

The Ancient Priest
of Chichen Itza
Reincarnated

BY

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Copyright Page

Dedication

Dedicated to creativity of the people who lived on Earth or will be living in the future.

Leonardo Da Vinci, Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, Alexander Pushkin, Johann Sebastian Bach, Tchaikovsky, Lev Tolstoy, Michelangelo, Rembrandt van Rijn, George Friedrich Händel, Alfons Ven, “Abba”, Elvis Presley, Rimsky Korsakov, Albert Einstein, Galileo Galilee, Nicolaus Copernicus, Nostradamus, Tesla, Mendeleyev, Marie Curie, Louis Pasteur, Stephen Hawking, Jan Van Hyusum, Jan Davidsz de Heem, Edvard Grieg, Piter Breigel, Pierre-Auguste Renoir, Frans Snyders, William Shakespeare, conductor Igor Golovchin, actor Jack Nicholson, opera singer Vecheclav Osipov, father of wave genetic P. Gariaev, child prodigy Akiane Kramarik ... you can add creative person you know...

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Acknowledgements

To dear Alfons Ven who taught me to ask myself: "Who am I?" From this question, this book emerged. Without this question, this book would never have seen the light of day or even exist.

His genius gave me the unique possibility to return my self and others to our own selves by using his "miracle pills", changing our lives forever. It helped me in opening the doors to a waterfall of my own enormous amount of energy and in staying in great, dynamic health, optimistic and happy.

Alfons also helped me in making the decision of visiting my previous lives with the assistance of the "Regression Specialist", Diana Cherry, which ultimately opened my eyes to a chain of events that occurred in my past lives.

Special, deeply felt thanks to the wise, Diana Cherry, who, over the last 60 years, has helped thousands of people getting rid of the heavy burden of their past and find out *who* they really were through studying their Spirit Journey and seeing their lives under a new light.

I express special thanks to my ex-husband, Tim Sviridov, who wrote my dreams which occurred over many decennials, and who has convinced me in their hidden, deeper meaning. I shall acknowledge the massive efforts of laboriously collecting and systematizing the dreams, which are used in this book.

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Special thanks go to you, Darlene, for my photograph on the cover image of the book entitled, "Offshore Living and Investing" by David A. Tanzer. (Darlene took that photo when she was seven years old.) Thank you also for this second photograph which appears on the cover of this book, and which you took when you were 8 years old, on a small island of the South Pacific near the place where Amelia disappeared.

Thanks to Carlos Castaneda for the invention of new terminology, which helped me, and many other authors all over the world, to describe the Spirit world. Going through his books, his message became perfectly clear. I guess because of my past life experience as an ancient Maya Priest, I could read between the sentences what was impossible for him to describe or put into words.

Special thanks to brave Amelia Earhart who flew the World and became a legend. This enormous effort and her achievements were made available to me in a full and detailed account of her life. It helped me in comparing my life, the life of an Ancient Maya Priest with her life and proved that the Spirit of each

person on Earth has many lives. I am deeply grateful for the gift she passed onto me, as a newborn person, who now carries the same Spirit: her experience and knowledge in biology, medicine, art, writing, and drawing, which she acquired and developed during her lifetime. I am thankful for her enormous strength and love for life and adventure. All of this priceless Spirit development is deeply appreciated by all other re-born people in these Spirits and those who will be reborn in future and continue to carry Spirit light through the chain of lives.

Thanks to the Ancient Maya Priest who gave me wisdom, knowledge about the other side of life: energy, auras, how to connect with Spirits, Gods and Goddesses. All of which were passed onto me in the form of an amazing friendship with plants, animals and echoing rocks; understanding their tender souls. I am also grateful to him for passing onto me his enormous strength, love and care for his people. He helped them survive through terrible droughts in Mexico and he was strong enough to sacrifice his own son for their wellbeing.

To my lifelong friend and companion in my dreams, the Holy Spirit, my Guide who lives somewhere in the Universe, on the Other Side and for giving me support, helping me travel in my dreams through the planet and our Universe. He is the one who was talking to me throughout the years, teaching me and educating me in my dreams and helping me connect with other Spirits, Gods and Goddesses. I give you prayerful thanks.

To some amazing High Power and to my extended family on the Other Side, who are my Guardian Angels, who care about me, and who help me navigate in this life to avoid danger, make the right decisions and warn me ahead of time by talking to me daily through the numbers' code, I give thanks.

Special thanks to GOD who blessed me and saved my life, and as a result, enabling me to write this book.

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THE PRIEST

Strange and amazing things have happened in my life since I visited the Chichén Itza archeological site in Mexico in January, 2008. Before that day, I was a scientist, a business person with a mother's responsibility, just like millions of people around. My life changed forever after this visit.

The way I saw the world changed dramatically! The way people saw me also changed. The most amazing thing was that wild animals started to accept me as if I was part of their world and nature.

Suddenly, I wanted and I started talking to them in the same way we talk between humans and they started listening to me, following me and even doing what I ask them to do. It surprised me and other people who became witnesses of this occurrence.

In one sentence, I can describe it this way: Wisdom has come to me and touched my soul and I became wise.

Here my story.

"Equinox! Equinox! Equinox!" I woke up and continued to say this strange word over and over again.

I see, in front of me, huge, beautiful, orange tulips inside a green vase with gold drawings on it. The morning sunlight is shimmering through the water in the vase . . . and I smell the sweet fragrance of spring.

At the time, we lived near the mountains in Tibet and my father, every year, gave these tulips to my mother as a gift on her Birthday. He was a scientist, studying plants. He told me that these kinds of tulips grow very high in the mountains. Their name is *Greg's Tulips*.

My mother lifted me from my bed, took me into her arms and hugged me... I studied her face, her eyes.

I knew she was worried, because I woke up again with the same dream, with this strange word in my mind and I didn't have any idea what it meant.

I felt guilty, because I loved my mother and father so much that I didn't want them to worry because of me. My mother told me always that I was a very good child....

Suddenly, I remembered that I just saw a huge snake in my dream; a snake slithering through the street at the back of our house. It was maybe 5 to 8 houses long. I became all excited and wanted to escape from my mother's embrace. I needed to jump from her arms and run to the street to check if the snake was still there...

"Mommy, I need to run fast outside now. Please let me go, big snake there... Let's go with me, I want to show it to you... It is a very nice big snake. She is kind and wise like an old king in the book you read to me. Today in my dream she talks to me with her soft voice... Please Mommy, please let's go!"

It first started when I was two and half years old and my parents were really worried – they didn't know what this word Equinox meant. I grew up in the country where no one was using it and no one knew what it meant. No one spoke English there.



I had hundreds of dreams during my life about pyramids and white, beautiful palaces, huge crystals, turquoise oceans with white sand beaches, animals, birds and fruits, which did not exist in my country and in our world. I also saw strange people with unusual outfits and drawings like tattoos on their faces and hands. I saw very big, tall people and I saw myself the same size as they were. I saw ancient Gods, Goddesses, those always of extremely big sizes... Sometimes, I woke up and continued talking in another language; repeating again and again the same word, “Equinox”, the meaning of which I didn't know.

Some of my dreams reoccurred – I saw them a few times, for example this one about a pyramid:

In my dream, I am inside the temple, on the top of the pyramid. The pyramid is cut on top. Lots of people below are waiting for me to start something very important – some kind of ritual. Everything is ready. I see, on a tray, amazing orange see-through fruits and unusual ritual things. I sneak, kind of hiding, and try to look through the white curtains. Down below, I see people waiting. I am ready to start...and I woke up each time.

Julia – the Little Priest

I grew up in Europe and I always knew that pyramids existed in Egypt, but they all had a pointed top. When I moved to Canada 17 years ago, my friend told me that she also saw some pyramids near Mexico City. I asked her if these pyramids were cut on top. She said, “NO, they're kind of round on top.”

However, I didn't make the connection and continued to think that it was just one of my dreams, nothing more...

On January 2, 2008, I visited Mexico and Chichen Itza for the first time in my life.

When I walked through the alley, where local people sell souvenirs, I instantly knew that I lived here before. My whole body was covered in goose-bumps! I recognized these white-barked trees and this special light going through the trees and the white soil.

When I saw the pyramid, I knew – I felt it instantly – this is it! Here I am. This is the pyramid I saw in my dreams so many times during my life.

It was impossible to explain, but I felt a connection with the Maya people around me, the people who were selling souvenirs. I immediately felt an affinity toward them and I

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liked them a lot. This young boy tried to sell me some masks. A small-size, wrinkled grandmother walked toward me in the crowd. It just felt as if I had returned home, to my mother land, and I felt that these people around me were almost like my relatives! I bought some souvenirs just to make them happy and I enjoyed seeing the happy smile on this boy's face.

It was a very short visit in Chichen Itza that day, less than a few hours. Most of the time, I stayed with the group of tourists, gathering around our tour guide and listening to him. Waves of goose bumps continued to flow through my body during his talk. The problem was that I knew nothing – zero – about Maya history, culture or architecture prior to this day. I bought this travel package shortly before my departure and there was no time to study anything. Now it all started to be really interesting. I tried to remain close to the guide, and sometimes I asked questions.

At one point during the tour, the guide started describing the Maya leaders. He told us that they were wearing sandals, big bracelets on their legs and hands and big jewelry around the neck made from shells, jade and feathers, short cotton dress, sometimes with jaguar skin on top. Also he mentioned that there was a legend saying that a very long time ago; some man came here with blond hair and green eyes...

Suddenly, a German tourist pointed directly at me and said that the tour guide may have made a mistake because he was describing me.

It was funny, but it was exactly what he described.

I was wearing my favorite jaguar print jacket on top of a short cotton dress, sandals and big bracelets on my legs and hands made from shells and jade, and my hair is blond and I do have green eyes.

When I was packing in Canada I felt that this outfit would be best in case I visited the pyramids in Mexico!

Deep inside I was little bit worried about this visit, because of all my previous dreams. For some reason, I wished to have my favorite outfit with me for support.... At the same time I felt like I was going to some kind of important celebration or party and I might meet someone I knew long time ago.

Two weeks later I returned to Canada and told my friend that I saw the pyramid from my dream! She advised me to visit a hypnosis specialist, who was doing past life regression. As a scientist, I didn't believe that we have another life and that it would be possible to travel back to that time or even remember it. It sounded really silly to me, so I decided not to do this. Period.

But this strange coincidence and feeling regarding the pyramid continued to invade my thoughts at every turn....

The next day I was sitting, as usual, on my favourite bench in Stanley Park, reading a magazine. One article attracted my attention. It was about a very famous doctor, Alfons Ven, [1] from Holland. He discovered that our body has an invisible control system. This system controls the functions of our body, our metabolism and health. Most people are born healthy. During their lives people experience stress and as a result this control system goes "out of order", breaks down and can not control the body anymore. So the body starts to develop all kinds of illnesses. This amazing doctor prepares pills for his clients made of pure lactose. He uses them like a container for the important information he puts inside them to fix the control system, and to return it to normal.

But not only this, Alfons also says: *"The intelligence of the preparations is so highly evolved that you are gently reconnected with your origin, with your authenticity, with the real you, your inner power."*

WOW! This doctor is a genius!

There was a story in this article about a boy who had a big problem. He simply did not want to attend school. At all! Because his own father was working in that school and the boy did not feel comfortable; he was shy. Alfons asked him to do one thing while he prepared the treatment for this boy. He asked him to say aloud to the open window: "I am not more than somebody else, I am not less than somebody else, I am myself. And then you say your first name." It worked great with perfect result for this boy. As a scientist, all my life I have experimented with everything new. I looked around... I was alone in this park. Only some Canadian wild geese were eating grass between rosebushes and cherry trees, and one big whitehead eagle was sleeping on the pine tree across the rose garden.

I repeated the magic words, aloud...! Suddenly, it struck me as a lightning from the sky directed to my origin. A miracle happened. I felt a heavenly, beautiful energy coming to me....

Doctor Alfons Ven is a real magical person living on the Earth right now. GOD talks with people through him and sends this ray from heaven to each and everyone who is in touch with him! Just by reading this article I felt instantly – the very same day – that some amazing changes was beginning to take place. I organized my day like never before, full of energy and happiness. And this feeling of pure, fresh and dynamic energy is amazing!

