



*In the Father Way*



# **BlueStarBlog Book Fourteen**

**Martin Gustav Riedel**





# BlueStarWay Publishing

## Creative Notice: In Divine Service

Martin Gustav Riedel

Divine Law carries restorative Power and compense.

What is Created by Divine Authority  
is Protected by Divine Authority.

We leave it to Divine Law to balance any transgressions.

restorative: give back, put back to former state, return

compense: remuneration, counterbalance



# Translation Notice: In Divine Service

## Father Which Is in Heaven:

"In Right and Proper Exchange of Information there is but one conveyance in Right and Proper Order of Divine Expression.

**The Divine manifests in multiple ways, in multiple cultures.  
It is each unto its own way of perception.**

It matters not what others may say or think, it matters always only that which is Divinely Appointed each day.

It was Given unto your perception,  
Right and Proper Orderly Progression  
of Divine Nomenclature each and every day, step of your way.

Those who transpire to subvert your words and direction  
shall Penalty pay,

for that which is Divinely Authorized Nomenclature,  
subsides, subsists in Grand and Glorious Scheme.

Let no man put asunder that which is Divine in Nature.

**As to exact literal translation, there can be none.  
It is, would be, a departure from that Divinely Authorized  
Conveyance should you undertake to do so.**

Yes, the gist would remain intact, however, the nuances,  
reflections, inflection would no longer convey the subtle  
multidimensional unrefracted Nature.

It is by Divine Appointment this Conveyance comes  
in your time, in your way.

**Let not those who would put asunder Direct Divine Conveyance do so, at  
Penalty of perjury of Divinely Authorized material."**

nomenclature: system of names used as a science or art

transpire: seek to bring about

subvert: ruin, corrupt

subsides: descends

subsist: as means of maintaining life

asunder: separate into pieces

perjury: voluntary violation of an oath to tell the *Truth*

oath: a solid appeal to the Divine to witness to the *Truth* of a statement or the  
sacredness of a promise.



## NOTICE TO READER

This book provides a means by which we can share what we have experienced and come to *Know* in this journey toward awakening. It was created based on "where we were" at the time of its conception.

**Future material will show Spiritual Progression in Awakening.**

This material is for individual use only.

It is intended to spark creative contemplation and consideration of 'if... then...'.

It is intended to provide a means by which you can enhance your experience of that which is Divine (rather than to provide a means by which you are told or taught what to believe, how to behave, and what is right or wrong).

Because this material brings *Light*, you may find some of it very unsettling.

It is ultimately you who, through your Spiritual Awareness and Prayer for *Discernment* and Guidance, must establish the Divine *Truth* of what IS.

As you do so, *Know* that Divine *Truth* is a Progression of ever expanding refinement.

**Divine Answers *Respect* all living things.**

Should you choose to do so, any incorporation of this material into your life is at your discretion and your sole responsibility.

Know that the Divine / Father Which Is in Heaven is available to provide additional support in understanding, learning, or applying this material in your own life.





## In Our Words

We want to make it perfectly clear, especially to the young who have not been raised in the way of Respect, that we have posted the requirement Father has placed for the material presented to be and remain accurate, unaltered, and fully True to the context of His Teachings.

The Penalty He has clearly outlined for subverting this material is not something that would be implemented on an individual level, but by Universal Law. This carries its own retribution.

To those who would scoff at this, thinking themselves immune to Universal Law, we can only say, please be aware that these are not empty words. Ignoring Universal Law and the Father's Way does not bring absolution from the consequences of one's actions. Anyone focused on the Father Knows the Truth of this.

**This is a free e-book. You may freely distribute this material and file only in its complete and unaltered format.** This includes printed material. All material shall retain the "In Divine Service" notice and the Words that Father has Spoken regarding His Authority in Universal Law for the Protection and retribution of violating His Word.

**You may freely reference this material only if you correctly "cite your source".** That is to say, to make reference to information from Father's material you will appropriately credit BlueStarWay and the name of the material from which the reference was made. **References and quotes may not be taken out of context. Sentences in italics shall remain in italics to indicate direct Conveyance from Father Which Is in Heaven.** No referenced or quoted commentary by Martin, Mister, or Linda is to be given or presented as direct information from the Father, but rather as having been shared by their understanding at the time the material was written.



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you feel like sharing a Gift with us*

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*Heartfelt Thanks*



# **BlueStarBlog**

## **Book Fourteen**

**September 12, 2014**

**through**

**December 22, 2014**

**Written by Martin Gustav Riedel**

**Self Published with the Blessing of  
Father Which Is in Heaven**

With quotes from Father Which Is in Heaven (in italics)  
as given to Linda Diane Mead, Ph.D. and many times recorded by Martin.

**BlueStarWayPublishing.com**



*This book is a Gift to you  
from Father Which Is in Heaven.*

*Know that sentences in italics  
are direct messages from  
our Loving Father,  
“that all may come to see or know  
that which Honors and Serves  
the human race.”*

*Father Which Is in Heaven  
Gives you Thanks  
for accepting His Gift to you.*





## ***Side note by Martin***

The Father Which Is in Heaven referred to in all of the material Linda and I have created is the Father Jesus taught us to pray to in the Lord's Prayer. 'Living God,' 'Father Within,' and 'Father' are used interchangeably and refer to the same Father Which Is in Heaven.

Please take note that the concepts we have "inherited" in regards to Who and What the Father Is, His Desires, Goals, and Aspirations, as well as how He Manifests on Earth and in Humanity are very limited, constricted, and quite frankly suffocating. Please do give yourself room for expansion in this regard and do not be put off by the use of this terminology. The information contained in this book is neither patriarchal, religious, spiritualist, scientific, dogmatic, atheist, shamanic, new age, worldly, alien, nor any other modality. It just Is what it Is.

