

# Re-Membering

The Experiences & Tales  
of SheSoul

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By Clarity

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## FORWORD

Accompanying **SheSoul** on her journey and enjoying her unique story is an invitation for you to expand and stretch your own experiences. Joining her quest offers a perspective that embraces eons of lifetimes and opens vistas of a new multidimensional life. The seemingly impossible becomes possible indeed, once you allow the deep inner knowledge to unfold through the qualities of the heart.

## INTRODUCTION

**SheSoul** guides you from experiencing the Earth in the full flower of her youth to her home in the skies where she originated an eternity ago, to the realm of souls between incarnations and the miracles of love and life taking place there, and to her final arrival on Earth.

She re-members in the present and experien-ces both past and present on Earth simultaneously.

A living tapestry of the innate wisdom of each participant in this tale has been woven from various threads of their individual re-memberings.

## THE EARTH AND ITS FIRSTBORNS

Once upon a time – eons and eons ago...

Planet Earth was flowering in its youth and prime. She was overflowing with abundance from her rich heart and womb.

It was during this time that she fulfilled part of her destiny as a planetary being of wisdom clothed in matter. Over many millenniums she gave birth to the human being, a being able to walk upright, to connect with and be of Earth while still being a spirit of the heavens.

She gave birth to these beings in the prime and fullness of her youth. They were to carry her beauty and evolutionary imprint, to multiply and to resonate with her body through their physical inner and outer senses as well as through the heart connection.

These first earthlings were tall of stature, ebony black, with beautiful erect bodies, graceful in their walk. Their heads were large, elongated, accommodating a wonderful brain. Their etheric sense bodies were especially well developed. They were deeply connected to the inner realm, though quite unconscious of it, and at the same time were able to take in all the sounds, smells, tastes, sights, and touches, feeling the environment in all its abundance of plant, rock, and animal life.

The black peoples, being the original children of Earth, were in their stage of deep interconnectedness with Mother Earth. At this time they were not yet conscious of their inner powers and the importance of their becoming conscious.

Earth had worked meticulously and precisely to evolve these beings, now upright. They were ready to receive the souls come to inhabit them and to experience through their earth bodies the physical and sense environment. They were to eventually allow matter, all the physical realm and senses, to be one with infinite intelligence – human, animal, plant, and earth body.

But then flying ships came out of the sky. They saw the opportunity to use the fullness of the beauty they saw for their own purposes. They made the original black children of Earth believe that they were the gods and that they could easily destroy them. Such was the innocence of these people that a show of tricks allowed fear to creep in. They taught the original children their programs: fear of the Earth, their mother and nurturer, and of each other. This led to their killing each other to acquire power. They even literally ate each other's hearts out. By accepting and living the limited reality of the false gods, the elongated heads of the children of Earth in time began to shrink.

And so the true purpose of the original children was distorted, allowing the intruders to feed on the newly created flowers of the Earth and to distort the natural flow of life energy from growth and empowerment to disempowerment.

Thus that which had been consciously carried and born of the womb of the Earth was separated from its nurturing roots and became unconscious. It would

literally take eons before the people, experiencing the distortion of violence and abuse which followed on planet Earth, could once more return to the inner source.

## STARBORN

Once upon a time there was a beautiful blue planet, actually it was a star shining brightly in the heavens. Quite close to the central sun of a huge spiral galaxy of immeasurable depth and expansion, it followed its path. The whole galaxy had been created in infinite love by this central sun and so all was deeply connected to it.

You may call the central sun a black vortex or a white vortex; that just depends on what status of creation the central sun was involved in then. When her children wanted to return she embraced them all and became a powerful center of spiritual gravity. The galaxies, stars, suns, and planets having experienced eons of life returned with their knowledge and light into her infinite presence.

When creating matter, galaxies, stars, suns, and planets, she reached deeply into her infinite knowing darkness to give birth to that which turns to light

The above mentioned planet moved on a path very close to the heart of the central sun as one of its oldest planets or stars, a firstborn, for *SheSoul* her beautiful home planet. How she did love her planet! She loved it and respected the solar body, the star body, which gave her the basis of life. The spirit of this particular star she called home was a very old one, since it has been so close to the central sun for so many eons. It had been born and exposed to the deep spiritual vibration of the central sun.

It was like this: The further away from the central sun on the periphery of this particular galaxy, the further away the planets were from the spiritual vibration. So, not only were they further from the spiritual vibration, but due the fact that they were much newer, they had evolved much later than the ones closer to the central sun.

*SheSoul* was a very beautiful being. She had wings, huge wings, with an enormous span she could wrap around her body. She did not have legs to walk on for she could levitate. So when she wanted to move, she simply floated through the air. Her body was light and very beautiful. She had such deep love for her home planet, this star, and for the central sun – the basis of this creation and its infinite intelligence – that her heart was huge. One could really say that she was a heart with wings. However, she did have a face and a body. With her inner sensitive perceptivity she was able to sense things. Waves emanating from her gave her whatever information she needed. She simply sent them out and upon their return received the vibration that encoded the knowledge she sought. She would sense the vibration, and know all that she wanted to know.

Others lived on this planet, too, though not many, and they communicated telepathically. Speech was unnecessary. They did have mouths, yet they were used just to celebrate and to sing, to honor the planet and the central sun, the life-giver of all.

You see, blessing is sound. A planet being sung to opens its heart and transforms the sound vibration, the blessing, into many miracles of life.



*SheSoul* knew about the rhythms and the larger melody of her galaxy, her universe. She knew of the expansion and contraction as being part of the ever-turning cycle of life. These rhythms were deeply embedded within her being.

She was a being of love. She had never known fear or violence. Being so close to the central sun, she knew only how to be one. She had grown through eons of time into the being she was now. Her star, her home planet, having come to the height of its evolutionary development, was returning and being reabsorbed by the central sun, which drew it back into itself through its spiritual gravity. It was totally in rhythm with the expansion and contraction of the galaxy, the in-breath and out-breath of the central sun

Yet, at this particular moment, the great council of her star system called *SheSoul* and asked her if she would be willing to go to a place far at the end of the galaxy on the outer realm where there was a planet which wanted to evolve spiritually – called Terra. Its people, however, did not allow the planet to evolve; they didn't even consider it a being, just something to be used, abused and exploited. *SheSoul*, a big heart with wings, was very aware that if she wanted to go to this planet she would have to take on the form and body of these beings, who called themselves humans. She also knew that if she entered the atmosphere of that planet, a veil, that is, a forgetting of who and what she was would descend upon her. She was not allowed to remember who and what she was until she had learned the lessons which that planet had to offer her, until she had come to know the dark sides that she had never known before, a vibrational quality that was dense and slow. To do so she had to leave behind her star with its beautiful high vibration and high frequencies as only a memory imprinted deeply within her matrix.

She also knew that she would forget where she came from until such time when once again Terra would return close to its central sun and its intense spiritual vibration. Then and only then would her deepest memory be activated and she be able once again after many eons to become her real Self.

This happened a long, long time ago. At that time several of the golden angel beings chose to incarnate in dense matter. Since they were love, created in love, their love of life and learning was deep. They would forget their origins, yet when they would meet each other in physical bodies, the innate and intense love vibration would allow them to recognize each other.

## ON TERRA

There were several beings that came from the inner reaches of their galaxy close to the central sun who had embodied on this planet. Having evolved in oneness, they wanted to learn what it meant to have the heart separated from the mind, the body from the soul, the masculine from the feminine. However, that agreement to learn together had been made in their soul bodies, not in physical embodiment. In physical embodiment on Terra, they were deeply astonished when they were with the Terra peoples.

They did not know what it meant to have fear, for they had never experienced violence. They brought a deep love and a natural trust in life's abundance and so they could not understand Terra people who based their lives on the fear of existence. Terra's inhabitants were afraid of their planet, afraid that they would not have enough to eat or to live. The beings could not understand this. How can you fear that which has given you life, that which nurtures you, that which developed you, that which gives you the space to live, that which gives you love? They were unable to understand these things.

And then, when they saw people killing each other, they watched, their hearts aching, thinking, "Why do you kill each other, why you kill what was created in infinite love, wisdom, and joy by the central sun? Why do you fight? What is there to fight for? Everything is abundant in the universe, everything is abundant on this planet, don't you see that? Don't you see?" Their hearts were saddened, in pain, seeing what these people were doing to themselves and to their planet.

However, they had embodied at a time when the planet was just leaving the halo of its own central sun, moving far away from their origins and the re-remembering of the inner source, and their connection with the central sun was forgotten. The people had just been thrown from the paradise of knowing and consciousness into the darkness of unconsciousness! They had embodied at that time when Terra's orbit took it far, far away from the vibration of its source of light. This meant that the inhabitants had been expelled from paradise into unknown space for a very long time to come. They were to experience unconsciousness itself.

Some people still remembered that there must have been a paradise, though, that everything used to be quite different, yet there were no written records to remind them.

Terra people sacrificed living beings, animals, to a male god to soothe his anger. The beings from the planet close to the heart of the central sun shook their heads, "Why would you sacrifice to honor the god, how can you kill to honor a god, how can you? You should celebrate life to honor the god! Life is god, god is life." They were amazed at what they saw and totally unable to comprehend it. Slowly, over a period of several lifetimes, even they could no longer remember their origin, for their knowledge had faded away. It was only deep inside that they knew there could be a different kind of existence, a different life. They were watching and trying

to understand, trying to learn. Yet it was very difficult for them. Coming from a planet, a star so close to the galaxy's central sun, they only knew oneness, wholeness. They did not know of the separation, the split between mind and soul.

One day, as *SheSoul* in her embodiment looked up in the skies, she saw the gods of the Terra people coming. They came floating down in metallic space vehicles. The Terra people lay down on the ground in fear, covering their heads with their hands. *SheSoul* watched some of the space beings, gods, leaving the space ship. One of them walked toward her. She looked into his eyes, and he looked at her and said: "Hello. You would like to know more and better understand how this people live, to be closer to them, wouldn't you?"

"Yes," she said, "I am trying to understand, but I can not."

"Oh," he responded, "I can help you."

"Well, how can you do that?"

"I can assist you by programming your mind so you can share their beliefs and their fears."

*SheSoul* hesitated, sensing what that could mean. Yet her curiosity was sparked, and since she was one and came from a planet of oneness, she did not know what fear, seduction, and betrayal meant. So she allowed this man to program her.

He did so by aiming a laser consisting of a ruby crystal and an emerald crystal at her. He programmed her genetically with *his* program. He could only do this with *his* program, how *he* functioned. He beamed the laser at her inner eye. In that moment *SheSoul* knew that she would not be waking up and becoming conscious for many eons to come! The moment the laser hit her inner eye, it destroyed all her sensitive, highly developed capabilities and split her brain in two. Her beautiful sparkling whole brain was now split into two. Her left side, which was so beautifully integrated with her right side, was destroyed as well. As it happened she looked into the eyes of that man and knew that he was bound to her for a long time to come. She screamed, and screamed, and screamed, "Mother, why has thou forsaken me?" as she descended into the abyss. This was her fall from paradise, and she fell deeply, very, very deeply. In that embodiment she died immediately.

