

# The Bird of Paradise

A manuscript of channelled material received by a telepathic medium

Presentation Folder for  
Potential Literary Agent(s) and Publishers.

MetaScience Foundation, INC.  
1985

Editor's Note: The following material has been preserved in its original form. Only minor typographical errors have been resolved. The material contained within this manuscript is only a partial segment of this body of work, and was compiled by George Meek and the METASCIENCE FOUNDATION, INC. for submittal to potential publishers in 1985. It was never published.

Dear \_\_\_\_\_ (Name of Publisher)

It is our intent in the forwardance of this uniquely-formed work of literature, to begin with an introduction of our corporate functions as a scientific research organization, investigating for over 15 years, telepathically-recorded communications, world-wide.

The enclosed unpublished manuscript is a portional inclusion of a book titled: THE BIRD OF PARADISE.

Beyond the established norms of investigating the purity of any "channeled work," we put aside an additional period of seventeen months to carefully observe the mental and emotional behavior of the receiving telepathic communicator, \_\_\_\_\_ .

Equipped with an almost daily contact with "\_\_\_\_\_" - my wife, various professional associates, personal friends and I myself have found no reasonable cause to doubt the validity of the purported "sources of authorship" contained in this "work."

The noticeable features of the proposed book offered to you, \_\_\_\_\_ (Name of agent or publishing house) is, in our considered opinion, as follows:

A. Quality of content and the "leanness" of every word which punctuates the entire copy presented you is representative of the overall continuity supporting the almost lost skill of quality writing.

B. Junior by many years to my wife and me, Ms. \_\_\_\_\_ in no manner has come forward with hidden journalistic skills or latent desires to

be a novelist. Conversely, our background checks have substantiated Ms. \_\_\_\_\_'s lack of creative writing skills, placing her forte in the field of nursing.

C. Without the naturalness of clutching and clinging to the final delivery of one's own personal contributions (in this case, my wife's role as the Senior Editor), we feel your candid response and/or advisories that would direct our company to securing the Best Publisher most suited to handling this "Literary form of writing", would be a gift on your part to us.

D. Should there be sincere interest on the part of your corporation to pursue a full review of THE BIRD OF PARADISE and its potential asset to your organization, kindly contact:

Mr. George W. Meek  
Executive Director  
Metascience Foundation, Inc.  
P. O. Box 737  
Franklin, North Carolina 28734  
(704) 524-5103

We trust to your professional confidentiality in retaining this Query letter and excerpted portions of the unpublished manuscript.

Thank you in consideration of your time taken to review, evaluate and decide ... Is THE BIRD OF PARADISE for your publishing house?

Respectfully,

George W. Meek  
Executive Director

THE BIRD OF PARADISE

Presentation Folder for  
Potential Literary Agent(s) and Publishers.

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THE BIRD OF PARADISE

<u>Title</u>	<u>Historical Figure</u>	<u>Celestial Author</u>
Acknowledgment		PS Buck & ER Murrow
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God and Grammar		E Hemingway
<u>Chapter I</u>		
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The Innkeeper	Izaack	E Hemingway
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A Roman Soldier	Marcius Aurelius	E Hemingway
Gethsemani	Yehshua	E Hemingway
<u>Chapter III</u>		
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The Beggar Children	Jusaf, Rami, Sarah	PS Buck
Night Travelers	Yehshua	PS Buck
<u>Chapter IV</u>		
The Star of India	St. Thomas (Apostle)	E Pyle
A Court Scribe	Lucius Arganna	E Pyle
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A Deaf Slave	Basil	ER Murtow
Prison	Yehshua	E Pyle
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Mary	Mother of Jesus of Nazareth	PS Buck
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A Fisherman	St. Peter (Apostle)	E Hemingway
Visit with Mary of Magdala	Mary of Magdala	PS Buck
Life is Eternal	St. Andrew (Apostle)	E Pyle

Alpha\* 13 February 1985 AD

THE BIRD OF PARADISE .....NEW FORM

CHAPTER ONE

The Golden Star  
The Innkeeper  
The Last Supper

CHAPTER TWO

The Son of the House of David  
A Roman Soldier  
Gethsemane

CHAPTER THREE

The Holy Light  
A Court Scribe  
The Courts of Mankind

CHAPTER FOUR

The Star of India  
The Beggar Children  
Night Travelers

CHAPTER FIVE

The Son of Man  
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Prison

CHAPTER SIX

The Master  
Mary  
Golgotha

CHAPTER SEVEN

In This My Eternal Hour  
A Fisherman  
Visit with Mary of Magdala

CLOSING

Omega\* In God's wisdom we obey, In Christ's leadership we follow  
Humbly offered, per the Journalism Team of LIFELINE\*, Pearl S. Buck  
Time ending: 12:25pm channels little star

Presentation Folder (The Bird of Paradise Manuscript) for  
Potential Literary Agent(s) and Publishers.

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## A FRIEND --- IZAACK

Foreword by Ernest Hemingway

In this short story, describing the actual conversation of the Apostles of Christ and the Innkeeper named Izaack, I have as a writer, held to the professional ethics of Journalism and have recorded this moving historical event in keeping with the level of accuracy given in the AKASHA.

Wherever possible, I, Ernest Hemingway, chose to undisturb the English translation of the recorded dialogue, hence the need for footnotes.

Any person of the Western world who has traveled to any country in the Middle East will hopefully be able to identify with the cultural traditions in this script.

Even in the 20th century, a visit to Jerusalem would bring with it the Spirit of memory that Christ walked those streets and alleyways.

As God provided all the material needs for his Son, Christ, He assuredly also provided Him with a regal banquet room on the night of the Last Supper.

Among the fine characteristics of the innkeeper, Izaack, were his faith in a Deity and his hope for family, neighbors and friends, as expressed by his sincerity in the teachings of Christ. These led him to improve the spiritual quality of his own life by his "free choice." He required no payment from the Apostles for the use of his finest room, which later became historically referred to as the room of the Last Supper.

In the days previous to the celebration of the Passover Feast, the apostles of Christ (Matthew, Andrew and James) were guided to go to Jerusalem, proper, to seek a private hall or small room sufficient in size for their Last Supper with Christ.



There were no rooms "to let." Without hesitation or concern, Andrew "struck out" to look for a special room in prayer and thought. James quickly saw that the majority of people were already sharing spaces purchased in the Great City itself. Matthew,\* as always, concerned with shekel (talon of weight and silver coin) urged his kindred spirit brothers to find a dwelling beyond the Center of hospitality.\*\*

In proper mannerism,\*\*\* these followers of Christ had been so taken with the task of finding just the right place, they had chosen Matthew as their spokesman. Towards the edge of the City of Jerusalem the three apostles came to the door of a Philistine \*\*\*\* whose first name was Izaack. Later that day they confided in Christ, "Lord, the Innkeeper was moved by the 'eeriness'\*\*\*\*\* of Your blessed name."

#### The Recorded Dialogue between the Innkeeper and the Apostles

Izaack: Men of this Master Rabbi, I am but a poor merchant,  
driven ashore to this land of mystery. Your ways of trade

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\* St. Matthew was responsible for the disbursement of the "group's funds."  
\*\* beyond the metropolitan hub of activity.  
\*\*\* meaning that to find any person or service, including a room to rent in the thriving city of Jerusalem, you had to understand the customs.  
\*\*\*\* the apostles knew Izaack was a Philistine by the mother tongue language, his mannerisms, and the design of his clothing.  
\*\*\*\*\* meaning a full understanding of the importance of Christ's name.

are shrewd and measured. No matter, this very day my finest room was returned, for the party who "let the room" is in wailing for a loved one.

