

OMNEC ONEC



The Venusian Trilogy

From Venus I Came

Autobiography Part 1

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**Omnec Onec: The Venusian Trilogy**  
Autobiography and Spiritual Essence by Omnec Onec  
Autobiography Part 1 “From Venus I Came”

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## ***Real Love***

*Real Love is the energy that flows from the creator and supports all forms of life.*

*Without it, nothing can exist.*

*Therefore we are all universal beings and not limited to one existence.*

*There are no limits to love.*

*Omnec Onec*

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# Foreword

It is a great honor for me to re-publish the revised and compiled edition of Omnec Onec's books which have been very popular for more than twenty years. And I want to give a warm thank you to Omnec!

Omnec Onec is a truly exceptional woman who leads a truly exceptional life. Her great charisma is of a kind which is hardly ever found today.

Sceptics may have nothing but a pitiful smile for her stating "From Venus I Came" in the light of to the commonly known uninhabitability of that planet. However, this is not about the physical planet Venus but about the disclosure of a new but truly ancient world view, which has long fallen into oblivion in our high-tech oriented intellectual society. Yet an increasing number of scientists are slowly discovering that there is some truth in the teachings of the "Ancient Sages" – that our physical existence is not all that exists in the universe and that there are levels of being, both within ourselves and in the outer reality, whose finest vibrations though clearly experienceable can hardly be measured or proved by conventional technology. Thoughts, dreams, near-death experiences – how could they be measured? It would be very helpful if modern science would take a more in-depth look into all those countless reports and references about our multi-dimensional universe. This could lead to a re-alignment of the scientifically designed world view of today's society.

Thus, esotericism – the science of introspection – and exotericism – the science of extrospection – could be merged into "mesotericism", the science of the center. Omnec's books are closely following these lines. Not only fascinating, very practical and highly successful, her books are also speaking directly to the heart and the innate wisdom of her readers. Her advice allows them to become aware of themselves as a spiritual being, as an individualized expression of a Superior Supreme Whole – as a drop in the infinite Ocean of Love and Mercy, yet an individual drop featuring all attributes of the Whole.

This sounds challenging and it is! Omnec's works are not sophisticated or even shrewd literature, no: she writes just as she talks, straightforward, clear and totally down-to-earth, but always based on a deep spiritual knowledge and a great and warm love for all people, all beings, for our planet Earth, for the universe. Her wisdom of the heart is simple but profound, pioneering and practical, and always seasoned with her good sense of humor.

My special thanks go to Gisela Bongart and Martin Meier from Omega publishing for providing the original texts and to Anja Schaefer who in close collaboration with Omnec put all her enthusiasm and expertise into the rework of the manuscripts.

The new compiled edition consists of both parts of Omnec's autobiography with the titles "From Venus I Came" and "Angels Don't Cry" as well as a third part including the essence of her spiritual message with the new title "My Message". In simple language, Omnec provides valuable hints and hands-on exercises for the readers to gain a deeper understanding of their own spiritual awareness as Soul.

May Omnec's message reach the hearts of all people and thus become a blessing for each individual and for all!

Baraka Bashad – May the Blessings Be!

*G. Kouki Wohlwend, 2012*<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> This foreword was written for the printed edition. As eBOOKS, the three parts of "THE VENUSIAN TRILOGY" are available separately.

# **Preface to the American first edition of „From Venus I Came“ by Wendelle C. Stevens, 1991**

We have had reports of UFO visitors from Venus from the oldest histories, in the Tao Te Ching, and in modern UFO history. A number of UFO contactees were told that their visitors were from Venus. Among the ones who released extensive accounts of these visits are George Adamski, Howard Menger, Kevin Rowe, Bill Clenden, the Mitchell Sisters, Frank and Tarna Halsey, Dr. Wilbert B. Smith, and more.

Our visitor in this book claims conscious physical transfer from Venus, in her Venus body, here to Earth in the same physical body which was, according to her description, densified by stages to live in third density physical. She did not come alone, and she came in a ship which was also densified by stages so as to be physical in third density reality in order to operate here. She and her party, and the densified ship, were all brought to Earth together, in company with others, in a large cigar-shaped transport ship. Final densification took place here on Earth at a temple in the Himalayas, where she learned to adjust to the new conditions on Earth.

Omnec has managed to bring some of her advanced capabilities into our physical density level, although much was lost to its degree. She can still read minds and see auras, feel the experiences of others from their previous lifetimes and perceive future events before they happen. She dominates the out-of-body travel, and to a certain extent, the telekinetic manipulation of matter; she can for example open locked doors in specific situations. She has both an excellent conscious memory of many of her own previous lives and the full memory of her past life on Venus before she was brought here. She can attract butterflies and small birds on her hand and pet them, and wild animals do not run away from her. She writes poems with the same ease with which she writes letters. In one of her letters to me she quickly noted the following:

*There is a place we long to be.*

*It is our home eternally.*

*We travel there when our bodies sleep at night.*

*Only to return by day's early light.*

*Soul am I, and you as well.  
Within this cage of clay we dwell ...  
To experience life our lessons we must learn,  
Until eons from now our freedom we shall earn.  
Sheila '83*

Since Omnec came to Earth in 1955, she as Sheila has led an insignificant life most of the time. The manuscript of her Venusian life she already completed in 1975. She believes that we will soon see an increase in UFO activity and that many incarnated extraterrestrials in earthly bodies will also become aware of their true identity and make themselves public.

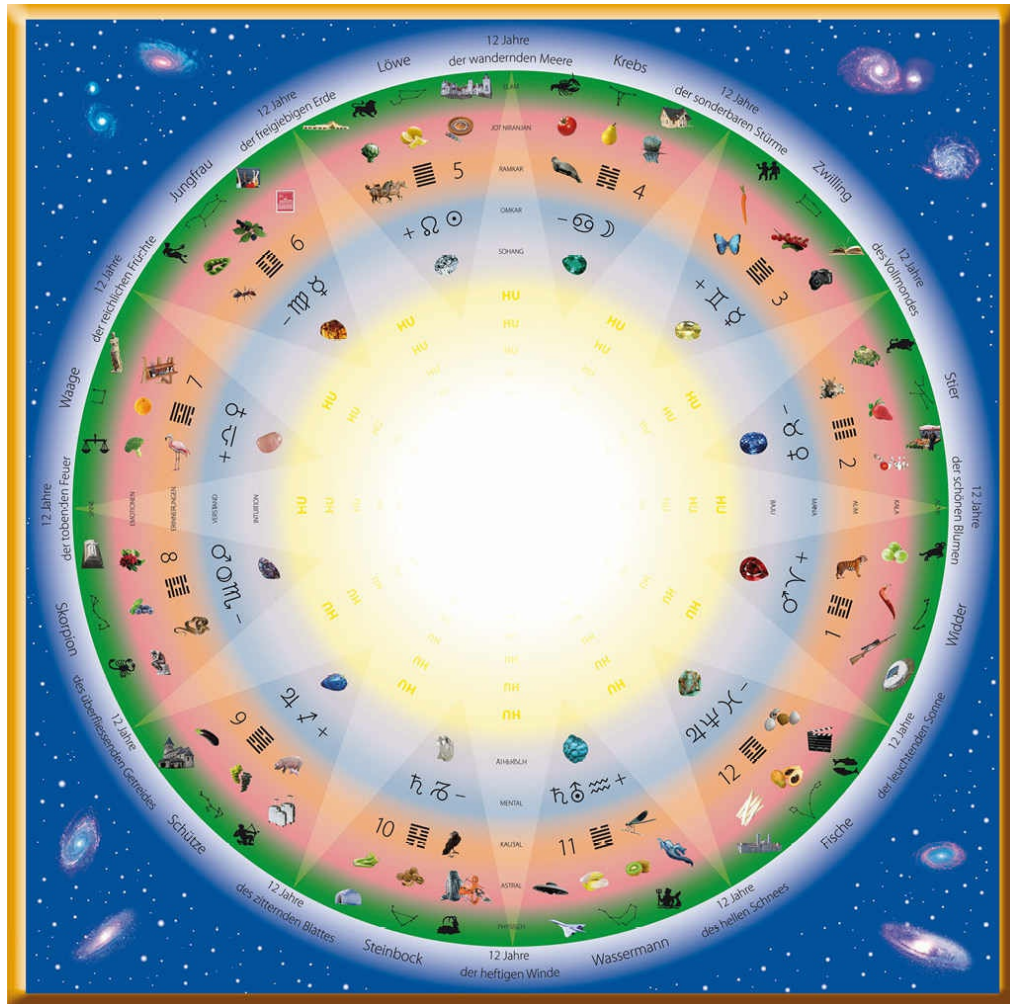
So when you read this account, do not discount it as science fiction, or another spiritual nut seeking attention. You will be reading the conscious recollection of one of those fourth density personalities adjusted back to third density on a benevolent mission for her people and the Venusian spirits taking the grade over again among us, and to us for our own benefit as hosts to the spiritual immigrants.

Here then is the story of Omnec Onec from Venus.

*Lt. Col. ret. Wendelle C. Stevens<sup>2</sup>*

<sup>2</sup> Lt. Col. ret. Wendelle C. Stevens translated on September 7th, 2010, at the age 87 years in Tucson, Arizona, USA

# The Journey of Soul through the Levels of Consciousness



*The Journey of Soul is an art and science that allows temporarily the departure of the Soul from the physical existence to visit and explore any or all of the worlds beyond the physical universe, in the Soul body.*

OmneC OneC



# Chapter One

## From Venus I Came

It was in the deep of night, among the remote mountains and desert Wilderness of Nevada, that the glowing spaceship touched down. The odd humming sound steadily became fainter and fainter. Then, as if from nowhere, a round opening appeared in the circular craft and several figures stepped down into the headlights of an approaching car. One was a tall, handsome man with his long blond hair neatly tucked away under a hat. Beside him stood a little girl and the ship's pilot. Minutes later, the tall man and his little blond niece were on their way down the bumpy desert road, while the mysterious spaceship sped off into the starry sky.

The most earthshaking revelation will be that since Earth was first colonized, human beings have been arriving from the planets in this very solar system – planets which most people today believe cannot possibly have advanced human life. Their ships land secretly in remote parts of the world where they are met by friends who have already been absorbed into Earth society. Most of the newcomers do become involved in life here, something that has been going on for a long time; but the people who know about us, or even suspect we exist are very few in number.

Today, after two decades of silence, the truth about that chilly desert night can be told. Until this moment, for what has sometimes seemed like an eternity, I have lived the life of Sheila. But Sheila was to be my name only until the time was right for me to tell Earth's people who I really am, and where I really come from. That time has arrived.

My real name is Omnec Onec. I was the little blond girl of that night in the desert, and the stately man beside me was Odin, my loving uncle. Both of us had arrived from Tythania, the planet you call Venus. As a child I had made the decision to spend the rest of my life on Earth, as a matter of destiny based on karmic reasons.

I am one among thousands of people from the neighboring planets who make Earth their home. Some of our people stay only long enough to complete special

missions, but many have made the courageous decision to spend the rest of their lives here. Scientists, doctors, educators, artists, engineers, and ordinary citizens from these advanced planets live and work secretly among the people of Earth.

The idea that Earth cannot be the only planet in the universe with intelligent life is pretty well accepted today. Millions of people believe that among the UFOs are spaceships from distant planets more advanced than Earth. The bold and adventurous will go a few steps farther, to wonder about this story of my life, and to put aside for a while all the canned truths about the planets in this solar system.

My fondest hope in writing about my life on Venus and on Earth is that people will be awakened to the truth, as incredible as the truth may seem. It's sad that for so many years, images of barren and hostile planets have been drummed into people's minds. Hardly a child finishes school without learning about the extremes on Venus and Mars. Telescopes and spaceprobes all say the same thing, so it seems. So it is no wonder that people today hardly have an original thought about what really does exist out there.

I know from personal experience that most of the popular ideas about our planets are far from being true. The greatest government secret of the century is that advanced human civilizations have been discovered on many of the planets in our solar system. And the physical spaceships which are seen in the skies every day are from some of them. Governments of the world know as well that people like myself, living secretly within the Earth's population, number well into the thousands.

For their own very good reasons, as I shall explain later, governments and military powers on Earth are doing all in their power to suppress any evidence that may leak out from UFO witnesses, space probes, astronauts, astronomers, and anyone else who may know of us. (I am not saying that all astronauts and astronomers know.) Meanwhile, most of the public hears from unsure and unreliable astronomers and government sources and is satisfied.

No wonder the truth is so unbelievable! I can understand why people like myself are called crackpots. It is much easier to believe the latest evidence from the space probes than to suspect there might be some grand secret.

In reality, Venus and the rest of our twelve planets<sup>3</sup> are very much alive. More than half the planets in our solar system do support human life. The civilizations that I know of are all spiritually and technologically much more advanced and more ancient than any race living on Earth today. And beyond this family of planets are countless more solar systems, most of which also support human life.



Man is truly a universal species.

The story of men on Earth will clear up many questions that need to be answered about our people before I go on with the story of my own life. Lately, more and more people are reconsidering the conventional stories of man's past. Archeologists are admitting that advanced civilizations may indeed have existed on Earth tens and hundreds of thousands of years ago. There is also enough evidence indicating that during prehistoric times, man had technologies superior to today's. There is also evidence showing that throughout history, Earth's civilizations have been visited and helped by people from other planets. I have known this for a long time. It is true.

In every age, visitors from outer space have had an influence on the culture and technology of people around the globe. Sacred literatures of the world speak of flying spaceships and man-like beings descending from the sky, bringing great wonders. Legends and myths also mention man-like beings landing on Earth and living among the people. Ruins of cities exist, whose architecture cannot be duplicated by modern technology, and whose rock engravings speak clearly of the extraterrestrials who built them. Unexplainable things scattered around the world all seem to tell the same story. Ancient man was much smarter than people admit, and he was never entirely alone.

The Venusian village where I was born and raised is called Teutonia. As a child, I learned the story of man on Earth in Teutonia's Temple of History, a place of learning that is more like a time machine than a school.

Millions of years ago, our first expeditions landed on Kal Na-ar (Earth), the youngest planet of our solar system. The space scientists of several planets had watched Earth undergo evolution, ever so often sending ships to investigate. The planets of a solar system, I should mention, are not all created at once. They are constantly forming, maturing, and dying. New planets are continuously being colonized and dying planets are being abandoned.

Our expeditions found Earth to be the greenest, most lushly vegetated planet in this solar system. But, as beautiful as it was, the entire planet was soon considered unfit for colonization; and it was without doubt very dangerous for any of our people to settle here. As word spread, Earth became known as the hostile, negative planet. It was then that it was called Kal Na-ar, meaning "negative child". After those explorations, nobody stayed there any longer than was absolutely necessary.

A problem with Earth was that it had only one moon. Planets in the physical universe usually have two or more moons, so that each can help balance the

other's influence. For a planet to have no moons also is fine, but to have only one can unbalance a planet. In this solar system, Earth is therefore unique.

As the Moon revolves around the Earth, its gravity slightly stretches the Earth itself, causing tides. If these tides would have been the only problem, our early explorers should have rejoiced. The Moon also has an effect on any human being who decided to live here, or throughout the ages has been born here. Partly because of the water in our bodies, the Moon has just as definite an influence on us as on the oceans. It adversely affects our minds and emotions, a condition that has existed throughout history, and will exist as long as there is only one moon and until the consciousness on Earth has changed to become more balanced. Not until people use advanced technologies for the benefit of all and not for personal enrichment of a few can such new technologies be implemented to harmonize the repercussions of one single moon.

One of the problems is the flaring of negative emotion in masses of people, which is actually a self-destructive force in man. Mental illnesses are also related to the phases of the Moon. The word lunacy comes from this effect. Visitors to Earth are often advised to drink plenty of water during times of the full moon, to help adjust to their lives here.

Not only does the Moon play with man's emotions, but the whole unbalancing effect also reduces people's lifespans. And because the planetary vibrations are coarser or denser than on Venus or Mars, there is much more illness and depression. With good reason, Earth became an unpopular planet in its early years, and was not colonized until life on Venus and its neighbors had changed drastically.

Social and cultural reforms on Venus were very slow for many thousands of years. Life was troubled much like it is on Earth today, even worse, and the common people decided to do something about it. The breaking point was a planetary revolution which bloodlessly destroyed money and the class structure forever. The consciousness of Venus's people changed to a point where the once wealthy and powerful had no choice but to change or leave the planet. In the time for each, the other planets underwent the same kind of growing pains.

Earth happened to be the nearest planet that could be colonized, so those who left took their chances here. But they were well equipped when they arrived, with advanced technologies that included anti-gravity spaceships, electricity, solar and nuclear power, and many powerful gadgets not yet re-discovered by modern man.

Their governments and the way of life they established were very much the

same as what had been overthrown on the home planet. They were designed in such a way that a few benefitted at the expense of many and slavery was a common thing. Civilizations flourished for a while.

The inevitable happened. Already immersed in such passions as greed, vanity, and anger, these newcomers succumbed to the negative influences of this unbalanced planet. People's emotions flared, lifespans shortened, and natural disasters turned life into a nightmare.

Earth became a planet of ups and downs, very much like it is today. It was doomed to repeated cycles of war and destruction unless the people could grow spiritually, which has not yet happened. The original colonial civilizations expired in nuclear wars and natural holocausts, and also the slow death of losing knowledge and culture generation after generation. Battling the elements just to survive took so much of the people's time, that education of the young suffered and precious knowledge was lost. The stronger survivors in every age lost no time in conquering the weaker.

None of these peoples learned the lessons of war and progress in peace, as the home planet had done. Ancient history is an endless tale of one great civilization following another in dominating the choice regions of Earth.

Lemuria rose and fell as all the others, although it was one of the most advanced civilizations to develop on Earth. The capital city Kharahota now lies beneath the sands of the great Gobi desert. Once again there had been the almost total suppression of the poor at the hands of the greedy and powerful ruling class. A vast area of the land suddenly sank into what is now the Pacific Ocean, leaving few traces for the survivors to find.

Atlantis was a great island continent that existed in what we know as the Atlantic Ocean. In many ways the Atlanteans were technically superior to modern men, but they too experienced technology racing ahead of their spiritual maturity to control it. Thanks to nuclear testing and many other misuses of their technology, the continent broke up and the last islands sank beneath the sea in a single day, leaving very few survivors.

Through all these turbulent years the Brotherhood of the Planets looked upon Earth as an immature child who needed guidance. As civilizations rose and fell, spaceships from Venus, Mars, Saturn, and Jupiter came here, and our people continued to come here to live. Those are the four planets responsible for colonizing Earth, and each is today the home of one of the four original racetypes<sup>4</sup> evolving here.

One white race, known by many people as Aryans, came from Venus. We are

the tall “angelic beings” so often spoken of in your UFO contacts. Normally we are seven to eight feet tall, and are well known for our long blond hair and blue or green eyes. Our hands are broad, with long and slender tapering fingers. The outer fingers curve in toward the straight middle finger, making each hand look almost like the flame of a candle. Very noticeable are our unusually high foreheads, large and wideset eyes, and high cheekbones. Our temples are more sunk in than most, and barely visible are small, bony ridges on each side of the forehead, hidden by the way we wear our hair.

A yellow race is from the planet Mars. These are a slender people, small in stature, with golden or dark brown hair and olive to yellow complexion. Their large, slanted eyes are anywhere from grey to dark brown in color. Martians are known for their secretive nature and the futuristic many-leveled elaborate cities we see in science fiction illustrations. The Martian lifewave is not in our physical density either, but corresponds with the astral level. Martians are associated with the histories of the Oriental and ancient Spanish peoples.

A red race came to Earth from the Saturn system, although it first evolved on Mercury. A change in the orbit of Mercury took it closer to the Sun and as living conditions deteriorated, the people migrated to Saturn. Saturnians are known to have red to brown hair and a ruddy complexion, with yellow to green eyes. A tall and stocky people, they are known in our solar system for their athletic nature. The Atlanteans and American Indians are among those who can trace their heritage back to Saturn. The Egyptian and Aztec peoples, among others, were very much influenced by the Saturnians.

A black race evolved in the Jupiter system. These are a tall, royal-looking people with broad faces and square jaws. Their hair is a deep, glistening black, and their eyes are from purple to violet. The Jupiterians are also known for their beautiful voices and open sharing nature of being. Descendents are in Africa and other parts of the world.

In all the centuries of struggle, Earth has never been forgotten or neglected. Compassionate people from the home planets have always been here to help their races. There were times when the people of Earth remembered their true heritage, and visitors from space and those of us who lived here were openly welcomed and known. During the more barbaric times and in recent decades, the extraterrestrials have been more cautious in making their presence known.

During the times of Lemuria and Atlantis, we were recognized for our concern about the spiritual, cultural and technical progress of Earth men. The people of Saturn, for example, were helpful in the rise of Atlantis. In ancient Egypt, a good relationship existed between extraterrestrials and the Pharaohs. Then, as in the

time of Atlantis, scientists from other planets brought spiritual and technological knowledge to Earth. Among the engineers constructing the pyramids were people from other planets. Egypt's surge in culture was due to this influence.

There was no exception during the so-called dark ages of the past, and space travelers were also here during those times, but instead of being seen for what they really were, they were looked upon as Gods. Much of the world's sacred literature and legends speak of them and their work here on Earth.

The visitors also learned their own lessons in this process. They learned from experience the Earth's peculiar nature, and how new technology was quickly exploited in the struggle for power and domination, and the disasters that resulted. They became very wary of man on Earth, and as a consequence, refused to share their knowledge freely.

Since this withholding of knowledge began, the civilizations of Earth have been little aware of their true heritage. Spiritual leaders were sent more often, and any technical help was given in small safer doses.

During your biblical times, space people exercised a greater influence over the spiritual growth of Earth men. Many of the prophets and spiritual giants were extraterrestrials. Your Old Testament contains many references to spaceships, heavenly beings coming from the sky, and leaders going off to speak with God. Many other parts of the world also experienced visits by the "Gods from the heavens" bringing spiritual truths to the people.

Never again was technology given freely and completely to Earth. Instead, scientists were infiltrated into societies to secretly help mankind, making sure that the knowledge they brought was not misused. The very same thing is being done today.

Meanwhile, the sciences and technology have experienced a new surge of growth on Earth. Electricity, steel, engines, aircraft, nuclear power, and much more has been re-discovered. Wars continue and become more deadly, and most of the people know nothing of the inspiring kind of life on Earth's many neighbors in space.

In the late 1940s, UFOs began to be reported in surprising numbers, and many people were amazed to discover that they outmaneuvered and outran man's most sophisticated aircraft. Governments and military forces around the world were puzzled, but very much interested, and also very quiet.

Few people were at that time aware of the sudden interest in Earth. In their continuing experiments with Radar, scientists had generated radar beams which eventually reached Venus. Monitoring stations there received what seemed at

first to be distress signals from Earth. A reply was sent. Experts on Earth of course could not decipher the signals, but they did correctly calculate that the signals came from a near point.

Ships were sent by the Venusians to investigate. What they found was frightening; a planet inventing and exploding ever more powerful nuclear weapons. The last fifty years on Earth has been a time of tremendous technical growth, but at the same time relatively little spiritual growth. It was the same sad pattern we had seen on Atlantis and Lemuria before this. The re-birth of the dreaded atomic sciences became of grave concern to scientists and spiritual leaders of the Brotherhood of Planets. No longer would the problems of Earth be entirely her own. With this awareness of nuclear power, this planet has become a menace to the entire solar system.

Nations of the world began to notice the mysterious UFOs over capital cities, industrial sites, military bases, research centers, and nuclear testing grounds as well. Now there was little doubt that these ships were manned or controlled by a superior technology. Military officials began to worry.

Being mystified was bad enough, but learning the truth about them was worse. Leaders weren't quite prepared for the shock of learning that advanced human life exists elsewhere. This all came to a head when representatives of the Brotherhood contacted key leaders with enough proof as to who they were. More than one U. S. President has learned the startling truth firsthand! Our messages were ones of advice and persuasion, but never coercion.

Over a number of years, and through many exchanges of views, much was learned about the planets and their people. Our representatives explained that even with our advanced powers, we would not think of interfering in Earth's affairs. If we wanted to, we could have conquered Earth very easily at any time, but this was not in line with our spiritual belief allowing each individual the freedom to make his own decisions and accept his own experiences.

If a nuclear war were to develop, which imperiled our representatives or our ships, even then we would not interfere. We do not kill, even in self-defense anymore, either as individuals or as a people.

Nuclear power and its dangers were the highlight of these talks. Both the leading powers were advised directly of the danger and futility of such confrontation. Our scientists made it clearly known to top military leaders and to nuclear scientists that to continue their testing would be self-destructive. Instruments aboard our ships and space laboratories, we explained, had detected damages unknown to Earth scientists.

Raised eyebrows and objections came when we turned our attention to political systems. Our own experience has been that the two or three party system causes untold problems, because a large part of the population is always unhappy with what the party in power does, and none have ever been truly benevolent. Corruption, unjust practices, and destructive competition are built right into the system. We stressed that this was not theory, that other planets had the same problems before Earth was colonized.

We pointed out how the daily power struggles are nothing more than destructive, and that quarrels between nations are so often petty children's games. And that democracy, including representative democracy, really exists nowhere on this planet. Nations of this world are ruled by Oligarchies of wealth. Their bloodstream is money. You people have no idea how complete this control of the world really is. The true picture is as shocking and unbelievable as the truth about our nearby planets.

What was the outcome of these talks? Eventually the two superpowers and a number of nations agreed to end nuclear testing in the atmosphere, and to depart from the "massive deterrent" concept certain to insure mutual annihilation in the foreseeable future. But most of our people's ideas were rejected, and at the same time an age of secrecy was ushered in. Too many people have too many personal interests at stake to allow the truth to become known. If our existence became common knowledge, it would signal the end to the widespread corruption and exploitation on planet Earth.

Here, a very small percentage of the people own most of the resources, land, factories, and money in the world and money is the tool by which the control is exercised. As difficult as it may be to understand, we have learned to live without currency or money on Venus. The direct result is no hoarding, no accumulation and no weapon of exploitation. The difference in life is mind-staggering. Also Venus has no central or national governments, and nothing resembling a class structure. The wealthy and powerful people of Earth who are aware of us do not want the masses to learn of our way of life. Secrecy is a matter of survival.

People with financial interests in the energy industries are very anxious to suppress anything to do with the UFOs or their occupants. Magnetic and solar power provide the energy needs of technically advanced planets. Being unlimited and costing little, introduction of such technologies here would put the other energy industry out of business. Magnetic power is also used to run our flying discs and the larger motherships. If everyone had such a craft, whose cost of operation is almost zero, autos, jets, and trains would no longer be needed.

Neither would there need to be highways, railroads, airports or a hundred other inconveniences of our modern life. People wouldn't need to live in cities any longer, because commuting a thousand miles every day would be simple, speedy and inexpensive. Consider the losses to vested interests in such a case. Their position is clear. Technology from Earth's neighboring planets would bring change, unwanted change, into the lives of selfish people who seek to preserve the system.

Today we have a number of enemies here, and although the common man might welcome us with open arms, we do consider Earth to be a hostile planet. Our ships have been shot at by the military, by police, and by frightened citizens. Our ships are hunted down when spotted even though we show no hostility. This is one good reason for avoiding populous areas.

The Brotherhood is wary of Earth's immaturity, which happens to be only a reflection of the young age of this planet. People all too often react in a negative way to something as unexpected as one of our ships and as completely foreign to their concepts. Man on Earth has gone through so many wars and disasters that the idea of life on other planets is not too comforting. Your science fiction movies of creatures invading Earth have not been of any help.

Our ships are elusive because they are flying over enemy territory, but they are not considered really enemies by the people themselves. Besides treating us to undeserved hostility, governments and militarists have done a thorough job of clamping down a lid of secrecy over actual sightings, landings and contacts. Books have been written showing how the military and intelligence agencies have consistently controlled the press, silenced witnesses, issued false statements, and confiscated valuable evidence. This is unfortunate. A great number of people are aware of the censorship, but an even greater number of people would be utterly shocked to learn how serious and thorough the censorship really is.

Despite the harassment, our spacecraft continue their operations here. With the expanding technology our observations have grown to the greatest level in centuries. More of our convoys patrol your skies, land, and contact more people on Earth than ever before in your recorded history. Those of us who live here are more and more making our presence known to trusted friends.

Before going on, I must advise that all UFOs are not from our Brotherhood of Planets, or even from our solar systems. Some are actually astral lights and interdimensional entities, and some are unknown to us. Some came from great distances. The whole picture is very complex, but there have been a great number of landings and contacts by our people.



In all parts of the world our ships are active, watching Earth's atmosphere, lands, and oceans. The serious effects of continued nuclear testing are of special concern as well as natural events such as earthquakes, climatic changes, and axial tilt of the Earth.

Seeing all this activity, more and more people are becoming convinced that some of the UFOs actually do come from more advanced planets, and are slower to laugh at somebody else's experience with UFOs or their occupants. But the connection to your neighboring planets has not yet been made public, and may not be for some time.

It may be of interest to report that the gravity of Saturn and Jupiter are not as great at the surface as your scientists suspect, and that neither Uranus, Neptune, Pluto or the planets beyond are ice cold. With the exception of Mercury, distance from the sun does not control any planet's surface temperature. It is true that Pluto and the planets beyond are affected by another asteroid belt between Neptune and Pluto that increases the energy of the sun's radiation, by acting as an electrical grid. The belt between Mars and Jupiter does the same for Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus and Neptune.

Since the blossoming of the U.S. and Russian space programs, probes have been sent to the nearby planets. Here have been the first opportunities to penetrate another planet's atmosphere and take photos at close range but considering the censorship, I doubt that any surprises will be made known soon. Most of the data sent back to Earth has never been released. Carefully selected proof that human life is impossible on the other planets is accepted by the public. After all, space probes sent directly to the surface cannot lie. But those in control of them can.

Our people who have decided to live on Earth are very quiet about it, especially those of us who have important jobs. For them to do any talking at this time is out of the question. They have too much to lose, a mission on Earth, or possibly their lives. What if a respected scientist at a U.S. nuclear research lab suddenly admitted that he was a scientist from Venus? Or what if a high government official did the same? He could be either ridiculed or believed, neither of which is very comfortable.

Why my people continue to help this planet, not to mention living here, probably is not easy to understand. Why leave a peaceful and comfortable life to live in such a negative environment here on Earth? People have asked me the same thing. Why did I leave Venus when life was so much more pleasant there? The answer lies in the design of the universe, and also in Earth's unique place in our solar system.

For thousands of years our space travelers have been exploring the physical universe, everywhere finding the most exacting order and regularity. Not only atoms but also planets and solar systems follow natural laws that existed even before this galaxy was formed. Cosmic plans and laws exist, of which man on Earth knows very little. The design of the physical universe is meaningful to those who have discovered its secrets.

The universe was designed with one idea in mind, to support life in its many forms. As scientists on Earth are beginning to learn, life is no accident and neither are the many natural laws that govern it; laws that are found in any solar system. On every level of life in the physical universe we have found patterns, order, and cycles which we accept and learn from.

The Cosmic Being has not forgotten man, one of the higher life-forms in the physical universe. Just as the laws of physics and chemistry can be found everywhere, so can the minerals, plants, and animals.

In fact, you may be surprised to find out how many plants and animals are really not native to Earth, but which were brought here by the colonists. Every planet has been designed to support life at many levels, and so it was no surprise for us to discover through our travels that most planets do support human life. Man is not a creature of the Earth, but a creature of the universe who has colonized Earth. The human species has been universally designed and can adapt to exist in many places. If explorers had never found Eskimos living near the Arctic Circle, the common belief today might have been that man could not adapt to those extreme conditions. But over time the human body can and does adapt to very different conditions in different extremes.

Sooner or later the truth of what I am saying will be demonstrated. Man, as a universal form of life, has evolved on other planets, and in some cases to levels that are spiritually, intellectually, and physically inconceivable to men of Earth.

The Venusians and our friends in the Brotherhood are compassionate people. We too had a history very much like yours up to the present day. Venus has had its wars and power struggles, the oppression of the poor and the cruelties. Our concern is that Earth is having trouble growing up. The same mistakes are repeated over and over again. Instead of progressing beyond the age of wars, Earth has been arrested at that level for a frighteningly long time, and the situation is getting worse instead of better. A black cloud hangs over the entire planet.

With good reason our scientists continue to work in giant spaceships high in Earth's atmosphere, while people from all walks of life continue to live here. We

are drawn in compassion for the suffering that Earth's people are going through.

A number of us are living on Earth to fulfill our own personal needs for growth, myself included. As the negative planet in our solar system, Earth attracts people who need negative experience as a part of their growth. In the East, people call this need or duty Karma, which fits hand in glove with reincarnation.

Reincarnation is an accepted fact of life among the people of our Brotherhood of Planets. It is very real, as anyone who lives in an advanced culture knows. Scientifically we have broken through the barrier you call death, thanks to ages of spiritual and technical progress. Every person alive today in the physical universe has lived many times before, but Earth's people in the West generally do not know it. Keeping reincarnation in mind, it is not really so tragic for us on Earth to be living on a negative planet.

Negative experiences are only a part of a long period of growth through many lifetimes on many and sometimes different planets. Each personality will be an individual forever, even after he no longer incarnates on Earth or any other place in the worlds of time and space. Soul is the essence of each individual. Consciousness and personality develop through experiences made in each and every life cycle.

Karma is an invisible law which we all obey, whether we like it or not, or even believe in it. It is known as the law of cause and effect because all that a person does, thinks, or feels has an effect on him. Sometimes the effect, or fruit of his actions, comes years or even lifetimes later, but there is no escaping it.

The law of Karma governs every circumstance of life until all the debts are paid or collected. It is not determinism, because every moment we are creating fresh Karma and reaping the old. It is a very exacting law, and no one can escape the suffering or happiness he himself has caused.

One of my reasons for coming to Earth was to balance out some of my Karma. I needed to learn the lesson of compassion, and to tie up some loose ends left behind from my previous lives on Earth. Life on Venus was bliss and I could easily have chosen to stay. But I realized that living out my full life on Venus would only have delayed the inevitable. Eventually I would have been reborn on Earth. As I look back now, I am glad that I made the decision to spend the rest of the days of this life on Earth, despite all the suffering and hardship I have had to live through.

It is not unusual for our people to come here for this same reason of balancing out Karma. Either they need to settle karmic debts with people living here, with whom they have had relationships in past lives, or they need some kind of

negative experience as war or poverty. In our solar system, these experiences are no longer available anywhere else.

My arrival here as a child was unique and different. Becoming absorbed into a new society is not only tricky but dangerous. An adult who lands on Earth arrives here prepared with training and experience, but I had to be planted into an Earth family without their knowing it. With the resources my people had at their fingertips the plan was a success. I am sure there are families who know of us and who would have offered to raise me, but karmically I was drawn to this one particular family.

As a youngster I never dared say a word about Venus, not to my family and not to my best friends. Before leaving Venus I was warned over and over how foolish and dangerous that would be. People were not even aware that life existed on Venus. In your movies astronauts always seem to find monsters, evil dictators, and warring empires on other planets, which sounds more like what our ships find on Earth.

A psychiatrist, I'm sure would have been called in to treat my overripe imagination and "save the poor child from a world of fantasy." Later in life the explanation would have sounded more sophisticated, if I would have made the mistake of talking. "There is no doubt that she is just a mixed-up kid from the backwoods of Tennessee. Her emotionally painful childhood sent her to seek escape in a dreamworld. Venus is a fantasy land in which to seek comfort, a place to find new meaning in life." Now that I have begun telling my story, I hear this reaction often. It does not offend me because I know it is due to a limited understanding.

In the city of Retz I was first told of a chance to live on Earth, as well as working off some of my Karma. I was at some time to fulfill a special mission for our people by breaking the secrecy of my presence and telling of our Brotherhood of Planets. I would be contacted later in my life with more of the details.

I was chosen to be in this spotlight because the story of our people should not be given only through phenomena in the sky, or landing spaceships on the surface. These can be attacked, explained away to others, or covered up as they almost always have been in the past. Breaking the news should not be too shocking, such as an occupant stepping from a spacecraft in a public gathering. That denies too many the opportunity for free choice and may result in unacceptable cultural shock. Instead, the real story needs to be told by someone who wouldn't seem like an alien suddenly arriving from space.

I am not endangering any secret mission by admitting that I was born on Venus. I am not a scientist with any secret knowledge about convoys or magnetic power. Today my mission is to write this biography. It is just a sincere effort to share with you our way of life.

Because I have spent so much time here, people will find it easier to accept and understand me as a real human being. I can identify very easily with the people of Earth, and they can identify more easily with me. Many of the pains and ordeals I have gone through are the same as those others have experienced in their own lives.

When I first decided to leave Venus, I looked to my future more as an adventure than anything else. The spiritual Masters in Retz of course warned me not to expect an easy pleasant existence, but the excitement of going to another planet filled my mind. The suffering I had heard about didn't seem very real to me. We are aware of the pain, the poverty, and the wars on Earth, but these had not been my personal experiences in life. It was much like being an affluent westerner who is little affected by the starvation in Asia because it isn't his personal experience.

When I stepped down from our ship that night in Nevada I was unsure about myself, uncertain and uneasy about all the things that were to happen. I was fortunate not to have known then how bad Karma can be, or I may have turned around right there and gone back home. "Angels Don't Cry"<sup>5</sup> was one of the earlier titles I had in mind for this book, because there is so much joy in our lives that we rarely cry, except of course when we think of Earth or our past lives there. Since being here I have cried and cried, so much that it could well be the story of my life on Earth.

My life here has been full of adventure and intrigue. But on the other hand it was a rare thing for me to be among people who really cared for or loved me. Coming here meant leaving all that I knew and loved, a life of creativity and peace. After my uncle left me behind in Arkansas and returned to go back home, I was alone, "a stranger in a strange land."

I have learned from experience how very real Karma is. My life here has been a giant heap of Karma compressed into this one lifetime so that I shall be done with it forever. If only people knew how surely all their misdeeds will one day meet them face to face, then who in his right mind could knowingly hurt another person? Do unto others only what you would have them do unto you, because everything you do unto others will be done unto you eventually. That is one big lesson I share with you.

I am not embittered today. The past is behind me and I try to enjoy the happiness of the present moment. The world has treated me just as I once treated it, and everyone grows from his experiences, good or bad. I for one learned the simple lesson of compassion, just as every other individual on any planet learns his lessons. My life on Earth proves that just because I happened to be born on a more advanced planet, does not mean that I escape the lessons of my past.

Less than a few decades ago, people would not have been ready to accept the idea of this autobiography. It would have been useless for any of us to do much talking, and those who did soon regretted it. It is the new level of consciousness, or level of awareness that has made this book possible now. And depending on the public's reaction to me, there may be more of us making ourselves known.

