

# The AlcheMystic

## wronged ~ or Rite of Passage

# The AlchēMystic

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## Dedication

To **US**

**U**niversal **S**pirit, my inner guidance the **G**od/**U**S  
for **T**HAT undying patience and love needed to bring my **E**go to an  
understanding and union **with...**

**in** One Self.

To the **E**GO ~ **E**lctro **G**entle **O**rganism, aka our humanness,

for trusting the **A**lchMystic to come  even though what appeared was  
far from its own security or reality. If not for unconditional trust and  
acceptance, the seemingly invisible bridge **T**HAT connects one's life  
to one's destiny, couldn't be built

**HERE ~ NOW**  
nor crossed

To each and every One of **US** **A**lchMystics who are **Here Now** in light  
of **U**niversal **S**ource,

for the tenacity, courage and devotion to One's own Truth,  
in order to **find** One Self **HERE**  
and **remind** One Self **NOW**.

The AlchēMystic

Other AlchēMystic Books by the Author

Letters to Father Michael

Food For Thought

Word to the Wise

Whole Story

## Wronged ~ or Rite of Passage

My Dear Star Sibling:

Welcome to the 5<sup>th</sup> Dimension!

I call you a Star Sibling because we are the Star Children; Brothers and Sisters in an adventure of Love on the journey in a life ~ Time. Just the fact you're reading these words has brought US together again, for nothing is a coincidence. Rite Now... you are holding in your hands a body of my work That reflects my heart, mind and soul, so already you have touched Me and We are wholly connected.

Before entering this labyrinth of words, I ask all bias be extinguished. Please keep all precepts with-in yourself until the journey's end. I ask this for your own safety and enjoyment, for only from a single I can one see through my words to one's own experiences, making it possible to access THAT intimate identity, created by each ~ One of US ~ on the 5<sup>th</sup> Dimension. From THAT Oneness we superimpose our ideals, dreams and aspirations up-on our thoughts, feelings, and emotions to see with a single I, a memorable similarity.

In other words: **transform** space

and **transcend** time to build a 5<sup>th</sup> dimension bridge Here and Now.

Here is **all ways** every one,

Now is **always** everywhere.

The 5<sup>th</sup> dimension cannot be measured by either time nor space, yet it and we exist in the **whole**

and **hole** of each moment.

Here one grasps the **affect** Now to experience

the **effect**, That unearths **a cause**,

**Be cause** That is the Oneness of US All.

The story you are about to read are the details of the **history** of my **humanity**.

I ask you to go beyond the details, in a sense, to the **herstory** in my **womanity**.

That is where One finds their Alehemystic within.

The writings, in part, are the Akashic records written in cryptic form,

impart

from time to time,

just as they are in-scribed on the walls

in the halls of Antiquity.

So sit back, fasten your seat belt, and take a long deep and relaxing breath, for we are about to embark on an amazing passage That exercises the mind through

a maze in words That excavates the soul

In~wards That expands the heart

inwards, That explores the ego

inwards, That exposes the Truth

in a way That expedite the initiation for Us All.

With Love and Light

Let our journey begin... Rite Now

*Terra Christa*

# The AlchēMystic

The AlchēMystic Truth is Just...  
I reminded to the One who pretended to forget  
~ One Self ~  
then forgot they were pretending

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## Introduction

There are many books out with lists of ways of how to:

how to be happy,  
how to be wealthy,  
how to heal,  
how to... the list goes on.

Ultimately, our longing for anything is the innate desire to transform and ascend,  
or our fear of it.

Naturally, any desire to be better than we are;  
better job, or relationship,  
better **morals**  
more money,  
or love, or time...

Even greater awareness of purpose,  
is all longings to transcend one's present state of being.

Nature proclaims; "THAT is the heart of the soul,"  
And Jesus claims; "THAT I Am." or "I am THAT I am."

So I ask, What is THAT? Well I say THAT is a good question,  
and THAT is basic Alchemy.

This book isn't a how to book about Alchemy,  
It is Alchemy, the true Alchemy of transformation. It is pure, and simply  
My Alchemystic break... through the conformity

forming the barrier of time and space:

Every word of concept building thought **form** to create a bridge beyond...  
or collapse destructive **information** causing limitation and fear.

The ancient and initiatory **format** may challenge the mind at first,  
though as the mind surrenders to new **form**, at once begins to bloom like a rose.

I am writing here now in a non-linear **formal** state meant as a tool  
to prepare an initiate mind **for** unraveling conceptual limitations.

As my inner guidance states;

There are more than six billion human's Being on the planet, and so

There are more than six billion ways to transform.

As snowflakes we are all unique, and because of That, One can't be helped.

Instead, fast **now**, **here** we each can serve to dispel the conceptual blocks of fear  
steadfast (**nowhere**) keeping **US** All from transforming.

(I say **nowhere** because fear is an illusion of mind)

Naturally this account of my ego crucifixion is not about the death of the ego, it is  
a personal **initiatory** transformation through a victimless sacrifice.

My **initial story** is told with its humor, tragedy, pain, grandeur and its severity.