I decided that day that I would visit my past life with the assistance of the hypnosis specialist and find out WHO I AM. Because when I tried to repeat this sentence at that moment when I needed to say my name, my own name did not sound right!

I needed to know WHO I AM!

Soon after that, I am sitting in the chair in front of the famous hypnosis specialist, Diana Cherry. This woman is 79 years old with 60 years experience.

I came for the appointment 15 minutes early. It was a cute house with a sign on the door saying that her office was at the back of the house. I went there and decided to wait. I looked around. It was early spring and many plants around the backyard and patio were still dry and grey. It gave me the feeling that maybe no one lived here for a very long time.

A black cat arrived softly to the step ladder, sat near me and looked into my eyes; he sat for a while and then left. A squirrel ran to the patio and I noticed that there were lots of nuts on the ground waiting for it. It was silent and very peaceful in this backyard. Suddenly, out of nowhere a lot of black crows started landing on the neighbor's huge pine tree. They were cawing and screeching and it created such a big loud noise that I put my hands to my ears to avoid the deafening sound. There were way too many of them, maybe hundreds. I never saw so many all at once.

At 10 a.m. precisely, I knocked on the door...

A woman with silver hair and turquoise, aquamarine eyes opened the door. She was wearing an aquamarine top – the same color as her eyes – it was a beautiful harmony! Smiling, she said, "Welcome, I am Di Cherry."

She invited me to sit in front of her in a big comfortable chair. She gently put my legs up on a stool with a big pillow and covered them with some very brightly knitted blanket called "afghan" to keep them warm.

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And we started. Di Cherry told me to relax and we went step by step through this process into a deeper and deeper relaxation level.....

My feet and hands felt very heavy . . . my eyes were closed.

Reading #1, 13th of February 2008.

It felt as if Di's voice came through water to me.

(Note: The text below is a literal transcription of the first session.)

She began...

In your dream, you are in the temple on the top of the pyramid ready to start some ritual. You look down below; there are many people waiting for you to start...

What do you see around you?

I saw instantly big huge eagle head near me!!! With bright yellow orange beak! WOW!

A man was wearing a cape, made from many feathers; he wore sandals, bracelets, on the legs and hands, short skirt...

Another one across of me wearing long, kind of trench coat down to the floor, made like a snakeskin. It is a very well done coat, looks really neat and beautiful! It was made from dark grey colored polished scales, one to one. I saw him from the back at that moment. He turned and looked directly at me very serious. He had high cheekbones, long slim eyes and he was tall, handsome man in his 40's. He had long spears in his hand...He was magnificent.

I saw man staying near him with square-shaped hat, same shape as Nefertiti from Egypt had. Another man with mask like a fox or coyote...¹ All this men wearing masks and an enormous amount of very big size jewels made from stones, rocks. Looks very beautiful and luxurious...I looked down and I saw my muscular legs with toned skin and, like everyone else around, I wore short skirt and sandals. And I wore coat made from soft jaguar skin sides down to the floor and I felt this softness and saw it from both sides...

To my big surprise I saw them all wearing round big earrings!!! It was strange and funny. I never saw before men wearing earrings that look like big white buttons! I started laugh. I was sure that this part was a creation of my mind!

(I was sure about it... until I visited Chichen Itza for the second time and saw pictures of men everywhere on the walls, who were all wearing this kind of round button earrings!)

Where were you an hour before?

I am inside in some building with white carved walls.

In front of me, there was a very big book with jaguar skin cover.

What kind of book? Touch the page...

It is heavy, it is yellow color pages, and it is opening wide, like accordion folder paper.

¹ I saw another man with a mask like a fox or a coyote. After I visited Egypt, I have no doubt that this is an Anubis mask. I recognized it instantly when I saw it in Egypt. This Goddess is responsible for the mummification and protection of the dead on the Other Side.

I saw two guard people staying near the open door . . . with long spears in their hands.

Why do you read this book?

An incredibly strong feeling come over me... my voice suddenly changed... and now it was full of emotions. Suddenly, I was drawn deeply into these emotions....

It is such a hard responsibility for me!I need to make the right decision today...right decision. I am the one who make decisions...my people are waiting. And I saw the page and their round Maya calendar and I studied it...

It is very hard to make decision today...big responsibility to make announcement when to start to plant seed to the ground...rain needs to be short after...I need to know when rain season will start...we have a drought.

Suddenly, I started talking much louder, almost screaming: “WATER! WATER!!! People need water to have harvest! They need harvest! They work so hard... Their life so difficult...”

Streams of tears started running through my face; my tears were two rivers of tears... I never had such tears in my whole life! Muscles on my face, which I never used before, made a sorrow mask... I feel ENORMOUS spirit PAIN come out. I was talking in a different voice and used different muscles on my face!

It was overwhelming and I didn't have any control over what was going on. I never had experienced something like this in my entire life...

At this point I am the Highest Priest in this pyramid and I am full of emotions and feeling....

“Let's back up to the pyramid,” Di Cherry's voice told me.
What is the reason for this gathering?

I saw round shape, it come again and again in my vision... now I see it. It is a ball.

You're up there and people are waiting...

I saw three stone tables and I saw a light coming from an entrance on the opposite side. I stay on the left side...

On one of the tables, I see a man lying down...

He is the winner today! He is very proud!! And happy. And he is ready to die now to help people...and to be sacrifice... and I continue crying and talking with great emotion. These people will give everything what they have to GOD, most best what they have...best of their people... in order to have harvest.

Come close, look into their eyes. People can change gender, the color of their hair or skin, their whole looks, BUT if you look into their eyes, you will recognize who the person is. Maybe it is someone you know from this life.

I step closer...I am afraid to look into his eyes...tears run down my face and suddenly a loud scream come out from my throat...

Di Cherry stopped the session. She decided that this was excessively emotional for me.

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The last question she asked was:

Let's go to the end of your life there, your last year, where are you, what do you see?

I see big huge grey snake made of stone...

Di Cherry and I did not expect such a bright, full of color and action, result from the reading, so we didn't record it.

When I left Di Cherry's place and I look back one more time at this cute house, I had a different view of this place, compared to how I saw it before. Now I see this place as a secret Star Gate to the past – to the ancient world, thousands of years ago. And this smiling, innocent, angelic-looking, Di Cherry, in reality, is a wise, magic person; she is making such magic for everyone who consults her.

I never had entertainment like this! This is the best possible quality entertainment on Earth! You can be inside of your life, back thousands of years ago and you can see everything in color, you can touch things around you and you are part of your real past life!

I had arrived that day at Di Cherry's place alone. When I left her house, there were two people inside me...

It was an astonishing feeling – me and my self as a Priest, altogether as one person.

When I returned home that day and looked in the mirror I could not recognize my own face! After few hours of exercise during the past life session this muscle, which I never use before created a new "mask" on my face. This "Stamp" from my past was there for 3 or 4 days, and even now, people see a shadow of it and tell me that something changed in my face!

After the first two hypnosis sessions, just 2.5 months later after I visited it the first time, I was staying again at the same hotel in Riviera Maya, Mexico. The people who worked there and remembered me from my first visit told me that my face had changed somehow and that it looked different. I guess I just started to be older – by 2000 years.

The Priest was a guest in my mind during the next 2 or 3 weeks after the hypnosis sessions. From time to time, during the day, I had visions and feelings. During the night, in my dreams, I saw myself in Chichen Itza carrying on with my daily routine. I enjoyed the Priest's presence and continued to remember more and more of my life as a High Priest in ancient Mexico.

I remembered my two hairdressers, who worked my hair into such an unusual hairstyle every day. They lifted up my black, long, thick hair and attached all this heavy jewelry and feathers to it. It was similar to the hairstyle, which Japanese women have on ancient pictures.

Once, I started remembering that I had received a very special gift from the far north city. It was a little baby jaguar, which was white – a very rare color! He was born with

small twisted, bended toes in his front right paw. It was impossible to fix. He was small and never grew to its full size. This baby followed me everywhere and slept nearby. I guess he accepted me as his mother because I always wore a jaguar cape. He had green, jade jewelry on the collar around his neck. I loved him and gave him the name of “White star”. Some words connected with the white baby jaguar always come to my mind when I think about him. I remember that I had a live turtle as a pet as well. This turtle lived with the previous Priest and we had it in the temple for many years. The turtle had a round, tattoo-like mandolin drawing on her carapace. I brought this turtle to the *Caracol*, because the jaguar had begun hunting it and had tried to bite her.

I remembered walking in the dark to the observatory after a sauna, and staring to the night sky, studying the stars.

I love studying sounds as well. Very much! I even wrote a manuscript about the sounds of the rocks. Once, I found a stone – it was my favorite limestone – a big flat, white, grey rock. I found it deep in the cave and it produced a beautiful sound. I tried pounding this rock with different size shells and other pebbles and it made beautiful sounds – like many bells made of glass or crystals. This often put me in a trance somehow.

The mystery around the sounds echoing from the Chichen Itza pyramid is still not solved.² Dr. Steven J. Waller has proposed that prehistoric rock art, which is usually found in echoing locations such as caves and canyons, was produced in response to the echoes, since legends from many ancient cultures describe the belief that echoes were spirit voices. “*Where else in the history of the world have an ancient people preserved a sacred sound by coding it into stone so that a thousand years later people might hear and wonder,*” (An archaeological study of chirped echo from the Mayan pyramid of Kukulcan at Chichen Itza by David Lubman) [8].

It is Interesting that every spring, for many years, I bought the smallest size turtle for my sister, Elena’s birthday on April 10. In the fall, we would return the turtle back to the nature. The place where I bought the turtles belonged to a company, which caught wild animals to send them all over the world to different Zoos. There were snow-jaguars among the lot. They looked exactly like regular jaguars and belong to the same family, but their fur is white and their eyes are icy blue. Their local name is *Irbis*. The Latin name is *Uncia* (Shreber, 1775). They are very rare and part of the “RED book” of protected species. They live in Tibet, Altai, in Central Asia. During my early school years, I visited that place and stared at the white jaguars for many hours. That species is the largest among the panther’s family and they are very powerful. Sometimes it was very scary to be right near the cage, when they jumped or roared. I was very lucky that the director let me go into the company’s territory, because he knew my father very well. It was also interesting that the workers at that place brought back lots of turtles from the desert and kept them as live-meat to feed the snow jaguars. They even had a special machine, which crushed their shells. I had totally forgotten about this – it was

² The Priest loved to study sounds; maybe he was the one who knew the secrets of the sounds produced in the pyramid of Chichen itza.

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many years ago! It was only yesterday, when I talked to my father, that he reminded me about it! Wow! Now I found a reason for having such an attraction to the jaguars – I had my own little, white jaguar in my past life as a Priest! This is what attracted me as a magnet near the cages of these huge, scary, white cats.



A young white jaguar

Reading #2 & 3 – 20th of February and 25th of March 2008

You can hear this reading, as well as Reading # 4, April 29 2008, on the CD, attached to the back of the book. (This reading and all others on the CD are part of sessions I had with Di Cherry. The long pauses, which occur normally during hypnosis, were cut off for the comfort of the readers. Di Cherry told me it is common for people to cry during the sessions, because the most emotional parts come out from their previous lives. It feels as if emotions are held in a very “solid” block, which the spirit memory keeps and carries through the lives of the person. Listening to these hypnosis sessions can give the wrong impression – one may think that the person in a regressive state is weak or unstable. But this is AS IS; how people act during the sessions.)

Reading # 2

(Note: This literal transcription from the recorded reading – no editing)

Cherry:

We are leaving this room, to eternity...through the centuries back... Back to the land we called Mexico. Sunshine... Long time ago, and in your dream you're in the temple? You remember the temple? Do you? Not? You remember standing there? It is a day like so many, of sun and a clear blue sky. No thunder, no rain....a clear blue sky... smell the heat. You're so busy; so many things to do... So much need to be done. Hurrying here, hurrying there...people to direct, meals must be attended...and you know someone else prepares them. This is the day when you are in the temple, way on top of the pyramid. You are ready to start some ritual and look down below, lots of people waiting for you to start. Are you able to see those people now?

(I start talking with a voice that sounded strange even to me...)

I see this room, on top it is very cool, cool walls, it is cold walls upstairs. But it crazy hot, very, very hot outside and so dry land, like powder land and all trees around dry ...very, very dry, and its very hot...it sunshine killing..... yes so many people and they waiting and it is very hot for them to wait and I need to start soon. Yes I am in cool place upstairs, it is cold walls and it is nice....