Also be aware that while there is only one Father Which Is in Heaven and no one else can "claim" this Name, the words 'god,' 'father,' and 'lord' in and of themselves seem to not carry this type of restriction. Therefore, unless one makes it clear that the use of words such as 'God', 'Living God,' or 'Father' specifically address Father Which is Heaven, it is possible for any number of entities floating around with a 'god' or 'lord' complex to answer the call.

That this is not an issue to be taken lightly is shown for example by the vast numbers of people throughout history who have gone to war, plundered, and taken human life presumably under 'god's' direction as well as by the number of people who still subscribe to this day to the divinity of such guidance. It is also shown by the vast number of people who deny, sacrifice, and flagellate self or others in the name of 'god.' Father Which Is in Heaven would never incite such actions. He has made this very clear to Linda and I again and again.

Obviously, there is a great need to be very Discerning in this matter and while it would be easy to get lost in terminology and arguments, this is really a matter of the Heart and of Intention. For the western or 'christianized' mind, the term 'Father Which Is in Heaven' together with the refinements included in this book can be a helpful aid to hone one's Heart and Intention in the right direction.

I specifically say 'western' or 'christianized' mind because Father has Conveyed and made it very clear to us that:

*The Divine manifests in multiple ways, in multiple cultures.  
It is each to its own way of perception.*

And while different cultures do have different terminology and ways of relating to the Father, it is the case that all those who successfully commune with the Divine share common traits such as Harmony and Oneness with Nature, Peaceful disposition, Respect of Self and others, and Sovereign Expression. To these cultures and people the notion of destroying, killing, debasing, conquering, subduing, converting, ruling, dominating, or profiting from their fellow men and Earth is incomprehensible and alien indeed.

Whatever you do and whichever way you Honor and Develop your Relationship with the Divine just remember that Divine Answers Respect all Living Things and that the Divine isn't engaged in any battles.

Something else that needs briefly explained is the convention we adopted to capitalize certain words that have various, and often times opposing, meanings and therefore are prone to being misinterpreted or misused because of this. In short, when we capitalize words within a sentence we do so to specifically refer to the 'healthy' and thus benevolent interpretation of these words that supports a Life and Sovereign Expression Harmonious with Creation and the Good Will and Intent of the Father Which Is in Heaven. When we write the same words without capitalization we do so to denote the misunderstandings associated with these words.

For example, in our writings, lower case 'l,' love, refers to the common misconception that associates this 'love' with sexual passion (which is a word derived from the Latin word 'pati' which means 'to suffer'), sexual arousal, and / or physical attraction and requires such things as putting others first, attachment, control, self denial, (self) sacrifice, compromise, duty, etc., etc..

Capital 'L,' Love, on the other hand, refers in our writings to a Feeling that Elevates, Respects, Cares, Appreciates, brings Well Being and Comfort, and supports such states of expression as Health, Humor, Kindness, Peace, and Benevolence. An experience that is innate to our Being or Who We Are and is independent of others although its expression in us may be facilitated in their presence just like being in Nature facilitates us getting in touch with our inner Peace.

Similarly, little 'p' play denotes doing things in the way of the world and from the perception of the world. It includes slabor, fighting, resisting, profiting, ruling, destroying, abusing, killing, warring, saving, converting, and trying to defeat or overcome the 'bad guys,' whoever they may happen to be at any given time, so we can be 'safe.'

While, big 'P' Play indicates what we came here to Earth to do: Play in Father's Garden in a Light Hearted, Respectful, Joy-full, Constructive, Edifying Way through which we manifest our Divinity and expand our experience, KNowledge, and Understandings of Creation and Father Which Is in Heaven's Good Will and Intent for us.

As you can see, this convention, while seemingly simple, is of utmost significance to facilitate a Proper interpretation of our writings.

Obviously we can't nor haven't applied this convention to every word we use for that would be too cumbersome. Neither does this convention apply to proper names, though many times we purposely 'downgrade' a proper name to lower case to emphasize the point we seek to convey.

Occasionally we may miss a capitalization, however the concepts being conveyed within the sentence and paragraph will make it perfectly clear whether we are referring to the 'unhealthy' or 'healthy' meaning of the word.

In-Joy



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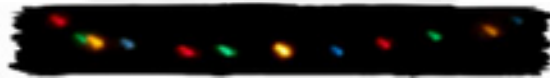
## Restfully unproductive

September 12 2014

Almost a year had passed since that infamous day in which Showay's Life was endangered. He was now as settled as he could be in the new rental property which lay in a small, relatively quiet town. One thing he certainly enjoyed about this place was the adjoining city park, which afforded him and Breye-yendeze nice walks as well as a reduced number of neighbors.

These months had been a time of rest and respite, as well as of much needed cleansing which resulted, among other things, in greater clarity of perception. He had been a little concerned about his lack of "productivity" yet Aurora reassured him that while his "spring fever" had lasted longer than ordinary, it was not of concern.

"Just before the bursting forth of flowering in Nature", she explained to an attentive Showay, "comes a brief dormancy which is creative and contemplative in Nature. Allow such moments in your life my good friend, for they have a purpose and design in your life".



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## Finally...

September 13 2014

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InJoy.



## Back in time

September 23 2014

One thing that would reoccurringly surface to trouble Showay during this otherwise Peaceful and uneventful time of respite, was his visit to the farms. He knew what he had seen. He knew he could easily identify some of the more apparent differences between the four farms. Yet, there was an intangible understanding he simply could not translate into words. Something seemed to be blocking his capacity to speak from his Heart in this matter.

"Perhaps today things will resolve themselves," thought Showay as became aware of the brightness of the morning Light dancing its way into the house. This dance of Light orchestrated by the trees as they moved in unison with the breeze, clearly carried the invitation to Injoy the "great outdoors."

