

Monograph Forty-nine: ***Uncovering Our Nakedness***

We've hidden our True Divinity, and hidden *from* our True Divinity, behind illusional masks and costumes, not because we suddenly became knowledgeably aware of our nakedness but because we've been wandering lost and aimless in a fog of forgetfulness and ignorance. Now, this fog is clearing, and we are shedding the illusional mantles that have been shrouding and disguising us. The True face and form of our Divine Nature is being revealed, but whilst some of us will celebrate the beauty we see within and around us, others of us are going to squirm in utter discomfort.

In the Beginning

At the very beginning of our human experience, or so the Bible tells us, we were blissfully and innocently unaware of our nakedness. We didn't know there was any such thing, or any other way to be. But, then, into this blissful existence, a dark, malevolent shadow crept, and something changed for us.

The biblical version of this mythical story would have us believe that what caused the change was a serpent, whispering its seductive words, convincing us, through the Sacred Feminine, to eat of the forbidden fruit of the Tree of Knowledge.

According to the Bible, the consequences of this disobedience were catastrophic for us. We suddenly became aware of our nakedness, and so we hid ourselves, covering ourselves with fig leaves and animal skins, and we fell out of favour with God, to put it mildly. As punishment, we were unceremoniously thrown out of the Garden, never to return.

Does God have an Aversion to Sunlight?

The story tells us we originally regularly met with God because he used to pop in, or drop by, to visit and walk in the Garden with us, usually in the evenings, or the cool of the day. Like me, he isn't a fan of hot weather. Or, unlike me, he just doesn't like sunlight.

But after we ate of the forbidden fruit, God came trudging through the Garden, expecting to encounter the man and the woman as usual, only to discover they weren't to be found. I can always hear and feel the reverberations of God's heavy tread as he walks through the Garden when I read this story. His footsteps, to me, are like small earth tremors, mini heralds of doom, rather like the menacing giant, with his booming voice and footsteps, in the children's story *Jack and the Beanstalk*. Appropriately.

When the man and the woman don't materialise, God is initially perplexed, and, perhaps, a little suspicious. He asks them where they are. From his hiding place, the man yells out, telling God they are afraid because they are naked, so they're hiding. God, in turn, replies, *Who told you that you are naked? Have you eaten from the tree from which I commanded you not to eat*⁴?

The man yells back and confirms that they have, indeed, eaten of the fruit, and he lays the blame firmly at the feet of the woman, and, ironically, at the feet of God himself, who, as the man points out, apparently and magnanimously put the woman in the Garden for the man as a companion. According to Adam, then, he was merely the victim in it all, and of it all, not culpable at all, not even for his own choice to take the apple and eat it.

Anathema to God

Without asking the man or the woman any more questions or giving them even a semblance of a second chance, in response to this exchange, God lays his legendary curse upon them both – one that casts them lower than the wild animals, has them crawling on their bellies in the dust, and inflicts the pain of childbirth on women. He unleashes the full brunt of his terrible wrath, and he banishes them from the Garden, their rightful heritage, and from his presence, as if they have become anathema to him.

Really?

We've believed this ridiculous tale? We've taken this on as a fundamental truth of our human existence? *This* is the god we've been revering for the past two millennia or more? Despite apparently Creating us as the naked beings we are, he banished us because we *knew* we were naked? There's only one energy that reacts so violently and ruthlessly to Knowledge, to the Serpent Wisdom, to nakedness, and to the Sacred Feminine – Darkness.

So why on earth have we been worshipping and paying homage to such a god? Why on earth have we allowed such a being to dictate our perspective of ourselves?

Lowly Worms Crawling in the Dust

I'll tell you why. Because we all-too-easily believe that we are, indeed, lowly worms, unworthy, unacceptable, good for nothing but crawling in the dust and turning our faces away from God's supposed glory in shame and humiliation.

We have all-too-easily believed the manipulative spin doctors of the early Catholic Church, taking on the judgements and condemnations of ourselves as unholy, corrupt sinners, fully deserving of our punishments. We've turned the Demiurge (very false) god of this biblical story into our supreme authority, handing him the rod of punishment that keeps us small and turned away, forfeiting our own sovereign power in the process.

So, some of us have effectively spent a small eternity trying to crawl and claw our way back into the favour, or the good graces, of this Demiurge god, whilst others of us have abandoned the whole idea of being 'good', 'godly' or 'worthy', thrown caution to the four winds, and just waywardly and recklessly pursued whatever we think will give us the greatest stimulation and pleasure. Yet others of us haven't given the situation much consideration at all, just simply taking the easiest option and following the crowd.

Sunday School Perspectives

The biblical stories of our beginning and of our history are childish and just plain false, which makes them deceitful. They hold 'Sunday school' perspectives, so our belief in them

has vastly limited us and caused us to remain immature and stunted, like little children. The time has come for us to recognise and acknowledge a powerful and profound Truth in the biblical Garden of Eden story. The behaviour, choices and actions of the god in this distorted story are not those of True Divinity.

Temper tantrums, extreme and unforgiving wrath, the use of harsh judgements, condemnation, guilt, shame and even-harsher punishments to break others down and make them feel small and powerless, existing in separation, popping in to visit on his terms and when it suits him, rendering the fruit of Knowledge utterly forbidden, denigration of the Sacred Feminine, a complete void of empathy, care and compassion, arrogant condescension, and patronising, brutal, abusive control.

These are *not* characteristics of Divine Light. They are characteristics of ego – a fully dominant, empowered, arrogant, insanely-over-bloated ego.

Our Fall From Grace

Do you now recognise what this means for us? Can you at last see the profound implications for us?

We've allowed ourselves to be banished from our rightful heritage by a false egoic deity, and we've been worshipping ego.

We've believed ourselves unworthy to look upon the face of the god we've been revering when the Truth is exactly the opposite. That god is not in our league, and he knows it. *He* is lesser than *us*. This is the True Nature of our fall from grace. We've fallen into the abyss of unworthiness, unacceptability and unlovableness, and, with this, we've fallen into a black pit of ignorance and self condemnation, and a dense, dark fog of forgetfulness.

Worshipping Ego

We've been desperately trying to measure up, to become worthy, to be acceptable, *to ego*. And, yet, the ego has a vested interest in keeping us small, as does the Demiurge god of the Garden of Eden story. Both have a vested interest in making sure we keep answering to an external authority and adhering to a set of external rules by which the ego can validate itself. Both have a vested interest in making sure we never do measure up or become acceptable or worthy because, then, we might rediscover our own power.

If we do rediscover our own power, the rule of the Demiurge god will be abruptly cut off at its knees. So nothing threatens this god and his minions more than our rediscovery of our power, which is why they spend so much time, energy and effort making sure we do stay small and disconnected from ourselves and our Truth.

The constructed reality of the Demiurge god, his illusional Matrix and all the malevolent systems that reinforce it, the illusional masks and costumes that hide our nakedness, the biblical stories of our beginning and our history, our expulsion from the Garden of our spirituality, and the institutionalised religious systems and texts that promulgate these just-plain-wrong and very-tragic constructs mean we can never make our way back into 'God's' good graces.

Behind the Eight Ball

On the contrary, courtesy of the precept of our inherently stained, flawed, inadequate, and sinful nature, we're starting out behind the eight ball, so we must keep struggling and striving to keep up, obeying rules and adhering to parameters that do not serve us, constantly looking outward to monitor ourselves against the stringent measures of acceptability put in place for just such a purpose, putting in enormous effort, exhausting ourselves, but also always turning our faces away in shame and humiliation.

The Separated, illusional Matrix reality of the Demiurge god is designed to keep us trapped in just such a state of ignorance, fear, shame, forgetfulness, humiliation, guilt, condemnation, and very-false mindsets and beliefs.

