



Artless Creativity

Breaking the mold

A Showay and AuroraA Short Story

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.

This material is freely shared by us.

*If, in Joyful ThanksGiving,
you feel like sharing a Gift with us
please visit*

www.BlueStarWay.com/increase4all/Vision

Heartfelt Thanks

Artless Creativity

Breaking the mold

A Showay and Aurora short story

Written by Martin Gustav Riedel

E-Book Edition 2014

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


Based on Knowledge from Father Which Is in Heaven
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.*

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



As with any of our Showay and AurorA Stories,
any resemblance of this material to reality
is **Pure matter of perception.**

Side note

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

Table of Contents

The experience of creative expression.....	1
Pause Days.....	3
Crossing the line.....	5
A place to stay.....	7
A day in town.....	9
A story of manipulation.....	10
A walk in the park.....	11
I don't play.....	12
Story Time.....	13
Restfully unproductive.....	15
Back in time.....	16
Air of grandiosity.....	18
The big day.....	19
Breakthrough.....	20
A slight shift.....	21
Finally... the list.....	22
Cold shower.....	24
Forward Progression.....	26
The search goes on.....	28
A glimpse.....	29
A myth unveiled.....	30
Struggle.....	31
Transition.....	32
Flower power.....	33
Simple and sublime.....	34
Untangling the tangled.....	35
Free and happy.....	37
Movement.....	38
Much needed... long forgotten.....	39
All it takes.....	40
Artless Creativity.....	41
Warnings.....	43
An expansion.....	45
An old trap.....	46
A glimpse.....	48

The experience of creative expression

So here begins a new adventure into the written word to unveil some hidden Truths that have been encoded into the English language. Perhaps one day I will turn these explorations into some kind of Mystical and Magical adventure story played by our good friends Showay, AurorA, and Breye-Yendeze... as a matter of fact... why not begin right now?

Keep in mind that Showay stories are sci-fiction and that any similarity with reality is a Pure matter of perception.

Artless Creativity – Breaking the mold

A Showay and AurorA short story

It was a cold dark gloomy morning. The wind was hauling fiercely trying to bring in the winter cold which had been kept at bay by Father's God Will. Showay had awakened earlier than usual after a restless night. The pounding rain that preceded the winds had made it difficult for him to find Peace. For several years now, the unrighteous – unholy have been unsuccessfully targeting him with weather storms. He has always been blessed with AurorA's presence whose focus on the Father and Universal Truth would strengthen his developing capacity to receive a shield of protection that enveloped the land in which he dwelt. Yet, notwithstanding her presence, he would still sense uneasiness within when the lightning and thunder that accompanied some of these storms resembled more the sounds of war than the sounds of real storms.

Breye-Yendeze who had slept through the night fairly quietly, was anticipating his treats. He knew from the aromas that engulfed the kitchen, that Showay's bread and chicken soup would deserve at least two wide licks of approval.

"Nothing like a nice warm soup and fresh baked bread to facilitate getting in touch with the Goodness of Creation", thought Showay as he was smearing soft butter on the warm bread. As he sat by the kitchen to enjoy breakfast, he delighted in the

string of color lights and ornaments hanging from the walls and windows. He had learned from Father that ending his participation in the false witness of christmas did not mean abstaining from that which nourished his Soul. He had also learned from Him that he needed not limit the creation of Soul Nourishing spaces through the use of so called "christmas lights and ornaments" to a few days. Why return to the mundane when you can enjoy the Mystical and Magical each and every day of your life?

As the Light of HelioStella began to cast out the darkness of the night, the weather calmed down and the first fluffy snowflakes of the season touched the ground.