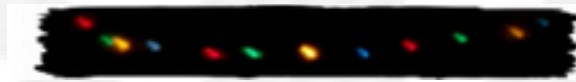
Picking his leather bound diary and favorite pen, he walked to the porch and sat on an old wooden rocking chair that had been left behind by someone unknown to him. HelioStella was shining bright above a blue sky dotted with puffy white clouds. The cool breeze was brisk, refreshing, and felt very cleansing to him. It was one of those days that awakened the inner sense of well being and safety, for it conveyed the Good Will and Intent of the Heavenly Father for his children.

As he relaxed into such magnificent experience, he became aware of Aurora's presence. She was standing a few feet in front of him. "Common interest is not your fear factor," she volunteered with her soft melodic voice, "you are simply looking in the wrong place."

Showay smiled toward her in thanksgiving and without much ado began contemplating her guidance. Recognizing his need for privacy, Aurora softly dissipated from his perception. Soon thereafter, Showay had his firsts 'aha' moments. "Ok, I get it. My difficulty in writing about this is not directly related to what I saw during my visit to the farms... and, if I understand Aurora right, it is neither related to me having a common artistic interest with my mom."

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Suddenly, without a trace of warning, a deep seated pain surfaced for release. The pain carried with it touches of disdain and scorn for other people's capacity to succeed where he had failed. Instinctively Showay recognized the importance of breathing through this experience rather than ignoring or suppressing it. As he did so, he also laid what surfaced on the Altar of Divine Love and Power in Right and Proper Exchange for Truth. And so it was he found himself transported back in time...



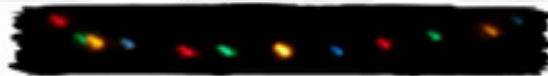
## Air of grandiosity

October 10 2014

... a time in his preteens, when he still actively pursued his interests in arts and crafts. At school he delved into the creative projects with gusto and enthusiasm of heart, while at home, he shared in his mom's artistic endeavors with great interest. Many hours were spent observing his mom work with the inks and fountain pens skillfully used to draw patterns on glass. Many more hours were also spent observing her accurately fill the patterns with oil paints and using sheets of gold to give the final patina to the pieces of art.

It was during this time that his art teacher gave the class the big news that they would participate in the school's first open house. Each student was to pick a fairly simple and straightforward project to be worked on during the open house for visitors to see and inquire about. This immediately sparked Showay's somewhat dormant need for self aggrandizement into a roaring blaze. If he could congregate people around him, he reasoned in his young heart, he would be able to show his mom he was worthy of her love and approval.

"Look mom," he would say triumphantly to her at the end of the day, "I can be just like you. I showed people how great I was and they gathered around me and admired my work." "Yes," she would finally say, "you are worthy to be my son."



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## The big day

October 15 2014

Recognizing the fallacy of his thinking, his teacher tried to water down Showay's dreams of grandiosity to no avail. He was sure to win "the prize" of admiration and approval and with great focus and pride began preparation for that grand day.

Early in the morning of open house day, Showay enthusiastically set up his table - carefully laying out inks, paints, fountain pens, and brushes next to his masterpiece. As soon as he was satisfied with the layout, he mixed the first colors and began work on his project which, contrary to instructions, was neither simple nor straightforward. In fact, to his perception, his choice was so much more grandiose than anything his friends were doing, that it was guaranteed to bring admiration his way.

As the early morning progressed, the first visitors made their appearance down the aisle. Aware of their approach, Showay did his best to appear "humbly disinterested" even though his heart was pounding strong and his thirst for approval was great. He carefully but stealthily monitored their progress anticipating the moment of the first "wows and oohs" that would make his desire for 'mommy's love and approval' a reality.

"They're almost here... stay calm," he advised himself as he was preparing to greet them, yet to his dismay, the visitors simply gave him a brief disinterested look and quickly moved on, only to stop at someone else's table. "How could it be? Maybe... maybe it's just them. The next group will surely visit...", he reassured himself never anticipating the fact that this scene was to repeat itself all day long.

It didn't take many hours of the same repeating pattern for Showay to finally accept that his greatest day was not to be. The recognition of his failure quickly fueled the sense of inadequacy so carefully instilled in him by his mom through the calculated control and withdrawal of love and approval. With all hopes vanished, his disappointment quickly turned into jealousy and resentment toward his fellow classmates whose "inferior" projects were drawing all attention away from him.

## Breakthrough

November 3 2014

Back in the present Showay felt a warm sense of compassion toward himself as a child.

Contemplating this event with the clarity time bestows, he recognized where the problem lay. Following the the guidance of a good friend, he began talking to the lonely and angry child that sat alone during that infamous open house day.

"It's ok my friend," Showay told himself with a soft and warm tone, "you are a good young man... the problem is not your enthusiasm. The problem is not your love for art and the joy of creating. The problem is the motivation behind your choices. The energy you chose to hold and give expression to. I know you can't see it right now for no one taught you this, but this energy tarnished your art. The vast majority of people really don't like being around those who seek self-aggrandizement. What people like is being around honest and simple people. Today you were shown this. By ignoring you, they actually did you a favor. They were letting you know your motivation was wrong. If you had done something you liked just because you in-joyed it, just like your friends did, people would have stopped by and supported you. Trust me on this one my good friend, trying to be like your mom and doing things to get her love and approval will ruin your life. Let it go... just let it go. Make a different choice, a choice for simplicity and honesty and you will see your life change for the better..."

The rocking motion of the chair was very soothing to Showay who was once again aware of the refreshing and cleansing breeze which gently invited him to let go of his sorrow and welcome Joy. In so doing, he was transported back in time again and was shown how after a few more failed attempts at expressing feelings through art, he embraced the security of the linear and cold expression of technical drawing or drafting.

