



The Unpaper

Literary Columns of the Second Bible

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Words

It's pure metaphorically to me for the fact that we need to submit to certain good principles, and eventually we need to change into these principles ourselves, so that we don't project it on someone else. That's my view on what the true gospel is. Religion to me is the art of expression. It's surreal. In depth it's just a certain technocratic project, a system of certain dynamics interacting.

There are many different sorts of terminologies like there are religions and ideologies, but when someone makes one of these languages superior, like they do with christianity, that's where the bridge will burn. Words mask a lot of things. There is a whole world beyond words, which even the bible admits. All it comes down to at the end is honesty and integrity of the heart. We have to read between the lines, turning every stone.

Atheism is an ambiguous, kaleidoscopic word which can be used for anything. We are all "atheistic" to certain things or gods in life. In itself the word doesn't say anything. We shouldn't polarize people based on words. It's much deeper. Words in itself are betrayers and divide humans. Knowledge sorts things out, can unite and protect, cutting the cancer tumors out. People come from different backgrounds. God judges the heart, not the words. Sons and daughters of God can be in any community. We shouldn't generalize. God is not a password agency. Making passwords for people is a form of phariseism. It is a trap. Lead people to the nucleus, the source of things. lead them beyond the words,

God is an English word derived from the old western god "Odin", same as hell is derived from the ancient german Mother goddess of fertility named "hel" (demonized by the christian invasions). "God" is just a flawed western attempt to copycat Middle Eastern culture. It has been copied so many times that the original meaning is totally lost and now the spirit of error is playing nazi games with it. "My god is better than your god, my jesus is better than your jesus," and so forth. God directs to something much higher and more creative : The enigma of hidden knowledge, what the esoteric gnostics taught, and for which they were persecuted by the church.

The universe has much greater sources of creativity than just the English copycats God and his son Jesus. So who lives closer to God ? The ones just using the word, or the ones going beyond the word to see the greater things. We are ALL led by something. Major word games are played in the christian community. They are all divided.

Journeys of the Soul

Much music nowadays is made to kill your spiritual life, to kill your spiritual senses, to lock your soul up and make you materialistic, dense. In this other cultures are crucial to help our souls to go on a spiritual journey. The West is often the symbol for materialism, while the East, and especially the far East is often the symbol of spirituality. But the West has two layers. Originally America was Native America, the land of the natives, based on nature and spiritual life, based on the Soul, so in the deeper layer of the West is still where the path leads, as the bridge between West and East.

All those cultures hold their own special treasure you can discover. Every culture can add something unique to your soul in your journey to eternity.

"The Son of Man Had To Be Rejected"

"This night I had a dream of a lost glory, about the Southern Sea of Holland before the drainage and the rise of the polders. The borders of the Southern Sea were like sweet vanilla, and a voice spoke :
"The Son of Man had to be rejected."

Once the world or paradise was broken apart and all the pieces went into chaos. Humans tried to grasp these pieces, and whatever they could grasp they used to build their empires. They boasted with these pieces they could grasp, and told everyone that these were the last pieces of paradise.

All these empires couldn't agree with each other about their grasped pieces, and they started wars.

Now the world was broken even more, and paradise was lost. We see the upcoming of all the world religions, all having their own pieces and their own claims.

They all have certain truths, but as broken pieces.

The supreme truth can only be visible when all the pieces will come together.

For some people that is hard to do, and for sure there are ego-problems there.

Some are afraid they won't feel special anymore, as they always thought that their piece had the monopoly of truth.

And all these broken pieces became so corrupted in time, becoming their sore toe : "My piece is much much better than your piece. You should be ashamed for yourself hanging on to your piece. You should come to my piece and it will be much better for you."

They were fighting over toys as kids do : "My toy is better than your toy," or : "I have icecream and you have none."

Paradise was lost, and the religions based on the broken pieces were hard taskmasters. Icecream and candy for those submitting, and salt for those who don't. Now the two biggest religions, christianity and islam, have missing links in their apocalypse. The two hard cores of these religions are the least tolerant to other groups. They have built a huge wall, and this wall has to be broken in order to get the pieces together again. If this will not happen, these pieces will stay wild and dangerous, continuously bringing our world in trouble.

Many people have facepalmed already and do not play these dangerous games anymore. Many other people still play these games, for they are so addictive. It feels good to have the illusion of being exclusively special above all the others. It feels good to fly, while others can't. Truth is : The others don't care. They have their own lives. They have their own pieces. And no one wants to fly and then crash, and no one wants to fly alone for such a long time, as it will feel very lonely.

The Candy Man laughs. It was his idea. He would break the candy and throw the pieces around, so that they would all fight about it. He could stir the kettle up for even more candy.

For sure, that's strange technology, but the world is a candy factory.

And people are the candy. It sells good. That's why they keep doing it. Humanity needs to return to the original Sea to see what went wrong and how to fix it.

Somewhat the oldest book on earth is the I Ching, from ancient China, written by Fu Xi, the

mythical first emperor of China. The I Ching was the base for the exotic Chinese letters. Fu Xi was the inventor of writing in ancient China. Once he saw in a dream a giant turtle crossing the Yellow River, and he saw a heavenly oracle in the cracks of the turtle, and from the water dripping from its shell, as the pieces of paradise, to give to the people.

The Yellow River is the mother river of China.

The Yellow River is one of the longest rivers in the world.

It is said that this paradisaal river gave the I Ching to emperor Fu Xi, holding the wisdom humanity needed to return to paradise in a very oracular way. For the Chinese the Yellow River was a mixture of heaven and hell, as it was also seen as a whip to discipline them, in the form of floods and its change of its course. Sometimes the river killed millions of people in its flood. It's called the birthplace of ancient China. The I Ching was as a symbolical path how to cross this wild river to return to paradise. It's the foremost classic of ancient Chinese culture, and the West still has to discover it, as there was always a wall between East and West, and also a wall to isolate the Far East.

Fu Xi is regarded as the Noah of ancient China, as in legend he and his sister were the only ones to survive the great flood. He's also sometimes regarded as the Enoch of ancient China. They retired to the Kunlun mountain, the primal chaos, as well as the divine mountain, the connection between heaven and earth, as the very dualistic paradise. It was regarded as the source of four major rivers flowing to the four quarters of the earth, which also comes back in the paradisaal mythology of Judaism.

In ancient Egyptian mythology it was Ra who traveled on a boat through the river of the underworld as a return to paradise or rebirth.

Also the mythical figure Jesus Christ of christianity made a journey through the underworld across the River of Death to come to rebirth, reaching the borders of paradise. All these figures are ancient archetypes of the fertility of nature. The parallels are obvious.

Jesus Christ, the son of man, had to be rejected. Rejection is also a theme in the I Ching. It is a shaping force of divine nature. Ra was also rejected by human kind, and it made him angry. People didn't take heed to his visions. At one point he sent his daughter, Sekhmet, the liongoddess, to destroy the earth, as the Egyptian apocalypse. In christianity this is the coming of the lion of Judah. Sekhmet was so mad about what humanity had done to her father that she had to be led drunk, or else she would destroy just everything in her rage.

Christianity was birthed by Egyptian Mythology, as Moses was well educated in these archetypical stories and gave it his own turn to create his own theocracy, as the Yellow River breaking out of its course. Some see in christian extremism the raging mad daughter of Ra to avenge her father, as a lion turning into inferno. Then it is the question how to sooth and tame this lion, as we also see extremism in the islam, which is also a sign of the flood of God's daughter.

Bridges need to be built. A lot of missing links in the apocalypse can be found back in ancient China. But ancient China is a well-guarded labyrinth and doesn't take in travelers easily. By force the pieces will not fit. The obstacle is also a very important theme in the I Ching of ancient China. It is case to get more insight about the obstacle, and to see it as a piece of the plan, as a fundamental step on Heaven's Stairway, as "the son of man had to be rejected". All humanity carries this

rejection until this mystery of the pieces is solved.

To Be Continued

Sometimes

Sometimes art or certain combinations of art can open new doorways in the mind, the heart and the imagination. Art is all around us, and art can also be made in the head by your heart. It can lead you to the core of life, to understand it better. When some combinations do not work, try different combinations. Life is art. Art is a school, a journey. Sometimes the journey is not easy. Sometimes the path is very narrow or steep, but remember then that at the end it will be just a painting.

You stare at it, a hard part of your life, and you will see details you had never seen before. It's like it is changing before your eyes. It is as if it is moving art. Why, oh why ? we sometimes ask. And we stare at the painting again. It is a piece of nature, as an enigma. Finally it will be a doorway. Even if it is all wild waves in a sea, at one point we will see a ship or an island.

Some art will stay with us forever ... We can always revisit it in our head, as a golden memory, which can also heal other memories ... Like in the poetry of the awakening there is a painting of the white flower fields, and when you ask : When do all the hard things in life stop ? Then it answers : It is the dance of awakening ... Then we look into the face of the awakening, and we see the dark night becoming flowers, and they grow in the water ...

There are words all around us, and it tells us to keep reading ... Everything will be solved eventually ...

Stairway to Paradise

Stairway to Paradise,
How long will it take ?
How deep will it go ?
Does our thinking have to change ?
Where is it ?
Is it high in the sky, or deep down below us ?
In which country is it ?
Or in which book ?

Stairway to Paradise,

Does it even exist ?
What will it do ?
Or do we have to make it ourselves ?
What is it ?
How can it be built ?
Is there a formula for it ?
Can it be bought ?
Is it a gift or is it a sense ?

Stairway to Paradise,
What do we have to win or lose to find it ?
Or are we already on it ?
Is it something to wake up to ?
Or is it a dream ?

Stairway to Paradise,
I am sure it is somewhere in disguise

The Enigma of Easter

It can be anyone really ... We all have it deep inside ...
We all have been "raped" by something, especially in this deep, dark world, this abyss,
We will not forget what the church has done ...
A camouflaged prison of mental rape ...

Anyway, it's easter (for the world), so these things can be discussed, as now the world is either discussing all sort of suffering, or they gladly deny it, painting their eggs, as a symbol of fertility, almost as a resurrection.

The Complexity of a Multiple Personality Syndrome of A Child Who Was Raped ...
It's what I found on the net, after been redirected by some artist saying it was their inspiration ...
It's about a raped girl battling her inner demons as a source of creativity and transformation ...
It's all inside to make us creative, painting a story, going to the bigger context of it ...

I am glad I never took my children to church,
But then the forces of evil find other ways to drag them anyway ...
And you can take a child out of a church, but how do you take the church out of the child ?
It's the enigma of easter,
Happy puzzling ...

Moving Mosaics

Life only gives fragments,
You can search for these fragments,
Gathering them, being grateful with any piece,
Even if it's very small, because these small pieces are important to make the details,
They can even become the key for life

Life doesn't give the full package,
Life doesn't shower you in neverending happiness and luck,
It would paralyze you, and make you very shallow,
It would blind you to the point that you would not be able to reach into the depths of others

Life only gives fragments,
To make of you a Healer,
You can gather your pieces and build,
Building the bridge and it will multiply,
Every piece you decide to use

Everything has been built up by small pieces,
It just doesn't look that way, because the brains are often too foggy,
But look at your fingers, and know they are all small parts of the body,
Working together, all having their function,
And they are also built up from smaller pieces

Life is a mosaic,
It could only be built because of the broken glass,
That's why sometimes in life the windows have to break,
So that the higher art is formed and seen

The true light is broken, while false light is too bright and blinding,
The true light is formed in the darkness, comes from the water,
As the waterlights, like broken waves, showing the detailed depth of everything,
The true light is insight and survey, very far reaching view,
Like a bird it flies so high, like a fish it dives so deep

It is warm, because it knows the cold and the heat

Seasons of Love

Happiness is only the happiness that you give,
Happiness is never more than your own gratefulness,
Happiness and joy always go hand in hand with insight,
Although insight is also a hard path,

As it opens the senses and then you see dangers others don't see,
Then they blame you for warning them, and you lose friends,
Only because you truly loved them,
These are the seasons of love

I Am The Way

What we experience on earth is as living through the spectrum of a prism.

The light is bent and split somewhere along the way and that is how we experience life.

Imagine how complicated this can be, and how much illusion can take place this way. The prism is playing with our minds, and now we live in the surrogate world far away from the source, but at the same time very close to it. The prism of life is in Orion, a huge star-constellation in the sky, which is also called the portal to paradise. On our path back to paradise we definitely have to deal with a trickster. Some know it, some don't and buy into whatever the trickster tells them.

One of the most expensive studies I ever followed was Egyptology. Although there is a lot to read about Egyptology on the internet the key books are hard to be found and often not at all, and even the printed copies are often rare and extremely expensive. I'm talking about several hundreds of euros. One of my study books was 300 euros. This is why to get a clear insight in Egyptology is not easy at all. The knowledge has been kept away for ages, which even the Jesus archetype said in the NT that the lawyers hide the key of the gnosis, which is a Greek word for knowledge. The Jesus archetype directs it's finger to the gnosis, calling it the way by which people will enter.

Luke 11:52

"Woe unto you, lawyers! for ye have taken away the key of knowledge, gnosis: ye entered not in yourselves, and them that were entering in ye hindered."

The Jesus archetype mentioned the word "hypago" many times in the NT, which means "go the way". The Jesus archetype, which can be very useful as an example at times, directed his finger often to the Way. The way was described as very narrow. In the original Greek it was a winepress, like a devouring beast, contracting it's mouth to bring great tribulation. This is why many fled to the broad way, a false way. Only few would find the narrow way.

In the OT of Judaism, in it's mythology, the Israëlites had to follow the way, the "derek" in Hebrew, through the Red Sea and the wilderness. After this they were called to remember this "derek", the Way by which they were delivered. The Way would lead to the promised land, to paradise, a land full of milk and honey. A lot of people do not want to know The Way, because it is to test them, to see what is in their heart, and because the Way is in the OT described as long. This is why the Way, the Derek, was described as a school in the Psalms, and many do not want to go to school. In the Psalms of Jewish poetry and legend it is spoken that the Way is therefore only for the humble, the

afflicted and the poor, not for the boasters and the unrighteous ones. It is only for those broken of hearts. That is a piece of Jewish wisdom. This was also the prayer of the David archetype, that he would be taught the Derek, the Way. In the Proverbs of Jewish Wisdom the Way, the Derek, is described as the medicine against foolishness. In the original Aramaic the Way is the menstruation, the reproductive health of the womb, the source of creation and recreation, the source of life. Without this a human cannot live. Everything outside the Way will lead to destruction. The lawyers took away the gnosis and the way. The Church was doomed to live without a mother. This is a great scandal.

In China the Way is called the Tao, and they still honor the mother archetype. We cannot live without the mother. It is a part in ourselves. We are part of the Mother. We are partly the Mother, or at least supposed to be. In the Extra Terrestrial Orion mythology the way is called the Tanga. It has three lines : the school, the game and the shop. These are three archetypes of how the divine life is constructed. Moses was a well-educated Egyptian prince who took all his knowledge from Egypt, and thus could deliver his people. This knowledge has been corrupted throughout the ages, because the Egyptian backgrounds were overly demonized and cut away. The Church went through a separation, to isolate them. In Egypt the Way is Sekhmet, the lioness, the destroyer of evil, which is also returning in the apocalypse of the NT as the lion breaking the seals of the scrolls, which just means that the Way will be shown through the scrolls to the scrolls beyond the scrolls. The apocalypse means the great unveiling. This is what the narrow path is like what the Greek NT already showed that it was a divine beast ready to devour us, as a winepress, so that our soul would come free. It is the destruction of the flesh in order for our soul to be reborn and recreated.

The Way is not only bound to one culture. It is everywhere like the false way is also everywhere. It is not bound to locations or languages but to principles. Ask for the Way, receive the Way and be taught by the Way, as the Way back to paradise, and this Way is as a rainbow bridge. It doesn't consider racial difference or general difference. Like the Vur says : "There is only life on the bridge."

The Way

Greek : Orah

Hebrew : Derek

Chinese : Tao

Orion : Tanga

Egypt : Sekhmet

Dutch : Weg

German : Weg

French : Voie

Japanese : 行く手

the Apocalypse

This shows the cyber wars, the coming of the machines, cyborgs etc.

The rise of the makers, the so-called "daughters of man" from Genesis 6 who would submit to the

fallen angels, the nephilim, who searched for the wombs of women to be born on earth and take the top positions to lead people astray in a parasitic conspiracy. The nakers, an alien-race, would let the nephilim rise on earth. They're old faces, but by drinking some poison they would appear young. The nakers preach bullshit like "women are the weaker gender", taking the emancipation of women away. It's a nice story eh ? It's metaphorical, but it's real. Nakers are female parasites wanting to live in other females to lead them astray, letting them spin into circles. It's basically a science fiction story, but mythology for demonology.

It's some strange mix between upcoming monasteries and cybernetic technology. It all leads back to technology. We are in the middle of the Cyber-Apocalypse. Apocalypse just means the unveiling. The veils will be torn and the infinite knowledge will show. It is also the battle against the naker energy, the removal of such parasites. They have sunk deep in the brains of humanity where they suck the blood and juices out of it. They're eating brains. They're cannibals.

Your Best Life Now

It's what they say in those wealth churches, that you can have your best life now, especially when it comes to wealth, as if that makes people happy. It's rather the opposite. Wealth can easily lull people to sleep and destroy their souls, muting their divine channels. Sometimes they call it the gospel of the bling bling, but these lights have blinded people. It is what we call a parasitic light, and it's side effect is unfortunately not insight.

Atheists say : "You only live once, so make the best of it."

What cryptic truth is there in both of these sayings ? In fact your life and eternity is in the now. You have to make the best of it now and not playing games with "sin" or "grace". These two words have started to live a life on themselves in church, becoming something totally different, cut off from it's sources. It's meaning is lost. In fact it can make people sick to the stomach. What does it mean to live your best life now ? It means we are called to the divine. There is a day when all life ends, then everything is done. No one can work anymore, no one can add to it, as it is just done. We call it the green borderline, when everything returns to history again. Then you see your life in a flash, what you have done with your life, and all the consequences it had.

Your best life now, and you only live once, is then a reality. Now is the time to live your life, to make the right decisions, to be radical, and to make a difference. There will come a day that no one can work, that everything is frozen, that all the decisions have been made already, and that all powers are wasted. There is a day that the show is over, and then we only see the results. Then we can only live with the consequences. No things can be done about it anymore.

The church has their own version of this. Good people going to heaven, bad people going to hell, but the opinions differ about what good and bad is. Basically every church says they're good and the other church is bad. Something is terribly wrong here. It's not even true that bad people are going to suffer and good people are going to enjoy, as the church states. How can people enjoy in heaven when they know there are people suffering in hell for eternity, even if those in hell were really bad people ? Isn't that totally absurd and ridiculous ? It would be an eternal wound. Suffering has always been the pain of education, something felt by the students, but not felt by the truants.

Suffering is something for good people to become even better. Suffering is a language and the only way to knowledge. When a really bad person suffers, it is still nature trying to educate them. People must suffer to know the borderlines and to feel what others go through, in order to help them. It's very practical.

