



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 told me also 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

The AlcheMystic

Letters to Father Michael

So much had been coming up and I didn't want to bring it up in our meeting. I'm sure that's why you kept asking the questions, to probe 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 metaphors well. It's one of my strengths and I speak in fairly well. So what is your take on the light and the oil lamps? What do you understand the oil to represent? Could it be faith, trust, compassion? It seems significant now with the whole concept of union with the Divine, and the oil lamps to friends for Christmas.

Coincidence or metaphoric clue, what do you think?

With much love and light

Terra Christa

Terra Christa

The AletheMystical

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The AlcheMystical

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How can We live Our *Truth*
when we only do what we're told

Letters to Father Michael

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, as documented through my Letters to Father Michael.

An AlcheMystica knows, like any awakened Being, life is like a magical labyrinth of mirrors, and in time, as we follow the labyrinth to find our center, it is through the reflection of the world around us, we learn about One Self. At the center we discover ¹A precious gift; **A peace**

as **A piece** of our soul,

and within it, is the key THAT² opens Adore way home.

Along the way, the mirrors magically reflect our 3D/4D³ linear reality. If we only look **through** the ego's eyes, it just sees fear and judgment.

As \square focus **through** the ego's illusion, \square realize *Truth*.

These illusive images the ego sees, are based on the fall and are as solid as the rock it's formed on. As we journey home, up through the halls of Antiquity, and **across**

a 4th dimensional **cross** of time/space, all 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 or mini/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 accepting A Coven beyond some 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, and to see past the ingrained belief only men can invoke the **Christ**, and then realize during an Epiphany how women can invoke the **Christa**.

¹ Capital A all ways **stands** for Alchemical

for one who **understands** the Alchemy, in relation to any AlcheMystic.

² THAT is A profound unspoken Christ state of Being referred to as I AM THAT \square AM.

THAT is A vibration of *THAT* highest nature... \square as the 3rd eye; AM is for AlcheMystical.

THAT is hereby written *THAT* to signify The Word as A vibration and highest nature of US.

³ 3D is 1D Height, 2D width, and 3D depth; together they create Space. 4D is Time.

The AlchēMystical

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 diligēnce, uncover *THAT* missing spiritual link of A Lost Rite rooted into⁴ the foundation of all *THAT* I Am. An Order of Beloved Priests and Priestesses who are Now ordained in their Holy Orders from A Supreme Power in US All, divinely united in Matrimonial Orders to balance the Christ/Christa in order to reinstate A MatriArch.

The re-instatement of the feminine, **HERE NOW** are or re-instate, meant of the Arch, is A bridge *THAT* spans the gap between God of the Ark of the Covenant and man-kind.

It's 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 → to the Alchēmy even more than the story itself. Sometime it's the obvious rhyme or rhythm *THAT* reveal A clue, other times alignment just speaks louder than words. This is Now the very first time I have justified my work in A way... and though I can't say my writing gives justice to all of my Alchemical experience, I can say it gives credence to the alchēmy 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, with-in the alchēmy of these written revelation, I expose in essence A language *THAT* is woven with... and/or in between A line or space of our written word; and *THAT* word is Now spoken into Align-meant for US All⁵ in A way, as its subtlety Here Now comes 4th in A breath, A timber, A tone, A pause... to A tone
At one and at once.

This Alchēmy is mystically subliminal be-cause it's A unique → key, so to speak, to unlock and dismantle old concepts of limitation, while simultaneously opening the mind to re-member *THAT* whole knew concept beyond linear thought. It's 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.**

⁴ A clue is in to two too...

and in many other ways, as each one shall surely see.

⁵ US All is an acronym: Universal Source of All or hoped for as United States of America.

And in the Beginning

“I am from Christen, (Kreest-in) I’m eleven and a half centons. I’m born of two and I am of six. Lower forms are being raised. Lost in the valley of darkened civilizations. 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 had burst in my head, and from *THAT* moment on I could recite it verbatim.

I left California on July 4, 2006 and flew back east to spend time with my mother before heading for Southern Florida; A place I believed my Beloved to be. I’d lived several years in California for reasons *THAT* continued to fill my *AlcheMystic Whole Story*. It was there I extracted *AlcheMystic Food ForThought* and *Sacred Rite of Passage* from mountains of work I’d written to understand my AlcheMystical journey thus far... Now A new book of my life was opening.