Clothing Ourselves in Illusional Costumes

And, so, our belief in our *unacceptability*, our *unworthiness*, our ordinariness, our smallness, and our *unlovableness* forces us to keep ourselves covered, clothed in the illusional masks and costumes from which we are drawing our sense of self, our identity, and against which we are measuring, assessing and comparing our adequacy and acceptability, our successes and failures, our victories and defeats, our checked-off recipe milestones, and our good steps, our bad steps, and our missteps.

Tragically for us, while the distorted story would have us believe our nakedness is a very great shame that necessitates us continuing to keep ourselves covered, the Truth of our spirituality is exactly the opposite. The clothes we don, especially those of the illusional Matrix cult, are preventing us from returning to the Garden of our True heritage within which we are able to exist in a state of communion and fellowship with *our* True Divinity.

Illusional clothes don't just cover our nakedness, they Separate us from our Selves, and they prevent us from seeing and radiating our own very-great higher-dimensional beauty because they tug and pull and gravitationally drag our self perspective down into the quagmire, the abyss of fear, the fog of forgetfulness. If we could but find the courage within us to *unclothe* ourselves once again, we would see God, and we would see that God is within us. Even better, we would *be* the God within us.

The Sacred Feminine

Since we are well and truly in the Process of putting right the manipulative dynamics and the highly-toxic beliefs weaved into this deceptive story, we need to know that one of the most-vital and fundamental aspects of this Process is the restoration of the Sacred Feminine, because the Sacred Feminine and Knowledge fit together like a hand and a glove, one made to hold and receive the other.

There is a very amusing but accurate, too-close-to-the-bone articulation of the mindset that's prevailed where women are concerned. In the movie *The Witches of Eastwick*, Daryl, the devil, finds himself, surprisingly and accidentally, in a church full of worshippers. So he makes the most of the opportunity and addresses them:

"Let me ask you something. You're all churchgoing folk. Do you think God knew what he was doing when he created women? Do you think he knew or do you think it was

*another of his little mistakes? Like earthquakes, and floods. Volcanoes. Tidal waves. Or did he do it on purpose? Because if it's a mistake, maybe we could do something about it. Find a cure. A vaccine. Build up the immune system. Eat broccoli."*³

No More Nonsense

We women have copped our punishment and taken our licks as the orchestrators of the 'original sin' for long enough. We are, now, putting our hands up and saying, *no more*. We're done with that nonsense. We reject the blame and the responsibility for the plight of our human condition. So, no more suppression. No more control. No more denigration, negation, exploitation or abuse. No more containment of our power, no more toning ourselves down, and no more reigning ourselves in. No more holding back.

We're taking ownership of our power, and, with it, our inherent skills and abilities, especially our ability to Work with Knowledge. So, *yes*, we ate of the fruit of Knowledge because we can't help ourselves. We're still eating of it. We never really stopped.

And we are realising and recognising the Truth that the Demiurge god of this distorted biblical story never did have the power to banish and exile any of us, man or woman. We have only to awaken and remember, as we are, now, and this Demiurge god will run from us in fear and terror with his ears back and his tail between his legs. And so he is.

Fear of Knowledgeable Sight

So, men and women alike, because men hold the Sacred Feminine within them, too, are returning to the Garden, laying claim to it, making it accessible and habitable for humanity as a whole to return to once again. And *we* are putting the Demiurge god of the biblical story back in his rightful place. He can wander around in the Garden in the cool of the day if he so chooses, but he will feel decidedly uncomfortable and perhaps a little ill if he does decide to stay.

He certainly has a *very* big problem right now, because when we reveal and recognise our nakedness for what it is, we see the Truth of *him*. This is exactly what occurred when the man and the woman ate of the apple of Knowledge in the story. The Knowledge did what it does best – transformed, opened their eyes, raised and expanded their vision. And this exposed *him* for what he is.

This is what the Demiurge god so feared, and *this* is why he reacted the way he did. Have I not stated numerous times that anger, wrath and rage point to deeply-held fears, every time, without exception? He fears our Knowledgeable sight, our enlightened vision, and our intuitive insight.

Nakedness

We Know, now, it wasn't the serpent or the woman who caused us to fall low, it was him. *He* is the shadow. *He* is the corruption. *His* were the whispered, seductive words of deceit. We Know, now, *he* made us low because that's how *he* is, and he needed us lower so that he could feel better about himself, and so that he could control us, puff himself up on our homage, and energetically feed off the emanations of our unworthy state of being.

We also Know it was not originally us who couldn't handle our nakedness, it was him. So we have covered ourselves, shrouded, cloaked, and disguised ourselves to alleviate his very-great fear and discomfort. *He* it is who squirms in discomfort in the Light of our naked radiance, and *he* it is who fears his own ugliness, so *he* it is who turns his face away from *our* very-great beauty.

Our nakedness never was *our* shame, it was *his* fear – a fear that we have fully taken on as our own, hence our shame.

Baking Our Noodle

Before I proceed any further into the theme of this monograph and its message I need to establish what, exactly, I'm referring to when I use the word 'nakedness'. The word will, no doubt, bring to mind an image of a naked body, probably your own. But both the word and the concept do not apply to or reference the body in this context.

We Create with and through the heart, not the head. Or the brain. The head can participate, and, eventually, in alignment, especially Perfect Alignment, the head *must* participate, actively and consciously. But it is only a participant. The heart is still in charge, because the heart, not the head, is the seat of higher Consciousness.

This means the intelligence of the heart and the intelligence of the head are different, until they become infused, resonant, attuned, aligned. This is why, in *The Matrix*, the Oracle helped Neo to find his path of Self Knowing by referencing, not ignoring, his conscious intellect when she told him, after he broke the vase, *what's really going to bake your noodle later on is would you still have broken it if I hadn't said anything*¹.

She knew the importance of making sure Neo's conscious awareness and intellect were involved because, whilst his heart was about to Create a powerful Process of alignment for him, that very alignment could only occur if the head was involved, participating, and at least partly aware of what was occurring for and within him.

The Intelligence of the Body

In the repaired state of being that is achieved in this Process of alignment, the energy system is fully able to hold the higher frequency of the higher Self, and, so, the body automatically accommodates and holds this as our Truth. The body is simply the vessel that holds the energy of our thoughts, but as a vessel it has an intelligence all of its own. So it is intelligently able to alter itself in response to our thoughts.

Gaia, the earth, as the body of our collective Consciousness, is also able to accommodate our shifting collective energetic state and our changing thoughts and thought processes. This, she *is* doing, magnificently. She, too, possesses a wonderful intelligence all of her own, and it is an intelligence that can absolutely be trusted.

When it comes to the intelligence of our bodies, at the risk of bringing upon myself possibly-justifiable accusations of cynicism, for some of us, our bodies are far more intelligent than our brains. These people would fair a whole lot better, in a multitude of different ways, if they would listen to, heed, and honour the intelligence of their bodies.

The Body Is

Regardless of the intelligence of the head, or lack thereof, the body *is* whatever, wherever and however the heart is, and it is whatever, wherever and however the mind is. Most significantly for us, the body will *be* whatever is the state of these two – heart and head – with respect to each other.

When the head and the heart are in conflict, or at odds with each other, in a state of discordance, the body will hold the clash and the resulting discordance as physical pain, disease, and illness, and the mind will hold it as mental illness. If the brain resists or is suffering from ‘cognitive dissonance’, our nervous system will respond *as* resistance, and the body will invariably register this as pain.

Naked of Soul, Not of Body

But when the heart and the mind have become attuned, resonant, and aligned, the body will simply *be* this attunement, and it will reflect this state of being overtly and obviously, not just as good physical and mental health but also in, for example, youthful appearance, lustrous hair, luminous skin, and clear, sparkling eyes.

Put simply, if we uncover our nakedness, the body will automatically and inherently also be naked. It will radiate our nakedness. So both the word ‘nakedness’ and the concept refer to the radiance of our higher Self. Uncovering our nakedness, therefore, references the Process for which the heart is fully repaired and functioning, expressing itself within and around us. But the nakedness also references the Self- or heart-infused mind, because these go hand in hand.

