, a 'Best Seller' for a very long time (about 2000 years), spanning but one Age in our chronicles of time. He was a man physically, but... apparently allowed a certain balance of elements or principles both masculine and feminine in his Self, his sensibility, both the power and the sympathy, compassion. It is mentioned in their holy book that a woman's dream tried to save his physical life. Her husband possessed the Power and authority to change the story. Perhaps he should reconsider.

A feminine sort of love feeling thru us can save this planet, Earth. They no longer allow time or space for Parental Love and nurturing, only a dare to prove it by fulfilling duties devised by Man for the upkeep of ego development, only in the image of Himself. He is the 'Developer'. He says he believes in progress, but only in and under his direction. True love of the creator is realized in duty to feed the young and teach them how to feed themselves. She owes man's world not much. She owes her children everything, a Future.

It is man's way to test to the breaking point. That is why the legendary Jesus Christ called out, wanting to understand why God had seemingly forsaken him.

The living proof is in the power and the sympathy, compassion; not in the power to destroy, trap and control. Man, who was made in God's image has the power and reflection to live or die, to create heaven or hell. All the incarnate really needs is to open, see and accept more of what it is a part of.

It was in his last moments, so the story goes, Christ knew he alone could save no one. His only dying hope was that we should be spared for our ignorance; so many delight that we are spared in the simplicity of believing so, being that such a 'high' being wanted to excuse us, but, as the story goes, we let him die a very horrible and lonely death. Not one stepped forward out of fear. We knew not what we had done, but now we see the way we came; the way we followed was what, and it is far, far from the way he spoke of. We fear and hope that if we put in our tokens, go to church on Sunday, pray to Him, and believe in angels, we won't be too unhappy with the way we chose, God's will be done. Blessed be He.

They simplified things so far that they became simple-minded, and somehow the simpleminded have learned to control things. They're sharp and cunning, but not highly intelligent, and lacking in true spiritual dimensions. They make us line up at the vending machine, and go to church on Sunday and put our tokens in the basket, our tithe. What are we paying them for? To keep us in line?

Man's god is imperfect only in that He created Man. GodNature in reality and truth is perfect, a merging of creator/receptor, each allowing the fruits of this relationship.

A true Christian knows Christ, not only believing that there was the man, but know the truth of that being, they feel it in themselves and live as closely as is humanly possible, which is much closer than is generally allowed in virtually all present human societies. Christ did not slaughter those who disagreed, he only led those who followed. This frightened the Power Mongers, to see his power was also, and they knew to regain and hold control they could take and use the symbols he conveyed, which held people by the bonds of emotion. It is a great irony that Rome is the seat of Christianity.

The Crucifixion was a trauma to the collective World Human Soul. The dragon/psyche knows the guilt comes up from the depths, the abyss, and doles out the punishments. We know enough now of psychology to heal the wound, and to loosen the bonds of this passing myth, also called the Age of Pisces, the fish who swim in two opposite directions, at once.

He was caught in a 'Catch 22'. If he used the knowledge he could possess and control all he surveyed he could have led the people his way, as King; Lucifer, the antagonist, told him so; but in doing so he would have taken their right to free will and understanding. But to give it all up as he did was as great a loss, maybe greater, loss of faith.

A wise woman in understanding of the Solar/Soul/sole God; her foundation the moon, with twelve stars on her head, she listens and hears, and understands the universe. She is ready to give birth to the Sensitive Manchild. Pater once again can't handle it. Father/King afraid one child might have the potential to one day overthrow Him. Herods so afraid of change they kill the innocents and all hope to evolve beyond the human condition. HisStory repeats same old same old.

This story could pertain to the birth of Christ like consciousness, or the resurrection of compassion, the second coming; but the Dove is in Chaos.



The Red is the Warring Dragon, continually trying to subjugate nature and the feminine principle. The patriarchal dictatorship, hurled to earth. Sea of glass mixed with fire; the fragile nature of our intellect, emotions, and understanding bound always within Psyche. Those not duped and maintaining both their balance and sight of the essence are victorious over the projected image of the Beast, embodied in patriarchal domination techniques. The Dragon/Psyche in its pain of guilt, gives up, gives over to the Industrial, and techno-logical projections, our recent direction to Now. It is they who give authority to what is to happen, for a time, and times and half a time. Who are They?

There was no Babylon before Nimrod.

Where the dragon is concerned humans have seen mostly just the one end of the spectrum. I/ME Ares Red fighting Warrior against what he fears, not necessarily what will harm him/them. We have only seen that the Dragon is large, with big teeth. So we fear it will devour us. We use this fear to scapegoat it as the villain.

