

Title: Conversations

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How about Columbia as a powerful woman? Yes, produced by none other
Allow for me to share fictionally speaking:

I most recently came across this writing below, written as a piece of fiction by a gentleman named Steve who appears to have a female partner of sorts named Lyn. It seems to be that of a person's very personal experience, Steve's psychic cosmic experience, but that's not all. From the very get go this writing brings up historical truths not only from near ancient times of world history but more importantly it depicts functioning truths about America as a nation and specifically speaks to true physical locations and true physical people which stand tall in America's historical past. What is also interesting is how at first Lyn is present but then there is no account of her until the end where there is just an account of her bathroom. This leads me to believe that again, from a very personal standpoint and personal experience of Steve's, in this case Lyn becomes the opposing feature to Steve, i.e. Hot to cold, black to white, Ying to Yang, hence Male to Female and perhaps Lyn becomes Columbia. And although some physical places are re-named or have additional descriptors to them, they all still appear very real and very on target.

With having such non-fictional elements in such a deep and brief piece of fictional work, I believe this story, like the Da Vinci Code, is a premier mixing of truths that reside within a fictional story. Perhaps I am still not too schooled in literature but lately I think we are beginning to see a trend where many more pieces of work, whether literary or movie, or media produced, are all taking on this fictional story but with very real peoples and places. i.e. Leonardo Da Vinci, Italy, secret societies, all real, but within a fictional context and book/movie. Now, with this new dawning of such a style, combined with the apparent new search for the truth in the world, one has to wonder if some of these stories are being fueled by leakers. Leakers being people such as those whistle blowers in the CIA and NSA who feel it is their duty to make public the secrets which cross the line of preserving our freedoms in the search for truth and doing so all the while preserving the very essence of what America is about. What's more, and here in lies perhaps the most powerful element behind the Da Vinci Code, is that the book and movie was actually a code in itself. And I would go so far as to say it is a code for the

whole of society. Then one might ask, what is the actual code then, which is presumed to reside within the Da Vinci Code book and movie? Good question, and here may lie the answer. The true code to society and the main impact this code will have upon the world is that the Da Vinci Code has shown a way for writers and artists, and people within high places with access to highly secret levels, to now access a medium by which they can disclose the truth by placing it into a story of fiction. WOW! And perhaps this style will lend its hands and ears to exactly what we are shooting to do; be truthful in real time. To be Free. To get closer to the Grail and divinity, the similarities within all religions and hence this shall be done, as on earth, it is in heaven.

Enjoy this read, it's not often that we get a fresh read on something this unique and exciting while being offered some insights into a never before known secret within this world's society. Personally, I am blown away at my most recent theoretical claim here. I am just stuck in trying to name it. Could it be called "relative fiction", "Neo-Fiction" "Light-Fiction"? Oh well, on with the very enlightening story.....

AND SO- continuing with the Revelations I received in my recent trip to DC, this piece will chronicle our visit to Alexandria, Virginia, which took place on Monday.

Now in my visits to the Ghost Capitol I had seen the large towering structure that I assumed to be the Grand Orient Lodge of Egyptian Freemasonry. It resembled the Lighthouse of Alexandria, Egypt, which is something I thought was part of the original design. Once Lyn and I actually arrived there, however, I discovered the old Grand Lodge 22 was rebuilt in the 20th century as the George Washington Masonic National Memorial.

This was the tower I had witnessed the spirits of Cleopatra and Aaron Burr enter. The Memorial does indeed look exactly as I saw, and rests on a hill (chosen because it slopes at a precise 33.33 degree), which features a 33 foot-wide Masonic "G" within the compass and square.

After getting a few photos of me in front of the G and on the front steps, Lyn and I went inside to find ourselves confronted by a huge bronze statue of George Washington flanked by wall-sized murals of the designing and building of the Federal District of Columbia. As soon as we entered an old man appeared, looking barely alive himself, and offered us a free tour. I will describe the rooms of the tour briefly, as more detail will follow when I tell of my return to the place's astral counterpart later that evening...

