

# My AlcheMystic 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 receiving 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 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, trust, or something more subtle? 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.

Esotericness or metaphorical clue, what do you think?

With much love and light

*Terra Christa*

## Terra Christa



GênIsis<sup>2</sup>

## My AlcheMystic

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

## And in the Beginning

"I am from Christen, (Krest-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; 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<sup>th</sup> 2000 something 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* filled 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 AlcheMystica<sup>7</sup> Sister Maryellen, A fella Grail Priestess<sup>8</sup> 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.

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<sup>7</sup> An AlcheMystica is feminine for AlcheMystic.

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

<sup>8</sup> Grail Priestess's are souls who, arm in arm, embark on an adventure within their own Rite, with A sole purpose 2 uncover *THAT* BeLoved Holy Grail within, while encouraging each other 2 discover *THAT* BeLoved Here Now on Earth.



## My AlcheMystic

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 Elini. 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.

Elini 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 *Aftio*.<sup>9</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, yet I do know how my deep heartfelt affinity to Greece and its deeply rich mythology is key to many of my experiences.<sup>10</sup>

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<sup>9</sup> Goodbye in Greek.

<sup>10</sup> The Greek Myth 'Psyche and Eros' has mystically woven its way through my life.

## My AlcheMystic

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 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 Here from *THAT* DNA beyond the inherited parental genetics. The higher code from *THAT* DNA creates A matrix for our 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 purg.....

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 whole .....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 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..?

My AlcheMystic



Before One can proceed any further  
IT IS Wise to realize *THAT* Golden Means



Perfection for any AlcheMystic  
on any AlcheMystical Journey