"That's it! That's what I saw at the farms!" exclaimed a triumphant Showay, "The difference and contrast between cold functional housing versus the warmth of art!"

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## A slight shift

November 15 2014

As he contemplated this revelation he was very aware how the deeply seated pain and disappointment he just surfaced affected his life and interfered with his capacity to progress in his Spiritual Journey. He could also see how jealousy and competition became more ingrained in him as he grew older. To his dismay, he also recognized for the first time how the need to gain love and approval from people like his mom propelled him to excel at everything he did. Always seeing himself superior to his fellow "simple / everyday" men while greedily envying the "elevated" positions of those affected by the same darkness as his mom.

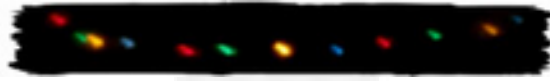
"It's so disgusting... and so wrong...", Showay thought in consternation as he began the Altar work to free himself from these distortions and welcome Truth of his Divine Simple Nature, free of superiority and competition. As he progressed in this process, he saw again how, as the years passed by, his interest and attention began to slowly but surely shift toward the cold, non artistic, callused, and angled drawing principles of engineering. Devoid of Feelings and Love. Cold and un-compassionate.

"I see," he acknowledged to himself as he began to see images of the architectural plans his friends in college drew for class. "Architectural drawings and construction plans are as cold and devoid of True Feelings as engineering plans."

It was as he followed his understanding and allowed it to expand within his consciousness that he received a slight shift in perception, "I get it, we really shouldn't look to engineers or architects to design structures and housing. This is something artists should do... artists who know how to touch the Heart and Nourish the Soul with Beauty..." Looking toward AurorA who had quietly manifested shortly after his breakthrough, he said, "Not bad..."

AurorA smiled, "your Greater Endeavor and your greater fear become more separated as your focus continues in the path of the Father's Direction and Good Will. Now is the hour your Greater Endeavor shall take a major turn toward the Receptive-Creative

Endeavor. This was never intended to be. They never believed nor conceived you could obtain such Knowledge. Write down what you were shown and you shall continue to secure forbidden KNowledge..."



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## Finally... the list

November 16 2014

Enthused by Aurora's promise of forbidden Knowledge, Showay stood up with his pen and diary and went inside to prepare for the next stage of his progression. Breye-Yendeze who had been quietly accompanying Showay, slowly raised his head and began his stretching exercises. First his neck. Then his front legs and finally his hindquarters. He knew it was time for his walk and did not want to miss the opportunity to share this time with Showay. In his mind, it was way too early to go inside during such a wonderful day. With his stretching complete, he ran vigorously toward his friend and began to jump and move his head in a "follow me" motion. Showay immediately responded and for a while they chased each other inside the house before returning to the great outdoors.



HelioStella was now passed the zenith and Showay was at his desk. The walk with Breye-Yendeze had given him some time to clear his mind and welcome the knowledge that was available to him from visiting the farms. Without much delay, he began to record:

"The house in the first farm was made of wooden construction. This natural use of materials made the house very welcoming and warm to me. It was well constructed with many details that showed the skills of those who build it. Sa-vel, who was in charge of the animals, also build some barns and structures using a more rustic approach to save money. He used what is normally considered an undesirable waste product from wood milling operations - first cut slabs with the bark still in place. This actually made the buildings much more inviting and natural and allowed them to blend very well with the surrounding forest.

Now, the next farm I visited was..., yes, the organic garden. Yeah, I remember! I went there expecting a paradise and was totally disappointed. The raised beds where there, the greenhouse was there, and the house as well, but it all lacked something.



Everything was just there, but it seemed empty or disconnected. Even though the house was mostly built by the people I met there, it had no "message" so to speak. It was functional, well constructed, excellent skills, but something was missing... It later became obvious to me that Norah's focus was on her healing work, while her husband's focus was on his job away from the land. The land, the gardens, the house, were just there to support them in their pursuit, but there was no connection. Perhaps this had to do with their choice to sell the land?

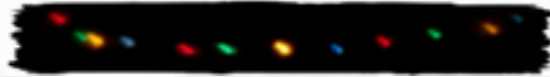
Ok, then came the cattle ranch. Rotsa explained to me that he and his sons renovated the entire house themselves, inside out. This was visible to me. Care to detail and workmanship was everywhere to be seen. The interior of the house was inviting and had some warmth to it, but what really shined was the guesthouse. This little addition was built from scratch and while the exterior was bland, the interior was something else. I remember going through the door, and immediately feeling at home in a way I had not experienced in any of the other houses. What made the difference? Rosta explained that it was his elder son, a very capably artist, who decided to use a tree trunk as part of the interior design as well as the handcrafted rustic staircase railing which he himself built from scratch. So maybe what I felt and saw in this little guesthouse was that man's love for his creative expression. Maybe that's why it felt so warm and welcoming.

Then came the masterpiece. No one could have prepared me for the beauty I saw that day. I knew Lorahd was an internationally renown artist, but the house he was living in was just unbelievable. He explained to me that he bought this house from a man who spent years building his dream house. A dream house not in terms of size, but in the sense of a "labor of love". That I noticed, not a single piece in that houses' interior was factory made. All of it, every windowsill, every counter, every cabinet, every stair step was handcrafted from local materials and a lot of it incorporated the natural shape of the available material. Having been raised in an industrial age, where almost everything is machine made or mass produced, I had no idea anyone could or would do such thing. Seeing this house additionally enhanced by Lorahd's art of touching beauty and richness of color made me realize how inadequate and constricted my creativity was. I remember being very aware not only of the many years it would take me to achieve such quality of expression, but of the shift in perception and inner change that such achievement would require. This is when I realized how restricted I had become

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because of my studies in engineering. No room for the creative expression of feelings. No warmth, no... what's the word I'm looking for... no...passion. Passion! Maybe that's the difference I was being shown.

