

# The Alchemystic

Letters to father Michael

# The AlehzMystic

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My Dear AlcheMystic,

The book you are about to read is true, and about *Truth*. It's the inside story of an epiphany I had during the feast of Epiphany, and as documented through my Letters to Father Michael.

An AlcheMystic knows, like any awakened being, life is like a magical labyrinth of mirrors, and in time, as we move up through the labyrinth to find our center, we learn about One Self. At the center we discover A<sup>1</sup> precious gift; A **piece**

and **peace** of our soul, as the key THAT<sup>2</sup> opens Adore way home. Along the way, the mirrors magically reflect our 4D linear reality. If we only look **through** the ego's eyes, it just sees fear and judgment. As I focus **through** the ego's illusion I realize *Truth*. These illusive images the ego sees are based on the fall and as solid as the rock it's formed on. As we journey home, up through the halls of Antiquity, and **across** a 4<sup>th</sup> dimensional **cross** of time and space, any judgment immobilizes. **Now** when we judge, we don't stop moving, we just stop moving up or begin getting bound down in the reflection. **Here** we start believing the illusion is *Truth*, rather than the distorted reflections of belief systems based on hard false concepts supported by the blind ego. **Now** those distorted beliefs have brought us **here**...

↑.....**NOWHERE**.....↑

For me, a woman born deep in the Catholic belief system, to find my Rite full place with any **Covenant** made between man and his God, was as hard as seeing a **Coven** beyond a word to fear, or God forbid, associate with. After years away from the church, I'm brought back to look at the **conventional** patriarchal limitations for women of the **convnt** as being a distant second to the priesthood, to see past the ingrained belief only men can invoke the **Christ**, and to realize during an Epiphany how women can invoke the **Christa**.

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<sup>1</sup> A is all ways in reference to AlcheMystic.

<sup>2</sup> THAT is A unexplainable unspoken state of Being Christ refers to as I am THAT I am.

## The AlchēMystic

In my epiphany, I see the scaffolding my mind built from Catholic concepts and beliefs. As I unfold and dismantle it, I discover the flaw in the cornerstone, and through diligence, uncover THAT missing spiritual link of A Lost Rite rooting the foundation of all THAT I am. An Order of Beloved Priests and Priestesses who are Now ordained in Holy Orders from the Supreme, and Divinely united in Matrimonial Orders too balance the One Christ/Christa and reinstate A MatriArch. The **reinstatement** of the Feminine, **HERE NOW** Arc or **rein state, meant** of the **Arch**, is A bridge THAT spans the gap between God of the **Ark** of the Covenant and man~kind. It is the true essence of the Soul Mate, Twin Flame, or as I call it; The Beloved One.

Usually in my work the words and the spaces themselves are the key to the Alchemy even more than the story itself. Sometime it is the obvious rhyme or rhythm THAT reveal A clue, other times alignment **just** speaks louder than words. This is the very first time I have **justified** my work in A way, and though I can't say my writing gives **justice** to any one Alchemical experience, I can say it gives credence to the alchemy readily experienced by each of us Here Now.

In the book there are areas I did take artistic AlchēMystic liberties that I did not fully reveal in **My** original letters to Father Michael. Though Here, within the alchemy of THAT written revelation, I expose in essence A language THAT is woven with... in between **A line** or space of our written word; THAT word is Now... spoken for **Align**~meant with US All in A way, as it subtly Here Now comes 4<sup>th</sup> in A breath, A tone, A timber, A **pause**...

to A tone...

The Alchemy is mystically subliminal be~**cause**... it is a unique key, so to speak, to unlock and dismantle old concepts of limitation, while simultaneously opening the mind to re~remember THAT whole knew concept beyond linear thought. It is fundamental and vital to each and all aspects of life, and after reading the book you too will sense life beyond the old customary linear justified way.

Enjoy the read.

Dedication

To my Beloved Christ who art Here on earth Now

To my Father Kenneth who art of heaven

whose name means *Truth*

To my Uncle Eugene whose name means Well Born

To the Whole and Holy Order of the Lost Rite

for the Ark of the Coven

or the Ark of the Covenant

I Acknowledge with Gratitude the Franciscan Order

Especially

Father Sam, Father Richard, Father Michael and Sister Joan

and to all my Beloved Brothers and Sisters

who continually mark my way home

The AlchēMystic

Man madz Ladies  
God madz WOMAN

## And in the Beginning

"I am from Christen, (Krzest~in) I'm eleven and a half centons. I was born of two and I am of six. Lower forms are being raised. Lost in a valley of a darkened civilization. Have mercy, have pity; feel your way home."

How do I explain it?

It was 1989, I was sitting on my bed when THAT statement happened to me. I can't say the words were spoken to me because I didn't hear anything. Nor can I say it was in words because the whole thought came to me simultaneously with a multi faceted heightened sense of crystal clarity. Clearer than any sound I had ever heard. The only explanation I can come up with is; it was like a time capsule that burst in my head, and from THAT moment I could recite it verbatim.

I left California on July 4, 2006 and flew to Massachusetts to spend some time with my mother before heading for Southern Florida. My new home, and the home of my long awaited Beloved. I'd lived seven years in California and wrote *The Whole Story, For Ever, And Ever* attempting to document it all. Now a new book of my life was opening. After two and a half wonderful months with my mother in the Pioneer Valley, the place I grew up, I got a call from my AlcheMystic Sister<sup>3</sup> Margellen.

"You can't leave New England without stopping in New York," she says, "and please, stay with us as long as you want."

I took THAT as A sign it is time to head south.

I spent two weeks with Margellen and her husband John just outside NYC in the quaint little town of Hastings on the Hudson. It was great staying with them. I had the luxury and beauty of the lush aesthetics

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<sup>3</sup> My AlcheMystic Sisters are women **who** have **instinctive** visual capacity and **knowhow** to **innately** read the Alchemy in life with an **inner** fortitude THAT affects US All.

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of an artistic suburban community, and the advantage of being able to take the fifteen-minute train ride into Manhattan to visit my friends. Some I hadn't seen since I left the city seven years earlier. Like Maryellen and John, their home is charming and very mystical. Their seven room Victorian is filled with books, sacred artifacts and music. A dark oak banister spirals through the center of the three story structure telling a story of its **own**

and of its **owners**, while the ornate spindled porch railings and wild flowerbeds make a comforting place to relax and watch the river go by. The warm colors of New England in autumn are only outdone by the warmth and kindness of its people.