After over two wonderful months with my mother in the Pioneer Valley, the place where I grew up, I received A call from my AlcheMystica⁶ Sister Maryellen, A fellow,

or rather *zella* Crusader⁷ and expert Scholar in Holy Grail Quests. Oh! the memories, and telltale stories I can tell of our Holy Grail Quests. “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 it as A sign it is time to head south.

⁶ An AlcheMystica is just... feminine for AlcheMystic.

My AlcheMystica Sisters are women **who** have **instinctive** visual capacity and **knowhow** for **innately** reading the Alchemy in life with an **inner** fortitude *THAT* affects US All.

⁷ A Crusader is A comrade, who arm in arm, embark on an adventure, **within** their own Rite, with A soul purpose of uncovering the BeLoved Holy Grail **within**, while discovering the BeLoved Here Now on Earth.

The AlechMystical

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 in an artistic suburban community, with 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 Margellen 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 arrived when I met their neighbors George and Elinie. 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 Margellen and John were at work, and I wasn't tootling 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 vegetables from the garden, and she made me dinner one night with items they had both brought back from their latest visit to Greece. I love them like family, and it was a heartfelt farewell when we had to say *Αντίο*.⁸ "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, yet I do know how my deep heartfelt affinity to Greece and its deeply rich mythology is key to many of my experiences.

⁸ Goodbye in Greek.

Heading Up

It was early October when I arrived in Southern Florida. While in Hastings, I found a place in Florida 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 the conversation develops, we start talking about our interests and discover the opportunity at hand peaked both of our interests.

“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 me back.

“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 have noticed I do seem to have a sense of calm anticipation.

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.

“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.”

“Really, 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.

The AlcheMystical

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 artists, we both design our own clothes, and we both had refurbished homes and furniture. She had her own faux finishing business, and when I helped her on a project once I found her work beautiful and inspiring. It brought back the memories and skills from 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 wanted to learn more about spirituality.

Yes, the pieces were 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. This place is clearly the AlcheMystic choice.⁹ I couldn't have planned it better if I tried. Obviously, whatever I need **always**

and **all ways**¹⁰ comes to me.

Within a week my car arrives and I begin to go about my business of exploring to find my Beloved... the very reason I came to Florida.

⁹ Not only was the house fully furnished, it was fully stocked, and **THAT Golden Means** I have full access to all I need for the moment at my fingertips. It's one of the many AlcheMystic perks. Such as in this case a sewing room filled with exactly what I need for the Art project soon to be at hand. No, **THAT** can't be planned. Also, worth mentioning **Here Now Golden Means** its A whole concept of symmetry and perfection, as in A Golden ratio or Phi.

¹⁰ All ways AlcheMystically is A **→THAT** allows the justified linear mind to see how both the common word **always** is 4th dimensionally ForEver, and also simultaneously **all ways** as 5th dimensional and/or A multidimensional freestanding paradigm of thought and/or template for each mind to hold **THAT** new organic world order. Simultaneous is A clue too.

The AlchēMystical

Dear Father Michael,

There are a few unresolved issues still stirring in my mind.

First, I'd like to say when I wrote 'Jesus Christ! I know why I left my marriage.' I wasn't swearing. It truly was an... Eureka!

It also was an indication of how I'm truly getting revelations as I write to you. You are pretty much getting the letters verbatim as I write them, and I'm sharing the revelations as I receive them.

And second, I hope you weren't offended the other day when I said I thought it presumptuous of a priest to think he represents Christ on earth, and arrogant to think a woman can't. I have to say I've softened dramatically on the issue. I know I haven't seen or understood or explained it all yet, or made it clear to either one of us. You, ME, and indisputably myself. One thing is for sure; I am getting there!

Who knows if you're even reading these letters?

I just had a thought, "What about Jesus the Christ?"

Is the Christ energy in the Mosque, the Temples and sacred pyramid and monolith sites, or is it just God/Us I sense everywhere? Oh! *THAT* brings to mind a dream I had years ago. Father, wait till you hear this. Before I tell you the dream, I want you to think about this. Did I have the dream years ago because of this moment, or is this revelation happening because of the dream I had years ago?

In the dream I seem to be floating along effortlessly in a white cloud like reality. I sense two Beings, one on each side of me. One is holding my right arm, the other my left. I seem to be following a fairly narrow path with pure whiteness on each side. I come to an opening on my left, and I see a huge cobra. The snake is about thirty feet high and I can feel its immense power.

