

Monograph Forty-two:

The Dreaming (1)

Untangling the Web

Creation has its own language, one that Works with Consciousness supremely powerfully because it is, in Truth, part of Consciousness. Creation's language uses symbolism in multi-faceted layers, at depths we've lost the ability to plumb, and with a complexity that can tend to require expert interpretation.

The time has come for us to reconnect with this language, and to start Working with it again consciously, but so 'alien' has it become to us that it cannot be explained. We cannot see, connect with, grasp or interpret it with our shallow conscious intellect, so it must be embodied, exemplified, *shown*.

Natural Shamans

I have an ability to Work with vision as a way of accessing my own higher-dimensional Consciousness and the higher dimensions, or the 'Spirit Realm', more generally. My visions are an aspect of the shaman within me, and they are an expression of the shamanic talent I awakened during my own Metaphysical Transition, one I rediscovered as an aspect of my own previously-latent transcendent skills.

But I will add, right from the outset of this monograph, that many women naturally hold this ability within them because women are, on the whole and speaking generally, natural shamans.

This is one of the vital reasons why the Darkness and those who serve it have fallen over themselves in their efforts to suppress, violate, denigrate, wound, and control the Sacred Feminine. They are, quite simply, terrified of the power women hold within, not just our shamanic abilities, but also the sheer power of the wisdom, nurture, care, compassion and nourishment that are such beautiful characteristics of the Sacred Feminine.

Natural Balance

This is not to discount men, of course. Men can be natural shamans, too, and they can hold the beautiful characteristics of the Sacred Masculine. But what's also worth knowing right from the outset about our shamanistic ability as men and women is that we experience our shamanistic *talents* differently, and, therefore, we also express and even apply our shamanistic *abilities* differently, sometimes subtly so, but sometimes more overtly or obviously so.

And surprise, surprise! These differences mean for us that men and women, as shamans, beautifully and powerfully compliment and Balance each other.

This is a primary and powerful reason why a priesthood, any priesthood, suffers greatly when women are excluded, not just from the lower ranks but also from the authoritative

hierarchy. Putting this point I'm making bluntly, a priesthood that only includes men will be quite horrifically out of Balance. *Such a priesthood cannot, and should not ever, be trusted.*

A Cosmic Flash of Light

I will also state, again bluntly, right from the outset of this monograph, that what occurred two thousand years ago in our human experience wasn't just the coming of a man, Yeheshua, to re-seed the Ancient Wisdom and to alter human Consciousness, human psychology, spirituality and belief, and to shape a new reality. What occurred was the coming of a man *and a woman*, a shamanic priest *and* a shamanic priestess.

The two together formed a gateway to heaven that channelled a flash of Light, akin to a nuclear explosion – fusion not fission, Creation not destruction. The Light swept through our human experience like the shock wave from the asteroid impact that was supposed to have wiped out the dinosaurs (even though this is a narrative that has never been proven).

We can think of the two – Yeheshua and Mary Magdalene – as a manifestation of the Horus Kings and Hathor Queens of old, because that is, indeed, the role and function they performed and the power they held – a power that restored and then held powerful elemental forces in Balance.

The Dry Sponge Effect

To say this Light struck fear and terror into the Darkness is a vast understatement. The Darkness could neither control the flash of Light nor its after affects, but nor could they of the Darkness control the fact that so many incarnate people at the time and long afterwards knew on some level of themselves that it had occurred. Remember the Dry Sponge Effect? Consciousness responded powerfully.

What the Darkness could do, and what it *did* do, was try to take ownership of the events of two thousand years ago. And so it did, very effectively. It turned the woman into the lowest of the low – a sinful prostitute – thereby effectively writing her out of the story, it turned the man into a deified icon, the image of which it tightly controlled, and it spent the next couple of centuries hunting down and killing off anyone it deemed to have been touched by the Light, and snuffing out anything that resonated with the Light's energy.

But since this event is in the Process of occurring again, exactly as it did back there, the time has come to restore the Truth of what really did occur two thousand years ago. *The Monograph Series* is an important element and expression of this very Process, but so, too, the man and the woman, the High Priest and High Priestess, as the twin Guardians of this Created thought, are an important element, because they are returned. As they are.

Lazily Sleeping the Day Away

In my childhood, as a good little Christian girl, I had no idea about visions or shamans, and nor did I have any knowledge of the higher aspects of Consciousness. All I knew, back then, was that I loved dreaming, consciously, and I loved being in my Dreaming Realm, even though, of course, I didn't think of it as such back then.

Until, in my late teens, an incident occurred that had a catastrophic effect on my visions, my dreams, and my Dreaming Realm, although I had no idea of this at the time. Only now am I able to sweep my newly-restored lighthouse vision back over this incident to see just how catastrophic it actually was, and to recognise its nature, effects and ramifications as a catastrophe.

As the second decade of my life progressed – my teenage years – my mental health progressively deteriorated. If you've read Monograph Forty, hopefully you will understand the whys and wherefores of this deterioration. My personal insecurity, lack of self worth, self esteem and confidence, and my chronic inadequacy and self ignorance, all of which were based on a woeful lack of a sense of self/Self, grew in depth and intensity.

My Dreaming Realm then became a refuge from which I was increasingly reluctant to emerge. I didn't like the 'real' world that surrounded me, but nor did I like myself in the context of this 'real' world. So, one Saturday, as this dynamic was escalating, I didn't leave it. I stayed in it. But to others, especially my father, this looked for all intents and purposes as if I was lazily sleeping half the day away.

Indulgent Fantasies or Dreaming Visions?

Dad tore strips off me, figuratively speaking, when I finally surfaced. I was a quivering mess and mass of guilt and shame by the time he finished hurling his accusations and hanging on me those two labelled behaviours that were cardinal sins in our family: irresponsibility and indulgence. And then, being sins as these were, by implication, and by judgement and condemnation, I had also offended God.

I didn't dare sleep so late ever again. But this was not where and how the damage occurred for me. Now, in our modern era, we're a lot more knowledgeable about mental health and its effects. Back then, we were, dare I say it, hopelessly ignorant where our mental health was concerned. I wish I had stood up to dad, told him what was truly happening, and asked for help. Because, far from being indulgent, I was not coping. In fact, I was falling to pieces, crumbling internally, and I was struggling to keep standing.

In lieu of understanding my own psychology, being honest about it, and asking for help, I believed him. And in believing, I took those judgements on and condemned myself. Worse, though, was the fact that I condemned the part of myself that Worked with the visions, and I relegated my Dreaming Realm to a sinful place of indulgence and fantasy.

In doing so, I shut down a most vital part of myself.

God's Good Graces

So vital was this part of me, in fact, that without realising or recognising it, I lost my ability to reconnect with my heart and soul, my higher Self, and my own Truest Nature. Which means, rather than being contrite, doing penance, and modifying my behaviour in a way that pleased God and restored me to his good graces, I lost God, not completely or irretrievably, thank Christ, but certainly to a significant degree.

I certainly lost my most potent Creative tool. Without knowing, in shutting down this

part of myself, I shut down my Creative power, my shamanistic ability, and my inner sight, not in a way that turned these off, because this is not possible, but in a way that disconnected me from them, and them from me.

Well, really, the most accurate way to put this is in trying to be a good little illusional Christian girl who pleased her dad, I became alienated from my Self.

An Epic Battle

But what this alienation, or estrangement, means for us all, when it occurs for us, and certainly what it has meant for me personally, is that once we start awakening these abilities *and* awakening to the Truth of what they are and of how they Work *within* us, *through* us, and *for* us, we start to become strangers to ourselves.