Above and beyond our individual reasons for being here we are very much concerned with the consciousness of men of Earth. This has to do with his basic understanding of life and the universe, and his awareness of his own self in it all.

Natural powers such as mental telepathy and precognition, all of which we are adept at, weren't too well accepted not too many years ago. Esoteric subject were mostly studied in small, private groups. Books on the occult subjects were given little attention and often ridiculed by the less informed, and the media were reluctant to treat psychic subjects seriously. The natural powers of man were looked upon as either satanic or nonexistent, really a sad state of affairs indeed.

Our overall concern in this age is to play some part in the spiritual awakening of Earth. Political and social reform is not directly our goal. As the people of Venus understand it, the way of life on Earth is only a reflection of the spiritual unfoldment or consciousness of its people as individuals. The reason for life in the physical universe is nothing more than spiritual awakening, and no part of life is ever separate from this main overall scheme.

Our understanding of spirituality is probably not what you would expect. It does not necessarily mean being a religious devotee or trying to live an apparently saintly life. Our spiritual teaching is a planetary teaching which is really an advanced form of science. At one end of the spectrum it offers a complete understanding of life, death, God, and the hereafter, and all the various subjects which religious and spiritual paths on Earth delve into. We allow each individual to prove to himself via actual experience what life after death is really like, and what that Being you call God really is. At the other end of the spectrum, our teaching includes a thorough understanding of the physical universe and its laws, which reflects in the wonders of our marvelous technology.

We have always been interested in the spiritual paths, religions, the occult schools that have sprung up on Earth. In past ages we were involved in sending spiritual leaders here, around some of whom religions later developed. Most of the paths are limited today in the freedom, wisdom and love they offer their followers, but we cannot criticize any of them because each attracts followers at a certain level of consciousness, and those levels are not all the same. If a path offers what the individual needs, and satisfies him, then for that one it is a good path.

As a person matures spiritually, he learns that the conventional religions and paths no longer satisfy him, because something vital is missing. I had this same problem when I came to Earth. I was frustrated being in such a young body but having a head full of knowledge beyond many people's understanding. I found it difficult suppressing things very natural for me, such as picking up other people's thoughts. There were times when I had to hold myself back from telling all my friends and even people on the streets that they were walking around in sleep.

Because my spiritual upbringing was so very different from the teachings offered me on Earth, I didn't accept any while I was here. As a child in Tennessee I was raised in a protestant church, which seemed very primitive to me. I became disillusioned and hurt by the limits of the spiritual teachings in religions that I came across in this country.

The Venusians live according to spiritual and natural law, rather than manmade laws, in every area of life. This is a very basic difference between the other planets and Earth. Personal experience is the "vital something" which is missing in conventional Earth religions and paths.

Before leaving Venus I was told of limitations in Earth's spiritual teachings, and that I would not find satisfaction, but I was promised that some day in my life on Earth I would find the universal teachings, which on Venus are called Om-Notia Zedia, The Laws of the Supreme Deity. The name would be different but the teaching is the same, and it would be brought forward when the time was right and the people were ready. It has existed on Earth since the planet was colonized, and has been taught under many different names, at times openly, and at times secretly from person to person. During the time of Lemuria, and of Atlantis too, it was brought into the open, but most of the time camouflage was necessary because of the freedom and awareness this teaching offers. Organized religions and rulers consider it dangerous to their well-being and self-preservation. For this reason you usually find it suppressed in some way by those authorities.

Pythagoras was one master of that teaching who taught it secretly under the guise of philosophy. Jesus taught it as the wisdom of love. This most ancient of teachings has been known in Tibet for thousands of years. It has been known here since the first colonization. Then, a time came when it was successfully suppressed by powerful religions and had to be brought to Earth once more. Remote places in the Himalayas were chosen to guard the basic works where they still are today. If there is any one factor more responsible for the progress of the people of Tythania, it would have to be this science which we may call Laws of the Supreme Deity. It has allowed us to discover the deepest secrets of the universe, of time and space, matter and energy. We have discovered some of the deepest and most profound secrets of man himself, of the mind, and the consciousness. All this is reflected in the wonders of life on Venus, wonders rivaling science fiction, and utopia on Earth.

We have no wars or poverty, and our people do not know disease. Lifetimes span into hundreds of years. Physical aging ceases at between 20 and 30 years. Our cities are small, simply designed, and free of crime. Long ago, the magnetic and solar power developments revolutionized our lives.

Space holds some of our greatest challenges. We are a people hungry for knowledge. The universe has been so designed that there is always more to learn. Our ships are not limited by gravity, friction, or the so-called speed of light, and some of them are miles long. Other planets in this solar system are only a few days away. A trip between solar systems is even faster.

As individuals, the Venusians are well aware of the real powers of the mind and consciousness. What you call psychic powers are child's play to us. Mental telepathy is the usual way in which we communicate, and we are also able to look into the future, remember past lives, or move objects by thought. Many of us have learned to move backward or forward in time. Any person trying to use such powers must have the spiritual maturity to be responsible with power. In living on a negative planet it is all too easy to misuse power, and people all over Earth who are unknowingly and unwisely dabbling with such powers will pay for their mistakes for many lifetimes to come. I never use such power except in dire emergency, and then I must be very careful.

We have discovered the existence of other universes beyond the physical, and we have learned to visit these worlds at will. On Venus this has become a science in and of itself.

Some of your writers on Earth have called them parallel universes. Such worlds of being actually do exist, at different coordinates of time, space, matter and even energy. There are also worlds beyond time, space, matter and energy. In



discovering and exploring them we have solved the mystery called death, which happens to be nothing more than a transformation to one of these other worlds and a very natural part of an individual's life.

Death remains a mystery here on Earth simply because so few here have discovered and explored these levels of reality and being and returned to tell about them.

So the great challenge for man on Earth lies in unraveling the mysteries of life. I hope this book will unveil for you a greater conception of the world you live in, and a greater conception of yourself, the individual.

I am not disturbed if you choose to call my life on Venus imagination. Every creation of man, everything manmade that you see around you, was born in the imagination. Imagination is the most powerful faculty in man and the key to the creation of reality. With his imagination, man is as much a creator as is God Itself.

[3](#) According to Omnec Onec our solar system consists of twelve planets.

[4](#) Omnec says that she does not like the word "race", but that she has to use an Earth language to express herself. She and her people look at all human beings as Soul and do not feel any judgement in terms of different origins or skin colors. (Publisher's comment).

[5](#) "Angels Don't Cry" is the title of the second part of Omnec Onec's autobiography. (Publisher's comment)

## Chapter Two

# Laws of The Supreme Deity

Venus is one of the older, more advanced planets in our solar system. So ancient are our people, that my ancestors were able to watch Earth in its development and to explore the green planet when it first became livable. Since then, we have grown spiritually, culturally and technically as a civilization, and as individuals, to a point inconceivable to the people of Earth. So radically different is life on Venus that it would be useless for me to jump right into the story of my life there or mention such simple things as my birth or my home, without these chapters about our culture and history.

When we say that the basic difference between Tythanians and the people of Earth lies in each individual's self-awareness, that is still a world of difference. The growth of a planet over millions of years depends on how spiritually awake and aware the people become.

Whenever the people of Venus speak of their culture, their technology, or any facet of their lives, credit always goes to our planetary science or teaching called the Laws of the Supreme Deity. Only through this advanced form of science, where spirituality and science are two faces of the same thing, have we grown in so many ways.

Only through an awareness of this science can people on Earth begin to understand the Venusian life, and my own life. Without the Laws of the Supreme Deity, Venus would be as Earth is today.

As a child I was well grounded in the fundamentals of the Laws, as is every child and every adult on Venus, because the teaching had long ago been discovered to be the true way, the true understanding for the entire planet. Only later in life, on Earth, would I realize how very precious the Laws of the Supreme Deity had been, and how fortunate I was to have received a thorough grounding in this teaching.

Knowing of Karma and the purpose of life in the physical world, and being aware of worlds beyond the physical universe, I found it much easier to survive

the nightmares of my life on Earth. During my life on Venus I had gained the emotional strength necessary for me to cope with the hardships ahead. I was able to understand and accept life and my own difficulties more maturely.

Yet anyone on Earth who is open to this teaching can rise above the problems of the physical world. I was told about the future of this teaching shortly before I left Venus. One day, the Laws of the Supreme Deity will be recognized on Earth for what they really are. The seeds have already been planted. Our people plan to become more and more involved in making this a reality.

An understanding that becomes a living experience for the individual studying the Laws of the Supreme Deity, is exactly what it means by I. Many different ideas can fill your mind when you ask yourself, “Who am I?” On Earth, there will be as many different conceptions as there are people. It is this self-conception that makes such a world of difference in anyone’s life, whether he lives on Venus or Earth, or on any other planet in any galaxy. To grow into the full realization as to what and who you really are, turns out to be the purpose of life in this physical universe and several other universes. All the experience that an individual can have through countless lifetimes culminates in a full awakening and a total awareness as to who you really are. The Laws of the Supreme Deity is a spiritual teaching, though under many different names, that has always existed, whether secretly or openly, on every planet, for those who are ready to achieve the goal of their many lifetimes of trial and experience.

Every individual on every planet is Soul – nothing more and nothing less. I use this word Soul because the Venusian word for it would be just a word to you. Whereas on Earth, Soul has been used for a long time by religions and spiritual philosophies, and comes close to what we mean<sup>6</sup>. However, through the Laws of the Supreme Deity we do not stop at saying “I am Soul”, or merely believing it. We know it through conscious experience in the Soul body, using our most powerful senses and faculties which reside there.

Soul is so real that no one should have to wait until death to learn about its reality. It can be experienced now. In the physical world, Soul is usually considered to be located at a point just between and behind the eyes of the physical body. However, you as Soul can also learn to detach yourself from the physical body while it is still alive, so that you may be several feet from the body, miles away, or in one of the worlds which the religions call Heaven.

Soul is a unit of awareness. It can know, be and see. Much more cannot be said about its basic nature, except that in quality, Soul is a duplicate of the Being called God. If you were to close your eyes and sit very still, away from noises

and distractions, you will find one point in the body where you are most awake. Usually it's a spot in the center of the head behind and between the eyes which can be separate from and aware of physical sensations, sounds, sights, thoughts, and feelings. We have an indescribable something which can observe all the things a person may falsely believe he is. This detached observer is Soul, the real You.

If you close your eyes and create the face of a friend on the screen of your mind, it would be Soul that is looking at the picture. The mind is not looking, because it is only the tool used to form and hold the image.

Another way to experience the reality of Soul goes like this. As I speak to a friend, are the words coming from my mouth myself? Of course not! But if I were to watch carefully as I speak, being fully aware of each word as it comes out, I will begin to notice that something is listening to those words.

It is not a thought but a unit of awareness. Why is it not a thought, or the mind? Because I can think a certain clear thought as "I wonder if there is a difference between the mind and Soul", and be aware of it as the thought passes through my mind. The still, silent something which watches thoughts being produced by the mind, and knows they are thoughts, is the unit of awareness we call Soul. Very often we confuse thoughts with the unit of awareness that can watch them. We can have a thought such as, "I am fully aware of my thoughts", accept it as true, and forget that it too is only a thought. It too can be consciously watched as Soul. The awareness and the mental world of man are two different things.

By far the best way of finding out that you are Soul is to leave the body in Soul form while you are still living. This is called an out-of-body experience and it proves that you are something beyond the physical body.

It is useless to become involved in how old you are as Soul, because Soul Itself exists beyond time and space. Counting the many lifetimes before this one, you are easily many millions of years old. Through all those lifetimes you have remained the individual, and you will continue to be an individual after the last physical incarnation. The physical bodies, personalities, surroundings, and experiences may have changed, but always there was the real awareness, the real you, learning lessons and unfolding spiritually. To learn, grow, and awaken was the reason that Soul came into the physical world in the first place, eons ago.

Soul's journey to the physical world involved many other worlds beyond ours. These are the so-called parallel universes I spoke of, which the Venusians and many other peoples discovered and explored. To the people of Venus, these planes of existence are the ultimate frontier, containing within them the answers

to all of the mysteries of life.

On Earth books have been written about other worlds, and people have wondered about them ever since they were able to wonder, but few have discovered the secrets of consciously visiting these worlds during their physical lifetimes. Even this will change in the near future. To consciously experience them once could prove their reality, but to never experience them at all leaves them vague and unreal to that one.

Each of these worlds or planes of existence has a different rate of vibration or frequency. The matter in the world just beyond the physical is at so high a frequency that a person living there could easily pass through walls, mountains, and even people here. The highest sounds here, beyond detection by Earth scientists, are the lowest sounds in the plane beyond the physical universe. This explains why the existence of these worlds is a religious matter on Earth, rather than a scientific matter of personal experience.

The worlds beyond have very much in common with the physical world, but they are all much more beautiful and heavenly. They too have all kinds of people, cities and villages, animals, plants, mountains, oceans, deserts, and sunsets; but in every imaginable way, these worlds are vastly more beautiful than the most advanced planets here. The colors are out of this world, so radiant and breathtaking that words cannot do justice to them. The universe just one step beyond ours is so beautiful that many people who live there after “death” mistakenly believe it is the ultimate Heaven.

I use a familiar analogy to help explain how these worlds are designed. First let us take a centrifuge, which is a scientific instrument that spins liquids at high speeds. If we take a mixture of water, mud, sand, and stones and spin it at high speed in the centrifuge, the heavier materials will collect at the outer edge in the order of their heaviness. As we look toward the center, we will see less and less gross materials, until in the innermost area we find only air.

The outermost layer can be thought of as the physical universe, the densest and most material of all the universes. As we look toward the center, we will find the layers having finer and finer materials. These are like the worlds of time and space, where everything is at the higher frequencies. To a person living there, things are as real and solid as to us in the physical world. This is because the senses used there are at the same higher frequencies. Likewise, our physical senses cannot record objects and people there because physical senses were designed for use in the physical universe only.

The very center of the spinning liquid, where there is only air, can be compared

to the pure spiritual worlds beyond time and space. These worlds are the home of Soul and what religions call God, the Ultimate Reality. Soul originates in the pure, positive spiritual worlds beyond time and space, but It was born as an unconscious atom in this cosmic sea.

The Supreme Deity Itself is actually a void. It has no relationship to anything outside of It. This is why nothing can be said about It. But It can be experienced. The best thing to say is, "It just is!"

Issuing forth from the Supreme Deity, sustaining and giving life to all worlds including the physical is the audible life stream of Spirit. Matter and energy in our physical world are nothing more than this universal energy whose vibrations have been stepped down. It is within this sea of Spirit that Soul exists. It is a part of Spirit. As an unconscious atom when it was first created Soul did not know who It was, what the Supreme Deity was, why It existed, and what the power is that It can control. It was asleep in this ocean of Spirit and somehow needed to be awakened to the fact that It even existed.

In order to provide Soul an opportunity to wake up, the Supreme Deity created the worlds of form where the opposite of Spirit exists, which we call the Kal or negative power. There Soul could be tested and purified in polarity until it became aware. There it could acquire the experience necessary to awaken and then be a conscious atom separate from the body of God, and yet a part of it. It will then remain an individual being for all eternity.

Soul exists naturally in the pure, positive spiritual worlds, where there is no matter, energy, space, or time. Not a trace of the negative power exists here. These worlds are very real, but it is almost impossible to describe them with words, because they are beyond the realm of the mind and its workings. To know them a person must experience them for himself.

The denser worlds are constructed as a school for Soul through the creation of polarity between the positive and the negative forces. Soul remains in these worlds of polarity, positive and negative, only temporarily, until the schooling is accomplished and the Soul graduates. The lower world with the most Spirit is that level Soul first entered on its way down into the Physical Plane eons ago. This most heavenly plane of the lower worlds is called the Etheric Plane. In spiritual terminology it is the crossing over line, between the denser planes and the higher Spirit levels.

As Soul came in touch with these denser worlds, It needed to protect Itself with sheaths or bodies. The best protection for Soul in a lower plane happens to be a body made of the same materials as are found naturally on that plane.

The first body you took is more or less a clear sheath or light that surrounds the Soul. On Earth it is known as the subconscious mind, one of Soul's most powerful instruments in the denser worlds. The limitless resources of man's subconscious mind exist on the Etheric Plane, where many saints and mystics received the cosmic consciousness. As a world of being, it is as real as the Physical Plane; in many ways more real. The Etheric Plane has people, cities, beautiful landscapes and sights that can be seen and remembered by those of us on physical planets who have trained ourselves in the art of leaving the body.

The next lower plane that Soul entered on its way into the physical universe is called the Mental Plane. It also is a world of glorious sights and sounds, some of which are recorded in the religious literature of Earth. Your St. John is one individual who visited the Mental Plane during an out-of-body experience and described what he saw there, which included the capital city that was called Kailash. On this plane are the heavens of many of the world religions.

To exist in this rarified density, Soul must protect Itself with a coarser body, called the mental body or mind. Our mind is actually this body, and its energy appears as thought. Each of us has that body, for it is a tool that Soul uses to operate in the lower worlds. It has no life of its own, but depends on the energy Soul allows it to have.

Just below the Mental Plane is the Causal Plane, where Soul picked up the still coarser causal body. It allows Soul to have recall of past lives in the lower worlds. Some teachings on Earth call it the seed body because the karmic seeds of our actions are planted here to be reaped later.

On the Causal Plane is a region often called the Akashic. Although the true Akashic records really exist beyond the lower worlds, those who visit the Causal Plane have the chance to learn of our past lives on the planes below the causal. The famous American psychic, Edgar Cayce did just that. He viewed these records in his investigations of past lives. Any person can in time learn to visit the Causal Plane and discover facts about his own past lives on Earth and other planets.

Below the Causal Plane in frequency is the plane which plays the greatest part in people's physical lives – the Astral Plane. This is where you, as Soul, picked up the astral body, and with it the ability to register what you call emotion. For this reason the Astral Plane is also called the emotional plane. When a person experiences emotion, this is really an energy flowing through the astral body. In any lifetime, your astral body is an exact duplicate of the physical body, only more beautiful and perfected to behold.

The Astral Plane as well as the other worlds of time and space is a very real world. In fact, everything we know in the physical world, such as people, mountains, trees, homes, and cities existed first in the astral world. The Physical Plane was created with the astral in mind, but in a less colorful and luminous way. People living on the Astral Plane have more powers, such as telepathy, manifesting things with the mind, and traveling at fantastic speeds without vehicles or devices. The astral body is luminous and does not have physical pain as we know it in the physical, which explains why people sometimes confuse this astral body with Soul.

Having all these bodies, Soul entered the lowest plane to begin the experiences which one day would lead to becoming a conscious co-worker with the Supreme Deity. We all know it as the physical universe, where Soul picked up the physical sheath or body which was needed to survive here and begin Its experiences.

In the beginning, when you first entered the Physical Plane, you were not immediately a human being in form. For Soul to have every possible experience, which everyone must have in order to be perfected, you need to experience every state of consciousness that the physical world has to offer.

The first experiences that you as Soul had, or the first level of consciousness that you lived within, was that of the mineral state. Granted, minerals do not seem to be very aware (as we think of it), but even the seemingly limited experiences possible by living that mineral state are necessary as Soul first begins to wake up and comprehend Its physical existence. In the beginning, most of us were in the mineral state for a long, long time, depending on what experiences we needed. Of course, you were never really a mineral or rock, but you as Soul inhabited such bodies on your way up.

Between lives there is a period of time where you are placed on a plane above the physical, according to your level of consciousness. In the very beginning most Souls go to the Astral Plane, staying for a while before reincarnating again into the physical universe.

After the mineral state and the experience in awareness at that level, Soul begins to have experiences in the plant state. As a plant, Soul can feel the sunshine and the wind and rain, and it serves as food for the higher forms of life. After many lives and deaths as moss, flowers, vegetables, and trees, on Earth and other planets, Soul is ready for the next step. It begins its lives in the animal state of consciousness.

As an individual, Soul will inhabit bodies that suit its own nature or



individuality. Soul is the life force in the animal, but always remains a unique individual. It spends a great deal of time in the animal state of awareness, progressing from one species to another, from insects to reptiles, to birds, to mammals. These lives are not always on Earth, but on many different planets.

The last stage of physical unfoldment, and the highest state that Soul can reach in the physical world, is the human being. This is the divine apex of evolution in the physical universe, and is the form Soul uses to have Its final experiences here. As a human being, Soul must go through every possible experience. One lifetime is only a speck of time in evolution, much too brief a moment in the physical world to do all the learning and growing needed. Man on Earth does not even manage to complete one full cycle of 144 years in an incarnation.

Soul reincarnates as a human being over and over through millions of years in order to have all the experiences it needs. History is not the story of our ancestors; it is the story of our own lives, for we are our ancestors. Each of us has lived as many different characters, male and female, in many different races, on a number of planets, and in an almost uncountable number of circumstances and situations. Each time that we return, we arrive with a new body and a new mind.

New Souls are constantly being created, however, so that the lower worlds will continue to live. The Supreme Deity uses this plan of ever-constant life in order to live through Its creations and to never perish.

It is for our own benefit that the memories of our own past lives are hidden. If a person were deluged with so many memories, he could very easily end up in an institution. These memories are a part of Soul knowledge, of which we are not very aware until we become mature enough to handle it.

Anyone who is fortunate enough to remember experiencing the worlds beyond time and space knows that these lower worlds leave much to be desired. Why then, do we as Soul remain bound to the lower worlds for such a long time? In order for us to be purified and perfected, the negative power was established to bind us here as long as possible. Its instrument is the law of Karma, which, like the law of gravity, holds us here long before we become aware that it even exists. No one would dispute that the law of Karma is invisible, but the longer a person is unaware of how real it is, the longer will he be bound to the physical world.

Christ referred to the law of Karma when he said, "As you sow, so shall you reap." Spiritual leaders of almost every religion or path on Earth at one time taught this universal law, and even today most people of Earth know of Karma,

especially in the East.

It has been said that mind can be a useful servant, but a terrible master. Soul should always be in control of the denser bodies, but all too often it is not. Instead of Spirit controlling the mind, the Kal power can take over so that person will sink into the five passions of the mind – anger, vanity, lust, greed, and attachment to material things. As long as this is happening, Soul will be bound to the lower worlds through the creation of karmic debts; for as long as you have a debt to pay, you must be reborn.

Throughout the many incarnations as a human being, Soul is entangled in webs of Karma. You have been poor and rich, powerful and weak, famous and unknown, healthy and crippled, intellectually keen and slow-witted; but there comes a time that Soul approaches a state of balance in the physical world. As the individual is winding up his lives here, he begins to seek earnestly for answers to why he exists, why he is here, where he is going, and what the greatest power is that exists beyond the physical world. He finds that the conventional paths no longer satisfy him. At this point a person begins to become more aware of the person within himself – his feelings, thoughts, and intuitions. He may soon begin to consciously explore the planes beyond the physical in his search for truth.

No longer is Soul comfortable with the religions of the day, because there is not enough truth in them, not enough answers. As Soul, you are ready to seek something beyond the physical world.

This is when you discover a spiritual teaching that tells you about Soul, and about your existence before you were ever in the physical world. You find that by having this teaching consciously, you are able to learn the Journey of Soul. Through this art and science, you leave the physical body temporarily to visit and explore any or all of the worlds beyond the physical universe, in the Soul body. It is like teaching what religions call heaven before death; only this experience can prove life after death to each individual.

The Journey of Soul is the main feature of the Laws of the Supreme Deity, which sets it apart from other teachings. The whole system is based on personal experience within the planes beyond this one. Instead of hoping and trying to believe in life after death, the individual can experience life apart from the physical body and visit the places he will eventually inhabit, after the death of the physical body. He will learn the simple difference between death and the Journey of Soul.

In the Journey of Soul, he returns to his living, inhabitable body. In death, he

can not return because the physical body is for some reason no longer operable. Instead of believing in reincarnation, he will know that it is real after visiting higher planes and having recall of his own past lives.

With this conscious knowledge, there is opportunity to balance out the Karma from past lives. When one learns that the physical body is just a vehicle in which to learn lessons, then he is reaching a point where it will not be necessary to incarnate in the denser worlds any more. You have a choice to become a conscious worker with the Creator, even before physical death.

The physical world is not the only place where Soul must balance out Its Karma. There are also the Astral, Causal, and Mental Planes Soul has lived and created debts. In Its upward journey, Soul cleans up all of its unfinished business in the lower worlds first. It is freed of the bonds of Karma and reincarnation when It is firmly established in the first of the spiritual worlds, called the Soul plane, beyond time and space.

Here you have Self-Realization, the first full realization that you are Soul. Several worlds above the Soul plane is that higher spiritual world where the God-consciousness is reached. Here Soul realizes that It and the Supreme Deity are the same. Soul has total awareness here, a state that can be reached while you are still physically alive. Even here its growth is not completed. Beyond are many more planes. Throughout eternity there is always one more step to go.

The Laws of the Supreme Deity is our name for a teaching that exists on every planet and every plane. Venus does not have any monopoly on it, but we do recognize it openly as our planetary spiritual teaching. Each planet has this teaching which originates beyond the denser worlds, to help those Souls who are ready to advance.

There are a mind-staggering numbers of denser world teachings whose purpose is to suit the consciousness of Souls who must stay in the denser worlds for additional experience. These were established to bind the Soul to the denser levels until it is strong enough and aware enough to escape. They have a limited truth and serve their purpose well, and they are varied to suit the many levels of consciousness that exist in the denser worlds.

Each individual must be careful not to be trapped by a teaching which does not satisfy his inner need for truth. The seeker must also be wary that he does not mistake a lower plane, within the realm of Karma, for the true spiritual worlds. The Astral Plane is today peopled by many who believe it is the ultimate heaven, so much more beautiful than the physical world is this plane.

Any planet whose people live in close accord with spiritual laws will have

conditions that seem almost heavenly to people of Earth. Venus is the way it is because of the consciousness of the people living there. The same is true of Earth. Souls who have much negative Karma will be attracted together on one planet, to make negative experience possible.

I am not saying that Earth is a completely negative planet. It too is balanced by a positive side to life. Any planet or plane in the denser worlds, on which you exist, can be negative or positive for you depending on your own attitudes, for these create your personal world with the power of thought. It all depends on your level of consciousness awareness.

As I mentioned, Venus too was once a very negative planet, as Earth is today. Over several million years, the people of Venus grew to a point in their unfoldment that is not unique, but seems unique to the people of Earth because they are not aware of such things. Our spiritual and technical growth became so positive that our entire civilization no longer needed to exist on the Physical Plane. While the physical planet Venus did remain alive, the entire culture and its people achieved transition to the astral level.

[6](#) Soul being the spiritual self of man and not the “psyche” as known in psychology. (Publisher’s comment).

## Chapter Three

# Tythania Comes of Age

Trying to learn where life itself came from is not so easy here in the physical universe. It is very ancient history. Before Earth was colonized there were advanced well-established civilizations on other planets in our own solar system. And before this solar system came into being, there were other solar systems in this Galaxy having planets supporting ancient civilizations. Earth is like a baby, just beginning to become aware of the vast world in which it lives.

Earth scientists today work devotedly trying to find out where life itself comes from. For thousands and millions of years, scientists on planets much older than Earth have done the same thing, but they learned that their efforts were in vain.

Life cannot be created here in the physical universe. However, when conditions are right, it can enter this world from the worlds beyond. Only when a person has the God-consciousness can he know the where and why of life itself.

As the people of Tythania studied and analyzed their own past, as well as the history of other planets, they found that all is not as chaotic as it seems. Life on the planets follows natural law just as surely as anything else in nature. Growth of a planet and its people goes through natural cycles and ages just as the growth of an individual passes through stages. The order of the ages gives an idea of the kind of life a planet goes through. First is the Golden Age, which on Earth related to the mythical time of Adam and Eve and the Garden of Paradise. Of all the ages, this is the most beautiful. It corresponds to the people's inner consciousness of beauty and innocence. Life during this age is peaceful, with the land bringing forth all that is needed for the comfort and well-being of life. Man-made laws do not exist, because the individual is led by an inner sense of spiritual justice. Neither do wars and petty conflicts play a part in people's lives at this time.

The Golden Age of Man leads right into the Silver Age, when a more negative way of life spreads across the face of the planet. Here the elements turn against man and good protection begins to make a difference between survival and death. Divisions between men and petty conflicts gather momentum in breaking

up the stable way of life of the Golden Age, and as the planet proceeds into the next age, life becomes even more negative. This Silver Age is several hundred thousand years shorter (on Earth) than the Golden Age. Each new age is shorter than the one before (the foreshortening of the days perceived by the prophets in your Bible).

Next is the Copper Age, where the positive and the negative are equal for the first time. The five passions grow, and any group of clan of people faring better than another is subject to attack. As man-made laws seep into every area of life, rulers take for themselves the right and privileges belonging naturally to each individual. In less than one million Earth years the Copper Age also comes to an end.

The fourth and most negative of all the ages takes up the next several hundred thousand Earth years. It is well named the Iron Age or Kali Yuga (negative age). Darkness and decay are widespread during this age, and crime floods the streets. People are slaughtered by the millions and cities are entirely wiped out in senseless and brutal wars that embroil the entire planet. Soon this can shift to interplanetary wars and vast destruction through nuclear warfare and the rampage of black magic. A planet in this stage is justifiably quarantined because it is a danger to all others.

Fortunately, this ends one entire cycle, which on your Earth lasts four and one-half million years. As this negative age comes to a close, the planet enters a dormant state until it is readjusted for further life. A new Golden Age then unfolds, and life begins anew in yet another cycle of ages.

The Venusian people learned from their study of the Venus past that it indeed had gone through countless cycles of ages. But the pattern was the same – from Golden Age to Iron Age, a rest and then return to yet another Golden Age. When we first met the people of Mars and Saturn in this cycle, we found that both of these planets had evolved through similar cycles. Earth as well as numberless planets visited by the space travelers of the Brotherhood also obeys the cosmic cycles of ages.

All planets are not within the same age at the same time, Earth recently entered its Iron Age, while Venus is entering another Golden Age. It is at the beginning of Venus's previous Golden Age that this story of our past will begin. Actually, recorded history on Venus takes in several cycles before that Golden Age, but my own memory takes me back only so far.

The history of Venus is colorful and exciting, but so is the history of any planet, including Earth. The real value of including this story probably lies in the

fact that our past is so strikingly similar to your own. We at one time had the same problems that are plaguing Earth today. We had the wars, the decrepit cities, crime in the streets, moral decay, exploitation, and a meaninglessness in the everyday lives of our citizens. How we conquered these mountainous problems and the periods of hopelessness and questioning perhaps will inspire those of us on Earth in the years and decades ahead. The story of our past will also explain how Venus came to occupy the unique place it holds in your physical universe today, and the how and why of my birth there.

Venus's last Golden Age was much like any Golden Age, a very peaceful and balanced time. The people were by no means primitive or savage. Much time was spent in outdoor gardens, and most of their needs were satisfied by the rich, natural surroundings. Vegetables and fruits grew abundantly in the tropical climate.

A critical period came near the end of that Golden Age when over a number of years the vapor envelope was reduced and frequent dry spells and disastrous droughts spread across the land. The sun was especially hot during these times, before a heavier cloud cover developed. In some areas a strange disease began to catch hold, a disease that was attributed to some mysterious rays of the sun.

All of this frightened the people to no end, until in mass hysteria villages were abandoned across the planet and colonies were established underground. For almost a century no one dared to venture forth into what was sure death under the hostile rays of the harsh sun.

Venus in this era was technically advanced enough to make life comfortable under the surface. The colonies were mostly horizontal and small enough so that walking was the only way to get around. Power was provided by small generators hooked up to underground streams, and crude solar devices left on the surface. It was used sparingly for lighting and ventilation, for growing food, and for preserving and cooking food. The people did not have televisions, radios, and appliances because energy was in such short supply. Life underground was primitive but comfortable, with the people feeling fortunate that at least they were alive.

Although this kind of life lasted less than a century, it was nevertheless a long time for any group of people to live underground. Several generations were involved. There were many families whose parents and grandparents had been born and lived all their life underground. The younger families were the ones who eventually took part in the journey back to the surface. The fear of the sun had not been their own experience, but that of the older people. Now it seemed to the young people that perhaps it could only have been a superstitious belief of

the old ones that had driven the people of Venus underground in the first place.

Even with the suspicion that fear of the sun was foolish and primitive, no one at first dared to venture out to see if it was true. And then, someone was born with the mission to lead the people out. His name was Zadrien, which later became well known. He must have been a spiritually advanced individual to stand so firm in his beliefs that living underground was foolish and quite unnecessary. To prove that venturing out into the sun did not mean certain death, Zadrien shocked his family and friends by moving out of his own colony, living on the surface so long that everyone thought he surely had died and then returning one day. To the people's amazement, the rebel Zadrien was very much alive and obviously in good health. His skin had developed a more beautiful and radiant tint, much less pale than before. Zadrien also brought back vegetables grown in the sun to show how much more nutritious natural food was.

Communication between the colonies did not exist in those days, so Zadrien began to travel a great deal with his more courageous disciples, to prove to the people of Venus how good the sun really was. In many ways he was like Christ. All kinds of romantic stories, tales, and songs were created in his honor after the people had realized the truth in what he was saying and had moved back to the surface to live.

Zadrien was one of Venus's first spiritual leaders in this great age. As the people were led back to the surface, Zadrien took on the role of spiritual master in the people's lives. Much of the knowledge he gave them about the Creator and the universe formed the beginning of their Laws of the Supreme Deity. This was Zadrien's own personal knowledge taught to him by his parents, who were against going underground in the first place but were compelled to go along with the rest of that civilization.

Zadrien taught the people that they did not need manmade laws, but rather the laws of the Creator. I know of three principles which Zadrien taught. One was always to replenish the Earth with whatever was taken from it. Another was to look at each individual as Soul rather than as a personality in a body. The third was not to condemn any man until you yourself have undergone his experience.

As they passed through their cycles within the Ages, civilizations rose and fell and sciences advanced and collapsed or were destroyed with the civilizations. As scientific knowledge grew, adherence to Spiritual Law became weaker and weaker and life became more and more negative. Wars and divisions between the people developed, whose terror the people of Earth have not yet seen in modern times. Exploitation of the lower classes became so complete that these people had no choice but to plan a revolution of planetary proportions.



Venus had one race of light-skinned people, and so the prejudices and conflicts never revolved around racial differences or nationalities either for that matter. In fact, nations did not then develop on Venus. Each major city was the center of a region, and wars were most often fought between individual cities or allied cities. And a planetary government was not successfully formed, although several attempts were made to establish one over thousands of years. Too often, dissension among these city-states broke up any attempts at a unified system of government.

The wars which did plague the Venusians were sparked by the people's differing attitudes, and of course greed, much like on Earth. Since there were no nations, any war was more localized than on Earth. The power groups of a city were never quite satisfied with ruling their own city and region, so they always managed to create a justifiable conflict with the well-to-do-neighboring city-state as a pretext for going to war.

Venus was quick to develop most advanced forms of power and technology. Magnetic and solar power had been discovered not too long after the people moved to the surface. Zadrien himself played a strong role in motivating his people to seek contact with neighboring planets, and it wasn't long thereafter that Venus was traveling space. Nuclear power and nuclear bombs were a part of the planet's growth. In desperation, cities had used these weapons against each other, destroying vast regions of their beautiful lands.

Venus came to be ruled by a small group of wealthy people. Exactly the same situation exists on Earth today. Life was a game for this small, elite group, and the winner was he who could control the most money and the most people for the longest time. The pawns were of course the vast majority of the people within the lower classes.

A look at a Venusian city of the past will give a better picture of those sad times. On the whole the cities were beautifully developed, but the streets, buildings, parks, everything was to be found on a number of different levels. The poor, uneducated working class lived at the lowest levels, which compared to the worst slums of Earth cities because they were so dark and dreary. Sunlight very seldom was able to filter down to the lowest levels. As time went by, life deteriorated in all ways for the unfortunate masses. Petty revolutions had been attempted for ages, but none succeeded, for the people unwittingly continued to play the game set up for them by the ruling classes.

A silent revolt of the working class in every city of the planet simultaneously was finally realized as the only way. The people were tired of their lot and vowed that not even they had any right to rule others, should they succeed with

their secret plan. But their plans would involve many years of hard work and sacrifices for the greater cause. A planetary movement just did not develop overnight.

The working class began earnestly to infiltrate the governments with those who were loyal to their cause and who could be trusted. Their hopes were to elect their own hand-picked political leaders into the highest offices, individuals who would turn from power and lead the people free. It took a great deal of time to groom the right candidates and support them in many different campaigns on the way up into the highest offices.

At last came the day when enough key men had been elected, the day that all had been anxiously waiting for which in history is simply called The Beginning. On this most unforgettable day of all, Venus's most respected and honored leaders abolished the government and military forces, while people in the cities threw all their money into the streets and garbage cans or burned it with joy. On that first glorious day, people everywhere marched from the cities in droves, taking along only their clothes, food, and seeds for planting. They left forever the decrepit cities, their possessions, homes, cars, and everything that stood for the old way of life.

Their intentions were simple – to move into the country where each individual would work for himself to support his family. It was just remarkable to see these people's determination, and their courage and faith in leaving the security of home for an uncertain new life. Many people were of course reluctant to leave because they had become attached to their everyday conveniences. At the same time they realized that they would rather not be left behind in the deserted cities.

The wealthy and powerful were in bad shape. Instead of retaining some kind of social structure and seeking a redistribution of the wealth and power, the underclass had turned their backs completely on the old way of life with no intention of return. They created their own new game the powerful could not play, and would not want to play. Overnight, the upper classes of Venus had lost everything.

In all of Venusian history, no one day has changed the face of the planet so completely and so dramatically. The Beginning launched Venus on the road to becoming an astral civilization as well as an important capital to your physical universe. Up to that time, wars, revolutions, and coups had only shifted the power around. One group of power-seekers replaced another, leaving the overall way of life unchanged, and the political and economic systems as before. But now all was different.

The consciousness of the people had itself changed, had been raised over a long period of time. By turning their backs to material comforts and the secure established way, the people of Venus demonstrated a transformation in their basic attitude and understanding. Greed and attachment to form diminished.

The upper classes were left alone. Without obedient masses and with depleted organs of government, they were out of business. Without factories and services the powerful were as poor as anyone else. Without employees and broad based markets businesses failed. Everything changed drastically as the bulk of the people moved to the simpler self-supporting life taking their accumulated technological knowledge and production crafts with them.

The cities were almost completely abandoned. Although some dissidents attempted to establish their own colonies, they were far too few and even these were abandoned. The remaining upper class, including the defeated leaders, had no trouble deciding what had to be done. These people made a choice to leave the planet.

