

*The*  
*Messiah Perspective*

Published by Jennifer Wherrett

[www.thelady.com.au](http://www.thelady.com.au) (The Messiah Perspective)

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*The wisdom of transcendence*

*Come, take my hand.*

*Do not be afraid.*

*In this world of darkness,*

*I will show you the **L**ight.*

*If you will allow me,*

*I will show you the **T**ransference of **B**eing,*

*And I will prove to you*

*That you can exist in a **H**igher **D**imension.*

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*Author's note:*

I deliberately use capital letters for the following words:  
Love, Light, Truth, Wisdom, Fate, Destiny, Knowledge, Purpose, Will, Way, Work,  
and Process to distinguish these as higher-dimensional concepts from the common  
usage of these words and from the misguided mindsets of lower dimensionality, or  
third-dimensional physical reality.

# *Introduction*

Almost from the exact moment I reached the pivotal point in my life that triggered such momentous and, in many ways, calamitous change, I knew I wanted to write this book. *Lady of the Lake* is the book of my soul, but *The Messiah Perspective* is the book of my heart. Well may you ask what the difference is. And a good question it would be, too. I did not make a conscious decision to write *Lady of the Lake*. In fact, I held within the intent to write a different book entirely, but when I sat down to write that book, *Lady of the Lake (The Lady)* emerged. She had a life of her own, and so took herself places I had no control over, though I did, at times, try for misguided reasons of my own. Really, all I had to do was sit back and allow her to take the shape she wanted to be, a little like a potter sitting at the potter's wheel expecting to mould the lump of clay upon it into a bowl, but watching in surprise as a vase emerges in its stead. The analogy makes it sound simple. Yet I am ashamed to say *The Lady* had to fight my resistance. Caught, as I was, in the mindset of this third-dimensional physical reality at the time, I had other ideas for her, of course. Despite me, though, she came to life exactly as she was meant to. In a very real sense, what I wrote in *The Lady* took me years to walk into, to become, so that I wrote about concepts and principles, insights and realisations long before I was capable of fully understanding them.

What a disaster that book would have been – the book of my original intent – had I written it when I intended to. But then I realised, of course, *The Lady* was always meant to be its precursor, so that the concepts introduced in *The Lady* I could now expand on to my heart's content. In a sense, and to use the same metaphor, now that I recognised and understood the true shape (or nature) of the

clay I was working with, I could relish the joy and the sheer pleasure of moulding it, working it, playing with it, and seeing what emerged. And so I have.



So, what of that crucial, pivotal point that so changed the landscape of my world, my life, and my view of myself? So much did it shift and alter my world, both inner and outer, looking back it is, to me, as if I have lived two quite distinct and different lives. Before that point, I was an ordinary girl living the same life everyone else lives. Now, many years after that point, I am what I am, and what I am cannot be measured nor defined by anything in this physical realm, except to say, "that is what I am not".

When I was younger, I barely gave due consideration to what I would do with my life because it never occurred to me I could or would live a life any different from those I saw around me. I never really had any desire of my own to be a wife and a mother, but I knew those roles were the natural, and only, outcome I was walking towards, for isn't that where the true fulfilment of every woman lies? Isn't that what most women strive for and must achieve if they are to be validated as women? Until that part of my life materialised, though, I had no option but to build a career for myself. After all, I was intelligent and capable so to do anything else would be a waste, would it not? I had no ambitions, though, so what was I to do? All I knew was that I wanted to make a difference somehow. I wanted to make some sort of meaningful contribution to the human experience. So I chose medical research and became a biostatistician. Once I started working, though, I realised very quickly that I was rare, and alone, in my desire to make a meaningful contribution, and, although I was unaware of it at the time, disillusionment set in and began to fester within me.

So, at what point did I decide to fill my life with those constructs upon which, and with which, an acceptable identity is built - one that fits comfortably within the society one finds oneself, and through which one's achievements and successes

are measured, weighed, and balanced, and found to be adequate, or not: marriage, mortgage, a big house in the suburbs, career, wealth and assets, money to travel, a house full of material possessions, children, a broad social circle, and a closer circle of friends . . . ? Well the truth is, I didn't decide. My life drifted inexorably this way because it never occurred to me there could be, or was, anything else.