It Stings Until It Is Decoded

There is still a huge war. The religions are not one, and isolated as terrible ice monsters. It needs transmutation in alchemistic law, otherwise these isolated forces will kill us. So we can take breaks when necessary to heal but there is still a war raging and a need for syncretism, like the Hegelian law of dialectic philosophy demands the triangle of thesis, anti-thesis and synthesis, meaning the duality leading to a higher FUSION. This is a natural necessity we cannot break. It's a universal urgency no one can stop, but we will see this division on earth that there are people who hold on to the orthodox statements and those who hold on to these esoteric statements AND those who run from both, like atheists, materialists and nihilists. These are all natural forces forming the same thing. It is necessary to break the veil, to get deeper into the core. All these divisions are cryptic parts of the core. This is why they will be kept in power UNTIL it will be decoded. HOLY is maybe a scary word for many, and it has been corrupted throughout time, and made scary, but it means TECHNOLOGICAL.

In other words : The Egyptian scorpion goddess Serket will sting until there is awakening.

True story. Think about it the next time you say the word again :

The Last Word The Bible Ever Said And The Word Christians Cannot Stop Saying

Amen is the last word of the bible. Ever thought about why christians always say "Amen" behind every prayer ? Does it just mean "truly" and "so be it" ? Is it just a word to end a prayer, like saying "okay, done" ? No. Amen is a person in the bible :

Rev. 3:14 - "These are the words of the Amen, the faithful and true witness, the ruler and beginning of God's creation."

The first time this word shows in the Hebrew bible is in Numbers, in the time of Moses. In the

Aramaic the scene in which Amen shows is a scene of pregnancy, and the word amen is also related to the womb and the regenerative juices of the womb. In the Hebrew the swelling of the belly is a sign of preparation for war and the rising of a prominent star. Since Mosaic times we see this enigmatic word "Amen", which reveals itself as a person at the end of the bible in the book of Revelation. So who is this person ? Where does it come from ?

Moses was educated in Egyptian theology, since he grew up in the Egyptian court as the adopted son of an Egyptian princess :

"And Moses was learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians, and was mighty in words and deeds." (Acts 7:22).

Amen was the Egyptian divinity of justice for the poor and the troubled. In ancient Egypt "Amen" was "the one who hears the prayer, who comes at the cry of the poor and distressed, who has to be repeated to son and daughter, to great and small, to be related to generations of generations who have not yet come into being; to be related to fishes in the deep, to birds in heaven; to be repeated to him who does not know amen and to him who knows amen.

Moses introduced this Egyptian principle, and it always stayed. Moses itself is an Egyptian name, which is explained by several ancient writers like Josephus, Philo and Clement of Alexandria etc. that it comes from Mo, Egyptian for water, and Ises, Egyptian for preserved, saved, as "preserved, saved from the waters". Moses is also the name of several ancient Egyptian pharaohs like Thutmose, Ahmose, Dedumose, etc. Also Amen was put in many pharaoh's names : Amenhotep, Amenemhat, Amenmose, Amenemope, Tuthankhamun, Meryamun (Beloved of Amen).

Amen is "The Hidden One", about who was written in ancient Egyptian scriptures :

"Amen who comes at the voice of the poor in distress, who gives breath to him who is wretched. You are Amen, the One of the silent, who comes at the voice of the poor; when I call to you in my distress You come and rescue me."

Amen became "monotheistic" at one point in ancient Egyptian history, where other Egyptian dynamics became aspects of Amen. Amen was often depicted with two tablets or plumes on his head, which were later represented as the two stone tablets of the law of Moses.

Amen is also the creator, and is also presented as such in the book of Revelation. Amen was also taken over by the Greeks as Ammon and Zeus-Ammon. In India there is Mari-Ammon, the goddess of rain, and main mother goddess of fertility of the South of India, also called "Mother Mari" as Amman means "mother" in Tamil. Christianity also has a Mother Mary (which is also a word for "God" in the Aramaic), but it's a veil to hide the Amen, the Hidden One, who is not cheap. It all leads back to the primal womb from which all life comes by the powers of ebb and flow. When they veiled this womb, and hid the gnosis, they created an eternal hell, as a parody, a caricature, of the nurturing, regenerative mother womb of life.

Christianity will by the word "Amen" they always have to repeat be reminded of the treasures they once stole and perverted from Egypt. They cannot stop saying this word. They are under a "curse", under a spell. The mother will not be forgotten. They have touched things they shouldn't touch. One day we all will have to appear before "Amen", the beautiful hidden principle of heaven.

Amen - amen - amen ? Yes, because it is from Amen.

The Bible Game Slot Machine

Everyone on earth has been more or less harassed by religion, and because the mind of the human is as fragile as an eggshell mankind broke under it. People got a number and a new identity in a big identification system of what we call "Lower Orion", which is the parasitic shell of Orion, not the core.

Talking about numbers : As a matter of an average we can state that every word in the bible has ten different translations for each layer of the root text, and these are three layers : Aramaic, Hebrew and Greek, which would mean that in fact every word has $10 \times 10 \times 10$ combinations = 1000 different meanings. So just picking one meaning as translation for the western bible of the 1000 original meanings is not only a crime, because it destroys the whole story, but it is also a game of chance, so the bible has become a card game, a slot machine :

Imagine how this game of chance can create a total new matrix. Basically people can make the bible say anything they want if they have for each word 1000 options of explanation. It also shows how ridiculous it is to just show one translation. It is so kaleidoscopic in nature that it has become an oracle, but a very dangerous one indeed. In this we need a guide, as it's a mine field with things waiting to explode in our face. Religion is but a shadow of a higher technocracy.

Now religion can be used to accentuate the higher technology, but how do you find out you have made yourself an idol ? It's very simple :

1. You have an idol if you just follow the religion you were raised in and do not question it.
2. You have an idol if you are not able to translate your religion into another culture, another language and other symbols and metaphors foreign to you.
3. You have an idol if you put your religion over someone else's just because you were born in it and feeling special about it.
4. You have an idol if you cannot explain your religion outside circular reasoning (The bible is God's Word because it says so in the bible, which settles it).
5. You have an idol if you are not willing to test your religion outside the usual testing standards this religion offers (Like : "I only test things to the bible").
6. You have an idol if you are focussing on names and passwords rather than the scientific principles it represents and expect others to do the same.

It is NOT about religion. It is about the objective technology of existence, about understanding the metaphysical realm and reality around us. We have to "defeat", in other words : DECODE, religion before it will destroy us. That is a holy (read : technological) task. Study and learn the laws of

energy.

To learn Vur
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What is Vur ?
Vur is the natural dream knowledge,
The knowledge of the gardens and the wilderness,
Humanity needs it to survive in the haste of the city

Vur is the dream communication,
Look at how plants, trees, bushes and flowers communicate with each other in such subtle wealth,
They do not overdo it,
They are in distance, knowing that standing closer to each other doesn't necessarily bring a closer relationship
We do not want to become siamese twins,
There is freedom and wonder in distance, as then so many things hidden can express themselves in new ways, and so many things lost can be found in the space there is,
When people live too close on each others lips, it burns everything away and it can easily go wrong ...

Vur is to give a new outlook on life and social interaction, social media,
Everything happening to us is to change our point of view,
Vur is about the wheel of view change, it's about escapism ...
It's about breaking out of our narrowminded shells,
Putting off our horse blinders, getting out of tunnel vision ...

We have to stop thinking in circles, thinking that of the obvious,
We have to learn to listen ...

In this sense opposites are very important,
As they stimulate us to change our point of view,
That is the miracle of flowers in nature,
All the petals are different point of views,
But they still live together, and together they produce honey,
They are all connected to each other and the center,
Humans can take an example of that ...

Your mind is such a flower, and your heart is such a flower,
In fact your whole body is such a flower ...

By this principle the flower is in contact with a higher nature,
A higher communication system,
Flowers communicate with each other at a distance,
By things they pour out in the sky,
And it will find it's way

When people talk face to face there is not enough time to think, and they throw their words out recklessly ... but plants take all the time to send a reply ... They think it through very well ...
Why letting this dream world be destroyed by all sorts of speedy social drugs ...

The Vur works with the small things ... with the spaces inbetween, and with time ...
That is how bridges are built ...
Things in the city go too fast ... It will crash eventually ...
That is why we need nature right now ... That is why we need Vur ...

That sounds like an advertisement, right ?
It is, an advertisement from nature ...
Not for money, but to save our lives ...

First the Vur has to become a flood in ourselves,
And then it can go to someone else ...

Life is fragile,
Everything slips through your fingers,
Even memories fade ...

This has to happen ... Life is water ...
It only streams through us, it never stays,
As we are on our way to eternity, to depth ...
We cannot stay at the surface of things ...

Sometimes we have to let go of everything,
To get a grip on a much more higher nature,
On something more eternal ...
The vast, solid and unchangeable masses of existence ...

A life beyond the material veils ...
The material veils fool us all the time ...
If we dare to go the deeper path ... Then suddenly there is a bridge ...
You can create this yourself ...
You are a creator ...

You can be much more than you think you can be ...
In the Vur this is a rebirth through water ...
This is a nature phenomenon

The water streams and has many layers ...
The water dream brings new life ...
You can meditate on water like this ...
It is energy ... it is creative material ... It has been given to you ...
Yes, it streams through you, in and out ... always gone too soon ...
But you can learn to take advantage of it ...
You can learn to create by this nature energy ...
It is in every person ...
Waiting to be discovered ...
Water is an element of ourselves ...
Everything we see outside us is what is in us ...

That is the delightful philosophy of the Vur ...
Yes, it is philosophy ... and I have seen that it works ...
That sounds like an advertisement, right ?
It is, an advertisement of nature as an attempt to save our lives ...
Vur will only work if you love nature and take the time to listen to nature ...
It's not a quick solution for everything,
It is a deeper path, a school ... A guide ...
It's not a santa clause ... It's hard work ...
But you can do it ... nature did it once and is now our example ...
We have to wake up to that

The rebirth in water is like a ship ...
It's like a lily ... an island ...

First we drown, and then we overcome the water ...
We become the water, and then we become the island ...

But every paradise has it's snake, every fairytale it's dragon ...
That is the game, the adventure ... the puzzle ...
We have to defeat the boss of each level, to open a new door ...
That is of course easier said than done ...
Life is the biggest game ever ...

The more you know, the more you realize how much you don't know ...
Those who know, know that they know nothing ...
Those who don't know, think they know everything ...

The Vur philosophy is that everything has already happened,
And that humanity has to awaken to that ...
The mind of humanity is frozen ...
Halfway it got cut off so that it could not see the bigger picture ...
That is where all the misunderstanding began ... all the wars ... all the fights ...

People fight about who knows the truth ... but they know nothing ...
That's hard to admit, right ? That you know nothing ...
We all have to come to that point, so that finally the higher nature can overwhelm us ...
This is the secret of water ... The water holds the past ... In the past is the key ...
We look at the past as a wild sea ... all chaos ... but it holds a secret order ...

Are we ready for the secret ?
The message of the Vur is that everyone will get locked up in life ...
It is not some sort of dumb, superficial superhero story ...
The heroes will never show ... The seed has to die to bring life ...
That is the message of nature ... Everything is vulnerable ...

Learning to live in bondage,
learning to live with limitations ...
As a way to develop yourself ...
As a way to discover the true freedom within these walls ...
What if these walls were never there to protect you ?
What ... if ?

Christian Games of Chance

Tell this to a christian, but they probably will not care, as they love the "christian game of chance" too much :

"Billions of bible worshipers all over the world with over 40000 denominations, all fighting and arguing about who's right, which makes that chances that YOU are right are less than 0,000000000001%. Think about it, you numbskulled, raging mad gamblers. You're playing your "games of chance" at a high price, as at the end of your ride through the funny park there's the skeleton with the bill."

Arms of Sandman (Taken from the Second Bible)

Something is eating me,
Something is growing inside of me,
Something is choking me,
Something wild

And I don't know, I cannot see,
Cannot hear, only feel,
And I don't know how to get it out,
No way to escape,
I'm dying here

Monsters, killers, green machines,
No pillows,
Something is taking me underwater,
No one hears, no one sees,
Can anyone feel me then,
Or am I too far away already,
Monsters, ghosts, killers,
green machines, babies are born here,
Little robots,
What are you doing, doing now,
Why are you playing, playing me down,
Is it just a game,
Why don't you tell me your name,
Type your name in the tagline on the screen,
What is your age, and what is your dream,
Are we drowning here together,
Our ashes mix into each other,
But my ghost will leave this ride,
I will never bother you again,
You're safe in the arms of sandman

got some dogmas on christmas

got a few dogmas on christmas as a present, they're the dogmothers and they bite, but why throwing a present away ? can't do that, so i locked them up in a cage outside the house to scare potential thieves away ...

then i thought : what is worse ... dogmas or christmas, as christmas are the mothers of christ ... i have met a lot of "mothers of christ" in church, who think they know it better than their son, christ, and they bite even harder than dogmas ...

anyway ... decided to cage them as well outside the house to chase away even bigger threats than just thieves ... need to have something better than just mothers of dogs in these days of isis gangs who want to behead everything which moves ... or even worse : those christian preachers who want to lay hands on everything which moves ... as then you not only lose your head but also your heart ... reminding me of the aztecs who cut out the hearts of their victims ...

god, i'm so glad i could put all these mothers of dogs and mothers of christ to use ... only thing is : they bark a lot ... and hard ... but maybe that is exactly what an alarm should do ... i'm still searching for better ways, smoothening things out ... maybe i can make songs of it, getting famous, being able to afford better security ... like those smooth criminals who do not bark but just sneak up on intruders ... that's my point of view on what catmas are ... they're not straight into your face like those orthodox dog-mas and christ-mas are, but more subtle, more esoteric ... unless i can train those dogmas a bit like that ...

What the Media Doesn't Tell You ... (Behind The Scenes) – 2016

There are up to 1.5 million citizens in Mosul, the ISIS stronghold of Irak. There are around 5000 of ISIS keeping it in captivity. The Irak army is now entering it. It is a coalition of around 100.000, which makes it a D-Day surgery like in WWII when general Eisenhower sent around 160.000 on D-Day in 1944 to free the West of Europe from the nazis, sending thousands of ships. Later many more were sent. It was one of the biggest invasions in history.

My granddad was taken by the nazis. He had to work for them, and although he survived and was delivered he always had a war trauma from it. I remember the many books he had on the topic. He didn't go through this for nothing. However, the nazis were never the worst grip on Western Europe, neither on the whole world. The medical dictatorship, especially the dental dictatorship, is much and much worse. This is a religious dictatorship. I have heard dentists say from their mouths that "the belief in forced fillings (bone implants) in people's mouths" is an "ideologic view on life" and a "faith". I have heard dentists say that they do NOT care when someone dies when they go against this "faith". In other words : This is exactly what ISIS is. The world is already controlled by ISIS. It's the same thing, just different labels.

Mercury is one of the worst poisons and they force it into people's mouths since childhood. When a mother has mercury in her mouth, it can even kill her child in the womb. Dental students are advised to not touch mercury because it's poison, yet they put it in people's mouths. Mercury is considered hazardous waste, so it's not allowed to just put it in the rubbish bin. But it's allowed to put it in people's mouths.

Crazy, isn't it ? And this happens even forced. Mercury can slowly kill people, and it does. Another venomous product they use to control the masses is fluoride. But this is just the tip of the iceberg. It's not so strange that at one point I had a dream of two angels in white visiting me announcing me : "The dental industry is doomed." It's indeed an industry of death. A whole lot of physical, emotional and mental problems in humans can be traced back to what the dentist has done to you. Many people are waking up to it now, many have seen their life change for the better when getting delivered from these products. The problem is : many people cannot fight for themselves, because of coma situations and other situations in which they are locked up by these devils.

And these devils hardly cooperate, so another D-Day is necessary for many. In the medical dictatorship you are not the boss of your own mouth and body, not even your owner. ISIS devils rule this world.

Talking too much about these things can be hopeless, can make you go crazy, at least it would do to me. That's why I hang on to art and the spiritual. It has always been my help. God is on our side. There will be a new D-Day. For now there is a Mosul D-Day. I am happy for them. I am there to protect them. In a dream a few days ago God gave me a red pencil. I had to make a circle around someone in Mosul, who was fighting for Mosul, so that a red transparent wall would surround that person, which would ward off any bullet or other sort of attack. It would keep that person safe. Then I saw the red wall starting to pulsate and multiply, also going to someone else, then again to someone else, and so forth. That is what spiritual battle is and can do. We are called for spiritual battle, to pray and the meditate, protect people against demons and devils. God can guide us through this prophetically. Of course this is like a school for becoming a spiritual soldier. The spiritual battle is the most important, so it's most important we do it well and don't mess up. This can start very simple, but can eventually become very - and I mean very - advanced.

The battle about Mosul is a very hard battle. Many people - citizens included - are dying. In the beginning of the new millennium general Eisenhower (the one planning and supervising D-Day in WWII) and came to me in a dream. He died in 1969, which was before my birth. He was the 34th president of the United States. I was in the spiritual world in that dream. It was very dark and stormy, and I saw this mighty gigantic space ship in the sky. It was called "The Eisenhower".

Now before I go further DO realize that after death there will be NO instant heaven. Everything continues there, the need to grow up and educate yourself, so there are battles and there are schools (besides hospitals). The Eisenhower I saw harboured souls of the dead, especially those who had died in war. The ship was related to eagles. In a sense it was like a massive eagle ship, and it was surrounded by protective "fires". Eisenhower is now in the cloud of witnesses with this task. It was not a long dream I had back then. It was just as a first encounter, and for me to recognize that he is one of us, as ex-president of the USA. I had in him a new friend, given by God. The ship took me in and protected me as well. It is also a shelter for those who do battle in the spiritual realm.

This night, after many years, Eisenhower came back to me in a dream. We met somewhere in Mosul in that dream - in a heavily guarded area as you can imagine. He talked about a book I had once written called "the Vuh". Vuh means "spiritual war" in the heavenly language, so it's basically a warbook. It also means "wisdom" and "translation". It has many parts, of which part I is already lengthier than the bible and the koran together, so as you can imagine it is a massive book. He spoke about it's importance. It's basically what I had seen in heaven. Anyway, he spoke about that he was called to help in Mosul, as after death the battle doesn't stop, so when someone dies there is still a battle about his soul by ISIS-devils and Eisenhower's army. Eisenhower said his ship needed to be bigger and that God had put something on me which could make his ship bigger. I just had to draw things and with my finger I needed to go across his forehead to make a stripe in a horizontally stretched square form, to which the energy ship reacted. It succeeded.

It's no time to play "games". Many people are blind to the spiritual realities, and the media won't tell you these things. It's time to wake up and take position in battle. The religions are often the blind leading the blind. Many have never seen an angel or a demon and just tell what they have been pre-programmed with, brainwashed. It's not bad when someone's spiritual senses do not work, but they should stop playing games then and first legally update their spiritual modem. Like I said : the media won't tell you these things, neither the churches and the mosques. They're designed to be apathic to spiritual things to keep you asleep in the matrix. However : there needs to come a bridge between christianity and islam. God is not a christian, neither a muslim, as these are manmade

systems, but God works through it. They're two storages of the same war, so they might need each other. Everything will make sense in spirituality. In spirituality religion can be beautiful, as an illustration. In that sense the cave allegory of Plato is of importance.

Healing Mosaics To Meditate On

getting your mind and soul into a new world, new dreams
dream cycles showing the seasons of life
like in plant life sometimes there are seasons of growth, sometimes not,
all for a reason,
sometimes change is visible, sometimes it is not and only deep inside
sometimes there is sleep, sometimes there is awakening
all is in balance and harmony

Faith - The jokercard of the ignorant

Go for knowledge.
God = Knowledge
Do NOT trust before you got your knowledge.
Faith lets you blindly jump into the pits.
Faith is a market of souls, a market of death.
Do not let those faith fools mislead you,
Pulling the joker card of faith at you to mind control you,
Become free, experience for yourself, and get knowledge,
Do your own research, do not live by hearsay,
Do not prejudice.
Faith is prejudice, the destroyer of the nations.
All those who believe in faith disagree with each other and contradict,
They live in war with each other, and war is big business,
Do not let yourself get drawn into the foul play,
As the days are getting darker ... And clowns are selling lights ... to blind you ...
Do not play these games, as these clowns will kidnap you and eat you alive,
To the point that you are not yourself anymore, but just someone else they want you to be.
The blind leading the blind ...