There was a path to the snake crossing the path I was on, and when I got to the cross point, I stood facing the cobra. Suddenly we are eye to eye. The moment is intense and all encompassing. I sense my fearlessness as well as closely connected to the power. The next thing I know, I'm at the end of a long, long, long line. I still sense the two Beings standing patiently beside me. I felt a little impatient in myself as I began looking ahead trying to see where the line led. I could only see an endless line of people waiting in front of me.

"Where am I?" I ask.

Letters to Father Michael

You're at the gates of Heaven." Both Beings respond telepathically.

"When am I going to be able to talk to God?" I ask curiously.

"God is still talking to Adam and Eve," they said in one

tone of voice.

"WHAT!" The thought God still had to talk to every other human being who had lived before me was beyond any range of my patience. The virtue of patience in the context of waiting is not my strong suit, nor should it be.

"What was Jesus Christ all about then?" I asked,

"Ohhh!" they said in unison, as if surprised I knew to ask about *THAT* Gate.

I turned to my right, or they turned me to my Right, and I see a bright light the shape of an Ark, though I have a sense it to be an Ark too. Steadily I watch people disappearing into an Ark/Ark. The moment they show up at the Ark, they disappeared into the Ark. No waiting.

I sense my Self gravitate toward its Ark, and into a Bright light. I woke up with the bright sunlight streaming through the window into my eyes. Later in the day I had a thought, 'the Gate of Heaven with the long line of people waiting to talk to God, is the Con Jew Gate. Ahh! Now I see the statement from Jesus, I Am *THAT* I Am is a conjugate key to heaven.'

First, I took the clue as literal, and literally began playing with words. *THAT* is how I brought 4th,

4th dimension, the Golden means of the... *THAT* I am conjugate. It is also where I found myself losing interest in the Bible, the Kabala or any writings based on Jewish beliefs. Jesus was a Jew, and his coming created another Gate, so to speak, and so I left the old Adam and Eve story of sin behind ME as part of the Con Jew Gate.

In my worldly, and otherworldly travels, I found the snake to be a profound, positive and feminine symbol in most of the other religions or schools of thought. I've learned it is just Biblist Jews and Christians who adhere to the Garden of Eden, Adam, Eve and snake story, who somewhat fear the snake by seeing it as a metaphorical threat.

In the dream I saw the snake as power...

Why does the church, or rather patriarchal leaders, make the snake out to be something to fear or avoid, while they themselves visibly possess a great amount of power in the world? In the dream I wasn't afraid of the power, in fact I faced it eye to eye, or I to I.

Frankly, it looks like the church lawmakers have no concept of the Law, or they are hiding it behind religious dogma to protect their power.

The AlephMystical

The dichotomy and the hypocrisy of their rules and teaching makes my blood boil. The church promotes the vows of poverty and humility, though it is the richest and most powerful organization on earth. I've been all over the world, and correct me if I'm wrong, but with all the pomp and circumstance spilling out of Rome into the lavish churches and cathedrals around the planet, where is the humility? Where is the simplicity Jesus taught?

The Catholic Church is far from innocent with wealth acquired through its history of pillaging Crusades and daunting inquisitions. As far as faith goes, you tell me Father, what Catholic Church isn't locking its doors day and night because of fear of being robbed? I'm not saying it isn't justified, I'm just saying, even if they are robbed, it would just be Jesus removing the **wealthy mentality** from the church to fit through the eye of the needle, getting his Church ready to enter His Kingdom...

With priests, bishops, cardinals, and the Pope all living in their ivory towers, it appears serving the Catholic Church is more about big business than it is about Being A Christed Man. It's like the parent who says: Do as I say not as I do, or because I said so. The Church says: Jesus told his Apostles; "Go out among the **masses** and bring nothing. All will be supplied." Where does it say build huge buildings and ask for money to buy things? Then invoke ME into a piece of bread as though it is more important than my people, and lock the doors of the church to protect the things you bought while keeping my people out. Where is it said; make up rites and rituals and call it **Masses**, then try and separate yourselves and ME from *THAT* whole, or the **masses** of my people by telling them they are sinners, and not worthy to emulate ME unless they're a priest, and only A man can be a priest.

Okay, now we're getting somewhere.