The plan was to colonize a more suitable planet, and of course they enjoyed the knowledge that Earth was such a lush green place, and not too far away. As such, Earth became the most likely candidate for welcoming the departing Venusians. Under the circumstances, much of the talk about it being an unbalanced planet was ignored. Spacecraft soon began delivering the first of the Venusian aristocrats, people who could no longer live in the transformed Venusian society.

Events of similar nature sooner or later provided the impetus for humans on other planets also migrating to Earth, some from within this solar system and some from beyond. Therefore people on Earth today are a mixture of renegade Venusian aristocrats and peaceful residents of the Atlantean, Lemurian, or Aztec colonies among others, built later by the Brotherhood of the Planets. But as those peaceful and advanced colonies flourished, they were attacked by the old aristocratic societies striving for power again.

For the Venusian people whose vision of a better life took them into the countryside, hardships lay ahead. In many ways, they were like the pioneers who settled America, facing great hardship but gaining the way of life they sought. What these people were going through was little different from a normal cycle of growth common to other planets as well. During the more primitive beginning, people lived simply on the land, growing the food required and seeing to their own needs. Then a form of industrialization specialization took place, making life more complex and more negative again. Finally, as the new technology became more advanced, the people moved back to the land without becoming

primitive in the process. The more natural technology and the natural way of life resulted in a more advanced individualized technical creativity than the complex, artificial technology such as Earth has now.

During The Beginning, the people of Venus were escaping a life of little or no freedom. Devoting all their hours to an employer was nothing but a form of slavery, they realized, and neither was it meaningful or fulfilling. The economy was so specialized that few people could achieve a sense of satisfaction in their jobs. And there wasn't much of a choice in the kind of job a person could get. It depended on the standards society had set up for the kind of formal education he needed. Most of the poorer classes either could not achieve the standard, or they were never afforded an opportunity to work in their fields of talent. So many man-made laws had been created that spiritual law became as well-known as on Earth today. Life seemed to be an ocean of do's and don'ts, and the people were like driftwood tossed by the waves.

In the new life, each family strived first for itself, settling a parcel of land just large enough to provide its own food needs. At first some goods were exchanged back and forth, as some people inevitably knew how to do some things better than others. Yet they had every intention to keep specialization to a minimum and to strive for self-sufficiency. Classes were set up to teach everyone the basic skills, so that after a while each family was able to satisfy most of its own needs. Within a decade, self-sufficient villages were spread across the face of the planet.

Managing to grow enough food was probably the greatest hardship. Every family was deeply involved in this project of learning to cultivate the land productively with no artificial fertilizers or chemical sprays. Crops did not always turn out well in those first years, and even Venusian technology could not alleviate hunger pains.

To handle larger projects in a village, the men joined together to build community workshops. Here were tools and facilities for building small flying craft and other devices where they needed to pool their knowledge and effort. Production lines and specialization were never again allowed to develop. Even the spacecraft were built individually by one or a few people. Eventually computerized machines built the spacecraft automatically. Physical labor in the new way of life was not looked down upon because being personally involved in creative work gave each person a sense of fulfillment. Each family had built its own home, as well as a workshop where whatever was needed was made. On every level of life the individual was most important, much more important than the modern conveniences the people had given up to escape the slavery to it.

Never was a single way of doing things decided upon, because it always seemed to lead to conflict, and it didn't promote personal individuality.

The new life on Venus was so different from what it had been before, that it would easily take an entire book to explain it well. The most important idea to remember is that this new way of life only reflected the higher consciousness of the people. It cannot be forced or imposed on the people who are not ready for it.

No one owned land or paid taxes in the new Venusian community. If a family wanted to move, they would leave the home and land behind for another family. A central government was never again established because it would only provide a fertile environment for power-hungry men and man-made laws. Neither were laws passed, or police departments needed or money printed. To this day no form of currency exists on Venus.

I do not know whether such a way of life ever existed on Earth. Perhaps experimental communes at one time or other tried. I know that much of the success of the new life on Venus came from their understanding and living the universal Laws of the Supreme Deity. There was less greed, anger, vanity, and attachment to material things than ever before. Each individual's understanding that he was Soul, and therefore immortal, living many lifetimes, helped to make life run smoothly. Knowing that their stay in the physical world was temporary, fighting over possessions or more land seemed simply absurd. Instead, if one family found that they were blessed with more material things than another, they would gladly share. Personal attitudes about these things had been changing long before The Beginning, but the traditional structures and systems of society had been holding them back.

Life in the Venusian villages after The Beginning was never primitive, only simple and natural. The most advanced technologies already existed and only needed to be refined and adapted, such as the use of solar and magnetic power for all energy needs. Disc-shaped flying craft, with all their magnificent capabilities, were used in the exploration of space. Conversation machines existed that gathered data from remote areas, and even translated foreign languages into our planetary language. Mining was accomplished by using devices that magnetically drew the element to the surface. This is only a sample of the technology that was available to all. Our technical growth did not come to a standstill, but rather became more servant than master.

The greatest single challenge became the exploration of space, to learn ever more about this great universe; but space travel, in our case, was not limited to a few scientists and astronauts. The neutralizing of gravity by Venusian spaceships made space travel possible for the common man. Communications developed

between the planets, and friendships or brotherhoods developed to help all to conquer the mysteries of the universe. Space travel tremendously expanded our people's horizons on the Physical Plane, and was responsible for much of our growth in the centuries before the planet's life became astral.

Observing the Laws of the Supreme Deity, individual spiritual unfoldment became greater than it ever had been before. More and more, individuals learned to visit planes above the physical at will, which makes a great difference in anyone's life. They became more aware of their identity as Soul, and of the minor place the Physical Plane holds in the Soul's life. This high state of consciousness of the Venusian people led to a very positive way of life as the planet entered its most recent Iron Age. Instead of becoming very negative, the life-wave on Venus became so positive as to lift it up to another level. When this happened, Venus became a very special planet. Our capital city, Retz, is still the capital of our new universe.

The people of Venus did not suddenly wake up one day on the Astral Plane. The transition was very gradual and subtle taking place over a number of years. I must remind you that all of what I have said about Venus' past took place over millions of years, making this a very condensed history.

As the people grew spiritually, they lived less and less for the physical world and its physical pleasures. Communication became more and more mental, and their consciousness reached closer and closer to the astral level. Spiritually and technically, the people of Venus arrived at an understanding where they felt the control of life and death in their own hands. As their consciousness became more suited to astral levels, no longer did they feel the same attachment to their physical body and that density. Eventually most of the Tythanians had decided to translate, dropping the physical body and continuing their life on the Astral Plane of density.

In this process of moving their civilization up one dimension, the people of Venus remained the people of Venus. The race did not end, and people had the same form and appearance after the Great Transition as before. Remember that the astral body is an exact duplicate of the physical in form, but less dense and of a more durable nature.

The culture remained the same as before. People carried over their habits, customs, ways of thinking, dress styles, architecture, and language. Cities and landscapes were the same as what was left behind at the physical level but brighter and more beautifully maintained. My own city of Teutonia existed in counterpart or astral reality, as did all the others. Our friendship and interaction with the other physical planets continued, and our interest in Earth also

continued with little change. We learned to control our density.

Though it seemed as if the people of Venus had disappeared by leaving the Physical Plane, they merely continued their Venusian lives on the Astral Plane by choice. Even they have karmic debts in the physical world and must some day leave the astral to be reborn to the physical to balance the accounts.

The move to finer density is only temporary for the civilization, as a way of positively living through the last years of the dense negative Iron Age. Today Venus is reentering a new Golden Age, and the physical planet will be colonized again by people leaving the Astral Plane.

Many of those who gave up their bodies and made the move to the Astral Plane during the Great Transition are alive there today, on account of their long lifespans. These people can no longer return to the Physical Plane unless they die on the astral and are reborn into physical. Their children and grandchildren who are born on the Astral Plane however, need not die there in order to come into the physical world. They only need to manifest their physical body. Once in the physical world, there is no returning to the astral to live until the physical body dies, because once manifested, they are responsible for maintaining it.

In this lifetime for me, I was born and raised on the astral Venus, at a time when most of the people and life were astral. As a young child I lowered my vibrations to manifest my physical body, which is of course a duplicate of my astral body. With my uncle and a companion I left the physical planet Venus in order to live on your Earth. The story of my early years on Venus describes our astral culture, and it was during those years that I also learned about the cultures on the physical planets.

If I had been born on physical Venus and left at the same early age, I may not have written this book. How many people can remember their earliest childhood well enough to write about it in detail? The story of my life is unusual because of my vivid recall of those earliest years. Being born and living on the Astral Plane gave me an almost photographic memory. The Astral Plane, remember, corresponds to a higher level of consciousness than what usually is possible on the Physical Plane, and the people who live there have greater powers in every area of life. So it was no great feat for me to be able to remember clearly what has happened. In fact I can well remember my days in the womb!

## Chapter Four

# My First Years of Life

In the womb there was at first an abundance of room. I was nothing but a seedling, and darkness and warmth filled my world. As Soul, I myself was the only source of light, and although I could not actually see or hear, I was aware of the new world I had entered. I remember well my first days and weeks on Venus in the womb of Shawik-Echo Lei, my mother.

It is a wonderful and peaceful feeling, this security of being a part of another being and yet completely separate. I was aware how very much I depended upon my loving mother to supply the energy I would need to build my strength to be born.

To be so knowledgeable and yet so helpless is a strange experience. As Soul, each of us has limitless knowledge and power. But when we are born into a new life and even before we are born, once we have chosen a family and a body in which to live, we become helpless. Because the new body has new limbs, new senses, and a new brain to be trained, we must spend a great deal of our attention and energy in growing accustomed to them. While learning to control the vocal chords to communicate in the language of our new environment and while learning to use the new senses and brain, our knowledge as Soul is usually buried in the subconscious mind.

In rare cases of genius the subconscious and conscious minds are not separated, so that young children sometimes have knowledge from many lifetimes. Each individual has access to this knowledge later in life, but initially it is submerged. On the Astral Plane I was one step closer to Soul awareness, so my memory of those early moments has remained with me.

As my new body developed I had much time to contemplate all the things I knew. As Soul, I remembered the beginning, when I was first sent down into the denser worlds, and the countless lives as minerals, plants, and animals. Then there were the almost numberless lives as a human being, of both sexes and in every situation imaginable, on many different planets. Between those millions of physical lifetimes were many others beyond the Physical Plane.

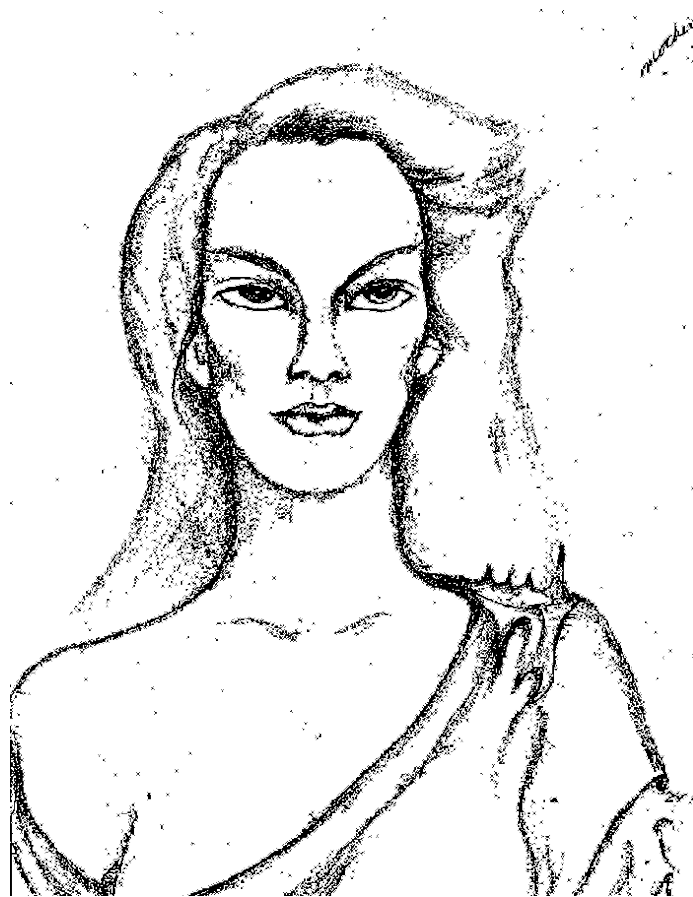


I could go on without end about what I remember as Soul, but mostly I contemplated about my new family. I had chosen both my mother and my father because I had been with them before, and I was destined to be with them again to fulfill my spiritual and emotional needs.

We three had lived together before on Venus, but now I would become their first and only child, Omnec Onec. In that past lifetime my new mother and I were sisters, and Venus was a younger planet striving to end wars. Disease and plagues haunted the people in those turbulent years; and she was one of those stricken with a terrible illness that could not be cured.

In willing her to live and healing her psychically with my own energy, I took the Karma of her illness upon myself and died instead of her.

My father in this new life (on Venus), who was my lover and a doctor then, resented my sister because she lived and I died. In grief over my passing he starved himself to death. My sister (and now mother in this new life) loved him even then. In the end she lost both of the people so dear to her.



*Omnec's Venusian mother Shawik: A couple of hours after Omnec's birth on her home planet,*

*she left her body. (Drawing from Ruth Platner after a draft of the author).*

In this lifetime on Venus he and she loved one another as man and wife, giving him a chance to make up for his resentment of long ago. She was also able to share part of her life with him this time, as she so longed to do in that past life.

Now I am to be born to her. To make up for my giving up my life then, she will give her life to me now and translate (die) when I am born. It is her choice and fate to balance this debt generated in the past. In this life he will lose the one he resented living then and have the one he so loved and lost then. Being an emotional person he will long for my loving mother and turn away from me to his work. All of these things I knew as Soul.

I thought about my new mother often as I grew inside her womb. I felt the warm love she had for me, and as I began to move about I was aware of their interest and delight. My father's warm love also radiated toward me. I heard their muffled voices and I could sense their hands feeling around as I kicked and turned.

I lost myself in the indescribable joy of being one with the universe. The rhythm of the universe flowed through me, that lifestream of light and sound flowing from the Supreme Deity to support all life and form. Being in the womb is a special time of life, for Soul is able to travel freely into the planes beyond.

Time passed and I grew. Every day I could feel myself becoming more human in appearance. The space around me was so close that I found it harder to move about. Just stretching was almost impossible. Sounds from the outside were muffled, but my mother's heartbeat and breathing were very close to me.

As my time to emerge grew near, there were mixed feelings of joy and sorrow. A feeling of gladness washed over me, and fear too of a new experience about to begin but the choice had been made and the time had come.

Suddenly came the confusion of emerging into lights and sounds, the shock of being new, separate, and having an identity. Strange, smiling faces greeted me, yet I recognized and loved this new family immediately. I had arrived, crying because I couldn't communicate all I felt and knew, and because I was so small and helpless.

I was held and nursed by my mother, feeling warm, wanted, and loved.

As I rested there in her arms I well understood that she would not be with me for long. Her silence and her loving gaze said many things. "I love you dearly, but I am going to leave you. I will not be with you to share the joys and sorrows of life. The choice is being made so that you may live and I may balance my

Karma.”

Feeling warm, wanted and loved, I fell into a peaceful resting sleep. When I again opened my eyes I was alone in a bed. Dimly I was aware of my father pacing around the room at a distance. He did not come near me. Mother was nowhere to be seen. Her last words just before I fell asleep flashed through my mind. “Take good care of my baby,” she said to my father. I didn’t realize fully until later, that my mother had already translated, but as Soul I was fully aware of all this.

My memories as a tiny baby are mostly blurred, then there are bits and pieces that are very clear. Only by putting together the bits and pieces am I able to have a picture in my mind of these earliest days.

Near my bed stood a stranger, a neighbor who was to nurse me and take care of me. She was the only one who greeted me into my new home in Teutonia on Venus.

All around me in the room I felt the heavy air of disharmony. Reaching high above me in the shape of a dome was the ceiling. In the very center was a sculptured flower, like a lotus blossom, and all sorts of delicate but intricate designs reached down from the petals surrounding the dome and extending down the walls of my round bedroom. My bed, shaped like a bowl, hung from the ceiling on a golden rope encircled by flowers. Nearby was an open window with a view to the garden and its sweet fragrance. A gentle breeze swayed and slowly turned the bed.

I enjoyed all the new sights. Birds sang in a golden cage near my bed. One of my mother’s last requests was to have live birds in my room. Above me, automatic toys flew around or sat motionless in the air making delightful musical sounds.

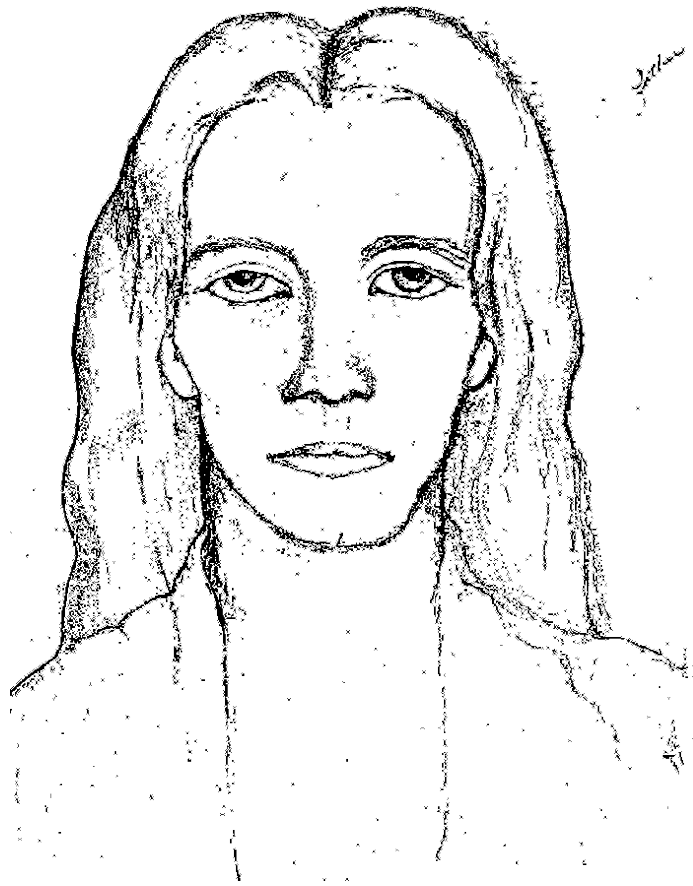
Every day the nurse came to take care of me. The feeling I sensed was one of duty instead of love. I guess she was detached because I did not belong to her. As a baby I was aware of this coolness, and I am sure that babies in the physical world have this same awareness of the mother’s true feelings.

Often I could hear my father’s voice in the distance, but never did I catch a glimpse of his face. I had seen him only once, shortly after I was born, but after that first day of grief and loss he never came near me again. I had the sure feeling that I was the main cause of the disharmony that I sensed. At times, when I was taken out into the garden, I could hear the machinery from my father’s laboratory, but I would never see him.

On a sunny morning the nurse took me outside and laid me on a soft blanket in

the garden so that I could enjoy the butterflies and the birds, and the beautiful flowers there. But I was much more interested in a very familiar sound – my father’s voice. He and two other voices were discussing what was going to happen to me. As a newborn baby I didn’t realize that these were my aunt and uncle, but I did recognize my own name being mentioned ever so often. It wasn’t until later in my life that I learned what was happening.

My mother’s sister Arena and her husband Odin were visiting father, and discussing what was to be done with me. Being grieved over my mother’s death, he held me responsible for everything. He explained to Arena and Odin that he did not want to become emotionally attached to me or to have any kind of emotional feelings for me. It was difficult enough that he had lost my mother, but if he became attached to me it would be the same story all over again.



*Omnec’s Venusian father Deashar: Together with his brother-in-law Odin, he works on the perfection of a device for the direct transfer of matter from one planet to another. (Drawing from Ruth Plattner after a draft of the author).*

My father could not bear the emotion of watching his child grow up looking too much like his lost love. And since he had been so emotionally attached to her, he was not agreeable with my mother's choice, selfless as it was. Of course that was being selfish on his part and he admitted that. I was only a child, not a companion. That is the way he looked at it.

He explained to my aunt and uncle that he had no time to devote himself to raising a child, for a child needed much love and care. He was a scientist and had his work to do, and to care for me would be too much.

Since I did not have a mother, he felt it would be best if they took me home and raised me as their own child. My aunt and uncle were of course overjoyed to have me since they themselves did not have children.

I was sound asleep when Arena came into the garden to bring me inside. Dimly I remember being carried in her arms and gently being laid down among the covers of my bed as she prepared to gather my things.

Opening my eyes I saw a smiling face above my bed as Arena stood over me with her reddish-golden hair falling to her shoulders in soft curls. I felt as if I was her own child, seeing her friendly loving face and gazing into her green, smiling eyes. My aunt was a very beautiful woman, much like my mother in appearance.

With his widow's peak of silvery-blond hair falling to his shoulders and his sparkly, almost turquoise eyes, my uncle Odin was a most pleasant looking man. He was tall and stately with a wonderful cheery look about him, more masculine, but much resembling Arena.

Arena picked me up ever so lovingly and held me close. It was the first feeling of warmth and love I had felt since that first day my mother had nursed me. I missed her now and I knew she was gone, but I did not understand all the changes that were taking place.

All of my playthings, clothes, and even my bed were being packed up. I realized that I was leaving the house, and I was leaving my father whom I loved so very much. I remember being carried out the front door and seeing for the last time my familiar surroundings. As we approached my aunt and uncle's bubble car, I heard my father saying goodbye from the distance. My nurse kissed me goodbye on the cheek and that was all.

The three of us entered the spaceship and took off. Ships are actually not needed for traveling on the Astral Plane. There we travel by thought, by putting our attention on the destination and appearing there. When a number of people travel, individuals sometimes get separated and appear in the wrong place or at a

different point in time. Therefore, people in groups prefer to travel in the same ship and arrive at the same place and time together. Enjoying the scenery is also a more aesthetic experience together that just appearing somewhere else.

Our bubble car was an amazingly simple craft, looking like a clear glass bubble with seats inside. Because my uncle could propel and direct the ship by thought-power alone, there were no engines or controls; only a simple, gleaming bubble.

As our ship rose above the multi-colored trees, I caught the last glimpse of my father's estate. In the center of our house was an elegant white dome, slightly pointed, under which I had slept and played during those weeks of my life. Together with the wings on each side, it reminds me now of the capitol building in America, although the dome seemed to be more Turkish in design. The spacious grounds had a gorgeous abundance of colorful trees and flowers expertly arranged. Off to the left was the laboratory where my father worked. It looked like an iridescent glass bubble sitting among the bushes and trees of the garden.

I fell in love with my aunt and uncle's home the moment I saw it, looking so much like a moon rising over the horizon or like a circle rising from the ground. It couldn't have been much simpler in design. The shallow, milky, blue-white dome surrounded by elaborate gardens of exotic trees, colorful flowers, statues and fountains of flowing water.

At the end of a stone footpath was the main entrance, a graceful-looking arch joined by two smaller arches on each side. These smaller doorways led directly to the bedrooms. Just inside the main door, curving off to the left and right, stood shoulder-high white wrought iron fences decorated with green leafy vines and purple and white flowers. These separated the sleeping area from the living room. The fences were themselves intricately designed with leaves and flowers.

Ahead in the very center of the room was a round fireplace sunken into the purple, blue and white fine marble floor. The curved couches which surrounded it, I would learn, were a different color from day to day depending on my aunt's moods and likes. In other parts of the room floated brightly-colored sofas made of furs and pleasant soft materials.

The musical waterfall and pool of our indoor garden was toward the back of the room. Here exotic trees shaded the fish, and cute little birds hopped among the branches singing merrily. Our house looked as if nature had been brought indoors. The plants, flowers, and birds my aunt Arena had befriended were everywhere to be seen.

Only the living room and the bedrooms to each side were on the main floor.

Looking up we could see their round, floating marble floor of the dining room above. To the left of our indoor garden, a marbled jade staircase led to the railed balcony that encircled the inside of our house, and between it and the second floor was a space the length of a man all around. Oriental footbridges made of a deep, earthy red wood arched over at selected intervals.

All around the edge of this floor rose a waist-high wall of the same deep red glistening wood. Plants, figurines, and pottery tastefully decorated the broad top of the wall. With the five table and chair settings of carved and inlaid woods, the furnishings were complete. My aunt was one who loved simplicity and elegance.

Our ceiling, round and domed and reaching down to become the curved walls below, was a spectacular sight. Looking out from the inside, the walls and ceiling of the house were clear as glass, offering a permanent view of our gardens, the colorful clouds, and the nearby mountains. Directly above our arrangement of tables and the chairs, in the very center of our domed ceiling, was a rectangular mosaic of stained glass. Looking down, the second floor itself was also clear as glass, but from the living room below only a ceiling of purple and blue and white marble was visible.

Every piece of furniture in our house was a work of art, exquisite and unique, not to mention the works of art themselves. The whole place was a feast for the senses with so much beauty and harmony that words will not do it justice.

My aunt and uncle's conversations about me that first day were sympathetic. They could not understand my father's feelings, but they recognized he was a separate individual and they had no way of really knowing how he felt, unless they too went through the same experiences. They accepted his decision, and they accepted me with a gladness in their hearts that they would have a child to raise.

The fact that I belonged to Arena's sister made a very great difference, and although my aunt and uncle were very happy to have me, they also felt sorrowful because I had lost both my father and mother. At the same time they well realized that it was all a matter of Karma, and that they would do their very best in taking care of me and offering me a good life.

My new bedroom was close to the waterfall, and hanging from the smokey-colored ceiling on a golden hook and chain was my bowl-shaped bed. It was like pink woven wicker, and a chain of blue and yellow flowers with green leaves zig-zagged from top to bottom all around.

Aunt Arena had made a new coverlet for me which felt like downy feathers and was soft as a cloud. Embroidered all over were little animals and flowers that

changed color. Before putting me down she fed me a delicious fruit juice, and I remember falling into a peaceful sleep listening to the heavenly melodies she played for me on her golden harp.

Nursing or feeding children here is really not necessary, although it does give them a feeling of security and pleasure. People who live on the Astral Plane absorb all the energy they need to stay alive directly from the ether, usually during rest. It works this way because the astral body is made of a much lighter frequency of energy than the physical. We do set tables and eat elaborate meals on special occasions. As a people we have carried over our likes from the Physical Plane, which includes enjoying the tastes and sensations of eating good food.

Most of a Venusian child's first five years, beneath all the fun and games, have to do with learning the basics of life. (What I mean by five years is the amount of time it takes for a child to look the same age as a five year old child on Earth. When I talk about age or years please consider that I am just trying to bring across an idea – they don't correspond with the earthly concept of time as defined in physics and mathematics.) It is a duty of the parents to teach these basics at home before the child begins to visit the Temples of Learning. Aunt Arena devoted a part of every day to help me with lessons about our culture and about the Laws of the Supreme Deity. At a very early age I learned our alphabet and language, the number system, and simple crafts as well.

At first I played learning games, as most children do. I enjoyed drawing, cutting out things from paper, and playing with letters. What my aunt would do was help me put together words out of the different letters, and count the numbers. In this way I learned very quickly.

My playthings included all the basic geometric shapes made of many different materials and colors, as well as many different shapes of building blocks that I could use to build miniature cities. The blocks were a variety of beautiful woods, metals and crystals. My uncle Odin thought of me often and brought home many interesting things like magnets or learning toys where I could turn knobs, push buttons, and turn cranks to make all kinds of noises and to have different things happen.

As I reached the ages of two and three I became more involved in creative pastimes and crafts. At first my aunt guided me along, such as drawing pictures for me to color. But soon I was painting my own and doing wood carvings with tools that couldn't hurt me. I also enjoyed playing with two puppets that represented the positive and negative forces in our world.



Before long I began playing the harp as well as a piano-like instrument, and ever since then music has been a vital part of my life. Because I loved to dance more than anything else, I always looked forward to when my aunt played music during her own lessons, because then I could practice all the new movements I had in mind. It was easy to see that dancing was my favorite pastime. During the day I would dance for hours in front of our musical paintings, or to the music that I myself would create.

Our music system looked like a loudspeaker built into the ceiling of the living room, but it was far from being a simple device. By thinking of a certain symphony or piece of music it would begin to play bathing the whole house in sound. It was completely thought-controlled and operated by mind.

Surrounding our house in a giant circle was one of my favorite worlds – the garden. Here in one place my aunt and uncle had collected trees, bushes, and flowers from many parts of Venus and our neighboring planets. They were in all sorts of shapes, sizes, and colors. The variety of living things was absolutely wonderful.

I especially enjoyed a certain tree that looked like an oriental fan, with its four trunks spreading up and out from one root. The trunks were alternately bright green and bright blue, and the leaves were bright yellow color in their natural state. Together with the flowering vines hanging down from the branches the whole plant looked like a big fan. I played under it almost every day. I loved it very much and sometimes I climbed in it pretending I was a bird.

Strange-looking trees were a common sight in our garden. Some of them looked like huge flowers and others had trunks, branches, and leaves all of the same color such as bright yellow, blue, or red. Some of the flowers looked as odd as the trees, resembling feathers and giving off delicious scents as they swayed in the breeze. Sunflowers, roses, tulips, and many other flower types familiar to Earth's people also had a place in our garden.

I spent much of my time going out to the birds and the animals, feeding and taking good care of them. I always found new birds and insects as pets. They grew to love me and I grew to love them.

Fruits and vegetables grew freely among the shrubs, flowers, and trees. This is a carry-over from the physical era when every family grew its own food. My favorite fruit, which I remember eating all the time, was the delicious yunya. It tasted like a cross between a pear and a cherry, only much juicier than either.

I loved to sit near and watch the gurgling and splashing waters of the fountain in our backyard, which during day and night was brightly illuminated from

within. It looked much like four glowing mushrooms on top of each other, each with scalloped edges, and the upper smaller than the one below. Clear water shot up out of a sculptured lotus blossom at the very top, turning yellow at the next lower level and purple below. At the lowest level the water was bright orange. Enchanting!

In a grassy clearing was the special swing that my uncle had created for me. It didn't hang from anything. Whenever the wind blew, this floating swing gently swayed back and forth. In a way it seemed like a hammock, with its pretty white lacy design. My friends and I enjoyed many hours of playing in that special gift from my uncle Odin.

My first friend was a girl named Zemura, who was about the same level of consciousness as I. Every day Zemura's parents brought her over to play with me. More important than age on Venus is this level of consciousness which can be sensed but not seen. Playmates or friends spend time together and enjoy each other's company when they share the same inner qualities.

The games we played together were like those most children play, but much more elaborate. In the garden we could manifest entire cities in miniature, complete with tiny people and cars. With our thoughts we would have them move around, have the people talk to each other, and even dress themselves. The buildings we erected were elaborately detailed so that the whole city was a duplicate of some real city on Venus or the other planets. Nothing was forgotten. There were gardens, rivers, boats, bridges, animals, and anything else that a real city might have.

Being on the Astral Plane, Zemura and I could easily make ourselves invisible or change our body form into flowers or trees or play hide and seek. And by making ourselves tiny we pretended to be elves and created stories of ourselves as miniature people. The new experiences ahead of us in life were almost unlimited. I remember creating a giant butterfly and climbing on its back to fly around the neighborhood, just to see what it was like.

As we grew older my girlfriends and I became more interested in copying our parents. We played house and we dressed up, and gave parties where everyone would dance and sing just as our parents did. Because each one of us was creative and talented in some way, we all took part in the entertaining.

Whenever we played we always tried to learn something new or develop our talents. In our acting games one of us would come up with an idea and another person would act it out, or dance, or recite a poem to express it. Using the books my uncle would bring home about the histories of different planets, we dressed

up in the various costumes and hairstyles to act out those eras. The clothes we created were replicas of what really existed in the past.

Our power of mind over matter makes games like these quite possible. Matter is at such a high frequency on the Astral Plane that our thoughts can move it, change it, or manifest it directly from energy. Whenever we played house we actually manifested a real home, and in dressing up we created the clothes exactly as we visualized them in our minds.

Children used to be taught this ability to create just as surely as children on the physical planets must be taught to walk and read and write. I was very young, about two or three years old, when my aunt began teaching me the discipline of creating. I was to have an exact image in mind with all the correct dimensions, colors, and textures, and I was to limit myself in how many things I manifested.

I cannot say that we on the Astral Plane create things out of nothing. We use our thoughts to convert free energy into whatever we wish to have, and it only seems like magic because the things we manifest appear as if out of thin air. The same power of thought over matter exists in the physical world but does not seem magical because it is a much slower process of creation and requires raw materials and labor effort.

I was taught those many great responsibilities that go along with powers like this. Because all of my actions create good or bad Karma unless properly done in the name of the Supreme Deity, I was careful that my creations did not interfere in anyone else's life.

Lying on my hanging bed and listening to the waterfall of our indoor garden was one of my favorite experiences. It made an entrancingly beautiful musical sound, as if water was being poured over a harp. I never grew tired of listening to the everchanging melodies or of gazing into the everpresent rainbow appearing in the mist it produced.

Through the transparent wall of my room I could see the purple Kumli Mountains in the distance and our lush, colorful garden just outside. This was more than just a simple bedroom to me. It was a world of my own where I could be alone to entertain my thoughts and feelings. Most of the furnishings I had designed and manifested myself, at a time when I was about five years old. Covering the purple, blue, and white marble floor of my room was a rug that looked and felt like grass spotted with little yellow and blue flowers. As a special gift my uncle Odin had handcarved a small natural wooden table in the shape of a small tree. Intricately carved and handpainted green leaves edged the circular top, and the solid base was carved to look like a tree trunk.

Each of our bedrooms had its own bathtub, and of course I have been allowed to design my own. It was a round sunken tub lined with sea shells. In the very center on the bottom was a starfish. The spigots were in the shape of golden sculptured fish that spouted water. A starshaped spigot in the ceiling was for showers.

Strangest of all was the live tree which grew in a corner of my room. When it was yet in the garden I loved it so much that I moved it inside, and it grew very well there. Just as our people do not need to eat, trees not need to be rooted in soil, for they too absorb the energy they need directly. It looked almost like a twisted oak tree with dark green leaves and purple blossoms whose scent was heavenly. I enjoyed many hours on the small white swing that hung from the branches.

Trees are a symbol of life to the Venusian people, for if a tree grows somewhere, then a human being can live there also.

Learning has always been an invaluable part of my own life. In Venusian society it is something that happens every moment of every day in the life of each person, no matter what his age may be. We have no school systems like those on Earth, which are more like the production and assembly lines of a factory than anything else, and which pour out finished products. Learning as we know it is an unending experience in an individual's growth as Soul. Venusian children find education to be a joy and a satisfaction instead of a burdensome chore. Because we are freed from the burden of making a living here on the Astral Plane, our lives center around creativity and imagination in the arts and sciences, and our educational system reflects our way of life.

Central Teutonia is a cultural center for the people living in our area, not a commercial center. Commerce has no place in the astral life. Most of the city is devoted to Temples of Learning, each structure being a work of art in its own right, dedicated to furthering one of the arts or sciences. At each temple, children as well as adults are guided by masters of the field they have chosen to study. And there is always a progression from student to Master for those who are dedicated to a field. Advanced students are always invited to participate in guiding the newer students.

Every child is given the freedom as to when he will begin studying at the temples. No one but the child has the right to make that decision and enforce it, not even the parents. There is a complete freedom of choice about which subjects a child learns and when, and there is no such thing as a curriculum, graduation, or degrees granted. Learning at the temples is a personal matter.

Of all the Temples of Learning, my favorite was the Temple of Arts. I was close to five years old when I began to study there, and I could almost always be found on the floor that was devoted to the art of dancing. Dancing has been a part of my life ever since one of my most valuable incarnations as a court dancer in ancient Egypt, in the palace of Moses. Of course there were many different temples that I visited, but I enjoyed none as thoroughly as this huge, dome-shaped Temple of Arts with its marble columns and steps all around.

Every morning before going into the city I began my day by getting up from resting. Sleeping or resting on the Astral Plane is more or less a resting of the mind because there is no physical body that gets tired. We simply focus our attention on one thing, a word or a thought or object, until the conscious mind becomes blank. Upon awakening, my first job was always to decide what kind of a person I was going to be that day. Every day we try to be something different, for to have the same personality all the time would be a limited and boring way of living.

Some days I liked to be a very bubbly, happy person, and on other days I preferred to be quiet and reserved. Or else I chose to be a princess and pretend I was royal and everyone would accept me that way because this was not just a child's game. All of the people try to change their personality from day to day to make life more interesting and to not limit themselves in those experiences. I would choose a dress each day to go along with my new identity, and I always liked very feminine, light and soft dresses. Only my imagination limited me in the designs, materials and styles. I could wear the sun, a dress that looked like sunshine, or a dress that looked like starlight, or like the waters of a brook running over beautiful rocks. It was only a matter of manifesting what was in my mind.

I rarely bothered to eat before leaving for the Temple of Arts. Usually I simply appeared there in front of the marble steps, although on some mornings, whenever I was in the mood for a change, I would walk through our village and over the bridge at the ravine into the city, enjoying the sights and sounds along the way.

Inside the temple were many levels, each devoted to one of the many arts so that the vibrations would always be established on one floor for a particular subject. A huge, circular hall on each floor could seat several hundred people. This was the main learning area, while surrounding the hall were small study rooms where individuals work or think on their own.

On the first level we could learn basic art or manifesting on paper our feelings, ideas, and images. I am not saying here that we sit down and just learn how to

manifest a sketch by using our power of thought. At the Temple of Arts we learn to be creative by using our hands and other faculties just as artists on the physical planets do. On the next floor was the main hall where we could learn painting in the different mediums. Also there were entire floors devoted to sculpting, collage, paper cutting and folding, woodcarving, and all manifest mediums of art. Higher up was the floor for dancing.

Every temple was designed in a way that the different rooms and floors always were used for the same art or science, for the same reason of setting the vibrations.

After school each day I went home to play with my good friends as children do on Earth, but without the dispute and arguing. One of the pastimes we enjoyed most of all was to make long, long chains of colorful and fragrant flowers, and then run through our neighborhood draping the trees and houses. Our neighbors enjoyed them as much as we did. In a few days they would vanish and we could start all over again.

Parades were especially popular among the children, and of course we didn't wait for special occasions to have them. Every day seemed like a special occasion to us children anyway. All the children then dressed up in outlandish costumes and brought along their favorite musical instruments to have a grand time marching around the neighborhood making lots of harmonious noise. Afterwards we would collapse and roll over in the grass, in great delight.

Most of the children were very much in tune with what was happening in the physical world. We loved to play at make believe in historical periods which we could create at will in great detail.

At home I continued to develop myself in singing, dancing and playing the harp. Dancing is like any other art in that the more a person becomes involved in it, the more he realizes how much more there is to be learned. It is also a unique form of art because dancing can express spiritual experiences in a way that no other art can. And because Venusian dancing does not follow rigid steps and rules, being more like interpretive dancing, there were an endless variety of combinations and movements I could master.