Which, in turn, means we have to get to know ourselves, and our Selves, in a whole new Light, begin anew in a very real sense. If we could just comfortably launch straight into the metaphysical Nature of ourselves, with all our natural transcendent skills and abilities, or hit the ground running, so to speak, this Process would be rendered a whole lot easier. This is certainly a facilitating function I sincerely hope my writing provides for others.

But the sad fact of our current existence is most of us do *not* hit the ground running. Against the backdrop of the illusional mundanity and ordinariness we're all used to, with its Creative voids, this part of ourselves and our metaphysical abilities seem downright weird and unbelievable. Which, of course, renders the awakening Process extremely difficult, more like a struggle, or, if you're anything like me, a battle of epic proportions.

Snuffed Out Potentiality

Crucially, too, another vital part of me was snuffed out with this incident of my late teens. As a child and a younger teenager, I'd always felt like the road ahead through my life was laid, or laden, with a kind of magical potentiality and possibility – what life could bring me and where it could take me – and I looked forward to this with eager anticipation.

Unfortunately, this innocent belief, too, was unwittingly relegated to that same internal, off-limits space and place, along with my visions, dreams, and my Dreaming Realm, which then, tragically, caused the sparkle and the magic to be sucked out of my life, certainly out of my thoughts about the road through it. So my reality turned into that same dry and arid wasteland the Fisher King struggled with in the Grail Legends. How could it not?

Like so many others, I got caught in the mind trap and the illusional web of the Recipe of Life, believing *this* and nothing more was what life offered, which is why I feel more-than-qualified to write about it the way I do. I really do know what I'm talking about. And, caught in its web, as I was, the spider that controls it had no trouble draining me dry.

The Pathway Back to Wholeness and Health

Decades of hard Work were required for me to reconnect with my ability as a Seer, one able to Work with vision, to open my mind to it and to my inner sight, to give it permission to *be*, to guide me, to inform me, to become the basis of my cognitive ability, to pay it heed,

to recognise what it's telling me, to learn to speak its language, and to give it credence where and when it's dealt with those aspects of us that are well beyond the limits of our current experience, knowledge and understanding.

The extreme limitations, the boring illusional backdrop that informs our current reality, and the strict and rigid rules of the illusional game have caused the two to clash and collide within me, as I've written about extensively, and, as a direct consequence, I have had to make a ton of those very same T-junction choices I've referred to throughout *The Monograph Series* – choices that are nearly always accompanied by big leaps of faith.

There are multiple different elements involved in these choices, too, not just faith in the pure abstraction of the unseen higher realm of us, but also in giving higher transcendent skills and abilities permission to be, not suppressing them, letting them flow, believing them, trusting the Knowledge they impart, and allowing them to guide us beyond the immediate physicality of our current lives *and* our current mundane identities.

Laying Down Essential Qualifiers Before Proceeding

I am going to share my Process of awakening to and reconnecting with my Dreaming Realm in this monograph and the next ones, and I'm going to share with you how I've been able to use my Dreaming to connect with the specific mandates of my Destiny and to untangle and resolve the tangled web of my shadowed thought dynamics, but, typically, before continuing, this requires its own important qualifiers, and I need to lay them out clearly at this point, sooner rather than later.

To begin with, the content of this and the next monographs takes the sharing of my heart and the baring of my soul to a whole new dimensional level – the *metaphysicality* of me – which makes this series deeply personal in a way the previous monographs have not been *and* highly risky, even more so than Monograph Forty, which dealt with the *physicality* of me albeit from a metaphysical perspective.

As such, I want to state, for the record and right from the outset, that I am sharing the experience of my awakening higher senses, their revelations and the transcendent information that has come forth, *not* with the intention of putting it all on the altar of public scrutiny, there to have it measured and assessed by scholars, academics, experts, or anyone else, and judged, or deemed, to be acceptable or not, within the realm of possibility or not, and accurate or not.

Expert Opinions

Everyone is, of course, entitled to their opinions. But I care not what those opinions are. This is highly sacred territory for me, and in sharing it with you I am taking you into the innermost inner sanctum of my Self. I require neither your agreement nor your approval. Nor, for that matter, your endorsement.

On the contrary, the writing of these monographs forms a vital part of a Process of untangling powerful shadow dynamics from other lives I've lived that have had a massive impact on my current life, and I am opening this Process up for you and to you.

But this *is* one of the reasons why I actually lived the lives, so that I can show you the Dreaming, how it Works, how it's applied, its Creative power, and so that I can demonstrate how our thought dynamics are taken on in different lives, like scars, or, worse, like wounds, and how they then affect us, inform our realities, and require (alchemical) Work *to* untangle, resolve and heal them.

Two More Qualifiers

Second, I want to add at this point that many people express a common criticism with respect to claims of previous lives lived along the lines of such claims always seeming to concern 'famous' people. Those of us who genuinely Work with reincarnation and previous lives Know this is a misconception that is, more often than not, an expression of cynicism born of a resistance to, and perhaps a little fear of, the whole concept of reincarnation.

In fact, 'fame' serves the very valuable purpose of allowing us to see past lives, our own and those of others, and even to access public records that shed the illuminative light of knowledge on them and on the dynamics weaved into them. In my case, the fame of the 'famous' person I was in one of the lives I will be sharing with you facilitates my ability to show you how we are able to Work with Creation's own language – the Dreaming – to accomplish that very same untangling alchemical Work I just referenced.

Third, each of us has our own way of accessing our higher dimensionality, our inner sight, the paths of our Destinies, and the Dreaming that underpins our lives. Please don't be intimidated by what I share with you, or fall into the trap of thinking this kind of Work is out of your depth, or beyond your capabilities, because it's not.

Accessing Higher Knowledge

On the contrary, we're all capable of accessing what is within us, especially now with our collective heart and soul re-staking their claim. So you need to know that the information I'll be sharing has come through by degree and in stages as part of my Transitional Process, over many decades.

You, too, have the power to access and Work with similar Knowledge as it applies to you. You just have to open yourself up to it, be patient with your Process, allow it to be your guide, pay attention to what is within and without in a new way, with opened eyes, and perhaps become at least a little bit more vigilant, certainly aware.

There are people, whom you can consult, who are highly skilled at accessing this kind of Knowledge for others, but there are, too, a lot of fraudulent practitioners out there peddling their wares, so to speak. I have encountered such practitioners, and each time I did I came away feeling disturbed, distracted, perplexed, and internally discordant.

Resonance, in my experience, is actually a rather brilliant measure of authenticity, so if you do seek help from these practitioners, take my advice and remember to reference your own internal responses to them in lieu of just blindly believing and accepting what they tell you simply because they are 'experts', because this could damage you, certainly keep you off track.

Powerful Little Kernels of Truth

I'll begin by laying, for you, a foundation of the fundamental concept of reincarnation, and my connection, very early in life, with my inner Knowledge of it. The good little Christian girl I was supposed to be, and thought I was, was *not* supposed to believe in reincarnation. Once again, however, an early experience belied this, showing me clearly that I *did* believe in it.

These powerful little kernels of Truth that made themselves Known in my youth acted like feet inserted into the doorway, or the internal portal, of my beliefs, keeping my mind open rather than closed, as is the intention of institutionalised religious systems. These experiences occurred because the Knowledge in my soul is far too strong to be contained or overridden by an immature, rigid, closed-minded institutionalised belief system.

Furthermore, without exception, these kernels all came through my external reality, *because they could*. Meaning, with the innocence of a child still intact, Isis was able to use my reality to insert powerful ankhs that ensured my Consciousness remained open, viable, and receptive to Ma'at's Truth and Thoth's sacred Knowledge, albeit underneath the crusty exterior that was forming around my psyche, like the skin of an onion, and which the rigid belief system of Christianity was shaping and influencing.