Know Thyself

Most importantly, the nakedness references the effect of this repair and infusion on reality. Remember, ‘tis the illusional reality that conceals. Reality in its ultimate released form *reveals* because in the repaired state of being we cannot help but wear our heart on the sleeve of our reality.

Reality holds, expresses, mirrors, reflects what we are, so our relationship with reality is, in Truth, a mirror of our relationship with ourselves. ‘Tis *this* relationship that forms the theme and content of this monograph, and ‘tis *this* relationship that is symbolised by our nakedness.

In and as our naked state we, too, are fully able to exist in the state of being referenced to Neo by the Oracle in *The Matrix: Know Thyself*^a. We Know who we are, what we are, how we are, not as lower beings but as higher beings, not as ordinary mortals but as extraordinary Creator gods, not as smallness or contraction but as expansion, not as containment but as freedom, not as lowly worms crawling on our bellies in the dust but as fully-transformed butterflies able to fly.

This is why, as gods, especially Creator gods, we can look at the Demiurge god and *Know* he does not possess the power of Creation. He can intelligently orchestrate, and he can destroy, very effectively, as we’ve learnt the hard way from aeons of experience with

him, but he cannot Create. He also cannot, then, understand or anticipate Creation's moves and countermoves, or speak its powerful language of alchemy, or Work with its beautiful and magical *and* unlimited potentiality.

A Naked Flame

So, rather than picturing a naked body, a better conceptualisation, and image, we can use and Work with, and hold visually whilst reading the rest of this monograph, is a naked flame.

Working with an actual naked flame on a candle in a ritual of our own design would even be a powerful way to honour the Process of uncovering our nakedness. I do recommend this. Let the flame be a focal point of awareness, and don't try to suspend your thoughts or control them. Let them ebb and flow, but hold within you the intent to uncover and reveal the naked flame within you.

Just be aware that this ritual and its underlying intent will generate a powerful Process of marrying heaven and earth – heart and head – within you. This is the internal Divine marriage of Yeheshua's famous parable, *the* most sacred of Processes.

The Marriage of Heaven and Earth

Based on our physical mindsets, beliefs and perceptions, we tend to think of marriage as a yes or no construct. And this *is* true of earthly, or physical, marriage. Either we're married or we're not. But the marriage of heaven and earth – the marriage of the heart and the mind – the marriage of the lower self and the higher Self – is a continuum that gains momentum and becomes stronger as we continue to honour it and allow the Process of it to unfold and evolve within us.

As such, the internal marriage of heaven and earth starts to happen before we reach a Balance between the two, and it continues long after we tip that Balance in such a way as to favour the heart and generate the beautiful internal infusion that is the essence, Purpose and outcome of the marriage.

Referencing the analogy of the infusion of tea in hot water, we can become as strong as a cup of tea as we desire.

The Lantern and its Light

Using the analogy of a lantern, or lighthouse, our bodies, conscious minds, and personality form the infrastructural vessel within which is held the naked light-giving flame of the higher Self. Internally, we can ingest as much higher fuel as we like, or as we can handle, to radiate the lantern's Light as powerfully as we see fit.

We just have to prepare ourselves to handle that fuel, and we never do have to bring extra rations of it as per Yeheshua's bridesmaid story. The Universe itself *is* an abundance of it, and, therefore, so, too, are we. We have unlimited access to higher energy as the lantern's fuel source. But regardless of how much fuel we're able to consume, we do have to open the shutters of ourselves to release the lantern's light.

Meaning, if the lantern is to give Light to the space around itself, its flame does have to be revealed in all its naked glory, and, as lanterns, only we can do this *for* ourselves, *within* ourselves. No one – god, messiah or otherwise – can release the shutters that keep us closed off, and no one – god, messiah or otherwise – can strip us of the illusional clothes that are covering our nakedness.

Extraction

Which means, the Process of uncovering our nakedness is, as I've been saying, for most of us, arduous and painful. If only it was as easy as untying a cloak and allowing it to slither from our shoulders. If only

Far from being just physical, the illusional clothes we don are melded and welded into our psyches, permeating our psychologies. And, our addictions to them and our obsessions with them, coupled with our focus on them, our perspectives of them, and our beliefs about them are the glue that keeps them embedded in our psyches.

Shedding them is, therefore, very much like extracting a deeply-embedded splinter that has been subsumed into the flesh of our psyche. For most of us, this process is also like extracting every last drop of an ingested poison from our energy system, requiring us to thoroughly and repeatedly wring ourselves out.

The Pain of Addiction

One of many reasons for the pain of this Process is the fact that whilst the head becomes very attached and addicted to the illusional clothes we wear, the heart doesn't reference them, at all. The heart simply does not define itself according to any of the constructs of illusion, as the head does. Nor does it define itself or measure itself by an adherence to the rules and parameters of the illusional game, again, as the head does.

But as with any addiction, the head does not like confronting the pain of its addiction or the withdrawal symptoms that naturally accompany the healing of it. Nor does the head like acknowledging, owning and confronting the underlying wounded dynamics that spawn the addiction.

Nothingness

Nor does the head like surrendering its control, and the infrastructure that facilitates its control, which it has to do as it's forced to release its hold on the illusional clothes, rules and parameters. And, of course, the head is terrified of letting the illusional clothes go because it believes it has no substance without them. It believes it is nothing without them. Nakedness to the head is substancelessness and nothingness.

Which means, the biblical Garden of Eden story is telling us that Adam and Eve, the man and the woman – *us* – in believing their nakedness was their very great shame were already Separated internally, heart from head, and head from heart. They were existing in, and as, their head without reference to their heart. And in its Separation, the head becomes ego, which is why they were interacting with the egoic Demiurge god (who has a name – Enlil – for those interested in researching him).

The Grief of the Heart

Another reason for the pain of the Process of uncovering our nakedness lies not with the head but with the heart directly. As we reconnect with it, we inherently and unavoidably also connect with its own pain. It doesn't know how to be covered, or shrouded, or contained, but it does feel the pain of not radiating its own Truth.

It misses itself. It feels the loss of itself acutely. It mourns itself deeply. It longs to live, breathe, and express its Truth, and it yearns to see and experience its reflection in and as its own reality. So we, too, awaken to and feel the heart's longing and yearning.

In this sense, as we awaken to our Divine Truth, begin to uncover our nakedness, and reconnect with our hearts, we awaken to a deep and profound sense of loss and grief. We awaken to the awful, even horrific, Truth of the living death – the zombie state. This is the dynamic I've referenced a lot in my writing of feeling as if something vital is missing, like a vital organ or a missing limb, but we're unable to identify what is missing because, based on our current ignorant state, everything seems to be intact.

The Naked Essence of the Heart

The heart knows only how to be its naked self, to radiate and express its naked essence, so it doesn't have any innate or natural defences or protections. By its very nature, radiating precludes such things as defence and protection, to the extent that we could say the two are mutually exclusive – it's one or the other never both.

So, for many of us, the illusional costumes we've donned and are using to cover, shroud and disguise ourselves have protected the highly sensitive, inner-most sanctum of us. They are protective camouflage, and they are armour.

As we undergo the Process of repair, the heart will inherently guide us towards the state of nakedness that is its own natural state. It cannot *not* do this, pardon the double negative. The head, of course, pushes back, digs its toes in, resists, holds onto its camouflage and its armour with the grip of death, and, if dominated by an empowered or over-bloated ego, has its own legendary temper tantrums, just like that of the Demiurge god in the biblical story.

The Body's Own Revolution

These tantrums alone, as I know from personal experience, are painful enough, but when the pain of the head is intermingled with the heart's own pain, we can feel as if we've become a cocktail of pure pain. This is the state for which the possibility of deadening the pain with drugs and alcohol becomes a temptation that is very difficult to resist.