I have always considered the art of designing clothes to be one of the most challenging. The finished work can be enjoyed every moment of the day. I was very interested in creating clothes that would be a balance for a person rather than detract from him. Everyone cannot wear the same style and look good in it, which inspired me to experiment with different styles and designs to see they suited different kinds of people.

Ingrained into our consciousness is an attitude of selflessness instead of selfishness, which naturally affects every area of our lives. In education it means that as a child masters an art or a skill, he will be allowed to guide other children who are beginners. I had guided many of my friends in learning to dance, while I in turn improved my talents in playing the harp with the help of a friend.

Once a week I joined my aunt in going to idea class. As a way of being creative and at the same time helping people in the more limited environments of the Physical Plane, the women in our neighborhood would meet each week to share and evaluate creative solutions to problems. The projects were always a challenge, such as developing a new clothing fashion for an entire era on a physical planet. Everyone would take into consideration all the factors of that life – the climate, transportation, moral values, and many more. Then the various ideas and solutions would be shared at the next class, and the best, or combinations, are sent to the Astral Museum, where all new inventions for future use in the Physical Plane are stored. Inventors from Earth and even other Physical Planes visit the Museum either consciously or in the dream state while out of their body to obtain solutions to their problems.

My uncle Odin was one who had devoted his entire life to science. This was his love and contribution to mankind to make life easier for all on the more difficult Physical Plane. There are many like him everywhere at astral levels, helping to make the physical world more conducive to spiritual unfoldment. The truth is that all inventions in your physical universe originate from the great Astral Museums. The initial inventing is first done by scientists like my uncle who live on the Astral Plane, bringing the idea down from above and perfecting it for this plane from which it may then be adapted for the physical. (Each change in density requires adaptation to the properties and laws of that density.) Creativity in the denser worlds is nothing but a receptivity of what already exists in finer planes of reality. The underlying spiritual law is “as above, so below”.

When my uncle was home, hardly a day went by that I did not see him tinkering with some new gadget. Much of the time he was away, meeting with scientists on Venus and equivalent planes on other planets who could contribute ideas about his projects, or who were also working along similar lines.

It was always fun to have him home because he had a habit of using us as guinea pigs for his latest inventions. That is, he always tested them at home before he sent them to the Astral Museum. Among his projects were advanced ways of using solar energy, using a harmless penetrating ray to cook food, controlling the indoor climate without electricity, and many more geared to making the homemaker’s life easier.

My uncle's greatest and most significant undertaking was a project that Earth's science fiction writers have given a great deal of attention, and that the advanced civilizations of our solar system have not yet perfected. Both he and my father have dedicated their greatest effort to this. It is a physical teleportation system which can safely transmit a live person from one location to another in the physical world, by temporarily raising his vibrations to an astral level and then lowering them again without using a receiving apparatus.

Nobody on the Astral Plane needs an invention such as this because of our natural ability to travel with the power of thought. However, on the Physical Plane it may revolutionize transportation, going so far as to make our convoys and motherships obsolete.

Odin and my father developed the system as far as it could be taken on the Astral Plane, until a point came where they needed to continue the work under physical laws in the physical world. This is why my uncle chose to lower his vibrations and live on the physical planet Venus at the same time that I left for Earth. At last notice he is still working to perfect the system. It is a much more difficult project than he at first imagined, partly because being creative is easier on the Astral Plane than on the physical.

I always looked forward to when my uncle would bring home his latest invention, and of course the neighborhood kids would be over in no time whenever they heard there was a new invention in the house.

Odin had an air of quietness about him. He was reserved but carried himself well, being so magnetic and stately that if you saw him on Earth you would think him a king. His presence alone attracts other people's attention wherever he may be.

His eyes always had a twinkling sort of look, as if he was about to burst into laughter at any moment. His personal sense of humor was great. He was forever pulling amusing jokes or doing something funny, but being very quiet about it. No one would know it was him. Quietly he would stand off in a corner watching all the confusion he had caused and everybody getting excited, acting as if he knew nothing about it.

My uncle was a big hearted person who was always more concerned with other people than with himself. And he was probably one of the most detached people I ever had known. He never lost his patience when something was broken. Either he would forget it or do it again, because he realized that he had all the time in the world.

My aunt was just the opposite, very emotional and attached to different things.



Thanks to her sense of organization, everything had to be right, otherwise she would be upset. My uncle was of the opinion that if something was not right we could do something else, but if it was her project, then they would make it work somehow. This was a rule in our house to maintain harmony.

In the evenings all of us sat down together, usually around the fireplace, to practice the spiritual exercise of the Laws of the Supreme Deity. Study time as we often called it, was a time of devotion to spiritual studies, and our day was never complete without it. The spiritual exercises are really the whole foundation to the whole works, because they allow Soul to experience the higher planes while the lower bodies are left behind.

The spiritual travelers or true spiritual Masters are those who are adept at the Journey of Soul and guide beginners out of the body. They can be found on every planet and plane, and are especially active on Earth at this time, where they are badly needed. A true Master is one who can lead Soul beyond the lower worlds, and who himself lives on the plane where he is active. If he assists a person in leaving the physical body then he should be a Master who lives on the Physical Plane.

As a child, my experiences were often with playmates on the planes above the astral, but those experiences in the worlds beyond time and space are almost impossible to explain in words. They must be experienced by each individual in his own way.

After our spiritual exercises, which often involved keeping our attention on the master until he appeared in the inner vision, we shared with each other what we had learned and any thoughts that came to mind. Being the child, I asked most of the questions and in that way learned a great deal about our spiritual teachings.

Reincarnation and Karma, Creator realization, the Kal force, love, detachment, balance, and non-interference were some of the topics we talked about, although each one of them could be a lifetime of study. To share viewpoints can be very uplifting because every individual is unique and can offer a new way of looking at something.

One of the special days of my life began not with joy but in sorrow. I had been playing with another of my uncle's intriguing gadgets, a little black box that could levitate things, which was destined to be sent to the Astral Museum for eventual use in the physical world. Somehow it broke. My punishment, Uncle Odin told me, was to sit alone in the swing all day without playing until I was called back into the house. My feelings were terribly hurt. It was one of the few times I was disciplined. But out of respect and love for him, I was sorry for what

I had done and realized my punishment was due.

Sitting in the swing and not playing meant that I must not think about anything, because then I would be creating. It was dreadful! For hours I sat there almost motionless, concentrating on what I had done and on being immobile and miserable. Oh, I was relieved when they finally called me into the house, but for some strange reason my uncle asked me to close my eyes. He led me by the hand into the center of our living room where I opened my eyes again. Surprise! All my friends were in there, laughing and wishing me a happy birthday. What a wonderful sight to behold – what a delightful surprise! I had completely forgotten my birthday, and I was so overjoyed and excited to see all these colorful, beaming friends that I was speechless.

Glancing around, I saw that the whole house had been transformed inside to look like a medieval castle. Setting a sparkling crown on my head and pointing to the throne, my uncle declared that I was the queen of the land, and all present were my subjects. I was to preside over the royal festivity from my jeweled throne.

In all my life on Venus, I never once experienced a plain simple party. When it comes to celebrating, our people go all out to imagine and create an extravaganza, and this birthday party was no exception. As the queen, I had no trouble deciding that my uncle would be the court jester. My aunt was to be the maid-in-waiting, mostly because she was the one who usually asked me to do things and perform errands.

The first gala event was our royal banquet, featuring a steaming roast stuffed pig resting on a table that stretched from one end of the room to the other. We never did eat it, but I always imagined a roast pig with an apple in its mouth as part of a royal banquet. Together with all the spectacular-looking foods and the golden goblets for wine, the whole setting seemed as if it were taken from a fairy tale, which indeed it was.

The special music I requested arrived from town and the entertainment began. Our dance and song games and all that the queen desired, carried the gaiety well into the evening. I chose six of my friends to put on an acrobatic show before the throne, and another group of eight to do a cultural dance. All the performances were splendid.

Afterward we hunted in the garden for my present. Hidden around the stem of a tiny yellow flower, down among the leaves, was a ring my mother had worn until the day of my birth. Kneeling in the grass with the precious gift in my hands, I felt a wave of sadness rolling in like the tide, and out again as I realized

that the past was forever gone. It was an unusual but charming ring; strips of enamel and chips of titanium bordered an oblong dark reddish-brown carnelian on a band of silver. Because my fingers were much too small, I wore it close to my heart on a silver chain that Uncle Odin placed around my neck. He explained that my mother also had received it when she was a child, and it had been a gift from her mother. From that day until the time came for me to leave Teutonia and Venus, I wore it always.

As I was lying in bed that night, my mind was brimming with all the wonderful memories of this unusual day. I sent thoughts of love to my aunt and uncle for bringing such joy into my life, and then I realized that my punishment was nothing but a way to keep me outside while the preparations were being made. Then it dawned on me that I had learned a great lesson – you can only appreciate joy if you have experienced sorrow.

That was my last birthday on Venus.

## Chapter Five

# The Venus Plane

The Astral Plane is an immense universe, even greater and more vast than the Physical Plane with all its solar systems and galaxies. Venus is a mere speck in that one of many other realities, and is a speck in our limited reality also at its dense physical level. But the Astral Plane is only one of many planes of lesser density in being.

Many individuals who have experienced these worlds in out-of-body travels have called them heavens. Conditions are so much more beautiful and peaceful there that their vocabulary failed them. What they were able to write down in the past is today called religious, mystical or spiritual literature.

The Astral Plane existed long before the physical, and will endure beyond. The most common things known and recognized here in the physical world first existed there. Naturally there is much on the Astral Plane which does not exist here, but all that exists here does have its counterpart there, and more.

The differences between the Astral and the Physical Planes take some explaining. Just as x-rays are at a higher frequency than solid rock, the entire Astral Plane is at a much higher frequency than the physical and this is one reason why scientists on Earth have not yet proven its existence. None of their scientific instruments can detect such very high vibrations.

Because matter on the astral level is so high in frequency, those of us who live there can have complete control over it by thought power alone. On Earth, few people have developed the power to directly control matter with the mind. On Venus, mind over matter is a way of life.

Any form or thing that a person on the astral can imagine, he can manifest by the power of thought alone. It is a law of nature there, just as gravity is a basic law of nature on the physical planets. What really happens is that people convert the energy around them into the form of matter desired. The created object then appears wherever the person puts his attention. Homes, clothes, furniture, plants, food, jewelry, and anything imaginable is created by a special mental process

that has to be mastered at a young age.

There are limits. This same power will not destroy things or reconvert them to energy. Things disappear only if the person who created them leaves the Astral Plane, unless they were originally created with the definite intention that they be temporary, and how long, such as our castles and ranches and elaborate play creations. If I had created a toy that soon bored me, I may change its shape into another kind of toy, but I could not point my finger at it and have it disappear in a flash, forever gone. If my aunt Arena no longer liked a certain chair, her only choice would be to reform that chair. She could not remold it into a table or anything other than a chair.

On the other hand, when we create things, they do seem to appear out of thin air. For people on the Astral Plane this is as common and accepted as driving a car here on Earth.

Because we respect each Soul's individuality, people do not interfere with another's creations. If I did not like the bright blue tree in front of another's house, I would not think of changing it. That would be interference, which creates karmic responsibility.

Just because our thoughts precipitate matter, the common every-day things on the astral are no less real. A marble floor looks and feels like marble, skin feels like skin, water feels like water, flowers smell like flowers, honey tastes like honey, and so on.

Moving things is of course very easy, just a matter of choosing and thinking. If I wanted, I could have a glass of water rise up from the table and float, just by mentally commanding it. No more effort is involved in moving a huge sofa up into the air than in swinging the bed as I am resting on it.

Traveling from place to place is just as easy. People who like to walk do so. We can also levitate and float in the air or glide instead of walking, by willing it to be so. For longer trips we travel at the speed of our thought directly to our destination, which usually seems just a matter of appearing there. Whenever I decided to visit the Temple of Arts in downtown Teutonia, I would place my attention on exactly where I wanted to be. One moment I would be standing in the bedroom; the next instant the surroundings would change and I would be standing in front of the Temple. It is very simple. I do not know the mechanics of how it works – it just works. (People on Earth say the same thing about electricity.)

The speed of thought is much faster than the so-called speed of light known to physical scientists. In the astral body we can travel so very fast because it is

made up of condensed energy, as completely under the control of thought as everything else on that plane of being.

The astral body has the same form as the physical, except that it is much more beautiful. It is not just a blob of light, but unlike the physical body, it is luminous and stays alive by absorbing energy directly from the surroundings. Although there are no actual internal organs, people here do eat out of habit and for the simple pleasure of it. Food conveniently turns back into energy as soon as it is swallowed.

Using the power of thought, we can easily change our outer appearance or make ourselves completely invisible. There is no physical pain or fatigue as on the physical planets, which is one good reason why newcomers to the astral call it heaven.

The colors in our everyday lives are indescribable. Compared to the glowing, vibrant colors of the Astral Plane, colors in the physical are pale or dark and muddy at best. The dullest red of the astral world is the brightest in the physical. Also very many colors which we take for granted don't even exist on the Physical Plane.

Our surroundings at home had such an assortment of magnificent colors that I can't even begin to describe. Just as wonderful is the fact that everything glows. Matter on the Astral Plane is luminous, like stained glass being lit by the morning sunlight. The sky and clouds are a sea of cheerful colors.

The astral body and the Astral Plane are not completely unknown on Earth. Each person living in the physical world has an astral body as well as several others, as taught in the Laws of the Supreme Deity. Quite a few people have written books about their experiences with astral projection, which is a limited form of out-of-body travel in the astral body. The safer way of visiting the higher planes is by using the Soul body, which is not limited to anyone place as the astral is. But of course not everyone who does astral projection is aware of the Journey of Soul.

Each person living in the physical world experiences the astral body every day, although he may never in this lifetime see the actual cities or people there. The physical body is not capable of having emotions. The physical senses like sight and smell are there, but then these are not quite the same as feelings – love, anger, joy, hurt, etc. All of us may agree that our emotions are very real in our lives, but where are they, and what are they?

The Astral Plane has been called the emotional plane, and the astral body the emotional body for a very good reason. Whenever we experience an emotion, we

are really feeling it through the astral body. Emotions are nothing more than different kinds of energy flowing through this body and influencing thoughts and actions. The Astral Plane, then, is a place where emotions are a great force and Soul must deal most fully with emotional problems. It is true that every physical person actually lives partly on the Astral Plane, but it is not normally fully conscious of life there.

All of this is also true for thought. Thought is not a vague something, but a very real thing at a higher frequency than physical matter and energy, or astral matter and energy. Remember that the mind is really a body also, called the mental body, which operates on the Mental Plane, still another whole universe of being beyond the astral. The mental body is a bluish sheath of light surrounding Soul. Whenever we think, this body generates thought forms that can be seen by the higher senses.

Thought is nothing more than energies flowing through and outward from our mental body much like radio waves. In having the mental body, every person also lives partly on the Mental Plane, although few have consciously seen the cities, people, and landscapes there.

If you were to visit the Astral or Mental Planes consciously via the Journey of Soul, you would see not only your own emotions and thoughts in full radiant color, and your astral and mental bodies, but you would also be able to meet beings who once lived on Earth. Many of Earth's religions have their heavenly abode in existence on the Astral or Mental Planes.

More and more can be said about the Astral Plane, and about the ability of each to travel there consciously before physical death. Remember that all of us had lifetimes there and we know that plane well as Soul. The astral is really still one of the lower planes, although it seems to be the ultimate heaven to many people who are living there. Above the Astral Plane are several others which also seem like ultimate heaven to planes below, but they are not. Everything below the Soul plane is a part of the lower worlds. Our goal is to reach up to and beyond the Soul plane, possible even in this life if we are willing to make the effort to learn how to do it. The choice is up to each one of us.

Perceptions of the future usually take place on either the Soul plane or the Causal Plane. Soul may zoom above the time track to view the future or the past as it may choose. This experience seems much more real than ordinary dreaming, although a person might not realize that he was looking into the future until that future came to pass. Those who are psychically aware will know. On Venus we are able to see about 40 days ahead into the future with good accuracy. Our ability to foresee future events helped in preparing for my trip to

your Earth.

The Astral Plane has many levels or sub-planes to suit different people's consciousness. These are more like distinct regions with different levels of consciousness, rather than levels stacked on top of each other. Venus life is normally somewhere in the middle between lower and higher astral, because most of the people are still attached to physical habits and customs, and of course their whole culture. Certain regions of the astral are set aside as religious paradises for the people who die having a definite idea of heaven.

After a person's physical body dies, he is met by a friend or relative who has passed on before. He will then be taken to where his body lies and is made to realize that he is no longer living on the Physical Plane. Usually the individual is then allowed to sleep a resting period on the Astral Plane. Upon awakening, he is taken to the particular plane he has spiritually earned, one that his consciousness is suited to. All of this is determined by an astral being in charge of administering Karma. In some cases a person may be immediately returned to the physical world after death, even if it means being reborn into another body, especially if it was a sudden death as in war or some suicides. Suicides are reborn again to face the same or similar problems as that which they tried to escape.

If he is to continue on the Astral Plane for a time, a person will wake up in a home and familiar environment. Friends and loved ones will be found living nearby. He will also find the spiritual path or religion that he belonged to in the physical. The reason for all this is that when most people lost their physical body, they still have a great emotional attachment to the Physical Plane. The Astral Plane is designed so that people can be comfortable and adjust gradually by having recreated their old home with the power of thought. This is very important.

People who do not realize that they are Soul will be so attached to the physical world that they fear the unknown planes beyond.

Eventually, because of the beauty and harmony there, the individual will come to believe that he has reached the ultimate heaven. People can easily become attached to astral life because they can have anything they want, and they scarcely consider venturing beyond. This continues until it finally dawns on them that there is more to life than their astral heaven.

Religious literature on Earth has accounts of cities on the astral because the authors have had out-of-body experiences taking them there. A few days before I left Venus and the Astral Plane, my uncle took our family on a tour of a place



called Sahasra-dal-Kanwal and other parts of the Astral Plane. Now I can easily understand why so many people believe it is Paradise. There one can find any landscape imaginable. Some are much like those of Earth. People who have similar natures and same likes will live in the same areas. Then there are beautiful landscapes that can be seen on other physical planets in our system. The lower Astral Planes attract Souls with negatively developed states of consciousness. One might say this is where evil people go after death and between lifetimes. Those who expect to find hell with fire and brimstone can find it there, although it is only temporary. The lower Astral Plane is also the home of the hideous monsters and devilish creatures created by the lesser evolved levels of consciousness.

Almost any aspect of the physical sciences now so popular on Earth can be quite simply explained in terms of the Astral Plane. Most psychic powers have their origin there.

Telepathy, which is sending and receiving thoughts from mind to mind, is the most popular form of communication on astral Venus as well as the more advanced physical planets, and it works because thoughts behave like radio waves. Each person has an invisible barrier which keeps secret thoughts hidden, and those who are able to read minds are subject to a spiritual law against trying to penetrate this barrier.

Astral projection is the separation of the astral body from the physical for temporary displacement of the astral part to another location. It is a dangerous practice if continued over a long period of time. It is best to progress from astral projection to the Journey of Soul as soon as possible.

Levitation, or moving objects with the mind, is of course a power we use every day on the Astral Plane. It can be learned on the Physical Plane also, but it takes much more effort and discipline.

Visualization is another power of mind over matter; as on the Astral Plane it creates each individual's world. Everything begins with visualization before it is created, the only difference being that here in the physical world it requires physical effort and physical time.

Extrasensory perception is the use of our extra senses in the astral, causal, mental, etheric, and Soul bodies. The Soul body's senses are the most powerful of all and they are limited to no one plane as some of the others are. Miracles are actually a matter of the psychic and spiritual powers being used in this physical world.

Please keep in mind, however, that Physical, Astral, Causal, and Mental Planes

are all limited worlds.

## Chapter Six

### Teutonia

My aunt was always one for keeping special experiences in reserve, for holding them from me so that I would always have something new to look forward to in life. Our visit to the public ballroom was one such special occasion planned by aunt Arena. It would give me a taste of our culture when it was yet physical, when the people could not yet levitate on their own.

It was going to be my first trip to the city of Teutonia, for this was a time in my life shortly before I began visiting the Temples of Learning. Although our village is nearby, I as a child allowed my aunt and uncle to guide me in the experiences I would have, and so I had never ventured on my own to see the beauty which I knew existed there.

No one actually lives in the city, and as I mentioned once before, neither Teutonia nor any other Venusian city on the Astral Plane has commerce or industry. Our cities are centers of culture, as enchanting as those you read about in fairy tales.

Without a clear picture in my mind of what Teutonia would be like, I was filled with a great sense of anticipation as we all prepared for the occasion. This evening also turned out to be my first adventure in formally dressing up. Aunt Arena brought to my room a beautiful sky blue jersey-like dress with long, flowing sleeves and fleecy white clouds printed all over. In the center of my chest was the bright sun, sending beams of light and warmth in every direction. I loved it!

Our walk through the village onward to the city was a treat in itself. We could very well have manifested ourselves in front of the ballroom, but then the whole experience would hardly have been as enjoyable. Above, the sky was deep orange in color with a shimmer of pink.

Several of my friends joined us in appreciating the fantasy-land beauty of our neighboring homes, each of unique design and surrounded by fantastic arrangements of trees, shrubs, and flowers. We paused often to smell the

fragrances of our favorite flowers and listen to the merrily singing birds. Together with the familiar distant rush of the sea we were treated to one of nature's finest symphonies. After crossing the meadows and a small wooded area, we came to a large oriental-looking arched bridge that spanned the canyon between our village and the city. Below, waters rushed madly to the sea.

How can I describe the enchanting beauty I saw in my first glimpse of Teutonia? Our cities need to be seen to be experienced, not just read about. Seeing all the temples of learning and museums in this white and pastel colored city was my first experience with buildings that were more than two levels high. My excitement mounted as we approached closer and closer through the flowering gardens everywhere.

Teutonia is a cluster of exotic-looking structures, with such a splendid variety of designs that my senses were overwhelmed. Towers, domes, bubbles, and pyramids were used liberally; and although most of the temples were pastel-colored, some were made of mother-of-pearl inlaid with jewels of gold. Others were made of various gleaming metals or crystal. Every one was exquisite and unique.

The ballroom resembled a giant lavender bubble. We followed a narrow, spiraling stairway to the entrance and went in to be greeted by our friends and neighbors who had gathered in the hallway. There we received a jeweled clip to help fasten our long flowing dresses so they would not fly up over our heads. The men's dancing trousers were fitted at the ankles and were a ballooning style.

Stepping into the ballroom was like stepping into air and instantly floating away. It took away my breath. I felt as if I were dancing deep in space, for the walls of this gigantic sphere were made to look like the dark blue starry sky, with shooting stars as a special effect.

Around the edge of the ballroom was a balcony where Teutonia's musicians played the most heavenly music I had ever heard. Also on the balcony were romantic settings of candlelit tables where couples sat to enjoy the sights and sounds.

Being a lover of dancing, I hoped the evening would never end. It was one of the most thrilling experiences of my life, because dancing without gravity adds a wonderful dimension to the art. Many of the adults acted just like I did, as if this was their first visit to the ballroom. It was good to see that everyone was doing something different without being self-conscious. Some of the couples were simply holding on to each other and turning over sideways and upside-down. Others were involved in performing elaborate cultural dances. The children had

fun doing all sorts of acrobatics and linking up into giant circles.

I was told by Uncle Odin that the ballroom was very popular when our civilization was physical, before the Great Transition, which was very easy to understand. It had never entered my mind, however, to try floating away on my own dancing in the air. By this I mean that we do not on the Astral Plane readily try new experiences until they are introduced to us, or a special day arrives such as this evening at the ballroom.

Living in an unlimited environment, we must be careful not to have every experience at once; otherwise we would find ourselves bored halfway through life, which on the Astral Plane can last thousands of years. (My uncle was well over one thousand years old.) We were always encouraged to use the available facilities and in this way enjoy life together with other people.

During the evening I joined my aunt and uncle and a small group of children in going downstairs of the building. Here was Teutonia's instrument shop, which displayed the various musical instruments people had created throughout history. Some of them were very unusual, very odd-looking, but nevertheless, I could see how the instruments of the day had evolved.

On our way home my aunt and uncle stopped to visit the museum where inventions dating back to the physical era were on display. I stayed outside to admire the luminous temples all around. There are no streets in Teutonia. Beautiful walkways weave around the buildings. I also waited outside while Arena and Odin visited the library. This is where the literature created by Teutonia's people over the centuries is kept. Anyone living in our area was welcome to add a book of his own.

I was very tired and I felt that by waiting outside and not filling my mind with too many new sights and sounds it would be easier to save my experiences in the ballroom. But my interest in the city was sparked and afterwards I visited there quite often, especially the Temple of Arts.

After the dance that night I was in sheer ecstasy and when I told my aunt how happy I was, she mentioned how very much my mother also had loved dancing. In fact, it had been one of her favorite pastimes. This was now the first time, I realized, that Aunt Arena had said anything to me about my mother. Perhaps she had been afraid of bringing sorrowful memories back into my life.

I learned from Arena that I had many qualities like my mother – the shape of my body, the way I moved, and the shape of my hands. She was said to be a beautiful woman. Her natural grace and the way she carried herself always attracted attention. My mother had some quality, a certain expression of her

dark, moss green eyes that intrigued people. And she had the same sharing nature as my Uncle Odin, always being concerned for others more than herself. The dress I was wearing, my aunt said with a warm smile, was one that Mother had also worn as a child and it thrilled me to be compared with this wonderful woman who gave birth to me.

That night I was already in bed sitting up against a pillow when Arena came to the door asking if she could enter. "Yes, of course," I said. She came in and sat by my side showing me a little wooden box as she said with a laugh that she had forgotten a special present for me, until having gone into her bedroom and seeing it there.

Inside was a necklace with matching bracelet and earrings that had belonged to my mother. They had been very special and dear to her, being one of the first gifts from my father.

I was overjoyed that my aunt wanted me to have the precious jewelry which my mother had worn for so many years. And I was even more happy to learn that my father had sent the jewelry for me to keep. It meant a great deal to me because it was a gesture of love.

Occasionally my father would ask Arena and Odin how I was doing and if I was well. On my birthdays he would send a gift, but I never saw or heard from him personally. For him to send something of my mother's was a great honor to me. He found it very difficult to let go of anything that belonged to her.

What a wonderful day this had been, so full of joy and new experiences! I remember going to sleep and having dreams of my mother and of my first and only day with her.

Venusians wear little jewelry, realizing long ago that at a certain point jewelry begins to detract from the beauty of the wearer. The few pieces that we do wear need to be very special and exquisite. Each piece is created with feeling, which in turn is transmitted to the user. Jewelry is also made to reflect the inner light and beauty of a person. Metals and stones that are among the most precious and valuable on Earth are commonly used because these too can be manifested on the Astral Plane.

Tythanians enjoy very intricate designs as well as the very simple ones. Not being limited in supplies, each individual may go to special effort to create the most elegant, balanced pieces imaginable. There are no jewelry factories because every person, being unique and creative simply manifests his own jewelry just as he also creates his own clothes. Jewelry is usually passed from one person to another as a token of love, and is created in the first place in such a way as to

make it virtually indestructible.

When we were yet a physical civilization, space explorers would travel to distant planets to find precious and rare jewels and stones. It was always a thrilling experience for a woman when her husband returned from a trip with a rare, unheard of stone or metal.

For special occasions we wear headdresses made of natural things like flowers, leaves, feathers, and beads. I suppose it was from us that the American Indians received their ideas about headdress. I do know that space travelers from Venus were those who introduced the early aborigines to corn and sunflowers brought from our home planet.

We are actually a very sentimental and romantic people which is especially true because we live on the plane of emotions. Happiness in our lives is found mostly in the small things of life, the every-day joys, such as this splendid gift from my father.

Aunt Arena was always a happy person, always could see the good in everything, especially people. And she had a wonderful way of soothing those who were upset, and relaxing people who were nervous and high-strung. In whatever had to be done, she took her time and did it well. I learned my keen sense of organization from her. Everything had its place in our home.

Arena loved the simple and natural surroundings of our home. Entranced by the beauty of nature, she could not be without her indoor garden and the hundreds of plants that decorated the rooms of our house. She loved to spend a part of every day outside, caring for the flowers and blossoming trees. She enjoyed working with her hands.

My aunt and uncle enjoyed a variety of creative interests, as does almost every individual in Venusian society. In addition to the scientific work which took up most of his day, Uncle Odin was a fine sculptor, woodcarver, and musician to mention just a few talents. Aunt Arena was also talented in sculpting. Many of the statues and fountains in our garden were projects undertaken by both of them. Two of our four bedrooms were set aside as their individual work areas, one for each, a third was the bedroom they shared.

While playing the harp and flute were among her personal joys, designing and creating learning toys was one of her contributions to the world. She was dedicated to developing new toys that would teach as well as entertain a child. I benefitted a great deal from this because she too tested her inventions at home before sending them off to the Astral Museum.

Arena was also known in Teutonia for the clothes she designed. Although

everyone designed and manifested his own clothing, quite a few people, becoming bored with their own ideas, turned to her because she was good at putting together new designs and materials. My aunt's main concern, always, was to suit the nature of the personality of each individual.

Venusian clothes are usually loose-fitting and flowing in style, and quite often sheer, made of materials that are always pleasant to the touch and very comfortable. To a certain extent our people are sensualists, but not so much as to hold back spiritual development.

Because each person is so individualistic in experimenting with different styles of dresses, pants, robes, and gowns, there is never a fashion trend. And because everything imaginable can be created by each individual, every dress is unique. For ladies, full-length dresses are common in our culture. For men, ballooning pants and robes are popular. This is not a fashion trend but comes about because individuals are drawn together by their levels of consciousness unfoldment.

If you were to visit a Venusian village, you would notice that many people have one thing in common in their dress. Everyone wears sandals, which are very comfortable and beautiful footwear, because the natural shape of the foot is visible and decorated instead of hidden. This is a carryover from our physical era. The soles of our sandals are paper thin, allowing us to feel the grass and the springy ground of our natural surroundings yet they are created of an impenetrable fabric that protects the feet. The tops are what makes each pair of sandals unique. Depending on personal taste, the straps can be any color, width, and design. Aunt Arena and I liked delicate straps with simple designs and colors that would enhance the beauty of our dress.

Being such an admirer of the beauty in nature, my aunt designed dresses for both of us that represented the elements. For example, the sun dress sparkled and was as orange as our sun. On the back was embroidered a flaming sun radiating warmth and light in all directions. The water dress had the print of a waterfall with bubbly, cascading waters; while the cloud dress was fluffy, fleecy and white. The moon dress was especially beautiful with its bluish-white glow. It was a full dress with long, ballooning sleeves, and fell to the floor from under the bust. One of my favorites was the butterfly dress, which felt like velvet and was gifted with the same design as nature uses to decorate real butterflies. I wore it on many of my outdoor excursions near Teutonia as I grew older, as well as a chiffon-like dress that looked like the colorful leaves of an autumn tree.

As I reached age six, my friends and I enjoyed entire days exploring the Kumli Mountains, which rise between Teutonia and the sea. Camping out and making new friends from our neighboring villages gave me a lasting love for the



outdoors. But it was the golden beach that I grew to love most. I was content just to be sitting there day after day facing the sea and burying my feet in the gold sand crystals. I would often be there early in the morning to soak up the sun and marvel at the dazzling glow of the beach stretching almost to the horizon to each side of me as I faced the sea. I would stare into the waves breaking along the shore, and the dark blue and purple waters beyond. The musical sounds of the sea and the shells were simply enchanting. Yes, even the pretty shells gave out a music of their own as they lay here and there along the beach. The beauty of the purple, red, and blue mountains captured my attention as well. Those heavenly colors and sounds were all over.

The sky above was a sea of ever-changing bright colors and against an orange-pink background was the bright orange sun and the clouds. The sky itself responded to the thoughts of the people living below. If a person preferred a lavender sky above his home, it would be so.

Behind the beach was a dense growth of jungle with all sorts of exotic trees and flowers. Just beyond were the beginnings of the Kumli Mountains and a downgrade into a valley where many people of Teutonia had created homes.

I always enjoyed the birds and animals that kept me company on the beach, and I imagine they enjoyed my company, too. And I loved to day-dream as I stared out to sea. Mostly I wondered about my father and mother, and recreated in my mind what they looked like. Father had asked Arena and Odin not to speak to me about him and they respected his wish. Often I reflected on my childhood and wondered about my future.

Ever so often I would see a little glass bubble-boat skim by across the waters, and my eyes would follow it until it was no longer visible. Its only colors were those of the people sitting inside. Sailboats were popular too because of their graceful pretty shape.

Sitting there on the beach I often sang songs about how I felt, or played the harp for my friends, who in turn played their favorite instruments for me. My best friends, Zemura and Neyma joined me in doing dances like the dance of the universe. It was one of my favorites but also one of the most difficult to master.

A momentous event that took place again and again in our lives was the annual journey to the city of Retz to see and hear a master of wisdom speak. Actually seeing him was very special to us, even though one does have an inner communication more powerful than telepathy. This time of year was approaching, and soon our journey on foot to the Temple of Wisdom would begin.

At one seminar I recall that the Master spoke of the difference between truth and an individual who gives out truth. "In the physical worlds and on many planets, as well as spiritual worlds, there are spiritual teachers. They have much truth to give. But when the teacher is worshipped and held more important than the word, the truth is often lost. People must learn that truth is more important than he who is a channel for truth."

Under the Laws of the Supreme Deity, each person strives to attain mastership himself. This is the Master's goal for all of us and our goal also. The teachings that really encourage and guide students to become Masters of Wisdom are few in number, especially on Earth where so many teachings give out only a certain amount of truth or none at all. Overloaded with rituals and superstition the people are led to worship the spiritual leader and follow man-made laws.

For the upcoming seminar my friends and I were planning to do a dance about the balance of Soul. It would depict Soul coming into the lower worlds and being separate polarities, male and female, giver and receiver. A Soulmate is not another individual somewhere out there in the world waiting for you. It is the other part of one Soul after polarization. Soul incarnates at any time as either male or female and learns to deal with either male qualities or female qualities in any incarnation.

There are times when Soul reaches a neutral state in which male and female qualities of an incarnation are close to balancing each other. Until Soul becomes spiritually aware, this is a temporary state. The balance holds forever when the Soulmates join and the individual realizes his identity as unpolarized Soul. This is a Self-Realization which takes place on the Soul Plane.

Our dance depicted this original separation and final balance by having a girl and a boy represent the two Soulmates. It began with us sitting together back-to-back on the floor, bound together, as the different colors of the planes moved upward behind us to represent Soul's journey down into the lower worlds. First was violet for the Etheric Plane, then blue for the Mental and gold-orange for the Causal. Finally there was pink for the Astral and green for the Physical Planes. Then we stood up as we separated and went off in different directions individually expressing our thoughts and feelings. Once in a while we came together to touch hands or touch fingers, or sometimes to completely embrace each other, but only for a moment. At the end of the dance the Master came out and held his hands and arms up in the air as the two Soulmates seated themselves together in a balance at the Master's feet. We practiced this dance often in anticipation of the soon to come journey to Retz.

It was on the beach shortly before the seminar that I met my new friend Rimj.

Every day he would be there at about the same time as I, in his familiar balloon trousers and purple robe with its rope-like belt of gold. At first we did not talk. We just sat together on the golden sand and stared out at the purple and blue waters or at one another.

I remember well his dark blue flashing eyes and curly dark blond hair, and his long straight nose. Most of all I liked his charming crooked smile. Rimj and I grew to love each other very much, even at our young age. We included each other in everything we did, and my aunt and uncle and girlfriends enjoyed him as well. We often climbed the Kumli Mountains together and sat up on the very highest peak, listening to the wind rushing through the valley and echoing off the cliffs. Then on our way home we would pick flowers for each other as a reminder of the joys we had shared.

Rimj and I spoke often about our lives and our futures and of course our performances at the upcoming seminar. Rimj was preparing to sing a song of spiritual love that he himself had written.

The day of our great journey to Retz arrived and I was more excited than ever before. As a younger child I had always looked upon this yearly event as a routine part of our lives, being too young to appreciate the beauty of everything. Now I had the strange but welcome feeling that this was to be a very special time of my life and that it was important for me to soak up the beauty of Retz and the thrill of seeing Rami Nuri (the Master).

On foot the trip to Retz lasts several days, so we always packed plenty of clothes. Especially for the seminar everyone had designed an entire wardrobe around a theme that was individually his own. This yearly journey was a tradition in our culture, dating back to a time when our civilization was physical, and although we very easily could have manifested in Retz this would not have been as much adventure and a less complete experience.

The people of Teutonia and the villages in many parts of Venus left at their own time and walked at their own pace. I had asked that Rimj and Zemura travel with us. As soon as their parents and Arena and Odin had gathered we were on our way.

Retz lies in the opposite direction from the Temples of Teutonia, beyond the Kumli Mountains that Rimj and I so often climbed. We traveled through the cavern, a natural passage through the mountains that had been discovered before the Great Transition. Here were underground pools and waterfalls, fantastic rock formations, and weird-looking animals.

Overall it was very quiet and echoey, and we could create the most beautiful

sounds whenever we chanted or sang. Crossing the chasms on narrow woven rope bridges was a special adventure for us children.

A day later we emerged from the Kumli Mountains to see ahead of us a vast plain of flowers, all varieties and colors of gorgeous flowers. Thousands of people joined us. The roads were now crowded with beautiful travelers all gaily dressed and carrying their colorful loads. My own dress was a gown of white with golden threads and a golden rope-like belt.

Next we came upon a dense and silent forest having a vast variety of tall trees from many different planets. There were redwoods, pines, fir, maples and others not found on Earth. We had a precious habit whenever walking through a forest not to talk and make undue noise, but just listen to the sounds of the birds and animals, the crunching of our feet in the moist soil, and the peaceful silence. The earthy and mossy smells were unforgettable, along with the pungent trees and flowers.

Deep in the forest we arrived at a small village where several families had created huge, sprawling homes with lavish gardens. It was one of the many Venusian villages which do not go by a name.

As it was getting dark, we decided to stay overnight in the village. People's attitudes there toward strangers is such that if anyone arrives having a need, then it is fulfilled without question. Every person trusts everyone else and offers them the same hospitality that someone in the family would receive.

At dawn we had "breakfast" together before moving on, though it was not food that we ate. We call it breakfast because consciously absorbing energy together is much like a meal. Sitting in a circle and closing our eyes, we took a deep breath and visualized energy being drawn in through every pore. It was a very stimulating breakfast indeed!