My reality, in other words, had not yet been torn asunder, which should offer you more than a hint of what reality can become when we heal, and of how it can be used by our Creative higher Self. This is definitely something we can all look forward to.

Reincarnation

As for the early experience, I was maybe 11 years old or thereabouts when I saw an item on the news that even now I clearly remember. A 7-year-old boy had tragically died in a water skiing accident. At the same time, an old aunt of ours had just died at the ripe old age of 90. I distinctly remember the internal question that filled me to overflowing at the time, no doubt with the help of my own higher guides and companions.

Why did that boy get only 7 years of life when our old aunt, who drank like a true alcoholic and smoked like a chimney, got 90? It seemed spectacularly unfair to me. What did she do to get more years, a lot more? Or, what did that boy do to get only 7, almost like a kind of punishment or deprivation?

Following this experience, I knew that the whole notion of singular lives lived is so utterly ludicrous it barely warrants serious consideration, especially when it's invariably accompanied by a belief that once we've lived our single life, we end up either in hell or in heaven where we spend the rest of eternity. We get one shot at heaven? Really?

Protected Knowledge

What interests me now when I look back on these early experiences is the fact that I never told anyone, which was, in itself, a violation of the rules of my Christian existence. We were supposed to be 'open and honest' with the pastors of our church cult, because, of course, doing so put all of our thoughts, beliefs, and mindsets on a kind of altar, upon

which they were then scrutinised, assessed and judged, and could be controlled. Those thoughts and beliefs deemed acceptable were allowed to be retained, albeit tweaked if necessary, but those deemed unacceptable had to be surrendered.

I know, now, the reason I never told anyone, especially dad, who was also my pastor, was due to the fact that I subconsciously recognised, even at such a young age, that I would be made to surrender the Knowledge stirred within me by the experience. But the Knowledge was sacred and so was not to be controlled, questioned, besmirched, or taken away from me by dad, the cult, or anyone else.

Many years later, as an adult, I did tell dad the truth that I'd always believed in reincarnation, and in typical dad fashion, he challenged me. But by then, I was too old to get into trouble for it, *and* I Knew the Truth with a clarity and a certainty that dad was hopelessly unable to touch, influence or affect, as he discovered for himself.

An Introduction to My New Self

I hold a belief, now, that our restorative Processes tend to address the shadows, scars and wounds of our current incarnation first before taking us beyond it to deal with memories and issues arising from previous lives lived, unless we've been pre-prepared, which is always a possibility.

These restorative Processes start to put the Triangle of the Physical (subconscious, reality, conscious awareness) of us back into Balance first, before they take us into the Metaphysical Fourth Point (higher Self) of the tetrahedron of our Consciousness.

Despite this belief, I was introduced to my first memory of a previous life before I was triggered – before I began the serious restoration Work on myself and before I began to traverse the inner layers of the onion of my psyche. But I think the timing of this, prior to the onset of my Transitional Process, was a way of introducing me, like a toe dipped in water before taking the full plunge, to my higher abilities, *and* as a way of beginning the Process of laying the new foundation for the person I would (eventually) become.

Old Perceptions that Stick Like Mud

Even though I was no longer a good little Christian when introduced to the memory *and* to my ability to access it, I was still labouring under old self perceptions that Christianity had significantly informed, shaped and influenced. In other words, Christian mindsets were still sticking to me like mud. As a Christian, for example, I was *not* a person who read the Tarot, and I was definitely *not* the sort of person who accessed and Worked with previous-life memories.

So this first experience, for which there was absolutely no prior warning, was a way, I think, of introducing me to the potentiality of my own higher senses, allowing me plenty of time to process and come to terms with the fact that it occurred in the first place and, then, with all the ramifications and ripple effects that innately accompanied the experience, whilst, at the same time, beginning the process of breaking down old barriers, limitations, and self perceptions.

Dreaming in Digital

Courtesy of my alienation from my Dreaming Realm, and the fact that I had long since stopped Working consciously with my dreams and my inner vision, my subconscious performed the introduction, admirably, I must say.

So the memory came through in the form of a sleeping dream, but one like no other I'd had before or have had since. I saw it, and can still see it now, with such incredible clarity, like dreaming in digital, so that I was able to notice the tiniest details – the musky scent of stiff curtains as I walked through a room, tiny flames dancing on candles, beautiful carved woodwork on large, double doors as I pushed them open.

What really marked the dream as highly unusual, however, was the fact that it continued seamlessly once I woke up, without missing even a beat. And so I was able to lie in bed watching it internally, watching as the story of that life unfolded. And ended.

I needed a good couple of years to process the memory itself because, as a story, like many of my female lives, it did not end well, and I needed to grieve for her, the person I was in that life, and for the piece of my soul lost in the circumstances that caused her death. Once ready, and if you're interested, I wrote the memory into a story and eventually published it¹.

The Marchioness

Briefly, to give you an understanding of her life and of how it affected me in this one, she was of the nobility, hence her nickname – the Marchioness – somewhere in Eastern Europe, and she lived, I think, around the early- to mid-1600s, before the great plague that decimated Europe. She was in love, and was loved in return, but she was murdered, entombed alive, while still only young, by someone else because of something she knew.

The real importance of her memory, to me, is two-fold, and, again, years of Processing have been necessary for me to understand the dynamics involved. First, it revealed the karmic obligation that underpins my relationship with a member of my family, which has, in turn, facilitated my understanding of the problematic nature of that relationship. He killed me in one life, so he is obligated to help resurrect and restore me in another.

Second, the memory of that life showed me that I held within a shadowed belief in the tragedy and trauma, rather than the romance and beauty, of life.

More specifically, the circumstances that ended the life of the Marchioness were the cause of the magic and sparkle dying, or being snuffed out, within me. So, once again, the incident that occurred in my late teens, getting into trouble for sleeping (dreaming) late, didn't so much *cause* the magic and my anticipation of it to evaporate, as it did *show* me my own shadowed thoughts and beliefs relating to the potentiality of life.

Blame Verses Responsibility

In other words, the shadowed thought was already within me. It already formed a deeper part of my psychology. So, rather than blaming my dad, I am able to recognise that

he symbolically reflected it, thereby revealing to me my own already-wounded Truth and providing me the means by which I've been able to Process the shadowed belief.

In fact, the incident with dad forms a kind of demarcation that allows me to see myself before it, with my innocence still intact, and after it, with my innocent belief snuffed out, and to then make the comparison and draw the appropriate alchemical conclusions.

Having expressed that, as you can no doubt appreciate, to arrive at a place within myself of responsibility rather than blame, I've had to first of all Work through my anger, hurt and upset over many of the incidents occurring in my upbringing. 'Tis very hard to see the wood for the trees, so to speak, or to see beyond one's own turbulent emotions to the wounds and their causes that lie beneath or beyond.

This is one of the reasons why I believe in the importance of Working through the shadow dynamics of our current lives before delving into those of our previous ones, but when we're ready to do so, the dynamics of previous lives are incredibly revealing, inordinately helpful, and supremely healing. And deadly fascinating.

Truth or Fiction?

I'm not just a Writer, I'm also a Storyteller (capitalised because these are archetypal energies weaved into the layers of my DNA). So how did I, and how *do* I, know I haven't just made up the story courtesy of my active imagination? There's no proof the Marchioness existed because her life is not a matter of public record, although I believe there is a portrait of her hanging somewhere in Eastern Europe, possibly in a gallery. Maybe someone knows where this is.

The answer to the question of how I Know lies in those beautiful and vital senses of the heart, the so-called sixth sense I've written about in *The Monograph Series* – inner Knowing, gut instinct, epiphany, and, most vital of all, intuition.