Numerous times I thought my life read and the book reads like a 'how not to' book.

Diligently I've come to understand the how to, or not to, has nothing to do with it.

## The AlchMystic

Sacredly, and somewhat secretly, transformation happens to us. It happens as an Overt innate intimate act, in a blink of an **I**, as an initiation beyond linear thought. **I've** seen the toll taken on One as an individual and how Now **I write**

A rite Here  
right Now.

My initiation brought up the pain of fear with its fear of pain, invoking within me The courage to **explore** rather than **ignore** the **ignorance**

in **arrogance**. Care fully **I** was able to compare the ruthlessness

In bravery with the weakness in cowardice. **I** boldly examined the conviction of My doubt and the flaws in conviction. **I've** faith, fully experienced first hand the Emotional shame in guilt and the guilt in pride, and found strength to weakness and Weakness in my strengths. As history repeated itself and my struggle heightened, It became clearer each moment, all **I see** is ME.

Through each experience of my process I saw glimpses of fearlessness making it Now possible to recognize my limitations, and go beyond them. As **I** began to Effectively drop the personal wall of fear and **ignorance**,

**I** couldn't **ignore** the blatancy of Truth... and So **I** accessed an innate valuable sense of valor in my vulnerability, THAT has Somehow opened me to my AlchMystic within.

As I became more aware, and the process of becoming became more obvious, My initial thought was, "God, why me?"

I thought I must have done something dreadful to deserve this, though I learned Those so called hard times were when I didn't let go of what I thought life should Yet be, in order to accept all THAT is... Now ME.

Naturally as life continues opening up more,

and open me up more, there are times I still say 'God why me?'

Only I say it with constant gratitude for the grace and blessings **I** experience.

While I did question my sanity at every turn, A strong faith in my Self developed, And my obedience to THAT inner voice strengthened. Here **I** realize we are Being given the greatest gift bestowed on mankind. The gift of pure.....

Obviously there is no word for all THAT gift is. **I** can call THAT God or Love or Virtually the Word, Eternal, or Christ... Self, though these are just words and don't Even begin to express the enormous IMPACT... THAT each of US Are individually As one Human and collectively as One Being Here Now.

Soon you shall see *through* the process I refer to my **I**

or **eye** as my inner guide

**I** even felt at times as though THAT Being, is the He of Me... or inner Self.

As time went on, **I** developed for my Self an inner understanding or in~sight, as My inner voice of yesteryear is Now who **I** am today...

## Wronged ~ or Rite of Passage

My awakening and revelations happen each time in a blink of an eye, so it seemed. One minute I hear a voice telling me what to do, or explaining an aspect or concept I can't quite understand, the next moment I'm in the thrall of experiencing a marvel of Universal Spirit. Almost like dominos, one thought tumbles into the next... THAT triggers a chain of reaction from thought to form I can literally follow to an undisclosed destination, or a chain of action in form I can conceptually follow to some undisclosed destiny.

The experiences I have chosen to write about are just fragments of all That happened to me in the initiatory stage of my awakening, and do not reflect on the importance or non-importance of those experiences I chose not to write about. For all experiences great or small are equal in our existence. It was not just in the midst of major awakening experiences my revelations were realized, the simple day-to-day experiences gave me the foundation of conceptual perception to embrace the Great Awakening, happening 'Here Now' to US All.

In writing *Wronged ~ or Rite of Passage* I found it impossible to explain an Alchemy experience and do it justice, so I've use the words as conceptual tools That forge

*through*

the shadow of solid form to THAT reality beyond...

The only way I knew how to do That is Being One Self. Literally.

So I chose to write with~ Alchemy, the language of the soul, speaking to a heart,  
in a simple yet timeless fractal exposure for the mind.

The experiences and names of those in **my story**

or **mystery**, are true, the grammar however

has been altered to protect the integrity of the Alchemy **and** the blueprint of life.

I can Now **write** for all times **dna** the blue print of life.

the **rite** for all souls in the past, present and future perfect tense

**right** at the same time, and as intimately as though WE

are sitting on a cosmic sofa and you will had asked ME

"What have you been up to since last WE had  
MET."

As you flow through these pages with ME

At every point of siblingicity,

may WE

each, **from** One,

MEET Here too

**form** Our intimate bonding relation ~ ship...

eMerge Now.

For woven **with**~ my story,

in mystery and in between the lines,

There ~IS~ locked a code. The mere reading of 'the book' is an initiation.

Even space holds a clue, **and** each line **along**

Reveals US All as a tone **dna** blueprint **all one** breaking the seal of secrecy...

# The AlchēMystic

Once broken *through*  
 The EGO mind and heart merge Here Now  
 to emerge in A wonderland of Kalidoseopic words  
 And take A reader beyond the limitation forthought  
 to the mechanism of the **original** and still fertile foundation  
 of the **primal** essence,

as essentially The Word Being...**dna**  
 and in know sense for word **and** backward  
 That from... A place ~ Here **Innocence** ~ **dna**  
 form in A space ~ Now, I am opening A door to **Golden mean dna**.  
 Here it's all A work of love Adore  
 of Art as A way to enter the 5<sup>th</sup> dimension...  
 of A simple form of perplexity  
 of A sense **in know sense**.