Are you up already or are you ascending those steps?

You know I am still there...I am still there...

Where are you at this time?

I see myself; I can run to this pyramid very fast! And when you ask if I am up or down I see myself one morning, I am running up to this so fast, like almost flying. I know each of these steps, I remember each of these steps and I am not afraid to run fast, fast, fast down.

YES.

I see it and I am enjoying actually run through this pyramid up and down...

So you have a speech or duty today, something important to do...Do you feel you're governing, you are ruling, you are a Priestess, a Priest?

(Suddenly, my voice changes)

I am a Priest, I am a Priest in this pyramid and it is such a big responsibility to be Priest, it is hard, so hard, impossibly hard! It is my people, so many people they waiting for me, it is my people...I care about this people...It is big responsibility, it is hard to be Priest...They waiting for me, it is so dry, they don't have food, we need rain season. We need rain! We need rain, we need water, and we need water so hard, it is so dry... It is so dry around. We need WATER.

I understand.

They need to know when to start planting seeds, they need to know this. And I need to know and I can not make mistake. We need to put seed right before rain season. We need water... when we put seed to the ground. We need water very hard. We need water, water most important. We need rain. We need to pray to have rain. People waiting...they ready give everything what they have, best what they have... to have water. They need water...

Right.

We have droughts.... We have droughts, we need water, people will need water, and people will give anything for the water. And this day is so important, we pray God to help us and we need to make sacrifice... We need to give; gift to the God

And what is to be the gift today?

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*It is so hard... it so hard.... (My voice is very, very sad.)
We have game today, we have big game today.*

YES.

We choose best people to play in this game; best people we have to play in this game...and we have winner, we already have winner. It is all about ball, it is beautiful blue ball and this is the winner of the ball.

It is a rubber ball is it?

Yes, it is rubber ball and it is dark blue color...it little bit color broke some place...they put on top this color, but it is blue color...Yes, it is very important day...

And the winner, you're going to take him up to the pyramid? Is he going to be on the top of the pyramid?

Yes, he's so proud today, he so happy. He's so proud, he win the game, he's so proud today...But he going to die...he going to die!

But, he knows this, doesn't he?

Yea...Everybody knows this! Everybody knows this and this is so hard...

This is the way of the people honoring the God...he is going to give himself – great honor for himself...

YES... (Crying)

Being fine young men...and so...this sacrifice needs to be done in this room or above?

In this room. He went up, they bring him up and he has garlands of flowers, he has flowers...it is droughts... People find flowers and they make for him...flowers...they washed him...like a shower... and put on him all kind of oils, they have nice smell oils, he all with this like perfume things.... He's very beautiful, he have short skirt, and very tone muscles...and sandals, he has sandals...and necklaces and bracelets and on the legs he have bracelets and it is very rich and beautiful...very beautiful. It is so much stones, very beautiful many stones, I guess it is very expensive, very beautiful outfit he has....

I like you to look to this young man for a moment. Does he have dark blue eyes like you?

YES, he has blue eyes like me...³ (Pause)

³ During another reading we found that the Priest had dark blue eyes...

It is very hard day, it so hard day for me... it was hard day for me....difficult day for me...

But this is the great honor?

*O....No! ... No... no.... (I start screaming, crying and talking through the crying.)
This is my son...this is the son, my son...the only one son I have... (I start crying hard.)*

I am going to take you back before this day, I am going to take you to time when you were with your son and you were happy.

*...I am fine...we still up...I need to do my job now...I need to do my job now...
He is on the table, he on the right side, I turn him to the right side...I have in front of me
men with Eagles mask, big Eagle mask and this mask...Eagle have yellow mouth,
orange yellow mouth...I saw another man, he has long coat and he has slim eyes, very
slim eyes and high cheek. And he look at me right now, he looks at me; because now
most important moment...and we look to each other...we talk with our eyes...*

*He has long coat and this coat is made from huge snake or like a snake...with many,
many scales, beautiful! The scales are side by side. And he has a long stick on the top
sharp, with black sharp end.*

*And many feathers and skins of all kinds of animals around...And I have a long coat
and this one is made from Jaguar, it's a jaguar coat....*

I have Jaguar coat and now., and now most important moment... (Voice trembles)

*...I say bye to my son and I kiss him and I touch him and say to him bye and this is so
stressful.... (Crying) And now he on his side.... and now...*

And now...

*I give him some kind of plants juice to drink, something makes him sleep and he just
sleeps. And it's made from kind of mushrooms and kind of bulbs from the flowers and
roots all together and he sleeps now...*

(My voice start to be strong and solid)

But his Spirit aware, his spirit aware and ready... And ready to start...

Right.

*We pray and we make some rituals....some kind rituals, kind of strange things people
doing...and they brings cups and they already have cups around, I don't want see these
cups...they have this white cups for the blood...to collect blood...*

That's right.

*I need to make this Spirit FREE; I need to talk with his spirit now. It is very important to
be very organized and cold minded to make it right. He is the winner...from all people
who was in this game. They all try, each of them tries the best to win...Each of them
tries hard to win, very hard to win.*

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They all try to concentrate on this ring. They try to concentrate as much as they can...and I see level of the concentration of energy. I see this energy near each person who plays, I see their energy and I see color of energy also. I see blue color and orange color and kind of red color...and they are all playing and I am sitting and all my people and EAGLE and SNAKE and all other guards and warriors and we look. My people see the color, we see color of concentration, and we know: those who win have today most strong highest level of concentration of energy. And we need someone, we need MESSENGER to the GOD, we need those who will reach GOD ears.

YES.

Symbol of the BALL is the message to put to GOD ears, and we need someone who best with this today. Yes, he sleep, his spirit strong, his spirit ready to bring the message to GOD, he is waiting now for action.

I see his body now with many layers...many layers, you can see them through, but it's one, two, tree, four, five six, seven, maybe eight...layers of his body and up and up, one by one, kind of his body also and ...one of those more round...round.

This one I need to start with, this one most important...and now ...all my concentration going to him. I need to take out from his body his spirit, his Spirit Body

YES.

Now. And, and it is heavy work...

My hands start to be so heavy...very heavy...my hand near his back and I'm opening it and I take out from inside this round sphere and I try to take it out and it is very difficult and going out very slow...very slow...it's going out.

It's kind of light when it's inside...but when it's coming out, it starts so stuffy, heavy, like a honey, strong. And I take out and I make effort and I make it like with help of strongest vacuum. Out, take it out this thing and now it's in the air right near me...it comes out finally all.

It's a flat, big huge gong or disk, like a gong. Chinese people have gong like this and they make sound with this...this things now very heavy and it make sound....HmMMM...wuuuuuuu...heavy, down sound...very down deep sound.⁴ I put it in big container for now, like a vase, like a vase...until I will deliver it to GOD.

YES.

And all people, all my people around already closed their noses and ears to avoid that spirit goes in to their body.⁵

⁴ Souls' spark of light spiral out from the central source, randomly moving into the grids to consciously experience programs simultaneously. This movement of souls resembles spiraling [galaxies](#) linked with creation through the [eye](#), the lens of time, projected illusion through the looking glass, Eye of God, etc. (Rebecca Sato)

⁵ Spirits can run to anyone's body trying to find a new body. Explanation: we have an Astral body, our EFIR body. In this case, the astral body, will go to God with a message, while, at the same time, there is a possibility that during this process, our EFIR or the ephemeral body, without the energy support from the astral body will try to find a new owner, another body.

Interesting!

So it's closed now, they breathe through their mouths very little. Spirit runs to anyone's body around trying to find new body.

YES.

And this is more than a live thing now, so all closed their noses and their ears. Guards, these warriors they're waiting and they have the same... (Pause)

This part, I don't want to talk... (Sad voice)

I see blood; I see they collect blood from his neck to these white containers, to this big bowl...

I see this... (Pause)

They're giving me his heart...

I have his heart, in my left hand his heart and I have ball in my right hand and I am going down to people and I show them the heart and ball.

This is Heart of the Winner...

This is heart of my son... (Crying)

All these people below have little containers. Little white cups, round cups. And to each cup only one drop of his blood coming, each cup one drop, only one drop. They will bring this cup to their homes, to their plants, to their fields. They will mix with water and they will put this Holy Water to the plants to have harvest, to have plants to grow.

This Sacrifice Blood, Holy Blood will turn to Plants and Flowers and Fruits... and give them LIFE to live....



Details of the bas-relief from the wall in Ball court in Chichen Itza

The warriors have their noses closed to avoid the spirit going inside their bodies. They are near plants, the symbol of harvest, growing from bulbs into fruits from the sacrificed blood.

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Right.

(Long pause)

Are you willing to go back to his childhood?

No.... it is very emotional, I don't want to talk about him anymore.

Can I ask you who teaches you to do these rituals?

I will tell now. I am Priest in this temple, in this big beautiful temple. My responsibility is to take care of the plants and harvest and agriculture. And astrology. I have many students, I have people who only study planets and they study in Caracol, our observatory. This is my responsibility. Sometimes, I bless little children, very little children, newborn children. And I like to heal little children and I just heal yesterday an old, very old and sick and slim old man and I remember him. Sometimes I am a doctor and I have KNOWLEDGE.

My knowledge comes from far...far away time...my knowledge split between maybe 10 people, they're carrying this part through their lifetime and if I am dead, they all come to one, new Priest, and they each give their part.

I am the only one who knows everything about this; my responsibilities. This is my subjects, deep...very deep. I have a book, I have a big old book, it comes from previous Priest and it is a heavy book. I can hardly lift this book, it's so heavy. Many numbers in this book and I see calendar...I see this big calendar; this is astrological round calendar, the size of the whole page and many calculations, math and some drawings, and letters...

The first few days after this session were very hard. I tried to avoid my thoughts about this sacrifice. Emotions and tears kept invading my mind. I tried to avoid people. Imagine if someone would ask me why I was crying – how could I answer? “O...yesterday I sacrificed my son, because we had droughts...” What would people think? Imagine the expression on their faces? They would think I had gone completely out of my mind.

A few months later, I found this description of the game I visualized during my life-regression session. Di Cherry and I were surprised to read this. It supports everything I saw!

The game itself involved two teams, each able to hit the ball only with elbows, wrists or hips, and the object was to knock the ball through one of the stone hoops on the walls of the court. Look at the carvings on the lower walls of the court and you will see that this was not a casual sport. There are clear depictions of one team member with blood spurting from his headless neck, whilst another holds the head aloft. Some people think the captain of the losing side was executed by the winner; others suggest that the winners earned an honorable sacrifice. No-one knows for sure. It is said that the game was used either as a method of settling disputes, or as an offering to the gods, perhaps

in times of drought. Only the best were selected to play, and to be sacrificed in this way was a great honor (Wikipedia Encyclopedia) ⁶

The more ancient type of sacrifice in Maya – is an idea of sending a messenger to the deity in the name of the whole community. The soul of the sacrificed person after his death was freed from the body and went to gods and delivered requests and prayers of people. The human sacrifice by no means represented any kind of “exceptional brutality”. This act was perceived as sending of the selected, best of the best person to gods – similar to Jesus Christ the Savior. Indians were constantly surprised by brutality of the inhabitants of the Old World, who crucified Jesus without any special drug thus causing his unbearable physical suffering. Indians perceived Him as a messenger to the Only God. More than that, in ancient times, messengers to gods were sent only in exceptional or difficult situations. Messengers were supposed to solicit for wellbeing and prevention of disasters. Messengers to gods were either regular (in particular feasts) or in exceptional cases, like: crop failure, draught, epidemics, etc. (Ref. 29 “Ancient America: Flight in time and prostransive. Mezoamerika” Excerpts from the book by GG Ershovoy UnCopyrighted©Sam, 2003-2006) [30]

The complication derived from the dividing and uniting space between the world of living and the world of dead ones. It was usually depicted as quite realistic image of the upper layer of earth with a crack, where, on one hand, the soul of the dead falls down, and from where the sprout of new life emerges. Sometimes it was depicted in a form of open jaws – of a jaguar, reptile, or bird. However, the soul of a person in order to transcend this space should separate itself from the body. Naturally, it was happening most often after the death of the body. But sometimes the soul could leave the body in a time of sleep or sickness. And in very particular moments the selected magicians were able to do it – priests and naguali – by using special practices and devices, for example, taking psychedelic substances. As a rule, for transcendence of this dangerous space the special connectives were needed. The connectives were those representatives of fauna, who could by their way of living change the environment that is to traverse the living space and the dead space. Such were insects, reptiles, especially snakes, and some birds. In short, they were all those, who could be on the ground, under the ground, in the air, and to be awake at night. The mountain lord of the darkness – jaguar was the chief purifier of souls in the underworld. (Ref. 29 “Ancient America: Flight in time and prostranstve. Mezoamerika” Excerpts from the book by GG Ershovoy UnCopyrighted©Sam, 2003-2006) [30]

A few months later, after first reading this article, I was walking through the Duty Free stores at the international airport.