The laser went straight through the earth to the heart of planet Terra. It too screamed. Both screams went forth into the universe, so it would be known that the planet and this strong beautiful soul light had fallen into the utter darkness of unconsciousness.

## STARBIRTH

Once upon a time there existed a soul. Although souls are never a he or she, we will still call her a *SheSoul*. This soul lived many lives and experiences in physical form on various planets, learned and grew and became very refined and sensitive and attuned to the higher vibrational frequency of the light environment. Between embodiments she had come home to this vibrational frequency to heal and rest from her strenuous journeys to the planet. The place where *SheSoul* dwelled was actually not a place, because where souls dwell between embodiments has no time or space as we know it, only vibrational frequencies.

When *SheSoul* wished to see her soul mates she just called out in thought, and if they wished to be contacted they in turn thought about her and they were there. They did not speak to each other the way we do. There were no eyes to see through. Instead, they perceived the very vibrations of the heart, the true essence of the other soul. Nothing was hidden. They could even change forms as desired. Most of the time *SheSoul* was a ball of light, jumping about and throwing herself around and even at some of her other soul mates, ever wanting to open their hearts.

When a heart was opened not only could one see the beauty in the heart, the light, the star, within. Incredibly, one could also enter as if through a door into the other soul's heart and feel its essence. It was like embracing, only infinitely more intimate and beautiful. It was like taking a journey inward and getting in touch with the accumulated wisdom and experiences of another soul. You were an individual soul, and, when merging with the other one, you became a much bigger and brighter one, yet you still knew that you were you.

One part knew that you were you, the other knew that you were more than you, so very much more. Like being immersed into something so wonderful, penetrated by such wisdom and light, that the joy was nearly unbearable. There was no time or space, no desire, only a tremendous consciousness of joy in that moment. *SheSoul* loved to play this joyful game of inner encounters.

Some days she played with her rainbow of emotions to enjoy the colors. Love and joy sent purple, blue, and yellow sparkles around her like an enchanted cape covered over and over with shining stars. She could move with the ease of a dancer through the various emotions, changing playfully from one to the other.

One day, *SheSoul* knew that a new star was being born in the universe, and she wanted to assist its birth. As you may imagine, *SheSoul* traveled physical distances very easily, for she merely thought of a place where she wanted to be and – whoosh! – There she was.

A starbirth was a very significant event. Many souls banded together to witness and assist. On the higher soul realm many highly developed beings that no longer traveled to other planets in physical form were very active. They assisted the star spirit who was to give life to a particular star. For to join with the Starmaker's

breath and the gaseous matter of the star meant to give it life, a great miracle indeed. The new life was woven in darkness to unfold into the light. The spirit who was to inhabit and join in love with this soon to be born star was an old and very powerful one. When you came close to him, sound waves emanated from him long before you reached the center of his being. He hummed majestically and droned like a tremendous body moving in space. Well, that's what he was, a star spirit.

Every soul was excited and deeply touched imagining that the Starmaker herself was to come and assist with the birth.

For the occasion even the younger souls, the ones who had not yet traveled to many planets, were called to attend, though they usually stayed at the periphery of the action. All wanted to be close to the Starmaker and to her very fine vibration and golden light.

Finally the time approached. Every being in the universe wanted to honor and celebrate the giving of life to a star and to be touched and embraced by the Starmaker's love and blessings. They all came.

Surrounding them and coming from everywhere as well as from within was the universal sound. Everything in the universe makes a sound, you know, even every thought makes a sound, though we earthlings can't hear it or perhaps don't want to. The flight of the dove moves air and creates sounds. Actually, one could say, anything that moves, which is practically the entire universe, has its own music. This was the music that filled every nook and cranny. It flowed, waved, sprinkled like raindrops, cascaded, strung a net of sounds like pearls, a carpet of sound to prepare for the event.

On one side were the heavy and dark sounds belonging to the huge stars, solar systems, spirals and nebulae determining the underlying melody. Then came the white vortexes and black vortexes, which were all suspended for a moment when they collapsed and reversed. The part sounding like a heart beat was stars and planets before they were born. The light twinkled sound-droplets from the body of souls, like plucking strings of harps. Imagine such a giant orchestra, and all without instruments, and what melody all these sounds emanated, attuned to each other, coming forth in harmony, moving through you, caressing and pulling you along in their movement.

There were other beings you could only sense but not see when they came close to you. Their heart reached out to embrace yours. That's how you knew that they were there. It was whispered that these beings had a direct connection with the Starmaker, so by just touching your soul with theirs Starmaker knew all about you.

*SheSoul*, in her favorite form as a ball of light, bounced playfully up and down, higher and higher. There were so many things to take in, to feel, to enjoy, and to love.

Then there were the gigantic beings that guarded an energy structure somewhere in the universe that contains every thought and spoken word in the entire world. (Actually, only the thought, for before it is spoken, the word exists in thought form.) These beings looked like huge majestic angels with long, white flowing robes. They didn't have any wings, though. Their robes flowed behind them like sails in the wind. Yet, it was strange because there was no wind here. Around their necks on the thinnest gold chains they carried huge keys. You would think they could not carry the weight of these keys. Looking more closely, though, you could see that the keys were

notes of music strung together, each note representing a specific sound. Aha, that's how the doors of knowledge were opened – through melody!

*SheSoul* bounced closer, joyfully listening to the tinkling of the keys hanging round the angels' necks. In her excitement to see if the melody would change, she wanted to pull on the chains that held the keys. Since these beings exerted great gentleness and wisdom, those vibrations emanated around them in circles. One opened its heart to welcome *SheSoul*, and – hop! She jumped right in.

What a journey! She moved through words written in strange shapes and forms. The words needed to be touched in order to reveal their meaning. They were calling out to *SheSoul* to be touched. As she did so, the words revealed their meanings as vibrations into her hand. For the purpose of touching, she just thought of having to hold out her hand, and, effortlessly, the vibrations were there.

These vibrations spoke of olden days, of days long before the creation of the universe, of its state of being before the gigantic explosion in the physical universe. They spoke of the awesome power of the Starmaker birthing it into time and space, of the incredible, the unimaginable and infinite love of the Starmaker in creating something so beautiful and so rich, something never before conceived out of her abundance of life.

*SheSoul* moved further when an Egyptian hieroglyph literally reached for her. A procession of Egyptian gods and goddesses, incorporating the many faces of wisdom, flowed passed her.

The angel let *SheSoul* know that she must fi-nish her voyage and gently asked her to leave all of these astonishing discoveries and return to the presence of the angel. *SheSoul* exuded sparkling reds, greens, and purples to express her joy and gratitude.

The news spread quickly through the universe: *the Starmaker is coming! The Starmaker is coming!* It was like a whisper, a sound wave that ebbed in and out. And then She approached. First *SheSoul* felt an unimaginable golden light slowly enveloping and entering her. Then the sound, perhaps it can not be described in earth terms, a sound like angels playing harps, except there was no harp and no one playing it. As the Starmaker approached, her presence, a golden light, became increasingly larger and more powerful. All the beings felt their innermost selves opening up and receiving her love. In doing so they revealed their own beauty. Their essences emitted startlingly beautiful music. *SheSoul* floated among flutes and harp sounds that seemed to slide on rays of light. The Starmaker's approach brought illumination. *SheSoul* felt it more and more strongly, and as she came closer something wonderful began to happen. She felt love inside, outside, and all around her. The Starmaker seemed to be everywhere. And then, as she felt a tremendous expansion within her being, she knew, she knew, she just knew – she knew she was one with the Starmaker, that she was inside Her, and Starmaker was inside her. She also knew that every being under the heavens was part of Her, that all was one, that she possessed the Starmaker's unlimited wisdom, infinite intelligence, knowledge, and light. Starmaker could express herself perfectly through her.

When *SheSoul* came to herself again she looked around. All the beings had opened their hearts; they sparkled like pure gold. What a glory, well, you really can

not describe it. You have to close your eyes to see it and feel it. She knew that this was the intense love energy needed to help birth a star. She had been around for quite a while, you see, and had witnessed a number of such births.

At this precise moment, with the whole universe pouring out its love and light, Starmaker breathed into a so-called black hole, which as you know absorbs all the light, energy and matter around it, pulling it into a whirlpool of incredible density. The star spirit standing at the entrance of the black hole was carried by the Starmaker's breath into ever tightening spirals inside the black hole until it reached the place of total fullness which simultaneously contained the unlimited potential revealed there in the depth of the center. Exactly in that moment, as both joined, the love of the Starmaker and the star's spirit, at that very point the miracle happened: Out of seemingly nowhere with a huge bang a beautiful blue star was born into the physical universe, into time and space. Back in the soul realm everyone cheered.

*SheSoul* delighted in these events, and since she was a very curious soul, she quickly decided to take a little trip into the physical universe to enjoy the new star and to say hello to the star spirit. As you already know, in order to travel, all *SheSoul* had to do was to think about the place where she wanted to be, and – whoosh! – She was there.

The new star turned and swayed, pulling along huge magnetic clouds, heaving and breathing in its birth throngs. It was also very hot. Its center was of a crystal blue fire containing the star spirit's energy and love. Since *SheSoul* was in her soul body the heat of course did not affect her. She saw how busy the star spirit was trying to make all those explosions correctly, so that eventually, in a few eons, there could be a solar system with planets constellated around it moving through space.

*SheSoul* felt a gentle tug, back to the soul realm. Other souls were trying to contact her – whoosh! And she was back all right.

## ENCOUNTER

Once upon a time, individual souls from the soul realm were called to an emergency meeting. Planet being Terra from a solar system in the outer spiral of the galaxy had actually left her beloved planet, a heretofore unheard of event. While emitting spirals of lightning and tremendous thunder Terra was gently asked to share what happened.

“Quite disharmonious,” *SheSoul* thought, “something must have really imbalanced her, throwing her out of her circumference.”

The planet spirit spoke of her love for planet Terra, how it was part of her soul, how she had tenderly nursed and cared for its first gaseous, then liquid, and finally partially solid body, how she had watched and nurtured the first life on her beautiful planet. Life had come through Terra because her being had become one with the planet’s body. *SheSoul* listened intently. She saw the first plants growing, birds flying through the purple sky, and animals walking on the ground. Then she saw the first souls come to inhabit the bodies of the people whom the Terra spirit had nursed at her bosom and tended. *SheSoul* remembered several times ensouling Terra people over the past few thousand Terra years and remembered the joy and the miracle in her coming to the planet in physical form. The Terra planet spirit sobbed, if you can call it sobbing. It was more as if the huge electromagnetic energy field of which she consisted had started to shake and become distorted, emanating thunderous sounds and mighty quivers.