Deep within the Sleeping Dragon are its dreams, now being activated by an extreme imbalance in the World Human Psyche. The complicated religion of Christianity, as enemy of the Earth, is gazing into a black hole devised by its own lack of seeing that Christ is but one side of the coin, and another, Green Man, friend-helper Pan, consort to the Earth struggling to help heal the gaping hole left by a patriarchal religion that preaches *love* but show themselves to be enemy of the Earth, and therefore Life.

Fortunately, Fundamentalist dis-ease can not be with us much longer, so Pan and Christ can rekindle a long-standing friendship, and brotherhood, under the Mother's direction and watchful eye. Nature; conscious love and animal passion. Pan as friend-helper is more than capable of guiding human souls across oceans of chaos, and is a pre-Christian God and symbol who barely lives the character of Satan. Any resemblance to those living or dead is purely coincidental.



The Great God Pan was a more substantial father-figure, who the Patriarchy's fear and paranoia wished to die, because he was consort to the Great Mother, and in close relationship with her wild, untamable ways. He was her son-lover.

Having crawled up from the heart of the Earth, and out onto her green carpet, Pan is lost in the City, this concrete jungle, and can't find a home. Still a God of the Herd but the sheep have changed, and some folks are waking up. Not because they want to, but when horror knocks its hard to ignore, while reason and common sense give way to a Soul raging with naked instinctual desire and knowledge of its Self; Panic!



Pan in the Universe by Lou Rogers

Enter Pan the Bright, not to be confused with light. Pan the Bright is Pan the Numinous. The Christ side of the archetype took care of the Light side of things. Numinosity is the unrestrained archetypal flowing from its source toward a human world with doors blown wide open!

The dragon's hypnotic gaze and the panic that a Pan incites at high noon are ways to invoke social change, for better or worse. 'Developers' want to destroy these same forests to overlay with their constructions. They are hoping we will forget if the previous experience is no longer at hand, if they are just stories, the fading memories. Myths he calls, names and labels 'lies'.

Pan is not a god of vengeance, as the gods of the Jewish and Christian experience have shown themselves to be, or a god of bloodshed like the screaming, maniacal Allah of the Muslim trip, but a dweller in the heart of nature; human, mother, galactic, even natures beyond human understanding and perception. We seriously limit Pan's energy when educational institutions kill off the imagination's potential flight.

On the historical stage Pan ran around with the likes of Hecate, Syrinx, Echo, Eupheme, Pitys and other goddesses (nymphs) who's names went unrecorded because they were children of nature and therefore the night, mere dreams. Mirror Dreams.

In India, the Great Goddess was called the Mirror of the Abyss, in which the Great God (Shiva Mahadeva) constantly reflects himself.

Pan is a god of being and knowing, fusing spirit and animal in a uniquely androgynous way.

Pan's wisdom is distilled from the facts of life: without death, there is no life. Without sexuality, and 'the little death', there is no life, or very slight signs. All of us fleeing in panic. Panic of the cancers and plaques, nature has wrought. It is said that Pan causes the panic, but that is not the inner truth, but the outer figment of imagination. Pan causes nothing, but when at high noon the light is straight overhead, there are no shadows, so one is easily startled by unexpected movement too close for comfort. A reasonable god works with the cause and effect concept. Pan is a god of synchronicity, co-incidents.

Synchrone: fixed fluid human being. Synchronicity: fixed meaningful moment. Synchronicity: fluid movement of/thru meaningful moments. Pan is a god of spontaneity.

The Old Devil is tired of being the 'Scape-Goat', a role no one should ever have to play. The fascistic mind-set hunts the Old Devil to this very day. Onward Christian Soldiers, forward as to War!

OPINION – COLORADO DAILY WEEKEND, MARCH 10-12, 1995

## What if Moslems were majority?

Changing mythologies – the future is something you never expected. Time to give up the guns while Aquarian (appropriate) technologies figure out what to do with all these cars, and all this plastic.



Cars emit one-third of all air pollutants, including one-fifth of U.S. carbon dioxide. They are the fastest growing air pollution source in the world.



Using 1000 throwaway plastic teaspoons consumes over 10 times more energy and natural resources than making one stainless steel teaspoon, and washing it 1000 times.

We as the World Human Soul are just beginning to get it. Next step – waken the Dragon – enter inherent order of chaos, we are the magicians. Waken the dragon, or chaos devours us all.

Consider some of the ‘pleasant little wars’ we’ve had in the last 2000 years as ‘Onward Christian Soldiers’ are still found in the jungles of the Third World, bulldozing their way through and spreading their poisons in their wake, in the name of Jesus. Jesus Christ!