The first stop was the Royal Arch Room of Capitular Masonry. It has three walls decorated with murals. On the west wall is a picture of a

craftsman presenting his work for inspection. On the end wall is the scene of Moses at the Burning Bush. On the opposite side are pilgrims from Babylon getting their first view of Jerusalem. In between these is a circular panel portraying "the Vault of Discovery", which shows the Temple of Solomon in ruins (with his buried treasure supposedly beneath the rubble). The east wall shows angels teaching Solomon the Craft. The final wall is not a mural, but a recreation of the Holy of Holies from Solomon's Temple, wherein a replica of the Ark of the Covenant and the seven-branched menorah are on display. Also in this room are four grottoes that contain coin emblems of all the Masonic lodges throughout North America.

The next stop on the tour, a few floors above, is the Chapel of the Knights Templar, which contains various artefacts from the crusades and features four beautiful stained glass windows, depicting "The Crucifixion", "The Ascension", "The Sermon on the Mount", and "The Healing of the Blind". Before the Crucifixion window lay a Templar altar, complete with the Red Cross and suit of medieval armour.

Then we emerged from the elevator to find ourselves on the top floor of the tower, in the Tall Cedars of Lebanon Throne Room. This room was as advertised made completely from Lebanese cedar, as Solomon's original throne room was, and featured a recreation of his throne with seven candlesticks surrounding it and a large pentagram on the floor. Then we were let outside to wander the outer viewing terrace, from which one could see not only all of Alexandria but also Mount Vernon and Washington DC in the distance.

Then we descended in the elevator and found ourselves in the rooms below the main entrance, which contain the gift shop and the George Washington museum, a display depicting his life in a series of cool interactive exhibits. Also on this floor are the original rooms of the Grand Orient Lodge of Egyptian Freemasonry, one of which held a special museum of GW's personal effects, including his chair, family Bible, and a clock that was stopped at the time of his death. On our way out I bought several items, among them post cards of the various rooms in the tower. One place that was shown but which we hadn't been allowed to see was enigmatically named "The Cryptic Room". It had a series of standard murals on its walls, showing scenes from the bible relevant to the masonry mythos. Also there was a strange series of arches, which regressed into the wall up to a weird half-moon-shaped window. About this, the postcard said:

"The nine arches in the Cryptic Room lead to a mural so painted that it can only be seen with black light. It is the only mural in the world of this type and is one of the many marvels in this unique room built by the Royal and Select Masters."

After this glaring cosmic clue was dropped on me, we decided it was

time to leave, and we wandered the streets of Alexandria for the rest of the afternoon, getting lunch in the Old Historic part of the city. It was during the meal that I began to feel the Dead breathing down my neck. In the corner of my eye, occupying my peripheral vision, I saw a gathering of spirits, all men dressed in 18th century Masonic garb, watching me. The crowd faded after we left, but my inner vision was now turned on and I began to experience a weird sort of time slipping. As we walked the avenue that terminates before the huge "G" hill upon which the tower rests, I was simultaneously perceiving the Alexandria of 2001 and the city as it was in the late 1700s: A car racing by suddenly became a horse and carriage; the smell of exhaust changed into that of manure; the concrete sidewalk became a muddy roadside path; and so on.

Finally, the last vision of this kind hit me when I looked at a modern day streetlight. It faded away to be replaced by a man in a rumpled brown overcoat, wig, and white leggings, standing on the corner reading a thin newspaper. I studied the paper carefully, a bit put off by the odd typeface, but caught the date just as the vision faded: August 10th, 1790. This was intriguing because it is the date which Washington and his architects designed the Federal Triangle's celestial alignments around. Then I was returned fully to the present and we left, riding through DC on our way back to Lyn's pad.