The assembled souls, who all had different forms and shapes balls of light mostly, lost some of their brilliance. They were slightly less bright when the planet spirit heaved like that. It was as if a huge planet had gotten off its orbit and wobbled. But now on Terra a lot of young, inexperienced souls lived in peoples’ bodies, having totally forgotten where they came from and why they lived there. And so it came to pass that all of the planet’s natural resources were misused. The planet was polluted, its air polluted and the pollution had already extended far into the higher altitudes and into space itself, affecting neighboring planets.

*SheSoul* gasped, or the equivalent of it. It was more like colored sparks flying around her ball of light.

What could be done to assist the planet’s birth into consciousness and to assist the planet’s people to remember who they truly were and from where they had originally come? *SheSoul* felt such love for Terra arising in her that her emotion, which was of a true golden color, doubled her body size, and as she felt the other souls, her love shone so brightly that it came close to the Starmaker’s in intensity. After all, they were her children. It was understood without saying that many of the souls present would undertake the journey to the planet Terra. Some would inhabit physical form, and some would assist in non-physical form.



Unspoken contracts were made to embody together in love as a group on the planet. Planet Terra was known as the valley of the shadows, as a planet which when once you entered its atmosphere made you forget who you were and from where you came. So, the agreement in-between embodiments was that each one would meet the others again and try to rekindle the old memory and love which had brought them together. This would reawaken the wisdom of the soul.

You know Terra was quite beautiful. It had been called into life by the Starmaker's infinite love for a very special purpose. It was to become the marvel of the Starmaker's creativity. You all know that contemporary star science or astronomy believes that the universe is expanding continuously. What scientists don't know is that the moment will soon be when the universe will begin to contract and return to its creator. Imagine a pendulum that stops at its upswing for a moment. And that precise moment of the expansion, when the universe will stop, is a moment of timelessness, the "now" moment when the Starmaker will be ever present and everywhere; each cell will become conscious of its origin and deep inner wisdom. The Starmaker will experience itself through each cell and each cell through the Starmaker.

*SheSoul* contemplated all these facts. Her love and compassion created a larger and ever larger golden hue around her. She seemed to grow bigger and more radiant by the minute. *SheSoul* understood perfectly well what was going to happen on planet Terra. When the day came when the physical universe began to contract and the planet entered the halo and light of its central sun, the people of planet Terra would not be prepared to receive the infinite love and consciousness of joy of the Starmaker. At that moment of no time, many souls would not be ready! Without adequate preparation, the negative would be amplified and intensified as well as the positive, so that millions would not be able to make the transition. And the souls who inhabited Terra bodies would be caught in that vibration in matter for many eons to come.

However, if they were prepared, the infinite love and consciousness of joy of the Starmaker would illuminate the inner depths of their hearts and amplify it thousands of times. The planet could flower, plants and animals would be able to talk, and the people would live in the light of inner knowledge and wisdom, fully feeling their oneness with other planets, with the universe and even with the creator. The Terra beings would awaken to their true inner soul values and they would no longer be split between soul and body, soul and matter.

*SheSoul* sighed gently, a bit sad to leave the high vibrational frequencies she inhabited and then began to assemble the necessary elements for her journey to Terra.

## THE TOWER OF MEMORIES

First *SheSoul* wanted to visit the tower of memories. And since she wanted to experience fully her last moments in the soul realm, she visualized it. As you know, not only could *SheSoul* travel any distance by thought, she could also create any surroundings she liked through her imagination. Ah, there it was, the tower of memories, exactly as she wished to see it. It had minarets and lofty towers in smoky purple stretching into orange skies with two red suns coming up on the horizon and three moons of different shapes going down. One moon was full, one waxing and one waning. The full moon was ringed with what seemed to be diamonds, like snowflakes reflecting and dispersing the red suns raised over the purple towers and minarets. The purple tower was floating on top of a huge waterfall that was enveloped in a slight white fog. *SheSoul* enjoyed this image she had just created. Then she imagined a beautiful emerald green forest on the left and an emerald green sea on the right, and as the two red suns rose she created the waterfall which rose upward to the tower of memories. (Since *SheSoul* could imagine everything, she wished the waterfall to raise upward.)

Then, she changed herself from a ball of light into another one of her favorite forms and shapes, a beautiful blue eyed boy of about fourteen with long blond hair. To finish up, she sprinkled silver and gold stardust around herself. Robed in a white and sky-blue silken cape *SheSoul* knocked at the portal of the tower. She didn't actually have to knock, she could have walked through the door, but she wanted to enter in a very formal way. The portal opened its wings and bade *SheSoul* to enter. She knew exactly where she was directing her steps. First, she climbed the twisting stairs to the top of one of the minarets; this was the storage hall for all her previous excursions to various planets. She approached one of the small peepholes in the wall that read, "Past Trips to Terra." Since all the excursions were stored in the form of vibrations, they took up hardly any space at all.

*SheSoul* tuned into these vibrations and searched for the memories of travels and journeys pertaining to herself. In no time, these flashed in front of her. And one after another she remembered the various trips and the reasons for which she had returned to Terra. She saw herself in different times in different places as different people. On one trip she was a young boy who was crippled and left the planet early. On another journey she saw a high priestess that had been persecuted for speaking the truth. Then she saw a young man who had consecrated his life to helping others. And so it went, on and on. *SheSoul's* vibration was searching for the journey that had given her most of the experience and learning she now needed on this particular trip to Terra. There were several of them. Intuitively she knew which experiences to gather and let those memories fill her soul. This was the guidance she would take to planet Terra engraved in her soul.

## THE TOWER OF INTELLECT

There were not too many steps. Climbing up the staircase *SheSoul* heard lots of words, thoughts, ideas, whispers, and talk. Once in a while a sentence would float by, a short one, or a long one. On the top of the staircase there was a roomful of words twisting and turning around, and all kinds of strange alphabets. This was the chamber of intellect. *SheSoul* needed one for her journey. She stepped up to the old dark desk, where an ancient man wrote with a white feather into an enormous book.

“One intellect, please,” she piped.

The bearded old man peaked over his rimless spectacles and closed the book, catching his long beard in it. “For your size?” he asked, looking at her and her young boy’s body.

“No, no,” she answered quickly and changed her shape into a woman’s body, “for this size.”

“Hmm, a big one or a small one?”

“Medium,” she answered. The old man turned around and, of course, with his beard caught in the book made it fall down with a lot of noise and dust. *SheSoul* had to suppress her giggle. Then the old man turned back to her, a gray cape in his hand.

“Let’s see if this fits.” And it did, like a second skin. “Don’t forget to return it when you come back” were the last words she heard. She donned the cape at once.

## THE TOWER OF EMOTIONS

A little further on she proceeded slowly to the next tower. It was a hesitant walk, for *SheSoul* knew what awaited her there. This tower was the largest one. It was a structure made of lights, phosphorescing in all the colors of the rainbow with sounds emanating in between – thunder, bells, hammering, songs, sirens – and amid these sounds, lightning flashed.

*SheSoul* walked through the wall of light and sound right into the tower. There was no one in it except for all the various emotions dancing a furious dance with each other accompanied by sounds and lightning colors.

There, in the front, close to the ground crept fear, all black and dark, extinguishing any colorful sparkling in its way. Once in a while, red lightning slashed through accompanied by thunder. That was anger, cutting through the fear. These crept close to the ground. Worry floated a bit above them. Less dense than anger and fear, worry was a dark blue and emitted a hammering sound. Right next to it was a huge cloud of sadness, wailing away. On top, the lightest emotion, joy, was orange with some green and light blue, topped by a pure golden hue that floated like a crown on the ceiling.

Suddenly, anger threw a few lightning bolts at joy. Joy moved out of the way, only to radiate more strongly. One more cloud squirmed in the corner – guilt. This emotion had all kinds of colors, black, green, blue, red, and gold. All at once, it moved like a wave and engulfed and devoured joy and love.

*SheSoul* saw the emotions struggling for release in the wave of guilt. After a while joy and love floated up to the ceiling, once more free of the wave. And so it went, on and on and on. The emotions moved and circulated. Once in a while love was able to lift, to turn away from fear and anger. *SheSoul* watched for a long time. She looked at herself one last time; her vibrant emotions were totally in balance. Once she crossed the room, though, she would no longer be able to play with her emotions. Going to planet Terra also meant giving up the free choice of emotions. They would have to take on the heaviness and density of the ones present on the planet and would be bearing down on her. This was the way it had to be for her to lower her outer vibrations to the levels of the beings on Terra.

*SheSoul* walked step by step across the room. Doing so, she felt all the emotions descending on her like tons of weight and clinging to her gray coat of intellect. She breathed deeply and welcomed the weight that would allow her to travel to denser vibrations, to the surface of planet Terra.

She left the tower of emotions walking slowly and thoughtfully. Engraved in her soul she carried with her the memories of past learning on planet Terra and a cape of intellect weighed down with emotions.

With these gifts she entered the last tower.

## THE WHEEL OF THE ZODIAC

The steps beyond the gray wall led downward. At the end of the staircase was a door to a huge chamber in which there was a circle on the ground containing the twelve signs of the zodiac. Two beings, angels, waited for *SheSoul*. She felt heavy and sad to leave the realms of souls. And yet she started to feel the fascination of this new adventure, the learning and expansion that her soul would gain, knowing without doubt that she could return home.

Then she was approached by the two angelic beings. Still in the form of a young boy, she extended her hands and was led by both to the center of the zodiac wheel. She greeted each of them and waited:

“We are going to be close to you in spirit form during your stay on Terra. As you know, as soon as you enter the dense vibrations there, all your conscious memory will vanish; however, it will be embedded in your unconscious and will be separated from your consciousness by a veil of forgetting. During your journey on Terra, you have to make this unconscious knowledge conscious in order to bring the light of the soul realm there. Once in Terra body, you will no longer be free to use the laws of the soul realms. Only in your dreams will you be able to get in touch with that level. And only when you raise the vibrations of the physical, emotional, and mental Terra body to a higher one, will you once again consciously use the laws of the soul realm. The travelers and companions who are going to be with you are already in Terra body. Your moment has come. As you know, you can only descend to Terra when the stars are in the same position as when you left last time.”

*SheSoul* stood erect, looking around her one last time as one angelic being handed her a salmon colored rose with green leaves. The wheel of the zodiac turned ever faster. Holding her rose she became unconscious.

## EMBODYING

The woman did not want to be pregnant. It came as a great surprise, after having arranged their lives in a comfortable way, she and her husband; it seemed absurd, especially at her age. Yet... in some magical way, her body began to feel wonderful, but her mind did not want accommodate the incoming miracle of life. It reminded her of all the dreadful things that could happen before and during birth, as well as not having enough time available for herself after the child was born.

The expectant mother took tests. They stuck a needle into her womb to make sure that the baby was normal and damaged the baby's safe place, the placenta. Strangely enough, the couple did not even pause to consider that sticking a needle into the baby's bubble would hurt the baby. They even knew its gender.

With *SheSoul's* wisdom, though, the mother became aware that she really needed to prepare herself for the event of carrying as well as birthing the child.

While her cheeks became pink and her belly very hot, producing the miracle of life with cells multiplying by the millions, she began to listen within, to talk to the being who wanted to become embodied through her.