It was the day after I arrive when I met their neighbors George and Elinie. They're an elderly couple right from old world Greece. George and I hit it off from day one. On a few of those warm autumn sunny days, while Maryellen and John were at work, and I wasn't toddling in the city, George and I sat on his porch and played cards, drank ouzo, and spoke in Greek. Well he spoke to me in Greek, and I'd jabber a few conversational words or repeated something he was trying to teach me. The ouzo helped.

Elinie didn't speak English at all, yet we had our own bond. We would hug every time we'd meet, she'd give me figs and produce from the garden, and she made me dinner one night with products they had both brought back from their last visit to Greece. I love them like family, and it was a heartfelt farewell when we had to say *andio*.<sup>4</sup> "You're going to learn Greek fast," George says as he hugs me goodbye, "you have it in your blood." As far as I knew, genetically there's no Greek in my bloodline, though I've always known my affinity to Greece and its mythology is intrinsic to my existence;

to who **Ω** am...

to who I am becoming.

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<sup>4</sup> Goodbye in Greek.

## Heading Up

It was early October when I arrived in Southern Florida. While in Hastings, I found a place to stay on craigslist. I had never heard of craigslist before, and it was the first and only listing I called. Her name is Angel, and she had rented a house in Delray Beach and was looking for a housemate to share the expenses. I ask her if she has a garage. When she says, “no,” I dismiss the option of renting with her.

As we talk about our **interests**,

we both became more **interested** in the opportunity at hand.

“Why do you need a garage?” she asks.

“I have a vintage car I’m shipping from California,” I tell her, “and it needs a garage.” We talk for a few more minutes and then hung-up.

The next day she called.

“Have you found anything yet?” she asks,

“No I haven’t, in fact I haven’t even looked.”

“Well, since you don’t know anyone here,” she says, “and you don’t know the area, why don’t you just stay with me until you find a place.”

“Really!” My tone pleasantly surprised by the gesture.

No matter how many times the serendipity and synchronicity shows up in my life, and it constantly does, I’m always surprised and grateful.

Maybe it’s because I don’t expect it, though I notice I do seem to have a sense of anticipation. It is as though I just know whatever I need

will **always**

and **all ways**<sup>5</sup> be here for me.

She didn’t ask for applications, references, financial statements, security deposit or even a lease. All of which I couldn’t give her anyway, because for twenty years now, I’ve lived off the grid with barter and donations. I’ve been in the world, not of it.

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<sup>5</sup> This is a pro-found AlcheMystic word key THAT allows the justified linear mind to see the common word **always**, as in ForEver, is simultaneous **all ways**; A multidimensional free standing paradigm of thought or template for the mind to hold the new organic world order. Simultaneous is A clue.

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“Think about it,” she says, “and since your car probably won’t be here when you first arrive, I can even pick you up at the airport.”

“You mean it?” I ask excitedly,

“Yah, and I’ve a friend with a garage she isn’t using, she may want a housemate. I’ll ask her.”

The alchemy was clear; God had sent me an Angel.

I book my flight for the following week and arrange for my car to be shipped from California.

We spoke once or twice in the next few days. Her friend had begun remodeling, so I would be staying with Angel. On the drive from the airport to the house, Angel shows me around the area. It’s obvious I had met a kindred spirit.

“Only God could have orchestrated this,” I said to her as we pull into her favorite vintage store. “What are the chances we would have this much in common?”

We’re both silk, oil and acrylic artists, we both have designed our own clothes, and we both had refurbished homes and furniture. She had her own faux finishing business, and I found her work beautiful when I helped her out one day with one of her projects. It brought back all the memories of renovations I had done through the years. As we got more acquainted she found herself very interested in my energy work, intrigued by my writing and she had been wanted to learn more about spirituality.

Yes, the **piece**

and **peace** was falling into place.

The house in Delray is less than a mile from the ocean, and we were at the beach every morning by 8:00am for a good four-mile walk. It only took me a day to know I wasn’t going to look for another place to stay. It was perfect; I couldn’t have planned it better if I tried. Within a week my car arrives and I begin to explore on my own.

## Thanksgiving, Thank God

'You're going to have a good Thanksgiving, a wonderful Birthday, and a great Christmas,' I hear in my meditation the Monday morning following the Conference. Thanksgiving was Thursday, Angel was in Brazil, and I didn't know anyone enough to be invited to Thanksgiving. Tuesday night I get a call from Violet, a woman from New Hampshire I met at the Conference. I had a kindred connection with her and her husband Byron, and they were staying in their timeshare nearby.

"Byron and I would like you to come to Thanksgiving dinner with us, nothing fancy, just the three of us," she says graciously, "Our place is right on Delray Beach, you and I can walk the beach."

"I'd love to." I say gratefully, "Sounds like a good Thanksgiving to me." Their condo is less than a mile from me and it feels as though I'm going to visit family for Thanksgiving dinner. While Byron prepares dinner, Violet and I walk the beach. "Lucky you," I tell Violet as we head out the door, "A wonderful man, and he cooks too."

The sand seems even warmer and softer than usual as we walk and talk about love, and life, and rejuvenation, and the Beloved. When she found out we're the same age, she commends me on looking younger than her.

"What's making me look older," she asks.

I stop and close my eyes. "You're holding on to..." I pause, "an old belief and it's making you older than you are. For... give." I say, "You have to forgive your Self and be **great full**."

∩ really emphasize the word **grateful**, as if it means something other than what we think. My eyes pop open and we continue to walk. "Why haven't I met my Beloved yet?" I ask as I reach down and pick up a two foot long piece of driftwood that had caught my eye.

"You've got to for... give him," she says, "deep in your soul."

"For give him?" I whisper questionably, slinging the piece of driftwood over my shoulder as we continue walking down the beach.

## The Crusa~Fixed

After I finish the commission pieces from the Conference, I start work on a 4X6 foot art piece I title *Crusa~Fixed*.<sup>7</sup> The image is inspired by the piece of wood I found at the beach on Thanksgiving. I imagine the driftwood<sup>8</sup> as representing the would, should and could halves, or

wood should and could halves. I see it suspended as a 3D sculpture aligning with the bottom of the image of a crucifix stuck in the sand,  
the sands of time,  
and within the cross point, the crucifix turns into peacock feathers.

The peacock feathers are both significant and symbolic for me. They represent my matriarchal lineage as I saw it in a vision years ago. A vision THAT holds a memory of transformation<sup>9</sup> and you're about to see how it has woven through the tapestry of my life... and why.