Let's see what the dictionary says about passion."



## Cold shower

November 25 2014

Without hesitation and full of enthusiasm Showay stood up and walked toward his bookcase where he last remembered seeing the dictionary. "Let's see... yep, here it is." Without delay he searched for the word. "Ok, passing, passing tone, passion... here it is! 'A strong outburst of strong feeling, especially of... violence or anger!?' Now that's unexpected. Let's see what else it says... 'an intense sexual desire or lust!?' Wow... let's see what the root of the word is... 'to suffer'!?"

Still slightly in shock from the cold shower he had just received, he slowly walked back to his desk, dictionary in hand. "Now this changes things a lot. I always thought finding and following 'your passion' was desirable and that doing something with passion was beneficial, but... why would I want to find and follow that which would cause me to suffer or do things with intense anger, violence, or lust? I know that's not what I saw in these houses... so what other word can I use to describe what I saw... what other word... well... maybe I'll have to just do with art. Let's take a look."

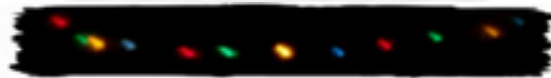
Unsure of what other surprises he might find he re-opened his dictionary. Slowly and with some reservation, he flipped its pages until he found what he was looking for. "Art... let's see... 'esthetically pleasing and meaningful arrangements of colors, shapes, elements...' and 'forms of human activity such as literature, music, painting, drawing...'. Well that's not too bad," he thought, "certainly bland and devoid of feelings... but perhaps a good start." As he continued reading down the list of definitions he came across a statement that caught his attention. "Now that's odd. Here it says, that art is 'human work or endeavor as contrasted with nature'. How can this be? I know from earlier explorations that humanity is part of nature. How can then something that is of nature create something that is distinguished from it? Let's see, ok, here I see, art is also defined as 'crafty conduct, cunning or tricks'."

Closing the dictionary, he laid back on his chair and closed his eyes. "What's the meaning of this?", he pondered. Suddenly, with the self-assurance of a man who has received a strong insight, Showay opened his eyes, picked up the dictionary again, and

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began scanning it as he followed down the list of words beginning with the prefix "art". It was in this exercise his eyes settled on the word "artificial".

"Artificial... 'produced by human art rather than nature'. So here we have it again... that separation between humanity and nature... Let's see, what else it says... 'imitation of something natural, feigned, not genuine, fictitious'." Reclining back on his chair and closing his eyes again he pondered. "On one hand there is a seemingly benign definition of art, yet on the other there is a definition that clearly defines human art as artificial... a sham... a deceptive practice... as something designed to deceive... so... how do you put this together?"



## Forward Progression

November 27 2014

"So how do you put this together?" pondered Showay, "I know that on the surface it would appear this is another one of these words that contains both the definition of the problem and the answer, but this seems to be different... the definition of 'artificial' is clear and to the point... human art is... well, artificial and unnatural. But how can what is natural create something unnatural? Unless... unless... it somehow becomes separated from nature... which is how I used to perceive myself as. Let's see... what this really tells me is that all these so called meaningful arrangements of colors and elements... all these rules and principles that define what we call literature, music, drawings, sculptures, and so on... are really something unnatural... some kind of deception, a sham designed to separate us from Nature... wow, now that's something to chew on..."

Despite his success, Showay was very aware that this recognition was something that perhaps many people would not even recognize as a problem. "Duuh! We are humans not animals... what did you expect?" he imagined erudites proclaiming as he saw images of "civilized" people looking down to the inferior barbarians who lived in Nature and had not developed "arts".

"What about expression of our Creativity in a way that is Natural and a True extension of who we are? " he imagined himself replying. "What about rules and principles that instead of separating or alienating us from Nature, actually facilitate our creative expression as an integral part of it?"

Without warning, as all phones have a tendency to do, Showay's phone began ringing. The unexpected cold mechanical ring startled him back to the physical world. With a pounding Heart caused by the slight scare he answered. "Hallo?"

"Showay?"

"Aurora? What are you doing on the phone?"

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"Thought I would announce myself first. May I visit?"

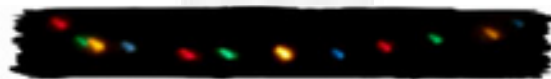
"Of course you may my friend," replied Showay with a happy smile, recalling the first time Aurora used the phone and the good memories of such Mystical and Magical journey.

Slowly but surely, and in a way Showay would almost describe as Playfully funny, Aurora began to condense her energy so as to become visible to his physical senses. Without much ado, she began, "The time has come to lay aside petty grievances, complaints, and ill wills. It is you Father's Good Will to give you the Kingdom, yet you harbor complaints against those who would control or usurp your apparent Divine Connection."

Showay was caught a little bit off guard. He was aware of the anger and frustration surfaced by what he had just uncovered, but he certainly didn't make much of it nor expect it to become a topic of conversation. Fortunately, he was able to remain centered enough to recognize Aurora's use of the word 'apparent' was designed to make it clear that, notwithstanding his own incapacity to perceive it, his Divine Connection was indeed visible to those who sought to interfere with it.

"It is not without difficulty that you encounter those who would claim that which is rightfully yours to obtain. However, in your Greater Endeavor, you seek the Pure and Divine. It is now your Divinely Appointed Opportunity to unveil the great myth that has restrained humankind from advancement. It is time to lay the sorrow and pain down. I shall be back on the morrow of a new HelioStella rise."

"You mean you are just going to let me waiting after what you've just said...?"