Matthew: What Izaack, do you require in payment for the service of this banquet room?

Izaack: How can a man set his price upon his possessions until both the trader and buyer see together the craftsmanship of the service, skill or dwelling? No, no, my friends, let us go together. Come! Walk with me. First I will show you the way to the balcony and then you shall see the Holy Light of Jehovah through the windows of scrolled design.

There need be no carefulness of your attention, requiring of your eye to see that the staircase is well-formed. My wise mother instructed me thoroughly in the ways of all trade practices:

"Fasten your gates, my son" (lock the doors). "Hold open to the sun each room to air and fragrant the passing of each feast and festival" (air out the rooms after a feast). "Keep clear each pathway and staircase" (no clutter on the steps). "Merchants who seek the refinement of good taste will see your carefulness."

All these things I have done to "keep hold" of the

aging of my buildings. This Truth has weighted my scales with trade and encouraged the trespassers to find a dwelling more in keeping with their vision, nose and touch. Jehovah is my witness!

You have spoken, followers of the Nazarene, of "letting this room" for one night. In this and your intention to pass in quiet, this Holy Feast, I have no question.

James: And your price, good merchant?

Izaack: Ah yes, payment of course, is to be discussed. Let us return to my quarters below and there with refreshment, we will talk of my generosity.\*

Matthew walked ahead of Izaack and even parted the curtain as they entered the alleyway. Matthew saw the blessing of true balance in this merchant. James was following the whole event with interest, watching the journey of this soul, Izaack. As the small group descended the staircase, Andrew remained the last in line to follow. He was fearful that the sum would be beyond the group purse.

The kindly and generous merchant had only one price to ask. He sincerely wanted the Truth of Christ's message. Thus, Izaack began his questions.

Izaack: There is known to be a Holy Wind that has touched and

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To this day the beauty of "trading" with the Middle East Peoples lies in their wisdom of placing before any contract or agreement an informal acquaintanceship with whomever they are dealing.

crossed the hearts of many people. By your staying with your master, every one of you has been counted and watched, as the young Rabbi has led you throughout many travels.

On the caravans, in the desert and waterways, wherever His slipper has touched, your Master's name is whispered, mocked, praised or forbidden by mothers to their children.

I "thinks"\* such a Holy One would be in need of a special silence on the people's day of praise and worship to Jehovah. Perhaps such a wise disciple of heaven would look upon the table board in my humble building and think Himself to be of royalty. I thinks such compassionate sandals, weary from many journeys would be refreshed by the fragrance of cedar from Lebanon in the banquet room. My heart says the young master is the Greatest of Angels sent from the Holy Fountain of Paradise. I thinks my wives, children and I would be honored to offer our roof to calm and refresh His Holy thoughts and healing hands. There is space in my ledger to bypass payment for the use of my finest room. I thinks I would be the receiver and He the Rabboni, the Giver.

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\* An identifying speech characteristic of Izaack the Innkeeper.

Tell me now, Matthew, if you are so instructed by your Master. Shall my humble roof be gracious enough for His majestic Presence?

You see, Andrew, once I heard your leader speak of freedom and love; of faith and hope; and of a way new for each man.

James, I ask you also, do you think your master shall grant me this gift: to pray and dine within my humble dwelling?

#### The Recorded Thoughts of Christ

On the night before Mine Crucifixion, as we ascended the staircase to the upper room, I, Yehshua, was honored to be escorted by Mine friend, Izaack. On this holy night, I Yehshua, was humbled by such faith, kindness and love of this kindred soul, who was far distant in heart from Mine accusers whose torches would be held in leather breeches. Mine friend, Izaack, held but a rag to cover his hand from the sputtering of the oiled torch, as we climbed the staircase to the Last Supper.

Izaack, Mine friend had given the "riches of his heart" and in this great risk could have been called out by neighbor

and friend as the host who had offered shelter and comfort, in regal manner, to I, Yehshua, the prophet.

Izaack had used well and wisely his small power of gold and silver and rooms-to-let for the comfort of each wayfarer who sought shelter under his roof. He was in union with Mine Father and had hidden well the name, Allah in his prayers, whilst residing in the capital of Judeah.

[I, Ernest Hemingway, was humbly honored to "read" in the Akasha recordings these few thoughts of Christ. They were recorded in the Aramaic language. The translation (into modern English) of these excerpts may help you, the reader, remember one of the Saviour's most favorite messages: Love God, love your neighbors and friends.]

CHAPTER IV --- Part 1

THE STAR OF INDIA

Foreword by Ernie Pyle

Even in the days of their community lifestyle, Thomas (one of the Apostles) doubted and questioned the validity of Christ's teachings regarding: the REALITY of human beings living in accordance with Judaic traditions; God's commandments as sent through Moses; and a Christ-like attitude toward any government.

Credible reference sources have also placed Thomas (sainted by the Roman Catholic church) as being the initiator for the Christian conversion of a small portion of persons living in India. Thus they became known as "Saint Thomas Christians."

Thomas, overwhelmed by the realism of the magnificence of all that he had personally witnessed, responded with a loving feeling. However, after a short period in which to think it over and through, Thomas was subject to the battling of his intellect that spoke to him with the harsh tongue of DOUBT.

His greatest act of humility and acceptance came upon that hour in his own life, when Christ (fully illumined in a Glorified Body) returned after His public death on the cross. In that "visitation" with the twelve Apostles, Thomas once and for all put to rest his own doubts.

As the apostle, Thomas, was beckoned by Christ to touch the Saviour's Holy Scars (wherein the marks of the crucifixion were clearly seen by all) Thomas, again overwhelmed by the reality of the event, no longer could support any argument offered by his intellect.

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My mission first to the people of Judea, was to "account to them." So thought I, Thomas, one of "the twelve." I was thoroughly watchful for all "signs" that may oppose the very

Truths and miraculous acts of Divinity, that I had often seen offered in love, by our Master, Christ.

Little did I realize the injustice I had brought unto my own head. For in this erroneous attitude toward my feeble attempts in describing and defining Divinity, I, Thomas, brought into my heart DOUBT that Jesus of Nazareth was truly the Son of God.

Fastidious to my upbringing within the formal rituals of my life and cultures, I found great difficulty in attempting to sever tradition from the NEW TEACHINGS OF CHRIST.

During my honored days with our Lord, my soul wandered from the righteousness of His WAY to the knowing of many confusions that were affecting the people by His very teachings.

"Perhaps," I thought, "it would be better to simply join with our Master for a time." Yea, I, Thomas, had no knowledge of Divinity's strength as it drew me closer and closer to the eternal flame of all truth. Over and again, I searched for any seed or grain of mis-truth and ladened my heart with the struggles of allowing my mind to find the pathway to Jehovah. Therein was my gravest error.

The SIMPLENESS of heart-over-mind became as clear as a pool of clean water. The SIMPLENESS of all the profound teachings



of our Master became like the winds cleansing my spirit forever. The SIMPLENESS of accepting what had been shown me became tears of joy for my heart.