I see how I'm judging the church because I'm still trying to be a part of something *THAT* doesn't include me. An institution keeping me apart from knowing who I can be,

who I am becoming,

who I am.

How did everything get so convoluted?

Letters to Father Michael

I doubt the proverbial fall happened at the biting of the apple from the Tree of Knowledge.²⁹ It happened when **man** continued **ignoring** women as equal and **A** part of **Oursel**f. Then humanity became **ignorant**. Our losing **THAT** balance with-in **man/woman** is the human fall from grace with-in **God/US**.

Thank you Father. Let's see where **THAT** knowledge takes me Now.

Gratefully,

Terra

²⁹ I see A glimmer of light in the term '*Tree of Knowledge*' in reference to 'treetop' the Hebrew meaning of the name **Amere**
THAT does **spark** an idea relating to **A mere Man**,
with **ark** and/or **arc** in the light of **THAT** revelation.

Since this letter in question bring up the religious judgement of the snake, I gleaned, from this communiqué, A mere Man has reference to Christ; both as Prince and in reference to the Tree of Knowledge, and in turn, the Tree of Life.

The AlephMystical

My Dear Patient Father Michael,

Well Father, you're going to get a kick out of this.

When I went to church today, there was Father Richard on the pulpit with another funny story about the importance of 'The Name.'

I've got to say it again. He cracks me up.

It was just last week I knelt prayerfully at the feet of Saint Joseph regarding the sense of death I've been experiencing, and I left comforted. Isn't Saint Joseph the patron saint of silence? Come to think of it, I did do all the talking. Anyway, today I found myself at the feet of the Blessed Mother.

Do you remember my commenting on the Blessed Mothers picture *THAT* day in your office? I told you I feel her with me a lot now. Well, as I stood about eight feet away, I watched a married couple put money in the candle box, light a candle and walk away. A black woman lit a candle and stood off to the side lamenting. Beating her chest, and bowing excessively.

When she left, I knelt and simultaneously reached to touch the feet of the statue. Yes Father, you can imagine my surprise when I saw what is at the feet of Mary. As my hand touches the feet, my eyes saw the snake beneath them. Immediately, I reach and touch the snake, and then reach back and touch her feet again. There are some schools of thought *THAT* say the feet represent inner **understanding**.

⊞ close my eyes to pray for **understanding**. When they open, ⊞ focused on the whole Universe she is **standing** upon. Those stars, the planet, Our Mother Earth, the Mother Church. It brought back the memory of looking into Jesus' eyes at my Last Supper experience.

Now *THAT* ⊞ think about it, I did begin my exploration of Christianity immediately following *THAT* whole initiation experience. I notice except for Catholic's; most Christian religions study the whole Bible. When I went to Bible classes, while exploring Protestantism, I couldn't believe I had 13 years of Catholic schooling and knew little about the bible except the gospels.

Though the more I studied the Bible, the more frustrated I got. Soon I realized most of the bible is the interpretation of the historical accounts of man before Jesus. The part of the Bible the Catholic Church focuses on is the memoirs of the Apostles based on the teachings of Jesus, and not much else.

Letters to Father Michael

After a discussion and revelatory experience with my Uncle Gene, (who by the way you are similar in character), I realized the bible is a giant metaphor, or series of stories in words, filled with keys or clues and basically subject to interpretation. Our interpretation is Holy Spirit's way to teach each of us solely based on our uniqueness.³⁰

The bible, as *The Word*, is meant to bring God and US together as God/US, and not to be taken literally. Possibly, it really wasn't meant to be written, or read, or certainly not translated so it wouldn't be misinterpreted or deliberately misused to mislead the naive.

It seems pretty clear; using God's name to deliberately mislead the masses is breaking the Law, and probably the real meaning of the commandment for not using God's name in vain. Jesus taught in parables; obvious metaphors, clearly for A reason, and I wanted to know why, so I began just reading Jesus' teachings.

If there's *Truth* in the Bible, I knew I should, could, would find it in the words Jesus spoke. My bible has everything Jesus said in red ink, so I just read the red. *THAT*, coupled with the revelation I had with my Uncle, I found the Bible is A Code, and long before the book *Bible Code* came out. Unfortunately, it's been translated and interpreted so many times, it's considerably convoluted. Yet, it's also self-evident, the Spirit within each of us utilizes everything from the bible, to a flower, to laminating woman in church, to written letters to a parish priest, in order to get the *Truth* across the gap of ignorance to save a soul.