She often felt a wonderful light presence around her that would catch her totally by surprise. "But," she told a friend, "the mother gives life to the child; that's what I was taught, it is so totally distorted. This child is teaching me something so beautifully different that it moves me to tears. The child communicates with me and lets me know that it loves me so much that it is willing to become totally dependent on me. It trusts me wholeheartedly to take care of it and look out for its best growth and development."

The mother took time to believe the incredible love the unborn being communicated to her. She began to listen to its needs, the foods it did not like her to eat or drink. The unborn did not like noisy music or fast movements. It taught the mother step by step how it could grow best and which environment it needed to thrive.

*SheSoul*, older and as you may imagine far wiser, had faithfully accompanied the mother through this process and prepared both mother and child for the great event. Together they rehearsed the birth – the body expanding, hips opening, pelvis lifting, uterus opening – while explaining to the child that these were training sessions. The child was asked to see itself going through the opening into the new world that awaited it.

The mother's body communicated its age-old knowledge of how to give birth. Fear was its greatest inhibitor, so the woman began to embrace the fear, which in turn allowed the body to live its wisdom.

With everything ready for the great event, the focus of the mother was on the child, with her support and breathing rhythm assisting its passage into this world.

When the child was ready to leave the protective womb, it did so within a very short time, being supported, loved and welcomed by both mother and father.

## A TRUE LOVE STORY

Once upon a time... *SheSoul* was just into her fortieth rotation of the planet Terra around its sun and had finished her in-depth studies of old Eastern healing wisdom in the desert land of the continent called the home of the red people.

One day, a friend told her about the birth of beautiful animal beings by a proud animal mother and her unknown animal lover. Before she went to visit and to greet the little ones, she carefully explored whether or not, she wanted to bond with one of them. Could she fulfill its needs? She knew that she would soon leave the high desert to take the long journey to the stone tower city. Would the animal being be well there? Finally, the answer came: If she loved her future companion deeply, the animal soul would thrive anywhere.

There were thirteen little puppies. Poor doggy mother! She looked exhausted and her fur was terribly shabby. One of the thirteen, all soft white wool with a tiny yellow stripe on each ear and a blue haze in honey-colored eyes, climbed on *SheSoul's* chest and licked her face. It was love at first sight.

“Do you want to be my companion soul for a while?” she murmured, “Your name shall be Champagne, for you are sparkling like it, and your lovely ears have its color.” Their hearts joined in love, a love that would steadily deepen over the next rotational cycles of the planet.

Then there came the long voyage from the high deserts across the wide windy plains to the stone tower city at the edge of the great blue waters. *SheSoul* and Champi got to know each other on their voyage there. Champi grew daily, more and more filling out the front seat of the steel vehicle in which they journeyed. They stayed in way houses where animal souls were not allowed to enter the eating rooms. On this planet, you see, animals were not considered to be ensouled. They were human's closest allies, yet they were not allowed where they so loved to be, close to the wonderful smells and aromas of food.

Their journey together across the southern plains took them many sunrises and sunsets. It was the fourth cycle of the Terra seasons, and storms of snow crystals from the northern plains began to change the color of the plains.

Champi was exuberant. She chased those white shiny crystals, trying to catch and eat them. She began to roll in the snow, jumping and barking a joyous sound. How she enjoyed her first snow. Her eyes lit up with a velvety soft yellow glow. One could see her sensuousness being fully involved in discovery and play.

Staying in several guesthouses along the way, they finally entered stone tower city via a great hanging bridge spanning a majestic river.

Champi adapted quickly to the new life. No wide vistas, no empty horizons, nothing but stony towers. Every sunrise she played with other doggies in the great grass expanse at the center of the stone tower city. She grew up with two close friends. She loved them, and be it in snow, ice, frost, hail, sunshine, rain, or heat, she went several times a day to join them in play.

Champi grew quickly into a most beautiful female dog you can imagine. Sometimes, at night, when walking the streets of the city, the streetlights lit up her fur with golden and silvery sparkles. In *SheSoul's* eyes, she was truly the most beautiful being, full of wonder and delight.

Champi became an excellent therapy dog, as *SheSoul* assisted and supported many humans in their personal growth processes. She was a healer and the dog soul was present, fully alert and working alongside her. As it turned out, Champi was a specialist in emotional transformation. Her eyes and face became wiser and wiser over the many seasons that followed. In the sessions her nose went directly to the spots and places in the humans' bodies where they experienced tension and pain. She saw and perceived differently than humans, you see, especially when pain and tears were present. At just the right moment, she would lovingly put her beautiful brown nose on the hand of the suffering human to let love flow from her compassionate doggy heart to heal the human's pain.

Champi's heart grew bigger, wider and more compassionate as the years went by. Many, many times she would accompany *SheSoul* in a great iron bird on her journeys across the great blue waters to the land of the white man.

There, close to a sweet water lake, mountains, and grass, a land much greener than anywhere else, Champi connected deeply to the earth. She would lay her belly on the grass, looking far out over the sweet waters, her nose in the wind, catching all the interesting smells it carried along. She would look like a statue, her blonde fur refracting the sunlight, as she was poised most gracefully. Yet her eyes were unbelievably alive, full of pleasure and sensuousness. So Champi and *SheSoul* would voyage and heal for many years in many different lands.

As time went on, Champi became more detached and as the fur around her blonde nose became white, she began to prefer a more regular style of life. *SheSoul* found a beautiful old dwelling for both of them, surrounded by an enchanted garden.

Champi needed to adapt to the local doggy population, which was quite funny to see. Since she only barked when she was joyful (other dogs barked mostly out of fear), *SheSoul* called her a "love dog." She loved to welcome everyone by gently licking the hands or feet to show her pleasure at their arrival. Now, though, she began to initiate territorial behavior. *SheSoul* found it so funny. Here was this generous dog, sharing her space, food, and possessions with everyone even other dogs, trying to fit into the new environment.

After a long hot summer, Champi fell very ill, her heart unable to deal with the heat. *SheSoul* was in deep pain seeing her closest companion moving close to leaving Terra. She cried her heart out for several days while caring lovingly for Champi. Champi began to withdraw from the outside world. Her eyes lost their shine and moved deeply within. She was no longer aware of *SheSoul* who sat next to her for long periods of time after taking her into the enchanted garden to let her body touch the earth she loved so much and to be surrounded by all the lively smells.

Finally, realizing that Champi's soul and energetic body were already outside her physical body, *SheSoul* released her deeply: "If you need to go, feel free to. I have no right to keep you here. Be free, you may leave." The very same moment that she was set free, Champi's finer bodies returned to her doggy body! Then an intense inner



dialogue took place between the two companions. Doggy soul said: “I see that you still need me. I will return to this ailing body and stay with you until you have found another soul companion.” *SheSoul* cried and cried, for she sensed the profound love enveloping her from the doggy soul so willing to endure physical hardship on her behalf.

More time passed. Doggy soul no longer journeyed across the wide waters and plains. Instead, she remained in the beautiful old dwelling in the enchanted gardens when *SheSoul* traveled. Champi was content to remain there where many humans visited to study and to be healed. She was much more detached now, yet the warmth and love shining in her golden eyes touched many. She appeared in humans’ dreams and enjoyed being close to many of them. Her work now consisted in her loving presence being available to those that sought to be healed.

*SheSoul* journeyed far and wide and had made an agreement with Champi; she would not leave this realm without *SheSoul’s* being present. *SheSoul* wished to be with her beloved dog in her last moments and to hold her in deepest gratitude while she left this body.

Two Terra cycles went by. Champi had grown into a beautiful wise being with her ever so soft fur, silvery boots and silvery nose and brows. Every so often her honey-golden eyes took on the bluish shine of her puppy times.

She was strong willed and many emotions expressed themselves through her eyes.

Once, when *SheSoul* was visiting a great flatland in the East, Champi became very ill. *SheSoul* returned quickly to her via the iron bird.

Champi was close to death. *SheSoul* sat with her for many hours asking her if it was her time to leave and, if so, what still held her here. She had placed Champi in the enchanted garden under a bush, her belly touching her beloved earth. Her eyes were open wide. She had been unable to sleep or rest for many days. She had mourned her already while returning from her journey and was ready for this long awaited event.

They communicated with each other for a long time. *SheSoul* understood that the promise Champi had given her a few cycles ago, to be with her until another soul companion came to take her place, had kept her bound to her doggie body. An incredible love field rose up and emanated between and around them. *SheSoul* realized in awe the powerful soul of Champi. They bathed in each other’s love, *SheSoul* at last releasing Champi from her promise. Tremendous gratitude flowed from each. *SheSoul* radiated her deepest respect, honoring this wonderful soul which had been her companion for so many cycles.

Champi listened carefully while *SheSoul* spoke to her about the individualization of a doggy soul, which normally goes back into a group soul. Champi understood. It was her moment of soul growth, to decide to become an individual soul. Her eyes shone in golden light. *SheSoul* allowed her to go.

All of a sudden, a huge thunderstorm moved in. The thunderclap interrupted the process profoundly and Champi’s soul returned to its body. She looked up and decided that she was not willing to go now. *SheSoul* told her that she would suffer in this body, that all the images of jumping, swimming, water playing and such belonged

to a young doggie's body. She explained that being back in her aged body would be painful, that she needed to be able to walk once again and to go up and down steps. Champi looked at her and said, "I will, and without your help."

*SheSoul* spent the night with her, telling her that she had all the space she needed. She could stay and experience her newfound growth in this old body, but she could also leave if she wished to. *SheSoul* had released her and was holding a loving space for Champi to make her own choices.

Champi forced herself to get up and walk. She was in pain, yet she wanted to stay. *SheSoul* gently supported her in her decision. From this point on, she always let the dog lead the way on their daily short walks. She wanted to honor her by accompanying her.

And so, the love story continues....

## AWAKENING

*SheSoul's* old knowledge and inner wisdom from the soul realms slowly began to awaken. “It must have been thousands of years” she sighed, “since I felt I was coming fully home again.”

Every morning and every evening while turning toward her inner depth, she could experience with her bodies a faster and higher frequency. There she was able to recuperate and nourish her beaten body, beaten by the fear and violence clouds surrounding her in Terra's everyday reality. She knew that coming home was close.

Her heart grew wider and more brilliant as time went by, while the violence and fear on Terra only increased. She felt very much alone, trying to teach others to see the possibility of great and wonderful changes. How could she communicate this inner knowing to others that they too could experience this?

## THE HOUSE IN THE FLATLANDS

There came a time when *SheSoul*, a wise woman indeed, drew to her side many other wise women who were not yet aware of their inner great wisdom. She loved each one deeply. This love allowed her to respond on a heart level, to allow their hearts to resonate to her love, so that with time the others too became aware of their inner knowing and inherent potential.

Among those in the circle was a very special woman. She wore her head high, as Native Americans, the red people, do. Her eyes were clear, as if she could see very far into the distance. Every moon, for many years, she traveled far from the stone city in the northern flatland to the south with its giant rocks, mountains, lakes and valleys to join the learning circle of the other women.