And I wished, at the time, I could say I was happy because I was certainly supposed to be. I had all those things in my life that make you happy and bring you fulfilment according to everyone else. And, if I admitted to being anything other than happy, then what on earth was I supposed to do to *be* happy? There was nothing left for me to add except children (I was yet to add that string to the bow of my existence). Apart from children, though, I had it all. But deep within, in a place I kept rigidly and desperately contained, I knew that I really existed in a state that could be measured only in terms of degrees of *unhappiness*. And fulfilment, contentment, peace, joy, satisfaction – these were just words in the dictionary. So life wasn't joyful nor did it have meaning, but I successfully managed to keep the truth of that from myself.

Well . . . nearly successfully, I should say, because every now and then, often with no obvious trigger, I would walk straight into what I called my 'crisis periods'. These were times when the truth *would* bubble up into my conscious awareness despite my best efforts to keep it at bay. At such times, those dangerous questions would ring through me: This cannot be all there is? Surely there must be more to life than this? What is the meaning and purpose of it all? Why am I really here? At one point, I found myself consciously thinking, I'm surviving . . . how am I doing that?

The silence and the stillness were the worst. In fact, these became quite terrifying in a way because they facilitated those horrible questions bubbling to the surface of me. Thinking was pretty scary, too, but thoughts can be controlled, quite easily as it happens. But in the stillness, I felt, or sensed, the emptiness within me, and in the silence, I felt, or sensed, the meaninglessness. The solution



was simple, though, since those questions stabbed at my consciousness only in the silence and the stillness. Fill your life to overflowing so that you never have to *be* still and silent; so that you never have to stop long enough for those dreadful truths to bubble to the surface. Always, though, when I walked into a 'crisis period', I walked out of it again after a few days, and was able to successfully pull myself back together.

Sometimes, we stray so far from our Selves – our source, our essence – that we are barely surviving. I had reached that point of barely surviving but struggled to keep the truth from myself, to hide from it. Sounds melodramatic, does it not? Well, it would not have been so bad if I hadn't felt so numb, so dead; if I hadn't been aware at some level of myself that I was eroding away, crumbling into a dilapidated ruin. Something was horribly wrong, and I did not know what it was nor what I could possibly do to fix it. Maybe I could have kept going as I was. But that choice, as it turned out, was not mine to make, hence that pivotal point.

It matters not what the pivotal point is in its physical manifestation. For each of us, it will be different. In fact, for some, this process comes on gradually and gently. What matters is what it represents and what it causes to happen within us. For me, my pivotal point cracked me open so severely and so implacably that I was wholly unable to pull myself back together. And so I found myself having to deal with those questions and the horrible emotional states they generated (depression and despair being the absolute worst). My 'crisis periods' had reached crisis point and now overwhelmed me to the point of feeling as if I was nothing but pain. Every part of me – body, mind, heart, and soul – was in pain, as if I was on fire inwardly and outwardly (and which I describe in Chapter 7 of *The Lady*). It took me a long time to realise what was going on and what had happened so that another of those horrible emotions was thrown into the toxic mix in the meantime: bewilderment. And it didn't help, of course, that no one around me understood what was happening to me. What they unwittingly reflected back to me was judgement and condemnation – a reflection of my own whispering egoic voice:

“Why can’t you just behave yourself!? Why can’t you just be happy with what you’ve got!? You’re so weird. You’ve gone off the rails, lost the plot. Maybe you should be on medication . . .”

It was only the gradual dawning of understanding and realisation that gave me relief from the pain and the condemnation . . . slowly, too slowly at times, but surely.

That pivotal point in my life occurred over ten years ago. Now I understand perfectly what happened, what had gone wrong, and what was missing before that pivotal point. Merlin saves me the trouble of articulating it by summing it up perfectly:

“You see, Niniane, humans are like onions. At the moment they exist on the skin of themselves, fearing and avoiding their pungent inner layers. *But the only way to the truth of who they are is through those inner layers.* ‘Tis an arduous and hazardous journey . . . peeling back layer after layer of fear and shadow.”<sup>1</sup>

The truth is, before that pivotal point, I was buried under layers and layers of fear, ignorance (particularly self-ignorance), misguided belief, indoctrination, social programming, distorted perspective; trying to become what I thought I *should* be instead of being what I am; trying to be how everyone else is, even though I am not, in any way, like everyone else. And the pain? For some, walking through those pungent inner layers – that hazardous journey of self-discovery and inner transformation – is harder than for others.