One very hot afternoon right in the middle of working on the art piece, with perspiration dripping from my brow, I suddenly have a thought to go to church. I hadn't had the thought or urge to go to church in a very long time, not even on holy days like Easter or Christmas, least of all the middle of the week.

I secure the dyes, clean my brushes, pickup my work area, then look through the yellow pages for the closest church. Saint Mark's in Boynton Beach caught my eye because it had a 5:00pm daily mass. I don't know why I thought to go there, I had no intention of going to the mass. I just wanted to sit in church and just meditate... maybe.

I sat quietly in the little chapel attached to the church for a good half hour before I began hearing people entering the church behind me.

"Well, I'm here," I rationalize, "I guess I could stay for the mass."

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<sup>7</sup> The art piece is on the back cover of the book.

<sup>8</sup> Of course I have not overlooked the obvious possibility the driftwood is ME.

<sup>9</sup> I explain the Peacock symbolism in reference to my matriarchal lineage in the book *The AlcheMystic Whole Story*.

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Since the chapel is at the front of the church, I entered and sat in the first pew. The mass starts, continues, and ends without any affect on me. Immediately after the mass, a woman came up to me, asked my name, and if I'd like to join her and others in the chapel for evening prayers. Hesitantly I accepted.

There were around fifteen of us in the chapel... equally men as women all responding to the words of the three priests who were present. Each one taking their turn leading the prayers.

After prayers, as we are leaving, she introduces me to the Pastor.

"Father Richard, this is Terra, she is thinking of becoming a parishioner here at Saint Mark's," she says. My eyes bulge.

"No." I laugh, shaking my head, "I don't plan on being a parishioner."

'I haven't been a parishioner anywhere for twenty years.' I thought.

"Oh, that's okay," Father says, "Mary can be over zealous when it comes to the parish." We all laugh. "You're welcome here whenever the spirit moves you, no pressure," he says reaching for my arm.

'I like him,' I thought to my self, still laughing.

Our Father Richard is a jovial robust kind of man, with a reddish complexion, balding head and as kind as anyone can be. I had a feeling the moment we met, we've known each other before, many times, and are comfortably best friends.

## A Wonderful Birthday

In the Golden mean time, I stop by the local Wholeness Center to see if I can do my Genesis<sup>2</sup> initiation classes at the facility. As I'm walking in, the owner is walking out. I tell him a little of what my work is, and he suggests I come to one of his Course in Miracle classes the following Tuesday. I had facilitated the Course in Miracles ten years earlier, and have lived it forever, so I didn't see the point in attending his class, but I went anyway. After class there was a small gathering, and a young woman named Catherina, the owners girlfriend, welcomed me warmly with open arms.

"I'm new to the area," I say, then mention a little about the work I do. She, as I, both felt a kindred spirit between us, and she invites me to her monthly women's circle on Sunday night.

"Sunday is my Birthday," I say, a bit surprised at the synchronicity. "Well then, we'll have to celebrate," she says.

As the week went on I noticed, in a sense, elation each morning as I awakened. You know THAT feeling of arriving home after being away for a very long time. I haven't felt THAT since my stayed in Bali.

Sunday, on my way to the Center, I stop at the local bakery for dessert to bring to the circle. As I peruse the case I notice a cake labeled *Seven Sisters*. The pastry cake is separated into seven sections, with each section a different color and flavor.

When I arrive at the center, I notice there are just seven of us attending the circle that night. Before we enter into the meditation room, I assist Catherina in washing all the women's feet, as a gesture of purification and understanding of sacred ceremony. After a wonderful group meditation, Catherina introduces me to the others and informs them it's my Birthday. She puts me in the center of the circle and each woman gave me a gift of a beautiful image they see for me in the future. At the end we share the *Seven Sister* cake. Like my guidance said, my Birthday is wonderful.

## Advent

I'm sure it all began with The Crusa~Fixed silk art piece I painted and my arrival at Saint Mark's just before the start of Advent, though it was right around the middle of Advent when I really began to notice the change happening to me, or rather the change happening in me.

Everyday, since that first day at St. Marks, around 4:00pm, no matter where I was or what I was doing, I'd start getting pulled to church and the evening prayers afterward. Father Richard, with his diligent pastoral ways and humor on the pulpit, not only re-informed me of the rites and ritual of the church, he made me feel welcomed. As though I'd always been a part of his parish. I've never seen anyone truly enjoy his work as much as Father Richard.

Then there is Father Sam. Father is a slightly ornery old priest, who had been an Air Force Chaplain and traveled his whole life. I think being grounded in South Florida was an unwelcome retirement for him, as he holds on to his illustrious Air Force memories to keep him from boredom while he does time as a parish priest. Yes, I can tell Father Sam is just putting up with the lot of us.

One day Mary calls and invites me to an elaborate and well-known Christmas Pageant at a Baptist church in Fort Lauderdale. There are five of us in the car. Jim and Father Sam in the front, Mary, Barb and I in the back. He and I start butting heads immediately.

"What do you do for a living," he asks.

"Like you Father, I work for God."

He makes a tong and cheek sound then asks me again.

"I'm an artist," I say.

"Who sells your art?" He asks.

"God does," I tell him in a matter of fact tone.

"Then you mustn't be selling much art," he says emphatically.

"Father Sam," I say sternly, "I can't believe I'm hearing such a lack of faith, and from one of God's own."

Barb leans close to my ear and whispers, "Don't let it bother you, Father is like that with everyone."

"He isn't bothering me one bit," I whisper back to her, "I like him, a lot." We're thrown together and left to continue our head butting at the pageant, and again at the restaurant afterward. By the end of the night though, we're heartfelt buddies.

Father Michael frightens me. I don't know if it's his frightfully good looks, his obvious and almost unearthly devotion, or my empathic inner sense of knowing THAT I'm about to go through something with him. Whatever it is, I find myself avoiding him.

I have to say I'm fairly friendly, with an outgoing personality, so rarely, if ever have I been frightened to meet anyone.

"What is it about Saint Mark's that makes it so... different than any other church I've been to?" I ask Mary one day leaving the mass.

"It's the priest's," she says, "they're Franciscan Friars, not regular Catholic priests. It makes all the difference. We had diocesan priests before, but when the Franciscans got here, it was obvious... everything changed."