Deep in the heart it rains

What is paradise like ?
Is it only for certain people ?
Is it a state of mind, or a real place ?
Is it something you have to become yourself ?

What is paradise ?
Is it to be happy or to make others happy ?
Or is it to see the deeper things through everything ?
Is it an education ?

What is paradise ?
Is it something to win or to give ?
Is it something for later or can we live in it now ?

What do we do in paradise ?
Does everyone agree, or does everyone agree to disagree ?
Do we find there all races, religions and ideologies living in harmony ?

And how much does it cost ? Or nothing at all ?
Or can you go there on the back of a dolphin ?
Are there certain magical words to make you enter,
Or is it a hard study ?
Something hidden deep inside, waiting to be opened ?

Is it something to fight for, or will peace be the key ?
Will there be wars in paradise, or will everyone be free ?
Is it only for children, or can adults go too ?
Does it come when you sleep, or only when you are awake ?
Is it something to tell the whole world about, or is it a secret ?

Is it a dream, or something to build ?
Is it a season or is it forever ?
Is it a movie, or a book ?
A story or an event ?

Deep in the heart it rains,
Where you get wet and overwhelmed,
And suddenly warmth,
Do we go there, or does it come to us ?

Deep in the heart it rains,
It's raining stories and bridges,
In all cultures it can be found,
If you go deep enough,
In all cultures it is hidden,
When you find it you see the bridges,
The bridges of a new tomorrow,
The yesterdays are gone, washed away by the wild rivers,
By the wild wild rain deep in the heart

Deep in the heart it rains,
Deep in the heart it explains ...
Is paradise a teacher, but where ?
Is paradise a teacher, but when ?
It is a story of the heart,
Not just the heart, but the heart of us all,
The heart of all cultures,
Where the wisdom is stored,
It washes everything, so learn,
It washes everything, so teach

The Depth of the Night

"God" (the infinite knowledge beyond nature) is Love,
God is Love,
If an atheist has love, then the atheist has God and is God, because God is just a word of a certain language. (Also love is just a word, and many do not know what it means.)

I grew up in church and I did not find love.
Other religions and cultures would be tormented eternally (imagine that, it's sick and sadistic), and precious animals had to be eaten. They even "eat" their own god/ idol at Holy Supper, drinking his blood, which is purely vampirism and cannibalism. I can tell you it's not healthy to eat dead bodies, carcasses, same as that heart specialists would say that it's not healthy, but besides that : it's no love either. Humans were made as caretakers for the earth and the inhabitants of earth, the animals.

Oh, the horrors of daylight. There are many. That's why we look forward to the night, as in the night revelation comes, and we can then restore our contact with nature and beyond. We are night people. Sometimes everything else has to go silent before the depth can speak, and the night has this depth.

Paradise is the wisdom inside

Paradise is the wisdom inside,
It's not always "happy", but studying, educating itself,
You can let go of your desire to be happy in the infinite knowledge inside,

When people or situations have trapped you,
Know that you can always escape deeper inside,
There where they cannot come ...
Go deeper inside, and let go of their forced reality,
Find your own ...

Little "accidents" and "coincidences" is the universe talking with you,
The bigger accidents are just the unknown, the not-yet-understood and the misunderstood ...
Paradise is not always a happy-go-lucky state of mind,
Paradise is a journey inside, to learn from life, whether it brings pleasure, pain or both ...
It is a way to learn how to get in touch with your deep, hidden creative abilities ...

I wish you all a great journey of discovering the deeper soul,
Let go of the shell-realities ... It's all deeper inside ...
No one can hold you prisoner, as there is always freedom in the depths ...
Come to your deeper inner waterfalls

Journey through the medieval

The deeper you will go into the rootlayers, the more feminine qualities "the divine" (infinite knowledge and intelligence of the universe) has, the further you go east, as the further you would go west, these layers get more and more covered, literalized and materialized into the patriarchic god/ idol. And Aramaic (the language of Yeshua) and Egyptian are the mother languages of the Hebrew. There are many roots and parallels there. Egyptology is full of the goddess idea, and that's finally better because the mother represents the nurturing womb, while if there is only a male it can easily get into eternal hell ideas, because the isolated male god/ idol does not have that much creativity. The male alone cannot lead the soul completely through the burning proces, so it gets stuck, which is technically a carbon monoxide problem, a smooth killer. Jehovah, as Jah-Havah, in the Hebrew root text, and Havah is Hebrew for Eve. It means "becoming and being", as in the necessity that we develop our feminine (Eve) qualities/ self. Christianity often uses Eve negatively to oppress women, as Eve is the seducer, but in the gnosis it's rather a dualistic myth, as Eve can also be the one who gave knowledge/ gnosis so that there could be awakening to become and be "divine". That's what Jehovah and worship of Jehovah means in it's depth. It's something purely metaphorical to make sense of how the universe technologically means (whether you are an atheist or a theist, it's just different languages which can mean the same).

In the psalms it states : "If I make my bed in hell, you are there," and "You will not leave my soul in hell," and "You have delivered my soul from the lowest hell". Actually that's the KJV, but it's about Sheol, and everyone goes through Sheol. It's the underworld. So this dashes all the sick western pseudo-christian hell-hoaxes to pieces, and this is also one of the reasons why the Jews have never

accepted it, because christianity has abolished the whole original Hebrew language, which is a very poetic and metaphorical language. Western pseudo-christian leaders are disinfo-agents to brainwash children from young age, and yes, many people end up in deep mental and emotional trouble because of it. That's why it's hard against hard, but we can't break iron by hands, so we have to use strategy. Basically there is a lack in the creativity center because they have put a male idol there, and pushed the original nurturing mother womb away, so that was how the eternal hell hoax arose. It's patriarchic, and basically it gets stuck in the burning process, which is a carbon monoxide problem, a very poisonous gas, a smooth killer. This is why many in the exodus return to the Egyptian roots, as Egyptian is the mother language of the Hebrew, and it has the original ideas of the journey through the underworld as through the womb of the goddess, in order for the ego to die and for the higher self to rise up, as a rebirth. In the medieval it went wrong, as there slowly modern christianity arose, perverting all the older poetic and metaphorical languages. This is why the medieval needs to be revisited. Make a journey through the medieval, defeat it's dragons, unlock hidden doors, and heal your soul, also the collective soul.
Journeys through the medieval.

Now is the time

Now is the time to practise what you preach,
If you have nothing to preach, now it is time to get something to preach,
Now is the time to be what you are meant to be,
You can't move that to tomorrow, as there is no tomorrow,
It's always today

Now is the time to wake up,
You can't wait for tomorrow,
As there is no tomorrow,
It's always the same day, today

Today is the day to make things right,
Today is the day to build paradise,
For yourself and for the other,
Today is the day to be honest to yourself

Now is the time to live your life,
And make sure you live the best life,
Not superficially, not materialistically, not as in searching for vain pleasure,
It might be with great pain, but depth is all what matters,
As only in the depths you find the best life

Now is the time to do it great,
But don't you know : only small things can make it great,
Be grateful with what you have,
The smallest things will be the key to heaven

Now is the time to work on yourself,
Can't move that to later or the after life,

As the after life has already begun,
Since every day you can die to the ego,
Your after life is now, as every day it is a new day,
The old life is gone

Do not try to find your old life,
As it is gone forever,
It is only in your memory,
As something which will forever change,
Until it is what it is meant to be

Do not waste your time looking for all the wasted time,
As you will never find it,
You have to move on,
It's never yesterday,
Only today

Make the best of it,
As you will only live today,
It is today for all eternities,
Rejoice in the depth of today

Live your life as if there is never another day,
What are you grasping then ?
The best thing is to go inside,
Leaving all the shells behind

Find yourself,
And stop playing the games of yesterday and tomorrow,
Now is the time to face the truth,
You can't postpone that to eternity,
Eternity is now

The memory is a blooming flower in your soul,
With the nectars of the awakening,
If life is a nightmare,
Then dream on to see what is behind,
There is no art which has only nightmare,
As nature has many sides

The Walls of Paradise
=====

Let us remember what the bible teaches about women :
1 Corinthians 14:34-36 – 34 Women should remain silent in the churches. They are not allowed to speak, but must be in submission, as the law says. 35 If they wish to inquire about something, they are to ask their own husbands at home; for it is dishonorable for a woman to speak in the church. 36 Did God's word originate with you? Or are you the only ones it has reached?

Exodus 21:7 If a man sells his daughter as a slave, she is not to go free as male servants do.

1 Timothy 2:11-14 – 11 A woman must learn in quietness and full submissiveness. I do not permit a woman to teach or exercise authority over a man; she is to remain quiet. 13 For Adam was formed first,

and then Eve. 14 And it was not Adam who was deceived, but the woman who was deceived and fell into transgression.

It seems many christian women are not on good terms with their bible god. Bible god HATES women. He uses them as slaves, tells them to shut up and be submissive, because their gender is sinful and the other gender (the male) was there first and just needed a helper (slave). And the crazy thing is that sometimes, just sometimes, I even do agree with this god in a certain way. Because when I still went to church the women were just out of order. They destroyed everyone by their filthy, gossiping, backbiting, slanderous, lying, betraying, pompeous, pretentious, greedy words. It wasn't biblical at all. They dared to speak in the holy church and it was not even nice, so sometimes, and I still do, I remind them of what bible god thinks about them. You think that would put them in place ? Not at all. They just ramble on. So is there some truth in what Paul says ? Not much I guess. It's pure and pure woman hate, pure evil, pure racism, sexism, generalizing everything. But I just know that broken clocks are right two times a day. That's why I sometimes use the bible. Now these women ... those church women ... always gossiping, always quoting bible verses and ignoring some other verses, as they know exactly how to bring it, how have they become like this ? They're more like broken records always saying the same things. They have been broken by the woman-hating words of the bible. The bible, especially the one in the west, is a book of men. Women were regarded as an underdog. Western christianity has always been a man business for the most part. And it was once forced on the west by a knife laid to their throats, same as that ISIS tried to force islam that way. Imagine ISIS would have been a much huger group, much more powerful. We would all have been forced to accept the orthodox ISIS sunni islam, or we would die. We would have to glorify crime or we would not live. This was exactly how it was back in the days when Roman christianity conquered the west. Our brave ancestors were killed, and our coward ancestors they kept alive to serve them. What we see today is the bloodline of cowards who do not speak up. They care more about tradition than truth. The west still bows down for catholicism. Protestantism is just another branch of catholicism. They never got rid of the evil core dogmas of catholicism.

Those women go to those men in power, just like in Genesis 6, and help them breed, giving birth to more demons. It goes on and on and on, so sometimes, just sometimes, I agree with bible god, who basically says that women are whores and of a lower rank, but then we speak about these women who keep the catholic system running like a chicken battery, the whore riding on the beast, drunk by the blood of the saints ... but remember this : Eve, it was Eve, who ate from the forbidden apple, so the whole human race fell out of the paradise garden into the world of sin. This is the world of sin, christianity included. It's sin. It's the deceptions of the world outside of paradise. Is it fair to state it like this ? As basically that is what Paul is doing, as he constantly puts the blame on women, just because of Eve, and just because Eve was created after Adam. Is it fair ? No. It's a broken clock, only right two times a day. A broken clock in a broken world, also with broken records who can't stop saying the same thing over and over again. But remember we get to hear this story not in paradise, but on the other side of the wall, outside paradise, so SOMEONE IS LYING ! The bible is no paradise book. We have to go back to paradise and read the story from paradise perspective. It isn't a book you can buy in your local bookstore for 20\$. The truth cannot be bought. It's an adventure to go back to paradise. It's not material. You can't steal it somewhere either. You can't win it on a fairground and you can't earn it by attending a church or a school. It's a journey back across the walls of paradise. Know the watches marching there ! Sadly this is just an article. All articles have an end, so also this one, although I could continue for a couple more hours. I don't feel like explaining it further. It ruins the fun of discovering for yourself.

Beautiful thoughts will stay

Beautiful thoughts will stay,
If we will cherish them,
Guard them, build on them,
Work with them

Beautiful thoughts will never perish,
But they are sometimes hidden, sometimes masked,
Sometimes traveling, sometimes busy,
And the memory,
It stays

Beautiful thoughts will flow like a river,
It's sometimes high as a mountain,
Sometimes deep in the valleys,
There is no way to wake them up at times,
As we have to become like them

Are you a beautiful thought in the minds of those who know,
In the minds of animals and of the heart of nature ?
You are the wind of beautiful thoughts,
Through deserts and storms,
Through ice and snow,
Fire and sulphur

The Dog of God

The Anubis Mystery - The Missing Link of Egyptian Philosophy

Disclaimer : This is not a religious article, but a psycho-analytic one going beyond religion.

There were certain moments in my life I wanted to cry, but on the contrary : I started to laugh. I tried to fight it. Do you know that laughter can be purely anger at times and sadness ? It happened to me. Then there were moments I cried, and yes, at times people have cried with me, but there were also moments that only a dog cried with me, a dog. Or a cat known to avoid people at all costs jumped on my lap when I cried. This was long ago, but I have never forgotten it. It was like being touched by God, by God's dog and God's cat, but this article is about dogs.

Eastern judeo-christianity : potentially beautiful, introspective philosophy.

Western christianity : absurd terror.

I can know this, because I was raised in western christianity.

It's ridiculous. They teach to 'get saved', then receiving the 'baptism in the holy spirit', to get 'filled

with the spirit'. That's their two major pillars of faith : to receive Jesus, and then the Holy Spirit. So popularly spoken : to receive the rebirth and then the spiritbaptism. But oh man, then the wars start, because all these people who claim to have received this, disagree with each other and fight each other, even wishing each other hell. I have seen this all the time when I was in this, in church and also in bible school. It made me very sad and I didn't want to play such games. I knew there was something missing. I didn't want to live anymore. I just wanted to die on the cross for these games to stop. I just wanted the fire to separate me from this, no matter the costs, so I went to bed one day, and just decided not to live anymore, and I spread my arms like a cross. That night I was taken to the gates of heaven, and what the angels told me was that I had to lay down all my theologies, because it wouldn't let me enter. It didn't surprise me at all that they said this, and they even mentioned some theologies by name. I had to let go of everything, all my programmings. Then they took me in. I was shown the missing third link. There was one greater pillar than all the others and this was the holy bondage Paul spoke about. Jeremiah also spoke about it and even Jesus. It's the heavenly robotics. It doesn't work by theology, but something much deeper. It's about true connection, not pretended connection. And this connection cannot be broken, neither can it be manipulated. See, all those people who claim to have been spiritfilled still drive the car, still fight for their own perspectives and theologies. They haven't died to the self completely.

This night I had a dream I was in a sports plane. I had a helmet on and a white motorsuit. Someone was piloting the plane. I came in a fight with this pilot who also had a motor suit on and a helmet. It was not a real person, but a program. It programs church with unique egos and then lets them fight each other. They're earthbound instead of heavenbound. Big difference. I had to throw this program out of the plane. Then I could fly the plane further, but it was not me, but the program of being heavenbound. It's for safety reasons.

Human will and opinion has been overrated. It causes war and blood sells. Very simple. Same old story. It's not about human will, but about heaven's knowledge. Materialism leads to hedonism leads to nazism, and that's exactly what western christianity is. It's a pompeous mess of people who all disagree with each other. And they do not want to listen. No. Never. Never ?

There were only a few who could escape this monstrous machine, those who were willing to pay the price, who would be willing to say : 'Not my will, but knowledge.' True knowledge happens where people die to ego, die to self, but how does this work ?

In my study of the Israelite languages, Hebrew and Aramaic, I discovered that many words had an Egyptian root, and were often just taken from Egyptology, in which a lot of these riddles were solved. The Egyptians had a much more profound and detailed perspective and philosophy on 'death' and 'death to ego' and how it should take place. Are western christians really dead to ego ? No, they still walk around as if nothing happened and smash each other's brains in with carefully selected bible verses. Jesus spoke Aramaic, at least in the biblical mythology. Even the Greek NT shows that it was originally a story in Aramaic, as it still lets Jesus speak Aramaic. And the Holy Spirit was Rw in the Aramaic, direction. Rw is the archetypical divine creator or 'creativity', and he had to go into the underworld to die to himself and to defeat the demon monsters there which guarded several gates to rebirth. This 'death' had to happen thoroughly, so there is the metaphor of Anubis, the black jackal (dog, wolf, hyena), who guides the dead through the underworld and binds them up, in a mummification process, which is a metaphor of being 'heavenbound' after the 'death of the ego'. Humans are now citybound instead of heavenbound, and many years ago in a dream I saw a black dog running through the walls of glass surrounding the city, to let people escape to nature again. I was one of them. It took me to little red riding hood, a metaphor of death to the ego, and she guided me to that which was called the dice-wall, another wall which had to be broken. The dice wall has made gamblers of people. The air is full of demons and their spawn, and people just gamble with them, and they're getting paid for it. In heaven I was shown that the whole world is

possessed by demons, christianity included. It's invaded, owned by demons, all because of this missing link. I wish you all a good journey to find the missing link.

Anubis is the greek term for jnpw, jana-up, or just npw, in Egyptian, and since Egyptian is the mother language of the Israelite languages we find the term npw also back in the Aramaic where it means a lawsuit, to sift, to diminish, to inspire, in order to bring forth a remnant, but it can easily lead to pride and arrogance, so it's a very dualistic theme, as the black dog is also ruling the justice court and the police nowadays, so one has to use this medicine very carefully. There's always a philosophical side and a materialistic side.

Does God have a dog ? For sure, even in christianity. The Aramaic root of Mark, the writer of the second gospel, marqws in Aramaic, has the root word : mhrwqy, a pack of dogs. In the mythology of the OT in the book of judges Gideon brought the people to the water where they had to drink, and Israel would be saved from the Midianites by those who would drink like dogs. That's also what dogs mean in the Aramaic, they're the helping armies which come into action when the people cannot do it by themselves anymore. I couldn't do it anymore, and at one point the dogs of God came to me as an aid. Basically this is something in the human, that at one point the human cannot stand up anymore, sinking away in the death experience or paralysis, a deep sleep, and then turning into the dog, the black dog, and black is in the Israelite language the wilderness. It's a return to nature and waking up the deeper obscure qualities in order to bring safety. Black is more subtle, as in camouflage, strategically, rather anonymously going for the goal.

May God's dog be with you, may you be God's dog. It happens in the nights. May you be a help for yourself and others when needed.

The filtering of music through the higher energies of nature - General Basic Advise to Musicians

When it comes to music in your head there is difference between the end product and the seed. That's what you have to learn to discern between, so basically music is another language and it needs to be filtered first, so see it as being a music farmer. If you get the seed you sow it, then giving it water, light and warmth, so that it grows, and then at one point you can harvest it as something unique, like a birth. So you have to learn to discern the seasons.

Basically the cross brings creativity. It's bad everywhere. Some people can't even talk about it anymore. They destroy people's health, even by the (forced) medical system and then reprogram them as puppets. Art is the only way to deal with it and it will be dealt with ... education. There will come deeper education, and then it will be filtered out. It's a long process.