Pause Days

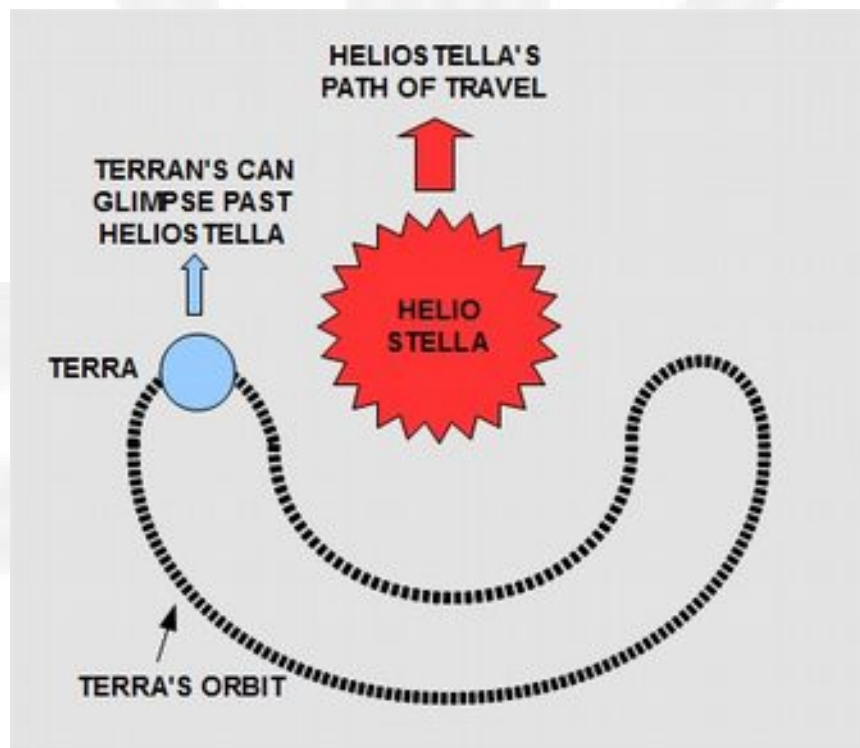
"A few more days...", thought Showay , "and daylight will begin to lengthen again." He was at his desk, looking at the diagram of Terra's orbit "around" HelioStella. With a smile he reclined in his chair and allowed his thoughts to drift back to that wonderful first night AurorA presented herself at the observatory and began sharing the Knowledge of Heliotropos. "It seems so long ago..."

Slowly but surely, he allowed himself to return to the present, where he realized it was time to take his great companion for a walk. No sooner he got up, Breye-Yendeze followed suit to let him know he was ready.

"Let's go Yendeze", exclaimed Showay as he opened the door. To his delight, it was not as cold outside as it sounded and as they had predicted it would be. The still strong winds and fresh air were invigorating. Looking up, he could see the first signs of puffy clouds beginning to supplant the shapeless monotony of the cover that accompanies artificial weather. Showay had always enjoyed watching puffy clouds navigate the blue skies and knew their presence was a sign that the skies would soon open again to let the Light of HelioStella shine through. AurorA had explained to him that certain clouds are living beings that find Joy in surfing the winds and that some of these beings provide their assistance to keep the skies free of scum. "Thank You Father for the Blessings of a new day", he said aloud. "Thank You Father for the Current Sea I receive this day full of Soul Nourishing, Life Giving, Righteous and Holy enhancing energy, for it is Your Will and Intent that it be so".

The routine Showay and Breye-Yendeze followed in their walk was fairly established. First they would go there, then they would go here, and later over there. Eventually, they would take a pause as they looked toward the rising HelioStella and each would say their morning ThanksGiving. As Showay stood still, facing the horizon, he became aware again that winter solstice meant Terra was not trailing behind HelioStella anymore, but rather traveling with him side by side. To his perception it was a time one could look toward the vast expanse of "space" through which HelioStella journeys.

"It's like looking into forever... ", he mused, "or is it into Eternity?" With a LightHeart, Showay continued his walk fully aware that this totally new perspective of Terra's and HelioStella's orbits had been given him in the most basic and simplified manner to assist his own shift in perception.



Crossing the line

The past several weeks had been full of unexpected events in Showay's Life. First, he received an unexpected monetary gift which, as was explained to him by AurorA, could be used in two ways. Either to maintain the "status quo" or to take a step beyond the line that had been drawn on the ground to ensure his success remained "out of reach".

"They tell you, you can't cross that line," explained AurorA, "for they know that if you did, your hat would surely land in the ring of the Divine". The imagery that accompanied her words reminded Showay of an amusement park and the many games which required players to toss rings unto bottles to win prizes.

"You will not be disqualified if you cross it", she continued. "The time is at hand to consider whether you are ready to step past this line to ensure your success."