It can be read just as A story of **innocence** and enjoyed.  
 It can be scrutinized 4 Alchemical keys:  
 Two~ unlock the door of limitation and  
 One ~ That turn the fate of genetic **dna** karma  
 Now~ in order to hear A door ring Destiny...  
 Eternally. 2 here Adoring Destiny.

It can even be read Vertically,  
 Even ever read ~ Eve never read  
 Right before your eyes~ Eve never red  
 Though *through*  
 II thught  
 Can  
 All Ways  
 locate left latitude  
 attitude justification THT is somewhat cryptic  
 for the skeptic.

Look for the dugs, dos and don'ts,  
 And await the clues  
 Watch for the eugs  
 Seen for ever In Question, Quotes, Quips and Queries,  
 In Quest **and** re~Quests,  
 In search **dna** re~Search,  
**and** reversed...  
 Information **from** A subatomic level  
 In formation **form** A sub conscious level.  
 With~In sight Here **from** A nuclear reaction  
 II Now **form** A knew clear action  
**with**~ A super clear action  
 in A super **conscious** way.

## Wronged ~ or Rite of Passage

It seems everything we do from taking our first breath of life  
or first solo step as a child, to taking our last step and gasping breath,  
is done from an inner longing for independence.

For me That longing out-pictured in many ways.

Some I was proud of,  
others I was ashamed of,  
some I took credit for,  
others I took blame for, though

through it **all**

and by **all** means,

I am grateful and responsible for **all** of IT.

The homes changed,  
the jobs changed,  
the activities changed,  
the friends changed,

but something inside of me couldn't rest, no matter how much I slept.

And so after 11 years of marriage I left everything dear to me  
for no other reason except to find myself.

Find myself? What the heck did That mean?

I didn't know I was lost,

**still** I knew, an inner longing

for inner dependence or freedom

called me forth (4<sup>th</sup> dimension) to take a solo step out/in~dependent.

Its power full force urged me from the security of a beautiful home,

a wonderful husband

and a precious daughter,

into an **unknown**

on my **own** to find my Self.

That all happened four years ago

and as of four months ago I was a successful sales manager

for a major hair care company, until something ripped away...

Just for a second...

coming to a realization ~ THAT

Undoubtedly all I had thought 'Independence' was,

stood independent

To **US** All and all THAT IS,

THAT IS in relation to our Oneness,

leaving nothing in THAT wake

in my awakening,

Absolutely nothing...

Which couldn't be felt

left justified, after the process 'was' over.

It is easy to trust when everything's going your way  
It's when things aren't going the way you want  
or everything starts changing  
and you still trust ~  
THAT is A sign  
You're headed in the RITE direction

∞ In Sight Unseen ∞

∞ lay in bed naked, the essence of the sacred elixir still on my lips.  
 My wrists crossed over my heart, toes pointed and ankles together.  
 "Now is all there is," the inner voice commands.  
 Out of the corner of my mind, ∞ see a flash \* of multicolor light  
 "What's That?" I ask. so bright it appears white.  
 Though I sense my body at attention,  
 I feel my Self relax deeper into the bed.  
 My senses are raw with an intangible presence just beyond my mind.  
 Even the slightest movement warns ME of the magnitude of the present... moment.  
 Surrendering to the presence about ME, I feel  
 The energies intensify.  
 A sense comes over me, '∞ am going home...'  
 Nothing in God's heaven and on earth is more important than That.  
 Distant, yet right inside of me, I sense A part of me being called.  
 'Sacred' the sense fills my whole being,  
 'Thy soul...Is...That...Being...prepared.' I hear.  
 I take a deep breath and relax even deeper into the bed.  
 'look' I hear, as I see a vision of my daughter Jennifer *a blur* dna  
 'look ∞ here' a gain... and incoherent.  
 ∞ watch a scene of my daughter Jennifer and I from a week earlier  
 as she ties the friendship bracelet she had just made on my wrists.  
 'Take the bracelet off.' the communion commands me clear.  
 Slowly I reach for the bracelet.  
 'How can I take it off.' I telepathically ask, 'I promised her I'd wear it 'til it fell off.'  
 Empathic energy swirls the image until it converges at the center of my forehead.  
 'A promise made to God...Us, takes precedence to anything made on earth.' I hear.  
 Reaching for my wrist I grab the bracelet and give it a long uncompromising tug.  
 The bracelet snaps and so does the promise I made to my daughter.<sup>1</sup>  
 Sacred takes on a whole new and holy new meaning as I feel my Self expand,  
 'Are you willing to give up your life, as if to another dimension.  
 and your .....for God/Us.  
 Montary attachments  
 Idzals or idzas  
 Naivety and  
 Dreams all seem to roll up into one thought.<sup>2</sup>

"Yes." I hear my Self respond from deep within me as I relax into the unconscious.  
 At That instant ∞ sense some part of me going... somewhere.  
 I can't say I remember time passing, just Being asked to return to serve?  
 My impression seems to be ∞ would be going Home.