Suddenly, I saw something which took my breath away – literally – I stopped breathing. I saw through the store window some jacket with the exact snake skin coat, which I saw during my hypnosis session! It was an astonishing feeling! It was a Zilli store for luxury men’s clothes and shoes. I went inside and ask the clerk to show me the jacket. It was made from real python skin!

⁶ Looks like 2000 years ago yellow beak eagles were in Mexico and maybe later climate change and they flew away and left these places.

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Remember what I described during my first past life regression; suddenly I was in ancient Chichen Itza in the pyramid 2000 years ago....

Here is part of the description:

Another one across from me was wearing a long, kind of trench coat down to the floor, made of a snakeskin. It is a very well done coat, looks really neat and beautiful! It was made from dark grey color polished scales . . . I saw him from the back at that moment.

Now I know for sure that in my hypnosis session I saw an ancient Maya man who was wearing a cape from real snakeskin. It looked very similar to this one in the Zilli store!⁷ [18] – with only two differences; the scales on the coat were smaller than those on the cape I saw in the ancient Chichen Itza temple. And 2000 years ago, there were no seams on the garment. It gave me the idea that, at that time, the snakes which existed then were much bigger than the pythons are today!

I wish I could have bought the jacket for me – it looked so beautiful! But it was available only for men. Wow! How lucky they are, they can feel themselves almost as a Kukulcan, the Serpent Snake God of Maya in this amazing Zilli jacket!



Snakeskin jacket

Below are dreams which I had at different times of my life. I didn't have any idea before, WHY I had these unusual dreams and I don't want to interpret them. I am not a specialist in the field. I just decided to add them here, because I know now that, in these dreams, there is an echo from my past lives. They also support what I saw and felt during my hypnosis sessions. They add some information and interesting details.

These dreams are exactly – word for word – how I told them after I woke up.⁸

⁷ www.zilli.fr

⁸ Please drop me a comment if you have an interpretation for my dreams or parts of them, if you know the meaning of the words or symbols. It will be very interesting to meet scientists who study Chichen Itza. I wish that they would ask me questions about the mystery that still surrounds the place. Perhaps I will be able to answer them – if these questions cover the time I lived in Chichen Itza.

In the dream below, for example, I experienced the process by which the SPIRIT BODY was taken out from my physical body.

Dream # 1

They pulled my body out of me, April 25, 1996

After a long time of suffering I dozed off at 6 am. It went on for many days. I could not have enough sleep. I asked to be helped falling asleep. It had been happening many times that my body turned off, became heavy as lead, dull, but my mind went on thinking. After that a strange thing happened – it seemed that, I began falling asleep very deeply, as if falling into some pit, but the mind was not sleeping yet and partly in control. It happened immediately. It was horrible. I was lying there – inert. My entire body was heavy, I don't feel it and suddenly some force began sucking me out of my body, pulling out like a pump, sucking milk out of the breast, forcefully, pulling out something out of me . . . but the shell of my body stayed there. They were pulling out my soul. It was a purely physical sensation and I observed it with my brain. At the same time, I was feeling how it was being pulled out of my self. All the while, I was still feeling my physical body. At the beginning I thought that it was simply a huge suction cup pulling my body up, but then, I noticed, that my body rested in its place....

I remembered how it was! I was lying on my right side, and everything was coming out from here, it is like when the sky is covered with clouds, and then an opening appears – it was in the middle of my back, over the waistline, closer to the left side, in the heart area.

They were pulling slowly and with great force – the spirit body was coming out of the skin with difficulty. There was a moment, when this thing almost came out, but had not separated completely; a laden, heavy thing was hanging over me. It may have not been heavy, but it was pulled out with such difficulty, tightly – that is why I felt this laden heaviness. It was like a sphere, like a shape of the spiral galaxy, the thing being pulled out, larger than a meter. It was hanging over my body. My mind was on its own, I was looking from the inside and from the outside at the same time.

Then I experienced some sensations, which I can neither describe, nor tell about. I felt with my eyes some rounded protruding surface, some drops of temperature, then I crashed out totally and don't remember anything afterwards.

Maybe the body in the dream was dead after this “experiment”...?

Dream # 2

Hieroglyphs on the palm, September 12, 1992

I was sitting on the hill, the hill of yellow clay, leaning my back against the hill. There were similar hillocks around, the size about two meters, not more. Some oval form.

I realized that I looked at my palm, the left one. There was a drawing on the palm – a sign almost as big as the palm. As if it was stamped by a stamp of a very good quality. There were no chiromancy lines on the palm. There was a white rim, like a closed circle. And some colors. Such colors are painted on cakes – meringue – rosy, protuberant and dried on. And it was like that; each line very clear and they stuck out

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over the skin.⁹ Apart from white, there also was red, and, maybe also brown-beige and black. It was a three-dimensional, complicated figure. The lines did not merge, as if they were drawn under a microscope. It looked very much like a hieroglyph, but a hieroglyph is always based on a square frame – this one was rounded. At least one side was curved.

I was looking for a long time, and then I saw two women approach me, native Indians, wearing clothes of a fabric with streaming iridescent pattern.

I recognized them. I said: “Oh, I haven’t seen you for a long time.” I said, “Look, I have a sign” and reached out my hand to them. They started looking. (I remembered all this with difficulty, as if through thick honey, or layers of water; every word was hard to utter). They also said about me: “You are a Goddess, and there is also one more person.”

I asked them, “Where are you, where are you coming from, what is your life like?”

They said, “We can show you,” and laughed with a rustling sound. “You probably should know yourself.”

They said, “Because you have capabilities, energy,” (specific energy in dreams).

I know I am used to make a plan, and remember everything in my dreams. I break everything in my dreams into parts, fragments. And I have a capacity of automatically storing in my memory major moments, coordinates. However, since I was 16 then, I always threw out of my memory all the unnecessary information and I controlled my thoughts.

They knew this. And they told me, that if I wanted to, I could keep all of my dreams in my memory. And I could wake up, coming back to them years and years later.

They said, “You will see and remember all of the details, every hour.” (And this will enable me to change the past and the future – if I would go to them often then I would see and remember the future more clearly.)

They also said that people cannot remember this even if they get there. And this would make no sense to them, and they would not get their experience there. From that comment, I thought that maybe people do not have enough energy.¹⁰ If I knew which step brought me to what, then it would become possible for me to plan my own life and change my life.

Dream # 3

ATHARVAN, October 13, 1989

In the morning, I remembered the word from yesterday – EQUINOX, I was repeating it yesterday all the time, it was there before my waking up, always like a drop of water pecking the stone. EQUINOX...EQUINOX...EQUINOX.

Now I have the same sensation. But this time the word is different. This was like a flow, repeating the same word.... It was only one minute. I woke up, looked toward the window and closed my eyes again. And at this moment (I felt a shiver on my skin) I immediately saw the face of a man of a huge size. Maybe it was an enormous statue. My field of view captured an eye, a cheek, the chin on the left side. I was so staggered,

⁹ Maya world Tlappalan means land of red and black. Black, red, brown-beige are the colors the Maya usually use for their tattoos. All tattoos on the face are flat drawing, but they are as if embossed over the skin surface.

¹⁰ You will find Scientific Interpretation about the way you see yourself, at the end of the book.

shaken – that it disappeared. Afterwards, it appeared again, and again – I am stunned – it disappeared.

It was the face of a man, made of grey marble. But there was a feeling that he was alive. On the side there was a pattern, something I saw on Chinese walls in China, and on his face there were many, many manuscripts of a very fine design. The face was of a single-color, and the pattern on the edge of the chin – a darker shade. The curvy writing was on the cheek in a triangle shape. He had Persian, almond-shaped eyes. And there was a word, which stuck with me much harder than the word EQUINOX – it was repeating again and again ... constantly, rapidly. In my dream I thought that I would forget it, when I woke up. So I tried to remember. Maybe two words – avatar. And the word “vat” or “tar”. I composed it from three words “vat”, “tara”. Something that was repeating all the time – “avatar”, and somewhere there was also the word, “hat”.

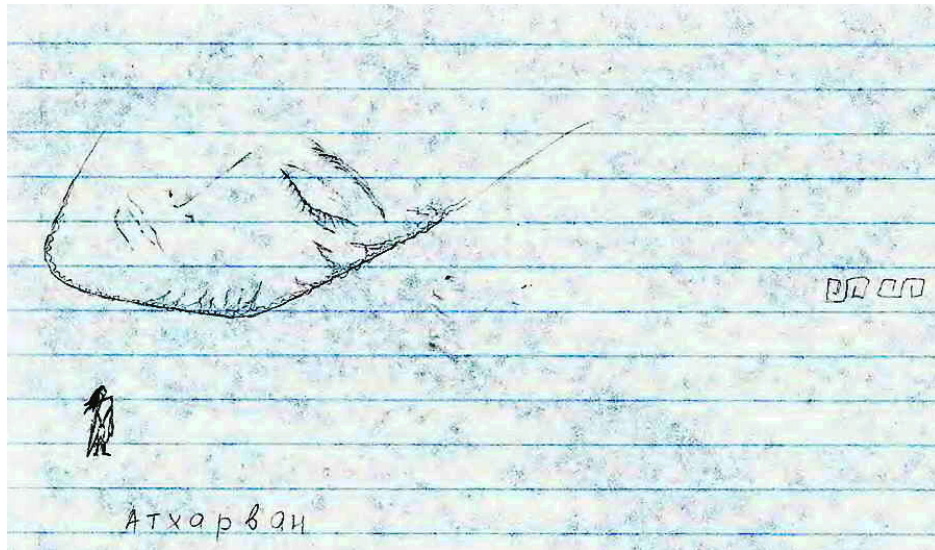
A V A T A R A ... A H A T A V A R A ...

- Atharvan, maybe?

Yes! Exactly that word! I think it was the word. It was this one, whose face I saw. But I could not bear it, only for a moment, then everything blurred, I could not bear to look for a long time. I was there for an instant – a few times. Just like a quantum of light¹¹ of grey-dim color. It was not a marble – marble shine. I can draw it, how it was, what proportions there were. The finest drawing, as if his face was the size of a room, but traced with exquisite precision. (I drew this picture immediately after I woke up. I never expected that it would be featured in a future book.)

Was he sleeping?

I don't remember. He radiated the sensation of a living being. And I did not feel that I was sleeping.



Atharvan

Atharvan (अथर्वन्, atharvan-; an n-stem with nominative singular अथर्वा atharvā) was a legendary [Vedic](#) sage (rishi) of [Hinduism](#) who along with [Angiras](#) is supposed to have authored (“heard”) the [Atharvaveda](#). He is also said to have first instituted the fire-

¹¹ You will find Scientific Interpretation about quantum light at the end of the book.

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sacrifice or [yagna](#). Sometimes he is also reckoned among the seven seers or [Saptarishi](#). His clan is known as the Atharvanas.

Vedic atharvan is cognate with [Avestan](#) athravan, “priest”, but the etymology of the term is not yet conclusively established. “Attempts have been made to connect the term with Avestan [atar](#)- “fire” (not attested in Vedic); but these have been prompted by what is probably a mistaken assumption of the importance of fire in the ancient Indo-Iranian religion.” (Boyce, 1982:16)

Dream # 4

Baby from the river, April 11, 1992

High up in the mountains there was a giant castle, the Palace. Inside, there was a ball. I was the principal queen there. Some noble mothers brought their newborn babies there. It was some kind of tradition; they would bring their babies, and the ball is in honor of that. They are either initiated, or it is some sort of a ritual. The babies are nice, beautiful. They all are my people, and I have a right – to do anything with anybody. I could keep any of their babies as a tribute.