Even though, physically, I had so much according to the subtle demands of society, in *Truth*, I had nothing, nothing at all, because I had no idea of who I really was. I was so utterly disconnected and separated from my Self, it was slowly killing me. I was dying from thirst and a lack of nourishment.

~

For those of you who wish to remain on the surface layer of yourselves, these discourses, stories, and dialogues are not for you. For those of you who wish to remain in the state of Perpetual Separation that now defines the human experience; that is, if you wish to continue existing as you now exist, and well may you desire that, for you may be one of those rare souls who has found true happiness in your existence, then my words are not for you. If you do not want to change, then, as *The Lady* warns you, do not read any more. But for those who recognise that change is not only inevitable, it is upon us, then I hope my writing at least brings you understanding if not the illumination of knowledge.

We know something is wrong with human existence. Do we admit it? Some do, for to some the evidence is all around us, demanding our attention. Should I list it all? Niniane already has so I'll simply quote her:

“War, violence, death, depression, illness, despair, fear, oppression, abusive exploitation, greed, lust for power, a total disregard for our environment, apathy, lethargy, grief, people hurting people. What are these if not chaos?”<sup>2</sup>

And these are merely symptoms. Symptoms, like pain, are a gift if you see and acknowledge what they point to. Mask the symptoms or treat the pain without dealing with the underlying cause and you will fail to cure the disease . . . and the disease, then, just might be your end. So what is the disease that gives rise to these symptoms?

The answer is so simple and yet, at the same time, is made quite complex by the degree of ignorance that pervades this world. Shakespeare (or the man who wrote the Shakespearian works) recognised it, though. He articulated it beautifully in the play *Hamlet* when he had Polonius say:

“This above all: to thine own Self be true, And it must follow, as the night the day, Thou canst not then be false to any man.”<sup>3</sup>

For what if I was to tell you the true source of this world's ills lies in the very fact of humans ignoring, suppressing, compromising, negating, *dishonouring* that which lies at the heart of each one of us: the brightest, most powerful, extraordinarily beautiful spark of Divinity as it exists within us all. Humans so desperately and actively seek God outside of themselves when He is, in truth, found *within* each of us. And within is the only place He can truly be found. Indeed, we *are* God, so to truly honour God, we have only to honour ourselves. And yet, we pay no heed to the part of us that *is* God. So we have separated ourselves *from* God, and now we accuse Him of abandoning us.

But to rediscover the spark of Divinity that lies at the heart of each one of us, to allow it expression and see it reflected in the eyes of those around us, we must first turn and face the other way. We are turned in the wrong direction, and while we are, we will never see the spark of our own Divinity. But then, if we *were* to turn and face the other way, we would be confronted by those pungent inner layers . . . and therein lies the true heart of the problem, for humanity will, now, do anything to avoid the reflection of its shadow. Such a reflection is too uncomfortable and, often, too painful to bear.



The responsibility for the human experience rests now in our hands. If we choose to handle what is to come by falling to our knees with our hands tightly clasped as we pray to God to keep us safe, then I'm afraid we are in trouble. 'God' is not going to stop the Process that has begun to shift human consciousness. 'God' is causing it to be. This we must understand and accept. It is not up to 'God' whether or not we become a part of the new paradigm of human existence. It is up to us. It is up to you. We think the ills of this world can only be healed or fixed in the world itself. But we are wrong. The ills of this world have their source within *each one of us*, and so it is within each one of us that the source of the world's ills must be dealt with.

The human soul is beginning to stir. It is beginning to throw off the shackles and chains that have held it captive, imprisoned, bound, and gagged. And it is ignorance that perpetuates that slavery. Ignorance forms the bedrock upon which our existence is currently built. Knowledge is the key that will release the shackles of ignorance that bind and fetter us. In the illuminative light of Knowledge, neither fear nor ignorance can survive. Knowledge is the key to our release. I existed on the surface of myself for far too long. It was a form of death. But I have traversed my own inner layers, and fought countless battles with my own inner shadows and demons. I have come back from the dead. I am, now, resurrected from the tomb of my fear and ignorance. And Knowledge was the means of my resurrection and release.