<sup>1</sup> ∞ knew I had to break a promise in order to keep my vow.

<sup>2</sup> ∞ sense I'm asked to give up some mental concept; 'there was no time' f4r words or thought.

## ~ The Dark Knight of my Soul ~

As my body still lay vulnerable and in suspense,  
suspended... in the ritual of the 'Our,'  
I contemplate the whole coming and going of the past four months.<sup>3</sup>  
four weeks  
four days  
for hours  
or minutes, so it seemed.  
How ironic it all seems.  
On one side I see perfect order, on the other I saw raw chaotic random events.  
My life seemed **obtuse** to me. was war  
Every moment **obverse** to the next.  
And yet still **obviously** fitting perfect, one into the next, while evidence shows  
That I am' **overtly** going through some sort of ritual.  
While visions flashed like snapshots in my mind,  
I suddenly look on the shutter **shot** of Gabz, and I shattered at the thought.  
Looking deep into the flow of thought, it **occurs** to me I'm observing the past,  
as though **concurrent** with the present experience.  
Late one afternoon two years ago, while I bartended at a local restaurant,  
two men came in and sat at the bar.  
Even at first glance I could sense something mysterious about them. They had  
Dark skin, piercing eyes and a way about them that took me aback a bit.  
Without giving it another thought I went about serving them.  
One is **quite** friendly, talkative and somewhat handsome. The other is short,  
Rather **quiet**, totally bald and has piercing dark, almost black eyes.  
They are both well dressed in a pretentious sort of way.  
"How long have you been a bartender?" the talkative one asks.  
"Not long, nor much longer." I said.  
"Oh my God, who said THAT?" I thought,  
"That's know answer," said the short bald man.  
I sense I pause, as though our words had suspended in mid air.  
Clutching the words I tried to retract my statement.  
Enthralled, the bald man glared at me as if looking for **something**  
"What'll you be doing Now?" he asked spellbound.  
All of a sudden every thought in my mind came to one point.  
"Sales," I said, "direct sales, I've been thinking about it for awhile."  
"For awhile?" I thought, "That's funny, I didn't know I wanted to sell."  
Riveted on my newfound discovery, I watch my mind wonder and wander...  
Over the past few months I'd gotten a lot of flack about finding a real job.  
Mulling over a few options I hadn't really settled on anything in particular,  
however... it seems I had just come to somewhat of a decision.  
"I'm very interested in your thoughts!" he said, breaking my concentration.  
My perception shifted and I was back in the bar handing him his martini.

---

<sup>3</sup> I scribe the whole coming and going in *The AlcheMystic ForEver* book.

## Wronged ~ or Rite of Passage

“Do you know what you want to sell,” he asks. His attention on me sharpens.  
As I focus on his question, my mind reels

with real ideas of what I would love to sell.

“Right now I don’t know... something beautiful, or related to beauty I’m sure.”  
Keeping my distance, I step back and busy myself with other bar back details.

“Keep in touch,” he said handing me his card, “and let me know when **your ready**⁴.”  
Noticeable those words shook me to my core.

I took a few steps toward him as I felt the tension heightening,

“Gabz” I said, reading his name off the card.

His focus on me was so strong I actually felt **force** around and about him.

There was some sort of tangible sense of being **forced** into doing something.

as if I had to fight him off ME,

as if the force had pulled ME into his energy field,

as if he’d reached inside ME and knew something about me I didn’t know.

I stepped back again.

He reaches in his briefcase and pulls out a glass

with a brass ring around the bottom.

Attached to the brass ring was a pewter **handle**.

“Very unusual,” I said as I take it into my **hand**.

Empathically I imagined other items and envisioned selling the wares.

“You could be my rep for this whole area,” he said,

“I’m importing many brass items for bars and restaurants from Israel,” he says,

“Everyone’s going to want the product when they see it.

Look, you’ll make a lot of money.” He leaned back on his stool.

“Damn, if you’re not perfect,” his Israeli accent is thick and his tone intense.

I see him look me over as if he was **assessing**

my **assets**... if you know what I mean.

“No... thank you,” I say handing the **brass** handled

**glass** cup back to him

and backed away.

Eerie sensations ran up and down my spine.

“Somehow I know I’m not working in this business again.” I said.

The tension heightens as my body begins to cringe just by being near him.

“I said... Keep it,” his tone stern, his eyes glaring right, or rite through me.

Not saying another word I took the brass handled glass **cup**.

Given the circumstances I am surprised I kept it.

I suppose because of the tangible force field I felt.

Still suspended Now in the ritual of the hour...

I fast forward to a week ago and **saw**

as I **was** clearing out my **cupboards**, on the top

shelf in a cabinet I rarely use, I found the glass

with the brass and copper holder.

In the glass was the card.

On the card; the name ‘Gabz.’

---

⁴ “When Jen needs you, **you’ll be ready**” are the words I heard five years earlier...

Evidently the reason for *The Whole Story* and the starting of my journey for Truth.

## The AlehçMystic

“I forgot about him.” I say to My Self, as the glass refreshed my memory  
in a not so refreshing way.