With this first memory, my recognition and acceptance of it *as* a memory was made a whole lot easier courtesy of the clarity of the dream and the fact that it continued seamlessly after waking. I knew straight away that it was both significant and special, and from there, I required only a small step to arrive at the realisation that it was a memory.

Inner Knowing

But I'm still not certain I would've fully made the connection without the inner Knowing that was fuelled by my intuition, so the real answer to the question of how I Know is *I just Know*.

Inner Knowing, as a 'sixth sense', is vastly different from our physical senses and, perhaps more significantly, from our conscious thoughts. Inner Knowing is not at all a function of, or even associated with, our shallow conscious intellect, although we *are* able to 'wrap our head around it' if our ego doesn't stamp its feet, reject the Knowledge, whisper its toxic negations, and dig its toes in out of resistance, all of which mine did. Of course.

So we don't necessarily sense or process our inner Knowing in and with our brains. If

anything, as I've stated previously, I tend to feel mine in the region of my heart. Conscious thoughts feel like they're in the brain, right? Inner Knowing, the way I experience it, feels like it's filling me up, like being packed full of cotton wool, and sometimes it overflows, but quite often, I feel as if I am within it rather than it being within me.

Gentle Radiance

Inner Knowing is beautifully soft and gentle, like the breath of a whisper, so it doesn't push its way in or demand it be heard and heeded. It doesn't stamp its feet to get our attention or have a tantrum when it's ignored as the ego does. And nor is it necessarily accompanied by an internal emotional response.

Inner Knowing radiates, so it just *is*. But these characteristics of it can tend to render the ego's job of dismissing and ignoring it easier, and, then, once negated, the ego also has no trouble convincing us the Knowing has no substance, and no sound physical basis, and so isn't, and cannot be, real.

Again, T-junction choices, remember, with their accompanying leaps of faith. Which part of ourselves do we heed, honour and follow? Because, as the left and right arms of the T imply, it really is one way or the other, never both. If we choose, and act out of, the higher way, the ego can act out all it likes, to no avail. The inner Knowing remains, or, more aptly, endures, and, eventually, becomes stronger than the ego's antics.

Signature Thought Dynamics

But there is another reason why I Know the story of the Marchioness *is* a memory rather than an imagined fabrication, and it happens to be a reason that is important for anyone wanting to Work with the memories of other lives lived.

The patterns of our shadowed thought dynamics, and the characteristics of our Truest Nature, once we get to Know them, form a kind of energetic signature, or an energetic imprint, similar to the unique signature vascular pattern of every retina, that we can learn to recognise, like recognising the kaleidoscopic pattern (Nut) of our own Consciousness.

This is another valid reason, I think, why we need to understand the psychology of our current lives and selves first, before delving into other lives we've lived. We can, quite literally, recognise ourselves, courtesy of these energetic thought signatures, even though we're looking at different incarnations, ones that are effectively wearing the different masks and costumes of entirely different characters.

Peering Across Time to Glimpse the Soul

In other words, our own signature thought dynamics actually allow us to peer across time, piercing the illusion of the masks and costumes we've worn as other character identities, providing us an opportunity for a deeper glimpse of our own soul.

I was able to do this, only a few years ago, with another memory of a different life lived, the details of which I will share next. When this new memory presented itself, I *was* ready, and I had been *made* ready, for the experience, so it formed an important step in the

pathway I've taken to healing and restoring my Consciousness and to restoring the higher abilities that should always have been natural to me, and are, in Truth, or should be, natural to most of us.

Natural Memories

There is much cynicism and disparagement with regards to previous lives, even among those who profess to believe in reincarnation, but we have to remember that, just as we are connected to every memory we've made in our current lives, so, too, are we connected to every life we've ever lived. Furthermore, just as every memory of our current lives feeds into and forms part of our psychology, so, too, does every life we've ever lived feed into and form part of the complicated web of our psychology.

So we need to Know, in the same way we are able to hold, remember and access all of our memories from our current lives, and to understand how the circumstances of those memories have affected us, so, too, is the higher Self, the soul, able to hold, remember and access all of our memories from every life we've ever lived, and to Know how the circumstances of those memories are affecting us.

Accessing Memories Through the Dreaming Realm

And our own Dreaming Realm, through the beautiful womb of our imagination and its ability to Work with the inner sight of the pineal, the 'third eye', whilst not the only way, is the most powerful and personal means by which we can access these higher memories *and* do the healing Work with them.

But remembering every life we've ever lived would be crippling if we were conscious of them all at once and all the time. There would, in fact, be an awful lot of them crammed into the figurative small space of our conscious awareness. We would also struggle to focus on the circumstances of our current lives, and there would always be the dangerously-destabilising possibility of moving in and out of the different characters we've been.

Preserving Current Lives as the Reference

So the Process of accessing these higher memories and Working with them must, once again, be guided by our Processes, under the ever watchful, Knowledgeable and supremely intelligent eyes of the Ladies of our healing Processes – Isis and Nephthys. For me, every memory has come through at exactly the right time, in exactly the right way, when I've been able to handle it, so that each one forms a seamless part of my Process in such a way as to preserve and protect my equilibrium and my sense of self.

But even when they come through, I don't remember every detail of either the life lived or the character identity I was in the life. I only ever access the part of the memory that's directly relevant to my Processes, so that the memory and its transcendent information can be weaved into my alchemical Work.

In this way, my current life, its Work and its Destiny, and, crucially, who *I* am, are preserved and protected as the reference and focal points.

Silencing My Ego on the Matter of Past-Life Memories

What was so important about this new memory is the fact that not only did it hold a powerful shadowed signature thought dynamic that I was easily able to recognise, but the nature of the way I accessed and confirmed it sliced through the doubt and disbelief I was still wrestling with in such a way that my egoic consciousness had no comeback.

My ego was, in fact, effectively silenced forever on the matter of past-life memories and their effects. *And*, critically, on my dreaming ability to see and connect with them. Which, then, in turn, drastically altered my beliefs, perceptions and mindsets of all the memories that had surfaced between the first – the Marchioness – and this new one, because there were many.

Just to digress briefly at this point, whilst on the subject of doubt and disbelief, for anyone Working with previous-life memories or any other form of higher Knowledge you're bringing forth, especially if your Work is nascent, if you are in a state of Imbalance, for which the ego still has a significant hold, take my advice and benefit from my experience. *Be careful who you talk to.*

You will Create in your reality, as I did, responses from others of belittlement, cynicism, disbelief and ridicule that are reflections of your own doubt and disbelief. Needless to say, these responses hurt and hinder and can be harmful because they fuel and confirm egoic mindsets and judgements.

Shifting Sands of Imbalance

By the time this new memory came through, the sands of my conscious awareness were shifting *from* the Imbalance of egoic doubt and disbelief *to* the Balance of higher Knowledge and confident ability. I would not have Created the experience otherwise.

Even so, a connection with previous-life memories, like that of the Marchioness, still retain the distinct possibility that they're somehow made up, or fabricated, and able to be relegated to that realm of fantasy, or imagination, when you can't prove them. This possibility still tended to wreak havoc with my belief and confidence in my dreaming ability to remember, see and Work with other lives, despite the fact that the doubt and disbelief, whilst stronger at first, had gradually waned, over many years, the more I pushed through them.

My writing, which acts like a portal to my higher Self, or the means of generating that portal, and as a conduit to my Dreaming Realm, greatly assisted me with this Process. In fact, it formed a vital part of the battle waged between my egoic consciousness and my higher Consciousness over my awakening higher senses, especially the Dreaming, which is why I've been able to write my memories into stories and make them available publicly.

As Morpheus says so eloquently to Neo in *The Matrix*, *fear, doubt and disbelief, you've got to let it all go*². We each have our own unique ways of accomplishing this, and, for each of us, our transcendent talents will play an important part. But our creative expressions really do form powerful, wonderful and pleasurable tools we can employ to this end.

