

Shadows

Earth whirled. A blue-green sphere in the spectrum of space, a planet critical in a desperate plan for survival. Life was being sucked from every family member. A parasitic force lay hidden and deadly amongst its host. In this new world where energy became solid, individuals would have to face the truth. Evil swirled among them. Indeed, it owned them.

The possibility of breaking free brought a degree of hope. Thrilled at the opportunity, millions had volunteered to participate in the Earth mission. The first step was to make the planet inhabitable and the second was to identify and break free of the evil.

Energy swirled as songs, dances and prayers broadcast the vision. Then a beautiful new planet came forth out of the mists

This new planet was watched, adjusted until it was ready to sustain life. Then those chosen for the mission were sent onto the planet. Their energy bodies were protected and provided movement within physical vehicles. Patterns for these body suit vehicles had been made with much attention to detail. Two separate body suits, a key factor for success. In addition to the codes for the mission, it contained codes for returning Home and circuitries to communication centers off of the planet.

The dream of glorious creations became real soon after the planet's manifestation. As the Ancient Ones explored the surface of their new home, they made contact with the Earth's stored resources and brought forth abundant food, lush gardens, fragrant flowers, and amazing animal life.

But, shortly after the second stage of the plan was initiated, the parasitic Outsiders discovered their intent. The Outsiders accessed the body suit pattern, re-engineered the circuitry, crashed the evolutionary path, and re-routed communication through their own systems. All of these changes created greater fear and ongoing subjugation within the Ancient Ones.

Soon after the step to identify the Outside parasites was discovered, all who had volunteered for the mission and those who came to help were birthed into crippled body vehicles. False systems emerged that clouded the original plans and the great hope of the Galactic family for freedom was lost in the shadows of survival. What had been possible became only a memory.

The Mission Remembered

As quickly as sound, Myra sped from the brilliance of her home. With a firm grasp of her vibrational chart, she maneuvered through the approaching waves of darkness into the magnetic fields surrounding her target. Moving with precision and grace, she came to hover in a small, sparse room. She slipped through the form of a woman large with child and into the tiny physical body suit.

With a sense of triumph and excitement, Myra stretched her self to explore all areas of the suit, the vehicle that would give her weight and presence on this new planet. She listened to the beat of the heart, monitored the breathing mechanism and marveled at the perfection. As she settled in, Myra remembered its small quarters and smiled.

Feeling the effects of her travel, Myra shut down her thoughts to doze, slightly aware of the whirring and humming of this suit. There are some things I'll have to get used to she decided as sleep overcame her.

Muffled shouts shook Myra awake. Waves of pain rippled through her space. The rhythm of the heart and the breathing apparatus changed. She felt sensations that were foreign to her. Unfamiliar sounds, harsh and loud, penetrated her enclosed space.

Mentally, Myra quickly moved to switch on her communication systems. Why hadn't she done that before?

Her space was being jostled, falling and moving. It was difficult to turn on the switches to activate the codes to her outreach systems with this terror and the jerky movements. Myra calmed herself and commanded the body suit to quiet, to slow. With great effort Myra created distance from the harshness and confusion to allow herself to locate the switches. With focus she pulled them as she had practiced so many times.

Nothing.

Not possible she thought. She breathed, remembered and tried again.

Nothing.

Her energy slowed... stopped ... started again. Even as her carrying space quieted Myra's fear escalated. She searched the body's circuitry. Again she reached out-nothing. She scanned the vehicle. There were missing systems, incorrect codes. What had happened? Control center, the channel for her team was weak, so weak that she could barely hear their voices. There were major problems and Myra had no way to contact her team. The assurance of Self, of purpose, of mission began to fade.

Now Myra screamed. Help! Something is wrong with me! I'm not okay, I'm lost!
I'll never make it.

Then came the shadows.

Eve wandered down the sandy path toward the home she shared with Adam. Eve smiled as she watched her songs add color to the garden and observed as her dance called to birds flying through the trees. Amazing adventure.

She had spent the day with an Ancient teacher who had approached her shortly after sunrise.

“Come,” she had invited, “we need you now.”

Eve’s heart sang with the opportunity. She had not conceived that there could be such joy.

Very precisely her teacher had explained and reminded her of the composition of the energy fields around the planet. In her initial task of calling forth resources and beauty from the Earth Mother, Eve had forgotten that the energies from outside societies had been carried onto this new home with Adam. Those parasitic energies would continue to pollute and kill as long as they remained hidden, unseen. The law of manifestation was causing all energies to appear: love, fear and the evil of parasitics, just as had been planned. Today her teacher had reminded her of the true purpose of the law of manifestation, to make evil visible.