Showay was certainly surprised to hear that crossing the line was not only acceptable but also necessary to fulfill his journey. He had been fooled into thinking he had to succeed from behind this line and that penalty or disqualification would surely follow from crossing it. After a few minutes of contemplation and readjustment, Showay took the first step past the line.

No sooner had he made the choice, things began to turn for the worse. Without apparent reason, his health began to decline and he found himself incapable of drinking the well water on the property. Researching the symptoms he was experiencing, he came to the conclusion that his problem was related to some kind of radioactive poisoning.

"Radioactive contamination", clarified AurorA, "not poisoning."

Her words were received by a troubled Showay with a sigh of relief. Poisoning would have meant certain death.

"It is time to stop enduring the play of death...", she continued, "you know you have overstayed your stay in this area."

Showay felt the immediacy in her words and decided it was time to take the next step toward success.

"Go only a few hours to the north", she guided. "You can't withstand a longer journey in your condition."

"A short journey", repeated Showay strengthened from knowing he would not have to travail for days on the road. "I can do that. Just a few hours..."

Without delay he began preparation.

A place to stay

The trip north was uneventful even though it started much later than anticipated. Showay never ceased to be amazed by how much there was to pack every time he moved. It always appeared to him that the last loose ends were the most time consuming to put away. He had yet to figure out how to get past that moment towards the end where it seemed that no matter how many boxes he would take out there was no visible progress.

"We're here Yendeze", Showay uttered in relief. The darkness of the night had already enveloped the landscape and this facilitated him getting in touch with his exhaustion. "It's time to call it a day", he thought as he began searching for lodging.

"There are only two places in town...", explained the night attendant at the traveler's station. "Keep going up north for a little bit longer and you will see them. There is no way to miss them."

Showay was happy to hear the town was large enough to provide lodging. Within a few short minutes the first place was in sight.

"This place looks expensive", he thought as he entered the lobby, "wouldn't surprise me if they didn't welcome dogs..."

"No dogs..." confirmed the receptionist. "We're sorry".

"That's fine".

Without delay, Showay made his way to the second option. This place was in the fringes of town. The property was poorly lit by a solitary street lamp that partially illuminated the deserted parking lot. If it wasn't for a dim light at the lobby, he would have assumed the place had been abandoned long ago. With some hesitation, he made his way inside and rang the bell for service. A few minutes later, an older woman made her appearance. Showay was pleased to notice her friendly attitude and energy.

"Sorry, but we really don't take large pets", she replied to Showay's inquiry. "I could call the owner but I know what he'll say."

Showay was very disappointed. By now the soreness of his muscles had caught up with him and this intensified his sense of exhaustion. The last thing he wanted to do was spend hours driving from town to town searching for lodging.

Sensing his distress, the woman invited him to explain what brought him to the area. "I can't help you, if I don't know what you are looking for", she said.

To Showay's surprise, her request came across as that of an old friend. With little hesitation, he explained his situation and his need to find a place around town to stay and recover his health.

"Ok", she responded with assurance, "now I know how to help you. What you need to do is go east. There you will find a small place that will welcome your pet. I know the owners and they are good people. What you are looking for... you will find there."

Showay's response was mixed. He was frustrated because he had hoped she would make an exception after hearing his story and simply let him stay at least for the night. Yet, he was also glad to know there was a place close at hand where he and his good friend could stay .

"Just go east, nor more than half an hour", she reaffirmed. "You will be welcomed there."

A day in town

Showay had a very good night and awakened with great anticipation to the endeavor of this day. As the old woman had reassured him, he and Breye-Yendeze were welcomed at the lodging she suggested... with a little bit of hesitation, but welcomed nevertheless. He was quite sure that it was the old woman's recommendation that tipped the balance in his favor in the owner's eyes.

After a quick breakfast, Showay headed toward town and began his quest to find a short term rental around the area. While AurorA had explained there were plenty of options to choose from, it turned out that all those that were available to him this day were either outside his budget or didn't welcome dogs. As he drove around town looking for rentals and visiting various rental agents, he was very aware of the unusual amount of people who seemed strongly and irresistibly enticing. The strength and focus it required to not engage with them energetically, or "lean" as AurorA would say, made the task at hand more difficult. AurorA had warned him of this possibility and he knew he could not afford to "play" if he was to succeed.