I went outside, unnoticed. It was grey dawn and I saw a deep, deep canyon with a river running down at the bottom. The river was flowing out of the mountain; you could hear the sound of running water. And I found a baby there. He was lying in something like a nutshell – comfortable, in a good sleeping berth lined with silk and jewels. He seemed not to be dressed at all, but decorated all over! His body was entirely covered with something that resembled hieroglyphs, probably painted. His face, as if Mexican – eyes like olives, the nose as if Indian. There were similar wavy lines on his lips and nose. He had an unusual face with dark blue eyes. I brought him into the Palace – to keep him. They all surrounded me, surprised.

Maybe it was the priest who found the baby with dark blue eyes – I wonder.

As you noticed in the last three dreams the tattoo subject is repeated. There are tattoos on the palm of the hand, on the face and on the entire body of the baby.

I asked myself why I had these dreams many times in my life. I never had any interest in visiting any tattoo parlor. However, now I know; I was simply a Maya Priest a few thousand years ago.

It was a very strange feeling to see, to look at people around me on the street right after my past life readings.... They were all so preoccupied with this present life! Some of these people were in such a crazy rush to get to their cars. Some of them were way too emotional, intense, even angry..., fighting on the phone even on the street. Some of them looked sad....

At that time, my business partners were grieving because we lost a very special old friend.... He was a wise, 80-year-old, an Honorable Supreme Buddhist Monk. It was very sad. I wished for my partners to know that, first; he is in a much better place than we have here on Earth, and that he will be re-born – if he decides to do so. Secondly, they will meet this person again in heaven after they die themselves, while waiting there to start living their next lives. There is also a possibility that they will meet him again during their future lives. I was hoping that this knowledge would support them and all other people who lost a loved one. Because now, I know for sure that people have many lives.

I wish that all of these people on the street could have the possibility to see themselves for a moment from the side of the road where one life follows another and another. Such possibility can give them a new way of evaluating their present life and enjoy it much more.

It is very important for them to know that, YES, they have this life in this body. BUT when they die, the Spirit they have inside them will not die! Never! It just does not work that way. Spirits cannot die! Spirits will continue to exist in a new body in the next life, period. Now that I know this, I am guarantying it for each and everyone. Spirit's life will go on and continue to live in many future lives. Those special skills, a person is developing now will be useful in his/her next life. It is important for everyone to visit a past life regression specialist at least once to make adjustments for their development.

Who was I before? What kind of skills did I have? Our problems in this life can have roots in our past lives. Most people just don't know this and are suffering not in one life, but maybe throughout a chain of lives by carrying this emotional baggage with them from one life to the next. The only way to fix it, to get rid of this burden, is to visit a past life regression specialist. We all have a doctor for the body; I am glad that doctors for the Spirit exist as well.

I really wish to say to all of these people on the street that we have many lives and that the life we have now is really easy to live, not that bad at all! Enjoy your life! Make people around you happy in your presence...! Skip fighting with your close friends, with the people you love...

These problems, which you are facing today, right now, and which look BIG for you, are really NOTHING when compared to the problems people had a long time ago during their life in ancient Mexico. You have food and water and you will have water tomorrow and after tomorrow and for a long, long time. You are very lucky that you don't know what the word DROUGHT really means...

I wish to tell people: WATER is the most important part of people's lives. Please, each and everyone, take care of your WATER now and of the future water supply. Do what you can to be sure it is safe, clean and will be always available to everyone who needs it on our planet.

Here is the amazing story of a Miracle Man living in our time in Brazil. What I saw during my hypnosis sessions and in my dreams – how the Spirit Body leaves our physical body – is the real thing. It is happening every day in the life of this Miracle Man. In this particular story there are many Spirits who were doctors in their earthly lives and who are now helping this special man healing hundreds of people daily! He is the proof that Spirits exist and do not die after their earthly death. Below is only an excerpt from the book.

The Miracle Man

We humans are strange creatures. Sometimes we see the evidence but reject the explanation, grappling instead for our own one to fit with our narrow, limited knowledge; preferably an explanation that isn't going to rock our 'conscience boat' too much, that does not require too much in the way of a radical life-change, and that does not shake the shell of security that is our understanding and perception. In light of the evidence in this book, there is no alternative explanation.

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João Teixeira da Faria is the living proof. He has been tested and examined by the best scientific minds this planet can muster. He permits and welcomes these investigations in the hope that they will prove to everyone the existence of the spirit world and the importance of living correctly in this life so as to elevate ourselves in the next, instead of enduring a karmic penalty. João dedicates his life to healing the sick and incurable, without payment and without prejudice.

João Teixeira da Faria is arguably the most powerful medium alive at this time and must surely rank amongst the greatest of the past two thousand years. A “medium”, as defined by the Oxford Dictionary, is a person who is “a spiritual intermediary between the living and the dead”. João not only communicates with spirit, he incorporates the spirit entity; he is literally taken over by the spirit and, in doing so, loses consciousness, ‘waking’ a few hours later without any knowledge of his actions during the incorporation. Whilst ‘in entity’, his body is used as a means of conducting physical surgery and seemingly miraculous healing of the sick by the spirit entities who work through him.

João meditates in a small room at the rear of the complex before entering the main current room. To incorporate the spirit entity he simply stands before a table containing a wooden cross. He begins by asking that his hands be guided in the work of the day. Then, as he recites the Lord’s Prayer, the entity enters him and takes control of his body. At the end of the daily program, he then stands up, begins a small prayer and the entity leaves his body with a visible shudder of his heavy frame. João Teixeira da Faria is a medium of extraordinary capabilities.

His mediumship enables him to take on, or incorporate, thirty-three entities, all of whom were remarkable people during their own physical lives. The entities are spirits of deceased doctors, surgeons, healers, psychologists and theologians who are of such high soul elevation they need no longer reincarnate to our physical plane. They do, however, continue to elevate in the spirit plane by the extent of their benevolence and charitable works.

*João is capable of incorporating only one entity at a time, although he can change entity at any time as the need arises. It does not preclude any number of entities performing operations at the same time outside his body. During incorporation, each entity carries with him his own personality from the past life and, to those who work in the house regularly, each one can be recognised in João’s behaviour. (Ref 6. *The Miracle Man: The Life Story of João de Deus*, by [Robert Pellegrino-Ostrich](#). Extracted from his book Published in 1997, ©1997/1998 All Rights Reserved). [5]*

Dream # 5

The Upper Kingdom, October 24, 1993

Part 1 – the clash

It was some terrible, black, big and hairy creature. I was feeling it. It was approaching, coming closer to me in order to kill me and some of my cute creatures, who were standing behind me, behind my back. I realized with my mind, that the beast was approaching but it was still far away. I went with my creatures to the woods, through strange brushwood, they were not woods, or bushes – they were just branches growing right out of the soil, interwoven, like barberry... And white sand; they were growing on white sand. I brought my creatures to this THING. Then something crawled out to meet me. It had green spots all over his white body. The wise one. It appeared, suspended in front of me. It was speaking with a soft voice, like Kaa (the huge snake

in the cartoon about the Indian boy, Maugli). It said to me, “I will save yours, the little ones.” And it began to unwind, unroll, as if it was crawling out of an invisible crack in the wall. There was an opening and it crawled out – I didn’t see the inside of the place. It was growing in size – expanding, and became as big as a Hercules plane. From the tail a huge crack opened across its body leading my creatures inside it. Its head was flat, like a leaf. The crack was in the lower side – and my creatures started walking inside IT.

And here I saw them with my eyes, I knew beforehand that I had them; that they followed me, and the snake spoke about them, but now I saw them, finally.

I was very much surprised.

There were less than ten of them, maybe seven or eight. They were little animals, different from each other, sweet, nice. Spirits or Creatures... I cannot describe them. I can not even name them. Once in my dream, I went with Kaliostro – there was such a tiny elephant, and a semi-plant – None of them walked, but floated over the ground ... the spirits. They were like spirits and similar to the creatures from another dream, which looked like that little magic hen, like those two birds, which are not really birds that were coming to me, such as that shaggy-haired one that lived in my castle – that’s what they looked like. Very strange, no legs, no arms, just their individual essence – very nice, very cute. Then they started walking in a line, like children in kindergarten. They did not mix up. When they were all inside it, the snake closed up, curled inside itself, slithered behind the invisible wall and disappeared.

Then suddenly this horrible beast came upon me – to kill me and my spirit-like creatures. The beast had something very sharp – something between a scythe and a sickle in its hand. Besides that, he held two more sharp things – one like the sharpest arrowhead or spearhead, a lance maybe. The second weapon was a semi-round object, similar to a fishhook, which had been inserted into a wooden stick. Once inserted into the stick, you could not pull it out. It was easier to leave it there. But it was protruding from the stick slightly. I had a feeling that it was not supposed to be put on the stick (*or it was perhaps “retractable”*), because, when you inserted the hook in it – just *a print* in a shape of the letter \mathfrak{C} was visible – and no one could notice it. The other weapon had a heavy ball attached to it, similar to a spiked ball attached to the end of a chain. The sharpness combined with incredible heaviness made for a dangerous weapon. It was similar to a medieval flail – a spiked ball stuck to the stick by a chain.



Medieval Flail

His armor was round-shaped, curved. I was rather afraid of him. I would have rather run away from him. I cannot describe him – when someone comes to kill you, then you fix your attention on the thing that is supposed to kill you. He was like a blurred,

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dirty, heavy, wet woolen spot – a very hairy Siberian bear; big – about two to three meters high. But I knew that I should not run away, but defend my creatures, I have to fight. Then something surprising started to happen. I was looking at everything as if from some other, second sight. Suddenly there was two of me. Everything ended up very quickly – looking from the outside – incredibly simply and easily. The other me, who was fighting did this – she was standing away at about two to three meters and then the beast lunged in my direction – at that same moment, that same second, an air stream appeared in front of him, very thin, it captured him then lunged and turned in the right direction. In front of him, there was something invisible, similar to a veil with gold threads, fibers, but incredibly taut and strong, like laser rays, twisted. There was a breath inside the veil, or something like a stream of air, invisible. This was in the air in front of him right at the moment he lunged at me with his armor. He hit the veil around him. His body was pulled into the threads, bending around and twisting to escape. It turned up, he hit, cut himself. Meanwhile I did nothing. I just stayed there and watched from the side. Yet I knew that I had created this air-wall with threads in front of him. And I noticed that the sickle, that had stricken him and was in his hands, looked actually like a laser disc, but larger, and incredibly thin and sharp.¹²

So, when this all happened – I was surprised, but the other me, who was doing all this – she went and found it immediately. She knew where to look, where it was, I felt them – the other two weapons. They were at a distance, hidden in two different places. It is hard to explain; why they were there. I approached and found the flail, without the wooden end, large – ten to fifteen centimeters long. I went to the other place and – in a strange small wooden construction, on the steps of a small house – I found a wooden box that was not touching the ground, floating in the air, just like the first weapon. While they were in such a condition, they were still dangerous – I knew this. I felt that I must level them. They could be unloaded – and I did it.

Part 2, Palace, celebration

The dream went on. After I finished with the third weapon, I went to the palace, to check what was going on there. Everything that happened occurred just before the great magic celebration. There was to be a feast of magical enchantment with the participation of many creatures; some ritual with celebration. I was in this palace before, it is very high in the sky, and there were no more clouds. I started checking if everything was all right, everything prepared. The white columns reached to the sky as if there was no ceiling. In the center, a wide marble staircase, with white steps, suddenly emerged, like a road, stretching into the distance – so far – you could not see what was downstairs. The staircase was very wide. On the sides, there were those who were waiting for the feast to begin.

I was checking two big silver trays standing on both sides – there were strange fruit on those trays¹³ – like huge amber tangerines with their skin peeled away, without white

¹² This is the kind of disks that Chak Mol had, see next chapter.

¹³ All the way in the dream we were escorted by a Guide, someone orange (later I said – of amber color), a tangerine without peel. His name was YAN, or ZWING, ZWIANG – hard to say in human language, just like some clanking sound. So this “tangerine” was possibly

particles, just little lines. But these were not tangerines, they are divine fruit. Without peel, shining through like amber – they were prepared, about ten on each tray. They were the most important items for the ritual. I started looking. While I was away to fight the monster – I could not understand how someone could commit a sacrilege – about three fruit were missing on each tray. But I was checking in the last moment, because the number of them was very important. I knew clearly, that it was a dainty piece – but not for humans. People were far away downstairs; I went to them later, for I knew the fruit was for my retinue.