When our Lord had arisen from the sepulchre and came among our midst, we were like sheep hiding from "invisible wolves" and shuddered at our own fate.

In compassionate intelligence, He spoke unto our singular beings and, one by one, my brothers were moved into the full light of His magnificent Illumined Raiment-Embodied Form.

Nay, not I, Thomas! Lingered toward the back of the room, I listened, I watched and my mind firmly held that no regular accounting could be given for this MANIFESTATION\* of our Lord Christ.

At the moment when His Divine words swept me from the back of the room, I, Thomas, was held in the arms of ALL GRACE and without pause, walked steadfastly toward our Lord, thinking my brothers to have been overcome by some spirit-image.

Placing gently my fingertips onto the marks of the deep

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\* Defined by Webster: 1a - the act, process or instance of manifesting: display, show, expression. 1c. one of the forms or appearances in which an individual (as a spirit, divine being or personality) is manifested.

gashes made by "spikened nails" of the crucifixion, I, Thomas, could only draw in my breath. Gazing upon our Master's radiance, I was overwhelmed by the Illumined Fragrance of His being. No image of any sort could align itself with even the reflection of our Master. And my eyes beheld the RISEN SAVIOUR.

How my heart wept for the indignity it had suffered by allowing my mind to regulate its rhythms in harmony with our Lord's teachings.

How my heart wept to think of all the hours of my life when I had emptied my heart with thinking.

How my heart wept in remembering the abundance of His love for all life upon earth and yet my mind had purchased a road to dissect the ABSOLUTE TRUTHS OF DIVINITY.

How my heart wept in remembrance of our Master's simple words, "Love Mine Father. Love thine neighbor as ye love thyselfes." The commandment of love, above all else, would conform my life to the ways of God, Almighty. All else would follow in Divine order. My daily life, my daily tasks in life would be led by our Father of Heaven.

Perhaps souls in the coming years shall also find that the Way, the Truth and the Light are confounded in thinking with

the shallowness of a human mind, to find the lines that mold and etch and fire the character of Divinity.

Perhaps future souls shall also struggle with their minds, thus allowing their minds to disrupt the natural knowledge that is kept within the heart of every man, woman or child.

Perhaps, future souls too, shall doubt, and I, Thomas, shall pray for them from my place in eternity. I shall pray for compassion for them. For no sign from heaven is able to separate the mind's insistence of overpowering the heart's truth.

My fellow souls of India had less difficulty in managing to place the heart before God, rather than the mind, as they followed their enlightened custom of meditating in a quiet manner of reflection.

The joy of my travels throughout that great country, brought a fresh vigor to my soul. For in the hearing of the teachings of the Master Christ, the learneds of the temples came forward and spoke of such a Man having visited their country years before.

"A Christian," I spoke, "need not lose cultures and traditions. A Christian attests that the ORDER of life is given first to the Creator and then to one's fellow-man." The

parallels of Brahmic thinking and the teachings of the Holy Gita had withstood the teachings of other great masters.

Any "sect" of religious thinking is quite able to include the teachings of our Lord and comfort their hearts when the love GOSPELS are received as they were given:

Our Lord's parables were living-day examples of managing one's Spiritual life with comfort and the knowledge that alone, no soul could enter into eternity.

Our Lord's high example of brotherly love spoke to those souls who had become outcast by their own civilizations.

Our Lord's tender compassion for the most revolting of physical afflictions and truthful offering of healing for the Spiritually maimed became a new doctrine of its own.

New teachings require time. And there must be bravery on the part of the first few who go forward to impart, share and offer the TRUISMS of those thinkings.

My joy in the lands of India was to see the innocent faces of the people who had often thought of a Creator. (Not all peoples upon the earth at that moment in time, thought of only ONE GOD.) Flowered by its richness of sacred rituals and

enlightened by the kind generosity of the people to listen hospitably to any new Truth, I, Thomas, acquired a small following of souls. Though assuredly, it was I who was taught.

Our Lord had mastered the WAY to the spiritual state of hourly consciousness within His very being. Our Lord had mastered the TRUTH of all knowledge upon earth and how best to distribute and explain those TRUTHS. And so He did in the parables and by way of His exemplary life.

Our Lord had mastered Life. There was no stain of sullenness, sadness, malice, greed, envy, arrogance, jealousy, covetousness or need of anger or pride. Those "plagues of thinking" had been put aside in favor of a loving God, an all-knowing God and a God for ALL MEN.

In remembrance of my life with our Lord, Christ, I, Thomas, hope ne'er to forget to always place my heart before my mind as one humble soul before God, be that form mortal or be that form an immortal spirit.

AMEN

## CHAPTER VI --- Part 2

### MARY

Foreword by Pearl S. Buck

#### THE ILLUMINED HISTORICAL FIGURE, MARY

There is not readily available recorded data on earth, regarding one of the most talked about, radiant, historical figures. Her name - Mary, the Mother of Jesus (of Nazareth).

To find the true character of Mary, even in accurate accountings of her mortal life, would require modern man to be equipped with theological, scientific and archeological credentials.

In the Akashic Record of Mary's life, the maintaining strain of the PURITY of her character could clearly be seen in God's holy wisdom of choosing a virgin to be the mortal mother of His Divine Son, Christ.

#### MARY'S HERITAGE

The Jewish way of life was totally conducive to supporting ritual and tradition. The attendant moral code of acceptable behavior among the young and single people was as rigorously etched into community life as is materialism in modern society. It would have been unthinkable for a young woman like Mary to be in direct or indirect communication with a young man like Joseph, without the EYES of the entire village upon them, day and night.

#### THE SPIRITUAL CHARACTER OF THE WOMAN

Just at the time in Mary's simple lifestyle, when it would seem natural to follow a course of becoming mother and wife, Mary, a young Jewish woman, delayed a desire to be wedded. Since Mary hesitated to ask of her father to choose for her or accept any quiet proposal of courtship offered to her by suitors who had approached her father, Mary's parents began to pray. As intelligent and beautiful as Mary was, her parents may have thought their daughter might be fated to a monastic or vestal virgin lifestyle.

Mary formed the habit of living a good and above-average life. She was most considerate of others' spiritual and temporal needs. If there were a basket to be carried, Mary picked it up for the owner. If there were clothes to be laundered Mary washed them along with her own. If there were sick persons to be cared

for, Mary did not hesitate to offer her nursing skills. And if the day had been long and tiring, Mary still knelt on her knees in prayer. The young woman had been spiritually prepared to accept the whole responsibility of becoming the physical mother of Jesus of Nazareth.

#### THE TRUTH OF HISTORY

To attempt to reasonably explain why God blesses any one Nation of people or any one person (seemingly above another) would be to "think for God" and I, Pearl S. Buck, humbly defer that thought. History had already recorded a number of phenomenal events that had occurred during the decade immediately before Mary was "with child." Those Holy Signs had been manifested all about in everyday life among the Jewish people.

By the time the mother of Jesus realized the implications of her Son's prophetic conception, birth and youthful steps toward Divinity, she was totally humbled and quieted her motherly concerns with prayer and meditation. Mary was helpless to change the course of her Son's magnificent spiritual journey as the Christ, being moved and molded by God. As a woman of the Jewish faith, Mary had also to put aside all of her own hopes and dreams for her Son, as it was a Jewish mother's noble custom to guide the careers of their boy children.