A Beautiful Internal Marriage

The internal battle between my ego and my higher Self over my dreaming ability, my inner sight and my higher senses, was, as already stated, effectively ended, and my ego was silenced, permanently, on the subject, when I connected with this new memory I'm referring to, because, as a previous-life memory, it *could* be proved, or at least validated, in reality, or in the 'real world' – the ego's own domain.

Furthermore, courtesy of the circumstances that formed part of it, I was able to identify myself in reality, based on my vision, by doing exactly what I just wrote – peering across time and piercing the illusional costume of the character I was in the memory by recognising one of my own signature shadowed thought dynamics.

This, in turn, rather crucially, resulted in a marriage, or a beautiful merger, thereby ending an internal divorce, between my inner realm, especially my Dreaming Realm, and my outer reality that my ego could not control, prevent, distort, or negate.

Movies as Triggers of Vision

By the time this new memory came through, my Dreaming Realm, my inner sight, my shamanic ability, and my conscious dreaming were all fully functional again, although, I confess, I was still Working to develop my Knowledge of their power and my confidence in the Truths they were bringing up and out. But this, too, was a key reason why I lived the life, especially when I did, *and* why the experience of remembering it actually happened.

So the vision was able to come through, and I was able to Work with it, consciously. Interestingly, and just to digress again for a brief moment, the vision itself, and the memory, was triggered by a series of scenes in a movie, although, if I described them, others would wonder how they were triggers because there's no seemingly-obvious connection (I know what the connection is but won't share it here to preserve focus).

The reason scenes, story lines and messages in movies form such powerful triggers and speak such an eloquent language of their own is directly due to our Dreaming Realm and its Creative ability, expressed through movies, *and* to the fundamental, beautiful Truth that *we are all connected*, like firing neurons in the same divine mind.

These Truths are well worth remembering, especially when we find ourselves responding to movies or books at a deeper level of ourselves. Don't discount these responses and triggers just because they've come through a movie, because they *are* valid.

A Scene in a Dining Room

Once I started seeing the new memory, I recognised, pretty quickly, the same clarity of detail that had characterised my connection with the memory of the Marchioness. Plus, in the vision, I knew things about my situation that were not conveyed visually.

To describe the vision, because so I must, I was seated at a large round table covered with a starched, white table cloth, in the formal dining room of a passenger liner. I could see the detail of the weave in the tweed material of my long skirt, and I could see the laced-

up style of my leather shoes, the sort women wore in the early 1900s. I knew I was with the moustached gentleman on my left, and I knew he was older than me, although I wasn't sure of our relationship. I also knew we were travelling in First Class, so the dining room and our fellow passengers at the table with us were pretty posh.

I knew we were sailing during World War I, between New York and England, although I wasn't sure which direction, whether we were sailing to New York or away from it. And I knew we were somewhere off the coast of Ireland when we heard a massive explosion and felt the whole ship shudder violently. Almost immediately, the ship started listing to the side of the dining room on which we were seated.

Panic and Chaos

The men at our table knew instantly what had happened, and they started trying to direct all of us in such a way as to minimise panic. But given the speed with which the ship was listing, the panic could not be contained. The sense of it was palpable, as was the ensuing chaos, and the screams that filled the room reverberated with both.

By the time we made our way out of the dining room onto the deck, which took only a handful of minutes, the ship was listing so badly we couldn't walk on the deck. There was no time to even take my shoes off. The lifeboats on the other side of the ship were lost to us, but, due to the speed with which the ship was listing, people were struggling to release the lifeboats on our side as well, so a lot of people were not waiting for the lifeboats to be freed. They were jumping into the water.

When a ship that large lists that badly, it is effectively turned into a multiple-storied building from which a jump, especially into water, is a hazardous exercise. The man I was with grabbed something from a tilting wall, hurled it into the water and urged me to jump. I pleaded with him to come with me but he wanted to stay and help other passengers – a noble act for which he paid the ultimate price. I reluctantly let go of his hand, took a deep breath to fortify my courage, and jumped, without him. And we were separated.

The Lusitania

So vivid was the scene in my mind's eye, and the unfolding experience, coupled with the fact that the vision completely had a life of its own, that I wondered if a passenger liner had actually ever been torpedoed during any of the big wars, because I'd never heard of it occurring. At this early stage, despite its clarity, which I fully recognised, I didn't actually consciously consider the fact that it might be a memory because the possibility seemed too unreal, like the script that befits a Hollywood movie but not 'real life', especially mine.

My subconscious suspicions were, however, a different story, definitely growing, and they were driving me on, fuelling my actions once I started researching. When I searched online, I needed less than a minute to discover there was, indeed, a passenger liner torpedoed during World War I. And then, as I read more and more of the details of the incident, I became more and more gobsmacked, and less and less able to deny the Truth.

The Lusitania was, indeed, sailing from New York to Liverpool, in 1915, during World War I, and she was, indeed, off the coast of Ireland when, at approximately 2pm, she was

torpedoed by a German submarine. The First Class passengers were, indeed, seated for lunch at the time of impact, and I think the torpedo hit the engine or the boiler room, so the explosion was massive, big enough to tear an almighty hole in her hull, one that caused the Lusitania to immediately start listing severely to one side (I'm bad with port and starboard sides, but I think it was port side).

The ship went down in only 18 minutes, and she took over a thousand passengers and crew with her. Such is the tragic consequence of war. We were innocent civilians.

Millie

I didn't actually have any time to digest this rather momentous discovery because, during my investigation, I came across the passenger manifesto, and, to my surprise, it was available as a downloadable spreadsheet. Furthermore, again, to my surprise, it contained a remarkable level of detail for each of the passengers and the crew.

Courtesy of knowing about my situation – travelling First Class, being in the company of a man, and knowing my approximate age – I was able to employ a process of elimination that resulted in six or seven couples remaining as possible candidates.

After that, for each of the couples, some of whom were father and daughter, there was, once again, to my surprise, enough information available online for me to get a handle on their lives and basic characters. As I moved down my list, none of them seemed like a good fit, or felt like me, until I came to the very last couple. Once I pulled up the details of her, there she was, and there *I* was, Millie, who was sailing on the Lusitania with her fiancé to start a new life in France.

The Tragedy and Trauma of Death

Both Millie and her fiancé were killed in the sinking of the Lusitania. Oh no! I died, again, just like the Marchioness, in my mid-twenties. A young life, a happy life, a beautiful life, a female life. A life that had, weaved into it, the experience and expression of being in love, once again snuffed out. Tragically. Traumatically. Through no fault of my own. Once again, romance, and a romantic life, ended with death.

To be honest, I feel a fresh wave of grief, not just for Millie but also for myself and the lost piece of my soul, every time I re-read my description of her death.

But apart from the obvious similarity to the life of the Marchioness, which I didn't fully appreciate until just now, because, despite making the connection between them, I've never actually put them side by side this way before, how was I able to recognise Millie so definitely, so clearly, and so quickly, enough to unequivocally establish the scene of her death as a memory?

Seeing Myself in Different Clothes

To answer this question, I have to, once again, get very personal, allowing you yet another glimpse into my psyche. If you've read the monographs that precede this one, you've seen into me already, so what do I have to lose by allowing you to see deeper?

But to begin with, when I pulled up a picture of Millie, I saw that she had exactly the same hair type, colour and length as I do. She looked similar in other ways, too. Rather than forming concrete proof, I merely found this interesting.

As soon as I read the available information on her, though, I sat back in my chair and stared, wide eyed, at the wall on the other side of the room, instantly plunged into a profound state of shock, which, I must add, metaphysical recognition does tend to elicit. I even breathlessly whispered the name of the shadowed signature thought dynamic out loud.