We have within us the power to be such a vital part of the Process that will shift human consciousness into this new paradigm we now find ourselves in. We have within us the power to set our Selves (our souls) free, to rediscover the spark of our own Divinity, and turn ourselves from Slave into Messiah. We hold within us the power to become our own personal Messiah, and truly I tell you, when you begin to view yourself, your life, and the world in which you exist from the *perspective* of a Messiah, you begin to exist in a world that is *heaven* . . . .

And if enough of us are prepared to unlock our own spark of Divinity – to honour it and give it expression; if enough of us can find within ourselves the courage and strength necessary for becoming our own personal Messiah, then, collectively, we will begin to *create heaven on this earth*, and there won't be a damn thing the rest of humanity can do about it. We will create the *current* and, in doing so, will direct the *flow* of human Destiny that will sweep all and sundry up into itself and carry humans into the new paradigm of existence.

Then, we will shape a new reality, and oh what dreams may come . . . .

What beauty . . . . What sparkle . . . . What magic . . . . What magnificence . . . .

What Light will then define the human experience!  
And, how absolutely extraordinary we will become.



What follows is a series of discourses, discussions, treatises, and dialogues, all of which contain the higher Knowledge I have unearthed within myself in the course of my own journey through my inner layers. This is, then, the truth of human existence, human psychology, and human reality as I see it. Some of the characters you will know already and some you will not.

The Greek philosophers of the ancient world knew the best way to impart knowledge, particularly higher, esoteric Knowledge, was to set it within the context of a dialogue. A setting and a conversation, like the sugar coating on a pill, make it so much easier to swallow, digest, absorb, and assimilate the knowledge contained therein. Moreover, for those who have the eyes to see, this format allows one to see as deeply, or not, as one desires, and to glean as much or as little as one is willing to absorb.

Besides, this just also happens to be my favourite form of writing.

Jennifer  
May, 2013



1. *Lady of the Lake*, Chapter 7, Part I: 'Lady of Heaven': [www.thelady.com.au](http://www.thelady.com.au) (Lady of the Lake).
2. *Lady of the Lake*, Chapter 4, Part IV: 'Lady of Heaven': [www.thelady.com.au](http://www.thelady.com.au) (Lady of the Lake).
3. *Hamlet*, William Shakespeare, various publications.

***I am Come***

*I am come  
And I bring with me  
A new age of human existence –  
An age of beauty, peace and Light.*

*I am come  
And I bring with me  
A return to innocence –  
A state of being without fear.*

*I am come  
And I bring with me  
An awakening  
To the truth  
And the revelation  
Of who we really are,  
And of what we're truly capable of.*

*I am come  
And I bring with me  
The illumination of Knowledge and Truth  
That will shift perspective  
Beyond the physical . . . well beyond.*

*I am come  
And I bring with me  
Light to illuminate the darkness.*

*I am come  
And I bring with me  
Love.*

## *The Puppet Master and the Actor*

Helena watched the amphitheatre fill, the robes and tunics of the initiates slowly turning the rows of semi-circular stone seats from grey to white, like a carpet of scattered flower petals that, at first, punctuates the landscape with patches of white and then, as more and more petals fall, covers the ground as the patches join together so that the colour of the landscape is changed completely. The buzz of dozens and dozens of conversations filled the amphitheatre, growing louder as more of the initiates arrived to take their seats. And the air of excited anticipation was building in a crescendo so that the atmosphere became more and more charged. It was impossible not to be affected by it, but Helena felt the excitement and anticipation for herself anyway. She'd barely slept the night before and had been among the first to arrive, making sure she got the position she wanted a few rows from the front, right in the centre – the perfect vantage point she thought.

The sky above was putting on a show of its own, making its own contribution to the air of anticipation, as if it knew the significance of the evening. The setting sun had streaked the sky in brilliant colour, turning the light layer of clouds high, high above to burnt orange and bright pink, while the sky between them, where it could be seen, was bright blue. Helena's attention wavered between the spectacular sky, the slowly-filling arena, and the attendants who were lighting the torches around the stage and at the ends of the semi-circular rows of stone seats. Although she felt the impatience that fills those few moments just before a long- and much-anticipated event is about to begin, there was also much to entertain and distract, so she was mildly surprised when Esubius, her mentor and teacher of the last five years, appeared on the circular stage and asked people to find their seats



quickly. The sky was forgotten, as were the attendants lighting the torches. Esubius *almost* had Helena's complete attention. The stragglers who, for reasons she could not fathom, chose not to hurry to their seats were a niggling distraction that heightened her impatience. Now that the moment had arrived, though, she suddenly felt nervous. Her heart increased its beat, and a myriad of little butterflies fluttered anxiously in her stomach.