But this is, too, where the intelligence of the body comes into its own. For me, as much as I longed to lose myself in drunkenness at times, I couldn't get a glass of wine beyond my nose. I couldn't stand the smell of it. Like a pregnant woman whose stomach turns at the smell of raw meat or caffeine, so, too, did my stomach turn at the thought of alcohol. My body very effectively put its proverbial foot down and told me in no uncertain terms, *this is not happening*.

Likewise, long before I fully understood what was happening within me, with heavy-density and non-serving foods, like gluten, dairy, red meat, and over-processed, chemically- and genetically-altered foods, my body also very-definitely revolted. This was the point at which my interaction with the medical profession became one of supreme frustration and distrust as I met with constant criticism and a lack of care, and encountered a chronic lack of understanding where the ascension Processes are concerned.

Wearing Illusional Clothes

There's actually nothing wrong with wearing illusional clothes, so long as we remember who we are underneath them, and so long as we remember that they *are* illusional masks and costumes, nothing more. And, vitally, so long as we are easily able to shed them in the privacy of our own physical, mental and psychological space and place. And, of course, so long as we don't develop the addictions to them I've just written about.

I've used the analogy of Superman⁶ and Clark Kent as an illustration of one who is not at all addicted to illusional disguises. The Clark Kent clothes never caused Superman to forget who he was, but they did facilitate him blending in and interacting with normal society when he needed to. The Clark Kent disguise performed this facilitating function more for others than for himself because it 'normalised' him and hid his differences.

Forming Our Modus Operandi

When required, he could, and he did, shed his illusional Clark Kent clothes in an instant, because they were not melded and welded into his psyche. They did not define him to himself, or dictate his beliefs, mindsets, focusses and perspectives, or determine his deeper choices and actions, or his intents and motives.

He was neither attached nor addicted to them, so they did not cause him to operate out of them or the Clark Kent disguise as a whole. They did not form or dictate or hijack his modus operandi, at all.

So, for example, he was not at all ambitious with respect to his journalistic career. On the contrary, the job he had as Clark Kent facilitated his mission and mandate, his focus and perspective, his motives and intents, *as* Superman. He knew the job served a deeper Purpose, and he never lost sight of this Truth or of the deeper, and higher, Purpose itself.

Wearing the Wrong Clothes

The illusional clothes we wear, like Clark Kent's suits, or like the appropriate uniforms and office clothes we wear at work to present a professional appearance, can facilitate us Working with, and within, any particular culture and context that we find ourselves in or choose to Work with.

I wrote in an earlier monograph, referencing the 2015 movie version of *Cinderella*⁵, presenting oneself at court is easy when one is wearing a spectacular ballgown and magical glass slippers. But this is also necessary in a very real sense. Wearing the wrong clothes would cause us to stick out like a proverbial sore thumb and attract attention for all the wrong reasons.

Can you imagine turning up to work in your pyjamas, with dishevelled hair and no makeup on? We'd look utterly foolish if we did this, and we'd make other people feel decidedly uncomfortable, too. Actually, we'd cause people to think we'd lost our minds. As a behaviour, it would certainly be very distracting for everyone.

Working with Courts and their Clothes

In these illusional clothes and costumes, like Ella's ballgown or our corporate suits, we fit the tenor and tone of the particular court we're Working with. We match, we measure up, we blend in, we're acceptable, we make sense, and we can get on with the job of being integrated into it, mixing with it, and operating in it, as one of its accepted members. *And*, therefore, Working with it fully, because this is what we do as souls.

We Create membership in a multitude of different courts, quite often Working with courts within courts within courts, and equally as often, graduating, or moving on, from one court to then join another, across a lifetime as part of our Processes. Just as we do to gain a physical education, so, too, do we start off in a figurative kindergarten court, like a family, progressing through high school and university, and then into a career that is supposed to have its own natural progressive learning and experiential stages.

We wouldn't get very far or learn very much or experience anything significant if we stayed in high school, wearing a school uniform, following school rules, confined by the school yard and its boundaries, for the entirety of our lives, would we? Think of how stunted and stagnant, not to mention bored and frustrated, we'd become.

In this sense, the different courts and their illusional clothes can, and do, *potentially* serve us.

Courts that Serve

But this dynamic only holds true whilst ever the courts themselves authentically serve us, *not* at the level of, or from the perspective of, ego, or the head, but at the level and from the perspective of the heart and soul.

Put another way, regardless of their form, function, nature, expression, demands and behavioural requirements, their beliefs, opinions, prejudices and mindsets, and their goals, aims, and focusses, illusional courts and their clothes only serve us whilst ever the courts themselves perform the facilitating function of our soul Work.

They serve us only whilst ever the courts themselves fulfil, or form part of, a Purpose of our Destiny, our evolution, and our learning, and they facilitate the experiences we need to have as part of this learning. The church cult I grew up in is a good example of a court I Worked with and then outgrew as part of my own Destiny, and the Purpose of it was fulfilled in my experience of breaking free and coming away from it.

Courts that Harm

And, of course, illusional courts serve us only whilst ever the courts themselves are not unduly harming us, wounding us, lacerating us, or abusing, exploiting, brutalising, or

traumatising us. Had I been unable to find the courage to break free from the cult when I did, and had I remained stuck in it as one of its members, I would have stayed small, severely contained, scared, and chronically ignorant and insecure, and it would have utterly prevented me coming even close to living out and fulfilling my Destiny.

Tragically, such is the state we find ourselves in collectively, and, therefore, individually, that there are times when harmful courts *do* serve us because they facilitate the resolution, or alleviation, of our karmic load and obligations. Karma is far more than just a word. As we're seeing in our world right now, karma is real, it is heavy, burdensome and painful for us physically and metaphysically, and it is wholly and soul-ly unavoidable.

Courts that Lacerate

In cases where we find ourselves in courts that harm, as our current third-dimensional, Atlantean existence and society has, now, become, and, more specifically, as is the case for the cultures or, if you prefer, tribes who are currently experiencing the horrors of conflict, violence and war, we've made our integration and membership in them, and our interaction with them, at every level, a very-unfortunate necessity.

War notwithstanding, do I need to spell out, yet again, all the other myriad ways our Separated third-dimensional illusional Matrix court, with all its sub-courts and its micro-courts, is harming, wounding, lacerating, exploiting, containing and suppressing, using and abusing, brutalising, and traumatising us?

Well, the time has come to put an end to the whole thing – the illusional 3-d Matrix court in its entirety – because we have collectively reached a point in our evolution where it is no longer serving us. It is no longer serving Consciousness, so it is no longer serving our Galactic cultures, or courts, and our Universal one.

The Courts of Kings and Queens

The courts of old, presided over, for example, by the kings and queens of the British monarchies, were invariably quite-strictly bound by trends that were usually, not always, determined by the king or queen, or the strongest personalities, at the centre of the court, and these trends extended far beyond dress codes and fashions.

They included behaviours, prevailing attitudes and opinions, judgements and prejudices, interests, social requisites, court etiquette, ethics or lack thereof, interactions, political games and intrigues, interrelationships, strict measures of status and hierarchy, what was known and acknowledged, what could and should be engaged with and what had to be ignored or denied, and seen and unseen, and even liked and disliked.

Despite their historical context, they are still no different from many of our modern courts today, and, in fact, they provide a good basis for understanding the dynamics involved when we form, and form into, the different courts that comprise our historical and modern societies. And this includes the 'kings' and 'queens', or the hierarchy, whether recognised and acknowledged or not, around which many of our courts often revolve.

Courtly Fashions

In the old English courts, some of the trending behaviours and attitudes were benign, like the use of a small, square piece of cloth, carried on one's person, to wipe one's nose in lieu of wiping it on one's sleeve as per the fashion at the court of Richard II, or, for women, plucking the hair line to extend the height of the forehead as per the fashion at the court of Elizabeth I.