Time was Mary's greatest comforter and the Jewish faith was Mary's noble bond with God the Father.

#### THIS HOLY RECORDANCE

This Akashic Record does not evidence nor defend the Theological principles involved in the very character of Christ's mortal conception. It does however, offer you, the reader, a partial glimpse of Mary's spiritual background that carried her soul through a lifetime journey --- ONE THAT NO OTHER HUMAN BEING HAS EVER EXPERIENCED!

Regardless of your denominational preference or confusion in accepting the very existence of one God, perhaps you, the reader, shall find a comfort in this RECORDANCE. You shall be able to intelligently evaluate for yourselves the quality of a mother's description of the spiritual character of her courageous faith on the last day of her public visit with her Son.

Pearl S. Buck

### IN MARY'S HOME

John (the Apostle) stood stricken with pain as he entered the doorway of mine humble little house. "Mary, Mary - oh, Mary," he spoke, "I cannot bear to even tell you what they have done to our Master, our Lord Jesus."

For most of that day, I, the mother of Jesus of Nazareth, had been "prepared by the Holy Spirit" and the kindness of all mine sister-friends who had come forward to offer their friendship in mine hour of need.

I had been spared the seeing and hearing of the public outcry for mine Son's public sentencing of death by crucifixion.

At first torn between walking with Him to Golgotha or remaining at a distance, I saw His Holy face in mine sleep and mine Son asked of me, "Mother, do not come until I call." Thus, I had waited and prayed.

When John had come, carrying the scars of the radiant pain of his Master, mine Son, Jesus, I knew mine Son had not yet taken His last breaths.

### THE WALK TO GOLGOTHA

The ground was muddy from the rains the night before. A few women friends and two maternal cousins walked with me. They wept as we moved in a little group toward Golgotha.



The pounding of mine heart could have awakened a lion, miles distant. The churning of mine faith troubled mine heart and every step that brought me closer to mine Son became a weighted journey of its own.

"Mine Father in heaven," I prayed, "may it be Thy Holy Will to send down Thy Angels and save mine Son."

GOLGOTHA, APPROXIMATELY 500 YARDS FROM THE THREE CROSSES

All the people could see the crosses in the ground as they were staked close together. Some people stood in idle curiosity, others wept for the loss of a great Man few had really known. Soldiers were heavily positioned far beyond the usual order of any crucifixion.

The sullenness of the very ground absorbed any hope that a miraculous favor would be granted this day. Time seemed to float backwards and I, Mary, struggled with the memory of the sweetness and tenderness and great considerations Mine Son had often offered His father, Joseph, and I, His mother.

In mine breast there was a fire of appeal that Yahweh would grant unto me COMPLETE FAITH - that this Day was given, as Yahweh had asked, that I, one humble soul, be granted the courage to hold fast mine faith and without tremble or quiver, offer mine Son some measure of respectfully honoring His everlasting Gift for all Mankind.

GOLGOTHA, APPROXIMATELY 100 YARDS FROM THE THREE CROSSES

The last path to the crosses was covered by rain puddles, filling the ruts made by passersby and Roman carts in preparation for removing the crucified men.

No flowers grew on that barren soil. The earth turned over so many times, it was as if, each time, the feet of those who journeyed to this place of chastisement had chastised the very earth itself.

Clouds had begun to be colored bluish-gray and the rumblings of distant thunder began to move a wind that grew in moans and whispered tones.

My head scarf began to fly in the wind as if an Angel had come to give me strength.

GOLGOTHA, APPROXIMATELY 125 FEET FROM THE THREE CROSSES

Near the top of the mounded earth, I began to see a redness in the muddy water of the puddles on the ground. It was befitting, I thought, to honor all souls in attendance of this Day by looking only at the heavens or only at the earth.

Without preparation, I saw a few nails on the ground as if they had been hurriedly dropped and I began to recognize the odor of blood.

GOLGOTHA, APPROXIMATELY TWELVE FEET FROM THE THREE CROSSES

Slowly, John placed his arm about mine shoulder. I heard the sounds of breathing and I knew that I stood in front of mine Son. Slowly, with a prayer for every sight I saw, I began to pay homage to Yahweh and as mine eyes followed the mutilations of mine Son's body, I began to tremble for Him.

Darkness now began to spread over the skies above and a small rain spattered the tears across mine face. I held a white garment on mine arm. The memory of His swaddling clothes, I held in mine heart.

John assured me that mine Son was nearing His last breath and without preparation, I heard His voice speak to me. As great the desire to touch mine Son, I arose in consciousness and esteemed Yahweh's mighty strength was greater than to be allowing me another spell of faintness.

NOTE: On the next printed page you shall come upon a most blessed recordance. It is a small portion of Christ's Holy words as He spoke them to His blessed mother from the cross at Golgotha.

In humble reverence and full respect of His Gift to all of humanity, the printed words make clear that Christ-Divine maintained His state of consciousness to the very end. The asterisks vividly portray His pausing for breath (each one indicating passage of one second of time).

Please pause in your reading and "see" the blank page as a gentle reminder to take a moment for silent reflection in memory of this holy and historical spiritual event.

Christ continues to "pause" as He awaits all of Mankind to join with him in living a life in a Christ-like manner. P. S. Buck.

AT THE FOOT OF CHRIST'S CROSS

Mine heart was wretched with the pain of what I beheld by way of mine Son's loving compassion for all people. A screaming sound came from some part of mine being and the echoes of mine anguish filled, I believe, the entire crater of Golgotha.

XX  
Mother \*\*\* mother \*\*\* thou art blessed amongst women.  
Mother \*\*\* I am no longer in pain, for Mine \*\*\* journey of  
being mortally caste is over. Mother, the Gates of Paradise  
wait in Angelic ministrations \*\*\* and all that ye see done  
unto me \*\*\* Your Beloved Son \*\*\*\*\* shalt permit the Gates  
of all the Heavens to open forevermore \*\*\*\*\* for ALL  
SOULS upon earth. I gaze upon your face \*\*\*\*\* Mine mother  
\*\*\*\*\* in memory of your loving faith that unto ye a Gift  
was given \*\*\*\*\* and YEA, Mine mother, ye freely chose to  
share Mine life with all souls. \*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\* I humbly ask thy  
"forgivance," Mine mother \*\*\*\*\* for all trespasses I may have  
grieved thy heart. I humbly ask thy "forgivance," Mine mother  
\*\*\*\*\* for all that was unspoken.  
\*\*\*\* In honor of thy loving ways, Mine mother, I, Your Son  
\*\*\*\*\* have committed Mine Spirit to  
Mine Heavenly Father for ALL OF ETERNITY.  
XX

Moments passed and mine Son's agony seemed to worsen. Holy words came forth in a tumult from His swollen face.

Mercy! I begged Mercy from the soldiers.

John turned mine unresisting form toward the East and without a word, sound or glance, I, the mother of Jesus of Nazareth, fell to the ground as Christ, mine Son, drew in His last breath.

THE UNFOLDING OF THE MOMENT AS JESUS THE CHRIST WAS TAKEN DOWN  
FROM THE CROSS

The GREATNESS OF THE MOMENT stilled the very air and for one quarter of the hour, the sky and earth were suspended by the radiant energy of mine illumined Son's passing into and through eternity.