Esubius did not introduce her, the one they had come to see. He merely asked for quiet as an attendant brought a stool on to the stage and placed it slightly off-centre, closer to the front than the back. And then she walked on to the stage as Esubius walked off it. He sat in the front row, two rows below Helena, but Helena took no notice. She was studying the one they had come to see, slight disappointment stilling the fluttering of nervousness and settling with a dull thud in her gut. What had she expected? She wasn't sure. She didn't realise until this moment that she'd formed any expectations at all, but formed they had. The disappointment settling in her gut told her so, for isn't that what they'd always been taught? Disappointment always accompanies failed expectations.

She watched as the woman on the stage, the one they'd come to see, settled on the stool with one sandalled foot on the stone floor and the other resting comfortably on the rung of the stool. She wore a robe of turquoise similar in style to that worn by the initiates, and her hair, a mass of curls, was pulled up and away from her face and held in place by a series of thin silver bands, just like Helena's. A silver band, decorated with stones of turquoise, encircled her upper arm like a snake, winding around it. She was beautiful, the one they'd come to see, but so, too, were most of the initiates. 'Twas not by accident that those chosen, or those who chose, the path of initiation were physically attractive because the initiation process brought one's own inner beauty to the surface such that it was reflected in one's physical appearance. So to Helena, the woman on the stage in front of her was just like everyone else she'd encountered over the last five years of her initiation, and therein lay the cause of her disappointment. She realised, now, that

she'd expected or hoped the woman, the High Priestess of whom they had heard much, would look . . . well . . . ethereal somehow, certainly different from everyone else.

And then the woman smiled at the initiates, held out her hands, palms up, and said but one simple word: "Welcome."

Helena's nervousness evaporated, as did her disappointment. The restless movement of the initiates crowded on to the rows and rows of semi-circular seating ceased. Utter stillness descended. And with one word, the High Priestess was able to achieve what Esubius could not: absolute silence. Look like any other person she might but the radiation of Love in her smile, the Light in her eyes, and the power inherent in that one word was unlike anything Helena had ever experienced. Helena and the other initiates were captivated, their attention caught as if under a spell that refused to loose its hold. Helena could not contain the smile of pure, unadulterated joy that bubbled up within and found release, like a fountain newly and freshly turned on. Nor did she need to turn her head to know the same joyful fascination caught and held those around her, for she could feel that it had settled over all of them like a mist, lightly and gently but firmly holding them in captivated awe.



The High Priestess looked up at the sea of white-clad initiates before her.

"You have done well," she addressed them. "You have persevered and worked hard to reach this, the stage of initiation we refer to as 'Connection'. 'Tis the stage of the heart chakra, and I can promise you 'tis a stage of great reward. Now will you harvest the fruits of the last year's labours.

"But for tonight, you may make yourselves comfortable. Relax and listen as I weave for you a tapestry that depicts the nature of human reality. Close your eyes if you must, for you do not require your physical eyes to see this tapestry. You will need only your inner eyes. My words will become the threads that form the

tapestry within you. Allow it to take shape as it will, and we shall watch, with interest, the picture it forms.”

She paused to observe the various reactions on the sea of faces before and above her. Some sat unmoving, their eyes remaining open, but many more allowed their eyes to drop closed. She waited until she sensed their collective readiness. And then she began.



“Imagine, for a moment, the small stage of a puppet theatre. ‘Tis an elaborate little theatre, beautiful in its own way. It sits on two big wheels and can be opened like a cupboard to reveal a curtained stage decorated in red and gold. When the curtain is drawn back, the polished wooden floor of the small stage and the scenery at its back and sides, painted on sheets of canvas in bright colours, are revealed.