This was the time when *SheSoul* invited the younger woman to bring the presence of the teachings back to the northern stone city from where she had come.

That is, she was to find a safe place, where the seed of teaching and learning love, acceptance, and gentle wisdom could be rooted, cared for, and watered to grow into a beautiful tree.

On her iron horse the young woman searched the stone caves and caverns far and wide to find a safe haven in which the delicate energy of the teachings could be housed. *SheSoul* arrived each moon on the iron bird to join in the search. She knew about the place to be, though it was still hidden in the near future. Finally, the search led to lakes, rivers, and waters some distance from the big stone city. These were enclosed by another, smaller stone city.

*SheSoul* knew – here it would be!

The younger woman searched each alleyway connecting the stone caves with each other, some luxurious, some simple, some with plants, trees, and gardens, and some only surrounded by stones.

Some moons passed. By now she knew every nook and granny in that area.

*SheSoul* knew about patience, about the time the energy needed to flow to make the right space available. And so she waited.

One day, the younger woman became very excited – she was on her iron horse, riding through the alleyways, when she turned a corner to see – the dwelling! Here it was, among a multitude of tightly lined houses set back in a big old garden with two huge old trees shading the roof.

She took out her walky-talky and told *SheSoul* who was back in the mountains about the find. *SheSoul* sensed and knew without doubt, feeling and sensing the report, that this was it. This dwelling was to be the frame and open space for the teachings on love and acceptance to be housed, and from there they could spread and find their own energetic channels.

A moon later, when *SheSoul* stepped onto the soil of the garden surrounding the house, a deep tranquility descended upon her. She knew that this used to be

healing earth a long, long time ago. Here, the heart of the Earth had been nourished through the love of beings celebrating and honoring her. But this direct access to the heart of the Earth, which was a deep vortex of power, was no longer active. It had been overlaid by destructive actions committed on this soil and later in the cellar of the house.

The Earth was aching still from the inflow of spilled blood into one of her main arteries. This was the story the Earth told *SheSoul*.

*SheSoul* began to connect deeply to the heart of the Earth. She invited it to let its vital heart energy flow back to the surface by asking all the celestial forces to lovingly hold with her all the pains and sufferings inflicted in the cellar of the old house. This she repeated, again and again. Eventually, the trauma and pain stuck in the artery to the heart of the Earth was softened and lessened.

*SheSoul* stood in the cellar, her arms stretched wide to welcome the nurturing energies of the earth back into the garden and walls of the house.

Tears flowed as she felt the Earth's gratitude for freeing her energy flow. This earth was old and blessed and would bless this place.

But that is another story....

## RE – MEMBERING

Once upon a time, there was a spacious and comfortable old house with a beautiful garden. A white-haired yet agile older woman loved and cared for both. How the trees and plants in the garden flourished in that love! Fairies, gnomes, and elves danced among the branches and dense greenery, rejoicing together there in the garden. Quite often they would rejoice, having conversations with the woman who allowed them all the space they needed for optimal growth.

The years went by until one day a younger woman came across the deep blue waters from a huge land beyond. Yes, *SheSoul* had flown the metal bird that nightly crossed the skies above them.

Both the older woman and *SheSoul* were led to meet each other. Their hearts exulted as they recognized one another. The owner of the house and garden invited her to live there. The house and garden were very happy indeed. Even the Earth beamed with delight, recognizing a deep connection with the woman from long, long ago.

Many a solstice passed. The older woman was intrigued with and attracted by *SheSoul* and the knowledge that emanated from deep within her being. She spent some time with her, wanting to reconnect with this knowledge, something she had forgotten long, long ago.

The Earth welcomed the younger woman, filled with joy at her return there. An old, deep love was allowed to unfold once again. *SheSoul* felt held by the Earth and cared for it in turn. Her heart recognized it and felt rested by it. After a while the old house where she lived and taught began to shine brightly. The garden was aromatic and beautiful, and the Earth itself sighed deeply.

One day, though, many machines arrived. They sawed with hacking, screeching noises. They cut down the huge old tree and others gracing the front of the house which, until then, had been the home of the birds, fairies, and gnomes. Each of them alike, the older woman and *SheSoul*, was paralyzed by their pain; the scream of the steel saw as it hacked and cut the tree trunk cut deeply into their hearts as well.

Systematically the machines worked their way closer and closer to the old house and garden. The house was in pain from the harsh metallic noises. Yet within its walls sounded quite a different melody, one that resonated and vibrated beautifully throughout its many rooms.

As you may imagine, the older woman felt deeply hurt, for it was as if the trees were her own limbs being cut off one by one. Such was her pain that she decided to tear the house and garden from her heart. She no longer wished to feel such heartbreak. All she wanted to do was to get away, far, far away from the old house. “Sell it!” she told herself, “the sooner the better.”

*SheSoul* read the older woman’s mind, for in the interim she had become aware of an ancient connection with her.

The earth, the place itself, had revived age-old memories in *SheSoul*. She had found her roots here, roots that reached deeply into the heart of the Earth. She had been allowed, step by step, to see her own profound attachment to this place:

*In the days when the Earth was younger there had been a special place to which hundreds, even thousands, of people came. It was a place where the finest vibrations of nurturing loving energy emanated from the depths of the Earth, from its very heart. The people who journeyed there experienced profound joy within their souls. It was a place of revitalization and nurturing where the Earth embraced humans with its deepest love and blessings.*

*The guardians of this place were a number of knowing women, women who were deeply in touch with their inmost beings, the Earth, and the universe.*

*One day they knew that a gigantic meteor was hurtling across the skies with tremendous speed and that it would soon hit this place. They knew, too, that it would destroy all living beings, burning everything in its vicinity with the poisonous metals it brought from a distant star and that it would penetrate deeply into the heart of the Earth as well to possess its lifegiving nurturing energies.*

*However, the circle of knowing women possessed the knowledge of how to guard this place, how to slow down the gigantic meteorite and to neutralize its poisons. Since they were deeply rooted in the wisdom of the Earth, this knowledge was readily accessible to them.*

*A call went out to all to gather at the blessed place. The call was heard and heeded. All came. They were many, and they joined in lines of concentric circles around the center of the healing place. Holding hands, becoming a living, breathing unit, they awaited the coming of the destruction. Their strength and power grew out of their joining together as one and being deeply rooted to the Earth's heart. This, they knew, would allow them to slow down the meteorite and to land it gently.*

*The skies darkened. The sun seemed to disappear as sudden night came on. The meteorite was gigantic. Its heat burned everything in its path through the atmosphere before its many gigantic pieces hurled into the living circles of the human chain and penetrated deep layers of the Earth. The Earth convulsed in pain, gigantic masses of land began to move, the waters and oceans boiled, volcanoes erupted spewing fire and lava from deep within Earth's aching belly. The destruction was infinite.*

*All of the people were burned alive in the poisonous gas; their screams resounded in the air, filling the place and the atmosphere and reaching far into space.*

In the old house, *SheSoul* listened to this story which had emerged from her

own innermost being. “Whatever took place then?” she wondered. She hesitated. She did not want to look more deeply within herself. Her heart ached, seeing and remembering:

*One of her own, one of the circle of wise women, had been tempted and seduced to not listen to the voice of her heart. She had allowed strange beings to enter the blessed place. These beings wanted to possess it.*

*The temptation had come –*

*Six metallic men had appeared, scintillating. They claimed that their metal could prevent the meteorite from ever entering the Earth. The older woman was greatly relieved and gladdened by this turn of events. She wanted to do something very special to support the circle of people in its purpose, and so she permitted the men to enter the healing place. They lay down on the ground and let their metal be absorbed by it and disappear far under the surface.*

*In fact, however, they had lied to her – the metal would actually attract the meteorite to this place and also prevent the circle of people from bonding deeply to the Earth!*

*It was their intent, then, to divert the healing powers of this place to their own nefarious purposes.*

*In the very moment when the meteorite approached, the men interrupted the Earth-connection under the feet of those holding the circles. This pulled them from their center for a moment, as a result of which the gigantic poisonous meteorite could not be stopped or slowed down at all!*

*SheSoul's* heart wept, seeing who in the old circle had closed herself to the wisdom and knowledge of the heart. She cried. Very gradually, though, the pain began to lessen, and her heart filled with deep compassion and love for the older woman. It was she who had betrayed them!

*SheSoul* realized now why the older woman felt compelled to leave the house and garden behind, the place where her heart both then and now had been wounded so profoundly, where she was in such unspeakable pain.

She also knew that after so many eons of time this was a unique chance for the older one to heal her heart and the Earth as well. She now had the choice – to surrender this place yet again to those destructive beings or to return it to *SheSoul* who had reawakened its blessing powers.

*SheSoul* set her free. How would the older woman choose? Would she be able to follow the voice of her heart this time? Would she choose to heal herself and in turn allow the people connected with this old wound to heal themselves as well? Or would she be seduced again?

What temptation awaited her this time? A new home was already waiting for her as well as a lot of gold when she would sell the house to *SheSoul*. Everything she could possibly need seemed provided for.



Once again, however, the scintillating metallic men returned, to tempt her and to try to reclaim the old place. This time, though, they wanted to buy it from her.

The first man was famous; in this incarnation he scintillated through his knowledge. Yet, the garden and house contracted when he entered their bounds. Because he researched in and was famous for genetic engineering and tried to control life thereby, he brought with him an aura of fear. The second man shone equally, but via his connections instead. He knew rich and powerful people whom many held in high regard. The third and fourth men came from the financial world and impressed the older woman with the untellable wealth they had at their disposal. The fifth metallic man was a closely trusted person in the older woman's life. She entrusted him with the power of attorney to sell the old house and the garden!

Then came the day when *SheSoul* had yet another revelation. She intuited that the time was now right to allow the various destinies that had melded into a gigantic trauma here at that ancient time to come into full consciousness once again.

The events unfolded at an ever-faster pace. The play seemed to be ready, the same scene was being enacted – even the actors were the same, yet it took place in a different time. And this time around no meteorite was coming. A few solstices ago it had already penetrated the protective layers of another planetary being within the solar system.

Each participant, having been present at this drama so very long ago, returned now to play out the same dramatic moments.

One after another the knowing women appeared to re-connect with *SheSoul*. They were ready to allow their innermost beings to be touched in order to revive the deep melody of life. As you know already, because they had experienced such trauma with the meteorite, layers of forgetting had buried their deep inner knowledge. It had become, in other words, unconscious.

Nevertheless, this deep inner knowing had quietly led each one back to the old place to heal those ancient wounds. Simultaneously, they were becoming conscious of their old injuries and learning to hold them lovingly now, here in their present lives.