The lifeless shell-form of the MAN called mine Son, became a memory that strengthened mine remaining years on earth. And often that Holy memory comforted many souls who came to hear from a mere woman the story of the Messiah.

As abruptly as the stillness came, it was shattered by a bolt of lightning that struck the ground of muddy dirt behind, in front and on the right side of mine Son's cross.

Thrice the lightning burned the earth and scored its surface as if three heavenly arrows had pierced the hearts of all men suffering from ignorance.

Thunder moved across the skies and in coverlets stretched out the billowing clouds of accumulated shuddering darkness and, as a great and majestic heavenly blanket, drummed out a "natural song" for mine departed Son, Jesus the Christ.

Winds tore at the crosses. The guards began to hide their faces and mine Son's last bodily garment was swept up off the

ground and flew of its own accord across His illumined form,  
still fastened to the crossbar.

Women screamed and cried out prophesies. Men knelt or ran through the muddy steps of the place. Children stood silent and were moved to tears by the very sight of all that they were witnessing.

And John, beloved John, knelt on the ground in humble obeisance with no care for his life or his death.

In that moment of majestic acknowledgment in a way that only mortal beings could comprehend, I, Mary the mother of Jesus of Nazareth, stood "afired" with a new faith. And as I gazed upon the countenance of mine departed Son I knew in mine heart He would ARISE in Glorious Raiment and I, Mary, would be blessed again to witness His radiant Ascension to Paradise.

In memory of the Holy Day when Mine Son, Jesus, surrendered His last breaths at Golgotha, I, Mary surrendered the entireness of mine soul to God eternal.

THE LATTER DAYS OF MARY'S MORTAL LIFE.

IN RETROSPECT, A LIFETIME OF MEMORIES

I, Mary, the mother of Jesus, was given to bear a small child who appeared in no manner to be other than a healthy boy child.

Given in prayer, prophesy and temple sacrifice, I, Mary, found favor in clinging with all mine strength to the Wisdom of Yahweh Who had favored all of Mankind with His Son.

Given to mine humble care as a physical mother to lovingly assist His journey through life, I recognized toward the end of mine earthly journey ...

"a mother and a father are given only to guiding their children, as the children are come from God, not man."

I, Mary, the mother of Jesus of Nazareth, leave unto the Guardians of the AKASHA to open unto those souls who see all truth as Love, this "recordance" in honor of God eternal and in honor of mine Son, Yehshua, Jesus the Christ.

AMEN.

CHAPTER IV --- Part 3  
COURTS OF MANKIND

Introductory Message by Edward R. Murrow

In the accompanying Holy recordance of Christ's memorable cross-examination by the temple priests, the Akashic record offers hitherto little-known insights into that historical trial.

I, Edward R. Murrow, am privileged to offer you, the reader, a profile of the historical figure, Caiphas.

Rome and Religion were the catalysts that finally brought Christ, the Divine, and Caiphas, the priest, together in history and together in the sight of God.

Caiphas, the chief priest of the Sanhedrin High Councillors, was spoken of by the faithful of old Jerusalem's community as an unbending but fair man. In the eyes of Rome, Caiphas was the man from within the ranks of the Jewish leaders to be reckoned with. He had deftly learned to apply the fine art of negotiation as arbitrator between Rome and the faithful followers of Yahweh.

This religious leader had no delusions and was most practical in his assessment of how best to utilize all resources available to him to maintain the political harmony between Rome and the Jews. He had set up a "give and take system" between his religious supporters and the principal government representatives of Rome living in Jerusalem, at that time.

The chief priest would not surrender his personal beliefs or temple duties. He literally outlined to Rome just how much the Jewish community would tolerate. In this religio-politico posture of leadership, Caiphas had merited the majority vote of the faithful. He had gradually and carefully provided an invisible net of protection around the Jewish people, giving the general populace a feeling of high respect for the man's abilities as their protectorate.

When Christ, the new prophet, was brought to the attention of Caiphas, the chief priest took a position of watch and wait.

For three years he sent his men in among the crowds wherever Christ was teaching and healing. During that time, he sent several invitations to Christ to become a "brother" with the Sanhedrin councillors.

Christ responded by silence.



Caiphas respected Divinity and acknowledged the Nazarene's magnanimous contributions to the number of healings that had taken place and thus he was inclined to "go along with" the new prophet's ways, for a time.

As the Galileean continued his public ministry, He began to cross over and into the governmental power structures of Rome and the religious power structures of Judaic beliefs.

Chagrined and exasperated by the public challenging of Judaic and Roman laws, Caiphas again watched and waited, hoping Christ would make a mistake. On the day the Chief Priest finally received the evidence he was looking for, he began to implement the religio-politico machinery that set into motion the Nazarene's arrest in Gethsemani and the consequent cross-examination which ended with Caiphas himself authoring the Indictment.

Christ had declared Himself to be the Son of God. The public declaration was interpreted as a religious crime, identified as blasphemy. The required punishment was death.

The justification of Caiphas' actions in this historical event appeared to protect Judaism from the treachery of heretical teachings; support the power structure of Jewish beliefs; and keep intact the lines of communication for the Judaic communities throughout the empire of Rome.

The intelligent humility of Christ responded to the accusations of His Divinity by addressing Caiphas as "His brother"!

THE COURTS OF MANKIND

...Now Caiphas was he  
who had given the  
counsel to the Jews;  
That it was expedient  
that one man should die  
for the people.

John, Chapter 18:Verse  
14 (Douay Version)

AKASHIC RECORDANCES  
OF  
CHRIST'S HOLY MEMORIES

MOMENTS BEFORE THE SECOND INTERROGATION OF CHRIST\*

*The spirit of the Passover feast had illumined the air with the coming scent of rain and the night air was cooling to the skin. The end was upon Mine Spirit and Mine hours of living in the caste of a mortal form would soon be "radified" (glorified). I, Yehshua, "ascended" my thoughts in prayer .....Hold with me, Mine Father, through this hour. Make of me Thine Image in this labor of love.*

THE COURTROOM

*The Great Hall of Judgment was large in the minds of men. The chamber was oft used for the hearing of case after case. The barrenness of all trappings of mortal life was evidenced by the symbolism of a few material comforts afforded the men of the High Court.*

*The emptiness of the place was illumined by candles; small tapestries and the inlaid signs of the Covenant engraved into*

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\* But they holding Jesus, led him to Caiphas, the high priest, where the scribes and the ancients were assembled. Matthew, Chapter 26:Verse 57 (Douay Version)

*the walls and floors. The aromatic fragrance of the altar incense breathed unto Mine Spirit a remembrance of Paradise.*

THE JUDGES

*Mine eyes looked upon the chamber of men as if the hearts of the high councillors, engraved in tradition, reflected the smooth polish of the floors formed in marbelized patterns; and their hearts felt as cold and empty as the snows of Marakesh. Their meeting table, how poor, I thought. Far distant from \* the gathering of Mine Apostles and our table board of sharing our Last Supper together!*

THE ADVOCATE FOR THE PROSECUTION:

*Rabbi, we have come to hear your own words. (Caiphas sat apart and quiet from the Council.)*