It was like seeing myself in different clothes, in a different time, a different culture, a different context, a different circumstance. The whole experience was very surreal.

An Extant Shadowed Signature Thought Dynamic

To me, the shadowed thought dynamic weaved into Millie's short life, very obviously, and ultimately into her death, was one I'm very familiar with because it has been weaved into my own not-so-short life. So aware of it am I that I have a nickname for it, and, even now, it is still extant within me. My Process has never led me into an experience that would allow me to know I've healed it, so as far as I know, I haven't yet resolved it.

My awareness of it, coupled with the detail of the vision that proved to be correct, made denial of Millie as one of my previous lives utterly impossible.

Applying the higher principle of Blocked Doors and Open Windows to this experience, rather than encountering closed doors blocking my way, as I expected, the Universe rather obviously and almost impatiently guided me into and through one open window after another. My investigation therefore consisted of a whole lot of seamless steps that facilitated such ease and opportunity that I accomplished it in no more than an hour.

Right Man, Wrong Man

As for the shadowed thought dynamic, to describe it, because, again, so I must as part of both my own personal Process and the content of this monograph, I have a fractured and internally-conflicting relationship with men that has resulted in 'right' men *physically*, or illusionally, or from the perspective of society, being 'wrong' for me *metaphysically*. And vice versa. 'Wrong' men *physically* are 'right' men *metaphysically*.

The 'Right Man, Wrong Man' dynamic even expressed itself quite overtly and clearly when I was in the church cult, and the church itself, with its rules, restrictions and dictates, became a marker of the conflict between the cultivated church persona and its need to practice 'rightness' by following the rules verses the freedom to be my real self, which inherently breaks the rules to go beyond them, hence the 'wrongness'.

Transcending the Cults

This will make sense when I tell you my experience with the church cult, early in life, and the Process I went through of confronting it within, realising it was as rotten as a bad egg, transcending it, and walking away from the restriction of it acted like a precursor, or

even a trial run, for the Work I would do, following my trigger, with the cult of illusion. Because, make no mistake, our illusional society *is* a cult.

So, briefly, to aid your understanding, dating ‘wrong’ men outside the church was severely disapproved of, to the extent that the pressure applied always caused the relationships to fail. On the other hand, the available men in the church, although ‘right’ and approved of, were ‘wrong’ for me because they were not, in any way, my match, and so they failed, utterly, to arouse my interest, let alone touch my heart and stir my soul.

The most important aspect of the ‘wrongness’, too, lies in the fact that ‘wrong’ men would not, and cannot, allow me to be myself, and, especially, to express the True Nature of my higher Self, because this part of me always breaks the rules of the system. What this means is being with them inherently forms a containment and suppression, as if they are a straight jacket within which I exist. Thus has my egoic consciousness latched onto these ‘wrong-man’ relationships with the god-damn grip of death.

Wrong Man, Right Man

Millie was a singer, married to the ‘right’ man *physically*, as far as society was concerned – older, successful, well off financially, able to take care of her, decent societal rank at a time when this was important – but the ‘wrong’ man *metaphysically* – suppressive, controlling, disapproving of her desire to sing on stage, ultra conservative, and, crucially, not someone with whom she was in love.

But he died, and then she met her fiancé, with whom she fell in love. He was the opposite of the man she had married – a classic rogue, considered to be a bad match – and so was the ‘right’ man in a *metaphysical* sense, but the ‘wrong’ man in a *physical* sense.

Tragically, allowing in the ‘right’ man *metaphysically*, and allowing herself to fall in love and introduce an element of romance into her life, exposed her to a danger she was completely unaware of. In fact, the relationship was akin to signing her own death warrant.

The Law of Attraction

This sounds melodramatic, does it not, but such is the power of the shadowed thoughts and beliefs we hold deeply within ourselves, at our core, which, courtesy of the Law of Attraction, become manifest into the landscape of our reality.

And, depending on the shadow itself, *such is their inherent danger*.

So, was the Lusitania torpedoed because Millie was one of the passengers? No, the other way around. Millie was one of the passengers because the Lusitania was doomed. Such is the extreme power of the Law of Attraction operating within us and through us as an inherent element of the Creative ability that is such a fundamental part of our souls, and which illusion, and our illusional identities, do not and cannot negate at all.

And yet, we are, on the whole, supremely ignorant of *both* our deeply-held shadowed thought patterns *and* the Law of Attraction, as one of the Cosmic Laws operating through

us, one that significantly shapes our reality and governs our very existence.

Symptoms Verses Disease

Given the extensive Work I've both done personally and laid out in *The Monograph Series*, I think it prudent, at this juncture, to point out a perhaps-obvious Truth. This shadowed dynamic I hold within me, and Millie held within her powerfully enough to significantly shape her reality, is not a disease per se. It is a symptom, but one that points directly to the disease, as symptoms always do. If you've read the preceding monographs then surely the disease itself is not hard to identify.

Because, if not for the Perpetual Separation of my Consciousness, and my identification with my lower egoic identity to the point of not remembering, at all, the Truth of my higher Self, there would be no fracture, and no conflict. The 'rightness' and 'wrongness' of my relationships would only apply one way, to the metaphysicality of me, to my heart and soul. And the inversion, or the opposing, conflicting element, would not exist.

Following the Theme to Even Deeper Truths

But this means, too, that the shadowed thought dynamic, in and of itself, is not something I should need to heal, once I heal the Separation of my Consciousness, other than to become aware of it. Unfortunately for me, for the Marchioness, and for Millie, there are a couple of deeper shadows underpinning the 'Right Man, Wrong Man' dynamic – shadows that are, for me, the direct cause of the Perpetual Separation within me.

But this is, too, where these kinds of shadowed patterns do serve us if we're prepared to confront them and unlock the deeper secrets, or shadows, lurking underneath them, just as wounded shadows lurk behind and beyond our turbulent emotions.

If we take up the thread of our emotions and follow them to their true source, like Theseus taking up Ariadne's thread to find his way out of the complexity of the labyrinth, they lead us to the wounded shadows in our psyches. But so, too, the patterns of our shadowed thoughts, if we follow their thread, can lead us to even deeper Truths.

Each piece that forms the core of our shadowed thought patterns then reveals part of the puzzle of the kaleidoscopic pattern of our psychology, and once we're able to see and place enough pieces, the broader picture really does begin to reveal itself. This is how we are able to do the healing alchemical Work to untangle the complex web of our wounded psychology.

Grappling with Shadows

Prior to being triggered, when I was ignorant, but not innocent, I could only form relationships with 'wrong' men. They were kind of perfect *physically* and so had an illusionary appearance of 'rightness' as far as others were concerned, with characteristics like a similar age, intelligence, education and material success. But they were 'wrong' *metaphysically* and so didn't open me up, touch my heart, stir my soul, or, crucially, reflect my deeper Truth. I connected with them intellectually, and so was in no danger of falling in love – connected by head not heart.

At the same time, I implacably kept at bay, or ran from, usually in fear and terror, ‘right’ men who could *potentially* open me up, touch my heart and stir my soul, and with whom I could *potentially* have been in grave danger of falling in love.

I confess I watched myself do this time and time again, and wondered what the heck was going on. What was wrong with me? Why was I such a god-damn coward? Why could I not let ‘right’ men anywhere near me?

Okay, so I had a pretty low opinion of myself courtesy of my upbringing, but was that really enough to generate such powerful reactions to the potentiality of love, as if I had a rather extreme allergy to it?

A String of Pearls

This is exactly how memories from other lives we’ve lived can act like very significant keys turned in the lock of our awareness and understanding thence to release deeper shadowed Truths and set free our Consciousness. Because, quite simply, for me, the answers to these questions were not to be found in this life alone. They couldn’t be. The pattern, or theme, yes. I couldn’t help but see that. But not the key to deciphering it.