This tradition is beginning to look an awful lot like one Big Bad Habit.

Christianity, as a cosmic trick, was and is too much of a cushion against the void/abyss, and is therefore very dangerous because the people become easily uprooted and angrily divided against their very selves. The Dark Mother, as in the dragon’s breath ‘naturally’ revolts, swallows the light, and gnaws at the toxins and poisons that threaten to fell the World Tree, caused by human’s unbelievable stupidity, arrogant ignorance. The dragon lies in a pool at the foot of, and protecting the Tree of Life, a Guardian in many religions and cultures.

Hopefully people of today can take journey thru the past and into a mythical future where we can get a grip on our Selves and that always elusive no thing of reality. Christianity is like a flashlight in the forest of time; it can only see what is above the ground and within the beam, under the canopy of leaves and between the trees, its immediate surroundings, but is ignorant of and neglects the roots deep within, beneath and under, and the great expanse of forever, above. They can’t see the forest, you know, so cut them down. They believe a serpent gnaws at the roots of the World Tree and there is a God in the form of a Man at the top who will save them when it falls.

In the Kabbalah it says that to ascend the Tree it is necessary to cross the Abyss, the Dark Night of the Soul. The Abyss is inhabited by the demon of chaos, the guardian of the Threshold. All that pass that way must confront him without going insane or being turned back.

Christianity is truly a borrowed mythology.

The cross is like Quetzalcoatl’s city of fourfold palaces. And then temptation and fall by dark magicians, men, the controllers, priests of time. Awakening and departure spreading the message, He arrives at the Dawn of Wisdom and departs with it. But a prophecy of return He promises before He leaves, and on the sacred day is redeemed, resurrects and departs on a raft of serpents [wisdoms] into the sunrise [future] and leaves his sheep without sacred view. The shock of his departure incites holonomic amnesia, a trauma to the psyche of the World/Human Soul/Tree.

Return signifies process of holonomic recollection at critical point of evolution when His return manifests as awakening of sacred view and reestablishment of sacred order. Like the Ouroboros, wisdom joins beginning to end, alpha/omega, and is self-healed, complete. The dragon wakes, and is the controller of light and darkness by the opening and closing of its eyes. The psyche wakens and is the controller of positive and negative by the rhythmic opening and closing of its thought-feel-understanding mind, seeing is believing.

The dragon wakes. Lord of the Dawn. This is the dawning, of the new and next age, the Age of Aquarius, astronomically, the age of open minds; mind is serpent formed.

Dragon psyche beginning of awareness, before mind, was the feeling, then felt, and the word came from the understanding of the feeling and longing to share the wonder of it with another. The Other/created/projection of the One IAM. The other too realizes a separate conscious, differentiates, individuates. The egg divides itself, and then again until there are so many pieces the wholeness is forgotten. Does the amoeba know why?

Sin means 'to forget'.

With all their kingdoms firmly established, have they forgotten one? The one they struggle to forget, where the dream lives and the dragon abides. Afraid their children might stumble and fall down a road to darkness, deep thru to their Selves, their very souls. In the Beginning there was 'Darkness', the darkness of the womb where the children are naked and alive. Bring the children down this long forgotten road, naked and alive to the roots of their beginning, to their Selves. They will feel the pulse and dance to a universal dream. Generation after generation fed on white sugar lies, that sing praises to honor the 'Light', but that light they shed is more and more artificial and putting forth a supreme deception. Always promises of better things to come. But the best is what we make of it. The best is here, has always been, right under our feet, and the scientists say it is 4 billion years old. For souls bathing in the 'Light of Deception' life is coincidence, an accident, or under the control of the One Father.

The children's rebellion knows that trying to untie the knots is a waste of time, burning the rope is much quicker. And the dragon's breath is their only protection now. The ever present child within, in most of us is long forgotten, or totally disciplined and subjugated; a dream, dismissed. But these dreams forgotten in the human world are remembered in the realm of the dragon/psyche of the World Human Soul. The reaction is found as the inner *El Niño* wreaks havoc on the physical Mithgard, the World of Man. The answer is contained in the Pearl, of great price, buried nine layers deep in a pool under the chin of the Horse Dragon. The horse dragon is elemental earth.

The controllers blame the children's rebellion; drug abuse, teen-age alcoholism and crime for the chaos of our society, when it is They, who have implanted all the data to create this (¿great?) civilization, as we see it. And now, They don't like the product. They complain about the product, their product, their children; and they will not accept responsibility. They continue to pass the buck and scapegoat the product. They plead stupidity and demand the product take responsibility to continue lines already drawn and formulated, by the Controllers. This is Conservatism; maintaining decaying traditions. Stagnation is lack of movement, blocking the currents and natural flow of creation; and this causes decay. And how many times can you remake a movie? This is why so many are finding the time ripe for joining movements rather than clubs and leagues.