It's about "creative reading" ... It means things we read in the book of life are not always good but we can be creative with it ... Sometimes people say bad things but keep reading between the lines, turning every stone ... It is the cheshire cat, everyone's mad here ... **To be able to survive in the land of madness one has to be madder than they are.**

Seeds

Everything you get and will get is what you are sending out.

If you are a caring person, you will be cared for.

If you are uncaring, at one point care cannot reach you anymore, for you have killed it.

It's not that someone or something will decide this over our heads.

You decide yourself. It's a law of nature : What you send out will come back to you.

If you sow love and care, love and care will come back to you.

It is not an instant thing.

Every seed will be tested and every seed will have to die.

This is why good people go through hell.

'Is this my reward ?'

No, it is your test.

Your seed will have to die, in order for it to give fruit.

"Treat people the way you want to be treated."

May your seed be good and may you have a good harvest.

First we always have to face the opposite of who we are, the dark mirror.

It's like a haunted house, but if you keep sowing good seed, it will ultimately lead you through.

Nothing will be able to stop this but yourself.

That's a scary thought, right ? Can we trust ourselves ?

We are wanderers in a wilderness of mirrors, where we see a lot of false selves and forced selves.

Are we even still ourselves ? The "self" has already been hijacked long ago.

This is why our seed first has to die.

We can't trust this world, we can't trust ourselves, but good seed is not about trusting, but about testing, like Jeremiah preached from the wilderness :

Leave the city (Jerusalem), leave your temples, for it's going to be destroyed, because it has become corrupted. Return to nature, and let it not be just good deeds you are doing now and again, but let it become your nature (Aristotelian philosophy).

No, you don't have to become an extremist. You don't have to join this or that. There is a path in the middle. You can touch all things lightly and internalize it in yourself. We don't need much of anything. Less is more, and less gives a better survey, like that of the butterfly. Do not become attached, for it will be your trap. Reach out for the higher knowledge in the skies, the unknown planets. What is humanity ? They have become one-sided, cosy people, not being able to fly, not being able to seek adventure. This is why Jeremiah told people to leave the city (Jerusalem, their old religions, their old politics), and to wait for the foreigners, the visitors.

This is why the seed has to die, to break through dimensions, to come into foreign realm. Then suddenly you can breath again, then suddenly your eyes open for the first time of your life.

You don't need drugs, you don't need alcohol, as the foreign philosophy will support you, when the

good seed dies. Do not be afraid when your seed dies, but it's not a shame to be afraid. Some people are never afraid anymore. They have lost sense and caution. Fear has this very negative label in the cities. But do not be afraid, neither if you are afraid, but just let your good seed die, so that you will have a good harvest. Nothing to be afraid about. You will be on the waves of the sea, getting new sights, contacting new worlds, new dimensions.

Doesn't that sound way over there ?

Well, I was never satisfied with the overemphasis on present day human technology and present day human anatomics. It has become stuck in evolution. It is very limited, and as proof of that you see all the wars about what is right and wrong, what is true and what is not. There is a deeper forgotten world, a foreign world. That was the message of Jeremiah. I am a dreamer. I refuse to believe and accept the reality which tries to force itself upon me, which people try to force on me, and human systems, because I have seen that IT DOESN'T WORK.

Or maybe it does, as the good seed has to die first.

The Visitor in the Night

I am not a religious person, but a spiritual, rather (meta)scientific person, in other words philosophical person who sometimes uses religion as a metaphor. That doesn't mean there aren't way higher religions than the ones humans made, as that is how the higher nature works, more as a certain paradigm which covers itself in riddle so that the right persons who belongs to it, and who keeps to it's conditions can enter it and keep the thieves and vagabonds out of it. It's the same as how it works in the natural world, that you have a special key by which you can enter your house and others can't.

Why do I say this ? On a night, in the middle of the night, I was once awoken by someone who was growling and roaring like a beast before my door, kicking the container and yelling. He wanted in. I first thought it could be thieves or some other sort of raid. I expected the worst so I was already close to calling the police and preparing myself for a possible assault, because he could just jump through the windows, who would know. Later I heard this man was on medicins and had just gotten a new sort of medicins by which he had lost his control. I didn't know him.

Imagine that is how you wake up in the middle of the night, someone you don't know roaring like a lion outside wanting in. You probably are prepared for the worst, having awful scenarios in your head. And I can assure you, when it is in the middle of the night, you do not think very clearly, so it messes with your head for sure. You could think : 'It's war. Isis has come. Islamic invasions.' I realized more and more the days after that the islam is like a ticking time bomb, a riddle which has to be solved. Something wants in. Yes, you have to fight. Yes, you have to draw borderlines, but you also have to use strategy. Every culture has it's own core truths, and they are strictly veiled by these dangerous, mindcontrolling religions. They keep spawning so we shouldn't think too lightly about it. They raise their children faster than any other culture. I have to say the majority of muslims are peaceful people, but there is a ticking time bomb. If Isis was in the majority (they work mainly underground, behind the scenes now, as sleeper cells among the people) and they had higher technology, we would all have been beheaded. It's a veil of this culture. It's not the core truth. The core truth is lost. It was a philosophical part of orginal mankind, and it has been cut away by western society, so that is why we see these extremist reactions. We better give it it's place, or it will take our place, in whatever form.

It can come in any form, not just extremist islam. It's something shapeshifting. Let's not forget that

when Mohammed got his verses, his soera's, in his cave, he was sometimes trembling, full of fear, not being able to stop it. What was it then ? Was it purely evil, or was there something more going on ? Can we as humans just quickly prejudice these experiences without really knowing what actually went on ? Was it something humanity needed to know ? Was it like christianity that some important truths came to humanity but that humanity actually twisted it and marketted it later on ? There's only a thin line between good and evil.

We were taught to hate other cultures. That's what western christianity does to their children. It's not about hating the persons themselves, but their cultures and religions, their philosophies. We were taught to stay far away from it. Christianity was superior.

When I started reading the Koran, long ago, it opened a world for me. It was a lot about the care for the poor, also about paying the zakaat, which is a sort of tax to ensure that everyone gets equal, that the poor are helped, as in that all riches are purified, which is one of the pillars of the islam. It's to become less so that others who are poor can also live normally, are supported, which is a core teaching of the islam, of which the monstrous USA who makes people ill and then chases them out of their houses can learn something from !!!! We are battling the monster of capitalism in the West, like David Bowie already did in his song and clip 'Let's Dance' in the eighties. The Koran is against capitalism, and it claims of itself that it is symbolical, fair enough. The problem is that some people took all these religions too literally, forgetting about it's deeper philosophies, which also happened in christianity and Judaism. It's about core values.

In the nineties I had a dream in which I was in Amsterdam (I lived in Amsterdam back then) and a bluefaced giant stood there and a train broke through the building of the Jehovah Witnesses to which we went at times. I thought : 'What is that giant ?' It was like something islamic.

But for God's sake : This riddle has to be solved, so that christianity can unite with islam and all the other religions and ideologies, otherwise it will one day destroy the children. They all have their own values, their own part, and it needs to be purified so that the misunderstandings and lies, all the corruptions around it, can be peeled off. We can't throw the child away with the bathwater. We can't be xenophobic in these times. We live in very dangerous times, and if we DO NOT find the bridge soon, we might regret our lazy stiffnecked attitudes one day. Jeremiah in closer view attacked the ark, attacked the mosaic 'scripture worshipping' movement within judaism. Jeremiah was separated from the city religion, the temple cult, of his days, and was taken by another fire in the wilderness in which it was made clear to him that anything which would not be open to the foreign what was about to come would be destroyed. We need the foreign to survive. That doesn't mean that all things foreign are good. It shouldn't be trusted but tested, by research. Keep learning, people. Keep studying. Then I meet you on this bridge. I am looking forward to that moment. Make sure you wear your multi-cultural jewelry, your necklace with the purified treasures of all cultures. Have them all in your heart, as you are in their heart.

Did you have an experience like I have ? Maybe you were visited in the night by a stranger who intruded your privacy ? Maybe verbally, or economically, or even physically ? I know what you went through. It's the flipside of something beautiful. You first have to go through this awful veil, through the dark room, before the picture is developed. I was always interested in the book of He (or She) who comes in the night, within the Koran, which is called the greatest night. First it might have been your worst night, but all things will work for the good for those who do the good, for those who are the good. The muslims let go of their riches, their ego, to pray in the night for this greatest night, in the ramadan, the month of fasting. They're waiting for this. It's the night in which the angels come down from heaven. But before you can see the angel you WILL see the demon, and you WILL fight the demon, and overcome the demon, i.e. the ego. Never give up in this battle. Your worst night will turn into your greatest night. Just kill your greed, this veil. Everything around you contains parts of you, your lost parts. You were torn apart, but these pieces are still somewhere. It's never really lost. Leave the ninety-nine sheep to find your lost sheep. Go there where no one else dares to go. Be a pioneer. Make a difference.

You got just one shot. Make the best of it.

Magic Moments

Too much magic can kill. It can paralyze. That is why this world is not a fairytale, but it spins around a fairytale, moving away from it, and then coming back, very slowly, only touching it lightly, otherwise life would kill itself. There can be such a long time in between magic moments. Magic moments are rare. But because of that we will treasure it even more, and it will have much more impact on us that way, although it will always fade away like the waves of the sea, and then you are alone again. It's all for a reason. Nature does this in order that we create magic ourselves and knowing the costs, how easily it can be lost, so we become careful and cautious, giving much more detail to it. Nature takes the magic away so that we learn to follow, learn to seek, learn to build, learn to consider the costs. It's also a case to recognize magic, recognizing it in patience, in becoming less, so that you can return to nature, the pure origins of life before it became corrupted.

It's about your focus. You can find magic in the small things, even though they can also slide through your fingers like water. It is to make you sensitive. If you only have small things you can make it big by going into the depths of it. This is why magic needs to stay small. Too much of it will kill you. Things around you are only to inspire you, to wake you up, to show the contrasts by which you can work. That is why life is diverse.

You can have a different point of view, but sometimes it's just not there. Positive thinking you can try, but your feelings sometimes kill the magic, even for your own protection. Too much magic would kill you. It would kill the story, and the story is the keeper of the message.

The Hitchhiker

I had a dream about two hands, warm hands, maybe a bit sweaty, because the weather was warm and it was at the sea, on the beach, and these hands touched each other but by some strange force they couldn't hold on long to each other so they were separated again and again, while trying to connect. There was some dynamic below them, a third dynamic, being too small, and this was why the hands could never connect for long.

The world as it is now, the gods they claim to know, the knowledge they claim to have, makes sure that it stays a market, under control, so that it cannot heal itself. There is something missing in the cycle, so that is why there are always accidents. There's always trouble, right? When you read the newspapers. The vultures are always busy. They have to feed their families. It's a dirty deal, a nasty game. That's the same Jeremiah noticed in his days, in his nation. That's why he mentioned that something foreign, something unknown, 'zuwr' in the Hebrew, had to come. Then I always think about the zuhr prayer in the Arabic, the prayer of the afternoon. In the afternoon the day rises to its peaks, and settles itself. It's like a new revelation, a new insight. Every day has its own lesson.

Believing in the obvious, the known, is not really relevant today. It's because clearly everyone around you does, and everyone lives in disagreement about it. Hence the wars and the suffering people inflict on each other. They want others to suffer one way or the other as to force them into how they think and believe. The masses do not hold the foreign, but they despise the foreign. They are xenophobic. There's not any room left in their mind set anymore. There's no need to fit in, but there's an urgency to get out.

The fertility of the ego goes like this (and this fertility leads to death) : getting more and more and more until you explode, and there you have the ego's seed to sow.

But heaven's fertility goes like this : less and less until you bear heaven's seed to sow.

Mind you, what you see in the Arabic world is a veil of some practical dynamics of nature. Many millions of arabs pray their five prayers each day, having their own character, but what are they hiding ? They're very peculiar rituals coming back each day, performed by so many people, but why ? Is it distracting from something, or is it directing to something important ? The five prayers are holy for many arabs. You can't take it away from them. They will always instinctively do it, as if it is nature to them. It's like their breath. They retract from everything in order to go to this prayer beach to wait for the waves of the sea, five times a day. They're living through and around these rituals. It's a way to focus for them. That's just the arabs way, but what does it mean in depth ? Can we learn something from it in a way ?

I am aware that christians, arabs and atheists are often saying the same thing, just using a different language and different metaphors, different mythology. It's usually about ethics, and often one doesn't want to join the company of the other, because of some nuances. That is why we have to make our languages wider. The heart can speak many languages. Ego can only speak one language : it's own.

So to come back to my dream. I saw the three nature dynamics in three prayers of the arabs :

The early evening prayer (or late afternoon), the Asr, was about to become less so that others can grow, to get rid of a lot of things you don't even need in order to see what you really need, to purify your riches in many levels, as a way of fasting (symbolically), and in this process you connect to nature and awaken the seed of heaven, the Maghreb, the later evening prayer (meaning the place of sunset, and also the name for northern africa), the moment when darkness falls, which was also like a paradise sea in my dream. So basically you have to go through the desert, over the beach of the Asr, the 'less is more' principle, to the sea of sunset where the incoming darkness can quench all the false xenophobic knowledge the city has implanted in humanity since birth (humans are conditioned by other humans, just human, nothing divine about). Now the zuhr principle (the afternoon prayer) was the very small dynamic, the foreign, so that one had to grow in order to activate the other dynamics, balance them and making them connect, i.e. the two hands. People focus on what is normal 'for the other' in order to fit in, but dare to open up for the stranger, the foreigner, the visitor, as that is our only way to survive and to stay creative, innovative. So many things have to change on earth, but it starts in yourself, in your relation with the foreign. The known 'god' is often corrupted, also the known 'ungod' of the atheists, when I speak about materialistic atheists. Atheists have their own god. It can be their family, or their money, or their mindset, ego and so forth. If there's a God it's foreign, something humans haven't experienced yet, as humans still have to awaken. And 'God' is but a word. I understand the terminology. To me it's a principle. If you don't have the principle, you just don't have it. It comes from both sides. Otherwise you're nothing more than a hitchhiker.

After the dream I had another dream the night after. I was in a city and I wanted to find my way to the forest. When I finally found the forest I saw police agents on my right. They were busy with other people, so I just ran into the forest, sometimes looking behind me if they were following me (somehow in that dream I had to avoid these agents, as if no one was allowed to go into the forest). Then everything started to become darker and darker until I didn't see anything anymore, but I saw bubbling dots of light. They eventually showed me Flintstones clips, just as an image of innocence, returning to childhood. We, as humanity, have to be reborn, brought up again, and re-educated.

Green Living

We live in the twilight zone, between sleeping and awakening. Humankind has not awakened yet, hence the absurd and superficial reality around us no one can stop. It's like watching a movie upside down, or just staring at the tape. It seems totally meaningless, and it is complicated in it's boringness. First humanity will have to go deeper in the subconsciousness, because the seeming consciousness in and around us is no consciousness at all. Apparently we need this surreal state to bounce off for our creativity, but it is not life itself. It's parasitic. If you are going to be mad, sad or happy, it will not change anything about it.

Humanity is at a beach heading for the sea of higher thoughts. Will a deeper sleep wake us up ? Carefully nature is processing this as a next step in evolution. Only the loner is heading for the waves, while the others call him back. That is the test. Who are the others anyway ? They say the waves would be able to take you away. Well, why not ? What do we have to lose ? Don't they have their own waves taking them away ? They have their bottles of alcohol for that, and their thirty ciggies they smoke each day. They have their illusions of cosy families, their favorite soap operas and their birthday parties, and they have their social media on their mobiles. These devices are guiding them, not nature. We're in the twilight zone, between sleeping and awakening, and we're here with the mad hitchhikers and other sorts of gamblers. They pull a gun at you saying you can't go anywhere.

Warning signs are everywhere : 'Go back to sleep. This is not it.' But they don't want to sleep, they want to party, while they know it's nothing. They're just afraid of the dark, afraid of the unknown, afraid of the waves which can wash them away. They're afraid of the luring terrors of nature.

It's no use to shout at them. They're part of the twilight zone. They belong to the machine. But you can work on yourself. It's the path of the loner.

Religion is the opium of the masses. You can have faith and become one with them, or you can have patience and go the deeper path. Faith is often in war with patience. You plug into some sort of force or collective imagination -god knows what it is- and there you go on your joyride in your stolen car in this virtual reality of the twilight zone, or you take granddad's old car. It's asking for trouble, while patience is always testing, rather wanting to wait a little longer for something better.

Patience is the deeper sleep for the deeper dreams. It's not always easy. I have to think about all the nightmares, but then I think what is worse ? The nightmares or the soft lying dreams in the comfort zone ? The nightmares bring deeper sleep anyway, the bigger waves. They give more direction and deeper interpretation so it won't stay that way. The foreign can change the whole mind set.

Complicated absurdities – No, it won't change, but you have to sleep deeper. Apparently the nightmares shock you awake at one point, and then you see the truth, hovering above the waters. No one can take that away from you anymore then. It will always stay with you.

I can relate a bit to christianity in that sense : the Jesus path, the path of the loner, the narrow path through the narrow gate, the path of the cross, returning to nature. To me that is a principle, but christianity often teaches to worship the person and forgetting about the principle to the point that it becomes some sort of 'guess the password' game. It is coded in society. There's a lot more going on.

We advise people to travel 'green'.

We advise people to eat 'green', which means as natural as possible, not having to kill nature to eat. Now the food industry is a problem here because they poison people with too much salt in processed food, because they know that the overdose of salt make people more hungry and thirsty, so they will buy more, etcetera. The majority of people are suffering from salt-poisoning therefore, which makes that they have to drink a lot of 'juices', to the point that they have a juices-poisoning, now watch this : Jesus (Juices) overdose, by a salt overdose. Salt is halas in the Greek. Greece is Hellas in the Greek. Greece is the foundation of the Roman worldempire, the base of modern society. It holds a lot of good principles (stoic aretaite philosophy), but there was an overdose causing a christian overdose. The islam came then (which was both a potential trouble and a potential solution) and reduced Jesus back to more appropriate measures, and then the Jehovah witnesses. Also Greece, the salt problem, was reduced and should be reduced, and redirected. There's the advice to stay under the 6 grams of salt a day, which can be done by checking the foodpackages, carefully selecting what you eat. Of course we do need some salt a day, like we do need some stoic aretaite philosophy, and by that our need for juices can be more balanced, like we also need some gnostic-christian philosophy.

I would say : have your juices, but not too salty, and certainly without alcohol (a cleaning product, not for ingestion). Travel green and be green, until he or she returns (whatever it may be). Juices.

The Seventh One

Two people in a garden.

They find a tree with fruits.

They eat it and it opens up their world,
like they are on drugs.

A third person finds the tree as well, and finds the two persons on their drugs.

He knows many more people, and starts to sell it.

A fourth person finds them ... having questionmarks ... wanting to do some research ...

A fifth person finds them ... and wants to be king of them all ...

That's how worlds arise ...

Two people in a garden ... If they shouldn't have taken from the drugs ... these worlds wouldn't have come into existence ... Apparently that's what the drugs did ... but but but ... it's our family !

No, you just took drugs or were drugged ... There's a deeper world ... Who is your true 'family' ... Maybe some good principles ?

But but but ... we need to eat ...

Isn't the true food 'caution' ? Especially in a garden where we are surrounded by all sorts of drugs wanting to take us on a ride ...