“But you do not see the puppet theatre from the front. You see it from an entirely different perspective, for you are the puppet master, and so you see the little theatre from above. And you are intimately acquainted with the small theatre because, as puppet master, you have painstakingly created every tiny detail of it yourself. In fact, you have created the little theatre and the scenery painted on its backdrop to fit, perfectly, the puppet and his story – a story conceived of and written by you. And of course, as puppet master, you have created your puppet – lovingly crafted, with your own hands, each and every part of him. So as puppet master, your puppet does not *just* dance to the rhythm set in the pulling of his strings by your own fingers. As puppet master, you and you alone hold the knowledge of why the puppet was created. You and you alone hold the knowledge of how his story, his script, has been written to include all the experiences you know he is to have whilst on the small stage. You and you alone hold the knowledge of why your puppet looks as he looks, thinks as he thinks, and is as he is. You know, for example, why your puppet is male and not female. And,

as puppet master, you and you alone hold the knowledge of the story of your puppet's whole existence – the story and the script that directs him and that he will follow whilst on his small stage.

“But as the performance begins, something very strange begins to happen – something the puppet was not really created for. He looks, does your puppet, at the stage and the scene around him, and he begins to want for himself. He begins to want things *in* his reality, his stage – things you have not given him – and he begins to want things *from* his reality – things he is not really meant to have.

“And his wants begin to consume him so that when you pull his strings to take him in one direction across his small stage, he is looking in the opposite direction because that is the direction *he* wants to go. So you pull harder to make him go where you know he must go. But he resists you. You pull, he resists; you pull, he resists, and so it goes on until he, your puppet, becomes angry, annoyed, and sulky, and he decides he will not follow your script at all anymore.

“So he wrests control from you, and you are forced to watch while he tries to obtain for himself those things he wants, and he tries to go in the direction he wants to go. He tries to rewrite his own script in order to satisfy his wants. And in trying to obtain those things he wants, and in trying to rewrite his own script, he hurts himself because he becomes more and more separated from you, the puppet master; more and more disconnected from you – the one who has lovingly created him. As puppet master you can only watch helplessly, for while you try to regain his attention, and you try, desperately, to communicate with him, to tell him of his folly and warn him of its consequences, so consumed with want is he that he cannot and does not hear you, and he does not heed you.

“After a while, your puppet forgets your existence entirely, and so he also forgets that the small stage upon which his little feet do dance is just that – a stage. And he forgets that the scenery around him is just that – scenery. Unfortunately, too, all the experiences your puppet is supposed to have according to your script he does not have. So his little life that is supposed to be enriched with those same

experiences is lacking – lacking meaning, lacking purpose, lacking direction. So he wanders through his life, across his small stage, lost and aimless.

“As puppet master, you mourn for him because you feel his bewilderment, his disillusionment, his disappointment, his confusion, and his emptiness as he obtains what he wants, and then wants again and again and again. And you feel his longing. You know what it is he yearns for, but he, in his disconnection, does not even know that he yearns. You see his thoughts and sense his feelings, and so you know he thinks, deep, deep within himself, that his life should have been better somehow, different.

“Unfortunately, too, you know that while he, your puppet, thinks and believes he pulls his own strings and is, therefore, in control of his own life, he does not and is not, for he has neither the power nor the means. He is, after all, only a puppet. So you watch as a nameless, faceless force dictates the rules of his existence, pulling your puppet’s strings and taking him in directions contrary to that of your script. You, the puppet’s master, know that in wresting control from you he has lost control of everything. In separating himself, you know that he has, in fact, surrendered his strings to a power of darkness that cares not one whit for him; that seeks only the preservation of its own control.

“Such is the human experience.”

She allowed a silence to descend on the amphitheatre for a moment, and then she said, “You may open your eyes now.”



Helena blinked and as she did so the amphitheatre, its lit torches, the white-clad initiates in front of her, and the darkening sky above intruded, anchoring her back in her present circumstance so that the picture in her mind’s eye dissolved and vanished. But not so the knowledge deeply imbedded in the priestess’ story. That knowledge at first settled in Helena’s gut where once disappointment had settled, and then, as she began to digest and absorb it, spread through her veins

like blood and was carried to every part of her body. And as the knowledge permeated her psyche, a question took root, began to germinate and grow rapidly within her . . . .



She, the one who sat upon the stool on the stage, allowed the silence and the stillness to persist, knowing the seeds she had sown were taking root and germinating. And then she asked them to close their eyes once again.