After several unfruitful hours, Showay decided it was time for lunch and found a quiet place to enjoy the sandwiches he had prepared earlier in the morning. As he took the first bite, he remembered a story. It was a story that eloquently conveyed the extent to which the unrighteous - unholy manipulate people through this "desire for another" which, As AurorA once explained to him, has been artificially implanted in the People of Terra.

A story of manipulation

Long ago, in what now seemed to be another lifetime, Showay had made a trip to the continent of antiquity to pursue the not so uncommon practice of what could perhaps be termed "shallow tourism". A practice that consisted in visiting "must see" tourist attractions while supporting an attitude of complete disregard for the real People of the land, their culture, and their way of life. It was during this trip that Showay somehow managed to get past the stream of tourists that congregate in these places. In so doing, he was able to establish a healthy friendship with a chauffeur whose real life stories facilitated the beginning of Showay's realization that something was amiss.

This man, who for purposes of this story shall be called Val-So, had at one point worked as a chauffeur for various foreign diplomats. A job that enmeshed him into the deceptively romanticized world of espionage and treason of humans against humans.

"One of the biggest challenges at that time", explained Val-So, "was removing a vehicle from an embassy so it could be wired and then returning it without anyone noticing. Compared to setting diplomats up, that was quiet a challenge."

"Setting them up?"

"Yes, you know, so that they could be forced to give us sensitive information for our government..."

"You mean turn them into moles?"

"Yeah, that's it. All we had to do is earn their trust and wait for them to ask us to arrange a place where they could engage in whatever perversions they had."

"Then what?"

"The rest was easy. Instead of taking them to a private place, we would take them to rooms that had been wired for voice and video... as you can imagine, once confronted with the evidence... self preservation prevailed over any sense of patriotism..."

A walk in the park

Back in the present, Showay had been sitting for a while in his vehicle trying to figure out what his next step should be. Recognizing the golden opportunity at hand, Breye-Yendeze suggested they go to the park and take a nice long walk. He was eager to explore new territory.

"That's a good idea," thought Showay. "I could certainly use the change."

The park was quite small, but had a nice meandering creek bursting with water from the recent rains. As they walked along the creek, the sound of the flowing water began to calm and quiet Showay's mind. Breye-Yendeze made a few valiant attempts to test the waters but Showay was quick to gently stop his good friend. The last thing he wanted was to infuse the room in which he was lodged with the aroma of a wet dog.

Refreshed by Nature, Showay felt ready to renew his quest and decided he would drive around town for a little bit longer. He drove back and forth, up and down and while he managed to find several more options, none were suitable. Disappointed by his apparent failure, he began the drive back to the motel. Little did he realize that regardless of appearances, his trip had been quite successful. Not only had he obtained the contact number for the man who had the right property for him, but he had also succeeded in not falling into the many traps that the unrighteous - unholy had set out for him. Such resounding achievement made it clear to the unrighteous - unholy that their windows of opportunity to turn Showay into a "valuable asset" had crumbled before their eyes. Consequently, they began making all the necessary arrangements for his disposal.

I don't play

The trip back to the motel was uneventful. Showay was happy to be back in the warmth of his room and after a quick meal went straight to bed hoping for a good night sleep and a better tomorrow.

The first attempt against his life came a few hours into his sleep. He felt it as an energy beam aimed at this head designed to literally melt his brains away. Immediately he began to affirm his choice for Father and strongly voiced his Desire to "not play". He did this with such strength that he actually woke himself up.

"They just tried to kill me", realized Showay as he was getting up from bed. He knew his experience was more than a simple dream. Slightly shaken, he began to pace back and forth within the confines of his room trying to calm down. His friend Breye-Yendeze was comfortably stretched along one of the side walls next to the bed. The calmness and peace displayed by him facilitated Showay quieting down. Thinking the worst was over, he went back to bed and quickly fell back asleep.

The second attempt against Showay's life came shortly thereafter. This time however, the attack was directed toward his entrails. Once again, without hesitation, Showay affirmed his choice for the Father and began voicing his Desire to "not play". Just as before, he was awakened by his own voice. Without thought, he raised himself from the bed and sat in a chair. Breye-Yendeze was still stretched out against the wall. Instead of quickly moving past the event as he did before, this time, Showay decided to dwell on what had just happened. In doing so, he became aware of what appeared to be strong damage to his entrails. While he was unsure whether it was his choice to focus on the event that allowed such energy to take hold he knew there was a need for quick action. Remembering AurorA's own experience averting an assassination attempt against her, he knew how to proceed.