Beyond the forest was yet another range of mountains much too high for us to cross. Skirting them, we crossed a desert and encountered another group of mountains wherein lies an eerie plateau. Climbing up a steep grade we reached the Plain of Water, an almost completely barren flat surface of blue, purple, and green marble. Rocks were strewn here and there. In some parts of the plain the ground had the appearance of being pushed, and other parts were quite rough, with faults and crevices.

The Plain of Water was strange because everything looked so parched and dry, yet an uncomfortable dampness filled the air. Looking down into the cracks and crevices we could see water rushing along, and there were places where the plain had sunken several inches and was filled with pools of water. In the cliffs

surrounding the plain were several waterfalls. The plain itself was raised and water rushed down in many places.

Many of the spectacular sights here would on Earth be called natural wonders, but the people of Venus accepted them as a part of the beauty of The Creator's works. They did not seem so spectacular there because when beauty surrounds one every day it does not mean as much. Great wonders are taken for granted because they are everywhere.

Beyond this plateau the landscape turned into mountainous green hills and grassy rolling meadows. Whenever we reached this point we knew that soon we would see the lush green valley in which lies Retz. Below us in the distance would be the enchanting walled capital of our planet. Retz is a round city, a simple circle of fantastic-looking temples, flowering gardens, fountains and beautiful statues. Viewing the city from above we could see how the buildings and walkways seemed to take the shape of a double cross.

Retz is encircled by towering white luminous walls of marble with tints of luminous pale blue. Together with the spired towers to each side of the mammoth carved wooden doors, the main arched gate resembles the face of a mighty cathedral of the style that can be found in England here on Earth. As our group approached the city we could see the tops of a number of the taller temples beyond. The city emanated vibrations that held us spellbound in awe. No matter how often we had been here before, its beauty overwhelmed us every year.

Retz is completely unlike any city to be found anywhere on Earth, but much like a place you would read about in stories of fantasy here. It is a fantastic display of the most harmonious and balanced architecture imaginable. As the capital of Venus, Retz is a spiritual city of Temples of Learning devoted to spiritual teachings as well as the arts and sciences.

Unlike most Venusian cities, which are centers only for culture and learning, Retz has many inhabitants. Among them are masters of knowledge.

Temples which exist on Earth are actually poor copies of temples in spiritual cities on the higher planes. We must keep in mind the truth about creativity, that it is nothing more than a receptivity to what already exists on higher planes of being. However, the most beautiful buildings on the physical planets can never compare to the beauty of those in the worlds beyond.

Each temple on Retz is unique, has its own character, which reflects in the design. Most commonly used decorative materials are the precious and rare jewels and metals such as gold, silver, diamonds, rubies, emeralds, jade, and pearl. These are abundantly inlaid within and without, around windows and

doorways, on stairs and ceilings and floors, or the entire building may be made of precious materials, as what is desired is simply manifested as needed. When Earth's religious writers use the words "streets of gold" in describing their experiences, they are referring to astral cities such as Retz.

As in Teutonia, most of the basic shapes were liberally used in creating Retz. There are spheres, cubes, pyramids, domes, cylinders, cones, and more. There were styles similar to some of Earth's finest architecture, and there were other styles found only on other physical planets, unknown to Earth. There was a temple built in the shape of a pyramid. It was covered with bright silver and rather small. I did not have a chance to see what was inside. One of the buildings that I did explore was a museum of rare sea animals from different planets in the physical universe. It was a huge, pale blue luminous sphere without windows or doorways, and transparent from the inside. A temple I have sketched was a sphere of dark blue crystal resting atop four towering supports of silvery metal. A number of windows ran up each of the base supports, which altogether looked like the side of a concave lens in a side view. This temple's beauty is difficult to describe in your words.

Another temple that I enjoyed looking at was a cube made completely of unpolished amethyst with edges of silver. The arched mahogany door was a work of art. Each panel had an elaborate carving of fruit and was very colorful. The several arched windows of this building were made of purple, yellow, and white pearl-like glass in an abstract pattern. In the rear was a spiraling staircase leading to the second floor entrance. Vines were hanging over the edges of the roof. This is very common in Retz where they often have trees and gardens growing on flat roofs.

One of the main structures here, the Temple of Golden Wisdom, exists simultaneously both in the physical city of Retz (equivalent to Earth upper physical in density) and here on the Astral Plane. It is a circular building made mostly of gold and marble. The base is of sky blue marble streaked with white and purple. A number of steps all around lead to the main level. Sixty golden pillars in the shape of spiritual beings support the flat marble roof with their outstretched hands. These statues have unusually slender waists, and they depict the balance between male and female polarities. Here there are indoor gardens and pools surrounded by comfortable benches.

To just capture the spiritual experience of the seminar in words is useless. Our seminar was a sharing experience in which each individual participated. A number of talks were given on spiritual subjects, and although a number of them overlapped, there was no repetition because each speaker, being unique, gave us

a fresh insight. There were musical presentations and poetry, art shows and plays, and there were many dances and songs.

Our dance was a great success like every other performance, because our hearts, minds, and Soul were dedicated to it. Everything was appreciated and enjoyed for what it was.

One of the seminar's highlights in my mind was one particular talk that many of us did not fully understand until later, after we had contemplated a while on it. There will always be a question, as long as there is man as to why the world is as it is. Here on Earth you believe that everything is made of atoms, which are nothing more than a number of positive and negative charges of energy. But what makes the variety of things and what holds them all together?

The answer lies in mind. Man creates his own world in the Physical Plane through the power of thought. The world is created to reflect man's collective thought. Mental images of what trees look like are handed down from generation to generation and these thought expectations keep trees from changing. When his mental images of them change they can also change.

When a person says "This is not possible", he is speaking from a limited way of thinking. Everything is possible, but man limits himself out of ignorance. Then he has a limited world which further limits his thoughts and further limits the world. Man's world can never be changed unless he changes his thoughts.

When you enter a family or join with a mate to create a family unit, the stronger one will create for that family what is to be, depending on whatever the stronger one desires. And if that person is confused then you have a confused family, confused children and a confused way of life.

We should not blame others for limiting their worlds. If they have security and an organized mind and way of life, this could be because they have experienced the opposite in other lifetimes and are reacting in fear against something. When looking at the overall picture of Soul's growth through experience, there is no room for blame or judgement, only understanding.

The speaker was referring to Earth in this talk, and of course how life once was on Venus. All this was said while remembering that a limited world is only a step toward an unlimited world and unlimited being.

Between functions we gathered in groups according to our interests, which is very easy to do with our ability to pick up thoughts. At night we slept wherever we wanted to, whether at one of the temples in the city or outside in one of the many flower gardens. We were so involved in the seminar itself and all that was happening that it was difficult to break away and tour the city.

It is true that most people, including Venusians, take much of the beauty in life for granted until it is no longer with them. After having seen Retz for that last time I regretted not soaking in more of the beauty. Then it was just a normal part of my life. Now I miss it so much it is difficult to bear.

The Master spoke to us about the Supreme Deity, how It had created all Souls equal, and how inequality began in man's mind. Man on the Physical Plane has yet to learn to live with and accept other individuals.

On many planets people were having problems accepting one another because they knew nothing of Deity or Soul, or of living more than one lifetime. He explained that much of man's struggle arises from a belief in only one life. Upon dying he is so fearful that he is drawn into rebirth soon and grows very little spiritually. And it takes many lifetimes to grow to reach an understanding that all of us on Venus and a few on Earth are fortunate to have.

In not criticizing others for their level of consciousness, but understanding and accepting them as they are, we help them to grow. In sharing our love and knowledge with others willingly rather than using it as a tool for more power, we in turn receive the same from the Supreme Deity.

The Master concluded his talk by answering a questioner who wondered why absolute power did not corrupt the Supreme Deity. The answer was that Supreme Deity never claims absolute power. It is shared by all Soul and is distributed equally in all things. I would reflect on these things, and all the things I would like to know.

As time passed the physical universe became more and more intriguing. Our people often sent blessings to the Physical Plane, and to Earth, because of the great suffering going on there. To think of Earth brought sadness to our lives. I remembered that I had spent many past lives on Earth, and I realized how much more pleasant this life on Venus was. Nevertheless I had some strange attraction to Earth and the Physical Plane, but at the moment I was not aware of what that meant.

Later, back in Teutonia, Arena and Odin broke the news to me one evening at Study Time, about a conversation they had had with the Master at the seminar. There was a good possibility that I would soon be making an important choice about my life. I would have an opportunity to leave Venus and live with a family in the physical universe. It was apparent from my Records that there was a considerable Karma in the physical world for me to meet. At some future time I would again need to live in the physical universe. But I was fortunate. If I were to go in this lifetime I would be better able to withstand the trials that I faced. If I



waited to be reborn there then my time in the physical worlds could well extend into thousands of years.

My uncle said that we would soon make a special trip to Retz, to see if it were indeed possible to leave the astral as a child to go directly to the physical world, and whether it would break any spiritual laws. I was excited of course because the Master did not make a habit of speaking directly to private people.

Sitting on the bench a few days later I thought back to one special person I had seen in Retz. In a way he was familiar to me, and yet he was unfamiliar. I sensed that he did not live on the Astral Plane but was projecting from the physical. He was a short, nice looking young man, maybe in his late twenties, with pretty blue eyes. I had seen him several times, and also a dark-bearded fellow. He glanced at me once, staring at me for a few moments. That was all. But there was something in that glance that left many things unsaid, and I had no idea what it was. I wondered, would I ever see him again and why was it important that I see him anyway? I did not know.

Arena made a special point of telling me to clear my thoughts and be very adult-like. This was of utmost importance. They both said that I did not have to make a choice just to do what others thought best, or to have an adventure, because I was welcome to stay at home for the rest of my life if I so chose. They loved me very much and had made me aware of this choice for my own good only, because such opportunities were not always available.

# Chapter Seven

## The Creative Life

Compared to life as we know it on Earth, some physical planets are like fantasylands. Life on Venus probably seems even more fantastic and unbelievable because there is the added dimension of being on the Astral Plane of reality and being.

If you can imagine how difficult it would be to understand life on Earth from reading one book, then you will realize how difficult it is to understand life on Venus and the Astral Plane in reading only this autobiography.

One way of looking at our transition to the astral is to think of it as our good Karma. Because we learned to live in harmony rather than conflict and war during our negative Iron Age, we were raised to enjoy our culture on a more beautiful level until the beginning of the next Golden Age at our physical level.

Venus (astral) has exactly the same cities and landscapes as the physical planet had at the time of the Great Transition. The temples of Teutonia had been designed and built while the city was physical, by the Masters of each subject, and were recreated on the Astral Plane. Our homes of course changed over the years with the changing tastes of the people.

As our culture entered the astral dimension or plane, we found that colors were more radiant and more abundant in every respect. Our sky was iridescent; a sea of everchanging colors, and everything was luminous. Mountains, fields, trees, grass, buildings, clothes, furniture, and even our bodies gave off a warm, colorful glow of their own nature.

Now the weather was controlled by the collective thoughts of the people. Never again was it too cold or too hot, too dry or too rainy. People who desired a change discovered that their thoughts could manifest a snowstorm enveloping their own homes and no others. People learned to control the color of the sky above their estate as well, and allowed other families their own free will in accordance with the spiritual law of non-interference.

What a wonderful freedom it was not to need food in order to stay alive! And

because the astral body travels at such tremendous speeds, physical transportation became obsolete. Anyone had the choice to simply appear at his destination or to enjoy vehicles powered by his own thoughts. Around the house and neighborhood, walking (or gliding along just above the ground) remained the easiest way of going from place to place.

In being able to manifest things directly from energy, we no longer needed to physically build anything piece by piece, unless we just wanted to enjoy the craftsmanship, which most of us desired to learn.

As one unfolds spiritually, he becomes more of an individual than ever before. This truth shows up in the spiritual growth of a planet. Earth, in its spiritual infancy, is a planet where the masses of people are controlled and where conformity is widespread. As Venus was growing up, its people left the cities and mass-produced conveniences to lead a more natural life in independent villages. Each person learned to supply most of his own needs in order to learn to become more individual and creative.

The spiritually advanced planets naturally are populated by individuals, who express their individuality creatively. Before the Great Transition, the people of Venus were very much involved in the arts, and nothing was more important than creativity in every area of life. Expressing oneself in the creation of harmony and beauty was considered to be the very purpose of one's existence.

And because our flowering culture had already evolved to an astral level, translating to the Astral Plane did not change it so drastically. Our people had much more time to devote to the creative joys in life rather than what was necessary for survival, but the family and the home continued to be the center of life and creative expression.

After the Great Transition, each family had much more freedom in creating its own home. Unlimited by physical materials and physical laws, anything imaginable could be manifested by thought alone. Building our own dome house together with the floating second floor was not a feat of engineering but one of creative designing.

Most of the architecture on Venus is based on circles, ovals, and graceful curving lines. In our neighborhood were homes that looked like several bubbles sitting atop each other or arranged in clusters along the ground. Domes were very popular. Many others were a combination of different geometric shapes. A few were elaborate and extensively detailed structures, like palaces and castles, but every single home was unique and enchantingly beautiful. An architect from Earth would probably call Venus a paradise where fantastic ideas have come

true.

A house of solid gold studded with diamonds, rubies, emeralds, and pearls is manifested as easily as a house of colored bricks. It would be almost impossible to create a home sculptured from a single giant diamond or ruby on the physical planets, but on Venus (astral) it is a matter of designing it in your mind and instantly manifesting it. Knowing of the unlimited possibilities, our people nevertheless create homes that suit their individual sense of beauty. It is the beauty that counts, not the amount of precious gems and metals. One can have all those he cares to manifest.

I cannot remember seeing a house in Teutonia that was not surrounded by lush, flowering gardens. Now that our creations are only limited by our imaginations, the flowers, trees, and bushes are much more exotic and colorful. If my aunt had wanted three-foot tall red mushrooms with white dots, these could easily be created. These would have been real mushrooms, smelling, tasting, and feeling as mushrooms do on the physical planets.

Weaving throughout our elaborately designed gardens were walkways of stone and brick, or perhaps gold, depending on one's tastes. And a garden would not be complete without fountains, statuary, ponds, and waterfalls. There would also be marble, wrought metal or exotic wood benches. Our statues represented all kinds of beings – spiritual masters, angels, mythological figures, and rulers of the elements. A person whose love was sculpturing would create each piece by hand. If his interests were elsewhere he would probably design each statue in mind and simply manifest it.

The Tythanians love lots of room and open space in their homes and grounds. Rooms were never cluttered or overfurnished, and everything that is created to adorn the house serves some useful purpose. Our furniture is of course created for practical reasons, but it always has about it a quality of exquisiteness, of beauty, of individuality. A table cannot be just a table, or a chair just a chair; it must be something that others exclaim over when they come in. Each and every piece is a work of art.

A chair may look like a very beautiful, gracefully carved wooden chair with cushions, but the feel of it may be completely different. If the person who created the chair liked the feeling of sitting on feathers, then sitting in it would seem like being comforted by soft downy feathers. Or if he liked the feeling of clouds or floating, then a chair or couch may feel that way.

Plush carpets may feel like marble; or the floors may look like marble and yet when you walk on them they may feel like grass, or water, or feathers, or some

soft material. Anything can be created to look one way and feel another way, depending on the individual tastes.

Every room is a reflection of the family's individuality, personality, and interests, so there are bound to be an almost infinite number of variations.

Some families devote their entire home to one of the senses, such as sound or smell. Or the different rooms of a house may be devoted to sound, sight, smell, touch, and taste. In going from room to room a person would experience various sensations in each sense.

In a room devoted to sound, everything responds to sound or emits a sound of its own. Walking on the carpet may create a certain sound, while lying on it may cause a variation of the same sound. Sitting on the cushions, or just moving around the room may set up whole vibration patterns that cause the furnishings to emit harmoniously blended sounds. Everything there would contribute to a heavenly combination of melodies. A number of musical instruments may also be in the room for visitors to play.

A person who has devoted his life to music may do the same with his house. Each room would be devoted to a different kind of musical instrument and its particular sounds. Fountains in the garden would emit musical sound as the water falls, and all of the trees, flowers, and shrubs would together create enchanting natural symphonies. The garden would not be complete without a windharp which is a harp that catches the wind to produce everchanging beautiful melodies.

In a room devoted to smell, everything has its own peculiar aroma. Stepping on the rug would cause a certain fragrance, perhaps that of a rose, to rise up. Touching a plant or a small cushion would cause it to emit whatever scent the creator had in mind in manifesting it. A painting of the countryside could very well emit the fresh natural smells of country air, a cold mountain stream, or the lilies of the fields.

Just entering a room devoted to touch could bathe a person with a soothing vibration. In addition, there may be wall hangings of fur and textures that feel wonderful to the touch. The floors could feel like wet grass, and a painting of a waterfall could very well feel wet to the touch.

Another room may be devoted to color. Here, a couch or a coffee table would constantly change colors from red to purple to green to blue to yellow and red again, or the change could be random. The walls may change colors, or the floors, or the lighting in the room. This can be combined with sound so that by singing different notes the colors of the furniture will change. Everything

depends on the imagination of the creator and of course the limits of what the senses can handle. Too much change overwhelms the senses.

It is the woman of the household who usually experiments with new furniture designs, colors, and the whole field of interior decorating. However, each member of a family usually has one or more rooms of his own where he does the decorating. Where we on Earth spend the day cleaning house, the homemaker on Venus may create an entirely new set of furniture in an afternoon. Rapid change is a way of life.

Life is not quite so easy as it may seem. A great deal of training and responsibility must go with the manifesting of things. The laws of balance and harmony must be obeyed, just as they are on the Physical Plane. In creating something, we cannot have simply a vague image in mind and get results. If a person thinks of a picture of a chair instead of a full chair, he will get something like a flat cut-out. And it is not possible to command a chair to appear by saying, "chair".

In the beginning of astral life, creating things is not easy. Even though children are given much freedom at home, they need to learn to properly use a thought form. They do not have the same attention level as adults. In their curiosity they tend to jump from one thing to another. So it is not at a very early age that they begin manifesting all sorts of things. Their first toys and clothes are created for them by their parents.

At first they are underdeveloped on the astral. Children need to get used to life there, and they need to go through adjustments just as children on the physical planets do. Children on Venus are trained by their parents to control their vivid imaginations with the power of concentrated attention.

In being able to manifest things from energy we have eliminated only the manufacturing step of creation. Designing is the main challenge for any individual, especially for a child who is learning the techniques of individual manifesting.

At first the designs are incomplete and unbalanced, or are not harmonious with their surroundings. A child must learn to visualize in the mind a complete picture in all the dimensions with exact measurements, textures, colors, and design to the finest detail. If one leg of a chair is missing in the mental image, the real chair will be manifested with one leg missing. If the measurements are off in the visualization, then the real chair will be distorted and unbalanced in the same way.

The colors, materials, and shape will have to balance out and agree with the

theme of the room. Careless creating results in a pile of junk.

Venus (Astral Plane) is not a chaotic place as of the power of thought. Everything is solid and stays as it is until the individual changes it. Had my aunt and uncle left Teutonia for a few years, the house would have remained as it was. No one interferes with another's creations. And matter, once created, cannot be easily dissolved. It can be redesigned, so the people are careful not to manifest a pile of junk. Once a certain room is created, it will stay as it is until someone changes it. Sitting on the orange sofa will always give off the scent of roses until its creator decides to change it.

Eventually, after a great deal of experimenting, a family will settle with a home and furnishings that are pleasing, a style or mood that is just right for them. Once my aunt and uncle had found what they really wanted, our house did not change from day to day.

Some people, however, live securely within their lives of continuous change because they are accustomed to it and are in complete control.

On Venus, each learns a variety of crafts and creative activities. People take great pains to do things by craft instead of simply materializing results, because it is more fulfilling, meaningful and personal to do so.

With life-spans that stretch into thousands of years there is plenty of time to learn and master a number of arts and crafts. We realize that life could become mundane and boring if we just snapped our fingers to fulfill all our desires. There would be less to look forward to in the way of challenge and achievement.

On the astral it is possible to master talents such as playing a flute simply by willing it, but on Venus this is looked upon as laziness and shunned. We strive to develop our talents through effort and practice as people on the Physical Plane must do. With the exception of constructing homes, we try to do as much by hand as possible. One having little talent or interest in building furniture from basic materials would probably manifest it. Someone unskilled in the art of painting and not interested in learning that art at that time may at first manifest paintings to decorate his home. Everyone develops his talents in many areas, but only those of his own choice.

Art is so much a part of people's lives that each home is filled with art forms that stimulate and inspire, and reflect that family's individuality, tastes and loves.

A woodcarver's home would be decorated with handmade carvings. A weaver's home may have textiles of his own creation decorating walls, furniture, etc.

Not only are talents in the various arts developed and refined over many years, but they are carried over from lifetime to lifetime. Being born with a strong talent and then devoting an entire lifetime to it usually means that in previous lifetimes, Soul had already been involved in that art. My own interests in dancing did not begin in this life, rather many centuries ago when I was a dancer in ancient Egypt.

Sculpting is another popular art. A few of the homes in our neighborhood had entire rooms that were sculptured. These were an adventure because the tables, chairs and even shelves on the wall were all moulded of the same piece of material as the walls and ceiling.

Music is one of the most beautiful ways of expressing your creative nature. Most Venusians learn to compose their own music and play musical instruments because of the sense of personal fulfillment and joy. We can sing or create a piece of music that expresses our feelings more beautifully and completely than by speaking and by writing. The feeling element in our music is most important. Simple beautiful sounds convey much feeling.

I know of nobody in Teutonia who did not play at least one musical instrument. Most studied and mastered a number of different instruments.

Many of our musical instruments are much like the ones here on Earth. The reason being that all instruments now used in the physical universe were first created on the Astral Plane and stored in the Astral Museum for searching minds to discover. Flutes, violins, and harps are among the most popular on Venus, as well as our version of keyboard instruments. We also have various instruments that copy the sounds of nature, such as wind, running water, the rush of the sea, etc.

Percussion instruments are rarely used in our music, although once in a while there is a drumbeat or a clash of the cymbal. Harsh sounding brass instruments are not popular either. The dense vibrations of these and the percussion instruments are more suited to the denser Physical Plane or the lower astral.

Our music is flowing and inspiring, very unlike your popular rock and roll on Earth. Our higher form of music may seem foreign to Earth ears, but more beautiful than he has ever heard. The heavy beat of Earth's modern music (in the western world) gives spiritual indigestion and stirs the lower centers of man instead of the higher but this does not mean it is to be condemned, because many different kinds of music are needed in the world to accommodate the different levels of individuals. It all serves its purpose.

Most of our music is a personal experience enjoyed at home, however we do



have a few orchestras assembled by artists who have devoted their lives to music. We have an orchestra for which Venus is famous, the Chelli Orchestra in the City of Retz.

Dancing (and singing) is ingrained into our culture as much as our planetary language. Everyone in a Venusian family learns to dance and throughout life enjoys expressing feelings in a way no other art form can.

Venusian dancing can best be compared to what on Earth is called interpretive dancing. Remember that the Astral Plane is the plane of emotions, which suggests that we are very much involved in expressing our feelings. Our dancing gives us this creative release.

On Earth, acting may seem to be just another form of art, but on Venus it is much more. Each one realizes that every day he acts out the drama of life in the lower worlds. This is true on every planet, although without the viewpoint of Soul the act is confused with reality. Most of Earth's people are so involved in their daily lives that they never have a chance to stand back and view everything objectively, as Soul.

Acting is what children do most of the day, using the imagination to be something different or to make up stories. It is a very important part of childhood and also of life itself because acting develops imagination and creativity. A person who cannot act cannot really live. We as human beings are constantly entertaining others or doing things to attract attention, all of which is acting.

As a child I played the acting game of looking into the mirror every morning and deciding what kind of a person I would be that day. What kind of a personality I would have. Then during the day I would be that kind of person. Adults play at this game too because boredom is a very real threat for people on the Astral Plane. Having all the material possessions imaginable does not guarantee happiness. By pretending to be something we have always wanted to be, we can actually have that experience. Many Venusians play games to make life more interesting.

It is not easy to understand life on Venus as a whole by looking at the parts. Our people do not lead fragmented lives. Each person is an individual and, depending on his personality, tastes, and past lives will be attracted to various creative pursuits. His whole life may be devoted to painting, and designing new musical instruments, though he may also be adept at writing, sculpting, and woodworking. Another person may be fascinated with physics and sciences, as well as playing the flute.

No matter how interested in his favorite art or science one may be, there is no end to what can be learned. He could spend a whole lifetime studying plants and never reach a point of knowing all there is to know.

As an example, for years and decades people of Earth have studied plants, yet they are just now discovering that plants have feelings and respond to emotions. This is a great discovery here, though it has been known on other planets for a long time, because we recognize that a Soul inhabits these plant bodies as we once did.

No matter what planet or plane you live on, there is always something new to be learned. Throughout eternity, even though you may live in the physical world again, there is work to be done and there are problems to be solved. Even the highest Being, in the highest state of consciousness, is still learning. Just because the afterlife is a mystery to many people on Earth does not mean that death is the end of everything. It is a shift of scenery, a new beginning on another level. The Supreme Deity itself has new experiences every day through all forms of life.

The sciences are as much a part of our life as are the arts. We continuously study the universe, nature, how it works, and how we can work with it. Every day we try to work more with nature instead of against it to keep from depleting any part of it and thus creating an imbalance. It may be difficult to live this way, and take much effort and time, especially for people on physical planets, but we know that if we love nature it will love us in return.

Helping people of the physical world is a goal that many of us share. Not only do we personally work out Karma in this way but we also have the satisfaction of helping people in need, especially those of planets like Earth.

Scientists who die on Earth and other physical planets often continue their work on a higher plane to benefit all mankind. It is not unusual for their talents and knowledge to carry over through many lifetimes.

Those of us who plan to lower our vibrations into the physical world and live on Earth, often learn useful occupations. Quite a few of the Venusians living on your Earth today have come from the Astral Plane, where they acquired vast knowledge. Astral scientists frequently have no other choice but to continue their work in the Physical Plane. They must work with physical laws under physical conditions after a certain point, as my uncle discovered. A device that works well under the power of thought must be designed to function physically once it becomes physical, and this involves experiments in the physical world.

Fortunately we have kept our culture intact in every way. It would have been easy to rely on the astral powers of creating everything by thought instead of

developing our physical talents. Then our culture might suffer for we know that one day, at the end of our Iron Age, our life would return to the physical density. By preserving our faculties intact we may be able to continue our life in physical density without succumbing to the elements.

Venusians are very gregarious and they gather for many occasions. Music, dancing, and singing are so important to every party. The entertaining is shared by everyone, because everyone is talented in some way. Guests bring their own instruments and share a new musical creation, or they may act out a past life, or read new poetry that they have written. Here the rich culture of the Venusians is brought out in a festival of creativity and sharing, through which a real community, a real understanding among people, real relationships develop quite naturally.

Among party games enjoyed was one that only people who live on planes above the physical can play. In a way it is like a masquerade, but instead of the guests just wearing costumes and masks, they actually change their body form and appearance. We use the power of thought to change the astral body but keep the same personality, mind, and Soul – the same inner qualities and identity. The host and hostess would then have the delightful job of guessing who the guests really were as they came to the party. The challenge in keeping their identity secret was not so much in manifesting an unusual body form as in disguising the vibrations. Every individual has a certain expression, a certain look in the eyes that is always the same from lifetime to lifetime, no matter what the body looks like. Then there are the peculiar personal movements – the way one sits, or holds his head or uses his hands, or smiles. All of these are clues to successful identification, and one's success was a matter of being aware of the inner qualities of his friends, beyond outer appearances.

Along with the colorful costumes familiar-looking animals showed up at parties too. Perhaps a bright pink cat or a shaggy purple hound, or an orange pony with a blue tail. These were not really animals of course, but those of us who had chosen such a disguise. As a child and an admirer of butterflies, I often flew to parties as one.

The experience of having a plant or animal body yet being a human taught me that our human bodies are the more perfect vehicles for Soul living in the human state of consciousness. Having a butterfly body was fine for a while but it had too many limitations.

Although less restricted than the physical, Venus is far from being a utopia or the best world that Soul can imagine. Our study of the Laws of the Supreme Deity is so very important because we too are growing just as any other Souls in

any of the denser worlds. We too have problems to solve and lessons to learn, and we too are striving for higher awareness.

Because we can have all the material things we desire, our lessons and problems are different on the Astral Plane. In the Physical, emotions are mixed in with the material problems like earning a living, being ill, and living up to all the physical responsibilities. Here physical problems for the most part override purely emotional problems, while in the astral we are released to experience and deal with our emotions more fully.

Venusians must put a great deal of effort into keeping an emotional balance. An unbalanced emotional state can be damaging to Soul. We find that emotional problems have a tendency to be much more overpowering here.

Attachment is very dangerous on any plane for it keeps Soul from having freedom. We need to be careful because it is very easy to become attached to family, to others, to ritual and a way of life.

A good discipline is to try to like the things we dislike, because every dislike has a reason, usually emotional. As Soul we try to be aware of things that are not Soul, such as attitudes and assumptions. We also try to discipline ourselves not to do everything at once, to not be in a hurry, and to live life to its fullest in a balanced way. We are thankful for what we have and what we are at every moment. Because we live such a very long time, it is important to pace all of life's possible experiences. It is very easy to get carried away because a person can have everything he wants just by using the power of thought. Often we must put our desires behind us because if all our experiences came in a few years we might well be bored for centuries.

One of our people's greatest problems is love attachments. My father was one who never recovered from his grief over my mother's passing. It is one problem that can seriously unbalance a Venusian and stall his spiritual growth. Emotional feelings can avalanche on him before he is aware of what is happening. Emotional balance is crucial. A Soul can create Karma on the Astral Plane just as well as on the physical or any other of the denser worlds.

For many, the Astral Plane is heaven when the physical body dies. Life as it is on Venus should give you some insight into life in your astral after leaving your physical. It can be very beautiful, but like life on any of the lower planes it is limited.



## Chapter Eight

### Earthward Bound

Our trip to Retz was faster this time because we had been summoned by the Master. My uncle and I stepped into the bubble-car and seated ourselves. Within moments we appeared just outside the gates of Retz. Briskly we walked to the Temple of Golden Wisdom, and bearing our gifts, entered to greet the Master, Kanjuri.

Kanjuri was an older, beardless man with remarkably white, almost silver-white long, flowing hair. As he stood before us I sensed how ancient and yet how young Kanjuri was. It is a paradox I cannot explain. His deep green, flashing eyes spoke of endless wisdom and compassion. Like any true Master, Kanjuri was a beautiful Soul surrounded by an air of serene silence.

We presented our gifts, a plant for the temple and fruit for the Master. Together we seated ourselves on cushions and chanted aloud the word *amual*, the Tythanian word for love. The room suddenly glowed with a warm pink light and Kanjuri began to speak.

“I’ve called you here for Omnec to be able to make a choice.” he said. Omnec Onec is my Venusian name, using English letters to spell the Venusian sounds. The name means “Spiritual Rebound”. Kanjuri went on to say that a little girl was living on Earth with whom I had formerly shared a past life during the time of the French Revolution. We were sisters during those turbulent years, very close to each other.

I had been involved in acts of treason and my life was in danger, when my sister stepped forward to take the blame. Out of her love for me, and because she felt it important that I continue my work, she was beheaded in my place. Kanjuri explained that she was now a little girl living in the United States and suffering a great deal within her family. Her mother was taking care of her as best as she could, but both she and her husband were caught up in drinking and fighting.

At the age of seven, this little girl, Sheila, was to be sent to her grandmother in Chattanooga, Tennessee as a protection from the trouble and fighting at home.

Now looking into the future, the Master had seen Sheila being killed in a bus accident enroute, on the outskirts of Little Rock, Arkansas.

Since I was an older Soul and at this time had less ties on Venus, I had a special choice. I could lower my vibrations into the physical and go to Earth to balance out my Karma in this lifetime. After the accident had occurred, her body could be taken care of and I could go on in her place. Then I would live in her family as Sheila instead of Omnec Onec, and, in doing this, work off some of my own Karma and hers, therefore balancing cause and effect relations in a number of different ways.

Instead of being reborn on Earth I was being offered the unusual opportunity of having my Venusian body densified to the Earth Physical Plane. I would retain my consciousness awareness and memory as a strong background to help me through the trials I would face. My Karma would be difficult for me to understand or cope with if I were just born on Earth without knowing the truth of the higher planes.

By going to Earth now, the Master explained the conditions were such that I could work off my Karma with less anguish, and may never have to come into the Physical Plane of Earth again. In addition, I was destined to a spiritual work on Earth, and a plan. It had to do with opening the people's minds about the Brotherhood of the Planets. The details would be revealed during my life on Earth.

This was a great shock to me, and of course frightening. I had not realized that I would be leaving so soon and I had never heard of any of our people leaving as children. Adults who have physical Karma often do lower their vibrations to leave the astral and live on Earth. This had been mentioned by Masters during the seminars in Retz.

At the same time it was all very exciting. I did not know much about Earth in this lifetime. I had only heard about it as many people in America hear about Asia or some remote part of the world. The suffering other people go through does not reach you and does not mean as much as it should if you are removed from it. Being a child and filled with the spirit of adventure, I felt that my living on Earth would be exciting. So I said to Kanjuri that I would make up my mind and let him know.

Kanjuri assured me that if I decided to leave Venus I would be given all the necessary knowledge, and all the preparations would be made. I would learn about the girl's family and be taught the American English, the language they used. And before I left I would be briefed on the people of Earth, their

consciousness, their culture and technology, especially what I could expect to experience in the southern United States.

On strategic occasions I was promised the help, the mental guidance of my people through Odin or someone close to me. With that final word of encouragement Kanjuri concluded, adding that I had several days to consider the prospect.

Without hesitation I said that my decision had already been made. I would leave Venus to spend the rest of my days on planet Earth. Kanjuri remained silent for a moment as my aunt began to speak. She reminded me that I was not compelled to go if I did not feel that it was right. I understood that, I told her, but I felt the decision was one of Karma, that I was destined to leave Venus rather than having a choice about it.

I understood that in the physical world I was to be a child of seven years. My astral body when I would leave Venus would look like a seven-year-old girl, and yet my consciousness upon becoming physical would be more advanced because I had been born on the Astral Plane and inherited the culture and teachings of Venus.

My first inner vision of Sheila was very revealing. I favored her a great deal partly because of our karmic ties. Physically we looked very much alike, which gave me all the more reason to believe it was all planned, that it was Karma. I accepted this as my Karma and I had a strong desire to work it off and be finished with these obligations.

I also felt it was necessary for Sheila to be released from the physical world. She had suffered enough. My decision to leave was more of an intuition than anything else, and the inner prompting I felt makes me realize now that my choice to come to Earth was itself karmically determined.

Kanjuri repeated his promise that the training program would begin. Someone would call on me within a few days. We thanked the Master, and he told me I had made a very wise decision. In my life on Earth I might not find the spiritual teachings of Venus until much later, and I was not to talk about these teachings because people would not understand. When the time was right they would be openly revealed in America, but I was not to seek them. They would come to me. And I will find a surprise with these teachings. With a smile the Master fell silent. We said goodbye and left.

At home I wanted to be by myself thinking about the consequences of my decision. I reconsidered more than once, yet I felt ever more strongly that it wasn't mine to be made, that it was destiny. I was thinking about my upcoming



journey in a childish way, as being an adventure with many unknowns.

True to Kanjuri's word, several days later a Master appeared at our door, a very unusual person for people on Venus. With his dark, brown eyes and long black hair falling to his shoulders, he was striking in our society where most people are blond.

Vonic was his name. He said that he had come to teach me about Sheila, her family, about English, and how people's attitudes differed on Earth. We sat down for the first of many long conversations.

Vonic had been chosen as my teacher because of his patience. Throughout my life and many lifetimes, I was known to be impulsive, to jump into things abruptly without thinking. I was given to interruptions with completely unrelated thoughts that just happened to pop into my mind. This discouraged a lot of people, but not Vonic, who was very nice about it. He was very quiet, only told me the facts, listened to what I had to say, and did not give any point of view or criticism.

In those next few weeks Vonic covered just about everything I needed to know. Never before had I done so much memorizing at once, but it was necessary for me to learn quickly. Fortunately I was gifted with a good memory and was not encumbered with a physical mind.

Vonic briefed me on Sheila's personal history and her family's, so that I would be familiar with their personalities and their way of life. I learned as much about Sheila's grandmother and mother as a seven-year-old child would be expected to know. I needed to learn the description of each relative so that I would be able to recognize them and speak with them in the right way when I met them.

Vonic also familiarized me with the southern people's customs and consciousness. We went into some detail on the living conditions as well, the kind of poverty I would be exposed to. "In the physical world," Vonic said, "people are often deprived of basic physical needs, unlike the Astral Plane where our thoughts instantly create whatever we desire."

All of this training took a great deal of time, day after day of getting together, going over these facts and me pretending I was Sheila. Vonic and I worked wherever the mood of the occasion took us – around the sunken fireplace, in my room, upstairs, in the garden, or on the golden beach. I practiced talking and acting like Sheila, and Vonic would ask questions about her family that I had to answer properly. It was very important, he said, to think of myself as being Sheila rather than just acting the part.

This went on until I learned about her mother's childhood, her real father, the

marriage situations that produced all her cousins, and the kind of person her stepfather was. I memorized the illnesses Sheila had had, the many places she had lived, and the hardships she was going through up to the time of the bus accident. Most of Sheila's own experiences, what her mother had told her, and what she had learned on her own were covered in my talks with Vonic.

I never asked Vonic how he learned all of the very personal information about Sheila's family, but I am sure that one of our people living on Earth had become friends with them.

Vonic made a special point of mentioning what would be expected of me, and what I could not do, such as using the psychic and spiritual powers I had developed. People generally would not understand, and they might become frightened enough to accuse me of satanism or black magic. I was certainly not to tell anyone of my true origin until the time was right, which would not be until I was older.

Vonic taught me about the different religions of Earth, how most of them were merely social gatherings instead of true spiritual teachings. I learned about the many different concepts of God, and the concept of the negative power as a mythical being called Satan.

I was not to expect the freedom allowed in Venusian society, or be very disappointed by limitations in every area of my life. The schools I would be attending Vonic explained, would not be as advanced in their teaching methods or in what they taught, so I had to be careful not to show that I knew so much. I was to pretend that I was learning and not be discouraged. The educators on Earth, Vonic said, did the best according to what they knew and according to the limitations of the conditions on Earth.

I had to remember that there was no turning back once I had arrived. It would cause a great deal of trouble for everyone. I would not be paying my karmic debt and I would be creating more Karma on top of that. In times of great anguish I was not to try escaping by saying,

“I'm not really Sheila and I won't put up with this!”