Some of the trends and their associated behaviours, on the other hand, could be, and can be, downright dangerous, like the old Venetian fashion of using deadly nightshade, or belladonna, to dilate the pupils because enlarged pupils were considered to be beautiful, or the elite Romans who slowly poisoned themselves with their lead-based cosmetics, or the licentious and depraved behaviours at the courts of some of the debauched Roman emperors, or, amongst other things, the drug-taking behaviour of Hitler's personal court and the broader consequence of its obsession with eugenics.

Social Media Courts

Look at some of the social media influencers and their courts, their followers. For some, the behaviours, opinions, mindsets and beliefs they extol and promote are quite benign, but some are utterly ludicrous, and some are downright harmful. Social media is designed to facilitate these kinds of courts, and it is also designed to pour poisonous disinformation into and through them to incite vitriolic criticism, attack, abuse, bullying, outrage, addiction and obsession, and other harmful behaviours.

Studies are beginning to reveal to us the very great harm being done to us courtesy of our addiction to social media, streaming, online games and gambling, and hand-held devices. To begin with, as one of the beautiful YouTube sites put it so eloquently¹², the barrage of noise and imagery is now so great that Consciousness is unable to recover.

For too many of us, the subconscious has been rendered wholly, and soul-ly, unable to keep up with its necessary function of throwing out the garbage, so our minds have become jam-packed full of it, and it's rotting. We've also been rendered pretty-much-completely unable to distinguish useful or genuine information from mis- and disinformation.

But we are also now demonstrating an alarming and measurable drop in IQ, and we're even beginning to suffer from very-early-onset dementia and other neurological disorders.

A Measurable Drop in IQ

I recently saw a report on this dynamic⁷ and heard one expert say that so severe and alarming and crippling is our addiction that this measurable drop in IQ we're seeing is the first we've experienced in our history. Well, I happen to know, courtesy of another documentary (I cannot reference it, sorry), that this is *not* the first time we've experienced and exhibited such a dramatic and measurable drop in IQ.

Studies are revealing this very same dynamic occurred under Roman rule, across the entirety of its empire, courtesy of their ignorant over-use of lead, not just in their cosmetics but also in the containers they used to hold and store their food and wine, and in the paints

they used to create their frescoes.

Repeating patterns, remember. One of the many agendas the Darkness and its minions are obsessed with is dumbing us down in a multitude of different ways, especially with chemicals and viruses, so that the dormant ten layers of our DNA remain dormant and our pineal gland remains turned-to-stone in its casing of cement-like calcium *and* full of pollution. If we are rendered neurologically retarded, and, therefore, dumb, then our ability to restore our DNA and our pineal is hindered at best but prevented at worst.

The Loss of Sovereignty

What does it say about a woman's self perspective and self belief that she engages with a courtly behaviour that dictates the use of a deadly poison to alter her natural appearance? To begin with, she's prioritised her physical appearance, as dictated by others, way above her health and well being, so what does this say about her self care?

But what does it say about her self esteem and self confidence that she feels the use of deadly nightshade to dilate her pupils is both justified and necessary in order to *be* beautiful? What is she, then, when her pupils are *not* dilated in accordance with the prevailing fashion? By default, she must believe she's *not* beautiful. This is certainly the empowered message she's sending to her subconscious, so her subconscious will respond accordingly.

What does this behaviour say about the distortion of beauty *and* the determination of it *and* the supposed source of it, or where it resides? And what does this, then, do to her heart and its own unique but utterly devalued beauty? What does it say about a woman's sovereignty and personal power that she surrenders to this behaviour, body and soul, utterly negating both in the process?

Following the Crowd

Who sets trends like these? Because whoever it is, they do not, and cannot, have a woman's, or anyone's, well being or best interests at heart, can they? These trends take full advantage of our human tendency to follow the crowd. In this sense, as with the many other things I've highlighted in these monographs, this tendency has been weaponised and is being used against us.

Unfortunately, from my perspective and from what I've observed across my lifetime, courtesy of the fact that we all-too-easily believe in our *unworthiness*, *unacceptability* and *unlovableness*, and with our consequent loss of sovereignty, following the crowd seems to be the very thing we humans do best. Quite simply, we forfeit our sense of self/Self, so we become *unanchored*, at the mercy of elemental trends like these.

There are wonderful depictions of this aspect of us, and the 'influencers' we follow, in movies like *Forest Gump*⁸ and *Life of Brian*⁹, so we know we do it. When, for example, Forest exhausted his grief and upset running across America, he suddenly stopped, turned around, and informed his little band of followers that he'd had enough and was going home. They looked bewildered and frightened and asked him in a near panic what *they* were supposed to do. What will become of them now that there's no one to follow?

We're All Individuals

Likewise, for Brian, his foray into the realm of influencing was a ruse designed to hide him from the Romans, so his not-so-little band of followers, whom he could not shake off or get rid of, was a decided inconvenience. He tried his damndest to get them to think for themselves, trying to convince them they were all individuals, but he failed to realise the strength of the human need to follow, so he was unsuccessful. As Monty Python pointed out, this is exactly how religions are so successfully established and entrenched.

One of many problems with the trends set by trend setters, social influencers and others is the truth that once they are set we don't question them. We don't delve into them at all, let alone shallowly. We follow like sheep to be acceptable, to keep up with the masses and the mainstream, and to fit in, completely falling prey to the underlying toxic dynamics like a sheep being devoured by a predator, often both physically *and* metaphysically, certainly psychologically, and so we don't ask the crucial questions of who set them, where they've come from, and what is truly behind them.

Riding the Current

In not being anchored in our own sovereignty and power, we simply ride the current as dictated and determined by nameless and faceless others, completely ignorant of where it's taking us and of what it's causing to be within us. When we don't look beyond trends, we don't see the agendas, the manipulations, and the malevolence that underpins them, even if that malevolence is simply propping up a sagging ego or feeding a starving one.

More often than not, the malevolence penetrates more deeply than just energetically feeding a vampiric ego. If, for example, we know women are specifically targeted by Dark agendas, and we know that the incorporation of too much calcium in the diet is designed to specifically attack, encase, and shut down the pineal gland, what does this now do to our mindset and belief regarding supposed calcium deficiencies in the diet, and the need for calcium supplements, especially as far as women are concerned?

Ironically, with their pupils dilated, the women who engaged with the particular courtly behaviour involving belladonna would have been unable to distinguish physical beauty from ugliness at all because they would have been rendered all-but-blind.

Our Third-dimensional Illusional Court

I can almost hear people groaning, see them rolling their eyes, and thinking we, in our more-knowledgeable modern era, know too much to do this to ourselves. So what, then, of all the chemicals we're putting in our beauty products, many of which are causing infertility and sterility? And what of the highly-addictive drugs that have become normalised in our medical treatments by the harmful court of our medical profession? And how is the use of belladonna any different from our use of Botox?

I could spend pages writing about the harmful physical, psychological and metaphysical behaviours and trends we're engaging with in our Separated, third-dimensional, illusional court, but since many of us already recognise them *and* they are not the focus of this monograph, I won't devote any more time, effort or page space to them.

Instead, I'll point our focus in another direction.

The Question Underlying the Quest for the Holy Grail

Do you remember the question I referred to in Monograph Thirty-nine (39) that's innately held in, and found at the end of, the Quest for the Holy Grail: *How do you wish to be seen?*

If our answer is *I wish to be seen as I really am*, in all my naked glory, then the Grail Quest is the Process of arriving at this answer and our own unique and individual expression of it *for* ourselves, *within* ourselves, not as a bunch of words, nor as a religious practice or instruction or set of beliefs, nor even as a wish or a desire, but, rather, as a radiation. As a *being*.

And as a Knowing. As *the* Knowledge in the not-at-all forbidden fruit of the Garden's Tree of Knowledge. That fruit is freely available to all and any who are courageous enough to partake of it because the Tree is *within us*, as is its Garden, and so its fruit is also *within us*. For many of us, the heart Knows the Way back to it, and the heart knows exactly how to reach up, grab the fruit with both hands, and fully partake of it.