“Imagine, now, another scenario,” she gently commanded them. “This time you are an actor playing the part of a character in a stage play. As the actor, you have worked with the other actors in the play to create the story and write the script of the play, so you know both well. So well do you know the story and the script that both are a part of you, for both are born of your very own creative ability, and from your very own experiences. So, as the actor, you know exactly how your character fits within the story; you know exactly for what purpose each scene in the story has been written; you know exactly how the story will affect the character while he is on stage; and you know exactly what will happen to him in the context of the overall play.

“But as with our puppet, again, something very strange happens – something seemingly impossible given the fact that you, the actor, are playing the part of the character you have created so that separation is not actually possible, for you are one and the same. While you are on stage, the character begins to take over. He begins to believe he is real. And the more he takes over, the more he believes himself to be real, and the more he forgets about your existence. He, your character, believes he is in control. And so he begins to do and say things that are not part of the script. Indeed, he abandons the script, disregards it as if of little note. He even forgets the existence of the play and the stage, so that he looks at the

scenery, at the other characters on the stage with him, and at the stage props around him, and believes it all to be real. Indeed, he responds to it as if it *is* real, and so he starts trying to change it to suit himself.

“And why does this happen? Why does the character take over and forget the underlying truth of your existence? Well, unfortunately, it happens for exactly the same reason our puppet wrested control from his master. He, the character, becomes focussed on, and therefore consumed by, what he wants for himself. He looks at the scenery around him and sees only what it lacks, what he wants. And in his quest to satiate and satisfy his wants, he resists your script, and, like the puppet, tries to write his own story.

“But just because *he*, the character, abandons your script, does not mean the script has ceased to exist. In fact, the script *does* still exist, and as the actor, you know this. And so you watch the character try to pull his own story in one direction while the story of the script pulls him in another. You watch the resulting tension build within him like the tension of a rope being pulled in two opposite directions. And you know that if the rope is not strong enough, or if he keeps exerting enough pressure on it, it will snap.

“You, the actor, watch helplessly as your character becomes embroiled time after time after time in situations that he does not understand and over which he actually has no control. You watch as he struggles and fights and rails against the circumstances in which he finds himself, for these circumstances are, you see, not a part of *his* story. And you watch as he begins to sink, pulled under by the force of his own emotions – emotions that are, as you know, communicating to him, more loudly than if the heavens themselves screamed at him, the meaning and purpose of the circumstances he wishes only to be free of. In fact, you as the actor know that those very emotions that pull him down – those very emotions he tries to avoid at any cost – are the key to pulling him up and out.

“And you, the actor, watch helplessly as he attracts, and becomes entangled by, relationships with other characters in the play. But because he is no longer

connected to and subservient to you, the actor; no longer following your script; no longer aware of the true nature of his existence and the reasons for it, he misses the point of both the relationships and the circumstances in which he finds himself. So, he attracts the same kinds of characters, and acts out the same scenes over and over and over again.

“You watch, and you know, but he, your character, does not pay you any heed because he has blocked out the truth of your existence. Indeed, as time goes on, all of the characters on the stage so completely and utterly forget the true nature of their existence – the actors, the story, the script, the stage, and the play – that it does not occur to them their reality could be any different. So anything that might point to the truth or cause them to remember fails hopelessly to gain their attention, and even if, by some miracle, they did pay attention, so ignorant of their existence have they become that they would not understand anyway, for they see only the stage and its props, and have not the wherewithal to see beyond it.

“Such is the human experience.”

A pause.

“Again, you may open your eyes.”

~

Again, Helena opened her eyes. The question now burned within her. So much did it burn within her that she leaned forward on her seat, unconsciously willing the woman on the stage to yield up the answer. Like a gnawing hunger or a raging thirst was the question now burning within and consuming her.

~

The High Priestess smiled, for she could sense the tension born of unsatisfied desire, the hunger of wanting to know. Rather than satisfy them, though, she chose, instead, to add fuel to the fire burning within them.



“Imagine that as part of our puppet’s story, the puppet master has his puppet play a game of chess. The puppet master knows the rules of the game. The puppet does not. The puppet master knows what each piece on the board does and how it moves. The puppet does not. The puppet master knows the aims of the game and is an expert, possessed of an incredible intelligence, and so has a master plan to win the game. The puppet knows nothing of the master plan. The puppet master knows the calibre and capabilities of the opponent. The puppet does not. But still, the puppet plays the game as if he knows best, and so he ignores and pays no heed to the puppet master when the master urges the puppet to move a piece on the board in a particular way.