In the past twenty years, since my Awakening, I've only bartered or taken donations. Many have referenced the way I live to St. Francis. "You live like the lilies of the field," some friends have said to me. "You never have money, yet you look like you have a million, and you always have what you need." In response I'd always say, "I work for God/Us, and the benefits are phenomenal." If I had a dollar for every time I've said THAT, I'd be a millionaire.

Yes, there's no coincidence I'm here at Saint Mark's for a reason. Every day at church Father Richard and I have a great conversation about the homily. The church has changed a lot since I somewhat left, and it seems to be making more sense with all the changes. I've noticed after Father Sam and I served our time together, we don't talk much, but he always has a twinkling boyish smile whenever our eyes meet. As for Father Michael, it's becoming pretty obvious to me... I'm avoiding him.

## Christ Mass

It's about a week before Christmas when the mounting pressure on my mind was pressing against my heart and became insurmountable. "I feel as though I'm being asked to let go of my Beloved partner here on earth," I tell Pennie, one of the daily church-goers, as I tearfully clutch my heart leaving the church. The next day, after mass and evening prayers, I overhear Mary mention how our good-looking Father Michael was engaged when he got called to the priesthood. I'm a bit taken aback. Mary wasn't talking to me, and Pennie was nowhere in sight, so I don't think she told Mary about my pressing situation. Is it a coincidence? Is the Universe giving me a message? Can it be Father Michael could, should, would understand what I'm going through?

For two days I feel a pressing urge to talk to him about it.

'What would I say?' I thought to my Self, 'Where would I even begin.' It took me weeks to approach him to just say hi, there was no way I was going to talk to him about something I'd only told a handful of intimate friends.

'No! I can do this myself.' I tell my Self, shrugging off the thought.

A day or two before Christmas I find myself at the chapel trying to relieve some of the heartfelt pressure on my mind. When I close my eyes I see a vision of Father and I sitting in the chapel talking. Not five minutes later the door opens, and in comes Father Michael. He walks up to the tabernacle and genuflects. The man is so devoted, I actually see the **genuine reflect**

in the **genuflect**. 'Okay,' I say to my God/Us, 'You win.'

"Father, can I talk to you." I whisper as he turns from the altar to leave. He walks over, sits in the chair in front of me, and smiles.

"What can I do for you?" He asks. I'm smiling yet almost in tears. "Looks like we're going to need more time than I can give you right now," he says, "can you wait till after Christmas?" I smile and nod yes.

“Is Wednesday the 27<sup>th</sup> at one o’clock okay?” he asks, “we’ll have plenty of time to talk then.”

The next day is Christmas Eve. I attend regular Sunday Mass and the midnight Mass. On Christmas I attend the Christ Mass at Saint Mark’s and St. Catherine’s, the Greek Orthodox Church in West Palm Beach. I first attended a Christ Mass at the Greek Church while living in Manhattan over ten years ago, and I’ve randomly, from time to time, found my way to their doors ever since. There’s something about the Greek Orthodoxy that gives me a sense of familiarity, and in some way, hope. Maybe it’s the fact that the priests can marry that makes it more natural, though the dichotomy of the exclusion of women in sacred rites and ritual, as well as their total exclusion from the sacristy, makes my blood boil. In some ways it’s worse than the Catholic Church. Up until this past month, I’d pretty much given up on both.

Between two masses twenty miles apart, a long walk on the Shore of Destiny, the place I consider my real church, a stop by at a friend’s family festivities, and a ton of Christmas phone calls, the time passed, as the pressure inside continued rising like a phoenix.

That night, I lay in bed reading the little pamphlet I picked up earlier while at Saint Catherine’s. It explains the religion, its beliefs, and how to become Orthodox. There’s a map, or family tree, explaining the Orthodoxy as Christ’s original religion, with its roots in Judaism, and how the Catholic Church broke from that, and all the other protesting Christian Protestant religions branched from them. As I read on, one of the claims,

claims me; the Baptism. It seems the Orthodox belief is, if you’re not baptized Orthodox, you’re not fully baptized. The thought began to stew, as my once boiling blood began to simmer down a bit. The thought of my divorce began to wax and the guilt began to wane.

Though unaware of it at the time, I was following the thread of my Faith to its roots, and unearthing those parts in me still looking to the Church and its teaching for my redemption.

## Friar Fire

On Tuesday, at exactly one in the afternoon, I find myself calm, cool, and collected as I sit waiting on a small sofa like loveseat in Father Michael's office, while his secretary announces my arrival.

"Good to see you again," he says as he walks into the room with his hand extended. "Did you have a great Christmas?"

"Yyyes Father," I say a bit hesitantly, "Thank you for asking."

The words 'Great Christmas' resound the words I heard at the beginning of the season.

He gestures for me to sit back down, as he sits on the matching sofa catty-corner to me. He then guides a prayer of intent and we begin.

"Nice picture," I say, referring to the image of the Blessed Virgin on the table between us. He shakes his head 'yes' and smiles.

I glance at his eyes and he gives me a look as if to say, 'You didn't come here to comment on my décor.'

"No really!" I exclaim, "she's very close to me. Especially Now," I say addressing his silent, though obvious impression of my statement. He shakes his head 'yes' again, and I see his eyes soften.

"What is it you wanted to talk to me about?" he asks, as he leans back and jacks his leg up comfortably, one over the other. I get the impression he has done this many, many times before and he's getting comfortable because he knows he's in it for the long haul.

I couldn't help laughing. 'It's funny knowing what people think, just by the way they move.' I thought. Somehow that thought levels the playing field and eases any pain of vulnerability I might have felt.

"Well Father, I have a request." I pause a moment, take a deep breath and sit up straight. "Can you please give me the Last Rites?" I ask directly, my mind empty as to the whereabouts or origin of thought that brought forth that request. I sat motionless as he moves a little forward, out of his comfort zone, and takes a deep breath of his own.

"Why would you want me to give you the Last Rites?"

“Father, since my *awakening* twenty years ago I’ve felt many times as though I was about to die. The first time I actually wrote a will.” I laugh nervously, just speaking the thought. “Since then, each time I’ve felt a death coming on it doesn’t phase me because I knew it was just a part of my ego dying as the new ME came forth. Most of the time I gave everything away. I call it my *Gandhi Portals*. Friends love to be around for them. Most everything goes. My Mom says it seems I’ve lived a hundred lives, she stopped counting after fifteen.”

“What’s different about this one?” he asks.