Fourth Dimensional Clothing

In a fourth-dimensional existence, we can be, and we are, still clothed, but we're clothed in such a way that our radiance expresses itself through those clothes because we have a fully-acknowledged, Knowledgeable and healthy heartbeat. So, for example, for many of us, as priests, priestesses and residents of Alexandria two thousand years ago, or as Druids, Celts, Cathars, and Manichaeans, we radiated our higher-dimensional essence and Light in these courts even whilst wearing their clothes.

And we did so not *despite* the courtly clothes we were wearing, or the shroud of culture and context wrapped around us, and not *because* of these either. The robes of the old priesthoods and the mantle of these beautiful cultures formed a part of the radiance, albeit in a way that facilitated us fitting into our collective experience in the time and place within which they existed. They were an expression of radiance because, far from blocking, hiding or shrouding it, the nature of these cultures and contexts Worked *with* it, releasing it.

So we were able to choose to Work with these cultures in the full knowledge that they could, and would, and did, facilitate that Work.

In a fourth-dimensional existence, our clothes don't necessarily shroud or hide us, either from ourselves or from each other, nor do they provide a cover within which we disguise ourselves, which is why these priesthoods and the beautiful cultures they presided over were so violently targeted by the Darkness. There is still a strong and powerful element of revelation, and opportunities for learning, in these contexts.

Fifth Dimensional Nakedness

In a fifth-dimensional existence, we go beyond even the clothes of the fourth dimension, whether beautiful or not, because we go beyond the four elements of the vessels

of our incarnated selves – our puppet identities – *as* an identity. Which means, in a very real sense, *we are not puppets* at all. Like the Tuatha Dé Danann, we are, instead, naked vessels for the higher-dimensional, Light-giving flame of our higher Selves.

In a fourth-dimensional existence, the four elements of us, symbolised by the four corners of the square pyramid base and by the four cardinal directions to which the sides are orientated, are harmonised under the governance of the fifth element of Spirit, symbolised by the pyramid's apex and its capstone. But we exist in, and as, and identify with, these four harmonised elements, albeit in a state of awareness of Spirit.

In a fifth-dimensional existence, as the Tuatha Dé Danann perfectly demonstrate, we go beyond even the four elements to touch the naked flame of our higher-dimensional Selves. We commune directly with the naked flame of Spirit – the full Truth of our Divinity. We are infused by it, we identify with it, we operate out of it, we fully express it, and we Create in full surrender, awareness and understanding of it, just like Superman.

We Remember

Put another way, we interact fully consciously with the jewel of our whole Consciousness and all its beautiful and colourful multi-dimensional facets, those that are accessible physically and those that are only accessible metaphysically.

This is not to say the four elements of us disappear. On the contrary, we are still incarnate, still walking on the earth in the vessel of our bodies, so all four of the elements remain. Which means we retain our body, our character and personality, our DNA and its archetypes, our conscious intellect and awareness, our subconscious, our imagination, our heart and its beautiful senses, and our soul and its Destiny.

But we perceive them and interact with them differently because *we remember who we are beyond them*. So we become the seamless and harmonising symphony of all these facets of us Working together, playing the same music and operating from the same musical score.

Being Does Not Require Illusional Clothes

Because we remember, we release the *being*, as the lantern's radiating Light. And in *being*, we are fully aware of how all these elements of us fit together, intersect, interact, infuse, and harmonise perfectly to refract and reflect the Light of the jewel of us.

In such a state of *being*, who needs courtly clothes at all? Really. Such clothes just become a hindrance. They become smothering, containing, cumbersome, and heavy. If we Know what and how we are as a radiating jewel why would we cover it up or hide it in such a way as to prevent its beauty and power from being seen?

Why would we shroud and disguise it to prevent its Light from refracting through it and sparkling within it?

We wouldn't, and we won't.

Casting a Reflection

But to be seen as we really are, in all our naked glory, we have to, first of all, see ourselves, not as illusion but as Divine Truth. We have to, first of all, become naked to ourselves, and then give ourselves permission to remain unashamedly so.

In order to cast a reflection, we must, first of all, be the source of that reflection. No mirror can reflect what is not there, and no mirror can reflect what is hidden. Ego, illusion, illusional rules and parameters, and illusional clothes, masks and costumes have no substance. They are not real, so if they are dictating our perspectives, mindsets and judgements of, and our beliefs about, ourselves then we, too, are illusional. We are not real.

Currently, in our human existence, this state of being, or *not* being, predominates. So nakedness, especially fifth-dimensional nakedness, does not fit in, match, resonate or meld with, or make sense in our modern illusional court and all its many and varied sub-courts.

Weathering the Storms

On the contrary, as I know full well, becoming naked requires enormous courage to withstand, and to stand strong, firm, resolute and even, if we can, confident, in the face of the criticism, vitriol and ridicule thrown at us, and to weather the storms of the many labels heaped upon us and the accusations flung at us.

We need all our courage, determination, and fortitude to give ourselves permission to *be* as our heart urges us to make a stand against the tide of popular opinion, to move in opposition to the sweeping currents of politically-correct mindsets and trending behaviours, and to butt up against and go beyond the boundaries imposed on thought, belief and mindset.

Changing the Quantum Field

But as more and more of us do find the courage to give this Process permission to be, to flow, to sweep us into a higher way of being, the status quo in our human experience will change. The new way of being *will* start to predominate. We will tip the Balance in favour of it, and we will alter the critical mass. And, given the nature and power of our Light, we will not require superior numbers for this to be so. Just a figurative and relatively-small handful of us will make an enormous difference.

What's also important for us to Know about this altered state, both individually and collectively, is the Truth that it won't just change us on the physical plane, or on the *outside* of us. It will change the Quantum Field of our collective Consciousness, which means it will significantly change us collectively on the *inside* of us.

Naked Grace and Naked Glory

So we won't just change the way we look, the way we present, the way we think, and the way we operate, we will also change what we think about, what we focus on, and what is seen, known, recognised, acknowledged, and understood, in such a way as to empower the

new way of being *in everyone*. As such, the change will become a powerful and sweeping current in and of itself, one that will sweep all and sundry up into it, and against which no one can stand.

Are you one of those who yearns to Know who you really are, what you're truly capable of, and what you look like? If your answer to this question is an unequivocal 'yes' then your heart is already urging you to reach for and attain that beautiful state of naked grace for which you, too, are revealed in all your naked glory. And, now, like Neo, you are consciously aware of it.

Swept Along on the Current of Process

Do you remember when I wrote about 'spanner in the works' behaviours, or, if you prefer, 'carrier anomaly' experiences (see Monograph Forty-seven)? These are driving, compelling behaviours that disrupt and cut across our courtly programming and challenge our court-determined self perspectives. In two of my favourite movies, *Ratatouille*¹¹ and *Bend it Like Beckham*¹⁰, we see wonderful examples of these.

For Remy (*Ratatouille*) and Jesminder (*Bend it Like Beckham*), cooking and playing football respectively are behaviours that challenge the old courtly, or cultural, paradigm, exposing its inadequacy, its containment, and its inherent limitations. Their inner yearnings to cook for Remy and play football for Jesminder are too strong to ignore, or suppress or deny, and typify the force and power of the heart's Process of repair and the inner compulsion born of it.

They both simply cannot, or be made to, conform or perform to specs. They cannot behave and *be* as their courtly and cultural programming dictates, and nor can they remain clothed as the respective courts dictate, so both are taken along, and beyond, in their respective stories, on the current of Process.

Ripple Effects of Radiation

Thus are their talents gifts in more ways than the obvious one, and I love the seeming incongruousness of those talents and the absolute lack of fit in the cultures they find themselves in – rats should not love cooking, and proper Indian girls should not play football.

Plus, the ripple effect of their Processes is not just limited to them. Both affect their fathers by challenging old mindsets, and their fathers respond to this challenge. But the person most affected by the Process is the rigid, old food critic. He is utterly and internally lit up and softened by the radiation of Remy's revealed *being*, and, as a consequence, his empty and barren reality, and existence, is transformed, as is he.