As I wrote in one of my dreaming stories, looking at a series of events, and even a train or a process of thoughts, *as a collection allows us to realise the significance of each one individually, like recognising each individual pearl forms a whole necklace, the purpose and function of which is significantly and vastly different from anything a single pearl could ever accomplish on its own*⁵.

Whether Working with memories of previous lives or just with the circumstances of our current life, like, say, a series of conflicts with other people, a string of setbacks, a trail of failed romantic relationships, or a series of incidents at work, this is how shadowed thoughts are revealed, and how they can, then, be recognised for what they are.

Repeating Patterns

Look at the two stories I’ve described for this monograph. Individually they’re just interesting stories, perhaps a little more interesting when you know they were, also, real lives. But look at what occurs when you do put them back to back, or side by side. Together, they reveal a pattern, a common theme, and a dangerous one at that. Only once we recognise these themes can we start to delve into the underlying source of them, which makes sense. We cannot recognise or confront what we do not see.

For me, when put together with other memories that surfaced in addition to, and between, these two I’ve described, the collection they formed, like a string of similar pearls, with the theme that ran through them all, like the chain that connects, binds and holds the pearls together, was undeniable.

These metaphoric pearl necklaces *are* the Dreaming, our dreaming stories, that are manifested in our lives, or that are, more aptly, wrapped around and weaved into our lives. So does it not make sense that our Dreaming Realm therefore holds the power to unlock their deeper symbolic meaning and reveal them for what they are?

The Value of Destiny

The events and circumstances in the collection of memories, and the theme linking them, allowed me to know why I keep dying when I should, by rights, be living happily ever after.

To give myself at least a shot at that same happy ending, I have had to do the Work to pull a deep, very dark shadow up and out of my psyche, to become fully aware of it, its source or inception, its underlying causes, and its effects. But had I simply repeated the pattern of it in this life, even if I did so in order to see and confront it, I'd be dead, and these monographs would never have been written.

And therein lies the real value of Destiny, the weaving of it into the fabric of reality, and the way each Destiny governing the single pages of our lives forms a part of the greater whole of the book of our existence. When we're ready and able to go beyond the page of our current lives, the chapter, or even the whole book, is very revealing indeed.

The Role of Reality

These higher memories form symbolic reflections in the realities of other lives I've lived, just as the incident in my late teens, with dad, formed a symbolic reflection that I've been able to Work with to see my shadowed belief. But, as symbolic reflections from *other* lives, they've allowed me to *safely* see the shadowed beliefs within me, without the necessity of Creating those shadows, with their tragic effects, in my current life.

This is a most vital, and beautiful, role and function of reality. It acts like a movie projector, yes, absolutely, one that holds our deeper and deepest shadowed beliefs for us to see the projection of them, just like watching a movie, and which our Dreaming can access. But reality also acts like a poultice that draws our shadows up and out of the depths of us so that we are able to see them consciously, become aware of them, and then do the alchemical Work with them.

Without the realities I've Created in these previous lives, I really would be stuffed. Certainly forever hidden. What's that rather crass but very apt expression? *Up shit creek without a proverbial paddle*. My other-life memories *are* my paddle.

Dreams of Destiny

So why wasn't Millie made aware of the dangerous beliefs she held in the deepest recesses of her? And why have *I* been made aware? We are, after all, the same soul, so if I am capable of this Work then Millie should have been capable, too.

The answers to these two questions are identical – Destiny. My Destiny requires me to become aware, but Millie's did not. Although our dreams of Destiny, our Horus dreams, were identical, I know, the outworking of them was different for us both. In short, it's time for me to heal the wound at the core of my psyche, but, for Millie, far from being called to heal, she was required simply to Create, or manifest, the wounded dynamic so that I could Work with it. And to do so in such a way as to facilitate the internal marriage.

But, with our different Destinies, would Millie have wanted to be privy to the details of hers, including the way it would play out and its ramifications, or its higher Purpose? No. Had she known, she would not have been able to function, so being *unaware* served the Purpose of her Destiny. And mine.

There is a wonderful line in *The Last Samurai*⁶. *A man (or woman) does what he can until his Destiny is revealed to him.* Sometimes, by necessity, our Destinies are not revealed to us until after we've finished the life.

Deeper and Deepest Fears and Shadows

Once I was triggered, 'wrong-man' relationships were strictly forbidden, so I stopped grappling with the 'Right Man, Wrong Man' dynamic because both 'right' men and 'wrong' men stopped crossing my path, which is, in part, why the whole dynamic of it effectively became suspended within me rather than resolved.

Had I but known falling in love, for me, is an extremely dangerous undertaking, I would have understood and felt perfectly okay being on my own, as I have been since doing the Work to understand. Courtesy of that same understanding, and the forbiddeness notwithstanding, I can no longer be with 'wrong' men, either, because I know how bad they are for me, allowing me to hide my soul, to hide *from* my soul in illusional ordinariness, and to keep my heart imprisoned, held in check under lock and key.

So, given the rather extreme danger it poses to me, what *is* the deep, very dark shadow in my psyche, one powerful enough to attract the circumstances that cause my death, not once but over and over and over again?

The Ramifications of Genocide

The answer lies in something I wrote at the beginning of this monograph: *and [the Darkness] spent the next couple of centuries hunting down and killing off anyone it deemed to have been touched by the Light.* I've been hunted down and killed off too many times to count.

Make no mistake, the very great battle between the Light and the Darkness, waged across aeons of time, especially with Free Will as the premise of this Created thought, has had severe ramifications for those of us of the Light who have been caught up, time and time again, in the genocides and the Campaigns of Eradication that litter our collective past. I am by no means the only soul of Light affected this way. Far from it.

When one is constantly and consistently cut down and snuffed out just for *being*, these combined experiences leave more than scars. They leave open, suppurating wounds, the kind of wound that is a lot harder to heal precisely because you have to deal with the suppuration first. And the suppuration, for me, has manifested as a desperate need to hide – to hide my Light, my Truth, my power, my *being*.

The Bloated Human Ego

And what better way to hide than in, and with, illusion – the mundane illusional reality,

with its systems of tight control, and its mundane illusional identities, with their associated masks and costumes, their identical behaviours, and their manipulated cloned beliefs.

You have to remember, too, that the primary tool of the Darkness in its campaigns against the Light is the legions, or the mob, of over-bloated human egos, so it's *humans* that move against us, time and time again. It's *humans* that cut humans down, human packs that are stirred up and spurred on by the forces of Darkness, as we can see again and again in our relatively-recent history.

In the battle between the Darkness and the Light, the Darkness does not betray us. It simply does what is its own Truest Nature to do, and it responds predictably, every time. No, those who betray us are humans who are, or who should be, capable of so much more; humans who should Know better; humans who are so Imbalanced by their own shadows that their monstrous egos are fully in charge and in control.

The Battle Between the Head and the Heart

So what does being cut down, or snuffed out, and needing to hide in illusion have to do with falling in love?

The answer lies in the battle between the head, especially when dominated by the ego, and the heart, because the head and the heart operate under an entirely different frame of reference, with entirely different criteria that form entirely different goals, intents, and end-point outcomes.

I can really only speak for myself, but I happen to Know this Truth is applicable to many more individuals, especially those of the Light, than just me. The heart yearns for freedom – the freedom to be, to be expressed, to be experienced, to see its own beauty reflected – whilst the head needs to fit in, to conform, to follow the rules, to be accepted and acceptable, and to be safe and secure.