“Good question Father.” I pause a moment for another deep breath, “In all those times I’ve never, ever even considered, or thought about getting the Last Rites, and I’ve no idea why it’s haunting me now.” I feel the pressure behind my eyes as they well up with tears. “Haunting enough to even risk humiliating myself by coming here and asking you for them now.” I look away.

‘If I knew I was going to ask him for the last rights, I never would have come.’ I thought to My Self.

“You’d be surprised what I’ve heard, so don’t worry about being humiliated, it’s not going to happen here.” His tone seems almost a whispering lullaby to the ears of a child awakening from a nightmare. He listens attentively as I tell him a little about the visions of my Self, the scaffolding, and the temple or mansion like structure.

“How do you think it affects or relates to your life right now?” He says. Here it is: my cue. I had nowhere to go, nowhere to hide. I couldn’t avoid it anymore. I had to say it aloud.

“I came to South Florida almost two months ago because I believe my Beloved is here.” The words slip from my lips before I could stop them. “His house might be the structure in my vision.” I felt I’d just revealed some ancient secret deep in my soul.

‘There, I said it,’ I thought, leaning back slightly on the sofa.

“In the past month, especially the past few weeks, I feel as though I’m being shown there is no Beloved, no man on earth for me, and the news isn’t sitting well.” I take another deep breath. “I feel as though I’m breaking down inside. Something within me is being dismantled,

and I'm afraid I'm loosing my trust in my inner guidance, my faith in God/Us." I spell the word, "GOD slash US," and explain it is our God, Goddess and all of Us in one.<sup>10</sup> The Christ/Christa. I came to you Father because I heard you were engaged when you got your calling, and I thought you could..." I pause a moment, "I don't know what I thought." Visibly shaking I look at him straight in the eyes and say, "You've no idea what I've been through."

"What have you been through?" He asks, holding my gaze.

For the next half hour I tearfully tell him *'The Whole Story,'* about *'The Spiritual Rite of Passage,* and end on a brief note of my *'Beloved Odyssey.'* I tell him the *Whole Story* began when my mother, at age twelve, was paralyzed from rheumatic fever. Then, after being given a Saint Teresa statue and told to do a nine day novena, on the first day she began walking. She promised to name her first girl Teresa. "How cool is that Father?" I said with a smile, "I was named after a Saint for a miracle." He smiles and nods his head.

I continue, telling him *The Whole Story* culminated with my daughter's accident incident and the whole miracle recovery. As I wade through the perplexing waters of my emotional account of the *wrong or Rite of Passage,* Father has a few words of wisdom and food for thought along the way. His quiet ways and gentle mannerisms remind me of my Uncle Gene, who guided me in a similar way after my initiation.

"There must be a reason for them to put you in a mental hospital in the first place," he says toward the end of my accounts, "tell me, what started it all?"

"It was like the last supper by anyone's standards." The words came from my mouth, but I had a sense they weren't from me.

My eyes clear up, and so do my details, as I tell him about the man I saw in my mind's  $\mathbb{I}$  when I closed my eyes THAT fateful night. The One whom I believe to be Christ, and who said to me, "Do not open your eyes until you sleep, or you will die (to or from) eternal life. You will be taught fearlessness this night." He said.

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<sup>10</sup> My revelation of the God/Us came to me from within, I lived and spoke it for years before I found it written... Genesis 1:26 God said, "let US make man in OUR image."

By the time I finish telling him the whole last supper incident, we were eye-to-eye and sitting at the edge of our perspective sofas.

"The mass is a reenactment of the last supper!" I exclaim, looking past the obvious interpretation and discovered a metaphor **super** imposed and projected as the last **Supper**.

"That must be why I can't get enough of the mass lately. It's holding a clue." I pause, "It's a cue reminding me it's time for..."

⌘ pause, look away, shake my head, and whisper, "...something."

"I've found what I came for, thank you Father." I say as I stand up.

Father Michael stands up, his brow furled with questions of his own.

"Who's the gag?" he says, "Who did you come to Palm Beach for?"

"Oh Father, I can't tell you that," I say with a mysterious smile, "I've only told four people and two of them I just told recently."

Please believe me, it isn't because Father Michael, in any way whatsoever, gave the impression that he thought the man I was referring to is him. It's just for my own peace of mind I say to him, "I've known who he is for almost four years now." I then proceed to tell him a few details, and a little more about my *Beloved Odyssey*.

Even though the telling of my story to Father Michael is somewhat painless, my vulnerability was already excruciating, and I just couldn't bear the idea he'd misunderstand

and think he was my phantom

Beloved or that I had **phantom**  
**fantasized** about him.

My Dear Father Michael,

Thank you for taking the time to see me on Wednesday. Your words of wisdom had an impact on me, as I knew they would. That night my father came to me and also told me to be patient with myself. He said I am dying, though he wasn't specific about it being a physical death, and that I'm reviewing the parts of my life that I haven't resolved yet. He explained the feeling of loss is of a life unlived. The life I would have lived if I didn't take the path I took. "Be patient," he said, "it's worth the pain." That means a lot to me coming from him, because he went through so much pain at his death.

He told me if I just trust my Self more I'd be balanced and won't feel as much grief. That's probably why I was sent to you, to see how it's done. You truly are a great example of a balanced soul. So Father, maybe I don't have to give up anything after all, I just have to stay balanced and openhearted. Wait a minute, didn't you tell me that too. So much had been coming up and I so didn't want to bring it up in our meeting. I'm sure that's why you kept asking questions, you were probing for unresolved issues. Though I'd hope it wasn't so revealing, it was cathartic and so I am sure very healing. Thank you for that, I just wish I didn't have to put you through it.

Father, you speak the language of metaphor so well, it's one of my favorite languages and I speak it fairly well myself. So what is your take on the Virgin's and the oil lamps? What do you understand the oil to represent? Could it be faith, trust, or something more sublime? It seems significant now with the whole concept of union with the Divine, and as it dawns on me I gave oil lamps to friends for Christmas. Coincidence or metaphorical clue, what do you think?

Gratefully  
Terra Christa

## The AleheMystic

It feels like since the beginning of Advent I've spent 40 days in the desert of my mind, and the temptations weren't what I had thought. I'm reminded how the world has been offered to me many times, and how I continue refusing it. My deepest fear, for getting lost in the limelight, keeps my life sparse so as not to be tempted by, need or desire the illusions of the world.