I also love the depiction of the higher behaviours both Remy and Jesminder engage in, talking out loud, which is a supremely valid and powerful form of prayer, or of higher communion. Both speak to their own highest potentiality in symbolic form, or in a form that is a manifestation of their inner urging to reach for and attain greater potentiality. So what's yours?

Beyond Transformation

One important point I want to make about their Processes is the fact that they are both already *transformed* when their respective stories begin, and they may even have been born so. For this reason, they both already hold a transcendent view of themselves, which is why they both want more than what's on offer within, and by, their respective courts.

They are no longer defined, *in their own eyes*, by their cultural background and upbringing. Or, put another way, they both no longer perceive themselves through the filter of their respective cultural courts, which, for both of them, is contrasted beautifully with their siblings who *are* defined and dictated to by their cultural background and upbringing, their courts.

So they both know who they are, and, as such, their Transcendent Process is able to take them into a conscious ownership and acknowledgement of this, a deeper realisation of it, and a fully-manifested expression of it. Then, they Create the opportunities that allow them to *be* what they are, and to present their transcendent face to the world.

The Heart's Desires

I confess I envy them a little bit because, although tricky to navigate straight off, this is a damned-handly foundation to have in life, one I did not have. For them, the Transformation Process, as preparation and foundation, which is, in itself, invariably painfully arduous, not to mention tumultuous, wasn't necessary or required.

Many of us will have to undergo Transformation Processes first, as I did, in order to make way for a connection with our Transcendent Being. These Processes transform the insecurities, fears, and shadowed mindsets that mess with our self belief and self worth. Once again, the heart holds the key to both the connection with our Transcendent Being and the higher form it takes, and it is encoded in our dreams, our passions, and our heart, not ego, desires.

Wearing a Rat's Body

For this monograph, I want to concentrate more on Remy, and please don't let the fact of his cartoon nature deter you from absorbing his beautiful example. He is, in Truth, no more or less illusional than the rest of us.

Remy 'wears' a rat's body, just as we 'wear' a human body, so when we look at him, and when we look at each other, that's what our physical eyes see. It's natural, then, for us to assume he *is* a rat, and, likewise, it's natural for us to assume we *are* human. After all, our physical eyes never lie, do they?

If, however, we delve a little deeper, going beyond our shallow physical mindsets and our physical sense of sight, with its pre- and misconceptions of physicality, and allow other things to inform our perception, like knowledge born of open-minded observation and interaction, Remy's ratness vanishes in a proverbial puff of smoke.

Transcending the Physical

In his rat body, and despite his rat body, Remy walks on two legs like a human, thinks like a human, appreciates good food like a human, keeps his hands clean for eating like a human, understands the concept of contamination, understands human language, and reads books written in the same language.

Even more significantly, he philosophises more eloquently than most humans, and is in possession of a beautiful higher guidance *and* a powerful transcendent intelligence (which, please excuse my cynicism, makes him more intelligent than most humans).

And, of course, he doesn't just prepare and eat food to fill his belly. Food, for him, like writing for me, is an act of Creation, a means of experiencing and expressing his creativity, and a medium for holding his self/Self-exploration, which means, for him, that food is a transcendent skill and a transcendent experience.

If we apply this metaphoric example to ourselves, and take the same deeper look at ourselves, what we find is, like Superman, our humanness potentially dissolves in a similar proverbial puff of smoke.

Rat, Human or Something Else Entirely?

So which of the two is Remy really, then, rat or human? Perhaps, despite the vessel of his rat body, he's more human than most humans, and I'm not being facetious in raising this as a distinct possibility. On the contrary, I mean it in all sincerity.

In fact, Remy's rat form is not the Truth of him, at all. He doesn't reject it, though, and nor does he ever reject his rat roots, upbringing, and origins, or his rat court, so they do still form a part of who and what he is. He just doesn't wear the clothes of the rat court, or engage in the behaviours of that court, or stay confined within that court's boundaries.

He can't wear the clothes or engage with the behaviours of the rat court because he knows he's different. He is a Transcendent Being, so the rat court does not define him or dictate terms, at all. And, far from resisting or rejecting or railing against this Truth, he accepts it. Like Superman, he knows he is so much more. If anything, his rat form is little more than a thin cloak he wears, one that neither hinders his creative efforts nor curtails his ability to experience, and nor does it shroud him from himself.

A Bridge Between Two Realms

But if he is, really, human, then what is he doing in a rat's body, a rat's culture, a rat's court?

He is a transcendent bridge between the two, neither fully one nor fully the other but able to be with, mix with, integrate with, interact with, both. And, therefore, he is a kind of mediator, like being an ambassador of both courts that facilitates an understanding, each of the other. He is the bridge that allows rats to see for themselves that humans are not so bad, and one that allows humans to see for themselves that rats are not so bad.

He is the same common point of reference for two very-different courts. He is a bridge of connection and communication and, when needed, interpretation. But if we think of the relative 'size' of a human soul compared with the relative size of a rat body then squashing oneself down to fit into the rat body would feel decidedly uncomfortable, not to mention restrictive, which is why he is born as a rat and then is able to expand his conscious awareness upward and outward from this as his point of origin.

Transcendent Being

In a very real sense, Remy isn't really rat *or* human. As a Transcendent Being he is so much more than both, so he smashes to smithereens the rat and human mindsets that have a hold of those around him. He *is*. Therefore, he lives and breathes a whole different Truth.

For us, the constructs of physicality, or the illusional clothes we wear, are so solid, so well- and clearly-defined, that when they disappear, or when we perceive beyond them, we can feel as if we, too, lose form. And this is especially so when we are traversing the dimensions of ourselves within ourselves, leaving the lower behind but not yet fully embracing the higher.

In a very real sense, as I know well, we do lose form, and we do have to let the lower form of our puppet identities fall away and become redundant, but, really, we just begin to take on a new form that is beyond the bounds of physical sight and definition, beyond all the labels and definitions, and beyond the ability of the constructs of physicality to dictate terms.

We become, as Remy beautifully illustrates, *a being beyond the ability of illusional physicality to adequately define who and what we are*.

Changing the Filter Through Which We Perceive Ourselves

The ultimate Purpose of the heart's Process of repair and our ascension into a fifth-dimensional existence is that of *changing the very filter through which we perceive ourselves*. More specifically, this Process peels back the layers of illusional identity and the various masks and costumes we don such that *our physical lower identity is no longer the filter, or the lens, through which we perceive ourselves*.

What is behind and underneath the disguise of our physical identity is the *being*, but to see it for what it is – to know it, to consciously experience it, even to comprehend it – we have to clear our internal and external vision. If Remy had allowed his physical form and the culture and environment of his physical form to dictate his perception of himself, would he know who and what he is, and would he be what he is, and would he be able to express, explore and experience his talent? No, he would not.

But he didn't have to consciously work at this. He just *was*, and in *being*, he simply could not even try to conform because there was far too much self compromise in conformity for him.

The Distortion of Illusion Clothes

Switching to a more-practical, if not applicable, example, for me, if, in answering the 'what do you do?' question, I say I am a writer, which is, in terms of separated physicality, an understandable, even relatable, response, and also an acceptable 'outfit', is this really the Truth of who and what I am?

It is truth in one sense, because I *am* a writer, but as the iceberg tip of physicality everyone can see and relate to, it is also merely a small and shallow facet of what I am and of what I am actually doing, both with and beyond my writing – my own Transcendent talent. As a response, therefore, it's misleading. It's a disguise, and it shrouds me as such. Rather than *revealing* my Truth, and my True Divinity, it *conceals* that Truth.

So, even though people can *define* me, at least in their own minds, based on the response, do they *know* me? Or does the response facilitate them knowing me at least a little bit better? They might think so, but no, it doesn't, at all.