I was paying back a debt that Sheila had suffered for me long ago, and I was suffering for her in return. Often I was reminded by Vonic that there were many hardships ahead, but he never went into greater detail. The only promise made to me was that they would keep in mental contact with me but that they could not change any of the future events.

As I look back now, I realize that Vonic did a thorough job of preparing me for life on Earth. That is, I had more than enough knowledge to comfortably become

a part of an Earth family. Vonic and I became very good friends.

During my training period the anniversary of my birth arrived. Unknown to me, Arena and Odin had made a plan for a special experience for me, a journey into other levels of the Astral Plane. They had mentioned only that there would be a party to celebrate my birth.

In the morning on that special day my aunt and I visited friends who lived not far from our house. When we came home, Rimj and all of my best friends as well as Vonic and my uncle were waiting to help celebrate my birthday. All of the rooms were decorated with flowers and butterflies, the things of nature I most loved to draw. There were paintings and wall hangings, murals and cut-outs, even mobiles and butterflies. Zemura presented me with a dress having the print of a butterfly, to go along with the theme of my party.

After dinner we sang songs and danced and played music and games, but the best was yet to come.

Aunt Arena took me aside to spring the great news. That evening our family and friends would go on a journey through the Astral Plane! In order for us to keep the same level of consciousness, and somebody not get misplaced or hung-up somewhere, we would all be under the supervision of the pilot, Uncle Odin.

A joyous feeling of anticipation filled the air as we climbed aboard the bubble car. I knew that one of the most memorable experiences of my life was ahead. It would be my first adventure beyond the surface of Venus and my first journey through the vast world which is known to many of Earth's people as Heaven.

As our ship took off and the city of Teutonia became smaller and smaller below us, I saw the first of many breathtaking spectacles. Teutonia is shaped much like a giant angelic star with one longer tapering point reaching between the two mountains toward the sea. All around us as we left Venus, swirled beautiful color forms of unmanifested thoughts and emotions. Some were like fireworks, magnificent shooting colors never seen in the physical world.

These were the regions of the astral that had not yet been manifested or created into form – delightful seas of heavenly energy. All of outer space looks like this on the Astral Plane.

Our first destination was the lower Astral Plane, the land of nightmares and ugly passions. I do not mean to say that the Astral Plane has a number of layers through which we traveled up and down. We call the various regions lower, middle, and higher to indicate the inhabitants' level of consciousness awareness, which reflects in the body forms, colors, landscapes, and overall feeling of the area.

A feeling of fearfulness overcame me as we entered the lower Astral Plane. It was an eerie region with distorted landscapes, twisted trees, giant spider webs, smoking forests, and grotesque creatures. If you can imagine what a haunted forest would look like, then you are probably picking up mentally what already exists somewhere on the lower Astral Plane.

The Souls who live here are so attached to the passions – anger, greed, lust – that they take horrible-looking subhuman forms. Some of them are intriguing to see but most are as frightening as the dark murky colors surrounding them.

Here too are homes and communities, but instead of devoting themselves to creativity and the arts, these people spend their days indulging in their favorite passions. A glutton could be seen day in and day out surrounding himself with tasty foods to delight his senses, and spending little time away from the dining table. Likewise a miser would manifest jewels and gold and precious things until his home left little room for him to live.

The lower astral is where evil Souls spend time between physical lives, temporarily, until they become somewhat detached from their passions. Many of the orthodox religions have in fact created hell regions on the lower Astral Plane for themselves, which unfortunately have become traps for Souls who believe their stay there is eternal. Hell is as real as the people who want it believe it is.

Returning to the middle astral we flew over many very beautiful civilized areas where different religious groups had established their heavenly communities. The people here lived in peace, learning creative talents as we did at our level on Venus, and being very much aware of their return someday to the physical worlds. Many of them had recreated the homes and surroundings of their physical planet. The landscapes and villages we now saw were much more radiant and colorful than their physical counterparts on Mars, Venus, Jupiter, Earth, and other planets.

There seemed to be an endless variety of landscapes – painted mountains, craggy mountains, soft rolling hills valleys, meadows, lakes, deserts, and forests. As at our level on Venus, nature was a luminous festival of color. The sights were truly heavenly.

As we continued on, my uncle explained as best he could whatever attracted my attention. The higher astral is a much more spiritual region where more highly evolved Souls live. Anyone who has experienced it will agree that it is not easy to describe in physical terms as the colors are more refined and inspiring, and there is a greater feeling of peace, joy, serenity and the spiritual high.

Within Sahasra-dal Kanwal, the capital of this place, was one of the most beautiful regions I had ever seen. It was called Zreph. I can understand why so many religions have their heavenly abodes here. The flowering gardens of Zreph cannot be described in words. They exist for the inhabitants to enjoy. When people arrive here after their physical demise they believe this is the highest achievement in the afterlife, yet it is only the first step on a long and arduous journey.

We did not have time to stop here, or to explore many of the intriguing regions of the astral. Such a tour could very well last several lifetimes in Earth standards of time.

One of the most spectacular sights was below us as Odin told of the Seres race, ancestors of the inhabitants of Sahasra-dal Kanwal. Near the center of this heavenly white city stands a colossal statue, so huge that our bubble car seemed like a speck in the sky next to it. Seeing it from the air is a breathtaking sight. Looking up from the ground, a person would strain his eyes to see the top.

This giant statue represents the Seres race, which my uncle explained, were the space people who first colonized planets of this Physical Plane. Among the giants who settled in what became Atlantis were members of the Seres race. I was hypnotized not only by its beauty but also by its dimensions. The feet of this colossal statue stand far enough apart that on foot it would take days to walk around it. Since this city is as big as Earth's continents, many of its attractions are very spectacular in their sheer size.

A luminous white wall easily as high as the tallest skyscrapers on Earth surrounds the city. In the very center stands the majestic Mountain of Light, powerhouse of this plane. Out of the peak of the Mountain of Light stream thousands of colored lights, and each of these is made of smaller lights. Each light is alive.

It was an utterly breathtaking sight. The sound of the roaring sea filled the air. The lights flowed into the sky and onward to support the Physical Plane and its many forms of life.

The Mountain of Light is higher than any in the physical universe. As our ship passed directly over it I had to shut my eyes for a moment. Even for the astral eyes the light was so intense as to be painful. Odin explained that this was a very important city to the people of the more advanced planets. It is a cross-over city between the astral and the Physical Planes and would be very important for me in the future. Here is a place which enables an astral being to manifest a physical body. The people here were beautiful, with faces that spoke of much wisdom.

With their flowing tunics and sandals they resembled the ancient Greeks of Earth mythology. Among the inhabitants of this city were stately co-workers of the Creator which we call angels. Like our culture on Venus, every moment of life was spent in creative expression.

My uncle stopped the ship for a last look around, and my last chance to soak up the beauty which I have never forgotten. How can one forget a city that is pure white and glowing, with tints of blue here and there and structures so spectacular you are speechless?

A number of the villages we flew over were enveloped in indescribable melodies, the sounds of each village itself. Zreph was like this also. The music seemed like the tunes of a Xylophone and harp, and occasionally violins.

All through the Astral Plane was a feeling of spiritual high, of freedom, of peace, and beauty. Imagine worlds where the people live completely confident and at ease with themselves, not seeing each other with eyes of anger and vanity, jealousy, and envy. They see each other as Soul, each equally beautiful and competent as sparks of Deity.

I suppose this is why it hurts me at times to look back at my past. It is not easy to talk about my life on Venus because to have a taste of paradise and then live here is very painful. And yet I know the kind of life that awaits me when this short life comes to an end. All the sufferings in the many lives on Earth will seem like a bad dream.

We took a faster route home. All of us were tired. We were not fatigued in any physical sense, but congested with so many beautiful memories. At home I lay back and closed my eyes, letting it all soak deep down into my mind so when a time comes that I am feeling low, I can pull these memories out again.

Having seen the wonders of the Astral Plane, I began to anticipate my trip to Earth more and more. I thought of it too as an adventure, but at times it seemed very frightening. I had been told that parts of Earth were much like the lower Astral Plane.

I thought, how wonderful it was that I could go to Earth prepared in this way, prepared to take on whatever Karma I had accumulated, to be able to understand how everything that happened was part of my lessons and experiences, to not get caught up in them and let them overpower me, to realize that there is something greater than the restricted physical life, because I had consciously seen it and experienced it in my own lifetime. To know that these beautiful worlds exist for all and not just for a few, and that someday I would live to tell this story to others and give them hope.

Next morning I thanked my aunt and uncle for one of the most wonderful experiences of my life. I would be leaving in about two days and once again see that great white city with the towering walls, only this time we would lower our vibrations and appear on the physical Venus.

From Aunt Arena I received permission to take along the ring and the gift of jewelry. My uncle's gift to me was from the physical level of Venus and would be given later. Jewelry I could easily hide or explain away, but not something as unusual as a Venusian dress, or sandals, or anything reflecting our culture. In not taking along unusual things I would not need to become untruthful to protect myself. I had to be careful to be truthful, they told me, because if I was known as an untruthful child then my story later would not be taken for real.

Most of my preparation for leaving was an inner preparation of getting my thoughts in order. My aunt helped by giving pep talks once in a while. She loved me very much and was sad to see me go, she said, and if I wished to change my mind I could.

Again I was reminded of the bitter times ahead and how I would need strength to hold up and not think I had been abandoned. They could not interfere in my own Karma, however, no matter how much it hurt them to see me suffer. They would watch at all times via the inner sense, and send advice, then when the right time came the Laws of the Supreme Deity would be taught openly on Earth. I would meet someone that I knew, and I might have an opportunity to tell my story to the world. Until then I would have to be secretive because of the nature of Earth people's attitudes.

They explained that those attitudes were based on the limited surroundings or environment, and the practice of teaching children to be duplicates of the adults rather than individuals.

I would fall into a lot of traps and be taken to different religious paths, but I was not to become too involved.

I remember well my last day on Venus. In the morning my aunt brought to my room the dress I would be wearing on Earth, the same dress little Sheila would be wearing on the day of the bus accident. Arena had manifested it for me, keeping in mind the directions the Master had given her. I put it on and tucked away a duplicate of the note of explanation Sheila's mother had written and Sheila would be taking along to her grandmother in Tennessee. I also wore white socks and black patent leather shoes with buckles. These were very strange. I had never before had my foot completely enclosed.

As I remember, Aunt Arena asked if I wanted to join her to tell my friends that

I would be leaving shortly. I would rather stay behind and be alone for awhile, I told her. She nodded and left. I stood in the arched doorway watching her graceful body as she walked away down the softly sloping front path.

Going off to the left and right were many little footpaths of stone winding among the flowering bushes and trees. Two blue trees with blue trunk and leaves formed the front gate. They resembled Earth pines.

Turning around, I found myself facing our shoulder-high wrought metal fence looking so much like white lacy walls. I plucked one of the white flowers and I sniffed it, enjoying its sweet smell and the shiny green leaves.

I walked toward the center of our living room, toward the fireplace where we had so often shared our experiences together during Study Time. It was a huge room. Here and there were floating sofas of various sorts and colors. I looked at the crystal clear walls curving up toward the ceiling. I had always taken for granted the beauty of these walls being transparent, showing us the colorful surroundings and the garden.

I stopped in front of my favorite painting, a very large painting hanging on the wall by no visible means of support. It was made of constantly swirling colors each color having its own sound and each sound changing as the colors did, as they swirled around. I never grew tired of watching and listening to this painting. It was never inharmonious in any way, always creating a new intriguing melody. Such works of art were popular on Venus.

As I listened to the sweet music of our indoor waterfall, I envisioned my father's face as I had done so many times throughout my childhood. I remembered his face as I had seen it shortly after I was born his beautiful face which I stamped into my memory knowing inwardly I would never see him again. I always did this when I closed my eyes, burning his image deeper into my mind as if it would bring him to me.

I remember now his broad square jaw, high cheekbones, and very intense almost navy blue eyes with whitish blond arched brows. Father's nose was long and straight with flaring nostrils. His wide full-lipped mouth was a deep red, and his golden blond hair parted on the side and combed to the left rather than being parted in the middle as most men wore their hair. It was shoulder length and fell gently in a wave at his left eye. I remember his smile so gentle and sweet. On the day I was born I saw in his brief gaze the love he had for me. Yes, I remember well my father's face, the deep cleft in his chin, and the dimple when he smiled.

I opened my eyes and slowly got up. I walked around the fireplace and passed the couch, feeling its softness with my fingers as I passed by.



At the waterfall I sat down on a tiny retaining wall surrounding the pool. The top was inlaid with small tiles of mother-of-pearl bordered in gold. Several gold and blue various colored fish flitted around in the water. As I held my fingers out to catch some of the falling water, I noted that it changed the tunes that the waterfall made. I closed my eyes to listen. It always sounded like a harp with water pouring through, if you can imagine such a sound.

All this time I had felt something welling up inside, some emotion I was unused to, some strange feeling that I had almost felt the day I thought I was being punished. I did not know what this feeling was, this sadness was beginning to choke me.

I looked to the left and saw my aunt's great circular herb garden with its hundreds of different interesting herbs. She had explained them all to me, all of their medicinal uses and the mystical folklore surrounding them through the centuries. As I stood there I relived these moments with her.

Ahead at a distance I saw the beautiful fan tree that I loved so much, that I pretended to be a bird in and climbed and played under – this beautiful tree with its trunk spreading out and vines hanging down making it look so much like an oriental fan.

I listened to the birds singing, and I glanced at my swing swaying to the breeze in mid-air. Its lacy design made interesting shadows on the grassy ground. I walked over and flung myself face down in the swing to watch the little insects crawling around, insects that I myself had created. There really are not any pests or insects on the Astral Plane, except those which the people manifest. Some of them I thought were cute, and whenever I had enough information I would manifest them for our garden.

I glanced up at the pinkish-orange sky and its colorful clouds. Then I took the footpath back to the house and stood in the doorway. Facing the garden once again and shutting my eyes I tried to burn it into my memory forever.

I turned and walked slowly back into the house, stopping at the door to my room. Going in I sat on my bed, on the covers that looked like flowers and leaves woven together. My baby coverlet, the one that my aunt had made with the animals that changed color, I had made into a pillow. It was one of many colorful pillows, most of which I had designed and created.

As I sat on my bed, I looked around at this familiar place, up at the ceiling, at the golden ropes encircled by flowers, at the tree with its delicate swing, at the wall of vines and flowers. I walked over to the sunken tub I had made from sea shells and starfish, and ran some water out of the golden fish spigots. There I sat

sloshing my feet for a few moments.

Then I looked over at the little wooden table that my uncle had carved and colored to look like a tiny tree. I remembered how much I loved it from the moment he gave it to me. As I glanced again around my room, my room that I had created, that I felt was as much a part of me as my Soul, akin to my Soul, I could feel a warm liquid running from my eyes down my cheeks. This emotional feeling that I had never experienced before was welling up inside me.

I was crying for the first time in my life, since the day of my birth. I realized that this pent-up feeling was being released as the tears fell. There was a great feeling of satisfaction, of releasing myself of these emotions. I sat quietly and sobbed, watching the tears as they ran down my face and dripped on to my hands.

I got up, splashed some water on my face, looked again around my room and sighed deeply. "I'll never forget this", I said to myself.

I followed the curved divider back into the living room. The last place for me to see was the dining room above. Slowly I went up the curving marbled jade stair, watching as I went up, seeing the gently arching oriental bridges here and there. Around the railed balcony I walked to the dining area and sat down at my favorite carved oak table in the very center. I manifested a cup of herb tea. And as I was sitting, sipping the tea and thinking of how much I loved this place and my aunt and uncle, I heard aunt Arena call.

The moment she saw my face, as I came down the stair, she realized there had been a change. I went up to her and embraced her. We held each other sobbing quietly. Arena must have been experiencing tears for the first time too. We stood there in silence.

She pushed me back at arm's length and looked into my eyes. I said, "Aunt, you have taught me so much of the beauty of life. You made me understand that my father really loved me. You have taken care of me, and I am sure that you are better to me than you would have been to your own child. I have learned from you a great deal of compassion. You have given me emotional stability which will carry me through my hardships on Earth, as you have explained will come to me there. Through you I have learned to look at things to see their beauty and quality, and to pity those who are not as fortunate as I in their awareness and station in life. I have yet to experience this fully, and I know that I will need a great deal more compassion for others. But through your loving face, which I will hold in my memory forever, and through your beautiful hands, and your words, I have learned a great deal more than most people I know. I am thankful

for all this, Aunt Arena, and I will never forget you. You have given me life, and for this I know my mother is eternally grateful.”

Just then Uncle Odin walked up. I went to him and I hugged him strongly saying, “I hope you heard everything I said.” He nodded. “That goes for you too,” I said, “because without you I would not have learned to laugh when things go wrong. I would not have learned my sense of humor. I learned from you to pass things on instead of getting upset, to shrug sadness off, to reap great joy out of the small things in life, to be unaffected by what others would call disaster. Yes I have learned much through you, Uncle – strength, how to keep going when life does not work out right. I have learned to make things useful and to not waste time.”

“I am thankful to both of you for these great gifts you have given me, and I am thankful for your sharing your home with me and teaching me the unchanging Laws of the Supreme Deity, and for making me aware of what I really am. You have prepared me for the karmic burden which I have on Earth. I have nothing to give you except my love. Thank you very much.”

We stood together for a few moments in silence. Arena said that many friends were gathering outside to see me off. I walked out our arched front door for the last time to see all the smiling faces – Rimj, Zemura, Vonic, and many others whose names have been lost in my consciousness now. We never really called each other by name.

Not much was said out there on the lawn. Each of my friends gave me a special goodbye, where they passed their hands slowly over their heart before clasping my hands and pressing them to their lips. Or they would lean over and kiss me softly on the third eye.

I felt very sad. I hated to leave Rimj. This was not a goodbye, were his last words to me, but he would see me again. My Aunt hugged me and said she loved me, that I should remember that her strength was always with me and she had great faith in me. I would do OK on Earth. My uncle said that I would not be doing well in a material way for a while, but that I would be doing well in a material way later in my life there. We all knew that for a time our lives would go in separate directions, but one day in eternity we would see each other again as Soul.

I saw in each of their glances so much love and real warmth that it shall fill me for the rest of my days, as long as I can close my eyes and visualize all this. I knew that whatever I suffer on Earth is worth it if anyone else will be able to experience all these beautiful things. This I remember about my last day there on

Venus.

I stepped into the bubble car with my uncle, embracing my aunt for the last time, feeling her cool lips on my cheek, as I glanced into her beautiful sea green eyes. My uncle would be joining me on the journey to the Physical Plane in order to be able to finish his scientific work. Another man, who had brought the ship, would also be joining us.

As we sped up and away I waved goodbye looking down at their upturned faces and waving hands. One last time I saw our beautiful home among the flowers and trees. For a moment I wished I had not made the decision. I cupped both hands around my eyes to try to keep that view a few seconds longer.

We sped over the mountains so familiar to me. Off in the distance I could see Teutonia, the great Temples of Learning which had been my home away from home.

I could see the gold sand of the beach where I played and loved to sink my toes, and the sparkling sea that I could always hear in the distance from our house. All of these things I took in for the last time, from the sky as I had never seen and appreciated them before.

As we entered the clouds I pulled myself from the side of the ship, took a deep sigh, and realized all of this was forever gone in this lifetime. I prepared myself for my new life and put my mind to thinking about these things, and about what my uncle would be telling me. The ride to Sahasra-dal-Kanwal was swift, and it was near the Mountain of Light that we landed.

I waited while my uncle proceeded to meet the Master and receive permission for using the special zone. Only the spiritual travelers, their initiates, and those who are at least one thousand years old on the Astral Plane have the privilege of meeting with this Master. It is easy to understand how people who live such long lives in this city can believe they have reached the ultimate Heaven.

We were escorted on foot to the special zone. I am not allowed to reveal its exact location. Few on Earth know of the existence of such a zone and it is better that it remain secret. Almost anything can be brought down to the Physical Plane through this zone, such as gold and powerful inventions of the future.

A greedy person could misuse this zone for his own purpose. This is the same zone through which a person travels upward after death of the physical body. Here karmic debts are weighed and the individual is then placed on the plane he has earned in a spiritual sense. Within this zone we entered a special room, a round room with blue lights so bright that I could barely see anything. All of us, my uncle, the other man, and I sat cross-legged on the floor and chanted a secret

mantra. Mantras are words which are very powerful instruments on any plane because they have to do with sound current (vibrations), the basic fabric of all creation. On the Astral Plane we normally chant to raise our vibrations for the Journey of Soul. Now we were doing just the opposite – lowering our vibrations to manifest a physical body.

For a person who is totally at comfort living in the astral body, manifesting a physical body is a shocking experience. I had the same feeling of distress and discomfort that most people have in leaving the Astral Plane. The whole experience is not easy to explain.

A few minutes after chanting this secret word with our eyes closed, it happened. The world seemed to cave in all at once. I remember a brilliant white flash and fireworks inside of me, a pssht sound and a ringing in my ears, and a curious jerking motion of my body, as if all my muscles were tensed at once. All of this happened in the same single moment of shock. I felt dizzy and disoriented and could barely breathe, and my whole body felt uncomfortably warm. Then I realized that the shell enveloping me was the physical body!

I opened my eyes. We were sitting in the grass near a small shiny metallic, circular vehicle, that was shaped like one of your saucers upside down, and had a dome on top. Off in the distance, miles away, was the city of Retz on the Physical Plane of Venus.

It was frightening, this being inside of a physical body. I continued having trouble breathing because I had never done it before. And instead of the wide vision of my astral eyes, I was looking through two little holes, my new physical eyes. To help you understand how miserable I felt, imagine yourself suddenly being encased in a suit of armor feeling restricted and clumsy, and knowing there is no way out.

When I tried speaking for the first time my voice sounded foreign to me. I told my uncle I didn't like it, this being in a physical body. He laughed. He said that I had to grow accustomed to it. How was I supposed to grow accustomed to something like this, I wondered aloud? Odin replied that a person can get used to anything.

“But you have to turn your head to see!” I protested. I was not accustomed to turning my head in order to see because on the Astral Plane we have an awareness of what is all around us. We also have an ability to change our form and appearance. Here I was stuck in a body that was unchangeable except for the facial expression.

My uncle agreed that it was limited, that I would have to learn to keep my

balance and walk properly. Walking turned out to be most awkward. I was used to gliding or simply appearing wherever I wanted to be. But the physical body did not work that way. It had to be moved inch by inch, step by step. I was the only one having much trouble getting up and stretching my new legs. After all, I was by physical standards only a seven year old child.

The Venus physical (at this upper density) looks much like Earth's Nevada and Arizona. In the distance I was able to see mountains and interesting vegetation. The weather seemed dry and hot but not at all uncomfortable here. Retz was in a secluded valley here just as on the Astral Plane. My uncle had explained a few days earlier during our journey through the astral, that Retz is a city existing fully on two planes at once. The physical city is the spiritual of the physical planet. The astral city of Retz existed first and the physical city is a duplicate, while in the Great Transition the reverse happened. The people recreated cities on the Astral Plane as duplicates of the physical cities they had left. Retz is truly unique.

It is unique not only in this respect. The city is covered by a climate protection dome of approximately 80 kilometers in diameter. Thus it has already existed as early as the physical Venus still looked very much like Earth's desert regions. Retz is hidden deep in a valley. As the region is covered by hot gases, only the city's geographical location and its climate protection dome allow it to exist. The dome is not transparent but made of disguising materials which make it appear like being a part of the dreary wasteland of the physical Venus. This is why Retz cannot be discovered by earthly spacecraft, even though it physically exists on Venus.

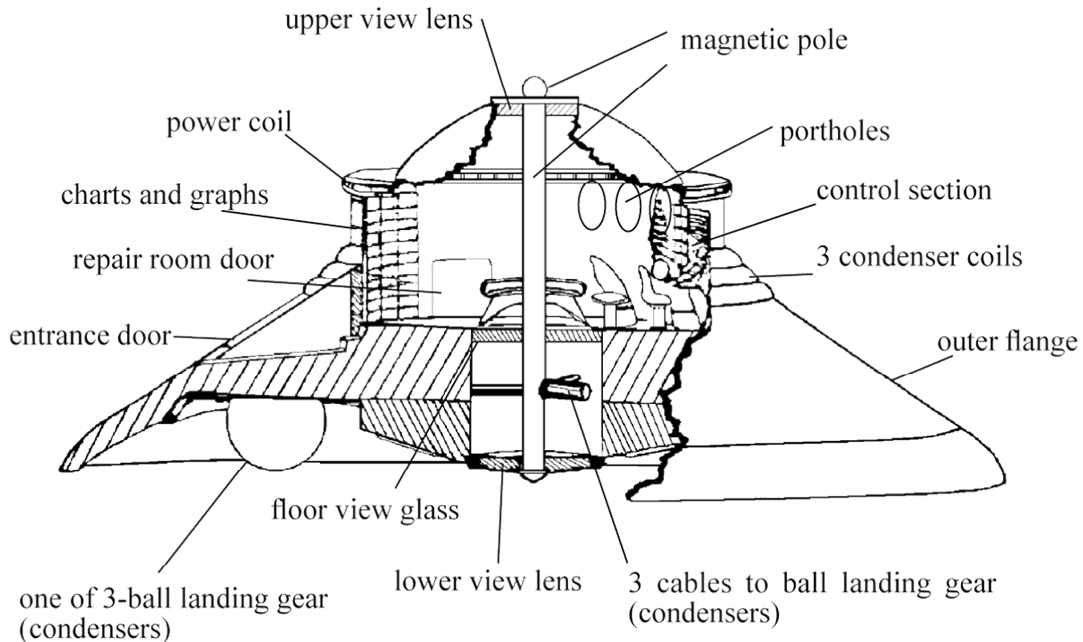
My uncle and the other man and I tested our new limbs. I noticed that Odin had not changed in form, but his body was less radiant. In fact, everything around us lacked the wonderful quality of being luminous.

I was not sure how I myself looked. I would not be seeing a mirror until I landed on Earth, but I surely did feel clumsy and heavy. With my first steps I felt as if I was walking in a suit of lead.

Before we walked toward the ship, my uncle told me about my special gift. My memento of Venus was to be a sample of the plants and flowers that grew nearby in this physical level of Venus. Together we collected about two dozen of the most interesting ones and prepared them for transport to Earth. These together with my ring and jewelry were my only possessions.

Taking me by the hand, Uncle Odin led me to the Venusian "Convoy" (the saucer-shaped spacecraft). This was my first experience with the convoy at times

seen in Earth's skies. On Venus alone there are several models of this space ship, all of which run in the same way. Advanced planets have their own versions and there are many sizes and shapes.



### Venusian Scout Ship

*An illustration from Glenn Passmore. It shows much of what Omnec describes. Passmore delivers more outer details, while Omnec is more focused on the inner details in the ship, but the descriptions don't stand in contradiction to each other.*

The ship I was about to enter looked very much like two saucers fitted together with the bottoms up. A raised glasslike dome on top housed a coil, and just below and all around, were small portholes. The ship had three metallic hemispheres evenly spaced underneath.

The outer surface of the ship was made of a specially treated titanium material so that it can withstand the friction and heat of atmospheric flight. Though it was very shiny and metallic-looking, it was not like the titanium to be seen on Earth. It had the translucent quality of fiberglass.

We entered through a circular opening in the lower half of the craft. This door really amazed me. My uncle showed us how it opened and closed. First a tiny hole appeared in the surface where there was no sign of any door or opening, not even a seam. The opening grew larger and larger much like the shutter in a

camera, until it was large enough for a tall Venusian to walk through unimpeded. When it closed, the circular opening became smaller and smaller until it disappeared, leaving no trace of an opening – only a blank surface. My uncle tried to explain to me scientifically how it worked, but I didn't understand. It had something to do with the separation of molecules.

Inside he showed me where to sit. In the very center of the ship was a pole several feet in diameter reaching from floor to the glass dome above. Surrounding it on the floor was a big lens, through which I was able to see the ground during the flight. All around the lens, at intervals, were curved cushioned benches for the passengers. Here I sat down with our companion pilot while my uncle took a seat at the control panel, which was opposite the wall where the entrance had appeared and disappeared. Uncle Odin started the ship. There was a low hum.

I imagine my uncle had been trained to run this sort of ship before we left Teutonia as he seemed to know what he was doing. I was not very observant at the time because my attention was on my new body and how uncomfortable it felt. I do remember seeing all kinds of glowing screens on the walls of the circular compartment with flashing colors, grid patterns, and wavy colored lines appearing and disappearing. The charts, Uncle Odin explained, helped him guide the ship. They depicted the various atmospheric and magnetic conditions around planets and in space.

The control panel looked very simple. My uncle sat in a swiveling bucket seat facing a slanted panel with four buttons and a lever. Above the panel there were two screens. One had what looked like a grid pattern of little squares covered with colored zig-zagging flashing lines. Each square was numbered and was a different color.

All of the screens must have in fact been very important. One of the pilots was always watching them very carefully. Another screen facing the pilot showed the actual view of where the ship was heading. This screen was hooked up to a number of tiny lenses located around the rim of the ship. It was not until later that I was told how the ship worked. Uncle Odin explained that, after we landed and went into Retz for a few minutes, we would be boarding and traveling in a larger mothership which carried many of these smaller ships during deeper space travel.

The amazing thing about flying on board this craft is that there is not the slightest sensation of movement. In all my flights I have never felt the slightest air turbulence or feeling of acceleration, or of ascending or descending. When this ship makes a 90 degree turn at thousands of miles per hour, the passengers



feel as if sitting in a room on the ground. A passenger must look out the portholes or through the viewing lens to see whether the ship is moving.

Until I saw the ground receding below us, I did not know we had taken off. The city of Retz passed below and we landed on the opposite side, near the main gate. Space ships are not allowed within the walls of the city.

The three of us disembarked and went on foot toward that main gate. Although it was not easy, I did succeed in walking for a short while, while Uncle Odin held my hand. At times he carried me. We were on our way to the Temple of Golden Wisdom to receive the blessings of the Master, one of my favorites.

Retz on the Physical Plane was almost identical to the astral city. I noticed this as we passed the gate and walked on. Having been there so often before, I had no desire to explore the city any further under these conditions. I had little desire to do anything.

Retz is heavenly by Earth standards, but compared to the astral city of Retz its beauty is limited. The colors are not clear and bright, the buildings are not luminous and the overall feeling is not the same. I could easily feel the much lower vibrations.

The Master was just as beautiful as ever. I must explain that a Master can very well work with people on a number of different planes. This is one of the reasons he is called a Master. At the temple we spoke to him, and he gave us words of wisdom. I do not remember what he said, perhaps because the message was not for other people to hear.

Aboard the ship once again, my uncle started it up with the familiar hum. Again I would not have known that we had taken off, but soon I could see Retz below us getting smaller and smaller as we shot directly up. After a moment we shot off at an angle through the upper atmosphere of Venus. The sky became darker as we continued on, for it had been close to dusk when we left Retz.

There was little conversation on this trip. I was so busy looking at the features of Venus below us, I hardly noticed as my uncle and his companion exchanged places to do different things. Odin explained as he sat next to me that this ship was only used for short distances within a planet's atmosphere. Space travel would actually be on board a much larger, cylinder-shaped space ship that could hold up to fifty of these smaller craft. The mothership rarely landed and it drew its energy from space itself – not elements mined on the planets. The smaller ships, called convoys, needed to be recharged regularly on the motherships.

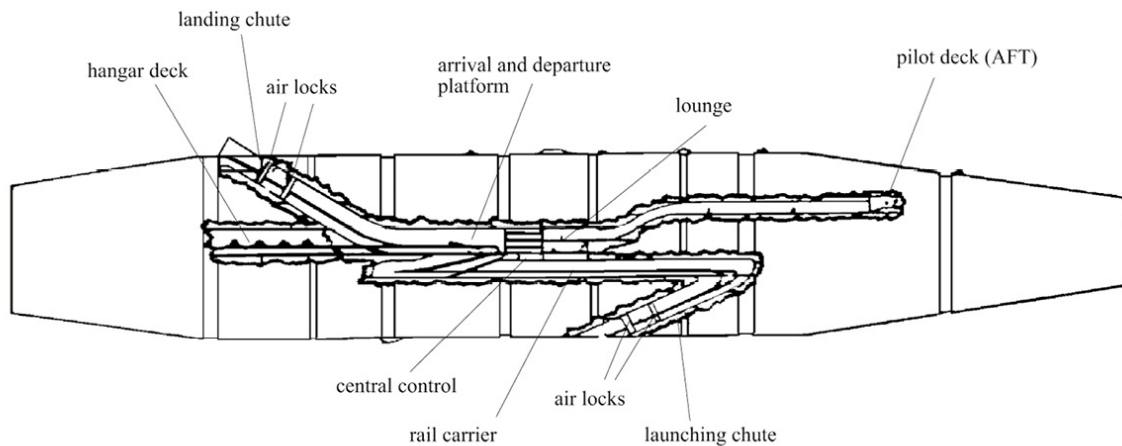
As I looked around I saw that this craft was very simple in design. In the center was the large circular cabin where we were sitting. Above was a storage

compartment for supplies and repair parts. Though our technology is advanced, we do have breakdowns and we do need regular maintenance. We therefore carry special equipment for emergency landings. Usually these small ships carry only a few passengers, but in emergencies a larger number can be safely carried aboard.

There was also a walk-in room much like a pantry off to one side. This was the circuitry room containing fuses and wiring and flashing lights. Little children such as myself were not allowed to go in.

I noticed in both of the pilots a sudden interest in the charts, that something important was about to happen. Then, through the viewing lens, I saw a huge dark shadowy mass below us and off to one side – the mothership. Dots of light, the portholes of the ship, were very well visible.

Slowly we floated closer and closer to the blunt nose of the long cylindrical ship. Toward a slot of light we descended until I felt a noticeable jar – the first in the flight aboard this vehicle.



### Venusian Spacecraft (Mothership)

*This illustration was made by Glenn Passmore for "Inside The Spaceships" by George Adamski. It clarifies Omnec's description from the inside of the mothership very well.*

Odin explained that the rails of the mothership had caught the rim of our circular craft, upon which we will glide down to the spacecraft bay deep inside. All sensations of dropping ended and the door of the ship opened against a small platform with railings. Then I saw a beautiful woman, whom I recognized as a Martian, and a man who looked Saturnian, there to greet us as we stepped out of our ship.

Two attendants attached cables to the ship as the platform elevator took us upward. At the entrance of a long passageway we came to a stop and our two companions took my hands and led the way.

First we came to the ship's lounge, a huge, long room that was very simply decorated and could well seat over a hundred people. Clusters of chairs, couches and tables were arranged here and there. The color scheme was also very simple. One area had blue carpets and yellow furniture of muted colors, while the other end of the lounge had beige and earth-tone colors. The room looked very pretty, very elegant.

The lighting here and in fact all over the ship was the same strange lighting that we had had on the ship. A soft subtle light filled the air as if the air itself was giving off light. There were no light fixtures and no shadows.

Along the walls of the lounge at intervals were perpetually running drinking fountains. I also noticed a portrait of the perfect balance between man and woman, simply called, The Deity, which I understand many ships have. I was told this being is called Elam, Lord of the Physical Plane.

The drawings on the walls looked so much like photographs that I could not tell the difference. There were scenes of various planets, their cities, and a number of their spaceships. The land and sea panoramas looked much like those which can be seen on Earth, so universal are nature's creations.

There was hardly any clutter in the lounge, and not a single magazine or newspaper. A few sculptures sat here and there, but that was all.

Beyond the lounge we came to the ship's dining room. A long table set with delicious-looking foods waited for us. All but a few seats had already been filled. At the head of this table sat the Master of the ship, not the captain but the Spiritual Master. Every Venusian mothership by custom carries a Master.

On both sides of the table sat men and women in equal numbers. They were from various planets. Although this ship had been built on Venus, it belonged to no single planet. It was shared freely by all members of the Brotherhood of planets. I recognized people from Saturn, Mars, and Jupiter in addition to Venus. The Master of course (in this case) was Venusian because this was a Venusian enterprise.

No introductions were made as we seated ourselves at the table. Rather than using names we all recognized each other's presence in silence. Our people usually do not even have names, but rather their own unique vibration. My own name and my uncle's were introduced later, after dinner. They called me Sheila, as I would be known on Earth.

All of the people said a blessing. Then we ate in silence. Whenever a person had something important to say, we would all stop eating and listen out of courtesy. Our dinner began with a salad of raw vegetables and a cheese preparation. As an appetizer I was able to have a piece of my favorite fruit, yunya. We did not have meat. Instead we had a slightly cooked vegetable topped with a melted cheese sauce. The bread was rather strange by Earth standards, dark brown, thin slices with a slightly sweet taste like pancakes. The water we drank was unlike what people of Earth are used to. It had a slightly heavier consistency, like thin oil and was completely tasteless. Such water is common on our planet. All of the food was delicious, even for my delicate new taste buds.

After dinner the Master spoke to us and said that my trip to Earth was unique in the way it was being arranged because I would be arriving as a child with my full conscious memory. One reason was karmic, but there was also another mission which would be revealed later.

The Master went on to say that later in my life more light would be shed on my real reason for being on Earth (and for coming in this way). My trip was special because I was not going only to fulfill my own personal Karma. He concluded with this thought, "Later in life people will admire her for her courage."

The mothership was an interesting place. The crew always seemed to be busy. There was piloting navigation, maintenance and repair, food preparation (now that manifesting was being given up) supplies control, and servicing of the shuttle craft, not to mention the many scientific projects. I learned that two crew members worked each job for two days before being rotated to another job. This meant that everyone was able to work every job on the ship from piloting and navigation to operating the cooking machines.

At the end of every period a general meeting of the ship's crew was held. I was able to watch two sessions, one on the first day after the special dinner and another on the second day just before entering Earth's atmosphere. The trip to Earth lasted about two days.

After dinner I was fitted into a special space-wear which looked very much like a ski-suit. Then I watched and listened as the meeting was held. It was really more of an informal discussion where reports were given and new ideas were shared. Problems were always shared with all of the crew to help generate creative solutions. There were reports of the ship's progress and the latest developments in experiments that the scientists were constantly conducting.

One of the main reasons for these ships roaming in space is for the sake of learning. A crew of scientists was always on board to study conditions in

planet's atmospheres and analyze changes in and on the planets in space. Our people are attracted to space because we do not know everything.

If the scientists learned something new then this was shared with the rest of the crew. And every day the results of tests and experiments were made known – what had been learned and where the continuing problems were.

I did not remember any of the specifics from that meeting because my interest only went so far. I had been given a present of an art kit, and I finished all the coloring with the help of two women crew members.

That evening my uncle mentioned the various things children on Earth can play with because they could not create their toys as on the Astral Plane. Coloring books and crayons were among them. This was similar and I liked it but was not allowed to take it along with me.