*Give claim to us, prophet, show unto us in this your last hour the ONE HOLY SIGN that shall refute our Judgment of Your blasphemy against Yahweh and the Ark of the Covenant!*

THE DEFENDANT - CHRIST:

*Silence was Mine answer.\**

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\* And the high priest arose and said unto him, Answerest thou nothing? What is it which these witness against thee? Matthew, Chapter 26:Verse 62 (King James Version)

*Troubled, even in this last hour, the Councillors began to speak, one after one.\**

THE YOUNGEST COUNCILLOR:

*Jesus of Nazareth, why would ye take upon your own head the measure of all that has come onto our heads as you have freely moved about the Land of our Nation, Israel?*

THE DEFENDANT - CHRIST:

*I came in Love from Mine Father's Kingdom. Mine Kingdom is not of this earth. Show to Me the wrongs that I, Jesus of Nazareth, have brought upon the houses of Judea, and I shall honestly reply.*

THE SCHOLARLY COUNCILLOR:

*Prophet, in this last hour we are able to save ye. Do ye find no comfort nor wisdom in our consideration for thy own soul?*

THE DEFENDANT - CHRIST:

*Elder brother, ye have accused Me of blasphemy because I bless and heal the sick and dying upon the Sabbath. Ye have "stood Me afront" and see not that I stand with Mine Heavenly Father.*

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\* And the chief priests and all the council sought for evidence against Jesus that they might put him to death and found none. Mark, Chapter 14:Verse 55 (Douay Version)

THE ADVISOR (A SAGE AND SEER):

*Nazarene, in thy prayers, Rabbi, hast it not come in the form of the spirit to offer us, your brothers, an understanding in mortal ways that would befit our station in life? Have you no compassion for our concerns and responsibilities to all the people placed under our spiritual care?*

THE DEFENDANT - CHRIST:

*Blessed are ye, the Peace Keepers, for ye shall be given the Kingdom of Mine Heavenly Father.*

*And at this time, Caiphas stood straight and strode forward to look into Mine eyes.*

DISCOURSE BY CAIPHAS:

*Prophet, ye are not the first sent from the Holy God.*

*In these years of thy teachings, that have trampled on the Holy Laws of the Ark of the Covenant, ye have shown unto us that ye are not the mightiest nor are ye a David or John <sup>2</sup> . Ye speak of love and heal the most diseased, with words that affect the faithfulness of the people. Ye send forth a tone of speaking that pronounces our ways to be in error.*

*Ye hold to MANIFESTATION of a kingdom, I see no kingdom, Prophet!*

*ye hold to the holy gift of separating the words of the Holy scrolls as if ye alone are given the understanding and completeness.*

*we have watched ye disturb the people!*

*we have heard ye speak in blasphemy!*

*we have followed ye and thy little band of men and ye have crossed and crossed again over every consideration of our councils!*

*ye speak of compassion. where, Prophet, is thy compassion for us, the men who have abstained by fasting; have offered altar sacrifices; have maintained the cleanliness of our communities; and have guided all the peoples of Judea before ye were "borned" on this Land?*

*CHRIST'S SELF-DEFENSE:*

*Ye have spoken wisely, my brother Caiphas. Ye seek knowledge and yea, ye place the importance of altar incense and sacrifices before the love of Mine Father. Ye bear witness that I, Jesus, hold the TRUTH contained within the Ark of the Covenant and yet ye see not the compassionate wisdom in healing the blinded on the Sabbath.*

*Ye speak in the name of the people and verily I, Jesus of Nazareth, say unto ye, my brother Caiphas, greater glory is there in speaking the TRUTH than in the understanding of any knowledge.*

*Ye speak of the needs of the people. How is it Mine brother, Caiphas, ye are not able to "let down thine own robes of majesty" and walk into the by-roads and alleyways of all of Judea and give unto the people the riches of the temple? In so doing, ye, Caiphas, wouldst be held as giver to the dying, starving and diseased.*

*I, Jesus the Christ, surrender not Mine Faithful manner in testament of Mine Name as the Son of God. Jehovah, the illumination of Mine Father, Yahweh, shall accord Mine temple to be "ARISED" within three days and I, Jesus of Nazareth, the Son of God, shall raise up the temple.\**

*Upon these words, Mine brother Caiphas was filled with the red color of rage. In symbolic gesture, he tore his own tunic in anger for all to witness.\*\**

*\* Then said they all: Art thou then the Son of God? who said: You say that I am. And they said: What need we any further testimony? For we ourselves have heard it from his own mouth. Luke, Chapter 22:Verses 70 and 71 (Douay Version)*

*\*\* Then the high priest rent his clothes, saying, He hath spoken blasphemy; what further need have we of witnesses? Behold, now ye have heard his blasphemy. Matthew, Chapter 26:Verse 65 (King James Version)*



SUMMATION BY CAIPHAS:

*Ye have spoken thy own sentence, Prophet!*

*We are not men of foolish knowledge nor are we given to accepting idolatry, in the Name of the God of all of Judea.*

*How dare ye speak thus to our holy council which has come together this night to speak in a brotherly manner of considering the importance of thy own immortal soul?*

*How dare ye throw upon our temple robes the caste of ignorance as if we, the learneds and chosen ones, have not kept Faith with the God of all life?*

*How dare ye cast upon us, as if we were children, the simpleness of wisdoms and accord thine own mind to be above our years of learning, watching, teaching and supporting of many Prophets?*

*How dare ye, Prophet, blaspheme the Holy Name of Yahweh and stand in "tattered rags" of no high office temple servant, as if ye, above all others, shall heal, enlighten and mend all adversity upon the Lands of Judea?*

*I, Caiphas, speak now to my Spirit that it may bear witness to these truths spoken; and shed my soul of the "burning-ness" of blasphemy and idolatry!*

*Take him!*

*Take the Prophet to His rightful place with Yahweh.*

*Take the Prophet and keep Him well-bound, that all may see that this holy court of reasonable, wise and compassionate men offered in loving wisdom the atonement sacrifices<sup>3</sup> opportunity to display a penitent attitude) necessary to "clean"<sup>4</sup> the soul of this Man, the Nazarene!*

OFFICIAL INDICTMENT

*Let it be told to the peoples of Jerusalem that Jesus, this Jesus of Nazareth, holds no covenant with Yahweh, but holds a pact with blasphemy and traitorous conduct against our Holy Laws, given us by God, not sent us by any man, prophet or other!*

CHRIST'S MEDITATIVE REFLECTIONS

*The distance in men's hearts who have learned a little of the Holy wisdom of Mine Heavenly Father is the space in their thinking. The Court that adjudged Mine crime as one of Blasphemy and Traitor to the beliefs of the Holy Ark of the Covenant, knew not what they spoke. They spoke in care and worry for the people and themselves. They knew not that the people were able to speak for themselves!*

*The CHASTISEMENT was ended, the alter incense had become one more cinder in the brasier that stood before the councilman's physical symbol of authority and title to teach the Holy Laws.*

*I was returned to Pilate and in that second visit with a non-believer, I saw in a Roman governor more wisdom of Holy Law than in the faithful High Priests of the temple.*

*And Jesus said to him: I Am and you shall see the Son of man sitting at the right hand of the power of God and coming with the clouds of heaven. Mark, Chapter 14:Verse 62 (Douay Version)*

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1. "Far distant from" ... meaning so different by comparison to the last meal taken by Christ and His Apostles.