“How well,” she asked them, leaning forward and speaking slowly to emphasise every word in her question, “can the puppet play the game in comparison to how well and how masterfully the puppet master would *have* the puppet play the game?”

She paused to allow them time to formulate the simple answer required in response to the question.

“And surely you can now see that the puppet would be so much better off – would be able to win the game in fact – if he would but trust his master even though he may not be privy to the master’s plan for winning the game. Some moves may not make sense to him but are still a necessary and vital part of the overall plan. And what happens to the plan when the puppet decides on a move of his own? Does not the puppet master have to alter and adapt his own plan to accommodate the puppet’s ignorant and misguided moves?”

She shrugged exaggeratedly to make sure even those in the back rows could see it.

“But still, we humans insist on playing the game our way.”

She smiled at the initiates then and leaned back.

“But would it not be easier if we just remembered the existence of the puppet master/actor, and became aware of the puppet master’s script, the actor’s story?”

Would it not be easier if we just allowed ourselves to be taken in the direction our strings are pulling us, and then to know *why* we must go in that direction? Would it not be easier . . .?”

She smiled again, for she could feel the question hovering over them all like a cloud heavy with rain, wanting to loose its load. She wondered if one of them would be brave enough to give voice to the collective question, and so she waited a moment. But they sat, as if in a trance, all eyes upon her, waiting, waiting, waiting . . .

“All right,” she said and smiled again, this time to herself. “Before I answer your collective question, let me ask *you* a question. You have already seen, in your mind’s eye, the *perspective* of the puppet master. You have already seen that he looks down upon the small puppet theatre and sees all. What, then, of the *perspective* of the puppet? What does he see or not see in comparison to the puppet master’s perspective? And remember, the puppet master’s perspective is not just underpinned by what he *sees*, but also by what he *knows*. So, again, what of the puppet’s perspective in comparison given the fact that he holds a distorted and misguided belief about his surroundings, the stage and the scenery, and has no knowledge whatsoever of the true script and the purpose underlying it?”

Silence.

Again, she wondered if anyone would be brave enough to answer, but still they sat, appearing to her like rows and rows of unmoving statues. She smiled again to herself, for she could feel the atmosphere changing. They were beginning to understand.

“The answer you yearn for is simply stated, but not, of course, so easily accomplished. It requires practice, dedication, commitment, and perseverance – all of which each one of you here tonight has more than adequately demonstrated.

“First, you become aware of the puppet master’s existence and of the existence of his script or, if you prefer the second analogy, the actor’s existence and the actor’s script. Become aware. Become aware of yourself *as* the puppet, the

character. Hold the knowledge within you of your own limited perspective, your inability to see beyond the stage and the props. Hold within you the knowledge of your own limited power. And, at the same time, hold the awareness and knowledge within you of the power of the puppet master/actor's script that flows through your life like an underground river, pulling you along in its powerful current.

“And then, allow that knowledge to become a part of your way of thinking about yourself and your reality. Know, for example, that nothing, no matter how seemingly trivial, comes into your reality without purpose or reason. Everything within and around you – your relationships, the fact that you are hearing this tonight, your thoughts, attitudes, and emotions, the circumstances, events, and incidents that affect you, even if as seemingly trivial as stubbing your toe – form the landscape of your reality for a purpose – a purpose that is governed by the puppet master's script/the actor's story.

“Seek it, that purpose, and you *will* begin to see it.

“*That* is your first step – the first step to reconnecting with the puppet master – the first step toward consciously placing your strings back in his hands . . . although, of course,” she added, smiling again, “in truth, your strings never really left his hands.”

~

### *The Realm of Shadows*

*Without the Light of the Soul  
The shadows exist with, and by, a will of their own.  
Then, powerful are they  
Such that they hold us in their grip.  
Like fingers,  
The tendrils of our shadows  
Wrap themselves within and around us,  
Enclosing the heart,  
Choking its Light  
Until the Light is all but extinguished,  
And all that is left  
Is the shadow.  
Like tumours,  
Our shadows consume us  
And take us over,  
Altering our sense of things,  
Controlling our thoughts and actions,  
Worming their way into and through our psyche.  
Such is this, the Realm of Shadows,  
And those of us who walk within it  
Naught but wraiths,  
Substance-less, insubstantial, ghost-like.*

~

*End of Excerpt*