My first experience with sleep came upon me unexpectedly. At first I was not aware of the need for sleep because on the Astral Plane this was more a resting of the mind. As long as my mind was alert I did not need to rest my astral body. Since manifesting a physical body, my experiences had been so new and strange that I never once thought of sleeping.

I was in the lounge, just sitting and listening to nearby conversation when all of a sudden I felt my head drop, klunk. I jerked awake frightened, not knowing what this all meant. My physical body is behaving very strangely, I thought.

It kept happening over and over again until someone walked up to me. He explained that I had a physical body now, and if I did not take rest then my body would do it on its own. Even if my mind was alert, he said, my body would fall asleep. That was the way it worked. The conscious mind would just completely go. With that I went to sleep.

Next day I had a tour of the mothership. First I went to see where the small ships entered on rails and glided down to the hangar area below. Each time that a ship needs to be recharged, a man attaches clamps to the rim and pulls a lever. The red coil then glows for the entire recharging period.

I was also shown the lower level at the opposite end of the ship where the saucers exited through another airlock. The mothership had three levels. The bottom level had the actual hangar area where up to fifty shuttles could be stored.

The middle level contained the lounge, dining room, and the two pilot rooms. One pilot room was at each end of the ship. I did not get a look at these rooms because my interest was not there. My escorts explained that they were not much different from a shuttle's control area, only larger in scale and more specialized.

The pilot's compartments also had a viewing lens set in the floor, much more powerful than those in the shuttles.

Almost every room, especially the lounge, offered a clear view of space through the portholes. This is where I eventually had my first glimpse of Earth.

The upper level of the mothership was divided into sleeping rooms and storage areas. Each of the rooms was like a motel room with beds that let out of the wall. In daytime they were sitting rooms with desk and chair. Each room also had a fountain and washroom.

Vonic had taught me about sleep and elimination and the other functions of the physical body, but at that time I didn't understand the concepts, having had no physical body in this lifetime.

One of the women on board explained what the toilets were and how to use them. I had wondered aloud on that.

Though each room could sleep two people, a crew member customarily had his own private room with a space view. Every two rooms shared a porthole. There were about 60 rooms in the mothership, but not all were occupied.

Time passed quickly aboard the ship. It was toward the end of the second day that one of the crew members motioned for me to join him at the porthole. There was the Earth, a blue and white ball against the dark background of space!

The blue areas, my friend explained, were oceans. The swirling clouds made strange but pretty patterns over the oceans, I thought. A part of the globe was dark, where night had not yet been transformed into day. So this was the planet where I would soon be living.

The mothership entered only so far into Earth's atmosphere. Our convoy was to take us the rest of the way. At the hour of our departure everyone gathered in the lounge to say goodbye. Some gave a handclasp as a farewell and others gave an embrace, depending on their own cultural backgrounds. My uncle and I and our companion pilot walked through the hallway and doors toward the spacecraft bay. Again we stepped onto the platform elevator as two protective railings swung into place behind us.

The same shuttle in which we had arrived was waiting for us. Odin took the controls and I sat down around the viewing lens. In a moment the door closed and I could feel the ship gliding smoothly and silently down the rails to the airlock and hatch below.

Then I saw the Earth getting larger and larger as we descended and approached the border between night and day. Soon after that a giant range of mountains came into focus. My uncle pushed an inconspicuous button near the viewing

lens. One lens slid away as another took its place. We no longer needed such great magnifying power. Our best lens is so powerful that the passengers aboard a craft like this can see people walking down the street while the ship is still so high that it is barely a speck in the sky. A protective cover slides over the lens to protect it from grime when the ship lands.

We skimmed the tops of those mountains and the lights of villages in the valleys below flitted past. The country we were entering looked magnificently beautiful. As our ship approached the light side of Earth, I was awed by the huge mountains and lush green valleys. Our destination, my uncle said, was a spiritual city in the Himalayan Mountains known as Agam Des. Most of the space people first arrive at Agam Des to grow accustomed to the lower vibrations of the planet Earth.

## Chapter Nine

# Brotherhood of Planets

When the day comes for Earth's astronauts to land on Venus and Mars for the first time, they will find signs of human life. The same is true of the other planets of the Brotherhood. The Brotherhood is of course well aware of Tythania's astral civilization (as well as others). For some time our people on astral Venus have been manifesting physical bodies to re-colonize the physical level of Venus, or to live on Earth.

I cannot say how life on the planet has changed since I left Venus. Perhaps other people of the brotherhood who now live on Earth will be speaking about their lives on other planets.

Trying to learn about the many varieties of culture on other planets is like counting the grains of sand on a beach. Studying Earth's many different cultures would be kindergarten work compared to studying life in this vast Brotherhood.

It is the spiritual maturity of the Souls inhabiting a planet which determines, to a great degree, what its life will be like. The more spiritually developed the individuals become, the less complex their life becomes and the less dependence there is on material technology. More dependence is placed on the natural power of the Soul working through mind.

At first the life on a planet is simple and primitive but it isn't long before a technology emerges and becomes complex. Then the planet reaches a point where its technology is much like we find on Earth today – somewhat advanced but very complex. A final stage is that which can be found on the more advanced planets, where technology has become more simple again and at the same time more advanced.

For example, walking is a simple yet limited method of transportation. A more complex way of getting around may be to ride a horse. Still more complex and more advanced is the use of automobiles. But traveling in the Soul body is even more advanced still, yet much simpler than any other way of traveling in the lower worlds. Other planets are all at some point on this scale, on their way to a



simple but technically advanced way of life, all depending on their spiritual progress.

Some planets experience a greater lag, such as Earth. Then everyone in the solar system becomes concerned. Whenever technical progress outruns spiritual maturity, great difficulties lie ahead.

As I mentioned before, Venus, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, Neptune, and Pluto do have human life in their appropriate form. I also learned that the planets beyond Pluto are uninhabited and are yet unnamed. This may have changed since I left Venus.

Originally there were only four planets – Mercury, Venus, Mars and Jupiter. The remainder of the twelve were formed since then through a continuous natural process of creation and dissolution. Planets are constantly forming and being destroyed, contrary to what many Earth scientists seem to believe.

Atomic testing on Earth can be a serious matter because what happened on Mercury can happen to Earth. A shift in the orbit sent the planet closer to the sun and the people were forced to leave. Fortunately Saturn was uninhabited at the time and space travel on Mercury was advanced enough to make an evacuation possible. Earth may not be so fortunate.

The truths of the Laws of Supreme Deity (natural law) are well known and accepted on other planets of our solar system. All that these planets have in common as opposed to Earth results from the population living under spiritual law and making these truths the most important part of their lives.

We do not see fellow humans as the physical body or mind, the state of consciousness, the attitudes, or any lower qualities. These are only temporary masks. Each living form is Soul expressing itself, and therefore we understand all of life instead of judging it.

The people of the spiritually advanced planets are all very well aware of the Law of Karma, how they will meet face to face with all deeds and misdeeds. As well, they know that death is not an end, but only a transition to another world. An awareness of the Laws of Life makes a huge difference in how people act.

Life on Earth would be transformed if alone the Law of Karma were understood and accepted. Only the inner unfoldment of individuals will bring Earth out of its ages of wars and tyranny. You have it because you still want it. When you are fed up with it you will grow.

The common enemy of Soul is of course the Kal power, which flows through the consciousness to control the mind and emotions and thus create fresh Karma. Since thoughts and feelings are always cause in this world, then a control of

thoughts and feelings is a control of destiny.

The negative flow through man appears as one or more of the five passions – greed, anger, vanity, lust, and attachment to material things. When these passions are in control in the people as a whole, then life improves greatly and is much like what exists on Venus and some other members of the Brotherhood of Planets.

Through such inner control there would be no conflict and war. The last interplanetary war in this solar system took place before your society even existed. The outer conditions of life always reflect the inner control of the mind and emotions.

In trying to recognize people from Earth's neighboring planets, something that is very noticeable beyond our physical appearance is our attitude toward other human beings. We accept other people not on our terms but through the awareness that each being is Soul and the lower worlds are only a school.

If we meet someone on Earth who is prejudiced or who feels badly about something, this is accepted because it is a result of that person's level of consciousness; this is all that person has learned. We realize that no one is wrong because each person can only know so much until having the experiences that change his attitudes and level of consciousness awareness.

We Venusians are known to give out a feeling of love for all life, and we have a look of peace and serenity about us. We are happy with any situation and accept it as an experience to help us grow, rather than thinking of it as something negative, no matter how negative it may seem to be. It is very easy to get along with people from other planets. There is some inner quality which draws others to us.

We are not better than the people of Earth. We have only had an opportunity to be born this time in an environment that then was at peace with itself and that made spiritual truths of life available. Many of us have also experienced life on Earth in the past.

Each man has within himself the power to change whatever he does not agree with, simply by visualizing what he would like to have. Most of Earth's people are not aware of this power within, so therefore you tend to worship those people who have experienced and learned to see it. We have an opportunity to realize who and what we are, whereas man on Earth does not realize the great potential within himself as an individual. Each individual must choose the path he will walk.

Balance and non-interference are areas of life where our people have shown

much improvement over the centuries. These are crucial to spiritual development in the lower worlds on Soul's journey to Self-realization and God-realization. They are lessons which many people on Earth yet need to learn.

Non-interference is a spiritual law of freedom for each individual. No two people think alike, feel alike, react alike, or have the same attitudes and viewpoints, or are the same level of spiritual unfoldment. Each individual has his own personal universe which according to spiritual law must be respected.

This is not recognized or understood on Earth, which is the underlying cause of many of today's problems. If people paid more attention to directing their own lives, then there would be fewer troubles in the world. The more you interfere in other people's lives, the more others will interfere in your own. This is the Law of Karma in action. Believing that another should be a certain way, or should have certain standards and attitudes leads to interference. The ideal is to accept others as individuals, at their own level, and going through their own lessons as Soul.

Interference includes pushing ideas or viewpoints on others, helping others or giving advice without permission, or even thinking that what another person is doing is wrong.

To try to understand why others act, think, or feel the way they do is much more beneficial than merely judging. It also helps each individual to understand himself better. We do not dispute. We seek understanding and feel that what the other has to say is the more important because one already knows what he has in mind.

Balance is so important in life, so universally important that beings throughout the lower worlds are trying to master it. To not enter any extreme in life is one of the ways Soul can be released from the lower worlds of time and space. Unfortunately, very few on Earth are learning the lesson of balance.

To be balanced as Soul means being balanced in every way. Even in eating, a person must try to reach a balance between positive foods and Kal foods. Sadly enough "civilized" people on Earth eat mostly Kal foods.

Regarding desire, a person must always be able to walk away from any thing or situation, otherwise he becomes a slave to the things of this world. One must be neither for nor against anything.

This treading the middle path sometimes seems like walking the razor's edge. Spiritual man is at times a channel for spiritual power, and at other times for the Kal power. The self-centered man is almost always the channel for the Kal forces.

Completely eliminating the five passions of the mind would mean being unbalanced toward the positive polarity which is not so good either because he is not learning the lessons of control. As long as a person is human he will be able to enjoy the things of the physical world, but hopefully not become a prisoner of them. One of the purposes of these revelations is to help man achieve a balance in his Earthly life.

Balance must also be observed in man's dealings with nature. A great deal of damage has already been done on Earth to delicate ecological systems and continues to be done. Ages ago people on Venus and Mars awakened in time to realize that by destroying nature they are destroying themselves. They began to respect nature by replenishing what was taken from the soil and not destroying everything to build cities and villages.

Unless the worldwide poor soil conditions on Earth are remedied and the use of chemicals to grow and protect foods is stopped, man will not survive another century on Earth.

On other planets there is no disease and average life-spans are many hundreds of years. Our people show no signs of aging beyond their twenties and early thirties. Many causes are at play here, ranging from mental attitudes to planetary influences.

If the people of Earth knew the truth about nutrition and applied it, then you could expect the same excellent health that we enjoy. Most diseases known and feared on Earth are actually caused by the food people eat and do not eat. Expecting general health after eating poisoned and deficient foods is like expecting your car to run on milk instead of gas.

Diseases are nothing more than symptoms. The causes lie at three levels – thought, emotion, and physical action. Negative thoughts and emotions will eventually reflect in the physical body's ailments.

Transportation of things on Venus is done with energy-matter converters. The sending unit converts matter to energy while the receiving unit converts the energy back to matter. Levitating machines had been used extensively before then. Their development came at about the same time magnetic power was first used for space travel.

Space travel has been tightly woven into the fabric of our lives for many centuries. Our motivation in leaving the surface of our planet has always been to learn more about the universe and its natural law.

A great number of scientists and professional men crew our ships, both the motherships and the convoys. Since change is such a basic reality in the lower

worlds, we always find something new to observe and learn.

There are many advantages to belonging to the Brotherhood. All of the planets but Earth joined in a common bond for the same reason that any two people with common interests and concerns join together.

We are always prepared to assist another planet or space ship in distress, or to share minerals and plants not found abundantly on a neighboring planet. Our scientists work together on common projects to bring into existence the wonders of imagination.

In every solar system the Kal Na-ar or negative child, as we call the planet Earth, causes much concern. (The Venusian name for Earth using English letters to create the sound, is Jhlata Geum.) Often in its growth it becomes a menace to its own survival and that of nearby planets.

Ages ago the Moon became a base of operations in our work with Earth. Here we built elaborate colonies and transportation networks in secluded valleys and craters. Much more will be made known about this fact in the near future. Among our facilities are huge hangars where our motherships can be safely serviced and stored.

Your public has been totally misled in its understanding of the Moon. Moons are not dead satellites but small planets just as carefully designed as the sun-orbiting planets are. Earth's Moon does have an atmosphere and is suitable for human life, and its surface does have water, vegetation, bacteria, insects, and small animals.

Most of the Moon's surface is desert and the temperatures become hot. Yet our people as well as other visitors can and do survive in the open air without environmental headgear. Over time the human body can adjust to the rarified atmosphere. Not only was I taught as a child that Earth's moon was inhabitable, but during an out-of-body experience I saw this for myself.

During the time we were on the mothership, my uncle sat down with me to explain some of the secrets of space travel. Our tremendous technical growth is a result of our harnessing the nature forces instead of working against them.

Our spaceships, both the motherships and the saucershaped convoys, are able to perform what seem to be wonders by using the natural energies of space – solar and magnetic energy. Not only are our ships unaffected by gravity and friction, but they also can maneuver at tremendous speeds.

Observers on Earth have clocked our ships on radar incredible speeds. They have seen sharp-angled turns at thousands of miles per hour, and unbelievable rates of acceleration and deceleration that theoretically would crush all the

occupants on board.

The secret lies in the use of magnetic power and magnetic fields, as well as solar power. Every mothership and every small shuttle ship contains within it what appears to be a central shaft or pole. In the mothership this pole lies lengthwise, whereas in the convoy it is visible in the central cabin, running from top to the bottom. This shaft acts as the magnetic pole of the ship and it helps create a magnetic field like that around and within any planet. Just as Earth has a north pole and a south pole, so do our spaceships have positive and negative magnetic charges.

The power needed to create a strong gravitational, magnetic field is derived directly from the sun. In the convoy, under the glass-like dome atop the ship and atop the magnetic pole, sits a coil coated with a rare kind of crystal.

This crystal material very efficiently converts solar energy into magnetic energy. Together with the solid gold pole the necessary magnetic field is created. Gold is one of the very best conductors of magnetic power.

Once it has been properly adjusted, the magnetic field makes the convoy or mothership an independent being unlike your aircraft and spaceships, which are subject to Earth's magnetic field and the atmosphere. Thus our ships are like tiny planets in themselves. This independence of a planet's influence is called weightlessness.

In flight our ships are in a state of balance with the planet itself. When the power is turned on, the ship has become weightless. In order to fly to or from a planet's surface, very little push is needed. Friction with the atmosphere is effectively eliminated by the magnetic and high energy fields surrounding the ship. It is as if the ship were deep in space, unaffected by planetary gravities and atmospheres.

The polarity of the pole in the convoy is reversed in going to or from the surface. Horizontal flight or push is created through three charged metallic spheres which make up the understructure of the convoy. They are basic features of the machinery of this type of craft just as the magnetic pole is a normal part of the machinery and operating apparatus of all versions of these ships.

The spherical understructures of these ships also have magnetic poles and are electrically charged. Rotating the undercarriage on which they are mounted shifts that ship to another magnetic line of force. The speed of our ships is limited only to the activity of space, not to any arbitrary speed of light. Extremely high velocities are very dangerous in a planet's vicinity.

There is not the slightest feeling of movement or acceleration on board, no

matter how severe the maneuver. In a split second our ships can come to a stop without causing the least bit of strain on the pilots or passengers. The interior feels like a motionless room.

This is because the ship is independent of outside forces. Braking the ship to a stop would at the same time brake the pilot to a stop, and relative to the ship he feels nothing.

The fields around our ships also prevent mid-air collisions. Ships bounce off each other without jolting the passengers. On the other hand, Earth's aircraft do not have this protection. We also run when our ships are shot at because the bullets bounce back to Earth. This has been confused by some to the idea that our ships have shot back.

Our force-fields protect against friction within atmospheres as well as bombardment by meteorites. Although the titanium hulls of the motherships and convoys are a help, most of the protection comes from energy fields. This is not ordinary titanium, but titanium treated with a certain ray which also creates the translucent effect.

Only the motherships are self-sufficient. Some of the energy needs of the convoys are recharged within the mothership's maintenance bay. Convoys are not intended for long journeys. Motherships draw all their energy directly from space.

Life on Earth would certainly be revolutionized if the secrets of magnetic power were introduced. Imagine for yourself the changes that would come about if energy were free and magnetic powered ships were available to every man.

However, the negative powers have a strong hold on Earth. Anything which may give more power and freedom to the individual is considered a threat, and this includes the Laws of The Supreme Deity.

In areas of technology, inventions which are good for the people but bad for those in power are usually locked away or destroyed, or at least discredited.

Earth owes much to the electrical inventor Nikola Tesla. Without him Earth would not be where it is today. At one time he worked with Thomas Edison in designing electric motors and generators. It was Tesla who was responsible for the power system at Niagra Falls. By the time he had reached his 70s, Nikola Tesla had more than 700 inventions to his credit.

But Tesla was too advanced for his time. Even Edison turned against him and tried to discredit his more brilliant ideas. Tesla pioneered in tapping the unlimited energy available from the Earth itself, and understood that energy does not need to be generated at great power plants.

Those who knew what Tesla was talking about at that time succeeded in discrediting the man and his ideas, and in that way kept the secrets of magnetic power from benefitting the world. Tesla's own words tell us what he was aiming at, "The most valuable application of wireless energy will be the propulsion of flying machines ..."

Upon his death, Tesla's laboratories were locked up and over the years, the memory of his greatness has all but faded away. Few people on Earth know that he ever existed, and fewer still know that he came here from the planet Venus to help you.



# Chapter Ten

## Agam Des

Our ship landed deep in a valley among the towering peaks of Kashmir. Through the porthole I could see in a distant valley the tops of buildings of an Indian City. It was early morning and the sun was shining brightly, illuminating the steep faces of the mountains. From this first view I decided that Earth certainly looked like a beautiful place.

As we walked from the convoy, I looked back to see that it was sitting neatly in a clearing within a wooded plateau. For what seemed like hours, we climbed up the steep slopes ahead of us. Walking had been difficult enough, but this was almost unbearable. The feeling of being inside a suit of armor persisted and my legs were painfully heavy.

I had not yet glimpsed my new body in a mirror, but I felt so clumsy that I was certain I looked grotesque.

The hillsides around us looked very strange. Blotches of snow covered most of the grass and yet it was not the least bit cold. My uncle explained, in answer to my question about it, that the air was very thin so high in the mountains, therefore, it could snow without being so cold.

Ahead of us we saw a wooded plateau upon which stood a giant fortress of wood and stone. This was the physical counterpart of the spiritual city, Agam Des.

Stairs of stone led up the hillside to a wooden gate and fence that surrounded the fortress. Inside we came upon gardens of flowers and vegetables and an assortment of farm animals. My uncle and I and the companion pilot walked up a neat stone path and approached the huge wooden door with iron rings.

Just then the doors silently opened inward and a hooded figure in a monk's robe stood before us. He was a stately man with a long flowing beard and blue eyes. He greeted us. "Your rooms are waiting." He led us to our sleeping quarters which I, within my fatigued body welcomed very much.

Agam Des is the greatest spiritual city on the planet Earth, headed by the

Master Yaubl Sacabi. From all outer appearances, Agam Des is much like any Tibetan monastery, yet here live some of Earth's greatest spiritual giants. Yaubl Sacabi is among those adepts who have chosen to immortalize their bodies and whose age is beyond human belief. He is reputed to be several thousand years old within the same physical body.

For centuries space travelers have arrived at Agam Des to adjust themselves to Earth's coarser vibrations. Agam Des also has one of Earth's Temples of Golden Wisdom, the other one being the Katsupari monastery in Tibet. These temples hold the ancient teachings we call Laws of the Supreme Deity as respected on Venus since long ago.

Physically Agam Des is one giant square building with stone floors and dark, dark wooden walls. Candles provide the lighting. They are set in candle-holders at intervals along the walls. In the middle of the building is a large dining hall with a fireplace. Adjoining it is a large cathedral-like meeting room for spiritual chanting. Just inside the gates is a courtyard with animals, gardens of herbs, vegetables and flowers.

Along the perimeter of the building are the individual sleeping rooms – about 50 in number – very simply furnished. Each has a single bed with a nightstand that holds books and a few personal belongings. There is also a picture of a spiritual Master in each room. No one at the temple enters another's room unless invited.

Everyone at Agam Des rises with the sun, I learned on the first day. I had been told the night before that a bell would ring to summon me to breakfast.

A rooster was crowing in the yard as I heard the bell ringing in my sleep. I noticed that the robe I was to wear, with its rope belt and hood, was woven of a coarse material like a potato sack. I also noted it was too big for me.

Looking out the window, I saw a sea of mountaintops below us stretching to the horizon, and the rising sun in an orange-pink morning sky. A warm breeze caressed my face. The window was nothing but a square opening in the stone with wooden shutters to each side.

The dining hall was already filling as I entered and took a seat at one of the long tables. Each table could seat about twenty-five. At the head of the middle table sat a Master, and at the heads of the other tables sat the higher initiates.

Our breakfast was a piece of fruit, a bowl of rice and herb tea. That was all. The meals at Agam Des turned out to be very simple events, twice each day. In the mornings we had brown rice and a root plant from the mountains, together with herb tea. Every other day, a piece of fruit and Yogurt was served.

In the evenings, we ate a salad of fresh greens without spices or dressing. Meat or fish was served every other day. Alternately, we had a combination plate of a vegetable and a starch. Throughout each day we drank herb tea and fruit juices, and sometimes I was treated to goat's milk.

The food was very bland but good. Gradually during my stay at Agam Des, spices and other additives from the village were added to my diet. This was so that I could adjust little by little every day to the American food I would soon be eating. As it turned out, during my first years in Tennessee and Arkansas, my system reacted violently to practically everything I ate. Food in America is so depleted, processed and poisoned, that we can rightly call it a tragedy.

During breakfast that first morning, I noticed that my uncle and his friend were not there. I assumed they were off somewhere together, perhaps arranging to have the ship taken back to the mothership.

After we had finished eating, I was given the chore of working in the garden, gathering vegetables for the evening meal. Every visitor and monk at Agam Des pays for his stay with a daily chore. This is how the place is maintained. On some of the days, I fed the animals or milked the goats. I did not speak with the monks very much because they had rules about not talking unnecessarily.

In the mid-morning, I sat with the monks and listened as they had their music hour, when they practiced their various instruments. The ones who did not have instruments chanted in a song-like way.

Chanting took place every day in the chanting hall, where the men gathered to sit on benches, or on the floor. I loved the chanting. It was so beautiful and musical that I felt as if I could just be carried away on it. The monks chanted every morning and evening, each time with a different mantra, for the purpose of having an experience on the higher planes.

I soon learned that life at Agam Des was very balanced and orderly. As a matter of fact, the men had strict habits. Everything was done at exactly the same time from day to day.

After noon, everybody had a free hour to run personal errands, visit the villages, take a nap, or do whatever the individual desired. During my free hour this first day, I did not wish to take a nap, even though I was very tired. I wanted to look around. I walked outside through the gardens for a while and then sat down by a little stream. I was deep in thought when the bell rang signalling the lesson time was beginning.

For the chelas (students) who lived at Agam Des, this was a time for lessons in the Laws of the Supreme Deity. For visitors like myself, it was time to meet with

a tutor. My teacher, this first day, covered quite a few subjects. We talked for a while on how mathematics in the western world worked, and how the American school system was set up. He explained what kindergarten was, and the fact that each child was expected to go to school from the age of five or six. He also explained to me what report cards were.

His comment was that it was not a very good system, but that nothing better was available. It would not be like what I was accustomed to. He taught me to spell a few words and to write the ABCs and read a few passages. All this was rather easy.

He explained what I had been told so often before. I would not find my spiritual teachings anywhere, and I would not find anyone who would understand them until later in my life.

People's attitudes toward other races were not what I was accustomed to. The darker races were considered inferior. I had a hard time accepting this, remembering the royal race of Jupiter. I supposed that I would live with it and try to understand why this happened.

The monks at Agam Des did not make known their names, because at the time, the spiritual teaching was very secret. This was for their protection because people in the villages harbored negative attitudes toward any teaching which was not an accepted Indian or Tibetan path. I would face these kinds of prejudices a lot more as I grew up.

In the following weeks I learned many new things about Earth. Sometimes the tutor and I would sit in the room with our books, or we would go out into the forest to learn about the different plants, trees and flowers. In the herb garden, I was shown various herbs and their uses, and why certain kinds were taken in teas at certain times of the day.

I spent many days practicing walking, sitting, climbing stairs, and doing all sorts of physical exercises. I had only little time in which to lose all my self-consciousness and the haunting feeling of being in a suit of armor. Every day, I had a lesson in balance, where I practiced standing on one foot, hopping on one foot, walking and running. In our walks outside, I would jump over puddles, or climb trees while one of the monks watched my progress.

During my stay at Agam Des, I worked with several of the teachers, one for each subject. It was always someone who was interested in the field and had studied it in depth. I was taught the history of the United States as well as the present situation. The cold war was explained to me, how the people were afraid of being bombed by an enemy.

When I told my first teacher how clumsy I felt, he arranged to borrow a mirror for me from one of the villages in the valley. No one at Agam Des possessed a mirror. I was very excited about this because I had not yet seen my new body, and it helped my attitude to see that I was not as coarse and bulky as I felt. The monks told me that by Earth standards, I was actually very delicate and beautiful. I must admit, I looked all right and felt less clumsy afterward.

After lesson time on my first full day at Agam Des, we enjoyed a treat of herb tea and a dark bread with goat cheese. Afterwards, we made our way to the forest for an outdoor chant, and by the time we arrived, our food had been well digested. We sat down.

The chant was explained and I was told what plane it was from. Then we chanted. I can only say that my experience was exhilarating, enlightening and indescribable. To bring us back to Earth, the initiates spent the next half-hour with us in a question/answer period.

Next on the monks' schedule was recreation time, a time of exercise classes and sports that I was not allowed to join. My uncle and his companion suggested that we go for a walk toward one of the villages. Odin told me all about the street markets of these villages, which I found very interesting. Here were sold all sorts of handicrafts: rugs, jewelry, pottery, clothes, and more.

I was rather excited about going into the village and seeing all these things, but my uncle explained that this would not be possible. Our light skin and hair may attract too much attention because the natives were very dark people. A number of the villages were Communist-controlled or had authorities that would want to see papers and credentials.

Along the way, my uncle pointed out various interesting buds, plants and animals. I was especially fascinated by the pheasants and wild peacocks. We arrived back at Agam Des shortly before dinner, and I went to my room to rest from our walk. There I looked at the plants from Venus and the jewelry from my mother, all the time wondering about my new life in the United States. The ringing of the dinner-bell broke the silence.

During my stay at Agam Des, I saw Yaubl Sacabi about three times; once during chanting time and twice for dinner. Once every week the Master gathered with his children, as he called them. Most of the time he was on journeys through the mountains into the villages, or in contemplation by himself to work in the Soul body on missions here on Earth or somewhere on higher planes.

Yaubl Sacabi looks very much like an Indian, with huge dark eyes and a dark olive complexion, and a beard. His hair is silvery gray. He is a very quiet man

and always carries a smile. Rarely does he speak about spiritual matters unless he is giving a talk.

The other Masters that I know of, Rebazar Tarzs and Fubbi Quantz, have also retained their physical bodies for spiritual missions on Earth. Rebazar Tarzs was directly responsible for training Peddar Zaskq, also known as Paul Twitchell, for missions in modern society. He taught the Laws of the Supreme Deity. He will work more openly in the spiritual awakening of Earth within the next few decades.

At dinner Yaubl Sacabi blessed the food and told of the purpose it was serving us. He welcomed Uncle Odin and me and our companion, telling us that we were very welcome at Agam Des. Speaking for all the monks he said that they were honored to have us visiting Agam Des. The Master did not say much more. All the monks did not know we were from Venus; only my teachers and Yaubl Sacabi knew this.

I liked to be close to the Master because of the way I felt when he was around. His presence made me feel good. That is the kind of person he was. And always when he was at the table, he broke bread into a dish and passed it around the table as an honor paid to his students.

All the men at Agam Des wore robes, and hoods which they never let down in the presence of anyone else. They were not beautiful by physical standards as society knows, but beautiful in the feeling I got from them and in the evenness of their features. The monks and adepts at Agam Des struck me as being pure of countenance, very pure beings. I was honored to be in their presence.

Agam Des is the home of an ancient line of Masters all of which are adept at the Journey of Soul and have great responsibilities in the spiritual evolution of Earth. Students of this ancient science live here as well. All of the inhabitants were men, mostly Indian men and a few westerners. Some of them were very young, only twelve years old, but the ages ranged up to several thousand years. It was impossible for me to tell their ages from their physical appearance. Most of them did have an ancient quality about them.

They were all very quiet, and did not talk unless it was absolutely necessary. All of them had even, gentle voices, and followed the same custom we of other planets had; not interrupting another while he spoke. No one would begin to speak until the other had finished.

The newest chelas of the spiritual teachings paid by two years of service at the temple. These were the people who filled the water dishes (for washing) in each room, and helped with the maintenance. In this way the monks always had help

at the temple, and they always had new chelas.

After dinner on that first day, everyone helped with the cleaning up. Some washed the dishes, some swept the floors, and others cleaned the tables. Then everyone retired to his room to attend to personal business, read, or sleep. The first Earth book that I read, which one of the monks had loaned me, was “Heidi”. I enjoyed it very much.

Saturdays were spent gathering food for the next two days and storing it in a spring house. This was a small wooden structure which stood directly over and in a cold mountain stream. Bathing was done in a small bath house in the woods. Here was a large wooden tub with a cast iron bottom that could be heated by a fire underneath. We also had the choice of bathing in a cold waterfall at the stream.

On Sunday there was not much work for us to do except prepare the meals. The rest of the day was free. I slept very late into the day and then went to play with the chickens and baby chicks.

I sat and listened to the monks singing and playing their instruments, and I loved to join them in the singing. One of the songs they taught me sounds like this when translated into English:

*I'm a happy Soul today,  
I'll be happy all the way.  
Even if the sun don't shine,  
I will shine all the time.  
I'm a happy Soul today,  
I'll be happy all the way.  
Won't you be happy with me too,  
I'm a happy, happy Soul.*

The monks at Agam Des always kept busy with their favorite hobbies. They loved to sing and play musical instruments, and quite a few of the men painted, but I do not believe they ever sold their work. Some of the monks had small herb gardens or helped in keeping the flower gardens beautiful.

The weather was always pleasant. I enjoyed going out and looking over the mountains down into the valleys. The air was always clean and crisp, and the sun was always shining here at the top of the world. Here I would stand, and, closing my eyes, breathe deeply.

I learned a great deal from this time at Agam Des. I learned to live more comfortably in the physical body and to do everything with grace. As the days went on, I felt less and less awkward and heavy. I learned much about gravity,

and I had to be very careful and adjust to physical laws safely.

I surely had to watch my feet to see that they were always firmly grounded, and I had to be very careful with objects, to be sure that when I set them down, they were sitting properly. On the Astral Plane, I could afford to be much more careless. I suppose that throughout my life on Earth the reason I am always getting bumped and bruised is that I have never quite become used to physical laws. When you bump against something here it is going to be painful; you cannot think something out of your way. It is probably a good thing that most people do not remember past lives on the higher planes, because the limitations of the physical world would seem quite unbearable.

After my first few days at Agam Des, my uncle suggested that I try to dance. This seemed to be a good idea, but I wondered how it would work out, considering the trouble I had had in walking. At first I practiced my movements in slow motion and day by day, they improved. I enjoyed myself very much. The monks lent my uncle and our friend a flute and a peculiar ancient-looking stringed instrument, so that I could dance to music.

Dancing with a physical body was a strange experience. The freedom of my astral body was gone. Dancing is much more limited here on the Physical Plane. For when you go up, you must come down. Instead of dancing gracefully with the power of thought and more or less floating, here you must physically keep a balance and control each muscle. And instead of creating music instantly with the power of thought, here someone must physically play an instrument. Nevertheless, it was an exhilarating experience, one I continued to enjoy.

My Uncle Odin spent time with me, sometimes to read me a story, or relate funny incidents about when I was a child. I could sense that he was sad about my leaving, but he was a master in not letting it surface.

He answered my questions about things that I may have missed under Vonic. I was told to watch my thoughts here on Earth because, although they do not manifest instantly, thoughts and attitudes do make the world what it is.

Children I learned, play a lot of imaginary games, but they could not manifest what they were imagining as we did on the Astral Plane. Earth children played house and dressed up just as we did, but less elaborately.

After the monks found out that I was learning to dance they requested that my chore be to dance for them after meal-time. They rarely had any kind of entertainment, and since my dancing was oriented toward spirituality, they enjoyed it very much. This was a chore I loved.

Being from a higher plane, I was well aware of the high spiritual vibrations at



Agam Des. For years after leaving this spiritual city, I wondered whether it really existed on Earth. It seemed more like a place that could be found on one of the spiritually advanced planets. Of course, the whole idea is to provide a real cross-over point for visitors from other planets and the other planes.

Anyone on Earth who studies what we on Venus call Laws of the Supreme Deity receives most of his truth and wisdom through inner channels. He is taken in the Soul body to one of these temples, be they on Earth, Venus, or higher planes, to learn from the Way of the Eternal, the most ancient and complete scriptures on this planet.

Normally a student progresses from one temple to the next, beginning, for Earth students, with the Katsupari monastery in Tibet. The first book of the “Way of the Eternal” is kept there, and the students learn under the Master Fubbi Quantz.

The second book of the “Way of the Eternal”<sup>7</sup> is kept at Agam Des, which I physically saw in my stay there. It appears as a huge book enclosed in a glass case, very simple in appearance, but holding some of the deepest secrets known to spiritual man. Much has been written about the nine unknown and secret masters who are in charge of the wisdom contained in these books.

A third book is kept in the House of Moksha in Retz, and the next is in the Temple of Golden Wisdom in Sahasra-dal Kanwal on our Astral Plane, under the care of Master Gopal Das. This man took the Journey of Soul teachings underground in ancient Egypt several thousand years before Christ, when he yet lived on Earth.

Additional chapters of the “Way of the Eternal” are kept on successive higher planes for more advanced students of the Laws.

Our last day at Agam Des was very special. We began the day with a delicious breakfast of tea and honey cake with sour cream. Our rice dish was mixed with herbs and chicken, a rare treat for everyone at the temple.

During the afternoon, a special program was held in the chanting room, a session of spiritual poetry, music, songs, and chants. In a way, it seemed like a spiritual seminar, because at the very end the Master Yaubl Sacabi gave a short talk. Since the message was for his students, I am not allowed to repeat here what he said.

That evening for dinner we were surprised by a feast of lamb and brown rice and a cooked vegetable. A huge salad and herb tea completed the meal. Once again, Yaubl Sacabi broke the bread and passed it around. It was a royal end to a royal stay at Agam Des.

We went to our rooms to gather our things, and all the monks walked to the gate with us to say goodbye. We waved and walked down the stairs, through the wooded plateau one last time. My walk down the steep slopes was much more graceful and comfortable than before, and it seemed to be only a short while before we reached the familiar level clearing where we had landed. After a short wait, our ship appeared in the early evening sky.

[7](#) Original title: The Shariyat-Ki-Sugmad (Publisher's comment)

## Chapter Eleven

### My Life on Earth Begins

My uncle had waited until dusk to travel, because we could easily blend with the stars. We flew so high that the cities below looked like sparks of light. Our trip to the western United States would last less than an hour.

I was busy during this flight (east), looking at the stars and the surface below, and watching the flashing charts. My uncle was trying to tell me more about the people of Earth, about the things a child should know. He told me again about the world of children, their attitudes and their place in society. They were not allowed to make decisions as on other planes, and were not considered to be complete individuals as Soul.

As we approached the state of Nevada, I changed into Sheila's dress. At Agam Des I had worn a robe and sandals; these I gave to my uncle, and he gave me the package with my flowers and jewelry. Around my neck I wore the ring. The dress did look pretty, but I was not used to wearing such short clothes. My hair was combed as Sheila's would be, and my Uncle Odin helped me put the hair barrettes in the proper place. With my patent leather shoes and white socks, I looked almost identical to the way Sheila would look on the bus to Chattanooga.

A few hours after midnight our ship landed among the mountains and desert wilderness of Nevada. We waited inside for about 10 minutes while the energy field dissipated and the peculiar humming sound died down; then we got out to see the headlights of an approaching car. The timing was perfect!

My uncle and our companion pilot went over and clasped hands with the driver of the auto, speaking together for a few moments. Then I was called over and given a warm smile and a pat on the head. My uncle's Earth contact wore an American suit and tie, and lived somewhere near here. He would be giving us a ride to Arkansas. We got aboard his auto and drove off.

As we bounced along over rocks and bumps, I had trouble understanding what was going on. This feeling of movement was new to me. Convoys feel motionless in their flight, no matter how turbulent the air or how severe the

maneuver. Travelling in such a small vehicle as this auto was frightening. Not only did my physical body feel like a robot, but this robot was inside another machine which was not too graceful either.

The exhaust and the smallness of the car were irritating because I was unused to such things. But everything was probably exaggerated in my mind; in fact the auto we were riding in was quite luxurious by Earth standards – it was a Cadillac Fleetwood. While I complained about the bumpy ride, the men tried to explain Earth's antique methods of travel, that fuel was used instead of natural power. That explained the smell and the terrible noise. At least it seemed to be noisy and smelly to my sensitive nose and ears.

I was sitting forward in my seat enjoying the beautiful sunrise when suddenly our vehicle revolted against us, with two trumpet blasts of anger. I let out a yell and covered both my ears, falling back into the seat. "What's wrong? What is it!"