2. "nor are ye a David or John" ... meaning King David or John the Baptist.

0. "the atonement sacrifices" ... meaning the physical or verbal action of being spiritually or in spoken word, penitent.

3. "clean the soul" ... meaning a penitent attitude begets forgiveness.

## CHAPTER V --- Part 1

### THE SON OF MAN

Foreword by Ernie Pyle

Holding to tradition is a spiritual and intellectual comfort when a soul is approached with new thinking in any era of history.

James the Lesser (son of Alphaeus) was blended into Christ's life through Christ's calling of his brother, John. They followed a path that no mortal man would possibly be able to perceive as a holy outcome.

James, good-sized in proportion to his height, was a well-balanced human being. He was not given to being attracted or mesmerized by any person alleging to be a messenger of God.

Upon his first meeting with Jesus of Nazareth, he kept his opinion hidden deep in his heart.

Having accepted Christ's firm guidance that God did not intend for men or women to follow in His steps without thinking it through on their own, James felt kindly to listening carefully to the teachings of the young prophet.

After several days of absorbing the young Rabbi's interpretation of the holy laws passed down through the centuries from Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, James came toward a loving God through the teachings of Christ.

Once secured in his heart with the tenacity to see through to the finish a journey with a veritable stranger, James set about to inform his family and friends of his new vocation in life. He told them all, "I shall be helping to fish for the souls of men."

Mystified by the absence of two sons, the family and relatives bowed to the wisdom of Jehovah. They prayed humbly that the sons whom they had lost to Christ, would be forever loved, protected and freed by the MAN claiming Divinity in the holy name of Yahweh.

James walked through life with the badge of courage that knighted him a place in history as the one Apostle who rarely disagreed with any soul's right to find his own way to God.

James soared on his spiritual venture. He lovingly walked, listened, lifted the children, opened village gates and helped to hold back the throngs of the public when they heard of the coming of the Galileean to their countryside or town.

Neither in the spotlight nor in the shadow, James stood fast with Christ through the years of training, teaching and sharing the life of the Saviour of the world.

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"The Son of Man came not to destroy Man, but to raise up his spirit."\*

"The uncleanness of thinking that God would desire only one path to His holy kingdom comes from Man's own inability to hear clearly that God is owned by no man or tradition."

As I, James the Lesser, thus spoke to the newest of converted Judeo-Christians, I felt a slight tearing in my heart. I remembered well the first few weeks of my own careful consideration of our Lord's wisdoms. He allowed for all men to give free choice in the worshiping of His heavenly Father, Yahweh.

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\* As James the Lesser "began his ministry as an apostle," he stood tall in public places and delivered the teachings of Christ as a born orator. James chose to reinforce Christ's public words in this, his opening statement to the newer Christians. Holy Scripture had not yet been recorded so James was quoting Christ, in part or whole. The King James Version of the Scripture reads: Luke 9:56 - The Son of Man is not come to destroy men's lives but to save them. Matthew 5:17 - Think not that I am come to destroy the law or the prophets; I am not come to destroy but to fulfill. Ernie Pyle

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character that molded and etched the countenance of our Master's every thought, word and action was beyond my humble learnings.

Day after day, lesson after lesson, my soul began to be "hard put" in its case for clearly seeing the line of distinction between Man and Divine being.

My spirit struggled as if it were in a tumultuous storm. And, beset by these discomforts of my heart, I, James, sought the listening heart of my friend and Master-teacher, our Lord, Jesus. While His holy head was bowed upon his arm in prayer, I, James, knelt softly upon the ground a good distance away.

It was the third day past the Transfiguration on the Mount. The sun was letting go of its journey for that moment in eternity.\*

Slowly, our Master turned His head toward me and in the reflection of the sun in the heavens, I saw about the crown of

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\* This sentence is a fine and simple example of what wisdom and beauty are lost when various languages are translated into English. The English translation in this case will simply read "sunset."

His being, a Halo of Light\*.

"James my brother", our Master spoke unto me, "come follow with me in prayer and together we shall 'arrive' your soul in comfort with the ways of all peace and understanding that dwell in the heart of Mine heavenly Father."

As would a beggar, I, James, doddled toward the greatest Man I had ever heard speak. And, finally arriving at a comfortable place upon the ground (near His Divineness), I trembled as the Son of God prayed compassionately for my soul.

No mere man of mortal form is capable of holding love for one's fellow man to the same extent that our beloved Lord, Christ expressed to all souls who quivered with the joy at His passage through their life.

A prayer for one's soul by the Son of Man, expressed in mortal words ascending from the depths of Christ's spirit, became

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\* I, Ernie Pyle, offer this celestial thought. Any attempt to accurately depict what James the Lesser was witness to during this personal spiritual experience, would not be reverentially respectful to Christ, nor to James.

The essence of this AKASHIC RECORDANCE is the personal accounting of James seeing with mortal eyes a visible manifestation of Christ's illumined radiance.

I, Ernie Pyle, am unable to offer an accurate description of honoring the truism of that spiritual encounter, in any language known to man.



like unto a hallowed echo reaching through all of eternity and drowning out all fears, discomforts and discontents.

The shoes of this "Fisherman of Men" could never be filled by any soul more understanding, compassionate or giving of Himself.

Our Master was able to lift and enlighten the tragedies that all souls must pass through which help them attain a deeper understanding of the breadth and width of the Creator's hand in the Image of all that He sends to earth. When that day had passed from my life, I, James, made an effort to pray more slowly and to listen for even one word from the mightiness of God and the compassion of His Divine Son, Christ.

The ever-motion of spiritual growth exacted from my heart no dreams of greatness or eternal life in mortal form. The ever-motion of spiritual life while moving through eternity in the form of a human being, presented a wide pathway that assisted my own stumbling steps as yet another "son of man."

In the last year of our brotherhood (those of us called "the twelve") as the end came near (the end to our Master's leaving us in a public manner), I became closer to the Beingness of the Almighty Father.

I began to receive the comforting knowledge that our beloved leader had spoken all truth, had given all His love, had

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of our acceptance as His true friends and loyal followers.

On the last day of my mortal life, as I stood bound by the "ropes of ignorance"\* and was moved forward to the precipice of the temple, I smiled at the horizon. For there, with the clarity of a song bird in my hour of seeming need, I, James, Son of Alphaeus, took upon my soul the calming salve of remembering the face of the holy Son of God Who had prayed for me to His Father of all the heavens.

And in the "pushing over" of my body, my soul flew to Paradise and I, James, again heard a prayer spoken for me by our Master Christ, spoken as no mortal man could ever speak, "Father, I implore Ye, welcome Mine brother James to Paradise. He loves Ye, Mine Father, as I love Thee."

In humble remembrance of my days with our beloved Lord, Christ, I, James, the Son of Alphaeus, remain in humble obedience to the holy will of God Almighty, forever and after in all of eternity.

AMEN.

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\*\* James was martyred in Jerusalem. He was "pushed off" the parapet of the temple.

## CHAPTER VII --- Part 2

### MARY OF MAGDALA

Foreword by Pearl S. Buck

Ancient Jerusalem had not yet attained a social outlook toward the protection of women's rights. Women were afforded physical protection by their husbands, brothers, cousins and religious tribes.