The head needs recipes, quantifiable standards, and pre-defined, pre-determined norms with which to measure and assess itself, and make adjustments and tweaks if necessary. This is why and how the game of illusion has been implemented so successfully here. The heart follows *no* rules and recipes, Works to *no* set precedent. It simply *is* its own unique beauty. It simply moves to its own unique beat. With *no* reference whatsoever to the physicality of us.

And remember, there's no greater threat to the ego than the heart. The two are, in fact, not just at odds, they are enemies, and this Truth is exacerbated when the ego is drunk, or over-bloated, on its own power.

The Rules of the Illusional Systems

In two of my memories that surfaced between my connections with the Marchioness and Millie (which I won't describe here so as not to over complicate my explanations but which I have published if you're interested^{3, 4}), I directly blamed love for losing my way, for taking me off path, causing me to break those same rules of the system that were keeping me contained but safe, hidden and protected, exposing me to danger, and bringing on

myself the tragedy and trauma of death, as if death became, for me, a kind of egoic punishment for breaking those same rules.

What matters is not so much the idea of egoic punishment but, rather, the *belief* that resides at the core of my psyche, because I Create it. When love touches my heart, and I follow my heart rather than sticking with those same rules, I open up, I radiate, I draw attention to myself, I am seen, and I expose myself to danger.

The rules of systems like the church cult I grew up in, and the rules of this extremely-ugly cult of illusion, might be restrictive, confining, even suffocating, but by strictly adhering to them, I become an ordinary, production-line, identical cloned unit, just like everyone else. I look the same, act the same, seem to hold the same beliefs, and follow the same trending behaviours. I present myself as if I am the same bland colour, small shape and flat-lined texture as everyone else.

As such, chameleon-like, I blend in, I don't stand out. And if I don't stand out, I can't be recognised by the malevolent forces that relentlessly try to snuff me out.

Love is No Trivial Matter

This poses a problem for me *physically* and *metaphysically*, although, typically, the problem itself is a conflict of opposites. If I behave myself and blend in, I get to stay alive, but I don't live. If I misbehave and start to live the freedom that is my rightful heritage, and that I crave the way we crave oxygen when starved of air, I die, one way or another.

And Love, for me, from my ego's perspective and the perspective of the shadow upon which it is based and from which it draws its power, is tantamount to misbehaving. This is no trivial matter, and nor is it just a convenient story line in a fantastic novel. Love, regardless of its form, expression and experience – whether romantic, familial, parental, friendship, or any other – *is the highest ideal towards which we strive as souls.*

But we do *not* learn to Love. We do not train, take on an apprenticeship, or study and pass exams where Love is concerned. On the contrary, *we set Love free within us* because, for most of us, Love is the fundamental Truth of who and what we are as souls of Light. As with Creation, *we don't have to learn to be what we already are.*

Love's Reflection

But there is a unique and powerful experience in the lover relationship, because of the intimacy of it, certainly, but, more importantly, because, as a relationship, it inherently holds the most pure reflection. Unfortunately, the lover can only ever, at best, be a reflection of self love, or of how much we love ourselves, which, given the woeful lack of self love in our world today poses a serious problem for humanity.

There is a vast difference between 'falling in love', as a shallow attraction, or as entertainment or stimulation, which is invariably based on trying to fill a lack within ourselves, verses *being, in Love*, authentically. Being in Love is not actually a feeling or an emotion. It is a state of being. It is being as Love *is*, and as Love *does*.

In doing the Work to untangle the complex web of our wounded psychology, and, especially, in reclaiming each lost piece of the puzzle of ourselves, we release Love as a radiation, just like our inner Knowing. Then, we don't have to think about it, or try and remember what Love would do in any situation. We just have to *be*.

Fear Obviates Love

But when fear is wrapped around the radiation of Love, which is what has occurred for me with my fear of *being*, being seen, and needing to hide, fear *replaces* Love. Fear *takes up residence* where Love should radiate. When this happens, we are automatically and inherently severed from our Selves.

In other words, this shadowed wound at the core of my being is the cause of the Perpetual Separation of my Consciousness. In one of my memories, I vowed, with my dying breath, never to love again³. Making such a vow is seriously damaging. These kinds of vows we make, whether consciously or unconsciously, are powerful. They are binding until we release them, and this one became etched on my soul.

Ultimately, though, for me, this always has been much less about the lover, even as a reflection, and much more about setting Love free within, allowing it to radiate, and giving it full permission to be, especially against the backdrop of illusion. I *am* a vessel of Love, but I have been a vessel of fear. If you are reading this monograph then you will know I have succeeded. Unless I'm dead, in which case, I've still got a little bit of Work to do.

A Fascinating Addendum

There is an interesting and an important addendum to the experience of my connection with Millie's life and death.

So surreal was the process of connection, and its accompanying investigation, that I needed to tell someone. When I told my mum, she was as fascinated by the whole exercise as I was, so she immediately jumped online to see for herself. But she thought of something I had not. I'd limited my own research to Millie, but mum located and pulled up a picture of Millie's fiancé.

As soon as I saw it, or him, I experienced another profound shock of recognition, not because I remembered him from my vision, although my vision was pretty accurate, but because I recognised in him someone who has been a part of my current life, as if the soul of this person I know was looking out at me through the eyes of Millie's fiancé.

This person, whose identity I'm trying to protect, was a companion of my childhood. We grew up together, but, as adults, we became estranged. Fascinatingly, within a few days of the discovery of the picture of Millie's fiancé, this person contacted me, after thirty years of silent estrangement, out of the blue, and we exchanged emails, catching each other up on our lives. As if he somehow knew, which, of course, on a level of himself, he did.

Residual Effects

This, too, formed part of the whole Process for me, and was significant because it

facilitated, for me, a clearer understanding of my childhood feelings for this person. I felt as if I loved him, and, naturally, interpreted this as a crush.

This is actually what occurs for us in our different lives. Whether we love, or hate, or feel jealousy in our various lives, these are far more than just emotions felt. *They are energetic states of being that the soul retains.* At the deeper level of ourselves, *we remember.*

The Complex Web of Our Psychology

If you think the complexity, depth and intensity of the web of my psychology, cast over and weaved into these different lives, is unique, then think again.

If you think this is all a bit far fetched, like a B-grade streaming series, then think again. Because this *is* what is occurring for so many of us, those of us for whom our innocence is not quite intact, to put it diplomatically. Just because we are not-so-blissfully ignorant of these dynamics, does not mean we don't hold them within us.

Of course, to delve into memories like these, our intuition does play a major role, not just in accessing them, but also in guiding us through the Process of accessing them. And sometimes, we need added interpretative assistance, which our Dreaming assists us with.

And our Dreaming language really is, as I will show you next, a most spectacularly-beautiful language. But it is, too, profoundly powerful courtesy of a basic Truth that we have utterly forgotten. Ultimately, everything happens in the Spirit Realm first. Everything. And then it becomes manifest in our physical reality – Geb born of Nut.

What does that tell you about our power to Create? *What if* we could Create as we go, or at least alter our dream stories, innovatively, as we walk through our lives?

* Author's Note: I deliberately use capital letters to denote higher-dimensional concepts and to distinguish these from the common, lower-dimensional use and definition of the words.

1. *Pieces of Me: Portrait of a Memory*, Jennifer Wherrett, 2012, Xlibris.
2. *The Matrix*, 1999, Village Roadshow Pictures; Warner Bros. Pictures.
3. *Pieces of Me: Like the Stopper in the Vial*, Jennifer Wherrett, 2012, Xlibris.
4. *The Fallen: Oracle of Light*, Jennifer Wherrett, 2018.
5. *Return of the Guardians*, Jennifer Wherrett, 2013, Xlibris.
6. *The Last Samurai*, 2003, Warner Bros. Pictures, A Radar Pictures, Bedford Falls Company, Cruise-Wagner production.

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