Then later, in the middle of the night, I got up to use the bathroom, but never made it. As I stepped through the bathroom doorway I was hit with "that old cosmic flash" and suddenly, I was back inside the Alexandria temple, standing before the huge bronze statue of GW. As I contemplated the statue I felt the cold hand of death on my shoulder, and spun around to face the spirit of Washington himself. He did not appear as I expected. I had seen him in the Ghost Capitol, but only from behind; now as I looked up at his face I noticed that it was hard and unmoving, as if cut from stone. He wore a large Napoleonic-style hat, and in the huge hat's exact center was the Illuminati Eye-within-triangle. Out of this Eye poured an aura of intelligence, and I knew that the consciousness of GW's spirit was in fact contained within that Eye, as if he had become one with Divine Providence itself.

A beam of white light shot forth from the Eye, flowing to the left of the statue towards the stairs which led down into the rooms that contained the old Egyptian Lodge 22. His huge hand pushed me forward along the beam, silently guiding me through the corridors and into the large main gathering hall of the lodge. Within awaited the crowd of spirits I had seen earlier, all of them gazing intently at me as they parted and let us pass to the center of the room. In the exact center lay a cubical glass case. I looked within it and saw the familiar Masonic artefacts of Bible, compass, and square.

Then the voice of Washington's ghost echoed throughout the place. His lips did not move as he spoke; rather, the Eye itself seemed to be the source of the voice.

"The Eye of Providence is always watching you," the voice said, "and the Dead stand ready to guide and guard you in your quest."

Then the white light poured forth again, hitting the glass case and illuminating it with a flash. Inside I saw the compass and square float up as a miniature version of ME appeared beneath them. The Bible changed at this moment, the words on its cover morphing into my name. Then a series of hands appeared in the air around my miniature form. I knew these hands belonged to the seven members of the founding fathers Congressional Council. Each of them in turn took the compass and touched it to a different part of my doll-like form, adding a colour corresponding to their position in the ABRAXAS spectrum: John Adams turned my feet black; James Madison made my leg go green; Alexander Hamilton's touch turned my crotch yellow; next, Ben Franklin's made my stomach area orange; Washington turned my arm and chest red; then Thomas Jefferson made my shoulders and neck purple; and finally, the hands of Aaron Burr changed my replica's head blue. As they performed this alchemical procedure, the book of my life flew open, stopping at a series of pages corresponding to the cosmic content that each officer represented.

Then, from behind me Washington pushed my astral form INTO the case; I experienced a moment of disorientation as I was thrust into the odd rainbow body, coming out of the daze to find myself now in the Royal Arch Room. I was in fact standing behind the curtains of the Holy of Holies; the Ark was on my left, the seven-branched candlestick on my right. I stepped out from behind the curtain and saw that GW's ghost was waiting for me, standing before the "Vault of Discovery" mural.

"The individual and collective can no longer be separate," the voice said, "for the spiritus mundi measures your stone."

I was surprised by his use of the Latin term spirtus mundi- "soul of the earth"- which was one of CG Jung's favourite code-phrases for the ABRAXAS intelligence. The huge hands of GW then grabbed my shoulders and thrust me into the last of the four grottos cut into the walls of the room. I looked at the display of coin emblems, noting that one of them was glowing. It was under the heading of Rhode Island lodges, and as I looked closer I saw on it the image of the double-headed bird and my name written underneath. The coin then shot off of the wall and hit me square on the forehead, knocking me back. There was a flash and suddenly I was in the Knights Templar Chapel.

The first thing I noticed was that the stained glass windows were different. Instead of scenes from Christ's life, they now depicted

scenes from my own life in chronological order. The first one, behind the altar, showed the initial meeting I had with my mentor, Ross. He and I sat on a park bench looking up at the sky; above us hovered the Eye of Providence. The next window showed my cosmic collaborator, Greg, and I on either sides of a cauldron; out of the cauldron we were conjuring the demon Zarathos, who rose up above us and had the Eye upon his flaming forehead. The third window was from the next stage in our cosmic adventures, a quaternally divided depiction of Greg, myself, and our two other cosmic partners Warren and Mike; the Eye was at the cross point in the middle of the four panels. The last window showed me kneeling before My Divine Mistress Cleopatra, who was wearing an Isis headress with the Eye staring out of its sun-disk crown.