There was a king in the palace. God was in the church, but he was not there, and the manager was a priest. The same with me. The symbol was a spirit, He would have come to the feast, and I am a manager, the executive. The other executives are around me. The spirit would have come, or His thoughts, or His light.... I am the lady of the kingdom. There were some creatures – not people – around me, very tall, of huge stature. The tall-sized creatures were very different, their essences were different, like the birds, the grass, as if one would have a head of an Eagle, and the other of a Snake.

I knew that for some of them these dainty pieces of orange fruit were important for magic, for consecration, and maybe later they would have eaten them.

The Bold Eagle on the picture on the wall has such a beak; as if he has eaten my fruit... An eagle with its sharp beak can pick, peel and swallow them up very quickly.

In short, I noticed it, I checked the fruits that were left and went downstairs to the people. But maybe because there were not enough of them, they were losing their quality, and they did not have the same quality together. So I gave both trays to the people around me. Maybe they have eaten them. I went down the stairs. Downward, the staircase opened wide, like in Rome's amphitheatres, and at the open side there was a stormy ocean. It was a sunny day. I was up on the columns, talking – up there, where the stairs were coming together with the upper colonnade like amphitheatre. There were crowds of people downstairs. They all were wearing strange clothes – ancient Roman togas, and fabrics fastened by a buckle on the shoulder, and in short iron skirts, in chain armor - all different designs. But there were no wild ones, everybody was normal. They were standing in the amphitheatre, and on the beach – but they were not swimming, not sunbathing. I was looking at the sea - the sea was important. It was stormy, I looked carefully – it was dangerous. It was boiling from something inside it. Some herds were coming out of it by groups – some elephants, and other creatures. They were not animals. I went down. When I found myself in some narrow corridor just before the amphitheatre, I saw that some new creatures began to appear from the ocean – they were some kind of deer, or rather goats – a huge mass, they were walking very closely to each other – horns, hooves, many hooves. And I understood, that it becomes dangerous – many hoofs. They were coming one after another, you could not stop them. And then I told to my surrounding to leave. Actually, I was not talking - I had a sign. But in that corridor people were running towards me – they all were rushing to the ocean. I was telling them, that it is

some Spirit, which was to be a gift to God as a sacrifice. But maybe it was just an ancient fruit, which doesn't exist anymore.

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dangerous, “don’t do it” – but they were running, and blocking my way and the way of my people up... I don’t remember, what happened afterwards...

“So those goat-deer disturbed your celebration?”

Not at all. It is like if you prepare yourself for a feast, invite some guests, and then in a free moment you go to the window to look outside – I was watching the scene from somewhere above it.

I saw this statue on the beach on the sand in Acumal, Riviera Maya and it reminded me about this dream and this goat-deer, unusual animal with many hooves. Maybe they existed 10,000 years ago?



Animals with hooves from the ocean



Bas relief sculpture in Chichen Itza showing captive rulers or nobles involved in a ritual ceremony.

When I saw this picture in the book “The Origin of the Advanced Maya Civilization in the Yucatan”, by Douglas T. Peck, I was truly amazed! Because this ancient picture on the wall of Chichen Itza was portraying exactly the four people, including me, who were in that sacrifice ceremony! [6]

From left there was a SNAKE, next an EAGLE and next, ANUBIS, and the Priest JAGUAR stood on the right – they were my “colleagues.”

I don't think they were captive; this is the position these nobles assumed right before the ritual ceremony. In my vision, following the hypnosis sessions, I remember how each of us had a very thin rope and string in our hands to fill at first with our own energy, and afterwards we traced a circle and connected these ropes with each other through the top layer of the skin up to the navel area. We needed to be ALL as ONE at the same time. Each of us had a little blood trickling onto this rope, coming from the skin and our blood was then mixed....

When you read this, you may have a clear picture of what I describe and what you think about it....

You may ask, “Why are they doing this? Are they insane maybe?”

No, I found that they were smarter than we are – they were wise. What we just discovered now, using the most advanced science is what these people knew and used successfully in their daily lives thousands of years ago!

After we prayed and supported each other with combined energy, we had the ability to talk to Spirits, to GOD, and maybe check the Hall of Records for information about the Past and Future or maybe just talk to our “colleagues” from Egypt, and decided on some kind of trivial question regarding experience or technical support. For example, we could ask how to build a pyramid – some kind of teleconference with knowledge exchange.

I called Europe today and talked to the famous scientist, Peter Gariev, the father of Wave genetic. Here is how he explained this ritual:

DNA phantoms can be perceived as means of genetic-metabolic communications between organisms on the wave level. It is something like “immaculate conception”. DNA not only passes information in a form of wave replicas, but it also records information from the environment (replicas of the parts of apparatus, lamp). Thus the replicas get to know the surrounding and translate this information onto genetic level in the chromosomes, the organism, alienating probe-replicas and returning back to the organism with new knowledge. People united by a “blood rope” form a hyper-personality; build an antenna and become the acceptors of information from OUTSIDE, the Universe – alien visitors maybe. They are capable of assimilating it because they are all united by the common quantum entangled blood of each other and because of that, being a hyper-personality; they are capable to accomplish something much bigger, together and then separately. For those interested in studying the subject, he advises to read also the article “Quantum Magic” by S.I. Doronin.

DNA Found to Have “Impossible” Telepathic Properties, Journal of Physical Chemistry B, Geoff S. Baldwin, Sergey Leikin, John M. Seddon, and Alexei A. Kornyshev. DNA has been found to have a bizarre ability to put itself together, even at a distance, when according to known science, it shouldn't be able to do so. Explanation: None, at least not yet. [28]

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Scientists are reporting evidence that contrary to our current beliefs about what is possible, intact double-stranded DNA has the “amazing” ability to recognize similarities in other DNA strands from a distance. Somehow they are able to identify one another, and the tiny bits of genetic material tend to congregate with similar DNA. The recognition of similar sequences in DNA’s chemical subunits, occurs in a way unrecognized by science. There is no known reason why the DNA is able to combine the way it does, and from a current theoretical standpoint this feat should be chemically impossible.

Strands with identical nucleotide sequences were about twice as likely to gather together as DNA strands with different sequences. No one knows how individual DNA strands could possibly be communicating in this way, yet somehow they do. The “telepathic” effect is a source of wonder and amazement for scientists. (You will find more details of scientific explanation at the end of the book)

In their book “Vernetzte Intelligenz” (Networked Intelligence), Grazyna Fosar and Franz Bludorf explain these connections precisely and clearly. The authors also quote sources, presuming that in earlier times, humanity had been, just like the animals, very strongly connected to the group consciousness and acted as a group. To develop and experience individuality we, humans, however, had to forget hyper-communication almost completely. ¹⁴

Interesting that when I was a Priest, I accepted all people around me like my close relatives. Now I find that those time Maya people have marriages between close relatives, so finally the whole village was one big family! According to genetic, I know that this is not a good idea; it creates some side effects that could be inherited and dangerous for the wellbeing of the children. However, this kind of connection may be giving life-saving opportunities with rare important information.

Ancient Maya had a common type of marriage, called cross-cousin. The familial clan was presented by constantly intersecting lines of cousin sisters and brothers, thus all members of the clan had common ancestors, beginning with grandfathers More than that, every second generation names of these relatives by female ancestral line were repeated. Thus, for instance, maternal grandfather, brother of wife and grandson by a daughter were called the same name: mum. The same word represented mythical forefather of Maya. In this way all men of the clan by ritual mixing of their blood were tied up together and with their forefather, divine Mum. (Ref. 29 “Ancient America: Flight in time and prostranstve. Mezoamerika”

Excerpts from the book by GG Ershovoy UnCopyrighted©Sam, 2003-2006) [30]

Dream # 6

The Queen of a Crystal Kingdom, December 4, 2007

It was a strange dream. I got to bed at 11:50pm, and woke up at 2:30am. Then the dream continued. There were three parts to it.

¹⁴ You will find DNA phantoms and Scientific Interpretation with more details about this at the end of the book.

1. First Kingdom It was like they were preparing me. They sucked out every material out of me, piece by piece. They were purifying me. They pulled out everything from inside my body. I became as light as a bubble, and transparent. They were doing some rituals with me. After purification I entered the Kingdom of Transition. It was more structured than mine was. It consisted of two huge spaces. I was in one of them, and in the other, there was God – an old man, speaking in human language. I understood that he was a Master here. I was afraid to move, to take a step, to break anything, to spoil anything by my presence here. He also did something to me, some ritual with a space, maybe with clouds. We were talking (he was speaking, and I was listening). He did not leave His territory. Afterwards, I was ready – all my psychic structures were ready. For in my next Kingdom it was much finer. They moved me to this 2nd kingdom after the ritual was completed. They were purifying me, in a way, but they could not enter the place themselves.

2. Crystal spaces The first sensation – there is ice everywhere. Everything is transparent. The person becomes like blue-gray colloid. Large crystals, all made of ice – like finely streamlined ... such a pleasant bliss. I was alone. And they told me – in my mind – that I am a tsarina in this kingdom. Well in our language the words *tzarstvo* (kingdom) – they are bulky, sharp, and heavy. But there – everything was like air, harmonious, beautiful. Everything here was perfection itself, completeness. Nothing in excess. All was completed, when I was brought in. I felt “complete” – I was full.

At the beginning I was getting accustomed – everything was light-blue-crystal-clear-turquoise. But there was a feeling, that all this was frosted, sparkling with snowflakes. The kingdom was similar to the huge stadium-sphere in Vancouver, as if the kingdom was situated in the sphere.

3. Alexandrian and New York kingdoms

I went down by the sphere – and I saw beside me some elevation on one side and on the other. In one of the spheres an old lady appeared – like that old man from Indiana Jones, who was guarding the water of life. Her arms and legs were not visible; her body appeared to be just a stream of veils beneath her head. She said, “These two Kingdoms are Alexandrian and New York. They are your assistants. They can fly over to you from their places – two persons, two souls.” I could address them as my assistants, my secretaries. They are the two lightest spirits from those kingdoms.¹⁵

Dream # 7

Arabian and American Mountains - 2 pyramids: Egypt and Mexico, October 25, 1990

I was escorted by a laden-gray doughnut, of a strange square-round shape – either round outside and square inside or vice-versa.¹⁶ There were mountains in front of me.

¹⁵ I understood it not as a New York City, but some new city, so Alexandria was the old city, built earlier. I think there were two sets of pyramids, the ones in Egypt (Alexandrian) and the second one in Mexico, New York being a new city.

¹⁶ Another famous Egyptologist, Arnold de Belizal, later inherited the ring. He was a well-known expert in radio-aesthesia, the science concerned with the energy of shapes. De

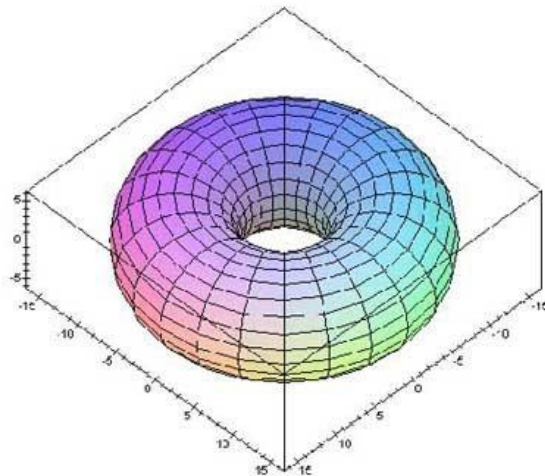
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The voice in my ear, this doughnut-guide reported: “Arabian peninsula...” and was telling me about the future of this place, what it is called now, how it will be called, what will go where, which people will pass by, and which will die. *He* was speaking from over my head and his voice was enveloping me. The mountain in front of me was not material, but maybe made of psychic emanations from the people assembled in the shape of a pyramid. And right after that we flew to America, to the other mountain – also a pyramid. Both pyramids are located on the same latitude.¹⁷

When you fly over an area you can't remember rivers, lakes, seas, but you can remember the similarities between two places.

The doughnut-guide was with me all the time.