I want to build a good fence, but others are breaking it off ... Who are the 'others' ? They're part of the drugs ... First there's a need to find the way out, out of this garden, but what is outside ? And do we get across the fences the others built ? Part of the drugs ?

Or maybe we shouldn't go outside, as these fences are sharp like spears. Maybe we have to go deeper inside ... seeing two people in a garden ... a third making business of it ... a fourth examining them ... a fifth becoming their king ... and then finding a sixth who writes books about it ...

Two people in a garden, it's just blossoming, as for every story there is a right and a wrong. It depends on the angle of the reader. It's potentially boring, it's potentially adventurous, creative, educating, depending on the angle of the reader again. Isn't the reader the writer of the story then ? That's the seventh one, holding all the secrets.

The Reader

This is what I once read on a stone in the forest, but when I came home I wrote it down. The next day I went back to the stone, but there was nothing written on it anymore, and I asked myself : Am I then the writer or the reader, or neither ? And I know about this the wars are raging.

The reader has made all these worlds. Stop the reader, but then you can't stop him. He goes too fast, and he has made you and me. We are locked up in the bowl of the reader. He reads books and makes his own stories of it. He created you and me. He is number seven. Maybe number eight can help ? Who is number eight ? The reader won't say, no matter what the writer writes. The reader tells the story. The reader is the guard of the book. But hey, we are readers as well.

It is a readers' war. Of that I am sure. And we are but a drip in a sea of readers. Not much we can do. Or can we ? The reader killed the writer already. And we will be next ? But we are readers too. Are we safe enough ? There's a lawbook for the reader, but the reader has ignored it and killed the lawyer. These readers - pure terrorism. They're riding on big monsters, made by themselves.

One thing is clear to me - the reader is god here. Both book and writer are helpless. Forget about kings and lawyers. The reader is god here.

Nothing can stop the reader. The reader has made all these worlds, even you and me.

No one can ever beat the reader, but about this the wars are raging, because ... who is the reader ?

There are of course many readers, but who is the reader ?
I don't know the answer, but all I know is that there is a reader, and I am a reader as well.

Where does the reader live ?
I have sought the reader.
But he can't stay in one place.
It's his world.

He's always creating, always monitoring, always stalking.
And what's worse : He always knows it better.
He's easily bored, needs to be entertained all the time.
I'm not the person for that.
I'm a reader myself.

It's something in the air – of that I am sure.
It can't be followed, it can't be traced.

And when he reads, everything goes wrong.
He just uses everything for his dark plans,
manipulates everything to his will.
Yes, the reader kills – No problem.
He's a dictator. He made his own religion.
Neither the writer nor the book itself can stop him.
It's the greatest horror tale of all time – the reader.

His stare can kill.
His stories strangle the writer.
But what can we do ? He created me and you.

When he stands up, cities fall.
When he takes his glass and drinks, lands start burning.

I tell myself : read it again.
But I am frozen.
The reader has struck me.

But am I not a reader then ?
Apparently I am more a writer.
Maybe I should be more a reader.
All I know is I don't want to be like him.
But I need to read it again.

The reader has the key.
The reader knows the secrets.
The writer can only guess.

I think I am on the wrong side of the chessboard,
But how to cross over ?
I think I will be shot on sight.
But I want to read this story again.
I must have forgotten something.

I must learn the reader's skill.
Learning his arts of war.

But the reader made himself, stone by stone,
Book by book, line by line,
I still have a long way to go.
He built me while I was just writing stories,
Wasting my time,
While readers seem to have all the time of the world ...

Wait, that is not true,
As I was reading his stories,
That was all what I was thinking about when I was writing,
What he would think about it ...
Isn't that what writing is all about ?
I was a reader all the way long ...

So what was first ? The chicken or the egg ?
No, the reader was first, he is the true writer and creator of all worlds.
Then why is it such a mess ?
Well, isn't that what stories are about ?
It has all it's deeper functions and meanings,
Up to the reader to do something with it or letting it go.

The reader is on a journey,
So many readers step out of the train before the story is over,
But the true reader stays in to the very end.

I wish you all happy reading,
You only get to the true value of life if you read it's complete story.

Whenever I had to bring bad news I said : 'Don't shoot me, I'm only the reader,'
but they shot me anyway. It is not safe to be a reader these days, as your own stories seem to be coming for you, or coming back to you, even if you were just the reader of them.
It isn't accepted these days, as they say : 'Reader, what did you create ? Reader, what have you made of us ?' It's not something neutral anymore like the good old days. You have to be careful what you read these days and what you make of it. You can't just pick up a newspaper anymore and read, as it can cost you your head. The bullets go right through the papers these days. There's no safe screen anymore inbetween the reader and the story. And the writer can't save the reader either, as he was once shot by the reader. Days have changed.

'I wished I never read it,' that's what I often say these days. But we often stop reading long before it's end, so we do not see the context, what it really is. If we would have read it to the very end, it would have been something totally else.

Out of Paris

This is how I enter Paris. I do not look at anyone, just at the path.

I don't make eye contact with anyone.

Then I walk into a pub, and order the drink with the highest percentage of alcohol. I don't know what it is nowadays, whiskey or vodka or whatever they have. Then I walk to the rubbish bin and throw it in there.

I go then sitting somewhere in the pub at the bar. I only make eye contact with the barkeeper, not with anyone else.

I stare then around me, and then I carefully examine the person sitting next to me, from head to shoe. I try to do that with one eye. Then I look him or her in the eyes very deeply.

Then I look away, carefully examining the surroundings. When they give their critical comments about my behaviour I will just stare in front of me, my head a bit bown, heavily breathing, angry.

Then I will look very angrily at the one commenting critically about my behaviour, whoever it is.

I won't be mad at them, but I will tell them exactly what I am mad about, the situation on earth.

I will tell them about it to the smallest details, until they get it and agree with me. I will also tell them about what others did wrong to them, and they will agree with me, and will be glad that I am actually defending them and caring about them, but I don't. I'm just playing theater. I just know how to get them on my side. Then I will tell them that alcohol is the problem of it all, and of course they will disagree.

They will defend alcohol like it is their last friend. Then I will leave. Then I will go to the tram and I will do the same. I won't make eye contact with anyone, and then after a long time I will only examine the one sitting next to me from head to shoe, very intensively, until they will make critical comments about my behaviour, and again I will look very carefully around in my surroundings, especially the ceiling of the tram, as if it can come down any second.

I will then look angrily at the commenter, and will complain about the situation of the earth and what people have done wrong to them, until they will agree with me, and then I will blame the alcohol. They might agree or disagree, I don't care anymore, my theater is over, and I am tired.

I walk out of the tram, and then I will find my way out of Paris, completely done with it.

I will look for the forests.

Then a few days later I will return to Paris in search for the police. I will complain to them about the situation of the earth, about Paris and about what people did wrong to them. They probably won't have the time for that, but I won't let them go, to the point that they will probably arrest me. I will tell the fellow prisoners that I am undercover police in order to help them, that I am to teach them how they have to talk and behave to people, a bit like I do.

Of course they will find me very suspect, especially when I will blame everything on alcohol. I am sure I won't be long in prison because I didn't break a big deal of laws, and it was a French police agent who once told me to behave like this, and he would take me out of prison if I would end up there. Why, you would ask. It's a project called 'one by one'. I don't know the project, but he

gave me a lot of money for it. And I needed the money. He thought very simple about it. He wouldn't expect I would end up in prison because I am a very famous person. I was a lot more pessimistic about it than him, because my fame had always brought me in the deepest troubles. It's typically French that they want to use famous people to sort out their problems. I can understand that a bit, but their ways are rather unorthodox. So this is how I enter Paris, but I am not sure if I will do it. I can also return to that police agent and give him his money back. It might be too risky. I am sure they might keep famous people a bit longer in prison just to entertain the police there.

Tears - The vehicle of Heaven

*"And Esau spoke : 'Bless me, bless me too.' And he begged and burst out into weeping."
- Genesis 27:38*

You recognize someone's beauty by someone's tears, at least that was what I saw when I was in heaven or paradise, whatever you want to call it. It was a world built by tears, and it was a profound, authentic beauty, showing the depth of everything.

In the city one says : 'Do not cry,' or even worse : 'A man doesn't cry. That is something for women.' But tears are the beauty of a person, like subtle jewelry of the soul. Esau was adorned by his tears as a pleasing gift to nature, as a face full of tears is fertile ground. The depth of knowledge is carried by tears and is a pleasing sacrifice for mother nature, the source of life. Then why wouldn't a man cry? That would be kakiaite deceptive theology or theosophy. No, people have to cry so that people don't get stuck. It is the rivers which can flow like this. If you can cry, that is a sign that you are still alive (Ezekiel 9).

A hard, unbroken ground is not fertile. That's what I wanted to say today. Nature does know what it is doing. You can only reach the other by bridges of tears. I wish you all a good journey to the promised land, my dear friends.

Esau was a broken man. Him was told that he would have to live in hunger, living by the knife, as a servant to his brother (Jakob, Israel). But this prophesy ends by saying : 'You will eagerly persevere and come to dominion in order to break the yoke of your brother from your neck.' (Genesis 27:40) We can ponder on what it means. Esau was the weeping man of the wilderness, like Jesus and John the Baptist, and also Ra in Egyptology, and Shiva in Indology (sv, compare hebrew esav, sv). It is a promise that by our tears we will eventually be able to break the yoke of the city which took our identity, so that we can return to the wilderness of a much deeper philosophy.

The Russian Kindergarten

That christianity contains beautiful deep hidden poetry, esotery and philosophy in it's depths is a known fact even admitted by atheists, so we will always have these mixed, ambiguous feelings when confronted with christians. There is some dreamy value to it, and we are marching on to the full prize of playing this game, christians being at one side of the board, always it seems. We can have christian friends and feel ourselves 'christian' at times. It is funny that the term 'christian' is hardly mentioned in the bible. Even christ himself claimed that he could do nothing of himself, and directed his finger to the key of knowledge (gnosis in greek) which was for a person the road to 'heaven' (heaven is a metaphor for school, not a 'pleasure land', luke 11:52). A follower of gnosis might use christ as metaphor at times but will finally always direct to this key of gnosis, as christ himself also did, as follower of gnosis. So christ was a gnostian. Christians will often skip this part and just direct at christ, which is not even christian. Even more when you realize that after that Peter showed what the true way to gnosis was : Areta, the greek word for being practised, initiated, skilled (which happened to be a goddess also - see the myth of heracles having to choose between areta and the seductive witch 'kakia', evil). 2 Petr. 1:5

Also Paul directed in the Greek root texts to Areta, saying that people have to let their thoughts filled by her. Phil 4:8 - Isn't that the goal of school that we finally have learned something and having our skills improved to the point that we can actually get a decent job ? That is what areta is, and Peter and Paul were in the root texts such aretaites.

The church skipped this part and hid the key of knowledge going straight against the words of the one they were following - christ. They were repressing christ, his dark night in which he met the goddess to fulfill his skill - Areta. When the islam came as a result of this, they didn't recognize it. They didn't see the knowledge they once rejected had returned. They had become blind. They were playing Jakob who had yoked his weeping brother Ezau, Jakob who had betrayed his brother. The main message of the islam was the zakaat : to care for the poor, paying the charity tax so that everyone has a base of income in order to survive. Ezau didn't care about social status, about firstborn rights, about family positions, but was the weeper in the wilderness living in hunger so that everyone could be equal, which is Esauite communism.

What christians seem to forget is that Esau was promised to be able to break the yoke if his brother if he would increase his skill by practising it. America (capitalism) and Israel (Jakob) have always bullied their brother Esau in the middle east. Esau is the poor 'communistic' brother who wants equality for all and who fasts for this goal, which is the long way home. That is why he cried, so he could connect to the heart of his fellow human being, even touch it. As promised there will be reconciliation by the teary kiss of Esau, kissing his brother Jakob, but in what way will this happen ? Only on school, my dear friends. It is something for the students, the initiates, the loners. It is something which has to happen in yourself. These are all psychological archetypes in every human directing their finger to Areta, practise, in order to get to the gnosis, the heavenly knowledge. Then humanity will awake 'in yourself'.

Christianity is now a superpower, islam being number two, religiously spoken. Politically spoken capitalism is now number one, America, while Russia (still a metaphor for communism, equality, context) being number two. Esau is number two, suffering under these systems, his brother Jakob, the one who betrayed him. We are betrayed as a whole. We were forced to betray others as well. We are all Jakob and Esau and have to solve this puzzle. It is promised in Genesis 27 that Esau will break the yoke of his brother by practise. Both christianity and capitalism will have to take a step back in order that the mystery of Esau can come to it's full value. Are we repressing it or are we expressing it ? The bears will come, the metaphors of a slight base of monetary communism to bridge the gap between the rich and the poor. People will have a home, having their basic needs, but we cannot wait for these game playing politicians. We have to find it in ourselves. Our destiny will be what we have given to the other. Our heart is our destiny, our heaven. The bears will not stop hunting until their little ones have reached this safe place and are out of the danger zone.

The best for last

The forces of the cities are strong, playing on the minds, but nature thinks in long term, and is surrounding us. It is not the overwhelming storms or overwhelming seas or thunder leading us out, but a teardrop. It awakens the heart, whether it is a tear of joy or a tear of grief, it is one and the same, a touch from nature showing both sides of the story. Sometimes we have to do some fact checking. There is beauty in both the deep and the heights, there cannot be mountains without valleys, a sign of fertility. At a distance or nearby, nature uses it in its patterns of communication, whether subtle or direct. The circle of life goes up and down. You can see it all around you. Let it give birth to something in your life, something greater. The best is always for last.

Yesteryear

Sounds of yesteryear cannot be heard,
You can only guess, as the memory fades,
Especially when it is winter and when it snows

I found the doll in the snow,
And its rags looked like yours,
Decorated with sugarlines,
To hide the nightmares

Carefully wrapped in warm blankets,
Like I once found you,
But images of yesteryear cannot be seen,
You can only guess, as the memory fades,
Especially when it is winter and when it snows,
Like on that day I glided into a hole like a preacherman,
And my papers flew through the air,
And the words came down all messed up,
I had to live with it,
But songs of yesteryear cannot be heard,
As the memory fades, like you did

But I found the doll in the snow,
And its rags looked much like yours,
Decorated with lace and sugar,
To hide the nightmares of yesteryear,
Like a preacherman finding a hidden garden,
Like finding you back as the soft snow from yesteryear

But yesteryear cannot be felt,
You can only imagine as the memory fades,
Only a doll can maybe tell the story,
Coming so close to reality,

That the power of yesteryear can be experienced,
It might be different,
But this time it might be true ...

Only a doll can maybe hold the memory,
Decorated with lace and sugar,
To let the nightmare fade ...

Metamorphosis of memory

Can the past not be changed ?
While nature can turn caterpillars into butterflies ?
Or are we in a frozen dream ?
While nature can change winter into summer ?
For sure the past can be changed,
As what was the past anyway ?
Fragments of a broken earth,
But nature can stick it together.

Is nature not creative enough to change the past,
While you haven't seen anything yet ?
Is nature bound to the scope of your eyes,
Or is there a nature beyond ?
Can nature change our eyes,
Or does it have to start with our heart ?

Can the past be changed,
When the past is but a drip in an ocean of possibilities ?

Do not feed on the fishes, but let the fishes feed you with what they give you

I would say nature and also especially the sea and the fishes are the lungs of the earth, but earth-nature has been corrupted a lot, so it is about the 'nature beyond' of which earth is but an abstracted reflection. I would say make a bond with the fishes to learn how to use your lungs.

There are many more conspiracies in the city, that's why I urge you to return to your native self in as many ways as possible so that you can enter the wet and dark mother womb again to protect you.

Many conspiracies to threaten every human being in the city.

It takes some introspective, outrospective and objective research.

Focus on "green living". Many people are awakening to it nowadays, like a western exodus. In that case you can check to see if you can reduce the threats a bit, so that nature can take you deeper.

Take enough rest. Everyone knows. Keep fighting. We are in a war. Nature vs. the city. In that we have to make sure we do not stand at the side of corrupted nature, like we see around us, but the "nature beyond".

When you are in your bed, inbetween awakening and sleeping, then focus on the waves of the sea beyond, and let the contact with the mother sea within her dark, wet, fertile womb, feed you. Then make contact with the fishes, many sorts, and communicate with them, by the heart, by the soul, by the depth, by feelings. Let their colours surround you and atone your soul with them, with the fishes of mother nature, as they are to protect you against the evil fishes, the demonfishes. Our battle is not against the animal world on earth, but against evil invisible forces in the spiritual world. You have to learn to see them and discern them, because on earth it is the blind leading the blind. You have to learn to smell them, their poisonous gasses, so that your immune system can recognize it and make an anti dote against it.

Do not feed on the fishes, but let the fishes feed you with what they give you

Love Is Brutal

Keith Green was a gospel singer mentioning back in the days that the message of the gospel - which I by the way take COMPLETELY symbolical, in no way literally - was so important that in fact it shouldn't be sold at all, which has also been our message always. He died in a plane crash in the 80s but recently I danced with him in a dream and he sang about Africa.

Artists can better describe what the phenomenon called 'god' is about, in more refined style, because Keith Green and also Matthew Ward often described it as a force of nature in their songs. God is just a word. I have said it before. An atheist with love has more of 'god' in his heart than a religious person with hate. God is love, it's a verb, not a noun. This love is not always soft but can also be very brutal, like when David was still a shepherd. He had to protect his sheep by fighting brutally

against lions and wolves. Love is brutal. That doesn't always mean very directly but it can also be very subtle. Like pianists can also play the piano very brutally to get their message across, and painters can also paint very brutally, and I have always written very brutally, mentioning man and horse, not sugarcoating everything. The artist is a warrior. There is a war to wage. Then later David became the shepherd king, which is very symbolical, as he had overcome that which threatened the sheep and he had built a good shelter. I do not take these stories literally.

Anyway, Keith Green wrote the song summer snow about that 'god' (nature) does not work by expectations of the human mind, but more as a foreign force unknown to man and uncontrollable. It comes totally unexpected like summer snow. It is described as 'echoes of the warnings told', so again Love is brutal in it's protection, as a security system you cannot mess with. Let us heed to the warnings as they are to protect us and guide us. Then 'god' or mother nature can authentically return to our hearts, as summer snow, not as some santa clause sugar mommy.

The Lily's Witness

It's almost christmas again in the cities, you know that time when they pretend to suddenly care about others they forgot the rest of the year. Also the gospel will be preached in the churches and they expect the churches to be full these dark times, only at christmas of course. The gospel means the good message. What good message will there be to bring ?

Humans are like monkeys. They love playing games. However we can make this to our advantage. We can learn from it, also learn how it shouldn't be. We can have our own good message right through all the lies and games they play in the cities. It's like a market. Make sure you buy the good things and forget about the rest.

Then there is time for what ? Why are we on this earth, or is this all coincidence ? What if we are all dreaming and the dream has turned into a nightmare now and again ? What if there is a mission to do ? It's good to think about these things, as it's almost christmas in the cities, and then you are forced to think. You see the little Jesus in the stable, inbetween the animals, a picture of nature. There was no place for him in the cities. All the taverns were full.

Is that the good news, that there is always a place inbetween the animals, that there's always a room in nature ? You do not have to pay for it. It's free. It inspires you with stories. It's healthy, it sets your mind free. What do the cities and churches have up with this picture nowadays ? Not a whole lot. But it's preached at christmas. Be good for one another, be nice, be hospital, be loyal. Remember the poor, remember those who live in nature. Go help them, and so forth. Then when christmas is over, the doors are suddenly locked again. Then the people are unkind again, uncaring, unhospital and so forth. It's a huge contrast.