There existed also a beautiful being from the angelic realms, from many, many eons ago. This angel became ever more brilliant and bright as it moved from life to life. She exuded a very special fragrance when one met her; it was as if one were amid thousands of freshly opened blossoms. Her beautiful wide wings helped her to touch and fly deeply into the hearts of humans as well as the heart of the Earth itself. A deep and ancient unconditional love existed between her and *SheSoul*, the woman from beyond the deep waters:

*In olden times, old beyond the telling, when the meteorite had destroyed life and the Earth with its poisons, the angel being had lost its voice. In those days*

*it had seen all and had seen the terrible betrayal as well. It saw the metallic men, those magicians, hypnotize the women, seducing them by any means necessary to gain access to and possess the healing source within each woman as well as within the heart of the Earth itself!*

Understand. Once magic is recognized and named as such, it loses its power. By so doing any magic can be undone and the truth made visible. Only the fear of recognizing and naming it allows it to exist:

*Then, in that far distant time, the angel had wanted to speak the truth. Before it was able to do so, poison crept into its delicate sense-nerves. It became paralyzed. This beautiful angelic being writhed on the earth in unbearable pain, its most sensitive senses of perception poisoned. It recognized the betrayal and experienced the pain in its own poisoned body. Its tongue and, of course, its speech and sound, its fragrance – the expression of its inner beauty – had been poisoned. Its thinking too was deadened, its interconnection to its heart severed. From this time on, for many eons to come, it would keep silent, being left only with a split tongue with which to speak.*

A very young woman also came in search of the knowledge that *SheSoul* had to offer. Both women knew of their deep connection. The young woman possessed the gift of the inner seeing; that is, she was able to perceive far more than most people and was quite ambitious as well. She too longed to stay in the ancient place, the old house, and its enchanted garden.

The day arrived finally when *SheSoul* invited her to remember their long past times together. The young one was terrified, her body trembled, her stomach felt sick. Yet she managed to gather all her courage and strength to use her inner seeing to look at that far distant past:

*The knowing women met at the healing and nourishing place. They were aware of the coming of the meteorite and had connected deeply with the heart of the Earth, promising to preserve love and truth, even at the expense of their physical lives.*

*The very young woman used to be part of this circle. At this point in her inner seeing, though, she was only aware of a consuming hatred filling her breast. She felt that she had to kill them all, that it was she who should possess this place, that it must be hers. Her tool to do this was poison which she would mix with the drinks of the circle of women. They sensed her thought vibrations immediately. Their hearts were heavy for their deep-hearted inter-connection with her made it extremely difficult to do what had to be done. She was told, tears streaming, to leave the circle since her inner knowing had been distorted.*

Now she faced *SheSoul* who cried ancient tears of profound love for her.

*SheSoul* was aware that the young one could not truly feel or experience any compassion, since she knew that the metallic men had turned her into metal as well. The very young woman felt ill as she tried to recognize and to re-member more:

*They had all been one with the heavens and the Earth. In her daily meditations she had practiced connecting deeply with the heart of the Earth. Yet precisely at the time she would do so each day, a beautiful young man would appear to distract her. He spoke of faraway countries, of fairy tales of other cultures, of power and possessing power. His eyes were honey gold, tempting, and hypnotic. All her senses were provoked and reeling. He seduced her until she was truly spellbound. Soon she forgot to do her daily reconnecting with the heart of the Earth.*

*This man had taken her innocence and inexperience and distorted them by implanting in her heart a metal triangle like his own. He promised her the sacred place in return for her poisoning the knowing women. She would possess unlimited power, he assured her, and so he led her deeply into the distorted world of the senses. She became addicted to him. Her genuine life-giving wisdom had been abused, warped and turned metallic.*

Now she had delved into her long forgotten past and recognized her seducer in her present life: those eyes, that skilled speech, even the words which had seduced and led her away from the heart were now embodied in a female form. In her present life she was experiencing the rekindling of that old fascination, yet she saw, too, how her innermost being, her vitality had been rigidified, frozen, and turned to metal.

All of this awareness surfaced while *SheSoul* was trying to resolve innumerable complications related to the property transfer of the old comfortable house and its lush and beautiful gardens.

In the meantime, the older woman, the present caretaker of the house, had renewed her age-old ties with the man whom she had appointed to sell the house. He wanted it to go to the metallic man and so used his influence to convince her to not sell it to *SheSoul*! The caretaker was being torn apart. In her heart she knew very well that the comfortable old house and garden belonged to *SheSoul*. Yet her head thought, *gold! Gold!* Fear possessed her. She panicked and forgot about the trust that had built over the past years between herself and *SheSoul*.

Her counselor had her ear; he continually whispered to her that *SheSoul* was betraying her until she actually believed his thoughts to be her own and saw the situation his way.

He did his utmost to see that the house would be in the possession of the metallic man. The older woman would not even hear of the possibility that her counselor and the first metallic man, the one who scintillated with knowledge, the iridescent one, had formed an alliance.

The counselor's power was immense. He used subtle insinuations and all the right words to make the old woman hesitant about selling the house to *SheSoul* whom she had come to trust so deeply.

The time would soon come when, instead, it would be sold to the scintillating one, and the counselor would reap his promised reward.

There was yet another woman, a sensible, beautiful one with delicate bone structure, who was connected to all the stars in the heavens. She knew all about the cycles and secrets of the heavenly bodies. Ever since *SheSoul* had come, she had been able to reconnect on a profound level with her own inner wisdom and knowledge.

The love between them grew daily. In their work together there was much laughter, joy, and lightheartedness, *SheSoul* lovingly calling the finer, sensitive woman “The Queen,” based on her regal walk, head held high as though governing her realm from the depths of her inmost being.

Turning deeply inward, she, too, re-remembered:

*The sun had disappeared. The sky was pitch black, the meteorite enormous. In its wake, it carried pure destruction: heat, poison, everything burned and carbonized; chars alone remained. With one stupendous shock, all of life had been totally destroyed, annihilated! Every sense in her body had contracted from the overwhelming shock; each nerve pulled back, the blood immobilized in its vessels.*

Thus fear came into being, the fear and contraction of the body in the face of its imminent destruction, the fear of being torn apart. The memory of the shock seemed frozen into each cell. You see, since then the fear of life, of living, of losing one’s entire existence, the fear of burning and burnt earth has persisted.

The beautiful woman continued to perceive on a still deeper level:

*Prior to the destruction, something else had taken place. Her brain seemed numbed. She was nauseous. From behind her someone had pressed something soft on her face. Her heart tore apart, for she loved her murderer. She knew it was she, the very young woman, who had numbed her with nerve poison as the dagger from behind passed her shoulder blade and found its way into her heart. The dagger entered the heart center and divided the heart. The very young woman lusted for power and had acted on the orders of the metallic man – whom she called her teacher!*

Thus, love became connected to betrayal and violence. The beautiful woman was fully aware of the residual numbness of her current senses and perceptions, and finally allowed them to re-awaken, to become whole again. The violence that had been brought upon her from behind, deeply connected with love, could finally be released. The age-old suffering could now heal. Love could be pure love once more, no longer connected by violence.

*SheSoul*, too, went within and remembered:

*For many eons, plants, animals, humans, and planets passed through a time when the innate knowledge and wisdom of the life-giving and delicate energies were only vaguely remembered. Instead, such knowledge of wholeness and interconnectedness became unconscious, buried beneath dense layers of the traumatically violent shock that had been frozen into the memory of all life forms. This unconsciousness bequeathed abuse of power, murders, wars, and all manners of atrocities. Such distorted ways of living became quite normal. Only occasionally would one or another human re-member and get in touch with the deep inner knowledge and wisdom of the days before the violence when all had been held in love.*

A beautiful fairy, old yet youthful, added to the unfolding scenario. She was supple, too, and surfed the waters every summer, dancing with the waves, flying above the earth, and even moving her body in tune with it.

When *SheSoul* arrived many solstices ago, the fairy had been the one who led her to the comfortable old house with its garden and aged trees. Now she observed with great astonishment the continued unfolding of the drama. She preferred to remain behind the scenes in her wooden castle with huge glass windows and enchanted garden. Located on the rise of a hill, she could see far into the lands across meadows, fields, trees, forests, and mountaintops. Nevertheless, she was fully present and awaited the propitious moment to appear.

The opportunity offered itself during one of the early morning dew excursions. The elves, gnomes, and devas whispered into her ears. For some time now she had been monitoring, still at some remove, the unfolding of the drama and was closely connected with some of its main actors. She offered her full support and that of the entire fairy realm to allow the old place to be returned to the life-giving, nurturing environment it once had been. Once again, wise women would be able to share their deep knowledge with others there.

Then came yet another knowing woman, a tall earthy one. She came from one of the large stony deserts full of smokestacks and a maze of boilers where the metallic men burned their secret potions. Their fumes and exhausts filled the air and the atmosphere as well with metal. This particular woman was tall and strong and had both feet firmly planted on the ground. Her connection, deeply rooted in love, was with *SheSoul* and with the special place itself.

*SheSoul* invited her to re-member.

As she looked deeply within herself to find the truth of her past there, her body shook. Everything seemed to contract to a single point as she allowed herself slowly, very slowly and lovingly, to re-member. Here is her story:

*Each one of us was an individual heart, all embedded within a large heart. Everything was interconnected – waters, trees, animals, humans – under a gigantic dome.*

*A deep connection with her original strength and power, completely relaxed.*

*The vegetation then looked different than it does today. Communication with and relationship to the plants, animals, Earth, other planets and the universe was self-evident. She felt connected to a deeper, larger pulse. Particular people and faces were unrecognizable to her, yet she experienced recognition on the soul level, a vibrational frequency, if you will.*

For her it was at last a coming-home, a sense of being home. Up until then she had not dared to yearn for this. Yet the awareness pulsed within her and revitalized her to the tips of her toes. She had permission to arrive home. This was where she belonged. She went on:

*Then the heavens darkened, the sun turned black, the heart and everything else convulsed in shock, being catapulted into nothingness, everything was charred. Everything.*

A gigantic rape had been inflicted on the blue planet Earth, a conscious living being which had just created its finest fruit – human life. The planet, life-giving and life-nurturing being that it was, had been exposed to a brutal trauma inflicted by that incredible shock and by the deep penetration of the poisonous, destructive fires. These had conjoined the hard metallic substance with the life-giving darkness of her womb and conscious body, with the heart of the Earth.

Until that time it was common knowledge that each being was held in love and abundance, that to be embodied in matter was one of the greater miracles of deep love that this planet had brought forth. The miracle of life had been the expression of its infinite love, the fulfillment of its potential as a planetary being.

Each bit of earth, rock, plant, and tree, each fish, bird and animal, even every atom and the atmosphere itself had been brought forth out of this love; for eons all had been in alignment and attuned with their source, the life-giving love.

All, all had been created, nurtured, in deepest darkness where the fabric of life is woven, to grow and to be blessed by light.

The shock of the meteor's gigantic impact had frozen and paralyzed everything. The Earth and its cells, born from its loving womb, were shaken deeply, catapulted out of the consciousness of being held in love and into the painful sense of separation. The soles of the human feet were burnt from the poisoned Earth and so were unable to reconnect with it. Each cell was in unspeakable shock and torment.

The body, torn apart under that pressure and pain, could no longer re-member its natural grace and beauty.