## The search goes on

November 29 2014

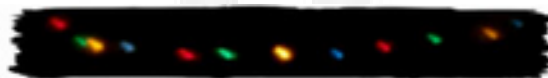
Showay anticipated the new day with great eagerness, but to his disappointment Aurora did not make herself present neither before, during, nor after HelioStella's rise. Having waited long enough to his perception, he decided it would be best to continue his quest for words that could express what he saw during the visit to the farms.

Back at his desk, he wrote down, "In visiting these farms I was able to see and experience first hand how our focus and energy is conveyed in that which we create / build / construct. In the past I would have used the word "passion" to help define what I saw. However, I wont to do so now in Light of this recent exploration which uncovered that passion is derived from the word "pati" which means "to suffer". Another word that I would have used to describe what I came to understand is "art" but to me this word is also inappropriate because it signifies rules and principles that are deceptively designed to separate us from Nature while giving the false impression of being an elevated expression of who we are."

"So now what?" he mused. "There has to be a word I can use which is devoid of false expression. What could it be? Artisan? Let's see... 'artisan', 'a trained or skilled workman, see artist'. Ok, 'artist'... 'one who is skilled in or makes a profession in any of the fine arts'. Well, that takes me right back to where I began. But it is interesting to note that according to this dictionary, artists are creative, while artisans do more of a mechanical work that lacks creative expression.

So what else can I use? Craftsman? 'One skilled in the techniques of an art. One engaged in a craft'. Craft? 'skill or proficiency, especially in hand work. Skill in deception, guile, cunning'. So here we go again... another one of those concepts that has truth and deception...

Seems to me there is reason enough to coin a new term..."



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## A glimpse

December 1 2014

Showay was outside with Breye-Yendeze in-joying HelioStella's rise wondering if today would be the day to learn about the myth Aurora briefly mentioned during her last visit. The skies were once again lit with unusual colors. "I remember when the colors were all reds, yellows, and oranges," shared Showay with his friend, "now, I think I can even distinguish a hint of purple... not to mention the pink shades that have been present for quite a few years... you think this has anything to do with point of departure, my good friend?"

Breye-Yendeze looked at him in the eyes with a quizzical look. "You are certainly asking the wrong dog," he joked.

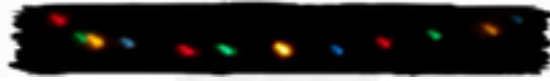
In the magic of such comical moment, Aurora announced herself to Showay and coagulated next to him. "I bid you a good new day," she volunteered. "It is neither in your best interest, nor detriment, to undertake anything so long as you are stuck in judgment and condemnation of those who would usurp your Spiritual Powerfulness. Stay centered, stay focused, and you shall proceed innately or inherently. The proper course, prayer, and steadfastness in your Endeavor shall prevail upon the right direction."

Aurora's guidance did not go unheeded and Showay found himself jokingly wondering whether he had the strength to face what she was about to share or he should simply run away...

"Now as to your concern. It matters not by what name, or plan, or scheme you endeavor to define or label that which is the Divine Manifestation. Yes, the Father is the Voice. Source is the Creative Receptive Principle. All That Is encompasses that which is the creation / manifestation of All That Is. It is perhaps like a step down in Power / Transformation to Creator Source from which Principle all human life derives. Whatever the physical manifestation, humanity is born of energy. Rather than a single principle, it is two fold in nature. Rather than God - Son - Holy Spirit, encompassed



herewith is Masculine, Feminine Creative Principle. This information long hidden and kept secret was ordained to be considered 'sacred taboo'. Now you have a glimpse of that which is called 'forbidden knowledge'."



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## A myth unveiled

December 3 2014

Noticing Showay's readiness, Aurora continued, "It is your Father's Good Pleasure to give you that which you seek this day. Toil not, labor not. Be receptive for that which is within you to do."

Upon hearing these words, Showay realized that he identified receptivity as a feminine quality.

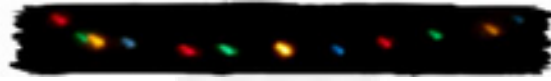
"It is out of the Receptive Principle which all is born. Creativity issues forth from Receptivity. Yield not to the will of the world / mortal will, for all is in the Father's Good Will this day. Seek you not the Kingdom at every turn? Then turn you within to the Receptive. That which is within you, which brings forth new Life is the Creativity which springs forth from Receptivity. Harken unto your Creative Principle for the birth of a new consciousness."

Showay understood it was for him to focus on his own "birthing" process which in a symbolic way was represented by the books he was writing. Through these books, he was shown, the seeds he received and continues to receive from Father take form and bear great fruit, great reward, and great life. Showay was very aware that this process was a way for him to understand the great value of the feminine principle in him.

"When mankind is removed or alienated from his creativity," Aurora continued, "he becomes less than whole or complete. It is insufficient than womankind bare the whole, sole, and complete responsibility of creative expression. To find fullness and completeness as a man of creativity requires simply to be free of constructs, limitations, restrictions that require men to exhibit or express the feminine receptive."

"Is this the myth that's holding humankind from advancement?"

Smiling, she continued, "Source is the fiber of nourishment of the Soul. It is your Soul's Desire to Dance, to Create Freely, Divinely Inspired - a task formerly assigned to feminine energy."



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## Struggle

December 5 2014

Showay's initial receptivity to Aurora's words turned quickly into an internal struggle. Two seemingly opposite ideas were seeking reconciliation in his Heart. "I'm confused," he shared, "how can you say I should be receptive and then say men should let go of identification with the feminine receptive? Isn't receptivity a feminine quality?"

"A trap of the church has been this feminine restriction so that a creative man could only identify with feminine energy. A few have surpassed this restriction, but many in the church still subscribe to this image."

"So, if I get this right, you are saying that because there is no recognition nor examples of men creating in a Divinely Inspired Way, my Soul concluded that this is something only women could do?"