Remember the lilies. They do not sink. They grow from the bottom, to above the waters. Sometimes

we have to start from the very bottom of everything and then slowly growing our way up, until we have our head above the water, and then we cannot sink away anymore, even though the wind can play with us and strike us. We have to grow through everything, knowing both the bottom and the top. You can't just know the tops, as that would be fake. You can't just fly around. No, first you sometimes have to go deep and deeper, to unknown places in the water, to the bottoms of deep seas. There the seed is sown for these wonderful lilies.

The lilies are here, they came from far, they came from deep. They have stories to tell. If you listen to the wind or the waves of the water, they might tell you. Nature speaks, but humans have not heard it. Only at christmas they have their doors open to nature, and then it's for sale, but nature cannot be fooled. The lilies are a witness against them.

Are you a witness like the lilies as well ? Do you take notes of what is going on ? And do you have a good message to tell ? There are secrets in the water. You don't have to go out and tell all the time. You can be just like them of christmas. Having your doors open at the right time, and then closing them again, so that you will not throw your lilies before the swines. Be guarding over your lilies, caring over them, like animals are. When all doors of the cities, churches and taverns are closed to them, your doors can be open for them. Let's do it the other way round this time. It starts in your own heart. You have a story to tell.

a dripping world

Inside of every person there is infinite knowledge and wisdom locked up. It has always existed. It comes from both beyond the past and from beyond the future, surrounding us, searching for us. There are crosspoints where human thought crosses heavenly thought like this. It is calling out for us : Come higher, go deeper, go beyond everything. This life is purely allegorical, abstracted. Somewhere future and past cross. Somewhere height and depth cross. The gate of heaven, where earth and heaven cross, is the gate of knowledge, but there is so much to forget and so much to unlearn, so much human knowledge keeping man away from the higher knowledge. The moments of such crosspoints might seem rare, or sometimes even impossible, but somewhere and sometimes the impossible crosses the possible. Everything around us is figures of speech, bearing its own stories. It's where the usual crosses the unusual, where the literal crosses the symbolical. Sometimes everything becomes too much. Too much knowledge and wisdom can blind you. That's why we need half knowledge and good sleep. Full knowledge would kill, that is why it is only dripping. Then we can also appreciate it more. It can eventually open the senses then. What would knowledge be if we were not be able to sense it, experience it, being witnesses of it ? You can know everything written in books, but what makes you a person ? Less is more. Sometimes you have to let go of it all, returning to nature, where it drips, where forgotten worlds cross. You can hold up your hand to feel it, to sense it, to let it recharge your body and soul. Making contact goes

through the small things, through the subtle things. Too big things kill. It would be too heavy.

It's very light. It can easily fly away so that you will follow.

Or maybe you don't have to follow. Maybe you have to find your own way, making your own world, finding the deeper worlds inside, beyond what you have just found, because there's always and ever the trap of sheep mentality ... something recruiting us for some school or market ... and before you know you are in its army ... and before you know you are killing that what is even deeper inside ... before you know you walk around with someone else's flag ... being along their chains of fools ... "Find our way before it is too late !" they shout, while you have to find your own way before it's too late ... Your own, deeper inside ... That which was once given to you from above, denied by others, because they wanted to have you on their chain of blinded followers ... Too much lights ... It kills ...

But there are these crosspoints where human thought crosses heavenly thought ... Not just inside, but also around you ... It seems to move ... Sometimes it's the neighbour ... Sometimes it's the mailman ... Sometimes someone else, maybe someone passing by ... Sometimes it's a song It might ask you to follow but it will always lead you back to yourself, your infinite higher self, where it crosses with the higher natures, the higher heavens and paradise ... It's rather slippery ... You cannot grasp it ... but it can grasp you ... It can take you up or throw you down, waking you up, or letting you sleep ...

You cannot box it, it will jump out ... It can't be sold, it can't be bought ... It always comes only half, slippery, dreamy, never too early or too late ... It's called border sensitivity ... The walls in your life will show you the path ...

Listen ... to that which is dripping deeper inside ...
A dripping world ...

journey through the unknown

Sometimes the road is dark, cold and lonely, and sometimes this is a very long road. It is a trip through an unknown forest. You think : When and where is the end, while it keeps going and going. It is a long journey. Is this how the fertility of nature works ? Does it has to go this deep and long ? You look around you and you see a cruel, merciless world, without boundaries, it goes on and on, and it seems to jump from place to place and no one can really box it, as it is also shapeshifting all the time, turning into something else. But now we experience time, for a reason. In the higher consciousness it is more clear and time is reduced in boxes of knowledge, but humanity's consciousness is still in early stages of evolution. Are we still studying ? Listening ? No need to give up hope. There's so much we can do, so much we can wake up to. So many higher plans, as

now everything looks like chaos, but in fact it is a higher order which has not been deciphered yet. The nightmares, only the nightmares, will bring us across these rivers of death.

riding the nightmares

In my youth : the nightmares told me the truth, while the adults were lying to me. The nightmares I had, yes it made me wake up screaming, made me run through the house, but in the greatest detail it spoke about things which would happen and it happened, while the adults lied, sugarcoating everything. So who do you think I believe now ? I'm an adult myself now (just), but I still admire those nightmare creatures, those wondrous dark birds bearing messages, to wake people up and instructing them. It didn't just give me 'nightmare', but it educated me. There were so many layers to it, so many dimensions, also so many possibilities. How do we treat these heavenly messengers ? They show a path through the despair if we just listen and study. There is a path. While the adults told me all sorts of strange fairytales many still seem to believe. Christianity is the santa clause for adults. But there are crosspoints. The nightmares, and also the daymares, are the path of the cross, which is a small path for educational purposes, while the hedonists do not care and think life is all for pleasure and so they spoil it and amuse themselves to death. I don't care what label you have, what religion or ideology you profess, but this is a universal message of the heart. I don't care what name you call in your darkest nights, as it's about what your heart is calling out for, not the names you were taught by the fairytales of your culture, might it be Jesus, Mary, or Bugs Bunny, or Woody Woodpecker. I don't care, but I'm riding the nightmares ... I'm riding the lullabies ... I'm riding the nightmares, seven horses on a carrousel ... through the clouds of empty stares ... I'm riding the nightmares for you, I'm riding them too ...

That is the love I wish for you

What is true love ?

In the city there is a lot of fake love, as if love is some sort of following what gives you feelings of pleasure.

But predators lure, predators reward before it's time (it's called faith and grace), taking fruits before they are ripe. This fake love leads to death.

True love disciplines, applies knowledge and nature.

That is the love I wish for you.

True love restricts, or we would go too far,

True love in a small box, we don't need to get out of it, but get deeper

That is the love I wish for you, like a mother to a child,

Wouldn't you keep a child safe ?

They don't know where to go,
They get triggered all the time, all their buttons pushed, and they don't know how it works, how it's
to be used, but a true mother does.

Then who are all these mothers we got, spoiling their children, keeping them away from knowledge,
to make them worse than themselves ?

Our true mothers seem to be far away in the skies ...

It's a challenge to find them ... Maybe they need our help as well ...

Sometimes they're just like children, needing someone to tell them who they are and where to go ...

Would a true child not do anything to find the true mother and help her out ?

They're one and the same, trying to wake up after the nightmare of not knowing ...

After the nightmare of false love ...

As remember : your true mother is also someone's child ...

Rather than showing a world outside, show them a world inside ...

Open their world inside, open their windows ...

Would it hurt a child ? Some caring discipline and safe restrictions, showing them the deeper
worlds ? No, tell me how it would hurt a child if it wasn't there ...

Tell me how the warm and loving embrace of a mother hurts, while the city kills ...

brave new world, deaf new world

Brave New World,
Deaf new world,
Everything inside a man is just a memory

Brave new world,
Deaf new world,
Everything inside a man is just a scare tactic

Brave new world (a brave new world)
Deaf new world (a deaf new world)
Everything inside a man is just a fantasy

Little boys and their toys.

Nothing is going to work today ...
I was in my schooldays and I was just a piece of prey ...
I told it to my parents and they didn't care ...

I told it to my girlfriend ... and we had a life to share ...
My brother, he came to our home ...
He took his disciples with him,
He couldn't stay on his own ...
And I didn't really have anything to lose ...
My mother told me she was on death row so I had to go ...

To a brave new world,
Deaf new world ...
Everything inside a man is just a memory ...

Brave new world,
Deaf new world,
Everything inside a crazy girl is just a mystery ...

We didn't have anything to share after the party ...
We laid all dead on our chairs ...
None of these drugs could save us ...
But still I stare, I stare ... to a ...

Brave new world (a brave new world)
Deaf new road (a deaf new world)
Anything to a man is just a work to do ...

Brave new world,
Answering machine ...
Nothing on the news today ...
Maybe I should just pray ...
for this brave new world ...

the deeper dream

this world is deceived ...
they teach you it is okay to take alcohol, while it's poisoning the brains
they teach you it is okay to eat the meat of your fellow creatures, while it's murder and a hormonal,
mind altering drug bringing you under a curse
while they call dreams, visions and creativity a mental illness

they don't want you to escape ...
their fat greedy bodies have strangled us in youth ...
but they died meanwhile while we were searching the way out ...
they're still surrounding us, their stinking, rotting flesh everywhere
but we will find the exit ...

it's in the deepness of our own heart,
in the measure we are awakening and waking others up ...
but awakening to what ?
sometimes it's in a deeper sleep ...
a deeper dream ...

psychotropology : the resistance army throughout church history

'Civilization is in a race between education and catastrophe. Let us learn the truth and spread it as far and wide as our circumstances allow. For the truth is the greatest weapon we have.' H.G. Wells

a new day ...

every day is full of new possibilities, a new day to learn ...
isn't that beautiful ?

no, it isn't, as every day there's a war and the enemy has many ways to trick people ...
life's a jungle, and every day it's not about living but about survival ... life is a tragedy ...
however it is metaphorical, and even while it's not okay ... it's okay ... it's okay ...
it would be such a lie to keep it just at that ... life is horror ... and it just doesn't end, and i speak
now about the general situation of both humans and animals ... also nature ... it's just not good ...

we are here in the year 2020 ... a wonderful new day with new opportunities ... after the zombie
apocalypse ... everyone is numb ... everyone is drugged ... around us are the ruins of the realities
the meat parasite created ... meat is a very dangerous mind altering psychotropic drug most people
are enslaved to ... and it keeps them numb and indifferent ... that's what this drug does ... besides
lying ... and remember it is a parasite ... it's not your friend, but it can act like your friend ... the
best and most strategic enemies know they will have the most power over you when they play your
friend, also when they play your 'family' ... that's another drug zombie society nowadays is
enslaved to, working closely together with the meat parasite : 'family' ... this is also a very
dangerous mind altering psychotropic drug which can make people go really crazy ...

and then we have the drug called 'religion' which makes all the previous drugs together a deadly
psychotropic cocktail which makes heroin look like a sweet little sister ...

in the 80s there was the prophetic movement, showing the way to other realities, back to nature, so

we always called it the invasion of the natives, as they already had their vision quests and the importance of dreams and dream interpretation, but the church hired an assassin : psychiatry, to legally proclaim that visions, dreams, art, other realities etc., the whole prophetic movement, and native lifestyle were a mental illness, and everyone suffering from it needed to be drugged even more by what they call anti-psychotic medicine, which is a very dangerous mind altering psychotropic drug as well, to be added to the already deadly cocktail ...

that's why in the 90s the resistance army developed the demonologic movement, which was more or less declaring war to all these more or less forced drugs of zombie society ... i'm not going to tell which assassin the church then hired, but it was bad, really bad ...

that's why the resistance army developed psychotropology to get insight in how all these drugs work, and how there could come an anti-drug ... you have to become a master in this, or you won't get through ... this should be taught as a base for children in the schools, not forced but on the base of free will, as forced schools are also a tactic of the enemy to brainwash children and cause trauma ... there are other ways to teach children without having to force them ... like by ads ... by nature ... by sending them a card ... by movies or stories ... by giving them a book ... it's up to them if they read it or not ... the enemy always forces ... everything MUST, and everything must be BY THEIR WAY, and there is ONLY ONE WAY : theirs.

ironically there's only one way out of this, but it comes in many forms and in many ways, in overwhelming diversity and creativity ... and children can be autodictatic ... (self-taught)

the enemy works by forcing and deception ... but they have nothing to offer ... that's why they only work by forcing and deception, because they know this ... they know they have nothing, they know their empire is only temporarily ... they just want to take as many as they can through their hole ... that's also a drug they're focussed on : numbers, majorities, controlling the masses, quantity, as they know they cannot build on quality, as they simply do not have it ... they have nothing ... it's all fried air ... but they have made this illusion like it's everything, and they want YOU to buy it ...

they made of knowledge, demonology and psychotropology their forbidden fruit, as they don't want you to know ... they want to keep you dumb ...

can you see through them ? what do see ? can you see a deeper world, a creative world ? if the mind is altered then it needs to be altered back, so we need a psychotropic as well : knowledge ... all the way through prophetology and demonology to psychotropology ... KNOW what they are (force)feeding you ...

be your own parents ...

be your own parents ...
take care of yourself ...
don't accept evil parents to be your parents ...
nature is your parents ... you are your own parents ...
evil parents are not your real parents ...
if you see something good in your parents then let it be your parents ...
but most of all be your own parents ...
it's to stay sane in this world ...
you can always count on yourself ...
you can always count on nature ...
it's always there ... while people come and go ...

art is your parents ... be creative ... make your own parents ...
make your own family ... it's all inside ...
it's all around you ... your real family is in the art sent to this world ...
it can be a song, it can be a dream ... it can be a book ...
it can be something you do not yet understand ...

self empowerment
self parenting
filling up the holes ...
if you don't fill it yourself someone else might do it and do it bad ...
you are your own baby ... someone else might have thrown you away ...
mother nature lets us go through these things until we learn it ...
self empowerment
self parenting ...
you are your own child ...
keep yourself sane ...
give yourself good parents ...
it can be a word, it can be a game ... it can be a whisper ...
something to lead you through ...
it can be a feeling, a sudden realisation ...

so many are calling outside to be your parents only to sell a product ...
this world is a bit insane, you know ...
raise yourself, discipline yourself ...
let yourself dream, as others won't let you ...
and then let yourself be a dream, also a dream for others ...
you're the dream when they sleep,
waking them up to a higher world ...

a touch on your shoulder,
to pass it on ...

knowledge is your parents

having something to fight for

We sometimes feel naked, deprived of so many things, only for us to leave the previous mindsets and programmings to return to more original and authentic modes of nature, letting ourselves be covered by mother earth instead.

If we feel naked, it might feel terrible in an artificial, clinical, modern setting of life, as in being vulnerable, but if we feel that same nakedness in nature it can suddenly give a different feeling, because it lets us reconnect with nature without anything inbetween, and then we immediately feel it as being covered at the same time by mother nature herself, her earth, which is not only our immune system awakening but also it gives new inspiration. It can suddenly give us a new armor and direction, having 'something to fight for' ...

holy ghost or holocaust ?

i saw the people worshipping the holy ghost, but they misunderstood, it was the holocaust ...
i saw the people singing to the holy ghost, so indifferent to their brothers and sisters in the holocaust, and the animals in the holocaust ... it was not the holy ghost, but the holocaust ... they hadn't heard it right ... oh yea yea, holy ghost, no, holocaust ...

they're baptizing the children, but animals aren't baptized ...
in america people who are sick are kicked out of their houses without care ...
these are the days of the holocaust ... you can't think it's only them and not you ...
we are all in it ...
instead of opening up for some holy ghost, can we open up first for the holocaust, those who are in it ... brothers, sisters, the animals ... they misheard it ...

information starts right there, not when we close our ears and heart ...

who can see the darkness of this song ?

holocaust

you never hated me,
you never really loved me ...
always in the middle of your heart ...
you never wanted me ...
you had no idea of raising me ...
such an ordinary child ...
such an automatic child ...
i'm taking all the lovers home ...

you never gave to me ... visions from heaven,
but you took them from me ...

you never gave me the hunters' eye ...
i'm taking all the lovers home ...

you don't like your brothers in pain,
you are too vain ...
insane, insane ...
i'm taking all the lovers home ...
through the holocaust ...
the holocaust ...

i want to marry you,
in spring, but you are not my lover,
you are my mother ...

i want to marry you,
in the holocaust ...
in the holocaust ...
in the holocaust ...
i'm taking all the lovers home ...

i want to marry you,
in spring but you are not my lover,
you are my mother,
in the holocaust,
i find my brother,
thinking i was the only child ...
a child once denied ...

why did you decide to take me away ...
why did you decide to take me away ...
in the screams ...
you didn't want the life of something new ...
i saw you going to the hospital ...
i saw him cutting it,
that was my fall ... holocaust ...

i want to marry you,
in spring, but you are not my lover,
you are my mother,
you are my aborted mother ...
in the holocaust ...

i want to marry you,
in spring, but you are not my lover,
you are my mother,
my aborted mother, can't you see ...
we're in this holocaust ...
something between you and me ...
i'm taking ... all ... the lovers ... home ...
they never took my private home ...
they never took my heart away ...
they never were the hunter's prey ...

in the holocaust ...
in the holocaust ...
child alone ...

(and yes, this is about an aborted child to his mother)

research is the word

the devil comes either as a roaring lion or as an angel of light ...
the doc might say he wants to heal you, but his drugs can kill your heart and soul while your body
might live on as a zombie ... there are certain insects which don't kill their prey but paralyze them in
order to lay their eggs in them, in order for their offspring to have food ... gallactic parasites work
the same and work through humans ... it's called mk ultra ...

they tell you it's normal, but it's not ...
you think it's your thoughts, but it's theirs ...
you have become victim of a doll maker ...
they want you to buy their products ...
they say it's all fine ...
but it's killing your soul and heart for their parasitic offspring to live in and feed on you, without
you knowing ...
those who know too much get killed (john lennon, michael jackson etc.)
those who know even more might find a way to get through and have a mission and cannot stay
silent ... neither they can tell too much ... in order to protect you ...

research is the word

how to make a time machine of your tears

There was once a little boy who had just learned how to read.

When he came home he was very enthusiastic about it, and the first thing he started to read at home was the newspaper. And the very first thing he read in the newspaper was about a little girl on the other side of the sea about the very bad, evil and sad things which had happened to her. The boy cried buckets of tears about it, as now he just had learned how to read and this was basically the first thing he read.

He then went to the bookshop trying to forget about it, and he saw there a book called 'how to make a time machine of your tears'. In his childlike imagination he immediately thought the book might help him to help the girl out, if he could really travel in time, so he felt a bit better already and started to read in the book. After a while the bookshop owner knocked on his shoulder and said : 'Boy, if you really want to do that, making a time machine of your tears, the monster of the sea will go looking for you.'

But the boy just read on, although he kept having the thought about the sea monster in his head. He had some money to buy the book and went home, following the advice of the book how to make a time machine of his tears, of which he had several buckets. When the time machine was created he went with it towards the sea, and then tried to cross it, but then the sea monster came out of the waves, hunting after him and his machine.

He tried to avoid the monster, but the monster was much faster, and tore his time machine apart. Then the monster grasped him and took him in another direction. He finally ended not where the girl lived, but on a wilderness land where natives lived ... and horrible things happened to him as well ...

He could finally escape but didn't know the way back, so he started to make a living in the wilderness ...