Father I had just finished the previous sentence and left to go to the beach in Delray. I thought I was meeting friends for yoga, but they had changed location and I didn't check my email. When I arrived, instead of the ten women I'd expected, I was met by a group of about 20 birds standing together facing the water. I went and stood in front of them. 'What are they looking at?' I thought. I stood for a good fifteen minutes feeling an energy pull me, beckoning me in.

'Is this the end of the road? Am I done, do I just swim out and that's it?' The thoughts flew in and out of my mind. A momentary bellow of wind came up so hard it pushed me off my stance. I took a step back to catch my balance. "Okay, swimming out isn't it, then what, are you telling me to leave?"

When I turn around to leave I notice almost all the birds were sitting down, so I turn back around, sit down, and close my eyes. I don't know how long my eyes were closed, but when I opened them the birds had moved and they were all sitting close around me.

'I wish I had a camera.' I thought, 'No one will believe this.' In the next thought, I hear, 'you don't need anyone to validate you from now on. I validate you.' I look toward the water again and I can see, with an inner sense, by the subtle way the waves broke, I was in line with a riptide. The birds had been aligning with the riptide all along, and I was feeling the ever so subtle magnetic energy pulling me out... or in. As I left the beach I felt sad, as though I was leaving and wouldn't feel the sand under my feet ever again. I walked slowly, cherishing and absorbing the feeling of each step, as though it were my last.

"The sands of time," I said aloud as I reach the dune grass. Suddenly I understood the gravity of this world, and I mean gravity in more ways than one. Like the riptide, I felt an uncontrollable pull to stay in

the world, and a grave sense of **loss** without it,  
or a second great sense **lost** within it.

Each step I took I felt lighter and lighter, as though I was gradually lifting off the sand. At one point I couldn't feel myself touching the ground. The ascending feeling of freedom was beyond measure. Suddenly, an overwhelming sense of temptation came over me. I can't say I felt fear, though there was an almost painful startling sensation in my heart and in my head. I remember saying to my Self, "No wonder it's hard for anyone to leave." The thought of never feeling the sand under my feet, never tasting dark chocolate with raspberry, never again sensing all the other natural beauty of the earth was too much to handle. I panicked. The temptation I had for years alluded in the man-made world, appeared in nature, and I elung to it for my life. I continued walking off the beach and up A1A toward my car.

Another entrance caught my eye and I couldn't resist. I had to feel that sense of freedom only the beach could give me, even if it was just one more time. The sign at the entrance read, 'No lifeguard, swim at your own risk.' As I walk the path through the sea grapes and dune grass, I step on a tiny thorn. 'Okay, one thorn left,' I whisper, as I pull it from my foot. It wasn't a thorn in my head, or a thorn in my side, it was a thorn in my foot, and feet represent understanding.

I look up toward the water, wondering what I need to understand, and I see one white flag directly in front of me, and a long line of red flags cautioning *no life-guard* area. On the first red flag I saw the words *No Swimming*. To the left, the white flag read, *Boat Launch Area*.

I stood between the two flags for all of five seconds when, as though on cue, a man and his daughter came up next to me. They reminded me of my daughter and her father; mannerisms and all. As they head for the water, her with her surfboard, him with an inner tube, I see the words *Rugged Rat*<sup>20</sup> written on it. 'What in God's name can it mean?' I thought to my Self, a little concerned.

I was concerned they entered in the *no life... guard* area. I understand now how the teeny thorn represented the concern, or worry I felt for

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<sup>20</sup> I didn't realize until I put the letters in book form, how I had started this letter with the quote from Emerson mentioning rugged crisis, and the word showed up hours later.

## The AleheMystic

my daughter, and guilt I still felt for dismantling the marriage and leaving her father. No matter how many times in the last twenty-five years I rationalized the importance of my leaving, obviously I still didn't understand,

and I'd kept myself a prisoner by condemning my Self.

All of a sudden, as I watched the current pull her into the *'life... guarded area'* her father followed. I felt relief as I saw the metaphoric implication for the safety of both their lives. The girl's surfboard had brought her to safety, and in an instant, I realize my daughter's snowboard accident didn't threaten her life it actually saved it. As I turn away from the boat launch and toward the sun, I see a flash... ✨ and in a flash I realize I'm the only one here, and at some level everyone's waiting for me to get it and go on.

Father, it looks like your not the only one being patient with me here. I feel like I am a kite, and these letters are my **strings** of thought, and you're tugging the string as I fly high, heart-**strings** loosening as I see the vista of my life for unresolved issues. How fortunate am I to have the whole world teaching me, reaching for me, holding me, and cheering me on, as I prepare for Eternal Love and Life!

Father Sam said in mass on Tuesday, "We are going to be reading the letters that explain how the Christian's broke away from the Jews." The explanation of how there was only one sacrifice, Jesus, and not multiple sacrifices. All my writing so far has been just THAT, to understand a victimless sacrifice. I can sense and understand now how my hospital experience, as **A part** of my dark night of the soul, is my crucifixion, and **for me to B part** of lifting my piece of the cross over... and over time, **form** a new sense without judgment. If I can't see THAT, feel THAT and understand THAT, how can I hope to embody victimless or sinless. Here I can see, feel, and sense THAT. Now I understand I have to fully embody THAT in order to ascend.

I clearly see the Arc/Ark is a Merkaba, the embodiment of *Truth*. The Aba Father Sam calls out is the **aba** from the word Merkaba. **U** get it... THAT is 'The Vehicle' in the *Kabala*. So the boat launch area I was pulled toward with the girl and her father not only cleared me of residual guilt, it simultaneously ignited a memory of the promise of my Sun Ship, and informing me it's here now ready to launch.

So, when I was told; "Accept your **sonship** with your brother Jesus Christ," it isn't the sonship, it's the **Sun Ship**: Our Vehicle home. Remember I told you, about ten letters ago, how I didn't want to go out into the world until the black mark on the white sheet was gone. Recently I saw visions of the stain getting lighter and lighter, and turn into a watermark.

So the black mark is twofold in THAT it represented for me both the dark night of the soul journey of **time** in the hospital and through the dark knight of the soul journey of **time** I stop judging.

Can it be the dark knight of the soul journey is **time** to be an arc or assemble an **ark**? and **emit** a signal.

I see now the **dark** knight of the soul isn't bad after all, in fact now I remember Jesus told me, 'the experience is the strongest connection to my Christ.' I see the whole experience bringing 4<sup>th</sup> the Christa in me. Like the church, I have to balance the male and female within, and recognize my denial of One Self. Once recognized, the **Sacred Holy Energy** can Now come 1<sup>st</sup> and **foremost** in me.