Story Time

"Some time ago, during my own journey toward awakening", shared AurorA to an attentive Showay, "the unrighteous - unholy assigned one of their kind to stop my progression. Aware of the penalties such undertaking causes under Universal Law, this person contracted someone else to do her bidding. In this particular case, she payed a handsome ransom to her cardinal / archbishop to enlist the assistance of a secretive sect of remote seers who without guilt or remorse, where known for facilitating the demise of "enemies". I say without remorse or guilt because in their false logic they reason it is not them who cause death."

"How can that be?"

"They do trickery of the vilest sort," continued AurorA. "They remotely send the experience and pain of a heart attack unto their targets. Not knowing any better the targets accept the experience as real and give themselves a real heart attack. In cases such as these, the official cause of death is always ascertained as "death by natural causes"."

"Except there is nothing natural about it!"

"Trickery of the vilest sort."

"Is that what they attempted against you?"

"Yes indeed Showay. First I didn't know what was happening. The pain was excruciating. As I looked within to find the cause, I was shown. Ten of their best and most advanced seers were targeting me for destruction."

"What happened then?"

"I was shown what needed done. When I realized the pain was external, I was able to stop making it mine. I stood in the Truth that I was perfectly healthy and fine. Then, one by one, I addressed each remote seer: I do not consent. I do not play. One by one, they fell prey to their own ill will as it was returned to them multiplied a hundredfold."

"How so?"

"In Universal Law, when an attack does not find a target, it is returned to the sender... multiplied a hundredfold. Those who can maintain their focus on Truth and know how not to play are unavailable to unrighteous / unholy attack."

"What happened to the woman?"

"At first nothing Showay," explained AurorA with a melodic voice. "She did not participate in the attack."

"She just got away with it?"

"Not quite. Finding the failure of the first attempt unacceptable, she paid for another attack."

"Did the cardinal / archbishop accept?"

"Yes he did. His greed was greater than the life of those who served him," confirmed AurorA. "Anticipating the likely result, he changed tactics."

"How?"

"Unwilling to loose the remaining top seers, he enlisted only the most expendable ones. At the same time, he required this woman's presence during the attack. He thought it would serve her well to experience her own ill will returned to her."

"What happened then?"

"Same as before Showay. When it was time to address this woman's play against me she cried foul, that I was attacking her and wishing her death... but of course, all present knew better..."

Restfully unproductive

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 InJoyed 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".

Back in time

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."

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

... 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."

The big day

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

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!"

A slight shift

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..."

Finally... the list

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 capable 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 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

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... 'aesthetically 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 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

"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. "Du-uh! 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?"

"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 your 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 wait after what you've just said...?"

The search goes on

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..."

A glimpse

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'."

A myth unveiled

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."

Struggle

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?"

Transition

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

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 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

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.

Untangling the tangled

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 not 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."

Free and happy

This increased awareness or perhaps, better said, heightened receptivity, allowed Showay to recognize that childbearing in and 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

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.

Much needed... long forgotten...

"I'm trying to define more than just a mindset," he noted. "It's a way of perceiving and creating that transcends the intellectual rigidity of those who, like myself, have been hardened and stifled by the world. It is a way of life that incorporates all that we are missing and would nourish us so much..."

In writing these words down, Showay remembered his adventures in the Ruby Valley and realized that he was really speaking of the perception and expression of the mystical and magical in a healthy loving way. "That's what's missing. 'Cultured' people cannot experience nor comprehend this," he continued writing, "because it has been denied to us. No matter how hard we try, that reality is just not there for us to perceive. That's a reason why I have been having such difficulty identifying what I saw. It is as if it didn't exist even though we are immersed in it. All that beauty and expression is unavailable or 'inexpressible' by us... all that remains is the cold and hard intellectual expression of the rules imprinted in us."

As Showay continued his contemplation, he remembered AurorA's explanation regarding how the mystical and magical aspects of Creation were lost. "On the one hand," he continued to write, "it was because of how they have been separated from "conventional society" and labeled into all sorts of undesirable categories and labels. On the other, because of the purposeful misdirection of these aspects into distorted ways that no longer nourish the Soul. This takes away the creative aspect of True Spiritual Expression and creates a scenario in which we deny a part of ourselves and our reality that would facilitate us so much."