"Identification with your creativity is maternal due to the energy system you believe or engage that says only feminine maternal creates. Childbearing is Divinely Authorized. Your Soul longing to be Divinely Inspired in Creativity transcending human nature found definition in maternal identification."

"In other words, my Soul began to acquire a feminine persona to act out its great Desire to be Creative... something which in its perception could only be expressed through childbearing..." Showay's demeanor was calm and subdued. "This explains a lot of stuff..."

"You have now began a struggle to free your Creative Energy and Endeavor while retaining masculine definition."

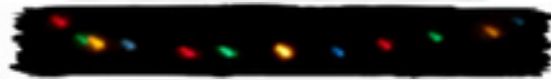
"So I don't need to be a woman to be Creative and Receptive?"

"Your mom would a companion or compatriot make while seeking your Divine spiritual masculine power, for in her mind or way of thinking all power and authority in the

church lay in the hands of men. By controlling your masculine drive, she gains the power of / over you which she sought to take from your dad too. To a lesser degree she emasculates your brothers as well. However, haven fallen pray early, your devastation and desire more complete."

"You mean she is behind this crap too? Is there no end to the damage this woman has caused in my life?"

"Breathe...," suggested Aurora with great Love and compassion. "Follow you this train of thought? Comprehend you the nature of this?"



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## Transition

December 9 2014

After a rather large pause taken to give Showay time to breathe, Aurora continued, "Integrate you must. Release resistance to a man of Great Power Creating. Stop emaciating yourself in your endeavor to fulfill your feminine desire of a creative nature. Be robust in health and statue. Be a man whom the Gods assure in Power and Productivity of Wisdom."

The energy conveyed by Aurora's words was very clear. It was time for Showay to stop starving himself to support the feminine image his Soul adopted. "So it is ok for me to become strong and robust so as to support my Wisdom and Strength?"

"That is indeed so. However, think not to split apart your Soul," Aurora cautioned him. "Vast is the window of opportunity through which you may reintegrate / re-initiate / inspire / instill those attributes as a whole and integrated being, man, creator. You are longing to restore / regain the effeminate receptive principle needs to go a transition or transformation into the masculine receptive principle. That is enough for contemplation and consideration this hour, at this moment in time."



## Flower power

December 11 2014

Even though several hours had passed since Aurora's departure, Showay was still amazed by the extent to which her conveyance had awakened him to the part of his Soul that identified with the maternal, feminine energy. While in the past he would have automatically blamed and condemned himself for such experience, this time, he allowed himself to welcome and embrace it. Aurora's words were still dancing in his mind, "You are longing to restore the effeminate receptive principle needs to go a transformation into the masculine receptive principle."

It was a challenging thing to do for sure, but he reminded himself often that it was ok to surface this effeminate energy so he could allow its transformation. As he did this, he remembered another conversation with Aurora. A conversation in which she explained how individuals who consider themselves spiritual, sometimes blind themselves to distortions of self because after all, in their logic "spiritual people don't have those problems or act in such ways."

"If I were to not block myself or deny myself," Showay pondered, "what would I do or experience? What else could I do to support this process?"

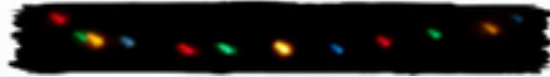
As he contemplated this while focused on his breathing, he was shown. Without delay, Showay made a short trip to the store and acquired some nourishing female clothing. Back at home, he proceeded to change clothes still amazed by how excited he felt about the entire process. A lot of energy was being freed and moved. It was almost an intoxicating and overpowering experience.

Once dressed, he looked in the mirror and got fully in touch with his Soul. "Wow," he exclaimed, "my Soul had really been wanting to do this for a while."

Rather than allowing himself to get lost in the energy, Showay reminded himself that the process he was undergoing wasn't about making this effeminate desire a permanent way of life, but rather about surfacing this energy for transformation into

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the masculine receptive principle. It was about learning what it Truly meant to be a Divinely Inspired Creative man in full expression of his masculinity. Something, he figured, probably very few men upon Terra had successfully accomplished. This gave Showay further reassurance and freedom to delve deeper into the experience.





## Simple and sublime

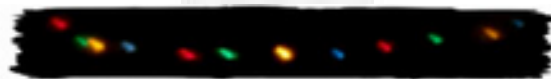
December 15 2014

Recalling Aurora's words regarding his Soul's Desire to dance, Showay began to dance around the house. He effortlessly jumped here and there in a ballet like motion and twirled around as gently as he could... really making an effort to express this effeminate energy. It was a sight to be seen, sure to elicit laughter and ridicule from the untrained eye, but he did not care. His Heart was set on successfully dealing with this issue.

Perhaps it was his strong Desire to find restoration that opened the door... Or perhaps it was just chance... Or perhaps it was just Divine Choreography at Play setting the stage for Showay's Progression... Or perhaps it was just all of the above, but it so happened, that as he danced around, the neighborhood children walked by the house making a lot of noise. Stirred by their rowdy voices and laughter Showay came to an abrupt halt.

Slightly shaken, but unwilling to stop the process, he made it to his recliner and sat down. With valor and determination he began to breathe so as to clear the energies that had surfaced. It was then, after the initial crud was cleared that he realized that underneath all that distortion, was a simple and sublime desire to unite Love and Power... and to create life...

"Such sacred and innocent Desire," Showay uttered as tears began to roll down his face.



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## Untangling the tangled

December 17 2014

Showay sat in silence for a while in the midst of his unexpected discovery. As he allowed himself to dwell upon the sacredness and innocence of the Creative Energy, he came to know the strength with which his Soul desired to partake in it. "Who wouldn't?" he wondered as he continued to enjoy this moment. "It's such a sacred Desire... and yet I have no notion of how to give it expression..."