Unmistakably... *Truth* is revealed on a need-to-know basis, and I am being made to know... something.

The Words have precolated for a couple of days and I sense there's something about the whole

or holz of Catholicism I still need to know.

³⁰ The paragraph you just read is how it was written in the letter to Father Michael. I am about to show you how the Alchemy appears to me, and how writing and/or reading Alchemically... opens the mind inwards in words and in ways justified linear writing can't. After A discussion and revelatory experience with my Uncle Gene, (who by the way you are similar in character), I realized the bible is A giant metaphor

or series
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filled with ↔'s or clues basically subject to interpretation. in words

Our interpretation is Holy Spirit's way to teach each

solely and/or soulfully based on our uniqueness.

The AlchMystical

I'm looking, I'm looking, I'm seeing, I'm hearing...

I just heard the Christ! in me just say, 'Do not judge the clergy based on its hierarchy. Each are judged by merit, and the last shall be first and the first shall be last. Just look and see what is in front of you NOW. Justice is your own... in-deed.'

Okay! Father you are in front of me. What do I see?

I see a humble priest who's been called to serve God, whose only recourse as a Catholic, was to put on the vestments of the Catholic Church. As in Matrimony, he has vowed to love, honor and cherish the Mother Church and so he is called Father. No woman or human comes before her. Sounds like an institution of marriage to me.

THAT is what I see when you each evoke the energy. It's the energy of the church. When I think about how I described to you each of your relationship with the Eucharist, I have to laugh a bit. It is exactly as I said with Father Sam and the Mother Church; they are like an old married couple. You and the energy dance the perfect marriage. What any couple can aspire to. Okay Now, where can I go with Father Richard? There's not the slightest inclination our Father Richard is gay, so why do I see him command the energy Man to Man?

I'm thinking, I'm thinking, I'm laughing, I'm laughing. I'm still thinking, I'm still laughing. This reminds me of how Fr. Richard tells his stories.

I got it! Father Richard isn't as much in a relationship with the Mother Church as he's in command,

or is a comrade with Jesus, Christ. He's an ideal Apostle.

It's as if you each represent three stages of the priesthood, three persons in one. I see the wholeness or holiness of a true Priest as a part of Christ, serving God and Us, as One Being, not an institution.

A woman cannot marry the Mother Church, so the only recourse as a Priestess, looking to invoke her Christa within, and find her Christ in this world, is as a nun married to the concept of Christ in service to Humanity. The only Mothers in the Church are those who have founded their own order, or the one deemed by their initiates as the Mother Superior, or position of Matriarch in an established order. It is in this Superiority patriarchal influence 'witch' stagnates the Christa.

We're here to be equally free, without the deadly sin of superiority or inferiority.

Letters to Father Michael

It isn't about joining an established order, or founding another one.
Now I understand how it is important not to judge the clergy.
It's important to know it's not about the clergy, it's the energy.
I see Now how the energy obeys each of us and the merit is in deed
which each of us are being judged by. the deed...
THAT is why there are so many changes in the church.

why so many of the nuns are shedding their old habits
as the addictions of huManity are exposed, and the feminine begins to
take her Rite... full position in the world. Could it be our Father who art in
Heaven is cleaning house? Perhaps the Sacred Holy Energy is purifying
the Church through priests like you, Father Sam and Father Richard; the
Best Men, ushering in A pure Christ energy. While the vestal virgins, like
nuns, are Bride Maids announcing the coming of the Bride of Christ; the
Christa.

Father, I just had a thought; when the Christa fully embodies the church,
or the world, or each one of us equally, does it mean you'll be out of a
job? Or will I? Or will we all be free to begin a new world, the world Christ
speaks of, where we all can just be... OneSelf.

Sorry Father I'm not being disrespectful, it just slipped out. My train of
thought is like a locomotive, I can't stop it when it gets like this.

The definition of loco-motive, is twofold. Loco could be irrational.

Oh great! It wouldn't be any stretch of the imagination to see the
implications of this definition. Although, in music it means a return
in the direction, and the note should be played an octave higher. I see

there's a definite over-tone 4 understanding the Golden Meaning

to THAT definition for one who is standing up on the laurels of their
soul and definitely returning home an octave higher.