Then I heard a voice from behind me, someone speaking with a thick French accent, who asked: "Are you a man of honor?"

I turned around and there was Jacques de Molay, Grand Master of the Kinghts Templar and current Chief Justice of the Ghost Capitol's Cosmic Supreme Court. He was dressed in full crusader regalia, bright red cross on his chest, a large sword as big as him strapped across his back. I did not answer him, so surprised was I to see him instead of GW. I was even more surprised when De Molay then slapped me across the face -- hard!

"Your destiny is upon you!" he shouted as I rubbed my astral jaw. "It is pride that shall determine whether you succeed or fail. Will you be great or terrible?" He was grabbing me and shaking me at this point. "You are close enough to success that each step is crucial. The closer you are, the easier it is to fail! I KNOW!"

He let me go and stepped back, whipping out his sword. On the blade was written in large red letters: THE PRECIPICE OF BECOMING. Then he reached into his robes with the other hand and produced the elegant Islamic scroll that I had seen Peter the Great hand off to Colonel Burr (see Ghost Capitol recap pt 2).

"Awaken from your ego!" De Molay shouted in my face. "Do you think a selfish man could understand what is written here?" He shook the scroll before me. "Do you understand? ARE YOU A MAN OF HONOR?"

"YES!" I finally shouted back at him. With that, he hit me over the head with the flat of his blade, and I was thrust into another place. Now I found myself in what I quickly recognized as The Cryptic Room. Washington's ghost was there, standing before the nine-arched steps leading up to the weird half-moon mural.

"What is this place?" I asked him as I gazed into the archway. The mural was in fact a kind of holographic window, in which I could see

various scenes from history playing out.

"When we captured the course of history during the Revolution," the booming voice of the Eye explained, "we imprisoned it here, within the Matrix," I was astonished at the use of the term Matrix, knowing what modern mythos implications it has. In a silent confirming response, Washington nodded as the voice continued. "From here we have directed history, waiting for the Sleeper to awaken."

"Who is the Sleeper?" I asked as the scenes of history played out within the Matrix window."

Columbia," the Eye responded. "Spirit of the New Republic.

"I watched and saw the scenes within the window slow, until they stopped at one in particular. It showed the top of the Memorial's tower, and on that slim outer walkway I saw two figures- Washington's Ghost and my own astral form! As I realized this, the viewpoint of the window swooped in towards my double, and suddenly I was in the scene, with GW on the outer balcony overlooking the Potomac River. The scene was real, that is we were not looking out at the Ghost Capitol- rather, it was night time view of the actual Washington DC area. In the skies above DC I saw the three constellations of Bootes, Virgo, and Leo hanging in the sky. GW's ghost clapped his huge hands together, and the three stars of Arcturus, Spica, and Regulus were joined by a triangle of white light. At the same time, on the ground below, the Federal triangle lit up, as lines of fire connected the White House, Washington Monument, and Capitol Building.

Then the voice Divine Providence shouted out, louder than before, like a trumpet from the heavens: "THE SLEEPER MUST AWAKEN!"

The triangle of starlight met the triangle of fire at the point above the White House, just as the yearly August 10th effect illustrates. There was a huge eruption of colored energies from within the space marked by the two triangles meeting. Out of that explosion there arose a gigantic goddess figure, the child of Nature's God, none other than Columbia, spirit of America. The goddess yawned as She came to life, and below Her I saw the White House tremble and shake.

She reached out across the skies, Her magnificent hand coming for me. Just before it reached our position, I was suddenly back, standing in the doorway of Lyn's bathroom.