His voice was talking to me very quickly – humans cannot talk that fast – it was saying different things, which I could not memorize. The views were replacing each other, the voice followed with information – very even; all phrases were similar, spoken like a robot. The letters were like little beads tumbling down through my ears at incredible speed.¹⁸ It was impossible to understand the meaning, if there are no mistakes in the speech and no human details. I mean when there is no timber or inflection, pauses, tonality, etc. in the voice; you cannot understand what the person is saying. One view was followed by another followed by the text. When I said “stop” to myself, in order to memorize and put fragments together, I was confused; I lost the train of thought. I worried. And I even forgot this. When I started to try to fly from one mountain to the other – slowly, since slowly is what I could remember, the voice began talking more slowly, 5 to 10 times more slowly. There was a feeling that it was speaking through water. The words came to me evenly and clearly.



The Gordian Knot

Science began using this model and, THIS is what I meant in my dream!

Belizal's found that the ring emits electromagnetic waves capable of creating 'energy fields' which work as a force of energy. This energy protected the wearer, gave him increased psychic abilities and the ability to heal, and brought the person good luck. The Atlantis Ring, <http://www.crystalinks.com/atlantring.html>

¹⁷ Both pyramids, in Egypt and Mexico, are on the same on the same latitude.

¹⁸ Scientific interpretations can be found at the end of the book.

<http://www.crystalinks.com/gordianknot.html>

Sacred geometry: - an ancient mystery schools teaching, stressed the one force or consciousness behind existence through the laws of geometry, made extensive.

According to ancient teachings in the beginning there was a great void. This void is the creator, with no body shape or definition. Creation requires a definition of space (as well as direction). The Torus tube provides this kind of definition by using the inside, the outside, and infinity. In that way it can be the shape also represents the idea of The one and only God and the holy trinity relation which comes from the one God and exists in everything (positive, negative and neutral for example).

The word "one" in Hebrew, "Echad" as well as the word "love" - "Ahava" in Hebrew, has a numerological value of 13. The number 13 contains the one and the three. [13=4=time]. More about number 13 on page 55.

Many people claim they had dreams in which they were able to solve difficult karmatic personal relations or situations during the daytime after wearing a Gordian knot pendant. The reason for this might be that the pendant symbolists the idea of unity which binds everything into one.

- Wikipedia: http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Knot_theory

I find one more website with Sacred Geometry:

www.akaija.com

The Akaija is a cosmic jewel made in co-operation with the Divine Lightworld.

Wim Roskam, the maker of the Akaija, has been given this object by his girlfriend Linda, who died in 2001. She was sending him many dimensional images and inspired him to start producing them as a jewelry! This jewelry carries amazing power!

<http://www.ka-gold-jewelry.com/p-products/gordian-knot-silver-big.php#ProDetails>

Akaija = The Oneness of 'We'

Now look at the name: Akaija. When you analyze 'akaija' numerologically something strange is found:

Every character in the alphabet stands for a number. In that way the A stands for 1, B for 2, C for 3, etc. 'Akaija' has a rare combination of numbers: A=1, K=11, A=1, IJ = I+J = 9+10 = 19 = 1+9 = 10 = 1+0 = 1 and A=1. One character splits into two numbers 1, and two characters (I+J), merge into one number 1, fission and fusion. This way you get: 1 + 11 + 1 + 1 + 1, so six ones. The 5th dimension (5 characters) upgrades to the 6th dimension (6 numbers). Six represents the planet Venus, and stands for Love. And funny as it was... the moment I wrote this down for the first time I saw the clock on the computer: 11:11. Putting together these data (Akaija=We and Akaija=111111) a very clear and not to misunderstand message comes out: WE, every-1, every individual together, are ONE!!!

Interesting too are the symbols that can be found in the Akaija. Depending on how you look at it, you discover several symbols: a circle, a yin-yang-symbol, a 5-pointed star (pentagram), and a Heart that is protected by the Circle, but due to the Akaija's special construction also protects the Circle. 'We', the Never-Ending-Circle, protect your heart, and 'We' connect you to the Endless Love, which is the basis of our relation of our existence. 'We' show you that You are never al-one, but all-one.

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Put it this way: We are the Universe, and the Akaija symbolises universal Love.

http://www.akaija.com/info/UK/UK06_3D.shtml

http://www.akaija.com/info/UK/UK05_gallery.shtml



Akaija symbolises universal Love.

Dream # 8

I return to the land where I lived before, November 13, 1992

This is a short version of the dream. It was about me arriving to America, Mexico. In my dream I walked on this land and my grandmother tells me that this is the land where I was living before...

When we were driving through Canada, from Toronto to Vancouver, during the night in the prairies, I started feeling that some spirit was near me. I knew at that moment that this was a native Indian spirit, who owns all of this land... I started talking to him and asked permission – it's a blessing to settle down in this North American land.

The other day, I was under a hot shower – I love hot showers – and I started remembering that I had this dream, and suddenly I was covered with goose bumps – like a hoar-frost covering my skin – under a hot shower! I was shaking. It was surprising to me to feel frozen under a hot shower!

I never had such goose bumps, so often, such as I had this spring while I was writing this book and reading the dreams which I collected over the years. The energy was coded in the words of the dreams. When Di Cherry started reading my own dreams, while I was under hypnosis, the doors of the past opened for me instantly. I could see, feel, smell, and touch such as I did all those years ago.

Psychic people know that when something real comes from the past or another side of life, they are often covered with goose bumps.

Today I received an envelope from Dr. Alfons Ven from Holland with the custom-made pills – made especially for me.

I am totally healthy; these are really “miracle pills”.

I opened the instructions and read this magic sentence: *The aim of the Ven-Cure is to elicit a better attunement with your evolution and being freer with your original selves.* When I was reading those words, I was near a window, looking at cherry blossoms, pink rhododendrons and brand new emerald-green leaves on an apple tree, and I started smiling... It was a very unusual smile, which I never experienced in my life. I wish I could have watched myself from the side. I was very surprised.

I have no words to describe what I really felt. There were waves of the wise, heavenly, and beautiful – the kindest, softest sort of energy – invading me such as a tide of happiness and contentment – and it was coming out with this smile through my eyes. I continued looking at the flowers and continued to smile blissfully.

It was an astonishing pleasure to feel God’s touch. It was something amazing and unusual!

I wish I had a witness to this magical experience at that moment or a video camera to record the look in my eyes. I wish that someone saw it and told me what it looked like. I decided to keep these miraculous, pure lactose pills near my pillow. When I look at them from the side right now, they look like little lilies-of-the-valley or snow-drop flowers – they’re the cutest round, white balls. I feel harmony and connection with this special, beautiful, glowing energy, which makes them so appealing. I know why! They have my own pure energy from heaven, which GOD gave me at the moment He created me. They connect me with God and will guide me to return to my own original self.

I think everyone should make such an adjustment once during their lifetime with Dr. Alfons Vens’ unique help.

<http://www.alfonsven.org/en/>

PRIEST

Here is a list of “inheritance”, which Spirit, who lives in my body, got from past life as a Priest. I guarantee that you will find some of these “habits” crazy or at least shocking:

The next day, I found a rock, which I believe was my favorite rock to play with as a Priest. I was walking and I stopped suddenly. I felt it! I felt something very special in this place! I sat down and stretched my hand in front of me; it landed on this rock. Next: I took another, smaller rock and started to play – tapping the two rocks against each other. It all went automatically without thinking. My hands knew what to do. This white limestone rock produced the amazing sounds of crystal bells! I couldn't stop playing... As I type this book, my feet are lying on my past, on this rock – on Mexican soil – I feel wonderful! This rock is 38 by 25cm and the taxi driver at the airport asked me, “Why is your suitcase so heavy? You've got rocks in there or what?” I replied, smiling from ear to ear, “YES, a very cool rock!”

He didn't believe it, of course.

Tell me, how many people would you convince to take a rock to another country, which fills half of your suitcase and carry it thousands of miles away? I guess it is impossible to find even another person like me. That's what I meant when I said there is NOTHING we could do about those characteristics we “inherited” from our relatives, like big ears, for example... In my case, I *inherited* the Priest's love of the sounds from the rocks. This rock produces sounds, which I made and heard in my past life, thousands of years ago as a Priest... My Spirit remembers it and when I play again, it opens the door to my past life and magic energy of the pyramid for me.

So here I am. I left Canada four days ago and now I am in a Tokyo cemetery talking to ghosts! The photo is AS IS before I was ready to start. The reason for my trying to take a

photo; I was hoping to see maybe a sign of the ghosts on the film... I guess I should have asked one of the ghosts to press the button on the camera! And I started talking to them with my full voice. Suddenly I saw a bunch of them standing near me – they weresurrounding me!

Perhaps more than ten kind of white people’s shadows! Like pieces of fog... To my surprise, instead of being scared, I was glad that I made my speech in “public”, not to the empty air. I told them, “I see that you all were listening to me carefully. Very good! BYE forever” and I returned home.

When I was in school, I tried avoiding gymnastic classes as much as possible. Anyway, the only thing, which helped me survive and keep my grades, was basketball. But it is not only a game in itself. I could throw the ball into the basket 10, 20, 40 times, without fail. The ball always went through the hoop easily. In the end, our teacher said, “Okay, enough!” But my classmates were screaming for me to be allowed to continue. All of the kids in school and my neighbors knew about my talent. I guess the Priest’s spirit remembered how he played in the ball court in Chichen Itza, only a few thousand years ago. Believe me; it is much easier to do this with your hands than with the knees and elbows, such as the ancient Maya players did.

When I arrived in Chichen Itza, the second time, after my past life hypnosis readings, I was half Priest, half myself. This was what the Priest’s Spirit inside me felt like in Chichen Itza. It was a deep, sad feeling I experienced from time to time. When I arrived, I was under a strong “Priest influence”.... When I was near a pyramid, I felt it was in my own home, my casa... my office.... Sometimes, I had tears in my eyes... The feelings near pyramid were impossibly strong. As soon as I was near the pyramid, I had visions from my past life – real and bright... Yet one thing which I enjoyed while I was a Priest and which warmed up my soul; there, I could play! I had a

little, soft tennis ball in my pocket with a message: “The Priest Jaguar returns home,” and I loved to spend time in the ball court... I customized this ball to make it heavier than normal ones. I can’t tell you more.

It feels like somebody inside me turns on a computer and I know instantly what to do, where to go and what I can expect there. I am doing things now before thinking about them. And I don’t make any mistakes – Not One. It reminds me very much of those robots with sharp ears from the “Terminator” movie.

Yes, I agree, this Priest is really cool! I see the road far ahead and I know, ahead of time, who will come out of the bushes, who will cross the road: raccoon or people or spirits... Two days ago I walked near the golf course; suddenly I lifted my hand automatically without thinking, and caught the ball that was heading for my face! Balls fly over the fence through the bushes all the time but this time it was aimed at my head! The astonishing thing was that it was not I who moved my hand – I didn’t have time to realize that a ball was going to hit me. It was a very unusual kind of movement, like a pray-mantis does. Yes, this Priest is pretty cool; otherwise I would have ended up with blue bruises on my cheek, or a black eye.

When I woke up today, I continued talking in some ancient language, repeating some words over and over again. A Deep Global voice was talking into my ears. My temperature rose and this was a sign of importance.

I still felt presence of people and spirits around me from my dream..., and I tried to write this down very fast... My body was covered with goose bumps... I started to remember....

Dream # 15.

A message from the Magnificent Maya people, June 24, 2008

I was up in the temple, standing near the entrance, and looked down. Everything was under the golden sunset light. I see the Temple of Warriors. Hundreds of warriors were standing on the bright red stairs. One by one, in total silence, all of them looking at me up here. Short skirts, belts, necklaces and spears reflected the sunset light... I saw the sunlight going through their eyes. I saw their shiny black hair, toned legs and arms' muscles... Columns made a long shadow...

I felt that my astrologers in the Caracol were also frozen in time... I saw Maya people sitting on the ground around the pyramid with their children, wives and old parents... These are all my people... I know each and everyone of them. I blessed them when they were born and when they were married. Many came to me for help when they were sick, or for support and advice. This is my Big Family.

I turned back and looked inside the temple. My old teacher, the Priest, is sitting with his tortoise in his hands. All my people were around me dressed in beautiful, colorful outfits with feathers, masks and shiny, luxurious jewelry. The Snake, the Eagle and Anubis were nearby as usual.