Misaligned Mindsets

So what if I answer the question by explaining that writing, for me, is a transcendent skill, and, then, expanding on this by saying I'm mastering the physical dimension, ending Perpetual Separation, restoring Creation, Consciousness, reality, Balance, Movement, the Sacred Feminine, Truth, Knowledge and the Ancient Wisdom, and writing about it. Will people know me any better?

They might if they understood any of these concepts, but the chances are very high that they will not. The real problem does not lie in my *answer* to the question. The real problem arises from the *asking* of it in the first place, and, especially, from the *need* to ask it, because the question is born directly in, and out of, entrapment.

Why? Because our answer to the 'what do you do?' question, like all the other constructs of physicality as part of the masks and costumes we wear, is based solely on the separated, 3-d illusional Matrix court – the antithesis of Ascension, fifth dimensionality, and Transcended Being. My Truth is such, now, that any answer I supply in response to the question of what I 'do' will not enlighten anyone about me, and, if I tell the truth, nor will it make sense to the individual asking it.

The 'I am' Principle

In being asked this question, and others like it, for those of us who are ascending or ascended, people are trying to reconcile the irreconcilable. Question and response then become a clash of massively mismatched and misaligned mindsets and inverted perspectives. 'Tis very much like trying to reconcile a caterpillar and a butterfly – entirely possible for the butterfly but entirely *impossible* for the caterpillar. Those individuals still trapped as a Caterpillar Consciousness will not, and cannot, understand.

Now, after allowing the Transcendent Process to do its wonderfully-intelligent Work, having finally transcended the need to 'do', or to even have an adequate and acceptable answer to the 'what do you do?' question, I exist in the metaphysical concept that *I am*, and

I am what I am. So I do what I am, and I am what I do, which is actually the best answer I can give to the 'what do you do?' question.

Mastery

The *I am* principle and its powerful Processes disempower the hold over us of our physically-constructed lower identity by opening our eyes in such a way that we see and know who we are underneath and beyond all the physical stuff. Knowing who we are *despite* the disguise of our physicality and *through* the disguise of our physicality and despite the *reflection* of physicality that is all around us in this reality *is mastery*.

So, again, how do we begin to connect with the *I am* principle as it applies to us?

The Healthy Hearth Fire

I often use hearth fires as a metaphor for relationships, especially romantic partnerships. A healthy one is obvious, burning ferociously or contentedly, and giving off plenty of heat or warmth and light. But as they start to become unhealthy, starved of fuel and care and attention, they give off plenty of very-obvious warning signs they're going out, at which stage, stoking them back to healthy life, paying them attention, and giving them more fuel to burn is a relatively easy exercise.

If, on the other hand, the warning signs are ignored and they do go out, they become nothing more than cold ash. Then, we either start from scratch and rebuild them, or we abandon them altogether.

Now think about this in terms of the relationship we have with ourselves. Do I need to spell out the fact that, collectively speaking, the warning signs have been screaming at us for a very long time that our relationship with ourselves is anything but healthy? Tragically, we are also utterly failing to realise that *this* relationship is so core and key that it is the foundation upon which all other relationships are built and based.

Pillars of the Transcendent Process

As a vital part of our repair, there are some essential tools that I think form the pillars upon which rest the repair Process *and* ascension into our fifth-dimensional existence – the Process of uncovering our nakedness to ourselves first, and then giving ourselves permission to remain so when others start to look upon us.

The very fabric, or essence, of these pillars is a state of being characterised by peace, rest, fulfilment, trust, transparency, Knowledge, Movement and flow, Balance, Purpose, connection, communion, fellowship, beauty, and care and compassion that's ultimately directed outward through radiation, but must first of all be directed *inward*.

Far from being presented in no particular order, these pillars *are* given in a specific order because they build on each other, beginning with their right and healthy and solid foundation. These *are* the tools of personal vigilance, and due care and attention that allow us to monitor and maintain, and, if necessary, re-fuel the hearth fire of ourselves.

▪ **The Silence:**

Can I be in the silence, allowing it to fill me up and wrap itself around me, without misconstruing it as emptiness, without needing to wrap it in sound, explain or define it with words, or fill it with noise?

▪ **The Stillness:**

Can I be as the stillness, without misinterpreting it as meaninglessness, or as purposelessness, or as boredom, without needing to disguise it, dress it up, or replace it with doing, with toil, with action, with effort?

▪ **The Solitude:**

Can I be in the solitude, with only my Self as company, without misconstruing it as aloneness, isolation, loneliness or inadequacy, and without misinterpreting it as unacceptability or rejection?

▪ **The Surrender:**

Can I surrender to the flow of Process, trusting my inner guidance, remaining open and malleable to what may come in and to what needs to go out, without mentally running ahead, building substanceless and baseless bridges, and without pre-empting or bracing for impacts that may not come?

▪ **The Present Moment:**

Can I be in this moment, the right now, with all that it is, without effort, without needing to drag it towards a different future, towards a wanted outcome, or result, and without needing to orchestrate success, or change, or achievement?

▪ **The Observer:**

Can I observe my inner and outer realities passively in this moment, become my own witness, without acting on my reactions, without forming or holding judgements, seeing the underlying patterns without needing to control or alter them?

▪ **The Listener:**

Can I stop and listen, to myself first and, then, to others, giving myself and those others my full focus and my undivided attention, listening not just with my ears, but with my deeper senses, not just listening to the words, but to the nuances of thought and emotion underlying them, listening without needing to prove or defend or explain or justify?

▪ **The Radiation of Love:**

Can I be the Love within, as an unguarded, unprotected radiation, without needing the proof of its reflection, without demanding the touch of the lover, without requiring the acknowledgement and recognition of it from others?

The Individual Court

In uncovering my own nakedness I have discovered something wonderful about myself. I am a champion of the heart, an ambassador of the soul, and, like Leonardo Da Vinci, a passionate devotee of the Ancient Wisdom that opens up these two like a newly-emerged lotus flower touched by the gentle rays of the dawn sun after a cold, dark winter.

So I don't care about the clothes anyone wears, the way they look, the way they present, the way they identify, or the 'tribe', or court, with which they are aligned. I care about the soul and the blueprint of its Destiny held within each heart.

As such, I think it's time for us to think about Creating a new court, a new 'community group', or tribe, which we can think of and entitle as the 'Individual Community', not because we're all separate, and separated, individuals, but because we are all vital themes in the same collective symphony, for which the only condition for belonging is that of becoming a unique human, *being*.

We need to Know this about the man and the woman in the biblical Garden of Eden story. Typically, the biblical story is the antithesis of our real story. We were, originally, not afraid because we were naked, we were naked because we were *not* afraid. To be.

* 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. *The Matrix*, 1999, Village Roadshow Pictures; Warner Bros. Pictures.
2. Image used in, and given to me by, *Quantum Mind Portal* (YouTube site), March, 2026.
3. *The Witches of Eastwick*, 1987, Guber-Peters Company, Kennedy Miller.
4. Genesis 3:1-24, Holy Bible, New International Version, Thompson Chain Reference Edition, 1984, Hodder & Stoughton Limited.
5. *Cinderella*, 2015, A Disney presentation, A Kenneth Branagh Film; an Allison Shearmur/Beaglepug/Kinberg Genre Production.
6. *Superman* created by Jerry Siegel (writer) and Joe Shuster (artist), first published in 1938 by DC Comics (Wikipedia).
7. Australian 60 Minutes, Channel Nine, aired 19 April, 2026.
8. *Forest Gump*, 1994, producers Wendy Finerman, Steve Tisch, Charles Newirth.
9. Monty Python's *Life of Brian*, 1979, HandMade Films, Monty (Python) Pictures.
10. *Bend it Like Beckham*, 2002, Kintop Pictures.
11. *Ratatouille*, 2007, Pixar Animation Studios, Walt Disney Pictures.
12. YouTube site *Order of Knowledge: Children of Light*, accessed and viewed May 18, 2026.

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