She and Adam had spent a great deal of time exploring this new home, he holding the remembrance of all that was possible and the focus of love. She working directly with the Mother Earth to assure that this planet could sustain their life with abundance and ease. They had thought that they were ready to begin the preparation to bring more of the volunteers onto this new home.

Because of today’s lesson, Eve realized there was another step. First she must discern the energy of Divine Good and of Parasitic Evil. She had been reminded of the necessity of that part of the female mission. Unless she focused to discern the quality of manifested forms, the evil of the Outsiders would take away the vibrancy and life of the volunteers. With the help of her Ancient teacher, today Eve was able to taste and know the difference between good and evil forms.

Her soul sang in ways she had never imagined possible

CHAPTER

1

Passionate crowds roamed the streets of Tyree. The city's instability had brought the government's policies into question and citizens with a range of opinions clashed and fought. Mobs ruled the outlying districts with no thought of penance. This afternoon was moderately calm. The Rycur, policing authorities of the Tyreans, filled the area as the Greater Council met to debate and decide possible solutions.

Since early in Earth's history there had been recurring cycles of imbalance. Periods of stable growth were followed by major downfalls into conflict, fear, and anger. The eruptions would demolish much of what had been accomplished. This fall created vulnerability that affected everyone including societies in close proximity to the Earth.

Myra stood behind the grandiose columns of the great Earth Council Hall, Tuma's arm around her. In all of Earth's history there had not been a more momentous time and this day was the pinnacle. She regarded the scene before her. Every particle of her light body was alert as Myra stood silently sipping her beverage. As a guest from the world region seven klicons from their home star, Myra had come often to help balance the energy fields. The current mission had included another agenda, to remind those on the Earth of their original plan. This plan had been long forgotten and hidden in the shadows of corruption. Today those on the Gegfad mission had proposed to the Council that they be allowed to extend their visit and begin teaching the citizens of Tyree. Those whose vested interest was in power and control were outraged and had incited riots.

Suddenly shouts followed by loud clashes came from the street a stone's throw from the Court area. A small group at the edge of the Court's garden hurled rocks into the crowd and then scurried into the safety of a small enclosure of trees.

Myra moved closer to Tuma as they watched the police converge on the crowd in the streets. With clubs and swords they were forcing them to break up. Protesting citizens fled into the alleyways.

Emotions had even erupted amongst the Council during the discussions. Anxiety filled the air of the Council enclosure. Myra reacted to the disruptive energies, the

whispered tones, animated gestures and sober faces by moving closer to Tuma. She closed her eyes and silently transformed the heaviness around her.

Unlike the Tryrean's desensitized bodies, the vibrations of the light bodies on the Gegfad mission were keen. They felt the subtlest energy disruption. The essence from Home flowed through each of them. It carried information and a sense of love that kept them connected and stable. Because of the artificial systems within the Earth citizens, their energy flow from Home was limited and disjointed. It was one reason for the recurring imbalance. With the uninterrupted flow between those on mission, what one experienced, all experienced, what enriched one was enriching to all. It created a strong sense of Oneness. Myra knew that it was critical to the Gegfad team that any hint of the heavy, negative energy be quickly cleared from their fields. Otherwise, Earth's energy density would cover their subtle vibrational breath and endanger them as it had the Earth's.

Myra turned to Tuma. He was scanning the garden and the streets, occasionally looking at the doors of the Council Hall. When he sensed her watching him, he turned and smiled.

"I am thinking about the excitement we had about this planet," she said softly. "Do you remember how carefully the Galactic Council considered ideas to get our family out from under the parasitic ownership?"

Tuma nodded.

"How ironic is it that here we are still facing the same situation. We are still trapped by Outsiders committed to usury, greed and power regardless of it's cost to our family."

"Ironic and sad," Tuma replied. "Just imagine where our family would be now if our plan had succeeded. If our first families had been able to identify and remove the parasitics with just a command, simply by the right to command." Tuma shook his head. "It was a magnificent plan."

"Well, this would not be happening," Myra said, gesturing to the streets.

"Nor would this debate," added Tuma. "How can we hope to awaken the consciousness of our family while they are trapped in body suits crippled by the parasitic Outsiders? No one knows what level of awareness is needed to counteract the re-engineered systems or if it is even possible."

Sensing his weariness, Myra stepped closer to gather his hands in hers and shift the energy.