1<sup>st</sup> dna for most

With much Love and Light  
Terra

ps

Father I am beside my Self with this.... I have to tell you.

For Christmas, one of the gifts my daughter gave me is a butterfly stamp with embossed gold dust she brought from London. Just now I stamped it with watermark solution in the top left corner of the paper as you can see. When I picked up the paper to put it in the printer, there in my hand, is the white sheet with the watermark in the top left hand corner. You can just imagine what I'm feeling. I'm in awe right now. Is this a sign I'm ready to step into the world or am I going home? I just finished writing about the watermark and not five minutes later... I couldn't have imagined it, and I certainly didn't plan it. I feel so very blessed.

## Letters to Father Michael

For the next few days I didn't write to Father Michael.  
Though I did write...

I'm on fire with the memory of the acceptance of God... God/Us.  
I am full of the stream of consciousness calling to me in the silence

The mind and heart rejoice...

And I am Here Now

"Sacred" I cry... In patient wonder

Time telling all secrets

great and small.

I know Now the **silent** step

and as I **listen**... It **hears** me,

I am... **here**

**Now**

The **comfort** in safety **knows**... **know** limits

2 **come forth** in **A** present... **moment**.

The **gift** of time wrapped in Now is the **omen**,

the **gift** holds it... Self

Sensual and I rest my **case**...

there **as** here

then **as** Now

## The AleheMystic

Dearlly Beloved,

What does THAT mean? Beloved, Be Loved, and by whom? The whole or Holy One. In November my inner guidance told me I was going to have a great Christmas. Through the season I questioned THAT guidance from time to time.

“What was so great about it?” I asked my Self, “The fear, the pain, or the cathartic vulnerability.” I spent a good part of the season crying, a large part unraveling, and the better part dismantling. I spent some of the time questioning and listening, most of the time viewing and reviewing, much of the time writing, and the rest, I spent in peace. For a moment though, through it all, I accepted... A lot. (The Ascension)

Again Father I ask you, and my Self, “am I having this experience because of my awakening back when or did I have the awakening because of this ascension experience Now.” I feel this event, is in part the cause of my awakening back then.

I can't say there was a lot of turmoil once I began writing. As I wrote to you, my Father in heaven answered me through my own words. In my letters I dismantled concepts, discovered fears, and with those who lovingly took part in my discovery, I unraveled my pain. Maybe it's unraveling the cocoon encasing me.

In any case, I'm transforming.

I realize Now my life long dreams AND visions are based on my own genetics emerging now from That DNA beyond the inherited parental genetics. The matrix code of my DNA creates my whole new world, and like the butterfly's imaginal discs, those dreams are NOW... fast becoming my very own imaginal cells converting me into...

That I cannot say. Now, as the stone of the tomb is set aside, I realize I am given the greatest gift bestowed on **man**

and **womankind** alike, the gift of pure.....

I can call THAT God, or US, Love, Innocence, Holy Spirit or Christa, though these are just words I can only hope to convey the experience beyond those ideals I have strived for to be my Self, to be loved,

two be saved.

Why is it out of hundreds of thousands of acorns, only one or two open to its Destiny of being an oak? Who chooses the acorn that becomes the oak? Is it God, Us, or in some way the acorn? Or is it a combination of Us all? God/Us. An acorn doesn't need to be taught to be an oak tree. Or does it? Maybe God's whispering its destiny as it opens, sending out its roots, grabbing the earth and beginning its own process of full realization... of life. And what about the acorn, is there a whole life that goes on inside the acorn we don't see? A life the Oak Tree will never experience because it chose to be the Tree. And is the life an Oak, about 500 years, any different than the life of the caterpillar, some only lasting one day or one hour? Or is the current of The Ark of the Covenant THAT last forever, any different than the hormonal current of the pancreas that lasts only one millisecond? Or is the current moment that cannot even be measured in milliseconds, like the current Fire of the Coven THAT is pulling me Now, any different from the current of the riptide that even the best of swimmers cannot compete against?

And what about the salty water of the great ocean, or the drop of salty tear streaming down my cheek right now. Is there any difference except in the way I view it? I realize now the Ocean is a drop in God's eye in comparison to the Glorious Universes, and the tear from my eye an ocean of unknown universes with the pain of unexplored comparisons I may never see. Not much pain left, I must have seen the glory of it all. Or is it a tear of joy, for the choice, for the experience, however brief or endless? Whether it be forever or a moment, does it not all end up at the same place? Or does it?

What about the caterpillar that takes yet another step in its Self discovery. Is it showing us yet another way? Cocooning itself, going within, and emerges from its chrysalis... Chrysta, A whole and new .....evolutionary species, or visionary species maybe, wings and all.

At breakfast the words of wisdom on my tea bag said: *'Choose wisely, though the choice be brief, the outcome is endless.'* And with the last tear my lamp burns bright as I anticipate the Beloved Christ of ME.

## The Alchemystic

Always was all ways will be. The choice is already made, before I ever thought it. I am proof of THAT, or am I just a thought of the proof of something that doesn't exist? Whether an acorn heading for a mighty oak tree, or the human being heading for the Almighty, there's one thing for sure: There's only one of us here.

Now I realize I am having a Great Christmas, A Great Christ Mass, and like the sun reflecting off the full moon and shining on the water, each one of those sparkles is a life, an experience, a moment in time. Once you've had one, you've had them all. When I look at the butterfly watermark, I think of the Monarch butterfly. The Matriarch. The Matri-Arch, The Blessed Mother Earth, the Terra Christa, and like the Blessed Virgin, in my assumption do I ascend too.

With the stamp, my daughter also gave me gold powder called mirror gold. "Wait till you see what happens when you heat it," she told me. When I heated it you can just imagine what I thought when I saw the gold melt and transform into the embossed gold butterfly you see at the beginning of this letter.<sup>22</sup> How did she know to give such a gift, with all its Alchemical significance, on the very Christmas I go through the alchemical fire of transformation. The Christ has Ascended, and so has the Blessed Mother, the Christa. Once we embody THAT, we'll all live out our heaven on earth here Now.

With Love and Light,  
Terra Christa

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<sup>22</sup> The butterfly is embossed at the top left hand corner of the scroll on the book's cover.

## And in Between

That was the last letter I wrote to Father Michael.