The eerie memory of the peculiar man I met two years earlier came to mind.  
How distant I felt from the experience, and the me who experienced it.

I could feel a **real** sense of my Self,  
in a **surreal** sort of way, relative to time.

So much had happened in those past 2 years, and it appeared a lifetime away.

I knew I wasn’t ever going to do anything about this glass, so I threw it away.

Somewhere around three in the morning the phone rang.

“HELLO!” I said spontaneously, as anyone would after picking up the receiver.

Overtones of ancient memories echo in my ear as A silence vibrates with~in

**A tone** in my voice.

“**A tone**” I hear in my head.

Every hair at the nap of my neck stood on end.

Lingering in the silence I wondered why I would get a call so late... or rather early.

Late night calls always invoke some sort of bad news.

“Who would call you from China?” the man spoke in a thick Middle Eastern accent,  
in **a tone** so deep, I thought...

‘It came from the depths of Hell.’

The sound of his voice pierced Rita in my **ear**

as I felt **fear** stab me like a knife in the heart.

Numb **with~** the prospect before me,

and **in** shock, I sat still in the darkness.

Even the blackness of the night dimmed darker with the sound of his voice.

Still uncertain of his identity, I **wondered** if I was still dreaming as my mind

**wandered** while the words shook me to my core.

Since I had an incident with Jacob, my five year old nephew, about a week earlier

in reference to the Master calling me from China, my imagination

Got the best of me and sparked the possibility of something otherworldly...

Out of the corner of my eye I see the whole experience in THAT one moment

Down to the last detail, with A whole new clear AlehçMystic awareness to life.

nuclear AlehçMystic awareness to life.

❧ Jacob's Letter ❧

As my mind accesses the memory, I watch, I am at my sisters in Newport helping her with my nephews.

She was due to have her forth child,  
her due date was close at hand,

and Chris was in the Navy and out at sea.

One afternoon I took my three nephews on a little picnic lunch.

We didn't go far, just to the baseball field a few blocks from the house.

John, the eldest at seven, had just climbed about five feet up the backstop fence behind the diamond of the baseball field about fifty feet from the blanket.

Tony, the youngest at three, watched his older brother it awe, as Jacob stood at the foot of the fence trying to get the courage to climb.

"Come on its easy." John said, egging him on.

After awhile Jacob gave up and came over and sat with me on the blanket.

He picked up the toy telephone I had brought for Tony and began fiddling with it.

He sounded the ringer then picked up the receiver and put it to his ear.

A moment later he handed it to me.

"It's the master from China and he wants to talk to you," he said, matter of fact.

"The master huh!" I said smiling.

"Take it!" Jacob insists, "he wants to talk to you."

"I took the receiver and said "Hellooooo!"

"Tell me what he's saying," I said, handing him back the phone, "I don't hear him."

He dropped the phone.

"He's here now," he said startled, pointing up and to the right.

"You see him?" I ask with a little giggle.

"Yes, he's right here." He pointed again to a spot just to the right of us.

"What does he look like? What is he wearing?"

"He has funny eyes!" He said pausing,

staring as if into space.

What is he wearing?" I repeat, breaking the silence.

"He has a big hat and a long blue dress,

and there's snakes

and dragons on his dress."

"You really do see something don't you!" I am definitely amused.

"WOhhh!" he said, jumping to his feet, "the snakes are jumping off his clothes.

Their coming at us." He becomes animated collecting everything onto the blanket,

"Safe!" he says, relieved after everything was off the grass and on the blanket,

"They can't get us here."

"Where did he ever hear about masters?" I thought.

"How do you know he's a masters?" I ask.

"I don't know," he said, shrugging his shoulders.

I sat for a moment and really thought about the whole experience.

Four months ago I would have thought this the vivid imagination of child's play.

Now I strained and focused to try and see the image.

## The AlchēMystic

"Is he still here?" I ask.

"Yes, right over there." He again pointed to a spot about six feet away.

"He's come here to see you," he said, pointing his finger at me.

"Is he saying anything?"

"No, He's just watching us."

He went into detail about the movement of the master and he became animated again with protecting me from the snakes. He appeared to be fighting them off as they seemingly trying to come onto the blanket.

Suddenly, Jacob caught a glimpse of John and Tony standing by the fence, and in a ✨ flash, was up and running toward them.

Without skipping a step he leaped onto the fence and climbed it to the top. It had to be fifteen feet or more.

My heart leaped and so did I off the blanket and ran toward the fence.

"Okay Jacob, that's great... now come down here," I said as calm as I could.

"No I like it up here," he said scanning the view from his perch.

"You're a little too high, now come down here," my tone a little firmer.

"Slowly," I added in a slow even tone.

"I'm okay, see," he said, as he swung by one hand and one foot.

'He's fearless.' I thought, or the words thought me.

"Yes Jake I see, now show me how easy you can climb back down."

As slow and deliberate as my tone, his feet found their way down the fence.

When he got within my reach, he insisted I didn't help him.

He wanted to do it himself.

About four feet from the ground he jumps, lands on his feet, and starts running.