The ivory dome of the skull and the spine had been split and splintered into innumerable parts by the immense pressure of the impact of the meteorite and its fragments. The sensitive nervous system was fractured by shock and retracted, unable to withstand the pain. The loving and natural exchange between the inner and outer worlds was now broken and shattered. Our skulls of today still show the cracks in the bone.

All suffered alike – plants, fish, birds, humans, rocks, waters, earth, and the atmosphere – all suffered. The original perception of being held in the Earth's loving

embrace, of being connected with the universe, with the very heart of the Earth, was shaken and distorted.

This violent event programmed fear of life into all consciousness. It still exists today. Being alive became equated with pain and suffering, with a fight to survive.

The inner awareness and deep knowledge of being held in love, of aliveness pulsing in each cell and atom, of love in abundance, became unconscious.

The very young woman was deeply shaken as she realized how her abusing power over others and committing acts of violence had turned her to metal. Part of her nervous system that determines her perception still activated her to abuse herself and others, but on a more subtle level. She looked within yet again:

*No men were present; the women seemed androgynous. She was young, exquisitely beautiful, and radiant in her vitality and joy of living. The scintillating man took advantage of her innocence and seduced her with things unknown to her. She became his slave. She depended on him exclusively and began to abuse others. Because she felt ostracized by those she loved she wielded her power remorselessly to get back at them.*

At last she recognized and could release the distortion that those she believed in had excluded her. In reality they had loved her deeply, yet they needed to turn away from her treachery. Becoming aware of this freed her to get in touch with their love.

The metal triangle in her chest smarted. Her heart had grown around it to enclose it. From within her came a deep realization: the metal was preventing her from hearing her inner voice, the voice of her heart. Deeply moaning, her heart finally let her know of its presence and deep sorrow. At last it could help her to see whenever the metal voice determines her actions.

The heart knew well the metal violence of the woman in the past. It also had known that she would destroy herself.

*SheSoul* pulled thread after thread from the age-old knot, which connected many beings – knowing women, metallic men, and the old place to her.

She sighed deeply as she herself looked once again into the far past to unravel her own thread contained within the whole.

The angel with the split tongue extended its wings over her and from behind her back looked with *SheSoul* at the unfolding scene:

*The metal men stood in front of her. She recognized the one – the counselor of the older woman who owned the house – as well as the woman herself. The men and the woman conjured her to step into the center of the place in order to save them from the meteorite. At the center of the heretofore healing and blessing earth a black hole appeared at precisely the point where a golden, nourishing, healing spiral had emanated from the Earth's heart. It was a hole created by the metal men through their poisons, a hole reaching into the very*

*heart of the Earth, tearing out her life-giving energy and warping it into violence.*

*Directly behind SheSoul was the very young woman, pressing the tip of her dagger into the back of SheSoul's right shoulder. "Walk into the center," she ordered, "or I shall kill you."*

*The poison from the dagger's tip penetrated SheSoul's skin, paralyzing her. Across from her on a hillside the scintillating metal man, the beautiful one, looked at her commandingly with his hypnotic honey-colored eyes: "Walk to the center – only you can save the Earth. You will carry the burden of guilt, if you disobey." She was paralyzed, in shock, her heart beating uncontrollably. "Here is your center, in this black hole."*

*Something in her was aware that all this was wildly askew. She stood rooted to the Earth, immovable, her arms stretched out to the heavens to hold off the meteorite. Eventually the pressure from above broke her skull, that beautiful, large bony envelope holding an incisive, conscious brain. She was burned by the approaching heat and friction, charred and torn apart by the furious pressure.*

*SheSoul* breathed deeply. Soon all the threads would be untangled from the knot. Deep love flowed through her for the tortured Earth. She sang it a love song there at the old place. The Earth responded by opening her age-old layers widely, and the prehistoric poison vaporized out of the Earth's heart. Layers of steel that had been pressing on it shifted. The pulse of the Earth increased and flowed through all its layers as its energy made its way to the surface, to the garden and the comfortable old house.

Once again the very young woman tried to listen to the voice of her heart. Though she was often interrupted by her thoughts, she attempted to perceive through it. The heart, she now knew, would show her how, for it carries all re-remembering within. She asked it to allow her to see further what needed to be seen:

*She perceived one of the knowing women, a caretaker of the old place, who shined brightly as she looked at her with loving eyes. Something within the young woman's being knew that the older one was her mother.*

The young woman felt a strong stabbing pain in her heart. She had to turn toward it to hold and accept the pain. In so doing she recognized it as the memory of what had taken place:

*Since my mother was one of the women excluding me from the circle of knowing women, I wanted her dead. During the night I sneaked into her sleeping quarters and surprised her from behind by pushing a tissue soaked*



*with poison onto her face. Then I stuck a dagger deeply into her back and through to her heart.*

At this point the very young woman cried bitterly. She was revolted and grief stricken by her actions. She begged her mother for forgiveness and immediately experienced a deep realization of the love her mother had then and still had for her, in spite of having been murdered by her. This recognition opened her heart widely; it expanded, and filled her chest.

All this took place during the last moon of the year.

*SheSoul* no longer spoke to the heart of the older woman, the caretaker of the old house. Fear of betrayal and love of gold had locked the door to her heart and had seized her consciousness. *SheSoul* felt sad, and simply allowed her to go her own way. Her desire for the older woman's recognition of what was transpiring disappeared as well.

And so the last days of the old year came to a close. And the old house fell silent.

The strong woman from the stony desert wanted to support *SheSoul* in her unwinding of the threads. She, too, decided to look at and remember what was still determining her current life and behavior. The heart needs to be listened to, its rhythm heard, before the past can be revealed:

*It was dark; a layer covered the sun. Animals, trees, and humans were in a strange state, charred from the heat on the outside, yet without fire. Gigantic boulders, fragments of rocks, and a lot of smoke surrounded her. They had struck from everywhere. Somehow she realized that she was already above her charred and burnt body. Her body was shocked, frozen, melted into a point.*

For a long time, she held her body lovingly, her shocked, rigid body until a bit of life returned. First she felt her liver opening like a blossom. Her body had been deeply shaken. Slowly, slowly, it could now begin to expand. She remembered more:

*Incandescent rocks rained from the skies. Her heart, situated naturally in the center of her body, was being torn from its original place by the immense pressure. Her vertebrae were broken and splintered in innumerable pieces, her lungs crushed.*

Most of all, her heart deeply longed to be back in its original spot on the central axis of her body. Her burned and torn nerve endings were allowed to re-connect deeply within. Slowly, her body began to relax:

*In the time before the meteorite, the head and skull were more rounded, delicate, shining like the finest ivory. It was without cracks, covered by a beautiful dome. The brain was a pulsating living organ connected to the heavens, openly receptive, open yet simultaneously rooted and interconnected with the Earth.*

*The shock and pressure lifted the cover off the skull and compressed its sides. Hit by lightning the dome burst from the pressure of the meteorite.*

Her heart could now re-connect with the head and spinal marrow. She felt a strong pulsation in her brain. Below the bone in her skull a golden liquid began to flow once more.

She was filled with gratitude for being able to reawaken the ancient inner knowledge and wisdom. She realized what it meant to be truly alive, whole, to experience life in every cell.

The tall strong woman from the West let time pass before she visited *SheSoul* again.

She had been uncomfortable since her last seeing into times past. Her body seemed depressed. Slowly the pains of the deeply embedded shock from olden times emerged:

*She was in front of an unending charred landscape, a black hole. All were dead, shocked, paralyzed from the impact.*

In shock her body relaxed slowly. Her heart seemed to be in a steel clasp and ripped from its center. Her body capitulated at the sight of the sky falling onto the Earth. Each nerve, like over-stretched rubber, was torn. Only a wounded jumble of short and twisted electrical wires remained.

As she gently and lovingly turned her attention toward her nerves they gradually revived. Slowly, very slowly, they reconnected to the spinal marrow and began to pulsate with the energy of the heart.

*Her eyes seem glued, as if to no longer see all this. The scream remained in her throat. She felt totally disoriented, catapulted into a free fall into space.*

“Body, I am here, you are not alone,” she repeated over and over until eventually the body began to believe.

Thus, the strong woman from the West came to understand how her torn nerves had been frozen in shock and with them the fine perception of her senses had become unconscious. It was now time to invite matter, body, cells, and nerves to return home and to become aware consciously of oneness.

She sensed a deep astonishment in her heart. A gentle membrane grew around it letting her know that turning away from the heart means betrayal.

She then realized how she had turned away from her heart:

*Prior to the impact of the meteorite I was heart. My existence was heart; my body was connected to my heart, a pulse that totally fulfilled me. I knew nothing about fear; it was alien to me. There was no other experience but oneness.*

*Something dark – fear? – moved into my awareness. I did not understand what it was. Everything I knew became unreal. Seeing, listening, and awareness dimmed, became dense. My will was no longer present. I withdrew.*

Looking within herself she saw how recognition of the ancient trauma was allowing her charcoaled nervous systems to lighten slowly. Her heart began to pulsate in waves right under her skull. It seemed as if she were seeing her heart clearly for the first time in her life.

*SheSoul* suggested that she bow to her heart that had suffered so profoundly.

The age-old yearning to be able to return home was being fulfilled at last. The energy moved through her spine, revitalizing her brain, and playfully embracing her thyroid gland. To her deep astonishment she realized, “I may speak again from my heart, reconnecting my tongue to it. My heart can express cosmic love through my tongue and my speech.”

*SheSoul* turned deeply inward. She knew about the powerful forces that were attempting to prevent the healing of the place, the comfortable old house and garden.

The house suffered from being shaken by the machines. Its northeast corner had sustained a wound where all the greenery had been removed right up to its very walls, simply ripped out, that which had grown for so many years. Often *SheSoul* would lay her hands on the wound and cover the naked earth there with autumn leaves to keep it warm.

The process of the sale of the house took time. The older woman now saw problems everywhere and felt her existence threatened. At this point all knowledge concerning the history of the healing place was deeply buried. She panicked and felt betrayed, unaware that she betrayed herself by not engaging in her own deep learning and healing process.

It was up to her to recognize her relationship with the metal man and thus to participate in unraveling the old knot.

The awareness of each participant from the past was needed to allow a deep healing of the place, the abused earth and its heart beneath.

*SheSoul* observed with astonishment and compassion how the older woman was destroying herself, yet trying to hold *SheSoul* personally responsible for it. In the interim she rooted herself deeply into the house and the earth.

Plenty of support was available. The angel spread its wide wings across the house; the good fairy sent in all the devas from her hillside and *SheSoul* allowed their love to flow through all of it.

*SheSoul* knew, though, that a still deeper recognition of the past was needed in order to acknowledge and name the present situation and to prevent a repetition of the old scenario.