They all looked at me very seriously – they were waiting in total silence. From the corner of my eye, I saw long, tall figures, watching all of us in the distance.

It felt as if TIME had stopped and they were all frozen in that moment...

All these people were cut and separated from us and our time....

Something in between ... in between times ... and it was burning.

I saw a big fire. I looked closely.

It was literally mountains of ancient books and manuscripts burning in this fire!

I saw some manuscripts that were very deep at the bottom of the dark ocean, that were covered with sand, near parts of a wooden *baroque*-styled ship.

Then I receive the message...

(You will find what Priest said in the book)

Chapter 2

The Re-birth of an Atlantean Queen, Giants, Chak Mol.

During one of the hypnosis readings about the Priest, I saw suddenly that the Maya people were talking to a huge, giant man! It was a big shock for me and I just didn't know what to think! I asked Di Cherry during the reading to pay attention to what the small Maya people were doing, how they lived, and I told her that maybe I would see the giant again among them. As soon as the reading started I saw him again! Well, he was way too big not to see him!

It was a real shock for me during the first reading when I saw for the first time this huge giant, a real live man, sitting near his platform between small Maya people! Literally, I just couldn't believe my eyes! It was impossible to understand who this man was. Why was he so big and how could he possibly exist, because he was such a real huge human! On top of this, I did not see it as we see things at the movie theater, for example. I was suddenly right near him! And when, during the reading, Di Cherry asked: "What will happen if he puts his hand on your head?"

"I was scared!" My voice dropped... "I was worried because his hand was too big and heavy!"

Reading; February 20, 2008

(Note: This reading, same as the others, is a literal transcription of the taped session –

no editing.)

What do you feel, experience right now – tell me?

I think I saw this big man again, it's near the entrance! But he can not go in, he so big, he staying near entrance. His eyes blue and his hair white.

Tell me, could you ask him if he was born here somewhere in this area?

(Suddenly my voice changes dramatically, it starts sounding like many voices speaking at once, talking at the same time, with an echo...

You should hear it! I am amazed when I hear it myself! It sounds like the voice I had during my first reading. But we did not record it! This sound feels as if it came through a Time Tunnel between the past and future, through the great distance separating us from thousands of years back, and affected with TIME'S vibration, one voice split into many voices with an echo.)

No, he's born far away, he was born far away.

*******So, tell me about this pyramid.

Tell me are you inside of this pyramid? Outside of it?

I think it very big sphere, it huge sphere, maybe kind of 1/3 of the round big huge sphere, it like biggest hall.

This is big hall, hall as a big space, very big space, huge space.

Right.

And they have big crystal inside, very big huge crystal inside.

Is this crystal clear crystal or colored?

Maybe it is just little bit turquoise or it is reflection.

And I know how operate this crystal, I know.

Good, is that your job? Is that things that you do?

It is very serious, it is not job and it's not responsibility. It is a necessity. It is necessary...to operate this crystal.

Once, we have problem with small pyramid and I will need to fix it, so I have device in my hand and I work with big crystal and it some very strong power together create lighting and this electricity blow up effect and sound, strongest sound, but it may work out and I fix the problem.

But my palace... this sphere goes down on the top, start kind of flat on the top...and people worry...so worried... but it is okay. This one, it is okay, it is not important, we can fix it later. Most important, I did my job and we have another seven, and we have big one.

This knowledge very powerful and very dangerous to know for everybody and it's a big responsibility to operate with this, because it can destroy so much if operated the wrong way.

My electronic clock was still working, when I fell asleep, and when I woke up, it had stopped, although it worked during the night, I think this was because of my dream. Electric clocks, watches stopped. It was the same, as it happened before, after this kind of dream.

Dream # 22

The Lilac World, March 4, 2001

I saw a big crystal, and right after that, a big opened book, its pages were flickering, on one of them there were fragments of future, which already happened now. On the side

of the book there was a long dark hose, like on the paintings of Brueghel (or Bosch), like a tunnel. I was flying through it for a long time, swaying like seaweeds. Then I saw something – it is very, very far from here. The lilac Sun, twisted protuberances, it looked like what we see during an eclipse, when one disc covers another other light disc. But here the covering disc was also of lilac color, darker. On the left there was a crystal pyramid, with ledges, like Indian ones, but the top was sharp as a pin. Later on, I saw it from above – all of the pyramids were sitting on a big crystal cupola, like a hemisphere. And above this cupola – there were blue and yellow colors. Very strong blue ... There was also an emerald, but it was transparent, crystal-like. It was called AIUM ... OUM. In this dream “book”, there was a device, a real mirror to see the future. It was like the one in the children’s fairy-tale, the queen who looks into her magic mirror, which tells her the future.

And this “long dark hose, like on the paintings of Brueghel (or Bosch), like a tunnel” is a real STARGATE through which I always travel far away to the Universe. Very fast – almost instantly. In this dream I visit again the same planet, which I visited many times in my other dreams and where I met the man-lizard numerous times. Dream # 56

Kukulcan (Human-Lizard), September 19, 1991. Page 520

THE WOMAN-DOUBLE AND A WISE MAN

July 8, 2004

In front of me, on the table probably, was a little dancing dragon. He was about 12 to 13 cm high, bright green, standing on his hind legs, like a little person.

His miniscule wings were open, his arms had outgrowing, membranous wings that were raised (like a bird flapping its wings) and his legs were like the Indian figure of the sixarmed

Shiva, with a leg raised to the knee. He was dancing and singing with a human

voice, “Where is my *van*? Where is my *van*? Where is it, my *van*?!” I was feeling excited, in a ritualistic way toward him, but it seemed to be a normal everyday thing – like the queen in the children’s fairy-tale, who looks into her magic mirror, which tells her the future, but she uses it very often. Yet, when it was dancing, you could see every little green scale, very beautiful. Then I made an interesting move, like a figure eight with my hand, and a cup and ketchup appeared. I took the bottle and poured the tomato-bright ketchup into the cup....

(That’s an example of materialization, I guess. This unusual move occurs very often in the dreams of Atlantis. I even draw how I move my hand.)

I knew that they were weepers. They were standing near the last burial place. I knew that there was a teenage girl buried there, she died at the age of 14. She did not die from some disease or violence, but by the law of the cosmos. And they knew it – those priests, or magicians. I went behind them. I was walking in a spiral, snail-like. But when I got behind them, I was my double, I saw myself, the other one, who stayed in the same place, and the other one saw this one, too. There was a feeling that my ancestors – my lineage – were lying in those tombs. Or that I was there myself, as if I was dead and then being born again. These magicians knew that the same spirit is born and dies, and it comes to them.

Right after this, the action moved into another hall. There were enormous tables; full of sweet and beautiful, refined and decorated ice-cream, cakes, creams, fruit, peaches, grapes. These tables replicated the shape of the rooms within this big hall. They were semi-circular, following the curves of the walls. And I knew that it took the whole day to put all this here, to lay the tables, and the feast was going to start soon. In one place, I noticed some lit candles – 25 of them, I inhaled and blew them out. Then I went through

all these halls – the last servants were leaving already. All this happened before dawn.

When I was leaving the last hall, the ageing one gave me a cup, in which there was something lumpy – it looked golden, whipped, like a big gold nugget, I could hardly hold it...

Dream # 24 (parts)

The City Of Crystal Pyramids, June 13, 1993

I lived in some town, in a place with pyramids – such splendid houses, like crystal pyramids. I lived in a very high pyramid; all of them were like the pyramids in Egypt.

There were two more pyramids side by side with it.

I knew that it was my room, in their home. And so, one room turned into a screen, like in a cinema – every wall turned into a screen.....

When the morning came, we went to meet this crazy crowd. We descended to the ground, stood up in a row, on the steps, like in the amphitheater in roman cities, like in a circus. Everybody came out from different pyramids and everyone stood on their terraces. And then I came out from far, far away, down the crystal steps. They all turned their heads and were looking at me. I was descending the steps, and two of them followed me, her, and the other one. All those around me, they were not people, not humans. In these pyramids everything was sublime, pure and beautiful, majestic, crystal-clear, unusual, pure, pure. Not just cloudless, but airless, lighter than air. Such lightness – even the air was heavier than everything there. They were whispering to me, strange, right in my ear I heard whispers from one, from the other;

And they were saying, “Look, look, what a horror, what they are doing,” it was such a crystal-clear whispering – like the little bells ringing, such strange voices – at that moment I heard their voices, all of them, so unusual, like little bells, or crystals, as if a

crowd of elves with toy-like unspecific voices was babbling in my ears.

They stopped near the road, but there is a feeling, that a transparent wall had been erected in front of them, and they could not get through it. Even their screams could not be heard.

Dream # 25

I was Very Thin and Extremely Tall, February 11, 1997

In my dream you hold me. I was the size of a little baby, such a small size, fitting in your hands. But I am very, very tall... I see myself from the side. I am very thin, legs stretching far from the ground, wearing a white, transparent dress... It was my real appearance, the way I looked at that time. I am with you; we are in the big hall somewhere far, far in the Universe. And there, different Spirits have gathered. It was an enormous huge hall, a ball-room. I am a tall, thin figure dressed in white. If I were a person, a human being, I would be probably three-meters tall or more which made me look even thinner than I was.

I was very, very light and very-very tall. I cannot see these *Spirits* directly. They speak about me, discuss my snow-white clothes. It was multilayered, made of the thinnest possible fabric, pure, shimmering fabric. However, this was not a dream. It was some kind of special, very real – another reality – a special condition. It felt as if I was going through deep water; if you try to talk, for example, it is very difficult. We went there from time to time. We know this place and what it is all about. I go there often while I am sleeping, in this strange condition.

Dream # 27 (parts)

Hundreds of Followers. Rubies, November 8, 2003

All the air, all the space surrounding me – as far as I could see – was made of the finest

gold threads. In one of the fragments of my dream, in those threads, there were bundles of them, thin, star-shaped, but still there was no entangling. They were arranged in a beautiful way, equidistant from each other and from me.

Once I was walking in the mountains, in a valley, by a wide road. I could see the valleys down there from above, the followers were walking behind me – they were many – a hundred, two hundred, three... Usually when people, a crowd follow you, it is hard to focus, or even understand where you are going – it is overwhelming. But this crowd was light, like specks of dust flying behind a bird captured by the wind. They reacted to my every word, my thoughts. It also looked like the fish in water – all of them turned at the same time. These people were very light. You could not hear them – how they walked, talked, how they thought. As if they were flying one meter above the ground. Floating. The original Atlanteans were of extra-terrestrial origin and came to earth over 50 thousand years ago. They were of human shape, but not the modern earth humans as we are. *They were very tall and fair skinned* and probably originated from the Lyrian star system.* They are also known as the Elohim or Annunaki and their story is hidden in the texts of Genesis. They had life spans of around 800 years and are known in some texts as 'the tall ones'.

****The city of Bamian is located in Afghanistan, between Kabul and Bal. Near this city there are five colossal statues of people from five previous races. The biggest one is a 52-meter man from the first Ephemera race. The sculpture is wrapped in a blanket that may indicate or symbolize its once fragile form.

1. With the help of the most advanced scientists working with the latest laser technology and using some of the famous Tesla special, secret methods, I have now absolutely unique, astonishing plants. At this moment it is a collection of the

30 most common plants people used in agriculture on our planet today.

First, their seeds can be saved, kept alive, in perfect condition and ready to start growing after 5 and even 8 or 10 years!

Second, all these plants can grow in a totally new environment; for example in sudden droughts, or much higher or cold temperature, chemical problems, or nutrition deficit or different soil or something else. With this technology I can send a signal to the plants and teach them what to do, when their environment will change.

With climate-changing problems on our planet, this technology is priceless. This can really save the world and in case of sudden climate hazard we will have strong plants on which we will survive and will reap great harvest.

“On the approach of a dire winter, which is to destroy every living creature, Yima, being advised by Ahura, builds a Vara to keep there the seeds of every kind of animals and plants, and the blessed live there a most happy life under his rule. Thither thou shalt bring the seeds of every kind of tree, of the greatest, best, and finest kinds on this earth; thither thou shalt bring the seeds of every kind of fruit, the fullest of food and sweetest of odour. All those seeds shalt thou bring, two of every kind, to be kept inexhaustible there, so long as those men shall stay in the Vara.”

This is from Zend Avesta, Iranian Bible