And 'They', on their prescription drugs, the pharmaceutical junkies, because 'They' can't handle the Life They set up, now demand the children be drugged if they show any inclination to diverge from the line drawn (they are uncontrollable), but not offered a drug of choice. Just say No to the drugs they tell you to say No to. Do not question the (food and) Drug Administration. But we don't see the forest you know, we are the blind dragon. The forest for the trees, you know. The universe for the stars, you know. The people for the Me's, you know.

So much in our western world is based upon writings in the Bible, and yet these 'prophecies' were the dreams of men, and vary greatly in interpretation. How can They



ignore the dreams of Now? Dream On! We dream the dream onward beyond hopeless, endless, wasteful patriarchal values. He's a plastic fantastic lover.

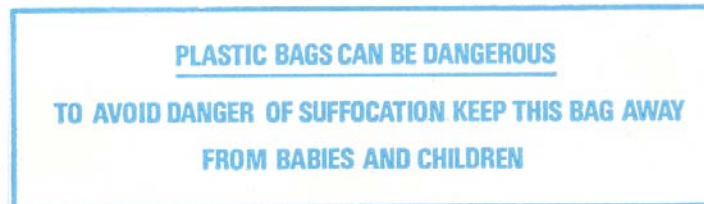
The dis-believers gave birth to the un-believers. We live in a plastic society where truth is set aside, not allowed affirmation. Everything is warped and twisted in the fire, forged, not the original meaning of plastic, which is to be pliable.

What should childhood be but a chance, a time to be allowed to wander and discover and acquaint our Selves with the world, the earth, and find our natural and comfortable position in it; to recognize our part needed to keep the world, our world, happy and smiling.

And then – as parents – to take responsibility to afford to watch over another growing thru their own changes, allowing them exploration to collect fragments of what interests them, activates and inspires their minds; instead of handing them formula only. We are not superior in our knowledge, and we have not laid down all the possibilities. This is their study. They are our children. We need only feed them nourishing things, and let them grow, healthy. Enough is recorded already to allow the study sans institutionalized (infant formula) knowledge; as institutional food, it is lacking too many life giving nutrients, to be complete, nourishing, and life sustaining to a thriving organism.

The place we give them is the Shopping Mall; to nurture and nourish their religious spirit, creative soul?

They rebel against what tradition calls responsibility. When the attempt is made to speak to them of responsibility they hear only the meaning thrust on them by this society, and have trouble comprehending that there is a greater responsibility; to life, to themselves. In the Chaos of confusion they continue to trash the environment as they have been shown to do by their parents, and so unwittingly are taking responsibility. Plastic bags continually remind us that they are dangerous to children, capable of smothering life. It is the law that this danger be printed on each shopping bag.



It is Mother's duty to accompany her children in their early explorations of life, not to do them disfavor; herding them into line, to the slaughter. We are responsible for their lives; and their death, if it comes by way of manmade dangers we allow into this world, which was created a healthy environment. The child is an education. Follow and see what to find; see what we mothers are forced to try to protect the child from; the garbage, toxic waste, produced by our 'great' society, our dominant civilization.

They abhor the sounds of the youth's music, Industrial Rock, or wherever the trend has now taken us. It has become the only sound to draw upon for the music of their time, this clamor of civilization. It grates on the nerves. It is not natural. Their feed-back is only reflection, a mirroring of our world, the World of Man, and what it feeds them.

We can no longer snuff out the life of our children because we failed to live ours, out of fear; because we failed to risk our positions as robot zombies in a world where at

best we read the script man gives us, the script of someone else, who has no face. Scriptures.

Script yours. Love is called 'burning in the fire.' Love is like magic, once you know it you never forget and forever are seeking. God is Love, they say. Cliché.

There is an old Talmudic saying that God and Man are Twins. It is a story man tells over and over again, that God created Man in his own image. The story is told by man and he swears that God is telling the story through him.

Man was created in God's image they say. When we let go of the Old Man passing judgment ("God is a white, male, 78 year old Republican' – Abbie Hoffman), He; if we can conceive of the image in terms of balanced life giving intelligence, then we can expand our *vision* of it encompassing all physical, mental, and expansion of, by one learning from the other. You teach me, I'll teach you.

After kicking initial fears there are still the habits brought on by them, reflective of them. Reflection is a memory, and a reflexing motion.