She looked within again:

*Poison had burned the earth beneath her feet. She recognized the older woman in front of her and saw how she had twisted the truth: She had exposed the access to the center of the healing place for love, hoping to buy the love and faithfulness of the metallic man. She hated SheSoul, knowing that she had seen the truth. She wanted her to step into the black hole, the abyss, to be rid of her. She told her to step in. All she wanted was to be with her lover, to experience again the lust he let her taste.*

A stabbing pain reached into *SheSoul's* heart. She had loved the older woman very much, still loved her today. Dark drops of old blood released from her heart, releasing with them the voices sending her to her death. She realized that those whom she had loved had sent her into destruction. This realization freed her completely.

Her heart pulsated and moved toward the center axis. She welcomed the life-giving love that is nurtured in darkness before it reaches the light.

At this point she perceived a large spiral emanating from deep within the heart of the Earth embracing and caressing the comfortable old house and that very special place.

She knew now that it would soon be completed – the knot would soon be untied.

The woman from the flatlands in the North looked into her past with *SheSoul's* help:

*It was too late – he appeared royal, a father figure, protective. He told her about helping the Earth by covering it in fatherly love with his dark coat. He wanted her to assist doing this. He whispered in her ear how important her help would be – especially if she could bring the one that had given her life under his dark coat as well.*

*She was young, very young, SheSoul's daughter. A confrontation took place between them. The daughter had a choice. She chose to trust the man. As soon as she did so she realized the import of her choice.*

*He embraced the earth with his dark coat. The coat acted like a magnet on her – a magnet pulling out and destroying each one of her sensitive nerves. Suddenly, she was no longer who she had been.*

It took time for the woman from the flatlands to absorb and digest the impact of what she had seen. Time passed. Several moons later she felt ready to revisit that past again:

*The girl was young, her flesh golden, her heart filled with gentle love for the Earth. She stared at what appeared to be a fatherly figure before her. A dark energy penetrated her left foot, spreading to her heart, chest, throat, and ears and found its way into her brain. Her pituitary gland darkened, now incapable of receiving love.*

*Sharp rays penetrated her. She became hardened, inert, paralyzed. In a dark space, her light energy was still somewhat connected to her spine by thin threads.*

*Now she was in his dark space. His energy expanded more and more throughout her body. The brightness she had known dis-appeared, as he possessed her. She swore to hand to him the inner knowledge of the one who had given her birth. She forgot where she had come from, who she was. That knowledge, separated from her conscious mind, became unconscious.*

*He turned her toward him; he was hard, steel-like. She was petrified. She no longer saw the image of a protective loving father. With insatiable lust, he raped her, tearing her heart from its center. She sank into unconsciousness.*

*SheSoul* who had conceived her in love and given life to her so many aeons ago asked her, “How can you have my knowledge? It is impossible for you to ever have my knowledge. So you could never have passed it on to him.”

The young one was astonished. She had always been convinced that she needed to possess *SheSoul*'s knowledge.

*SheSoul* reiterated, “You will never have it.” And she directed the young one instead to her own innate knowledge that had become unconscious aeons ago.

Another solstice passed and once again the days grew longer. *SheSoul* and the beautiful mute angel were both exhausted from reviewing the pains and sufferings of the past:

*SheSoul and the angel stood next to each other facing a deep abyss. On its other side, they recognized the woman from the flatlands. She was being brutally raped and crippled by a male being. Her heart was being torn from its central position. SheSoul and the angel watched helplessly as the screams of the tortured girl pierced heaven and earth.*

*SheSoul reached out to help her, but to no avail. The abyss lay between them. The angel became nauseous and could no longer bear to look. Its sensitive nervous system screamed, scorched by the violence it was forced to witness. It became mute and lost its exquisite gift of seeing. For a very long time to come, it would neither see, nor speak aloud.*

The beautiful angel now knew that it was time to see, acknowledge, and name what had happened in that remote past. What had taken place then had remained unrecognized and unidentified. Sunk into the unconscious, it continued to be

dynamically alive deep within. Now it needed to be brought into awareness, to be named and addressed. It spoke at last:

“You raped and brutally crippled her. I recognize it; I name it. What you did then is hidden no longer.”

At that precise moment, a multitude of sharp old red arrows that had penetrated the heart of the Earth catapulted suddenly out of it and dissolved.

You see, that which is unconscious determines our thinking and actions. Once conscious, however, it can be changed.

The angel glowed and exuded light; its throat stretched and expanded as it gave itself permission once again to see and speak the truth. Its vertebrae enlarged, and the golden rays flowed into its white wing tips that began to resonate gently. What a delicate sound, what a refined vibration, what a breath of a melody. If one listened attentively, one could perceive this melody.

**H**aving seen and experienced so much pain and suffering, *SheSoul* was exhausted.

“Angel,” she whispered, “talk to me, speak to me of the joy of living, of fragrance, of flowering, of vibrating and being alive. Tell me about life.”

The angel smiled gently and told her of a miracle. It spoke of a small boy with huge blue eyes who was just learning to talk. It spoke about how it had played with him for many hours as he watched stones in the water changing shape and recognized each as a miracle. The boy had turned every one over and over – each stone a miracle, a beauty.

*SheSoul* cried. This time, though, she cried tears of joy at seeing the miracle of life.

**T**he very young woman turned deeply inwards. What she saw scared her. She needed support to look back once again into the long forgotten past. Her heart was restless and burning, then it settled into profound sorrow. She didn’t want to see any more, yet the inner voice of her heart pled: “Look at it – see!” She was pale and nauseous, yet she agreed to look further:

*Once she became aware that she was no longer welcome in the circle, her heart filled with jealousy and rage. She wanted to possess their powers. As if entranced, she was obsessed by the idea of killing everyone.*

Her heart ached and convulsed. She was disgusted with herself. Supported by *SheSoul*, though, she slowly turned toward her heart and its pain. She began to speak to her dry and wilted heart. She was sorry, so dreadfully sorry:

*She had begun to torture others, to express her lust to dominate and to enslave them. Being hardened became her norm. She could focus and see into the frequencies of others and make them believe that she could fill their needs until they made her rich, gave her everything, ran after and adored her. Then*

*she would control them totally, ask everything, demand that they serve her, and abuse them physically and emotionally.*

At last the young woman saw an opening, a door into her heart, which she herself had closed. When opened, a path led into the depths of her heart, to that inner place where she was connected with the knowing women and the heart of the Earth.

Her heart ached incessantly. She had been the one who had built a wall and closed the access when she betrayed the voice of her heart.

She was astonished to see that she was aware of how and what she had chosen in that distant past. Now her heart allowed her to see her own deepest wounds. Her reactions were horror and grief. “Heart, what can I possibly do?” she asked. Her heart yearned for her presence, for her to stay with it, to be with it, to hold it, never, ever to perpetrate such madness again.

Her horror grew as she began to recognize the depth of this wound. She perceived the very heart of the Earth itself crying – it had been crippled by her actions! Words failed her. She buried her face in her hands, as she finally comprehended the far-reaching significance of her actions. The Earth was crying because of her. The suffering and pain inflicted upon the Earth remain there today, within its heart and in her own heart as well.

She turned again to her heart. All of this was far too overwhelming for her, too overpowering. She couldn’t carry it.

*SheSoul* helped her to become conscious. She led her to recognize that she had willfully chosen that direction in the past. The young woman realized that crying would be the appropriate response for her actions, yet she had no tears. *SheSoul* realized this as well. The metal triangle in the young woman’s heart knew no tears and thus could not cry.

*SheSoul* responded, “I know you can not cry about your past actions. I will shed tears in your place.” From the depths of her compassion her tears flowed into all the pains that the Earth had suffered and for the pain suffered by the young woman herself.

Eventually the young woman began to release a torrent of tears that, river-like, had found a channel, long and intense. The heart of the Earth thirsted for these tears. Her own heart allowed her to recognize the true extent of its wounds. It would need her loving attention, again and again. This would allow the healing to seep slowly into the very depth of those wounds. Her heart made her aware that she had to choose each time anew – that she had the choice and from now on must exercise it aright.

Her heart pulsed and became vibrant once more.

*SheSoul* needed quietude. In it she could shed tears again and again. Each one fell into the Earth which, being alive, began to pulsate.

**M**oment by moment, each of the participants in the long forgotten drama looked deeply into the ancient wound, turned lovingly towards it, and held it gently in the depth of their hearts. An organic release washed through the place, the Earth, and the individuals involved. The Earth’s heart breathed more deeply and finally spat out

the poisonous old mercury and metal from its bowels.

Holding one's own suffering and pains lovingly and recognizing and receiving the ancient wisdom and knowledge of oneness allows a profound reconnection with the heart of the Earth whose life-giving darkness is the true source of life. In this way the consciousness of both humans and the Earth expands and deepens. The age-old knowledge of oneness, held deeply within, then unfolds once again organically through the heart.

Today, the old house and garden are enveloped in a golden vortex. It spirals from the inner depths of the Earth, from her deep womb, the place where – in the life-giving dark – she weaves the golden threads of consciousness. With each recognition and loving acceptance of the past they intensify and expand.

Other Publications by Margret Rueffler, Ph.D.

In English

*Book Our Inner Actors*  
Theory and Practice of Subpersonality Work in Psychosynthesis  
1996, 165 pages, PPPPress, ISBN 3-9521260-0-4

*Re-membering*  
Book The Story of SheSoul  
2001, 119 pages, Clarity - PPPPress, ISBN 3-9522112-1-4

*Psychology of Nations*  
Article Healing a Collective  
Report and In Depth Psychological Assessment of the Psychopolitical Action Project 1994-1997 in Bakuriani, Republic of Georgia, 1998, 80 pages, PPPPress

In Russian

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In Georgian

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Report and In Depth Psychological Assessment of the Psychopolitical Action Project 1994-1997 in Bakuriani, Republic of Georgia, 1998, 80 pages, PPPPress

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Margret Rueffler, a German-American, holds a Ph.D. in Transpersonal Psychology and is a psychotherapist and acupuncturist. She is also

the founder of the PsychoPolitical Peace Institute in Staefa, Switzerland and New York.

Dr. Rueffler's international projects focus on the „Prevention of Collective Violence.“ Her vision is to introduce and teach internationally the inner values of consciousness of joy, empowerment, choice, and self-help which lead to a deep change in the quality of life.

„Psychology of the Heart“ emerged through many years of working with groups and individuals and is taught regularly at the PsychoPolitical Peace Institute in Switzerland.

**RE-MEMBERING** allows us to re-connect with deep inner wisdom innate in each of us.

Through various stories and tales, readers are re-introduced to their own consciousness of joy which has been distorted through violence and fear of living and has become unconscious as a result.

**Re-membering**, in the deepest sense of the word, that life is abundant allows us to broaden and deepen our individual perspectives and ultimately to manifest them.

Latent talents and qualities long buried in the unconscious become accessible once again to be fully experienced and enjoyed as part of our natural heritage.

Ancient knowledge resident deep within the heart once more begins to unfold.

The stories and tales lead from the firstborns on Earth to *SheSoul's* home in the stars to her life as a human and to the soul realm between incarnations. Bit by bit, individuals re-member present and past weaving their many threads into a colorful and meaningful tapestry of the whole.

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