Once again, AurorA's words resounded in his mind. "The mystical and magical channels are indeed open and available, for your Soul longs for the mystical and magical of your Endeavor. While fearfully observed, intrinsically and energetically InJoyable, creative magic fulfills your Endeavor. It is your greater Nature to support, nurture, and nourish the Soul. It is the much needed, long forgotten nourishment of the human endeavor."

All it takes

Immersed in memories of his experience in the Ruby Valley, Showay continued to write. "I speak of a capacity to create from a soft and gentle heart, where feelings and energies flow more properly. A malleable, flexible person who can work with the natural shapes of natural objects rather than having to turn them into hard or cold angles. The capacity to convey a feeling of warmth, Love, Joy, Peace, Respect in what is created because that is the inner state during the creative process or at least because there is enough receptivity to Divine Expression - even if it's at an unconscious level."

No sooner he finished writing down these words, Showay recognized that 'sacredness' or the "expression of Divine Influence", as AurorA defined it, is indeed a very good descriptive word to use in his quest for a definition of what he saw. "The very choice of seeking to attune and work with Nature creates receptivity to Divine Influence and Presence... and conversely... being receptive to Divine Influence allows one to naturally work with Nature... all of which of course... manifests in the work."

"This is why," he continued, "the kind of creativity I'm describing can really be done by anyone at any time... no training required, all that it takes is the flexibility and willingness to interact with Nature and do what lifts us up or nourishes the Soul... and of course... to be receptive. Yes, skills are certainly beneficial, but flexibility and willingness to do it differently are an excellent start."

Artless Creativity

As the days continued to pass, Showay began feeling more and more complete with his initial attempt to define what he saw at the farms. He was sure greater understanding would unfold as his capacity to welcome his receptivity in a masculine way expanded. To facilitate this process, he would remind himself often of a good friend's advice who kindly suggested he should allow his life, or art piece, to breathe and interact with him so it could become something greater than what he had originally envisioned. "Don't stifle it or limit it... or it will become the worst piece you have ever made," she had explained.

During the past few days he had turned his attention to finding a term that could be used to identify the kind of creativity he was awakening to. While several options came to mind, such as "mystical and magical creativity" or "sacred creativity", he felt that these terms could very easily become misinterpreted and send people off on a tangent. So today, he finally decided to settle for a less evocative term, knowing that sometime in the future, he would probably find better nomenclature. His choice was: 'artless creativity'.

In elaborating upon this, he wrote:

"Creativity - in the sense of turning within to the Receptive so as to create in ways that are Divinely Inspired and can transcend worldly limitation. Where men express their creativity through their masculinity rather than a feminine persona, and women create through their femininity - both free of any restrictions or limitations imposed upon them.

Artless - in the sense that this creativity does not follow the suffocating norms and principles of acceptable artistic / societal / religious convention and false sense of superiority. Instead it acknowledges, welcomes, and embraces Nature, Heart, and Soul and therefore that which is beautiful, mystical and magical, sacred, and nourishes our Soul.

Where beauty is recognized as that which Harmonizes with Nature and therefore is simple and warms the Heart and Soul of the individual. That which transcends the intellect and awakens the sublime and noble in humanity - not unlike flowers and sunrises do.

Where the mystical and magical is identified as that which lays beyond the perceptual boundaries of conventional reality or distorted fantasies. As AurorA loosely explained: that which allows us to stop seeing ourselves as mortal and solid. That which allows us to see ourselves as able to fly, do the impossible, and talk to fairies. That space where all good things we imagine and deny in this reality are real. That which our world yearns for so much and is the much needed nourishment of the human endeavor.

Where sacred conveys the Wisdom of a willingness to welcome and receive Divine Influence and Presence in our lives and therefore to create in ways that are Harmonious with the Good Will and Intent of Creator for us to live a Joyful, Peaceful, Abundant, and Respectful Life in His Garden.

And finally, where that which nourishes the Soul is recognized as an aspect of creativity and reality which simply put, makes us feel better because it evokes warmth, comfort, and all those feelings that speak of our Divine and Innocent Nature.