The next think I know he is running past John toward the playground. John took off

after him with Tony, clenched fists like a boxer, running as fast as he can after them.

What a sight! I felt privileged to watch such a perfect scene.

As if every movement was choreographed and every detail considered.

Yes, I was learning from every experience, and everyone my teacher.

Later on in the night I had a dream. At the time I thought it a nightmare.

In the dream I meet a man at an airport. As we sit next to each other, he leans forward

toward me and we kiss. I trust he is my beloved...

lover and I fall into unconsciousness.

The next thing I know my eyes begin to focus as I awaken from the darkness.

The first I see is the beloved and he appears to be backing away. Just beyond

him is another man standing in a doorway with a gun pointed straight at me,

**and** I witness him as he pulls the trigger.

Everything went from color to black and white... as the vivid images become lucid.

I watch as the bullet came at me in slow motion and entered my heart.

Looking over at my lover, I question, if he knew I was going to be killed,

Or even if he was in on it, and I panic as I began falling in slow motion to the floor.

Catching me in his arms, the beloved man ensures me I am not dying.

'Keep focus... I here, Relax, Trust, Re~Member... it isn't what you think.'

I felt no pain as I relax into the darkness and I woke up from the dream.

Deep into the Dark Knight

Getting back to the phone call from China...

Realizing there was more going on than meets the **IE**...

After the momentary shock wore off I thought more rational and realistic.

'Very funny,' I thought, 'it must be Michael<sup>5</sup> trying to disguise his voice.'

As I hadn't heard from him in over a week, I'm delighted he called.

"Michael?" I asked, the name **spills** from my lips to soothe my startled heart.

Even without words his tone **chills** me to the bone.

"Nooo!" he says sharply with a sense of agitation.

"Who is Michael?" his tone somewhat jealous and interrogative.

Again a blank silent chill comes over me, and I think again,

I remember a few years earlier my friend Tim called me from China.

"Tim?" I ask, "Is it you?"

"No its not Tim," his voice loud, sarcastic, and definitely disturbed.

"Okay, I give up, who are you?" I ask getting a little worried.

"Who am I? Who am I?" He repeated as though insulted I didn't know.

"Alright, That's enough, who are you?" I said, not really sure I wanted to know.

"Gabe" he said, "It's Gabe."

"Are you kidding me." I laugh, "the Gabe who gave me the glass two years ago?"

"I did give you a glass cup... Yes," he said,

"Now do you remember me?"

"Yes," I said with a little laugh, "In fact, you aren't going to believe this, but  
Only a few hours ago I through it away."

"U... thru... IT... away..." he said, as though every word had an alternate meaning.

There was a pause. A long drawn out exherciatingly tense pause...

"How funny is that," I said breaking the tension. "Don't you think it's strange how  
I met you for twenty minutes two years ago and I keep the glass until today.

Now, the day I through it away, you call me?"

Keeping silent, there is **still** no response from him.

"**IE** am amazed." I said, **still** trying to fill the silence...

'**still** trying is the clue' **IE** thought to myself.

"Why did you throw it away?" his tone abrupt and angry.

"I don't know," I said contemplative, "Maybe... because my whole life is changing,"

Then proceeded to tell him about Michael.

Not wanting to upset the man anymore than he was already, I kept positive.

"Ever meet someone who reflects the best in you?" I asked, "You know,  
Someone who, when you look into their eyes you know something about yourself...  
Something you didn't know before, and it is sooo good you can barely contain it."

"Can you see you've had this before," he said. His tone almost sinister.

"And why do you want to do it again?"

"No... or Know," I say, "this man is a doctor, and **IE** see something of myself in him.  
a real humanitarian."

<sup>5</sup> How I met Michael and the Alchemy around our relationship **IE** ForEver tell.

## The AlcheMystic

Because of the mystifying way he knew me in ways no one could have told him,  
and the mysticism of my finding the glass and his **phonx** call hours later,  
it wasn't until the end  $\Xi$  realize I never gave him my **phonx** number.  
As the mystique turned to weird, it took all I had in me not to panic.  
Calmly I asked him how he got my number, and if he knew where I lived.  
Keeping his source confidential I get the impression he got my number from  
One of the employees two years ago, and he had no idea where I lived.  
For seven nights he called, always with the same messages,  
always about three in the morning,  
always asking to meet with me and  
always insisting all would be revealed when I met him.  
Freakishly each night the phone calls got more bizarre.  
He spoke of taking me to Palestine and live like 'the queen THAT I am.'<sup>6</sup>  
Over and over he told me he loved me, yet to me it didn't feel like love,  
it didn't even feel good.  
Unbeknownst to me, I was right, rite, write in the middle of my own initiation.  
Surely the Universe was giving me  $\Psi$  **cluz**,  
or was this my **cuq**.  
Either way, my life was about to shift ~ ForEver.  
 $\Xi$  could sense something stirring deep inside.  
My intuitive sense had surely heightened... and in THAT sense  $\Xi$  began to Trust.  
In those seven days I began to give away my things,  
Neither hesitant nor curious as to the directive, I would  
I either throw the thing away  
or give the thing away.  
In those seven days I cleaned and cleared  
I listened and obeyed.  
In those seven nights darkness reveals an element I had never dealt with before,  
My initiation had only just begun.  
On the second night Gabe called, I asked him the reason he was pressuring me.  
'My dear,' he says in his deep dark tone, 'It's because you are my other half.'  
'Cerie' I thought, 'How could this guy think he's my other half?' I asked My Self,  
'No way!' I exclaim, 'except maybe my evil half.'  
As Gabe's voice babbled through the phone in the background of my thoughts,  
Silently I plead with God to give me a sign as to why this was happening to me.  
Why was he pressuring me, and why was I resisting seeing him.  
I couldn't see the handwriting on the wall... of antiquity that is... and  
The situation was beginning to get too strange, yet I knew I had to keep going.  
Suddenly I heard something in his tone, and his words began to make sense.  
'Every thing will make sense when you look into my eyes.' He said,  
Not exactly knowing what I was hearing I still began to listen closely to him.  
Disjointed as it was I had to admit some of what he said fit my own inner teaching.