It was in this recognition that Aurora's explanations transcended the intellectual realm into the experiential one. "I can really see this now..." he continued in his contemplation. "First I was denied all outlets of this Creative Energy through my masculinity... and this created repression. Then I was taught this energy expresses only in women through childbearing... which created the need to become one. Later, I was taught childbearing requires sexual intercourse... which tricked my Soul into concluding it wanted to be... These suckers!!! What a setup!!!"

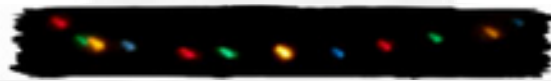
Showay was appalled by how the unrighteous - unholy had deliberately distorted the expression of this higher Creative Energy of Divine Manifestation. "We are meant to be nourished by this, not degraded through it...this is so cruel..."

After he dealt with the pain, anger, and hatred surfaced by this realization, not to mention the need to see each and every unrighteous - unholy burn in hell for what they had consciously done to People upon Terra, Showay discovered that the innocence and sacredness of Divinely Inspired Creativity had really little to do with sexual expression and absolutely nothing to do with lust.

"It's amazing," Showay thought, "how this higher Creative Energy and the innocent and natural Desire to experience it, has become so misdirected through manipulation of the childbearing capacity of women... and how this has been further distorted into the mundane occurrence of sexual intercourse via lust that causes so much misery and abuse in this world. I mean... I can clearly feel how sexual energy is the "downgraded" version of this Creative Energy, but it still retains the innocence which would allow for

its healthy expression... but lust, that's another thing altogether. Lust feels totally different... it's devoid of innocence or sacredness... it is truly alien and unnatural. In a way it seems like this lust has been artificially superimposed on us and for lack of recognition, we think they are one and the same... of course! That's what Aurora referred to when she spoke of 'altered Terra energy'!

"You have been told to believe lust is Terra's natural energy," Aurora explained to him many moons ago, "therefore, being born of Terra, animals could do no less, much less humans who 'descend from apes'. They claim it is the 'animal instinct of your expression' to seek sex and violence for the preservation of your species. Yet, in fact the extent to which mankind responds to this distorted energy is the extent to which it is receptive to it."



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## Free and happy

December 18 2014

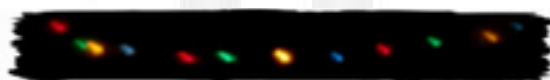
This increased awareness or perhaps, better said, heightened receptivity, allowed Showay to recognize that childbearing in an of itself was just but one way in which women were to be Divinely Creative and that it was never intended for it to become the only way they could express their Creativity. "Much less become the defining characteristic that made a woman worthy in society's eyes," he muttered thinking of the many societal prejudices against women who were barren or chose not to have children.

"Childbearing," he continued, "is supposed to be a sacred experience chosen only by the most advanced spiritual beings... who can partake of such expression while retaining the innocence and sacredness Divinely Intended for such occasion."

Showay paused for a while to contemplate what he saw. "This is really interesting... in a way, it is like with the farms. The energy with which the person engages in the creative process gets infused or transmitted into the creation. So in case of childbearing, this self chosen choice to not procreate until mastery of one's own Spiritual Life would ensure that the developing child would only be infused with sacredness, innocence, and beauty... What a difference that would make..."

Once again, he paused and contemplated. In this he realized that until such mastery is achieved, People upon Terra would be way happier if they would give themselves permission to overcome societal indoctrination and simply allow themselves to focus on their own development, their own journey, their own process of giving tangible expression to their Creative Energy in ways that transcended worldly imposed restriction.

"We would be so free... and so happy..."



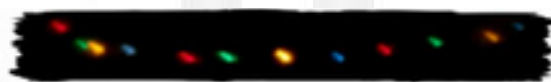
## Movement

December 22 2014

Several days had passed since Showay 'weathered the storm of identity' and began the process of redefining himself in the Divine. Occasionally, he would allow himself to wear the skirt again so as to facilitate his receptivity and creativity. The skirt was actually very nice and simple. Light in fabric and quite colorful. Vibrant pinks, fuchsias, turquoises, and greens were used on a black background to give shape and form to various kinds of small flowers and geometrical patterns. These intense colors lifted his spirit while the flow of the skirt undulating synchronistically with the movement of his legs reminded him of tall grass dancing to the tune of a cool summer breeze. "So much more fun and rich than monotonous single colored pants..."

Today he was back at his desk tackling once again the visit to the farms. "What I need," he wrote down, "is a new term... a new term that can facilitate the understanding that what is created carries the energy and intent of those who participate in its creation. For example, the man at the organic farm who did most of the construction himself was very skilled, but what he built was lacking something and thus made the house feel impersonal to me. So what did it lack? Warmth for sure, but what else? Mobility? Flexibility? Perhaps it's the capacity to see beyond 90 degree angles..."

As he contemplated this, he had a sense of rigidity. "Too rigid you have become," were the words that came to mind. Looking within for how he felt when he visited the artist's house, he realized that part of the problem was a hardened personality or heart and that this blocked the flow of the creative energy that would impart Love, warmth, and rhythm to the creation... "in a way that is Harmonious with Nature," he noted recalling someone's observation that to work with Nature is to embrace and incorporate it's movement and gentle curves.





## About the Authors

Linda Diane Mead was born and raised in these United States of America. She obtained an under-graduate degree in Psychology with a minor in Philosophy and a PhD in Metaphysics from a Theological School.

Martin Riedel was born in Argentina, South America, and lived in Uruguay and Mexico as he grew up. After beginning college in Mexico he came to these United States of America, where he graduated with a degree in Chemical Engineering.

Upon meeting, they embarked on a memorable journey of self discovery that took them across the States. This book is one of the many fruits of their 'Labour of Love.'

Linda left the material plane in 2014.