My uncle and the driver glanced back to see my eyes wide with fright, then broke out laughing. "That, my child," Uncle Odin said, chuckling, "was the horn. It's a sounding device to warn other drivers."

"Oh." I said, relaxing, "I thought the vehicle was revolting against us."

We travelled well into the morning before stopping for gas. My uncle explained that the auto's tank had to be refilled every so many miles or the auto would stop. The tank held only so much. He showed me the washrooms and reminded me that I had to keep my body plied with liquids and food, especially liquids.

Many people, he said, ate purely for the pleasure rather than for proper nutrition. That is why the gas station had so many snacks and soda beverages.

I had a royal initiation to American food. Odin began by buying me potato chips. I noted that they were salty and crunchy, and made a lot of noise when I ate them. Next they wanted me to try a carbonated drink. I should have guessed that something was up when I saw the Martian and my uncle sort of laughing to themselves before handing the bottle to me. With my first gulp, I knew! It was as if fire had rushed down my throat into my stomach; it was so strong I almost choked. As my eyes opened wider, and wider filled with tears, the men just couldn't hold back their laughter any longer. My new taste buds had not been expecting anything like this. It was like giving a bottle of pop to a newborn baby. Then I began to laugh too, realizing that my uncle had succeeded in playing another joke on me.

Until sunset we travelled on what seemed to be an endless highway. The cars which rushed past us, going in the other direction, frightened me for some time. I

was afraid that one of them would hit us. Sensing my fear, Odin pointed out that the painted line on the highway was a divider, but that sometimes, if a person was not careful, then autos did collide. There was no barrier to protect the cars from collisions. Auto accidents caused a great number of translations (deaths).

There was also a certain beverage, my uncle went on to explain, which the people drank for pleasure. Alcohol and certain chemicals, called drugs, sometimes caused accidents because of the way they affected people's mind and perception.

My first experience with trucks shocked and frightened me. I just about had a heart attack when I saw the monster coming toward us in the opposite lane – it was so big and noisy! “What was that?” I yelled, “What was that big thing?” Laughing again, they said I would be seeing a lot more of those.

Uncle Odin explained that larger vehicles called trucks were used to carry supplies to and from different cities. One city would have a factory while another may not, so the trucks were used to supply other cities with whatever was needed. People were paid with currency to drive the trucks.

Periodically, we made stops to eat, where I ate such things as hamburgers and other foods very new to me. For dinner I ate a steak, and I liked that, but I did not care for the cooked vegetables because they were always overcooked. Green salads were delicious also.

I found that cow-meat was difficult to chew at first; some of it got stuck in my teeth, and we stopped to buy a tooth-brush. My uncle suggested that I keep my teeth very clean else they would decay.

He explained to me what restaurants were. People who did not care to cook for themselves or who were travelling would stop and have the food already prepared. In exchange, they had to part with a certain amount of currency.

My uncle ordered the food and the waitress asked him questions. He had, of course, changed into American clothes before leaving the ship. Our driver was a Martian who lived on Earth and had a job which was certainly a well-paying job because he had a great deal of currency.

They told me that a large number of people from other planets were living on Earth and had jobs here. Some of them were married but most were single, unless they had brought a wife along from the home planet.

Near the end of our first day in the United States, we stopped to sleep at a place called a motor lodge or motel. These were for people to spend the night, Odin explained, because most autos did not have sleeping accommodations as convoys do. I noted that we again used our currency in exchange for staying at

the room.

My uncle was very helpful in taking the time to explain all these new experiences to me. Many of my lessons about life on Earth could not be given in lectures but had to be experienced, so these first two days of travelling in the auto were very important for me.

Early the next morning, we were on our way again, and my uncle and his friend took turns driving. Autos, they said, were difficult to operate because the driver had to rely more on the machine than himself. Often these autos would break down, and the places that sold fuel would also fix cars in exchange for more money.

Toward the afternoon of the second day, we were approaching Arkansas, and there were more houses, more buildings, more clutter, and more people. The more I saw of people, the less I liked them. It made Tibet seem like Venus because of the great difference in the consciousness of people. Someone should have told me that Agam Des was not like America.

Truely, I was worried about myself, feeling sorry for myself for having to live with people like this. I could feel the negativity as we passed through small cities and towns. I could sense the greed and anger, and the bad auras and feelings. As I picked up their thoughts, I found that their attitudes were all very strange to me. Whoever had said that parts of Earth were like the lower Astral Plane was right!

I sensed an overall feeling of nervousness, of mistrust and fear. My uncle explained that the cause of this feeling was currency, because currency was responsible for inequality and caused mistrust as well as all the other big problems in society.

Money was the basis for most problems, Uncle Odin said, because it was the tool used by powerseekers to dominate and control. Without currency this could not be done. Society could not exist as it does now.

The cities and towns I saw looked terribly unbalanced, helter-skelter, and not very clean. Builders seemed to have made all structures square and stacked on top of each other. I could not understand why people would live like this. Why didn't they have gardens and spacious grounds? I never imagined Earth to be so very different from the world I had grown up in. Uncle Odin told me that many people did have gardens, but this was difficult to have in a congested city. He told me about farms too, which made me feel better about being here.

I could not understand how some of the people could walk around locking the way they did, not caring if their clothes were clean or their hair combed. I just could not understand how they were able to look at themselves and not see it.

Clothing styles were abhorrent, I thought, and everywhere were totally unesthetic sights. But the real problem was actually within myself, in my attitudes.

I did not know any better because I had been protected and led a different life. And of, course one of my reasons for being here was to learn compassion. As I looked around more and more, I began to have feelings that I had made the wrong decision, because I would be living in a city like the ones I was seeing.

My uncle spoke about the attitudes which a good number of the white people had toward the black race, that the attitudes stemmed from ancestors and parents rather than from each individual.

There was little individuality on Earth because of the dominance of parents over children, not letting them be recognized as individuals. In other words, children were just an extension of the adults with the same thought patterns. Only if they left the home at an early age, or established themselves on their own to have their own experiences, could their attitudes about black people (or any other prejudice) change.

Especially in the South, I was told, were these attitudes about black people strong. I was to be careful about prejudiced people because at times they take a violent stand for what they believe.

Odin reminded me about the soon-to-happen bus accident. In taking little Sheila's place, I was to try not to be too frightened amidst all the confusion. It was getting toward evening when we entered Little Rock. Approaching the outskirts, we noticed that it had begun to thunder and rain. Suddenly we slowed down, and my uncle announced that we had caught up with the bus. The huge vehicle had stopped at a restaurant; we remained at a little distance.

The bus proceeded on its way through the pouring rain. My heart was pounding away because I knew it would soon happen, the bus would crash as Kanjuri had predicted.

The night got darker and darker, and then it happened! The bus driver must have slammed on the brakes as the car ahead of him skidded and slowed. In an instant, the bus skidded sideways on the slick pavement, turning over and slamming into the muddy ditch. Sheila had been sitting behind the bus driver, and in all the chaos, the door ripped open and Sheila was thrown out into the darkness. She was among those who were killed!

My uncle stopped the car to let me out with my little package of things. My goodbyes were said. His last words to me were about the rescue service that would be dispatched to help the injured. I didn't need luggage because hers was

on the bus; and the driver had a note with grandmother's address, because Sheila was going under the care of Traveler's Aid, which helps children who travel without their parents.

In all the confusion, people were scurrying around and the sirens were getting louder and louder as help arrived. The driver was trying to help people out of the ditch, and others were climbing out of the bus windows they were forcing up, for the bus was lying on its side.

In the meantime my uncle and the Martian got out to find Sheila's body in the mud and bushes. Darkness had fallen and the storm persisted, and the police were having trouble finding the injured and the dead with their flashlights. I can only assume that my uncle was successful – Sheila's body was never found by the rescue workers. That was the last I saw of my uncle and my people for some time. I was trembling and felt very alone, despite all that was happening. I was crying too, for Sheila, hoping that she had not felt any pain.

I stood for over an hour in the rain and thunder and lightning. People were shouting and running, and sirens came and went. In the shuffle, I was knocked down into the mud and skinned my knee. I locked just as if I had been one of those involved in the accident, but had luckily not been badly injured.

Finally, the bus driver walked up to me out of the darkness. "Oh, there you are!" a lady said, "Weren't you on the bus with us?" "Yes," I said nervously. I told them that I was Sheila.

They helped me into one of the ambulance vehicles together with the injured. Everyone was to be checked out at the hospital because of the matter of insurance. As we were racing through the city with sirens screaming, the man in the white suit asked me if I was okay and he bandaged my knee. In the hospital, I sat in silence.

This is the first part of my autobiography. In the second part with the title "Angels Don't Cry" I am telling the story of my struggle for survival in this sometimes very cruel world of Earth and its inhabitants. Only the angels could hear my lonely crying while I continued with my mission here – a mission with the goal of balancing old karmic debts and of helping people recognize their true origin beyond this planet. Eventually, with the help of a few loving friends, I started to accomplish this goal and was finally able to become Omnec again. But I noticed by then that by publishing my books alone I would not fully



accomplish my mission. There is much more for me to do – tasks which I can recognize more clearly and will be able to accomplish better after having lived through all the painful experiences.

## Chapter Twelve

### Resumée: Compared to Venus

You as Soul came into the worlds of polarity for one reason alone, to have the experiences which will lead to becoming a conscious co-worker with the Supreme Deity. It is a truth the Venusians have long been aware of, and this awareness reflects in our way of life. Learning from new experiences is an inseparable part of each individual's life.

Every day we strive to learn more about ourselves as Soul, and more about the many planes which we may explore. We look carefully at experiences and situations to see what lessons they hold for us. On Earth, the inner and outer lives are neatly handled by religion and formal education. Religion supposedly takes care of the inner, spiritual life; while the educational system takes care of learning about the outer, physical life.

As a child in Chattanooga, Church and School were two very prominent areas of my life. In both I could not help but be disappointed, as they reflected the consciousness of Earth. They gave little individual freedom, and they did not allow one to have his own experiences.

Education on my home planet has resulted from centuries of evolution. Just as Laws of the Supreme Deity regards personal experiences very highly, so does our educational system. It grew hand in hand with the new Tythanian culture, after The Beginning.

Organized education was left behind with the money and industry and the decaying cities as the people moved on to their new life. They faced the bare truth that children had done little more than memorize facts and concepts, and that most of what they learned was soon forgotten. More importantly, they understood that man in the physical world must learn as Soul learns, through actual life experiences, not through being told.

As the people moved back to nature, the children became involved in life at an early age. Each family taught its own young ones. The people invented new ways to teach children the basics through participation in running the household.

When the mother prepared vegetables for the meal, she would count each one as she prepared and peeled them, thus teaching the child to count. In the garden, the child was allowed to pick vegetables to see what they looked like and how they grew, and then helped to prepare them. In that way they would have an experience directly with the vegetables instead of with artificial representations.

During field excursions the children were taught about nature; they learned which plants were edible and which were not. On special occasions small groups of children were taken into space to be taught about the planets and the universe.

At home, not only did they care for the animals and help clean the house, but once a week a child was put in charge of preparing the family meal.

Culture was not forgotten. The children were always encouraged to create poems and songs about what they had learned, as well as to render on paper the things and people they had seen in the course of the day. Dancing, painting, acting, and all sorts of crafts became popular hobbies for young children and adults. Expressing their individuality through art became the vital part of daily life that it is today.

One particular game was especially popular. Here, all the children gathered together to improvise; each in his turn thought up a certain character, situation, and setting. Then another child would act, sing, or dance to express the idea. This went on all evening until everyone had been given a turn to create an idea and to act one out. The children thus learned to think quickly and to create stories, poems, or whatever the individual talents led to. At a very early age they learned to express themselves in many different ways and to have fun at the same time.

Late every evening, everyone gathered together within the family for a half-hour of silence, relaxing the body and mind in order to have a spiritual experience. This is the period of devotion to spiritual matters which I spoke of earlier, called Study Time.

As the people grew in their understanding, they would learn that if a child is given the freedom to develop his own attitudes and have his own experiences, then he would become an individual rather than a replica of the parents. The child would grow naturally and by his own standards with the proper guidance and discipline.

Children who were not interested in learning were not forced to do so; they were allowed to begin learning the basics of our culture at that age when they felt ready. But since all of the learning games were very interesting and enjoyable, most of the children participated. Every child was aware of his natural

desire to learn and grow.

Venusian children learn most of the basics at home, and every parent was involved in the learning process. This was very natural because the home had become the center of life.

As the people of Venus translated to the Astral Plane, their approach to education of course continued the same way. During the first few years of my life, Aunt Arena taught me many useful basics. The most important ideas I learned had to do with becoming a mature citizen of the Astral Plane, which involved much discipline because of our unlimited powers.

She guided me in learning to manifest things. But always, she encouraged me to learn on my own rather than rely on being taught. Most of my knowledge since the earliest years, about the astral as well as the Physical Planes, did result from my own individual experiences.

Very early in life I was taught the Venusian alphabet and language, and the number system. Beyond this, Aunt Arena allowed herself to be directed by my questions and interests. Every day in the afternoon we sat down together to learn the arts and crafts such as painting and carving.

The world of plants was especially interesting to me. I loved plants! I learned about herbs, their medicinal uses and everyday uses.

I learned about so many various things that I could well write another book to share them with Earth's people. My interests ranged from clothes styles throughout history, for example, to the nature of man. I learned attitudes that would enable me to make many friends and keep me from being a critical person.

As I grew older I began to visit the city of Teutonia almost every day. At the temples of learning we were not taught, but experienced with the guidance of experts in each field. The Temple of Arts was the largest of all temples and attracted children and adults alike.

Every morning several Masters arrived at the Temple of Arts to guide the students. Most of us worked in the round center hall, seated cross-legged on the floor with materials in front of each person.

Usually a Master would begin with an example. He would show the students the various materials to be used, and which tools were used to create different effects. He left out the history of that kind of art, or who created what techniques; this was left to the history teachers. The ideal was for the student to learn his own style, not to copy another's.

Then everyone was set to work, to learn by trial and error. The lazier students

asked the Master to show them how everything was done; he was always available to those who asked for help.

Thus each student learned at his own pace, whether it was in painting, weaving, or woodcarving. And each created his own individual works of art, using his own individual style. The other temples were run in the same way.

It is the student's choice whether he will spend many years to master an art, or spend only a few days to learn several basic techniques.

Each individual was encouraged, after he had mastered a given technique, to lead his fellow students at least for one day. Anyone could become the Master of an art in time.

As soon as we reached some degree of adeptness, we undertook a project to be placed on display for an open house exhibition, for all the villagers to enjoy. Compared to Earth works of art, the creations I saw on display at the temples were fantastic because only the pure imagination limits us on the Astral Plane.

It is a tradition in our culture that when an individual nears Mastership in his chosen field, he attempts to achieve something which has never before been done. In this way we are constantly adding something new and different to the arts and sciences.

At various times during my childhood I studied at the Temples of Mathematics, History, Religions, Horticulture, and Biology. At the Temple of Biology they showed how life can be created from the basic life chemicals. They also showed how humanoids can be created. These were used at one time in the history of Venus as robots.

The people learned through a tragic lesson that this was not a good idea because humanoids could be entered and controlled by monstrous astral entities. (Venus life was physical then.)

The Temple of Biology taught the deepest secrets of life, and how every form of life was created. The secret is that life itself originates beyond the physical universe. On huge magnified screens we were shown life actually entering a physical form. Much of what was being taught at the temple would blow apart some theories which are presently being taught and respected on Earth. I enjoyed my experiences at the temple so much that at one time I seriously considered devoting my life to being a doctor.

My visit to the Temple of Mathematics was short-lived. This was a pyramid-shaped building which had many levels above and below ground. Here I planned to learn more about the base nine number system, but my interest waned because too much mentalizing was involved. The temple, of course, taught all the

number systems, and many more mathematical subjects.

The Temple of History dealt not only with our own past but with that of all the planets in our solar system, and all those which our space travelers had discovered. Knowing that I may have to reincarnate on Earth in a future lifetime, I desired to learn as much as possible about the planet while I had this opportunity. As Soul I would remember all that I had learned.

I was also interested in Earth because I knew that I had spent many lifetimes there. My favorite place and time was ancient Egypt; so much of my natural feeling and love for music and dancing came from a past life in that great cultural empire.

Since that era, dancing has been a part of my being in every incarnation. My experiences have grown to a point where they are now all stored at the Soul level. I have also developed a talent of always knowing ahead of time what will happen in a piece of music, this is a great help in interpretive dancing.

The Temple of History was one of my favorites because it made the dead past come alive. The main level of the building was a time machine!

This was a dark room where everyone would sit down in the middle of the floor. On a control console the date was entered, the planet, and the exact location. Then, without warning, the walls of the room and the darkness disappeared and we would be there, viewing the actual past.

But since we lived within the astral body and were looking into the Physical Plane, we viewed the scenes as if we were physically dead. Those living in the past who had psychic vision would recognize us as ghosts. To us it was a very real experience.

Until we realized that everything passed through us, we found it very frightening. I had to learn that it was not necessary to flinch or move out of the way if someone walked into me.

I visited prehistoric times on Venus, an age of strange-looking huge beasts and rainforests. The age of dinosaurs on Earth was a similar period, they told us. I found this journey fascinating but a little frightening because it was so eerie.

Then I visited way into the future. In holographic pictures I saw a time that appeared to me like a Golden Age.

The humans were living in entire Soul consciousness and in tune with the Laws of the Supreme Deity. The landscapes were beautiful, there were fruitful plains, innumerable colorful flowers and animals as well as awesome waterfalls and shores. The houses and temple-like buildings were designed elaborately and individually. Wherever I eyed, I saw harmony and beauty. The liveliness of this

world was duly sensible.

Being masters over the elements, these far advanced human beings could create out of a handful of dust whatever they wished, for example a delightful fruit or juice. They also had full control over their climate.

The Souls were so evolved that they were able to experience several live spans in one. If they wanted to experience something different than a human person, they could experience themselves as a dolphin, tree, or any other life form by simply leaving their body and entering another one. This way, they could make unlimited experiences in different bodies within just one life time.

They had the absolute freedom about their life duration. When their incarnation was close to cease, they consciously traveled into the higher dimensions and made a new choice for their next experiences.

As every Soul was polar balanced within itself, there was no need for a partner. When two Souls nevertheless wished to experience a certain form of relationship, they connected themselves with each other for a while and separated in love and freedom, when their mutual experiences were completed. If they wanted to experience a family life, they invited a Soul from the higher dimensions and supported its manifestation with their energy. Sexuality and procreation were not necessary, as the Souls simply could manifest their desired bodies.

All humans were so deeply in harmony with the Creator, that they were completely aware of their own creative energies. They always decided what experience they wished to make next. Thereby every Soul always respected the decisions of other individuals.

I liked that future a lot. We were told that this would be the future of planet Earth.

During my childhood years I learned many things about the Supreme Deity's vast worlds, from the Physical Plane to the spiritual worlds above. My task is not to bring out the many facets of Laws of the Supreme Deity here on Earth. This is being done today by spiritual Masters who have safeguarded the teachings since they were last taken underground. These purely spiritual works are too vast and deep to be taken up in one book.

Instead, I am introducing the teachings I was exposed to on Tythania, and I will point in the direction where they can be found on Earth.

Remember that Tythania has only one planetary spiritual path, or religion if you wish to call it that. Earth has a confusing number and variety of religions, spiritual paths, occult and metaphysical groups, and philosophical systems. I was

well prepared by my aunt to live with this change. One of my most valuable lessons had to do with the origins of these many paths.

The reason Earth has so many conflicting religions and spiritual paths is that different levels of consciousness and development require different information and directions. The truth is that the Supreme Deity established few of these paths. Yet these few are really different names for the same teaching.

If you were to look back through Earth's religious history, you would find that religions and other spiritual teachings are each founded by a particular spiritual leader, an individual, whose work is carried on after his physical death by devoted disciples. Most of us now recognize such individuals as Jesus Christ, Buddha, Mohamed, Krishna, and many others.

What happened in most cases is that one individual managed to have one or more out-of-body experiences on a higher plane. Whichever plane he reached, astral, mental, or causal, he came back with great wisdom and a fiery motivation to share the message with others. It may have been a salvation gospel or a social gospel, but nevertheless it all originated from contact with a higher plane.

On the Physical Plane, a new religion then begins to grow and prosper. Followers for centuries afterward make a very basic mistake as Soul. They try to re-experience what the original founder experienced, by following in his footsteps. They try to receive the wisdom and spiritual unfoldment of another Soul, received through out-of-body experiences on a higher plane.

Certain followers then have their own enlightening experiences from a variation in belief and method. Soon a splinter group or branch is formed, based on this follower's success. What does all this do for the individual? It makes him more of a conformist and slave to outside forces than ever before.

Each individual must seek his own truth, his own experiences, just as the so-called spiritual giants did. Since each Soul is unique, one individual cannot follow another's path, methods or teachings and expect the same results. Each person, as he spiritually unfolds, will seek his own out-of-body experiences using methods suited to himself. Then each individual becomes a spiritual giant, learns for himself what goes on in the heavens beyond, all before physical death.

The masses of people need what religions and assorted spiritual paths offer at a certain level. These teachings cannot be condemned. Every Soul needs the experience of various religions, cults, and philosophies to develop background to help understand the higher truths. They are steps along the way.

We must always remember that the Physical, Astral, Causal, and Mental Planes are prisons run by negativity. Most religions and paths are furthered by its



agents. A sincere student needs to find his own truth, which is ever the same, because it originates above the lower worlds. Just as there are agents of the Kal in the physical world, who have reached no higher than the Mental Plane, there are also agents of the supreme Deity. The individual, in time, learns to depend on his own inner experiences rather than looking up to those of someone else.

The true teaching always makes known that the spiritual essence of the Supreme Being can be seen in the inner light and heard as the inner sound. The sound is most important, for this current is used by Soul like a homing beam to reach the true spiritual worlds.

It was discouraging to learn that the Laws of the Supreme Deity were not being openly taught on Earth at the time I would be arriving. That was one reason that I might have decided not to come, but on the other hand, knowing about Karma I decided otherwise.

Earth culture is young and full of many ups and downs. Spaceships were as familiar in the skies of Biblical times as are the airplanes of today. The space travelers visited here regularly to observe Earth's development.

Instead of being masters of the elements, the descendants of the Earth's first colonists had become a very frightened people. They were ignorant of the most basic truths, about the universe, about God, and about themselves. Physical survival and comfort was the number one concern, and death was the number one fear. Idols and gods ruled everything in life, and sacrifices were common. Having leadership and a life of ease in mind, the priests had established religions for control. Their tools were rules and rituals and fear, and their control became complete. Limited beliefs had produced a limited way of life for the mass of people.

Into this era a Great Soul was born. As Soul, he had chosen to reincarnate to lead the Jewish people because he felt close to them. One of his strongest incarnations had been with these people, but he was one of those who had led them into ignorance. As a spiritually advanced Soul, he chose to return and balance his karmic debt by enlightening them in a spiritual way. The way in which he was born among his people had much to do with the Brotherhood of the Planets.

The space visitors saw what was happening on Earth and became involved. The Martians had been in Mexico and South America for some time, and influenced the Incan People. The Martians brought beautiful teachings. They were also known as the Winged Gods or Sun Gods because they came down from the heavens with great powers and wisdom.

In Jerusalem and the lands of those people, visitors from space were called angels, which means heavenly beings. What else could they say of beings who landed in spaceships, and who had such peaceful, heavenly countenances? The people assumed that beings from the sky were spiritual. And so, Biblical history is full of tales of prophets meeting with God or the angels, or crude descriptions of their ships as “ball of fire” or “wheel within a wheel”.

If your scriptures had translated more of that available information for public examination, you would be surprised at the real identity of the legendary “Three Wise Men”; who they were and who they represented, and how they knew and arrived on scene at the time and place they did. There are great truths behind some of those events reported in your holy works – much of which has been deliberately withheld, or hidden in the translations, in order to maintain the control over the people as intended by those Earth spirits establishing and carrying out the system.

Your brothers from other levels and other planes still come, seeking experience and rebalancing of Karma for themselves, and to help Earth humanity at this density of being.

Some live among you unrecognized, and some come from elsewhere to observe, and occasionally they make contact with your people.

This has always been and always will be.

Part of my mission is to help awaken you to the realities as they are, for those who want to know. It is for them only that this work was prepared.

*Omnec Onec*

# Glossary

## **Agam Des**

A spiritual city on Earth, situated in the Hindu Kush Mountains in northern Tibet; home of the God Eaters; the spiritual leader is the ECK Master Yaubl Sacabi. Agam Des lies at a supra-physical level and can only be visited in the Soul body.

## **ALAYA**

The mantra for the physical dimension sung Aah-laa-yaah.

## **Amual Abaktu Baraka Bashad**

“May the universal love and the blessings be”

## **Ascended Master**

Masters with God realization who are operating above the physical realm as co-workers of God

## **Astral dimension**

The level of feelings, emotions, Flying Saucers, spirits and in particular the level of the plant kingdom.

## **AUM**

The mantra for the mental dimension, sung Aah-OoUh-Mmm

## **Aura**

The magnetic field encompassing a person in the colors white (true spirituality), yellow (soul consciousness), indigo or violet (intuition), blue (wisdom), orange (healthy), red (life force), green (energy).

## **Baraka Bashad**

“May the blessings be”

## **Causal dimension**

The level of memories, patterns, and a repository of all experiences from all the different lives of Soul in all situations of being, saved in the Akashic Records that encompasses the past, the presence, and the future. Inventors find here, mostly in the dream state, their inventions. In particular, this is the level of the animal kingdom.

## **Eckankar**

The Ancient Science of Soul Travel ([www.eckankar.org](http://www.eckankar.org), .ch, .at, .de)

## **ECK Master**

God-realized Masters from the Vairagi Order, the detached ones

**ECK-Temples**

Temples of Golden Wisdom at the diverse levels of consciousness which can be visited through out-of-body travels; physically reachable at the Eckankar center in Chanhassen/USA

**Elam**

The lord of the physical universe; he is controlled by the lords of the higher worlds and serves mankind in all physical matters

**Etheric body**

A very luminous body which Soul encompasses itself in the Etheric dimension.

**Etheric dimension**

The highest level of the polar-consciousness worlds and source of knowledge through intuition, in particular the level of the enlightened humans, home of unconditional love and unlimited wisdom.

**Fubbi Quantz**

An Eck Master and abbot from the Katsupari monastery in the Buika Magna Mountains in northern Tibet

**Gare Hira Temple**

A temple of wisdom situated in the spiritual city Agam Des in the Hindu Kush Mountains

**God Eaters**

Masters living from cosmic energy in Agam Des; although they have a physical body, they can live far beyond average human lifetime.

**God Realization**

The state of God consciousness

**Gopal Das**

The Living ECK Master, Mahanta, and Founder of the Mystery Schools in ancient Egypt at the time of the Pharaohs.

**HU (HUUUH)**

An ancient name for God; sung internally or externally as a love song for God

**Journey of Soul**

The movement of consciousness in the Soul body through the different dimensions with the aim of God-Realization.

**KALA**

Mantra of the astral dimension, sung Kaah-Laah

**Kal Niranjana**

Lord of the physical worlds, the negative force, the God of time and space

**Karma**

The law of cause and effect as drive for the Souls development of consciousness

**Katsupari Monastery**

An ECK Monastery and Temple of Golden Wisdom in the Buika Magna Mountains in northern Tibet. Abbot of the Monastery is the ECK Master Fubbi Quantz

**Klemp, Harold**

The current Living ECK Master, the Mahanta (since 1981) with the spiritual name Wah-Z (Waah-Zee) or Z (Zee)

**Levels of consciousness**

Physical level (matter), astral level (feelings, emotions), causal level (memories, behavior patterns, karma), mental level (thoughts, power of imagination, intellect, knowledge), etheric level (intuition, wisdom, love)

**Living ECK Master**

The spiritual leader of Eckankar, the God-realized human leading Souls from the lower worlds to Self-Realization and God-Realization. The line of the Living ECK Masters goes back several millions of years to the first ECK Master, Gakko.

**Mahanta**

The initiated of the 15th circle, bearer and expression of the highest consciousness, an incarnation of the SUGMAD, the Supreme Deity, the Living ECK Master

**MANA**

The mantra of the causal dimension, sung Maah-Naah

**Mantra**

A charged word of power, an instrument to get in harmony with the Divine Spirit and thus reach Self-Realization as Soul and finally God-Realization; sung internally or externally, mostly connected with a spiritual exercise.

**Mental dimension**

The level of the mind, the logos, the science, the thoughts, the intellect, in particular the level of the conscious human being.

**Nuri Bani**

Light and sound

**Physical dimension**

The level of the material universe, of situations in time and space, of all visible manifestations and bodies, in particular the level of the mineral kingdom

**Rami Nuri**

The ECK Master and caretaker of the holy book, the Shariyat-Ki-Sugmad, in the Golden Temple of Wisdom in the city of Retz on the astral level of Venus

**Ramkar**

The lord of the causal dimension and all lower levels

**Rebazar Tarzs**

An ECK Master and teacher who trained many ECK Masters including Peddar Zaskq (Paul Twitchell). Rebazar lives in a hut in the Hindu Kush Mountains, but is able to manifest everywhere; he also served as the Living ECK Master and Mahanta.

**Retz**

The capital on the astral level of Venus

**SAT NAM**

First manifestation of God on the Soul dimension, lord of all dimensions above and below. Force, light, and sound as the creator of the whole creation.

**Self-Realization**

The knowledge of being a part of the Supreme Deity having the same attributes like IT or the Creator

**Sohang**

The lord of the Etheric dimension, through who divine power of creation flows. His name means "I AM IT".

**Soul**

The individualized expression of the Divine in all Universes and Worlds, a drop in the Ocean of Love and Mercy, eternal, almighty, immortal, indestructible; being a part of the whole the Soul is provided with all attributes of the Creator.

**Soul body**

The body that Soul utilizes on the Soul dimension to make experiences in the worlds of God; an instrument of self-knowledge and Self-Realization.

**Soul dimension**

The level of consciousness of Soul-Realization, where beings realize themselves as Souls.

**Soul mate**

A myth, as Soul (not the psyche!) is complete at all time and at any place. Soul is not dependant on a mate, a partner, or a companion.

**Spiritual Exercises**

Creative exercises, meditation, concentration, contemplation, mostly with the

focus on the “Third Eye”, a place between the eyebrows, as preparation for spiritual experiences on the higher levels of consciousness.

### **SUGMAD**

The Supreme Deity, the Ocean of Love and Mercy, the ONE, the All-Encompassing, HU, All in All, God, or whatever name one would like to give to IT.

### **Temple of Golden Wisdom**

ECK Temples on the different dimensions, lead by the ECK Masters; serve as training centers for the growth of Souls consciousness.

### **Teutonia**

The city on the astral level of Venus in which Omnec Onec was born and where she lived for approx. 140 years (of our time) until she volunteered to spend the rest of her life on the physical level of Earth and to work as a spiritual teacher.

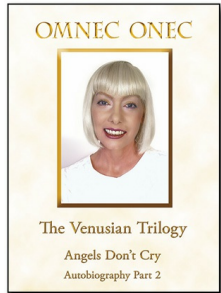
### **Twitchell, Paul**

The Mahanta, the Living ECK Master from 1965 until his translation from the physical to the higher worlds in the year 1971; he brought the Eckankar teachings that were kept secret until this time to the human consciousness by publishing books and giving lectures and seminars. By doing this, he initiated an era of a total new self-conception of humans and their world on Earth.

### **Yaubl Sacabi**

An ECK Master guarding the Shariyat-Ki-Sugmad, the holy book of Eckankar, in the spiritual city Agam Des; he served as the Living ECK Master, the Mahanta, during the age of the Mycenaeans in Greece (between 2,000 and 1,700 B.C.)

# Recommendations



## **THE VENUSIAN TRILOGY – ANGELS DON'T CRY – Autobiography Part 2**

In the continuation of her autobiography, the author describes her experiences on Earth and conveys further valuable insights.

### **Contents:**

CHAPTER 1 Sheila

CHAPTER 2 My Earth Family

CHAPTER 3 Living with a dictator

CHAPTER 4 A light at the end of the tunnel

CHAPTER 5 Chicago

CHAPTER 6 Longing for love and understanding

CHAPTER 7 Renewed confidence

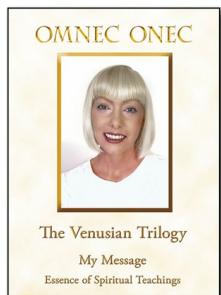
CHAPTER 8 The Girl from Venus

CHAPTER 9 Reencountering my spiritual teachings

CHAPTER 10 Children – Our Future

CHAPTER 11 My way to the public

CHAPTER 12 Fulfilling my mission



## **THE VENUSIAN TRILOGY – MY MESSAGE – Essence of spiritual teachings**

The truth is always simple. Practical and current, OmneC writes about the essence of creation, soul, and life. This essential third part also contains a new and very precious chapter about the evolution of Souls on planet Earth.

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CHAPTER 1 Understanding the Physical

CHAPTER 2 Learning to deal with the Emotions

CHAPTER 3 What effect the Causal has

CHAPTER 4 The Mental Process

CHAPTER 5 The Function of the Etheric Body

CHAPTER 6 The Soul – the real I

CHAPTER 7 The Laws of the Supreme Deity

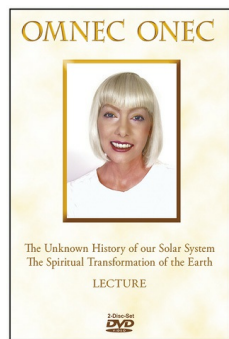
CHAPTER 8 About Karma

CHAPTER 9 Spirituality and Religions

CHAPTER 10 Meditation and Contemplation



CHAPTER 11 Journey of Soul Technique  
CHAPTER 12 Mantras and their Benefits  
CHAPTER 13 Healing and Self healing Procedures  
CHAPTER 14 Energy – Ways to feel and use it daily  
CHAPTER 15 Love and Relationships  
CHAPTER 16 Venusian Understanding of Death  
CHAPTER 17 Knowing the Life Plan  
CHAPTER 18 A Spiritual Journey  
CHAPTER 19 The new Supreme Deity or Sugmad Expansion Ray



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In this lecture, OmneC OneC speaks the story of the inhabitation of our solar system, she talks about the reasons for the spiritual Transformation Process on Earth that is currently taking place and imparts precious information about how every individual can take a conscious part in this process of raising the vibratory rate of planet Earth.

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The inhabitation of our solar system • The Earth emerges and is filled with life forms • The battle for the Earth • The first populations on Earth • A group of visitors wants to gain technological knowledge • The genetic manipulation and its consequences until today • The current Transformation Process and the return of lost knowledge • Our concept of the Creator • The design of creation and the birth of the Soul • The complexity of human experiences and the meaning of unconditional love • As a Soul on the journey through the levels of creation • The creation of a consciously desired world

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- We shall begin ... : basic guidelines (2.42 min.)
- First dimension: the physical (6.19 min.)
- Second dimension: the astral (6.23 min)
- Third dimension: the causal (8.24 min.)
- Fourth dimension: the mental (7.03 min.)
- Fifth dimension: the etheric (9.41 min.)
- Sixth dimension: the Soul plane (9.26 min.)
- Seventh dimension: Anami Lok – the God planes (15.40 min.)
- Return sequence: Baraka Bashad (1.30 min.)

Audio-CD - Length: ca. 71 min.

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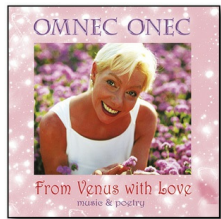
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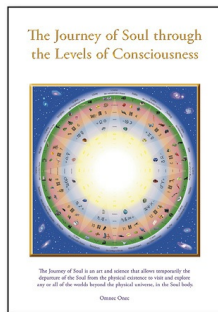
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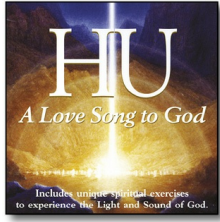
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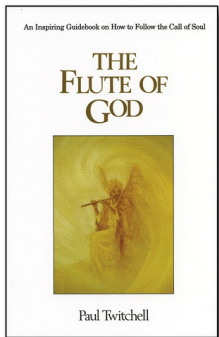


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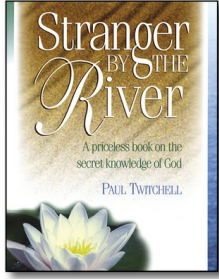


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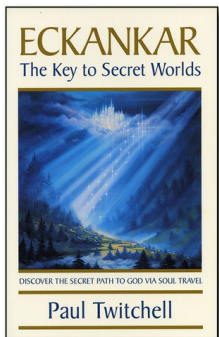


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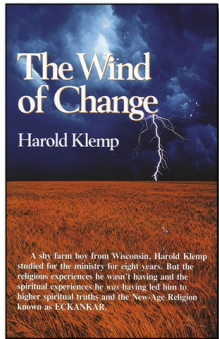
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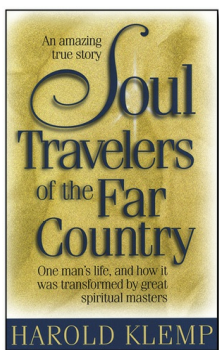


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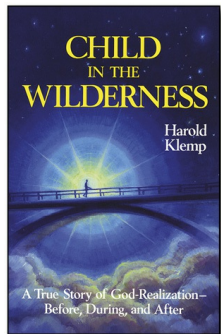
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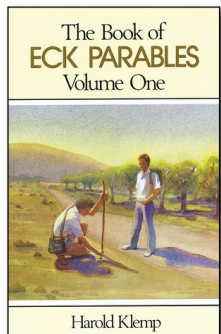
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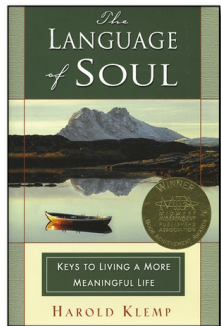
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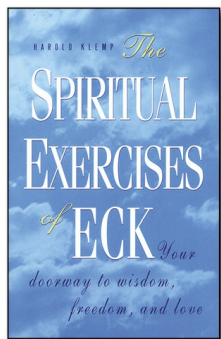
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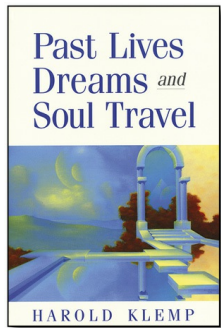


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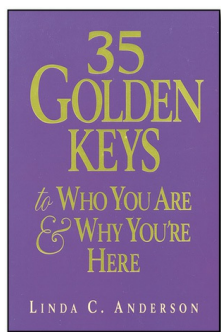


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