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<sup>6</sup> This is just one statement he used in reference to an inner knowing... ie the queen THAT I am,  
and all I write in reference to the Christa, and Christ's statement I am THAT I am.  
Or his mention of my 'being ready' the first time we met, and how it **coincided** with the words  
 $\Xi$  heard at the onset of the *AlcheMystic Whole Story* could not be just **coincidence**.

## Wronged ~ or Rite of Passage

But his attitude,  
his manner,  
his manners or seeming lack of them, repelled me...

Every time he talked, his words,  
his voice,  
his tone went into my ear and under my skin,  
making my skin crawl.

'This must be the opposite of a chill,' I thought, when you know something is Truth.  
'This must be the sensation of a falsity.'

In That moment, a chill went up my spine and cleared the crawling sensation.

'Now I understand!' I hear, 'I am being taught something... Rite?' I question.  
Gabe's voice broke into my thought process.

"I love you," he said, "Marry me and I will take you to Palestine...  
We will make so much money." His voice alluring, almost sensual.  
I heard the words 'make so much money,' and I felt his momentary  
monetary

or monastery spell break.<sup>7</sup>

"Look Gabe," I said, "I'm flattered you want to do this with me, but I can't."

"Listen to me." He said, "stop fighting your destiny."

He proceeds to tell me; from an early age he's had an ability to know what people  
are thinking... and he's able in some ways to make people do what he wants.

"Very interesting." I said, "And is this what your trying to do with me right now."

Everything he said sounds far fetched,

though it was no farther fetched than anything else happening to me.

I remind him of Michael, and how my life **with**~ him would be

**in** a humanitarian way.

"No!" He screamed through the phone.

Then there's a long... dead... silent... pause.

"I told you, you've had this before why do you want it again?" he says forcibly,

Making sure his point of view came across.

Each word he spoke was in an even, deliberate, mesmerizing tone.

His words rang in my ear as images of past relationships came to mind.

I thought about my relationship with men in general...

Surreal and juxtapose, the images aligned.

Suddenly I began to see a blatant ideal materialize in my mind.

The **ideal** of defining myself based on a man became clear.

One **ideal** remained in **fact** though,

Right before my eye in **fact**.

Yet I saw I wasn't quite seeing the whole picture.

I was definitely seeing something going on, as if I can see myself think.

I saw myself processing in order to reconcile my thoughts and feelings.

I was watching my own Self work...

or worth.

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<sup>7</sup> I didn't realize it at the time, thought from That moment on I couldn't do anything just to  
Make money...  
Even if my life, survival wise, depended on it.

## The AletheMystic

"I have to do the work of My Self," The feeling penetrated my heart.

"I have to be... worthy of My Self," The thought pierced my mind.

"I have to be.. have liken My Self," The thought/feeling aligns multidimensionally.

On the forth night Gabz called, I begin realizing my words were not coming from Any thought process of my own. It was as if I'm a conduit being used to convey The information he can't hear in him Self. It was as if a part of him was talking to Him through me.

'Is he doing the same for me?' I ask, 'Is he a part of me talking to me?'

'THAT would explain his uncanny choice of words.' My thoughts went on and on.

'Sure this guy seemed like a **nut**,' I thought,

**'but** so had I these past four months.'

In the mean time, I told my family about Gabz and things were getting tense.

I didn't realize how bazaar my life had become to those close to me.

I couldn't blame them, I thought it strange myself, and I was living it.

I never would have imagined what I looked like from their point of view... though

I was soon to find out!

On the fifth day, my cousin Nancy came over to go through my closet.

Nancy knew I was having another **urge**

for a **purge** and she was first on the scene.

"Is there anything else in the house you want?" I asked,

She looked surprised.

"Are you sure?" she asks and acts surprised.

"Yes, please, look around."

As she perused my house I mentioned how the guy,

Gabz, who she knew had been calling, wanted to meet with me.

And how he reminded me of a nightmare I had of a man killing me in an airport.

I then proceeded to tell her a few details of the dream.

Now you can just imagine.

"Stay away from him," she insisted, "We're all worried about you."

This was my first direct warning.