Wouldn't the humorous definition be something our Father Richard
would say, and the metaphoric definition somewhat your take on life? Or
should it be vice versa... or could it be my vice has been reversed.

Father! Right now, I am seeing something about my Self.

Oh my God! Father, I am...

I can't say it out loud. I have to be with THAT thought for a bit.

I know I have many gifts to be grateful for. I have seen the miracles
happen right before my eye and beneath my hands. I don't take it
personally. When I lived in New York City for 7 years, and while in San
Francisco for 7 years, I met several people who wanted to promote me.

The AlehMystical

They saw my heightened **visions** and abilities as a way for me to make a living, and I saw **visions** of a white sheet with black mark on the top left corner. I take the **vision** as A metaphor for my state of... BEING. The white sheet represented the 95% of my soul I had cleared during and since THAT dark night of my soul experience at my awakening.

The black mark was the 5% I still had to clear. The **stain perhaps,**
of **distain mishaps.**

I sensed no matter how perfectly white the sheet is, or how small the black dot was, the eye would all ways focus on the stain with distain. As long as I had the black mark, no matter what percent it was, I'd get lost in the limelight, while losing sight of A means to my goal, or

Golden Means of my existence.

I didn't know at the time what THAT **sensation meant**, but I did have A sense I could have gotten lost in **sensationalism** with the stain, and I wasn't taking chances in regard to **materialism**.

Father, I understand the concept of the vow of poverty very well. I can't count how many times I had only a few dollars to my name, and yet I somehow came off as well off. Since I'm always miraculously supplied with whatever I need at the time, I am also considered, by those who know me well, to be graced and blessed by the God/US.

When one comes to know somewhat homelessness as often as I have, at times it didn't feel like graced or blessed, yet I **always** trusted and am
all ways supplied with

exactly what I needed. Eventually I discovered the reason and purpose for the so-called homeless experience.

I've been off the grid for twenty years, and lived in penthouses and mansions, as well as modest homes and hovels as I traveled the world on a dime. Since I've been in Florida I've sold my art and bartered my work. I'm considered A facilitator, and I'm called a healer, though I refer to it as AlehMystic ElectroMagnetic balancing. I was once even dubbed CSO: Chief Spiritual Officer at A company in corporate America.

Officially, I consider my Self a Liver or Lover of Life. lol

I wake up in the morning not knowing what I'm going to do, when I go to bed, I say to God/US, "I couldn't have planned it better myself."

Through the years I wrote a lot. I called my collective writings *The Book*, and eventually I titled it *Forever*. It was a very, very long manuscript.

Letters to Father Michael

Over time I had scribed and edited diligently looking for some answers to unknown questions, or purpose to some seeming unknown quest. About ten years ago I split the one manuscript into two, and called them ForEver, And Ever as I realize it was taking forever and ever to write it. When the Alehemy started appearing in my writing, I took excerpts from the first two and create a two-fold manuscript titled N'Ever/Now. On the one side it's the Never book, when you flip it over it's A Now book. The Now or Never book is where I play on words brought my inner imagination, even my visions, to life. Since then, I've excavated further... and I have seven manuscripts extracted from the three.

In some respect I understand these letters are food for the soul,
and like words... are food for thought.

In many respects they are liken to the proverbial loaves and fishes.
They just keep multiplying.

These past few years I've been somewhat isolated as I wrote, painted and meditated in the guesthouse on a gated estate in wealthy Marin County. Even acquiring my car was a magical event. It's a vintage Chrysler TC by Maserati. Chrysler has Christ in it, and TC are my initials. Oh, and it was originally from Crista Motors. The fact my financial prowess is virtually non-existent and I drive a Maserati, is a clue I work for God/US, and it's obviously a company car.

Why am I telling you all this? I think it's because I need to see it for myself. To assess my life and remind myself, yet again, how I am truly graced and blessed. To realize how much I've trusted my Self, and how far I have come to realizing the living proof

of the Christa in ME.

When I started writing these letters to you My Dear patient Father Michael, I didn't realize I'd be testing yours.

With Love and Light,

Terra

The AlchēMystical

Dearly 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 twenty years ago 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 much 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 secret clues, and unraveled some rooted fear somewhat painlessly. Maybe the process is unraveling some kind of a 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 higher code from *THAT* DNA creates A matrix for *THAT* 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 woman-kind 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,

to Be saved.