We must find the loop-hole in these revelations, the dead zone, where HisStory may be changed, trance figured.

Dawning does always bring a new day. It has so far. And the coldest, darkest hour is just before the dawn.

They keep us always fighting, for simple survival; fatigue of/to the spirit. Human is a foul word. There is no hope. People are too human. God is Ego, the IAM. The concept of ego gives illusion of the right to control, manipulate, torture, torment. We are taught to fear happiness. "God is a concept by which we measure our pain." – John Lennon

We all seem to follow the example of the present day 'Christian' to some extent. But there is an opposing reaction and it could be time to claim our rightful heritage and harness that Dragon Power, with care and understanding. There is a similarity between religious symbols and mythological images. Any localized religion has its mythologies and limited effects.

In fact, the 'shadow' side of Christianity's mythical 'effect' has the modern world drowning in a guilt and paranoia filled pool of lies and hatred fueled by the taskmaster who, himself having been crucified between two thieves, called out to the void and has not yet received an answer.

The point is to reaffirm life as the most amazing and wonderful thing that it is, (He is a jealous God) and stop this magnified focus on the suffering. This bitterness is only because Hope (future) is undermined and killed by mortals who can't stand change and hate the diversity and many colors of life. They want to see it black and white. They maintain their Nazi vision, the swastika, Thor's hammer, the cross in a wheel ever turning, never leaving the ground. The beast they thought was killed but lives still in minds and attitudes. It lives still, deep in the psyche where the dragon gives it authority. The purification of their souls will be very painful in the 'lake of burning sulphur'.

We want 'Peace' for this earth as the *normal* way to be. Mutual respect of all beings, for all beings of any sort (color, shape, size or rank), any thing Being. Who are the Chosen People? Every one was chosen, to live on this earth. From one father in billions of sperm to one, all receptive egg mother. We have the power and have always had. Who takes the power away from us? Where does it go? Mutual respect of all being by all being and for all being. Who are the Chosen People? All who are born. There is

wisdom in pro-choice. Some environments are so damaging to the soul. It seems the only way to protect the unborn.

They try to prevent us from saving more souls from coming into their world. Are you ready for the onslaught? The Pro-lifers, anti-abortionists, have no mercy for the unborn. This is a way they try to frantically and fanatically make amends for their guilt of having lost the awareness that it is Life itself, all Life, the wholeness of it, that is Sacred. They keep putting their tokens in, every Sunday. We no longer worship the Sun God, *per se*, but still every Sun Day.

Who took the power away from us? We relinquished it when we *chose* to worship a personal god; a god in the image of Man. This was the most incredible sacrifice. The splitting and shattering of the One. The splintering, fragmenting. The whole picture is the most intricate mandala.

It's no secret that Christianity, as enemy of the Earth will slowly fade from glory and collapse and be remembered only for some of the thrilling moments they gave us; rampaging priests, pillaging and murdering millions of unsuspecting heathens, branded as evil and/or witches by the 'chosen' ones, the Inquisitors. But of course the 'chosen' ones must kill off any who deny their chosenness, an ego in constant battle, running from the penetrating gaze of the dragon.

If we remove our blinders (we the Blind Dragon) and look at the Children's Crusades, we see a senseless slaughter of innocence. Is abortion worse than HisStory of these Christian escapades? It could be a more merciful choice and solution. Is this 'Pro-Life' movement a reaction from deep seated guilt in the heart of the World Human Soul; guilt for their willful desire for power over all?

Let's work on the energy of the positive activities within; drop the façade, and get down to the real business at hand: The repressive Chosen People, anti-Christ morality, condemnation and displacement of the real problem and responsibility.

There are all kinds of Reasons and Truths. My God, Ego says It wants to be special, a Chosen One, all chanting, 'Only people like me are chosen'.

The collective voice of the persecuted is ringing out loud and clear now, to affirm the message of the many messiahs; Universal Love is the only way, the sure way to transform and transcend opposites, but instead of being crucified, becoming the godlier being, the ideal we truly were created for.

It may be necessary to bypass these words, to get to the root, the core; all these words with distorted meanings – holy, angelic, religious, spiritual, etc. – to get to the truth without ownership. These words are overused and distorted by those who cling so tightly they smother the truth in their attempts to possess it.

The Dragon as Great Mother, the universal creatrix. She is forever enduring, container and preserver of the World Human Soul, in distress, in travail as we refuse her love and compassion. Breathing in and out, the dragon mother breaths us in and out. We are her dreams, a very great conception from the Father, Logos Spermatikos. Today the Sleeping Dragon wakes and so our worlds are turned upside down, and the hills are not safe to run to.

Know Thy Devils!