Warnings

In utmost gratitude for a visible HelioStella rise, Showay and Breye-Yendeze greeted the day and welcomed AurorA's visit.

"As you welcome, embrace, expand, and express the creative - receptive within you," AurorA said while InJoying the morning sun-bath with her friends, "heed these warnings. First and second are as you already know. One, withhold not the nourishment of the Soul much longer than forty-five days for beyond this measure comes degradation and breaking down of that which you are. Two, it is never in your best interest to entice these spirits simply to nourish them within the garden of your Soul."

Showay was glad for her reminder. The knowledge of how important it is to regularly nourish the Soul through creativity and nourishing environments had almost dissipated from his conscious awareness. Today he understood that one way to accomplish this was by enhancing indoor environments with living plants, colors, and objects of special value and meaning to his Heart and Soul, such as crystals, stones, bells, and glass ornaments. In so doing he would bring the sense of wonder, sacredness, and magic indoors.

He was also aware that in his exploration of the mystical and magical, he would be wise to recognize and understand Right and Proper etiquette so as to ensure an enjoyable experience. For one he was aware of the need for Discernment. This recognition was accompanied with an image of a fox trying to find his way into a chicken coop. "Just because 'intangible beings' show up or want to enter my garden," he noted, "it doesn't mean I should interact with them or let them in."

Another recognition that came to mind was that these 'intangible beings' are not meant to be at his disposal nor for his satisfaction, much less to be corralled and exploited like animals. The image that accompanied this understanding was that of his childhood, when he would trap fireflies in a jar to 'enjoy' at his convenience.

This understanding was soon followed by the awareness that while it was fine for these beings to do benevolent things of their own good will and heart, it was prudent to not ask or entice them into doing 'favours' for him. He was shown that the cost he would have to pay in return for these 'favours' would be way higher than his perception would allow.

Finally, he was shown the importance of being Respectful and expecting Respect, or in other words, no fooling around with each other.

"A good start Showay," re-affirmed AurorA in her usual melodic tone. "Third is unto this, creativity nourishes not the Soul when done in degradation of Soul Nature."

An expansion

"There seems to be greater understanding available regarding the third warning. Can you expand more on this?"

"As long as you are willing to breathe..." responded AurorA with a delightful and Light Hearted tone.

"That challenging?" Showay paused for a few seconds to ascertain his readiness. "Ok, let's go for it."

"Very well then. I shall use the following example: When a spiritual woman is without support as a child, there is great potential to finally succumb to rampant mortal desire of lustful expression. To those who use creative energy to nourish and sustain lustful desire of rampant sort, there comes a sort of slow death of Soul Desire. Here you have a subtle indication of the magnitude of sustaining lustful desire in your civilization at this hour."

"This explains a lot," Showay uttered while thinking of previous relationships. "I have a sense that lust and greed are but sides of the same coin and that creating in ways that elicit them also brings this death of Soul Desire."

"Heed my words Showay. Creativity nourishes not the Soul when done in degradation of Soul Nature."

To Showay's surprise, AurorA's words now conveyed a reference to the somewhat recent introduction into society of destructive definitions of art and creativity. Her words also conveyed a reference to the purposeful use of music and other creative outlets to divide generations and families, and in so doing, separate the youth from the Knowledge and Wisdom of previous generations.

"The prevalent myth of destitution and poverty surrounding struggling artists further narrows the gap to degradation of mortal Soul Endeavor."

An old trap

"Poverty... you have touched upon this before. Is there more to this?"

"Poverty indebtedness comes about your Soul when as a child there is no food."

Showay had sense that she meant not only lack of physical food, but also a lack of nutrition in food as well.

"It is an habitual pattern put upon spiritual women to sustain and nourish not their immortal Soul Endeavor," continued AurorA. "The stronger the woman, the greater the Soul Endeavor, the more nourishment needed to sustain their Endeavor. Thereby comes constant hunger of Soul Endeavor."

The information that Showay received through this conveyance was beyond reason. The first layer of understanding allowed him to recognize that starvation or malnourishment not only gives rise to emotions of darkness but also feeds this darkness and that by weakening the body, a person becomes more susceptible to darkness attack and influence. All of which weakens the Soul. In this he realized that a nourished body and Soul is necessary not only for wholeness and completeness, but also to transcend worldly limitation.