Letters to Father Michael

Why is it out of hundreds of millions 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 of an Oak, about 500 years, any different than the life of the butterfly, 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 can't be measured in millisecond like the current Fire of A Covenant *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 a great ocean, or tiny drop of the salty dragon 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 sense and 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 emerging from its own 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.

Always was, all ways will be. *THAT* choice is already made, before I ever even thought it. I am proof of *THAT*, or am I just the thought of the proof of something which doesn't exist... yet?

The AlchēMystical

Whether witnessing an acorn heading for a mighty oak tree,
or sensing a human being heading for the Almighty, there's just 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.

THAT thought invokes the Matriarch.

the MatriArch; 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 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.⁶⁴

How did she know to give such a gilding gift, with all its Alchemical
significance, on the very Christmas I go through the alchemical fire of
transformation. As far as I can see, my daughter is A messenger from
the highest order. The message within the gift reveals the Alchemical
means, as A golden ✠ for unlocking the guilt of the psyché, and in
the passion to transform, becomes A pure gilt of spirit for the soul.
The Christ has Ascended, and so has the Blessed Mother, the Christa.
Once we embody THAT Truth, we'll all live out our heaven Here
on earth Now.

With Love and Light,

Terra Christa

⁶⁴ The butterfly is embossed at the top left-hand corner of the scroll on the book's cover.

Letters to Father Michael

A Chapelet

The AlchMystical

The Chapellet birthed from a letter I wrote to my Uncle Gene. You can find the letter at the very center of this Chapellet. It reached back into the past and attached to this book *'The AlchMystical Letters to Father Michael'* and goes forward in two directions, as you will soon see.

It is an AlchMystical elixir of words, unraveling a Golden Means to go home. Or in another word, 'ascend'. My Chapellet reveal hints of a few Temple Secrets I uncovered to comprehend... error

and/or learning

and/or earning Trust...

Trust Me, as I humbly Begin

just Being Me.

Hearten ME

Every Tuesday a handful of my family gather to play cards. Since I've been back, I've looked forward to playing; even if just to be around the family. Each week they alternate houses, and this week it's at my Aunt Shirley and Uncle Val's home. Usually there's nine or more at the table. It's a bit loud with several speaking at once, and someone always having something to say about someone else. Today there are just five of us: Mom, Uncle's Gene and Uncle Val, Aunt Shirley, and myself.

The whole day is delightful. The quick wit and humor of my Uncles make me laugh, while the soft, sweet, and gentle ways of my mom, and her sister, make me smile. As my 'T' periodically peruses the table, I take a deep breath to absorb the precious opportunity of time spent with them. I catch myself sighing with gratitude for the present moment of wellbeing surrounding me.

At the end of the day, as we walk to our cars, my Uncle Gene, the humble Uncle who Father Michael resembles, tells me he read my book and enjoyed it. "You've come a long way," he said, "And you make good points in your writing." I nod yes, thank him for his kind words and we hug good-bye. That simple gesture and purely positive feedback **Golden Means** the world to me.

When my mom and I arrive back at her house, I reach in my purse for my phone. There, tucked in a pocket, I find his gift.

"Mom," I call to her, "did you put \$50.00 in my purse?"

"No, Uncle Gene did. I saw him put it there," she said, "He said something about it was for your book."

I'm deeply touched.

I pick up the phone and call him. He hadn't gotten home yet and his answering machine picked up. At the end of the beep, I left him a thankful message. The next morning, I found my Self wide awake at 5:00am with an urge to write... it was in *THAT* same familiar urgency to write I had with Father Michael.

It's no coincidence this all happened just days before Father's Day.

The AlephMystical

Dear Uncle Gene,

If my effect on anyone's life can even come close to your effect on mine... Oh my God! My heart can hardly contain the feeling... the thought of joy to know *THAT* who I am can make such a profound and constant impact on one, as you have made on me.

I know I've told you how, since a child, your gentle-manly ways have caught my eye and aligned my inner D... And how, like Father Michael, your humility and devotion have inspired me and guided me at such a deep level. It's as though you make me feel honored to be part of what it is *THAT* connects us. Family? Yes... yet it is more familiar.