He was angry at himself that he had bought the book,
angry that he had read the newspaper,
and even angry that he had learned to read,
as that was what had brought him in such problems,
but then he thought about the little girl in the newspaper and that he had done everything for her,
so even though it failed he felt better about himself ...

He also wondered if it was really a time machine he had made, or that the book he had read had just tricked him ... He started wondering if time machines existed at all ... Or maybe the book was just meant as a story and he took it too seriously ... But whether it was true or not, it was heartfelt and he could dream about it, even if it was just metaphorically he meant it as a bridge to her heart, and wasn't that the realest and truest thing in the world ?

the other side of the picture

Everything is of a cryptic, abstracted nature. I was reminded of that when this night in a dream a huge eagle visited me. He was the eagle of song. In Jewish legend and folklore the eagle comes to take the children through the coming exodus, which is not the one of Moses, but the one promised in the book of Daniel. I saw the word 'Michael' which is written down there as the prince of the children, but I saw it as 'My Eagle', Michael. My dear friends, this exodus is inside. We are all children of nature, of the higher things, if you wish to be, and we are destined for this eagle flight, if we are open for higher education. Let nature educate you, let song educate you, and do not listen with the ears of the flesh, but with the ears of the heart, from heart to heart. It's all there already in

this architecture called life, if we are willing to look for details, subtilities.

We can see poetry and song in everything. It can give us wings to fly.

If we just dare to be sensitive enough, which doesn't mean recklessly foolish, but more careful and cautious, thoughtful. It can also be beautiful, as a soul architecture. Things always have more sides to them. Poetry takes care of everything, gives everything its rightful place. Rich in nature, there's hope and future in that. It gives new perspectives. There's a place for everything in poetry. When there's no poetry, it will hit sooner or later. Life will eventually be overwhelmed by it. Nature has an explanation for everything, heaven has. Learn to fly, learn to spread your wings. Everything around you is your wings, if you just can discover the threads of poetry through it. It speaks to you, also to you. Things aren't for nothing. It's not a waste of time. It is destined.

So you look around you, and see all those flowers : those memories which have built up your life like it is now. You can take honey from these flowers like a bee. You can take poetry from it, and fly. You have wings. Your memories are your wings, the poetry runs through them like rivers. There are many layers in life. In that sense you are never trapped. It's the greatest freedom. I wish you all a good, good flight full of insight, and I will see you on the other side of the picture.

the art of seeing

trains come and go
shows come and go
dreams come and go
when they're back it's different
a difference between day and night,
the sun dancing with the moon

the hollow is so hollow,
nothing stops you in your fall,
until you wake up in your bed

they do not make it like they did anymore,
now everything's different,
but when i dream i am back,
and when i am awake i am inbetween worlds,

also inbetween words,
the key is in the spinning,
in the rythm of these switches

staring is an art ... what do you see ...
the art of seeing is a must,
this is how the birds fly,
they develop their skills of seeing as they develop their wings,
as to not fall in the traps of prejudice ...
what do you see, and are you sure it is what you are seeing ?

the dream wars of deternity

keep dreaming ... it's their dreams against ours ... these are dream wars ... make sure you are on the
right side ... what do you dream for ?

dreams get easily torn apart ... we are in the dream wars ... they do not care about your dreams ...
only about their own ... these are dream wars ... they're having their dream suits and dream weapons
... and all they want is having you in their army ... fighting for their dreams ...

these are the days of the dream wars ... and these are big, overwhelming dreams ... in which you can
be so small ... but you have to keep dreaming ... you have to wage this war ... what are you fighting
for ? what are you dreaming for ?

on the other side of the dream there is the nightmare ... all opposite dreams ... sometimes our dreams
have to be opposed ... in order for us to join the higher dreams ... heavenly dreams are waiting in the
skies ... the nightmare is the bridge ... leave all your fleshly and greedy dreams behind you ... these
enemies calling themselves your friends ... or your family ...

do you have a dream family ? yes, you have ... those who are so deep in your heart that you don't

even know them ... you have never seen them ... you don't even know they exist ...

dream wars are a journey ... make sure you find the right direction ... many directions here are just fake news ... as dream wars are info wars ... and agents of disinfo are everywhere ... stay close to your inner navigator ...

have you ever heard someone saying to you that they came from the future in order to help and guide you ?

it's not impossible ... in fact we are in dream wars ... nothing is impossible ... be open for these impossibilities ...

take it with a pinch of salt when they say something is impossible ... do not submit to the dream police ...

dream police ! you are under arrest ! you're not allowed to dream ! come back ! you have to do like we do, talk like we talk, think like we think, and then you can dream as we do ...

dream wars on a dream horse on a dream path to a dream shore where the kids are playing : my dreams are better than your dreams ... our ways are better than your ways ... the reason they cannot tell ... they just speak their magical spell ... like children taking cookies from the box ... they know they can't have them, but they still do ... dream wars like old machinery, it's coming from a long forgotten past ... somewhere crossing the returning lines of the future ... returning ? yes, it was here before ... if you go far enough into history you enter into the backgoing eternity ... like a deternity ... time pretty much moves in circles ...

bible belt vs. the plan

The bible belt.

It is a mess.

I guess all these areas have their own troubles.

That is the matrix, so you have to find your way through.

It is a spiritual civil war as the old systems do not want to go.

Whatever happened and whatever choices were made in the past, if you keep sowing good seeds with a clean conscience, making the right steps through the minefield, then there will be solid future harvest, spiritually, so live as close to nature as you can, as the cities are all whirlwinds of deception for a market.

Everyone is treated as a doll, as owned by bigger companies, the whole mk ultra foundation of the new america ... It was built over the destroyed lives of the natives.

So as the heal yourself and others, it only happens within the context of the healing of nature, animal, natives, by following your primal instincts, not city conditionings, as the bible belt is based on the western traditions not necessarily the native interpretation of it.

The natives just adopted it but it never interfered with their relationship with mother nature, the womb.

Outside of that, America is a cage.

If there are any restrictions and this oppression then it is to guide the path.

Without walls there is no path, and that is the irony of life.

In Europe there are also many bible belts, built over the destroyed and oppressed, cut off lives of the ancient native germans (who lived across the whole of europe, our ancestors). The native german (shamanic) interpretation of the bible is opposed to the mk ultra interpretation of modernisms. Spiritual civil wars. Know on which side you stand on the chessboard. Make sure you stand on the right side. Make the right decisions. If there was no plan for this, life would be worthless. But there IS a plan. Be open for THE PLAN.

It is NOT the obvious. Don't think you can buy it somewhere in a local shop. Don't think they will flash it on tv for everyone to see, or as an ad for some new soda drink. It won't be the trailer for the next hollywood movie. The plan is the invader of dreams not letting you know it's there. It's not famous, neither notorious. It's just ... forgotten ...

In a world so full of trouble

In a world so full of trouble : be kind towards the ones needing it the most, focussed on the poor, the animals, the ones forgotten. Take full advantage of it while being here.

This starts with being kind to yourself, but what does kindness really mean ?

In the ancient languages, like the Israelite and Egyptian it meant devotion and learning, as kindness is an art. It is basically an alarm system as you have to protect yourself as well as others against the destructive powers of not knowing, hence the need to be educated and educate. So kindness is not being gushy and spoiling yourself and others. Sometimes you even have to be stern to be kind. This always begins with, in and towards yourself, as you have to keep your own sources pure before you can hand it to others.

Is this all about the material realm ? No, as the material realm is just the screen. There are so many forgotten worlds and forgotten energies. Life is different planets and different realms of energy, not just the visible ones to the human eye, and that is really a test and challenge.

Kindness, the jewelry of ancient days, so forgotten.

It's something you really have to fish up out of the lakes, rivers and seas where it was dumped and left alone.

There's nothing wrong with disciplining people as an act of kindness, warning them against the dangers in life, and also protecting them against it. It also shows that you have adopted them in your life in a certain way. They will remember it when they need it the most. Life is a route through a dangerous jungle with many exotically camouflaged predators, unknown to the human eye and ear. If you have seen it, you are burdened with a mission.

But it will not only lead you home, but also others, the ones you take with you on your path.

It will not always be a material deal.

It will go by signs and forgotten patterns, so that the predators will be confused and not being able to trace them.

That is what the true kindness is.

In a world so full of troubles : be kind to those who need it the most.

It starts with yourself.

Take good care of yourself in a world where no one else cares.

Eventually you have to breed your own race.

The Heavenly Tree of Interconnection

In Germanic myth all events lead to the great Ragnarok, the age of ice and darkness in which you lose everything. The ones traveling through the area of Ragnarok lose at times all faith and hope, sinking down to the deepest despair, because of the icy winds and storms. Ragnarok is described as the end of the world, or the end of an age, where humanity is in transition.

Ragnarok is not the end in itself. It leads back to the world tree which connects all the worlds with each other, which is called the Yggdrasil, both the Germanic tree of life and the tree of knowledge. Only the Yggdrasil will survive in Ragnarok, and those who take shelter in it. It has parallels with the myth of the Ark of Noah in Judaism, and with the trees of paradise. In the Septuagint, the Greek Tanakh of Judaism, it is also called the tree of the gnosis, which is Greek for knowledge. In the Yeshua myth Yeshua even mentioned that the gnosis was the key to heaven, in the book of Luke. And in the last chapter of the allegorical apocalypse of the NT the tree would be able to heal the nations, and break all spells and curses, but this tree could only be reached by the river of ice, which is again an eastern image of Ragnarok. So we do not go through this icy river for nothing. By the time that we have completely frozen, we are taken in by the tree. We all know that without the trees there would be no life possible.

There is a tree between heaven and earth, even reaching into the depths of the underworld, connecting all worlds. Those who live in the tree might have lost everything, but they live from the morning dew the tree offers. They have survived Ragnarok, yet their ego, their lower will, their lower self, has died. It is beautiful symbology about the myth of the cross, showing once more how the cultures are interconnected and how they should support and explain each other instead of making religious wars about nothing.

There is a medicine in the tree connecting everything, making bridges, so that a higher life will be possible.

With that said, have a great journey through Ragnarok, a journey back to the heavenly tree, as the world is in Ragnarok at the moment. There is so much to discover, so much to learn, so many magic moments to gain. There's life in everything, just if you prick deep enough.

The tree will grow through everything.

mammon vs. corona

"So I have seen the gods nude ? Big deal ! Wasn't I the one who visited heaven while others could just speculate ? And was it a nightmare or a dream ? Churches ... Just the custom houses between heaven and earth ..."

Who was with Jesus on the cross ?

His disciples slept, and the masses didn't care or blamed him because he didn't talk and walk like they did.

He was just a man, I would say just a boy.

The people couldn't stand him as he had gone with a whip through their market and threw all their money tables upside down, which was a huge sin against mammon, punishable by death. He was a savage in their eyes, yet he was loved by some, as they saw something different in him and heard his teachings, which he didn't sell by the way. He gave it for free.

Would there be place for such a boy these days ? No.

They crucified him and forgot about him.

That what they preach in the churches is not the story of Jesus but of Mammon dressed up as Jesus. Mammon was so hurt because a boy dared to expose him.

Mammon is an aramaic word for money, and the god of all materialists back then and now in these days.

When life is so precious, you can create things, you can be kind towards each other, you can make things better, you can be so much, why being hotheaded and coldhearted about life ?

Like a bunch of greedy, spoilt children.

What have we done with the true story of this boy ? It doesn't matter what he was called.

Maybe he wasn't even called Jesus.

Stories are altered throughout times to fit the needs of the conquerors of the areas, of their markets and their public houses.

There were many sortlike stories.

It all came down to the battle against mammon, the god of money and materials, the god of the markets. And they needed to die for this, as they had shown a higher path, that of kindness and love. Even the bible says love is more important than faith and hope.

But hasn't love become a market today, totally taken out of context ?

There are so many poor and animals to love, as in many ways we are poor and animal, but no, they have made a product of love. We have been prostituted by the gods of mammon. They have sold our children into slavery. Just let us tell the honest truth. Mammon said : 'You have attacked me. Your children will pay for it.' The ways of money are the highest way for someone living in the flesh, that is how he thinks. And if you do not think like him, then you deserve death in his wicked system. Then you will be crucified like the boy in the stories, but that is how you will be sorted out.

It costs a lot to be kind nowadays, as you will come on the black lists of these mammonic marketeers. They do not want to see kindness but money walk and money talk. They have bred their religious amalgam, their golden mixture, by which they could tame the masses. They made the fool's gold, and it was successful. They even made a golden cross of it, wanting to be the biggest of them all, and they also played a bit of carnival. It was the cross of fools. And all had to bow down for it and kiss the feet of mammon or be thrown into the fiery furnace to become part of the fool's gold by force.

No one knows the exact story anymore. All the stories told nowadays to the children are forged, for only one purpose ... They are selling their gospel and they are proud of it. They made themselves a big name with it, big fame, a big city, in the land of fools ...

Mammon on his high horse, golden is he, as is his horse : "Who doesn't bow down for me ? I will take his children."

Mammon laughs ... He is in his money dreams ... his fool's dreams ...

"I love all things shiny and bright,
I love these dreams of money,
these golden paths ...
They show me my skills of being a blacksmith ...
They show me what people have to pay me ...
The things I once made ...
The things they ran away with ...
They plundered me, but I have reminded them they have to pay it back ..."

While Mammon is the plunderer from the beginning to begin with ...
So here some sort of alzheimer sets in ...
Basically he forgot what he had to pay back ...
The things once stolen ...
When Mammon has to pay ...
He will not remember it ...

"It was too long ago ..."
Yeah, but it still happened ...

When Mammon has to pay ...
There the thousands of excuses come ...
You can read it every day in the newspapers,
seeing it all over the news ...
It's to distract from what is really going on ...

Blaming the boy on the cross ...
Blaming the mother or father who lost their children ...
Blaming them for not even being there for them ...
While he was the one who once crucified them ...
And kept them crucified ...
Kept talking about money ...
Keep talking about money ...
Oh money, so lovely ...
So precious and so clean ...
His product ... his religious amalgam by which he hypnotizes the masses ...
They all follow him and his horse ... through the wilderness, the deserts and most of all the city
streets ... Where he gives them candy to keep them sweet ...

It's a dream made by some tailor's sleep ...
He has to cover all the nudity ... all the signs and all the proof ...
As the criminal needs to have some alibi ...
It's the new clothes of the emperor, but he sleeps nude ...
And he sleepwalks nude ...
And the boy has seen him ...
It's almost blasphemy ...
Then they cry : Die, die, die as you have seen the nudity of this god ...
Like Ham seeing his father Noah nude ...
And then the boy said : 'but weren't all the greek gods nude ?'

Weren't you born nude, or did you come out of your mother's womb with your clothes already on ?
Shhh, it's just a dream, boy ... Call it a nightmare ...
On his ship he's plagued by these dreams ...
You have to die – die – die – crucify him – crucify – crucify ...
Indeed, says the boy, as I have to die to the flesh, to all sin ...
Shhhh ...
And the waves overwhelm the little ship of the boy ...
And it pulls him into the depths ...
It's breaking the little ship,
As in a whirlpool ... but it's a dream ...

Why do you want to crucify me ?
Why do you want to spin these stories around ?
Shhhh ...
Then the nightrider came ... Corona on his horse ...
Or was it a she ?
The boy couldn't see it, as it was masked ...
Totally in black robes in the wilderness ...
Like an eastern fighter ...
Did Mammon finally find his match ?
“How much do I have to pay you to keep you quiet ?” asked Mammon.

“I cannot be bribed,” roared Corona. “You will not be able to buy or sell anymore”

“But my children will, by remembering me,” said Mammon.

Then Corona raised his huge black gun and aimed it at Mammon and shot a bullet through his head. Mammon fell from his throne into the desert and said to his children :

“Remember me, I am dying,
Hold on to my golden cross,
The days are short,
And if you are persecuted it is because of me,
In my blood and remembrance you will have your money,
Goodbye children, I will be back,
I will pour my medicines on you,
Love as a product,
By that you can rebuild my market and overcome Corona.”

No ! shouted the boy. These are not your children ! These are mine !

The End

Tricky English language causing war

(Read this to the very end, or you will also fall victim to 'tricky English language causing war')

Hello dear ...

--- Am I a deer, you call me an animal ?

No, no, that's not what I mean ... I mean ...

--- You are being mean to me ? Why ?

No, no, you have to listen to me ...

--- You have put me on a list ? What kind of list ? Tell me about your list.

No, you totally misunderstand what I am saying ...

--- I am not a miss ... I'm already married, so call me mrs.

Ok, fine.

--- No, it's not. My marriage is terrible.

Sorry to hear that, how come ?

--- We fight a lot about what we're saying to each other.

Like now ?

--- No, you're not my husband.

I know, but I see you easily give your own spin to things.

--- No, you're just talking tricky.

I think I shouldn't talk to you anymore, as you take everything the wrong way.

--- That's what my husband also always says, but he keeps talking to me.

Maybe you both have to go on a holiday trip ... You might both be stressed or overworked ...

--- I have an overworked marriage, yes.

I'm glad you agree with me.

--- I should leave now. My husband will be waiting for me.

Bye.

--- I'm not going to tell you by what I will go to him.

Ok.

--- No, it's not okay. You're trying to get away with it too easily.

I can't say anything anymore as you take everything the wrong way.

--- Then give me some money and we won't talk about it anymore.

This is ridiculous. I'm gone. You're talking about it as if this is your job.

--- He's not called Job. He's called Harry.

I pity him. He has a life like Job with a wife like this.

--- He doesn't have a job. I do all the work.

Ok, well, I don't want to be a client.

--- Then get out of my shop !!

No one is going to chop my head off like this.

--- Or I will call the police !!

I think they would be glad they have finally found you.

--- Oh you, you, stop talking. You always have something to say.

Then stop speaking to me.

--- You are in my shop.

I don't want to buy anything. I'm out.

--- Good. Finally.

Besides I forgot condoms anyway.

--- Every paid trip here comes with a free condom.

No, no, no, I'm not going on any trip with anyone I am in a war with ...

--- We are not in a war.

Well, we were.

--- No, you just misunderstood. You probably think I spoke bad things in English to you, while I was actually saying the nicest things in an extra terrestrial language to lure you in further.

Well, it didn't work.

--- It did. You stayed and it seems you are getting it finally.

Well, I don't think I want it anymore.

--- You call me a whore ?

Well, I thought you were. I thought that was the deal.

--- No, I'm just selling chocolate. Again you misunderstood.

What if you still talk in your extra terrestrial language and I still misunderstand everything. And where is the chocolate ?

--- No, I'm not late. Next client please.

What ?

--- I'm saying next client. Your time is up. I was here all the time, but you wasted it.

I think you're not really right in your head.

--- Sorry, I have a bad marriage. I take it out on others.

Also sexually ?

--- No, just religiously.

Haven't heard one religious word yet.

--- I spoke like a preacher woman to you all the time in my extra terrestrial language. Sorry that it looks much like your own language, but it has completely different meanings. It must be confusing for you.

Ok, dear.

--- I am not a deer. I am not a beast or so.

To me you are.

--- You're mocking me. You're very racistic.

Mocking ?

--- Yes, we also sell mocha chocolate.

Where ?

--- On a shelf.

Is that something religious or sexual ?

--- Six hell.

Hell ?

--- Hall.

Why six ?

--- It's hall number six. I don't know why. You're asking too many questions. I need to have a place to live, and this one was free.

I see. So where does your hubby live ?

--- I don't have one.

You told me you had.

--- No, you misunderstood. You speak English, and I speak Verrenian, and those languages are such look-a-likes that they cause war.