The second layer of understanding that accompanied AurorA's words troubled him, so he decided to confirm what he saw. "I get the impression, you are not just talking about women being starved or indoctrinated into starving themselves so they can fall prey to lustful expression, but that you are also speaking of a practice that was initiated thousands of years ago in oracles. A practice through which young spiritual women or prophetesses were starved under the false claim that "fasting" supports spiritual expression. Is that right?"

"It was worse... for this deed was done in pretense of service to Father of your Endeavor. To keep 'proper proportion' of figure of women to develop proclivity of child lust."

"From what I saw, these men exploited and treated these women no better than prostitutes... Not only would they take all the money and food that these women received in payment for their services, but also dressed them in sheer garments to reveal their childlike figures caused by starvation. This was done so as to initiate a connection between spiritual hunger and lust of children... all the while claiming Divine service..."

"The lust and abuse of children which has become so common now, was at that time very rare. Purposely introduced into religious ceremony through the abuse of women. Later expanded to include young men or 'altar boys'."

"Is there a way to be free of this poverty indebtedness?"

"To free your immortal Soul of this Soul degradation of poverty, you simply lay this sorrow down on the Altar of Love and Power."

A glimpse

"There is one more thing to know Showay. This world was not designed to expand that which is the female principle. Man has walked upon Terra in domination to regain his sense of receptivity. While purported to honor women, native tradition held it not so. In sovereign domination man has walked that his True Nature may be regained / restored upon Terra's face. Mankind's endeavor, instead of rising him to the heights, brought him to the depths of despair, while women patiently waited, long enduring the degradation while pointing to Source, Father, All That Is. Man would not hear unless a woman possessed such great power and destruction to be his equal. Man has struggled through great degradation of his Soul. It is time to rise out of the death and destruction. There comes a time for man to restore his capacity for the receptive nature in him, thereby assuming the qualities inherently necessary for re-union. In her True Nature, women suppressed, can now be re-united."

Showay was given to understand that humanity upon Terra has been embarked upon a spiritual journey back to Creator or All That Is and that in this progression the time has arrived for men to wake up to their receptivity and put an end to Soul degradation. This choice will facilitate humanity moving above the human framework of a patriarchal world created for men to find their receptivity and where Father Which Is in Heaven is the highest human reference of a spiritual being who manifests in the world. In so doing, humanity will transition from Father Which Is in Heaven to Source, who is the Re-United or Creative - Receptive Principle.

"It is his finest hour to rise out of the decadence and decay of this world. Now is the hour to honor the fluid / flower / feminine / fairy feminine."

Showay understood AurorA to say that as men learn to welcome their receptivity through their masculinity, they will learn to Truly Respect and Honor women in their receptivity, creativity, and femininity. In so doing, they will create a window of opportunity for women to become the powerful creative beings that they Truly are. It is through this mutual Respect and Honor that both will transcend worldly limitation and prepare for the manifestation of Source upon Terra which will usher a world of re-union between men and woman.

"I see... this is a glimpse into the fifth world..." Showay said aloud in a contemplative voice. "It seems to me that the current trend upon Terra which has been

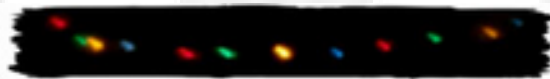
rendering androgynous children who lack clear masculine or feminine definition is some kind of misguided attempt which is finding resonance in people because they intuit the need for re-union. However, true progression requires robust men who welcome their creativity through healthy expression of their masculinity and robust women who welcome their creativity through healthy expression of their femininity. In Honoring and Respecting themselves, they learn to Honor and Respect each other. It is in this that the qualities inherently necessary for re-union are established."

"A yearning for the past is a yearning for who you were before the breakup - before separation occurred."

"I have a sense that Father Which Is in Heaven has been providing the Assistance and Guidance required to succeed in this transition. Is that right?"

"Yes indeed. In all you say, and do hold Father's Good Will and Intent near your Heart. Good Will is that which is your Father's Intent for you. His Intent is for your Blessedness, Wholeness, and Completeness out of the Consciousness / Awareness of the Love that you are. Will His Intent for you to become manifest in your Life."

"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."



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.