I hand wrote the letter on parchment and in gold ink, rolled it like a scroll and brought it to the priory one evening. I wanted to give it to him personally. I was on my way to facilitate a workshop for initiating an opening to the Beloved. It seemed appropriate ending my correspondence on THAT note. I'd only talked to Father Michael that once, when he mentioned the letters as being a book, and here it was a month since the meeting, and twenty one letters later, yet still I hadn't heard a word from him.

I rang the doorbell; no one answered. As I turn to leave, I see Father Richard walking toward me from the elementary school.

"Terra, what brings you to our door?" he asks.

"I have another letter for Father Michael, can you put it on his desk?"

"Sure." he says as he takes the scroll from my hand. "What are you doing tonight?" he asks, tapping the scroll on his fingers.

"I'm on my way to give a workshop on the Female Christ." I say, focusing on the tapping scroll. "The Christa," I add emphatically.

'I meant the Beloved,' I thought to my Self. 'What am I thinking, telling him about the female Christ?'

"Oh darn," he says, interrupting my thought process, "I've got to go to the hospital tonight. I would've liked to have gone to THAT instead." Either he didn't hear what I had said, or this is the most progressive priest I've ever met. I had fully expected some comment in defense of his position, or at the least some **opposition** to the whole concept. Instead, his response is pleasantly **opposite**.

"You'll have to tell me more about it when you have time," he says in a genuine rejection of thoughtfulness.

It was mid January and I had to be out of the house by the thirty-first. Angel was moving into her new house, and the house we were renting was going up for sale. I was really feeling the pressure by the end of

the month when I still didn't have a place to stay. I'd been in much more dyer situations in the past, and always something came through for me, so I didn't understand why I was feeling so much pressure.

It was midmorning on the thirtieth when I got a call from Michelle, yet another AleheMystic Sister.

"The apartment next door to me just became available," she says, "you can come see it today."

About a half mile up Federal Highway I notice a storage facility on the left. I get a sense to stop in. With all that's happened the last month, I didn't know if I was even staying in the area.

As I walk into the office I'm greeted by a young woman behind the counter named Tracie. An older, heavyset man named Stan stood leaning against the counter.

"What would it cost me for the smallest unit?" I ask. "I'm not sure if I'm going to store yet, I just need a price."

Stan the man says, "We're having a special, buy three months and you get the next three months free."

"Good deal," I say with a smile, "I just don't know if I'm going to need it for six months. I hope not. Besides I'm on my way to see an apartment, so I'm not even sure yet what I'm going to need."

After looking at the apartment, I sat in the park and ask for guidance. I can't fathom a year lease and I didn't know where I was going to live.

"It's all taken care of," I hear. I take a deep breath and close my eyes.

The phone rings. It's my AleheMystic Sister Elena.

"Don't make any decisions yet," she says, "I know you're not supposed to leave, stay with me until you're clear."

I feel the pressure release and on my way back to the house I stop by the storage facility where I'm given a larger unit for the price of the smaller, and three months free. I take that as another sign I'm heading in the 'Rite' direction.

The next day, after putting all my things in storage, I put my carry-on bag in the car and go to Saint Mark's for the 5:00pm mass before going to Elena's. I arrive about ten minutes late, and as I walk in, Father Sam is on the pulpit reading the gospel.

“He instructed them that they should take nothing for their journey, except a mere staff. No bread, no bag, no money in their belt. But to wear sandals, and do not put on two tunics.<sup>23</sup> Wherever you enter a house, stay there until you leave town. Anyplace that doesn’t listen to you, as you go out from there, shake off the dust from the soles of your feet, as a testimony against them.”

My eyes bulged. What was this implying? I sat in the last pew stunned at the words speaking directly to me.

It took me three months before I returned to Saint Mark’s for a visit. Father Michael had been transferred, and without a word between us. For the next year and a half several homes were opened to me and the Alchemy continued to appear in my life.

My letters to Father Michael were instrumental in coming to **terms** with the *crucifixion of my ego*. It also brought enlightenment in **terms** I can understand,

and translated the Alchemical symbolism hidden in the mystery of my life. In the nine months after I wrote the Letters, I was able to complete

and completely understand

and finish *the Spiritual Rite of Passage*, and in the mean time, I write

the rite  
right

→

*An AlcheMystic Be Loved Odyssey<sup>24</sup>*

→

*The Dark KNIGHT of My Soul.*

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<sup>23</sup> This can be interpreted in many ways.

What does it mean to me?

I interpret it to mean; under no circumstances am I to live from past ego investments.

Not to live under any premise based on another’s understanding.

Start living my own *Truth*.

<sup>24</sup> A forth-coming book about my journey to my Beloved and the 4<sup>th</sup> book I’ve written.

In the Platinum Mean time, for the next nine months, I find my Self at church every day. It wasn't for the mass this time, nor was it at St. Marks. This time I found my Self for hours on my knees at Our Lady of Lourdes in Boca with A rosary in my hand, at the feet of the Virgin for reasons that **unveiled Temple Secrets**,

and **revealed** another Alchemy Book.

For me I didn't pray the ordinary Hail Mary or Our Father, the prayers became my own version as each meaning, full word, came from deep inside.

*Hail Holy Mother full of grace, One with God/Us, blessed are we amongst women, and blessed is the fruit of our womb Christ~A.  
Holy woman of Love, One with me.*

I said the prayer for decades and decades, months and months, day in and day out, each prayer bringing me closer to experiencing the female aspect of the God/Us. The Christa. I wouldn't go to the next bead until I felt each word rite to my soul. The Our Father, speaks to

*My Father, one with God/Us, hallow be Thy name, Thy kingdom manifest here on earth Now. Thank you for my inheritance; eternal life, eternal love, eternal bliss, Here Now.*

I feel My Self linger in a sense of gratitude as I experience the true meaning of each word and relax into a state of surrender.

For most of those months, I fasted, and I prayed and I wrote. It took four proofs and three rewrites before *The Spiritual Rite of Passage* was ready for print. Once I went as long as two weeks with fifty cents to my name. Fasting came in handy.

My seeming poverty didn't bother me. In fact I embraced it. During those months, Elena again welcomed me into her home as my sense of gratitude and focus heightened, as my life fills full of experiences costing nothing and the Alchemy continued **exposing Temple Secrets THAT** continue **proposing** an Alchemy Book.

As time went on I sensed an extreme importance to my apparent impoverished situation. I didn't know as yet the nature of THAT importance, though I kept focused, trusting and grateful.

Then one day IT happened. If I had to put words to IT, I would say