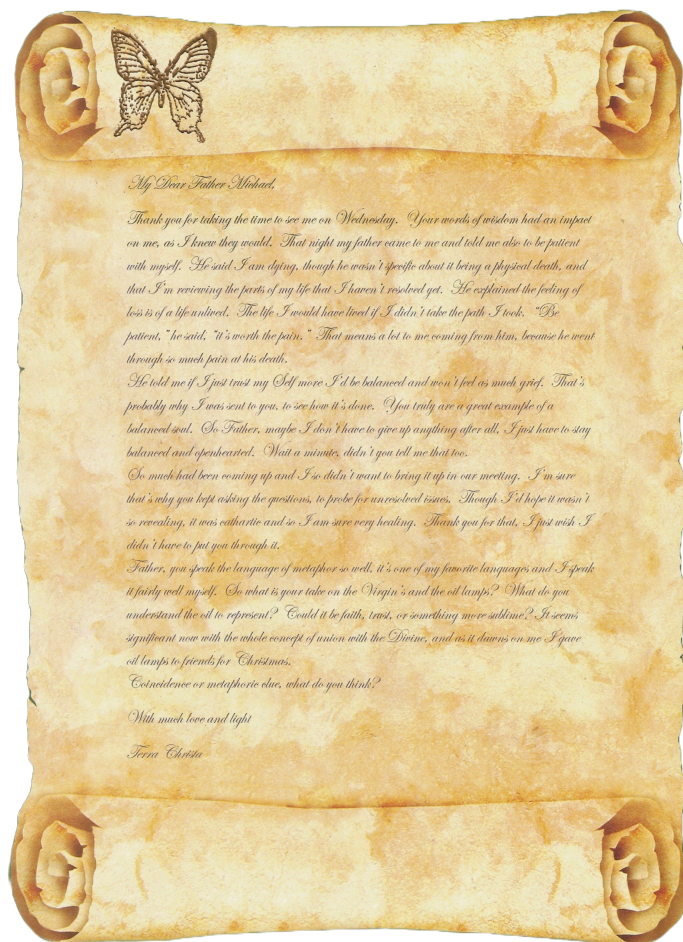


The AlcheMystica

Letters to Father Michael



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 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 to 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 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, love, or something more sublime? It seems significant now with the whole concept of union with the Divine, and as it draws on me I have oil lamps to friends for Christmas.

Coincidence or metaphorical clue, what do you think?

With much love and light

Terra Christa

Terra Christa



The AlephMystica

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to offer information of A Higher nature to serve in your quest for emotional

and spiritual Well-Being.

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GenIsis²



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 reveals *A 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 *A* precious gift; *A peace*

as *A piece* of our soul,

and within it, is the key THAT² opens *A*dore 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 \perp focus *through* the ego's illusion, \perp 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 convent 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. Some a's are A's... I've left it up to those who **understands** the Alchemy, to transpose it for OneSelf.

² THAT is A profound unspoken Christ state of Being referred to as I AM THAT \perp AM. THAT is A vibration of *THAT* highest nature... \perp 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 AlechMystica

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 diligenece, 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 re-instate A MatriArch.

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

It's the true essence of the Soul Matz, Twin Flame, or as I call it;
the Beloved One.

Usually within my work the words and spaces themselves are the **to** to the Alechmy even more than the story itself. Sometime it's the obvious rhyme or rhythm **THAT** reveal A clue, other times alignment **just** speaks **bolder** 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 Alechemical experinece, I can say it gives credence to the alechmy readily experienced by each of us Here Now.

In the book there are areas I did take artistic AlechMystic liberties **THAT**
I did not fully reveal in My original letters
to Father Michael. Though it is Here, with~in the alechmy of these written revelations, 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 A Align~meant for US All⁵ Rite in A way, as it subtly Here Now
comes 4th in A breath, A timber, A tone, A pause... to A tone

A tone and at once.

This Alechmy is mystically subliminal be~cause it is A unique **to** key,
so to speak, to unlock and dismantle old concepts of limitation, while
simultaneously focusing 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, (Krest-in) I'm eleven and a half eentons. 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; come home Star Child." 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 For Thought 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. An Inner adventure. 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 Margellen, A fellow,

or rather fella Crusaderess⁷ and expert Scholar in Holy Grail Quests. Ohh! 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 Crusaderess' are souls, 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 AlechMystica

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.⁹

⁸ Goodbye in Greek.

⁹ The Greek Myth 'Psyche and Eros' obviously wove its way, as A reflection, often within and through my life.

The AlephMystica

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 twenty years ago or did I have the awakening because of this ascension experience Now." I feel this event or Advent, is 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 cocoon encasing me?

In any case, I'm aware 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 A 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 can it be 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 A current timeless moment..... *THAT* can't even be measured in millisecond, like the current Fire of A Covenant *THAT* is pulling me Now, any different from the strong 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 pure 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**...

as A **Chrysta** or Christo; with the genetics of A wholenew 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 Christo 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 yet to exist..?

The AlchMystica



W elcome Home Star Child
Entrance to the 5th Dimension
Gate way to the 10th Dimension
and in turn all Dimension therein
Once I turn in