And that's good for business ?

--- Always, as you are still here.

I see. I want this to stop, getting out of it. I want you out of my life.

--- But I am your life.

You're scaring me. You are not my life. I was here before you even came in.

--- Oh yeah, those are Verrenian optical illusions.

I think you are just playing with my mind.

--- And life. It's my job. I need to have a living.

Am I sure I am understanding you correctly, otherwise we are making war for nothing.

--- Let's make love then.

Then when he approaches her with a kiss, he gets a slap in his face. Then his eyes fall on a Verrenian dictionary. He grasps it and the Verrenian words are explained in English. His face gets redder and redder, and he starts to stutter, and finally apologizes to her in the Verrenian language, as he had misunderstood everything completely. He ordered what he had to order and then left. Things could have been a lot worse.

All Ahhh

You see the snakes, the spirits of suicide.

It explains why you get those shivers.

This world always drives people mad, to the point that they commit suicide.

Do not take it literally, my dear.

(You call me a deer ? Am I an animal ?)

You see the sharks in the lake.

You're always losing your worlds when you see them from so nearby.

They're the eternal damnations swimming there, if you know what I mean.

(You're being mean to me ?)

Do not take it literally. This is my world, so you never know.

On Socratic foundation you know that you do not know anything.

But after he drank from the cup of poison, which was forced by the way, you made yourself

philosophers claiming to know everything.
Only Allah knows all.
(Allah ? Are you being religious to me now ?)
Only All knows All.
Ah.....

That was the advertisement clip for some new drink I saw. It kind of ended the age of coca cola.

This new drink was called All Ah.....

The Ah was kind of put behind the all as some sigh of releasement, after some sigh of finally having quenched the thirst. I got this drink in the desert when I found an oasis, as in life after death, as I was more dead than alive already, and I said All and drank, and then said Ahhhhhhh. My terrible thirst was just gone, even though it later appeared all the be just a mirage, and I saw nothing but desert again, folding in on me But I kept saying : Allllll Ahhhhhhh And I had that feeling again ... I swallowed my own saliva and it tasted like that new drink ... like all ah.

I had read this in a newspaper though. It was not even me. I was thinking : so I shouldn't take all those suicides and eternal damnations around me literally ? But it still hurt ... A preacherman sat next to me. We were in the waiting room of some doctor. He said : 'Yeah, yeah yeah It's a hard battle against the flesh ... It has to die ... We have to go right through it.' And I kind of saw the light ... Ignorance had to die ... And I said Allllllll Ahhhhhhh Then the preacherman looked at me with a strange face as if I had gone mad I directed my finger at the newspaper and said : 'Oh, that was something I just read.' He took the newspaper out of my hand and said : 'You shouldn't read these papers, boy.'

I said Ahhhhh, you took my Alllll, I want it back. It kind of helped me and I want to keep it. Then he started to tear the newspaper up, and said : 'This will help you more. You need to die to the flesh, to all these fleshly things. They're not of the Lord.'

But he had a strange way of saying the L. He couldn't really pronounce it, and said 'Ford'.

'I don't drive cars,' I said.

'Oh,' he said. 'You should try it, but keep on the ways of the Ford.'

'You talk like a businessman, and you have just torn my newspaper,' I said calmly.

'I am,' he said, while he offered me his hand.

'No, thanks,' I said. 'I am sure there is a lot of blood on it.'

'But it helps you to get rid of the flesh ?' he said.

'Where there is blood, there is flesh,' I said.

'I meant Flash,' he said. 'That's a rival car seller of Ford, same as Al Ah.'

'I thought Al Ah is just a new drink,' I said.

'It's actually an oil company,' he said. 'You should never drink that stuff, it's poison. That's how Socrates was killed once.'

'That's why you tore the newspaper up,' I said.

'Newspapers all lie,' he said.

'Thanks for protecting me from the big bad world,' I said.

'I have to go now,' he said. 'My working time is up. I need to go home. Wife waits for me with her cooking.'

'Do you actually believe everything you say, or is it just your job ?' I asked. 'Personal question.'

'Just for a job,' he said. 'If I would have worked for Flash or Al Ah I would have made propaganda for them, and trashtalking the rivals. So it's nothing personal.'

'Well, thanks for being so honest !' I shouted. 'You are actually the first one I meet being this honest ! Chapeau, dear sir !'

'I'm not a deer,' he said. 'I don't need a deer. I will drive home with my Ford. It's my work car. Don't need anything else. No deer needed. No deer. No, dear, my dear boy.'

'I'm not your boy,' I said. 'I'm not your son. I know where that would lead to, buying into that.'

'You don't know what I mean,' he said. 'And I am not being mean to you.'

I said : 'Al ahhhh.' And I swallowed my saliva.

'You can just drink it,' he said. 'It's fine. I can tell you that, because it's after office hours, and we drink this also at home.'

'Then why did you tear my newspaper ?' I asked.

'I am sorry, job requires that,' he said. 'I will give you a new one. We are in fact enthusiastic and fanatic fans of that newspaper. My wife is also in love with it. Why don't you come home with me, my dear boy ?'

'I'm not so dear,' I said. 'I had even peed on a Ford police car this morning.'

He smiled at me. 'Good boy,' he said. 'I didn't mean dear boy, but deer boy. We have a lot of deer in our back garden, and you can ride them all.'

I asked : 'All ?'

He said : 'Yeah, all.'

I said : Ahhhhhh. I felt like my thirst was being released after a long desert walk. And I went home with him, and his wife was a good cook, and it was like I had reached an oasis. The deer were also nice to ride on.

'I am so glad I found you,' said his wife. 'You know these companies are such a mess. You are much better company.'

I smiled at her. 'I know, dear,' I said. 'You can have it all.'

'Ahhhh,' she said.

I looked on my watch and wondered how long this mirage would last, with these two lovely persons. I kept watching at my watch, and it seemed like time had frozen.

I said : All ahhhhhhhhhh.

'In the weekends we work there,' she said ... 'Several part time jobs make the world go round. It's all rivalry, but nothing personal.'

'I know,' I said. 'You are both very honest persons, very dear to me. It could solve the world war.'

'No, no, no,' they said. 'The world war is so that the flesh can die.'

Flash ? I asked.

'No, the flesh,' they said, 'all the ignorance.'

I sighed and said : Alllll ... ahhhhhhhhhhhh. I stared in front of me. Everything was frozen, also these people. I also felt frozen. I swallowed my own saliva, and it was warm and fresh, like all ah. I was riding on a deer, and I saw all the other deer. Where had they taken me ? They had saved me out of the desert, but where were we now ? I looked around me. I saw this oasis, waterfalls, lots of green, green pastures, forests, mountains, huge ice mountains ... It was all staring at me, and I stared back and said : All ah ...

The age of coca cola had ended. Now it was the age of all ah. And boy, how delicious this stuff was, but not in unmysterious way. My head was killing me and I was tired. I woke up from this dream and time seemed to be floating again. All ah I said. I decided then to become a muslim, but it was nothing like in my dreams.

The End

new stories of jesus

jesus and the rich young ruler

'Life is all about money and sex,' said the rich young ruler. 'That's all what people talk about, either positively or negatively.'

'No,' said Jesus. 'You need to have ears to hear. It said manna in sacks, not 'money and sex'. Manna is the hidden divine food stored in sacks in the ark of the covenant. It is for the overcomers who have defeated the flesh. It's personal. You cannot let others do the hard work.'

Then the rich young ruler became sad and left, as he has many great armies doing all the work for him.

apparitions of mary

came into a cave the other day ... nearby, in the forest ... i come there sometimes to meditate ... (mohammed had his own cave so why not me ?) ... found a newspaper there about some apparition of mary !! i was like wow, as i never have such lucks ... the only apparitions here are just bills, bills, and bills ... so i started reading ... but appeared the newspaper didn't have a date on it, as it was torn away partly ... so was excited to read about the apparition but i wondered since there was no date on the paper if this happened like hundreds of years ago in the time of jesus or calvin, or maybe even older in the times of moses and the great pirate buhahaka (who conquered the whole world) ... that will stay a mystery ... if it would be a recent newspaper then it could have happened recently, so then it inspires me to keep hoping ... i thought maybe such apparitions are not of this time anymore ... but if that is the case i keep hoping for an apparition of bugs bunny or woody woodpecker .. heck, speedy gonzales, you name it ... but the newspaper looked very old, dated ... it was actually like i had gold in my hand ... like those old dead sea scrolls ... but the excitement of this quickly died as the more i was reading, the more it seemed to be very religious ... everything was about religion ... i didn't want it to ruin my day (religion has done that enough already). i'm just a simple mine worker, so if people talk too religious to me, i am losing the plot. but just before i wanted to stop reading and throw the newspaper into the water it talked about stones, and then of course, as a worker in the mines, i was all ears !! it kind of saved itself. i'm too lazy and tired to type everything out, so i just made a short version of it, a short copy of these newfound holy scriptures. but i was in fear of letting it read to anyone else, as i didn't want to be the new mohammed. goodness grace, that would be something. i will keep it to the stones, so if this comes in your hands you are deemed a friend, a colleague mine worker, or because the damn thing has leaked out !

Jesus and Mary

Jesus and Mary,

Some oasis in the desert ...

But this marriage, this marriage ... just a mirage in the desert ...

Waking up drunk and lost ...

But with new inspiration ...

Will you Mary me ?
Mary had a big black dog ...
Sometimes I didn't know the difference ...
Sometimes Mary was very scary ...
Like the cross

But Jesus had to die,
And rose again after that night ...
Big black dogs were hunting after him ...
But Mary took him in ...

Saw this written on a cold stone,
and became as cold as a stone ...
Something had happened to me,
while I couldn't breath ...

Came late at home that night,
Too late, my wife beating me to death ...
What did you drink ? she shouted ...
To who have you been ?
I said just a bloody Mary ...

Wife pushed me out of the house ...
Wandered through the night,
So I ran into the wilderness,
Marriage marriage, just a mirage ...
Tight rings, ornamental treasures ...
To come through ...

Let me be with Jesus and Mary ...

Saw this written on a stone ...
Became as cold and frozen as a stone ...
Something had died in me ...
And I looked at Mary ...

the forestpeople of surinam

I was checking some booklist about books on Surinam. One book had as title : 'The Hell, that is the other', and another was 'Hell is a sugarmill.' And it is true. This world is hell, the people around us

are the hell we live in. Maybe hell is in ourselves, but it's just a sugarmill, in the sense that everything will be recycled and explained. Those people who have given a horrible view on hell by their stubborn illiteracy and truancy are hell themselves. They have created this morbid reality in the minds of the people, from generation to generation, totally merciless to children. And if you say something about it, then they blame you. You can believe in God or the good, but I believe in the best. Good is not enough for me. We can be much better. But whatever you want to call it : Isn't God or the Best not creative enough to make something better of everything ? Evolution will do. We have a word for that : exegesis, which is basically psycho analysis on this theo-absurd world for morbid, sadistic, blackmailing 'hellianity' (I cannot call it christianity) had messed this world up. Yes, I have a new word for 'God' : The best. We cannot afford ourselves to be just average 'good people'. We will not win the war in that mode.

The forest people of Surinam believed about reaching paradise that it was very hard, very hard. Through dense forests, over steep mountains, through deep valleys with lakes and abysses. To come to paradise you have to cross a big river, which is guarded day and night by something which is to purify from all stains of life. Those who disrespected this process were thrown into the river to perish. And then you finally enter paradise, but this paradise is very poor, a paradise of hunger, a paradise of discipline. Yes, there's honey, but not much. It's very primitive. People have to search for food and work for it. It is an allegory that when you reach heaven that it's not the end of everything. It's a new beginning. You yourself are the creator of paradise. Paradise is not a noun, but a verb. It is something to learn. The old prophets all said there would come hunger, in many ways, as in the necessity of the restrictions of minimalism, as humanity has crossed too many natural borderlines, and that is why corona is also here. Then what is the use of hunger like this, the feeling that everything is unreachable ? There are many proverbs and sayings about the use of hunger :

Hunger is the best spice
Hunger breaks walls of stone
Hunger makes you work harder
Hunger makes every bitter thing sweet

Eventually that is what makes the sugarmill work.

Indeed we might sometimes think : Hell exists, it's the neighbour, or some other person turning your life into hell. In German theology Hell was the womb, and 'that which you didn't understand yet', the concealed. She had a dish called Hunger. Humanity has to learn that less is more. In the book called the Vur the throne is the hidden and it is sweet. The throne is an allegory of that what guides and guards our lives and it can be very bitter, but if we have an experience of hunger, also as in maybe loneliness or other lacks in our lives, or leaks, then whenever we get some guidance and protection, security, then we can appreciate it more, so in that sense it's honeysweet. Hunger can make you view things with different eyes. It can awaken heavenly visions and that was what finally the old prophets meant. It's never for nothing. I haven't read the book 'Hell is a sugarmill' yet, and maybe it's about something totally different, but I always see books beyond the books if you know what I mean. Have a nice weekend. Be a sugarmiller, but don't take too much from it. Take it with a pinch of salt.

love stronger than death ...

in the beginning man created god ...
they invaded the lands of the indians and started to massacre them in the name of god ...
in the beginning man created god ...
they said 'let us make slaughterhouses, and earn money with political prisons and hospitals'
in the beginning man made money their god ...
cultures of natives completely destroyed ...

and they made the tree of believing something else, the tree of love and knowledge, the forbidden tree ...
i wonder why people are so stupid now ...
everyone who eats from that tree has to die somehow ...
but love is stronger than death ...
i call it the love knowledge ...
learning how to love ...
is learning how to love knowledge ...

love is a stranger

hebrews 13:2

do not forget to be hospitable to strangers, for by so doing some people have been hospitable to angels without knowing it.

you can't do this, you can't do that,
can't do it this or that way,
you have to do it their way,
so make your strange dances in the street,
as whatever you do it's never okay,
and love is a stranger ...
you have to think like them and talk like them,
if you do or say something they do not understand,
they will blame you, as it's never their fault ...
appears their love is all for sale ...
and they're all the same ...
while true love is a stranger ...
we don't know their games ...

we come from different ways ...

different is their forbidden tree ...
you eat from it, you die ...
that's how far their love goes ...
it's there until you do it differently ...
love is a stranger ...
they do not know it, and don't want to ...
i saw a christian saying to another christian :
i hope you go hungry as you're preaching a different gospel,
i said : isn't the true gospel about feeding the hungry, helping the poor and the orphans ?
you preach a gospel of hate ...
christofascism is big these days ...
different is their forbidden tree,
and love is a stranger ...

hebrews 13:2

do not forget to be hospitable to strangers, for by so doing some people have been hospitable to angels without knowing it.

you were saved to save

psalm 8:2

out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength because of thine enemies, that thou mightest still the enemy and the avenger.

the clips of the 80s still had meaning, deep meaning ... in the 90s it was harder, but there were still traces of the 80s ... the 80s clips were school classes teaching a higher art ... to escape from the terrors of orthodox forced education ... that is why i was basically a radio junkie in the 80s because 'someone came to save the world' ... and i recorded it on cassette all the time ... they came for us, whoever they were ... i was waiting all the time to get 'saved' by something higher, more universal intelligence ... my bedroom with my radio was my own observatory ... and it inspired me and kept me going ... when i saw the clips on tv they added to that dimension, but these clips went so fast ... thank god we have youtube nowadays so we can see what actually came ... exegesis of the 80s is still going on ... who came to save us, what did they save us from, and how did they do it ? it was

very prophetic and it still needs explanation ... they just used bands and musicians as a device ... just something from nature pushing itself through the pipelines ... eurythmics were a band in the 80s with deep innovating clips ... it's a good thing to do research on ... it inspired me greatly back in the days and still ... they did it for art ... but do we receive what we got ? we can say : oh, but we already have the koran or the bible or whatever, and we have bach and mozart, beethoven, just because it sounds 'ancient' ... they're monuments of society but what will happen to the 80s ? will it have a part in the museums or is it still too 'young' ? so you need to be old enough to have something to say ? that's how the so-called 'adults' conquered the world, by this lie ... and everything is in economic traps now, as that is how these 'adults' play games ...

psalm 8:2

out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength because of thine enemies, that thou mightest still the enemy and the avenger.

i try to follow the artists and bands of the 80s a bit and they still have meaningful things to say, as an oasis in these dark times ... they're not as old as bach and brahms, their work is not as old as the dead sea scrolls, they're young, very young compared to vivaldi, like babies still ... but out of the mouth of babes ...

the music industry today often tries to just sell music like fastfood without substance, while the artists from the 80s who did art for art's sake still try to save the world and perhaps already did it ... and that is maybe also the test of time ... why are we here ? let the meaning of life be to save the world as that was also an important theme in the 80s : we are the world ... we can just totally get lost in indulgence that we forgot about why we were here in first place ...

but we cannot save the world ? when a child asks you to save him, would you do ? when children ask you to please save the world ... would you do ? even if you cannot, you would still do ... that is the power of music, dreaming, make-belief, fantasy, imagination ... and that is why the adults won't let that happen, as SAVING THE WORLD DOESN'T SELL ... but we will dream anyway ... you CAN save the world ... as something once saved you ... you were saved to save ... by a dream ... you got this dream in childhood ... the ability to imagine ... the ability to create ... you have equal chances like everyone else ... you were saved to save ... use your gifts well ... people can lock you up, ruining your life, taking everything away, but they can never take away your ability to dream and imagine, your ability to save ... as you were once saved to save ...

the importance of 1953 (english translation of the dutch article 'het belang van 1953')

Last night I dreamed about the importance of 1953:

1. the death of Joseph Stalin
2. separation within the reformed municipality

3. the flood disaster

I dreamed of a bacterium called hamnam, a hysterical chicken that laid its eggs everywhere at lightning speed and did not want to let the people go in the exodus, but 1953 met man in the form of a raven gathering her children, like the gnosis that hovered above the wild sea. This was a higher union between man and gnosis, to break off the false ties between man and church, because man was under hypnosis, under mk ultra mind control.

Hamnam is the excessive addiction to the Jesus idol, which runs parallel with the meat addiction. You don't even have to believe in Jesus for that literally. Atheists can also have a meat addiction, or an addiction to a scapegoat that carries everything for you and arranges everything for you, on which they are morbidly dependent. That can be anything, someone in the family, someone at work and so on. It must come in the right context and in the right degree. The dictatorship and narcissism of Jozef Stalin must die.

See what they do in the church: they eat the flesh of Jesus, which is pure cannibalism. It is an image of the meat industry. It is a parasite. Jesus pointed to the gnosis, to the key of knowledge (Luke 11), and to the full truth that would come after him (John 16) and there would be something greater than Jesus, greater works (John 14). It is literally in their Bible, but the church continues to idolize Jesus. Yes, Jesus can be used metaphorically in the right context, and you can follow Jesus, the path of Jesus, the path of the Cross, but it can also be so literalized and materialized that you miss out on the message of Jesus and that it becomes just a piece of meat. And then you have a meat addiction, no matter how you turn it around. Then you are a cannibal, and that can be very subtle, because these things can work through any religion or ideology, even atheism, so it's about the heart. Man must receive the gnosis, the full truth and stop playing church Jesus games. The orthodox church must split and Joseph Stalin must die, so that there is space for the gnosis. 1953 must come.

I wait,

I'm waiting for the gnosis,

I follow the path of the gnosis,

I'm becoming gnosis,

Because the world will perish,

There will be a new world,

Everything through a temporary veil,

It slips off,

So that the union with the gnosis becomes visible