I later found out it wasn't warning me to stay away from Gabz,

it was a warning of discernment of who to tell what to.

On the fifth night, when he asked me to meet with him. I said yes.

What a feeling of relief.

'Now I can get this over with,' I thought.

That is until he said, "I'll meet you in the lounge of the airport."

His words again crawled under my skin, only this time in to my throat.

I couldn't breath. His words coiling around my neck like snakes.

The memory of the nightmare I had a week earlier came to mind.

His tone of voice was suffocating me.

Energy I had never dealt with before seemed to be consuming me.

Revolutions or revelations spun me nauseous.

Fear, panic and doubt all hit me at once.

Everything became *a blur*.

As I am processing the terror and coming to terms with the whole death dream,

Right in the middle of the thick swirling energy and panic I hear myself say...

## Wronged ~ or Rite of Passage

“Okay,”

Suddenly I knew life as I knew it, would no longer exist.

My heart leaped into my throat, and I tried to calm myself down.

‘Okay?’ I question, ‘Who said OK? I’m not going to meet this guy.’ I say to My Self.

Soothing energy came from my heart beyond the pulsing pangs of fear.

I felt comforted and realize there is something with and in My Self calming me,

Soothing Me, and comforting ME... inside and out.

As I woke up on the sixth day, I sensed something obviously out of the norm.

Throughout the day,

the strange sensation heightened, yet I knew I had to proceed

With **attention** to detail, and TRUST what was happening

was beyond anything I could imagine.

I felt a **tension** pressing me to let go of everything, as if my life depended on it.

Now, as I look back with hindsight, I see it more about my soul depended on it.

Anyway, at some point in the day I realize I wasn’t letting things go fast enough.

Faster and farther I began looking for ways to give everything away,

or ways to let everything go... I way.

The thought of letting everything go... I way took hold.

‘Everything makes sense...’ I thought, or hear, or I said to myself.

Rite then and **there** I stop my frantic throwing away, giving away and letting go,

and **here** I surrender...

I slowly move from room to room in the house touching every thing I had left.

Surprisingly there is a lot.

I imagine giving it all UP... to God.

The sense of relief overwhelms me as I drop to my knees and begin to cry.

Feeling a renewed sense of freedom, as if an unknown burden had been lifted,

I slip from my knees onto the floor in a state of deep exhaustion. I couldn’t move.

Resting still, I fall into a deep sleep.

Surely **since** I hadn’t had a good or full night sleep in over a week,

and **since** I am in the middle of the initiation of my life...

Time... the rest is welcomed,

and the rest is herstory.

I awoke rested, fully relaxed, and ready...

For what, THAT I couldn’t imagine.

That night; the sixth night Gabe called at 10:30 pm instead of 3:00am.

He spoke for just a few minutes to confirm the time and place.

“Yes Gabe I’ll be there, 9:00 at the airport lounge.” My voice calm and cordial.

\*\*I knew I had begun giving UP,

Not just things, I’m giving UP my fear as well.

So much was happening I didn’t have time to even think about it,

I had to just go with it.

Given the circumstances I have to give credit to my ego for unwavering Trust.

Heartfelt is A word to describe the sense guiding me through all of it.

The other word is Faith... and the F

One can understand in Faith

stand for Fearless.

## The AlchēMystic

If you have made it this far it is safe to say... You are an AlchēMystic.  
To read my story, experience the Alchemy and awaken your AlchēMystic  
please contact me at AlchēMystic@terrachrista.us

You can see the pages are filled with euzs

and euzs as **my story** continues to unravel  
the **mystery** one line

and one moment at a time.

Organically the evening turns to night as the story of my AlchēMystic initiation  
Unearths the Alchemical signs once hidden in the wake of everydayism.

My father shows up unannounced with a request THAT could bring back the dead.

After a **lite** dinner, I have an ethereal experience where I consume

a **light** dinner That, by anyone's standard, closely resembled the last supper.

The next thing I know I'm being given very clear instruction from a commanding  
Energetic force THAT seems to be coming from within, yet beyond...ME.

In no time my **Cousin** Nancy arrives...

**sin** being the question at hand,

and all hell breaks loose as I face

every one of my fears.

All through the night I am... challenged physically,

mentally,

emotionally

and spiritually.

While the night unfolds into morning...

I find my Self morning the crucifixion of my ego.

After 14 hours of hell breaking mazes,

my inner initiator uses my family to test my faith,

courage

and loyalty to my God/Us.

I end up in a mental institution;

Institute of **Higher Studies**,

or **HTS: our** Lord's initials on the cross.

The remainder of my story is mystifying as I give detail accounts at the HTS...

It reveals how our **culture**

as a **cult**... regard a spiritual awakening as a mental disorder...

Now, after twenty years I have brought my story forth... (4<sup>th</sup> Dimension.)

Giving US All a clear understanding of how to enter the 5<sup>th</sup> Dimension

One Beloved soul at A time...

Naturally there are rites and rituals to undergo,

Even the best of us have the rite to perform... Here and Now

as I write to inform how Her Story begins and His story;

His story ends.

Enjoy the read.