Familiar, like last week when I sat in your living room waiting to play cards, and my eye caught the sight of the frayed edges of your well-worn bible. My hand and heart reached over and touched your journey, and I saw clearly how closely you have been with me on mine. It's obvious your precious bible is the same one you reached for those many years ago when I reached to you for clarity. Clarity of mind, clarity of Faith... And clearly since then, as I have journeyed the world these past twenty-two years, you, my dear Uncle, have journeyed the Word. It's reminiscent of my meeting Mother Theresa. *THAT* innate and overwhelming sense of touching everyone she touched, as the intimacy of our oneness is wholly the cornerstone of the true meaning of what I trust to be our Faith.

I know Faith can't be passed on in a worldly sense.

I know it comes from within... within as in the way of an inheritance. It's apparent to me how there are those in the world who reflect *THAT* as a parent... My Father, whose name means *Truth*, is a reflection to me of *Truth*. Not just in the way he instilled in me the importance of telling the *Truth*, it was more in the way he lived his life, and his unwavering integrity and trust in the thrall of his death. *THAT* is the real meaning of *Truth*, with a capital T, he continues to instill in me since his passing.

It's also apparent to me, *THAT* you Uncle Gene, like my Father, are

like a parent to me. Your name, Eugene, means well born,

and like your well-worn bible

you hold a Faith, with a capital F, *THAT* goes beyond words.

I can't tell you how many times the visions I've had of you sitting in your living room holding my yet unwritten book, gave me the trust and confidence to know someday a book would be written. How *THAT* Faith

Letters to Father Michael

gave me the courage to face the vulnerability my books imply, and overcome whatever obstacle of fear, frustration, or doubt at hand. Words seem meaningless to try to convey the strength those visions I had gave me to continue to trust my Faith in my own *Truth*. Sometimes searching for my inner *Truth* has been terrifying... to say the least. To believe in something everyone else believes in is comforting, to have Faith to find your own *Truth* and then have someone acknowledge *THAT Truth* is heartening. You hearten me. Your generous gift to me, and support of my work, has again touched me deeply, and in ways I know are having a positive, profound and far-reaching effect on me. With tear filled eyes I called you Tuesday in thanks, and with tear filled eyes I write to you now, grateful yet again for your presence in my life. With the love and gratitude of a daughter, Happy Father's Day,
Your humbled niece

Terra

I sobbed as I wrote this letter, and cried off and on for two days after I sent it. My Dear Uncle Gene had done it again. In his simple gesture of Fatherly recognition, he touched my heart deeply, and in *THAT* open state, the finger of God touched my soul. During those days and nights, I wrote thirty-three pages from *THAT* deep and heartfelt

heartened place, and in writing, I realized; though its place is beyond the *Letters to Father Michael*, its concepts and essence is fundamental to the book's integrity. So, here as a few of those pages come forth in this attached Chapelet, more in-depth revelations

are revealed in experiences such as **Temper ME**
at the beginning of *Temple Secrets*.

As for full disclosure? Well, it's all written in two AlcheMystical sister books:
The AlcheMystical Witch, Bitch, and Shrew
as well as *The AlcheMystical Temple Secrets*.

These '*Letters to Father Michael*' sat dormant for many years until one day I pulled them out and perused its AlcheMystical Wisdom. I went through the book several times, then one evening, after reading this letter several times, I closed my eyes and asked if or when the book will be done. Again, I hear *THAT* hallow voice from deep within speak; 'When your Uncle Gene passes.'

A wave of... 'something' washed over me. At 7:30am the next morning my cousin Rob called to tell me my Uncle Gene had passed late last evening.

I was struck with the **vulnerability** of his passing; as he **Golden Means** so much to me. I began thinking of the **serendipity** of timing and what it implied. Could the wave I felt be a bequeathal of precious **humility**. A virtue I witnessed my Uncle Gene carry so well.

I began to sense the **profundity** of the possible publication of my AlcheMystical Books.

I sense I'm given the **opportunity**, through an AlcheMystic sign, to share my writing.

I soon began the long tedious editing **process** of discovering, aligning and integrating as a **Golden Means** of revealing and **processing** my other AlcheMystical life stories.



Without A Heartened **compass**
of **compassion** there's no Pity⁸⁴
Where one is felt the pain and judgment
of self satisfying pity... full exclusion
⊞ Now understand Mercy...
and Mercy begins with...
Me

⁸⁴ Obviously ⊞ see it as A clear explanation of the **lower form of pity I** was taught,
and A way and/or Golden Means of raising to A **higher form of Pity I** saw inclusive of ME.