The archaic and barbaric customs of the wholesale slaughtering of women and children as Rome moved its armies through many lands, necessitated the individual Tribesmen of all countries to afford some basic principles that would cohesively bond together: culture, tradition and a workable moral code of behavior.

To sanction any woman of that day and afford her the common courtesy of acknowledging her HUMAN RIGHTS to be imperfect, would have created its own hero-worship following.

As the norm, neither Rome nor Jerusalem offered an opportunity of higher learning or title for the women of that day and age. It was assumed that a woman was to take upon herself the role of mother and wife, being set free from the responsibilities accompanying a position of authority. A select few escaped the inevitable and, by merit or sponsorship, were placed into service as temple priestesses, scribes or court recorders.

Within the masterful teaching skills of the Divine Saviour, Christ provided for women the truth that they, too, had been given the right to be treated with respect and honor; and to be afforded the protections of the highest laws of the land.

There seemed to be little similarity between the prophet, Jesus of Nazareth, and the Holy Messengers of God sent from the beginnings of the Judaic structure of worshiping One God.

In those days, many women were touched by the hearing and seeing of Jesus of Nazareth. He preached to large crowds of their neighbors and friends. The greatest of prophets talked with the people while sitting on the ground. The Galileean stood on the temple steps; and spoke of Love while standing in small boats. Christ spoke of freedom for all souls.

Rarely was there any alternative from such a rigid lifestyle which demanded of the individual woman the giving up of her rights to act in accordance with the God-given gift of intelligence and free choice. Resigning one's self to the acceptable and known was the "best choice".

The last choice for any woman was simply to sell or give away her virtue.

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The fish dangled by the dozens from the tent poles in the market place. Often I, Mary of Magdala, had thought how men had spoken of the smells of the world and yet had no care when exchanging their money belts in the market places.

Hawkers and buyers; silk merchants and temple scribes, all came together near the leeward side of Jerusalem.

Women would openly chatter about my dress, the combs in my hair and the reddened grease upon my lips. Oiled with fragrant spices and bathed in honey water, I, Mary of Magdala, could see no hurt or harm in my life.

The men who came to my door knocked before they entered. Some spoke of the government's lack of knowledge, others told me stories of great makers of men. Still others came to share the private moments of their greatest dreams.

In my heart I had meant no harm. As a child there were few who had discovered the compassion to separate me from my mother.

She, too, lived a life with many men.\* Our ways were short of prayers and our days were many times filled with harsh words, unkind blows and, on occasion, threats of death.

Life was happy for me, life was not full. Sense told me that to ever think that I, Mary of Magdala, could shed myself of the blanket of social glances would be to think myself the goddess, Diana.\*\*

It was strange, the day I first heard of the new prophet, Jesus of Nazareth. The women in the market place forgot somehow that I was a marked woman and yet they freely spoke to me of this heroic prophet.

For several months I put off any thought of seeing Him and hearing Him speak. People often told of His whereabouts, but such a journey could not be easily made. In my soul I had begun to suffer the memories of the hundreds of faces of men. My heart grew weary in listening to their tales of wise sayings and their woes for which my time was taken.

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\* Mary may have been implying that had she been separated from her natural mother during childhood, perhaps it would have been a compassionate gesture. Pearl S. Buck.

\*\* 1. In Roman mythology the goddess of the moon, of hunting and of virginity; identified with the Greek Artemis; hence 2. (poetic) the moon.

A newness had filled the market place with stories of great healings and a prophet who spoke of LOVE AND COMPASSION.

Within my head I felt a need to see for myself, the truth of such a man, claiming such purity of thought. Edging toward Capernaum, I moved along with a small group of pilgrims walking to hear this Master speak.

As if the same sun arose today, I, Mary, remember as clearly as a crystalline pool of water, the eyes of JESUS OF NAZARETH. He spoke of loving One God; He spoke of helping our neighbors and friends; and mostly He spoke of the value of our souls. There were no slaves, He said. The Galileean stood up to the preachings of the temple. He seemed to care not for all risks of His words and yet He cared greatly for all of life and all people of all nations.

At sunset we left the great crowds and began our journey home. Little did I know how one day that radiant Being would gaze into my eyes and speak to me, Mary, a marked woman.

There was no gift that I could have given to our Lord Christ more great than my love of purity. The Holy Oils, given to anoint His Holy Feet, chastened my life with compassionate forgiveness of all my trespasses against my fellow man. Hardly a breath did I draw in, for in such a PRESENCE I know not the human being who is able to feel naught but light. Closer, He

drew me closer in remembrance of my every deed until the doors of my soul were opened in amazement that no more should I, Mary of Magdala, be slave to any man.

The sages of that day had often visited my quarters and yea on the very moment of my forgiveness day, they sat in judgment upon my own soul.

"Go, Mary, and trespass no more." Those, the only words spoken by our Lord Jesus! Love welled up within my heart, for no man had made me feel clean and pure and wanton of a Just and Holy Life.

As if awaiting for His arrival at any moment, I, Mary of Magdala, closed my doors to all visitors. For a time I wandered and gave freely of my help to people who were ill and ailed of pains in their bodies. Then I chose freely to take a small service with a potter, helping to mix the clay, sand and water as well as carrying the vases and vessels to dry in the sun.

There was harmony and purity in my life and the stains of yesterday had been removed. Though too, a need had arisen for a serving of Yahweh, no one could offer the filling of that need.



Then the day struck in time and, crashing about me, came people running like dogs in the street. "Crucify Him, Crucify Him," they cried.

Who, I thought, is the afflicted one this time?

I was barely able to support my own legs when a child said unto me, "the Nazarene, Mary, it is the Nazarene whom they will crucify."

I ran somewhere inside into a no-place, trying to hide from such a thought. Hardly could it be real, perhaps the child in excitement had confused the whole story!?

Slowly, I moved in peace toward my neighbor's house and asked of the father of the home, had he heard the news.

"Yes, Mary, we have heard. It is not well with the customs of our Law that our people would allow for a man to speak His Name as being the Son of God."

My being shattered, for at least now, I had been given the truth.

Keeping my distance, I returned to my room and thought of what to do. Next, I dressed in plain clothes and could think only

of visiting with Jesus' mother. Her home was empty when I came. Confused, I pondered what to do.

The crowds could be felt by their size; the jeering and odors of men were a feeling I never forgot. It was easy to follow the steps to Golgotha as the Roman "princes" had mingled among the spectators and all moved in one direction toward the "place of the skulls". I arranged my head to follow my feet and to stay far from any talking with any' person who may care to walk the same road.

Time, wind, sun or rain had not erased the site of that unholy place. The fastening of the crossbars to the posts that held their form sickened any man or woman with a good heart. More sickness I saw on that day than on any other in my whole life.

Heavy in my heart lay the burden of my thinking that somehow, whatever the price to be paid, somehow I, Mary of Magdala, would offer whatever was required to keep our Master, Jesus, from any harm.

I managed to stand. I managed to stand and the tears came quiet. I managed to hold in my screams. I managed to keep calm all feeling of anger and injustice. I managed to stand in the great crowd of people and look upon the tortured body of our Master, My Lord, Christ.

I knew then how it had come to pass, for Mary, His mother, was nearing His cross. I waited until my heart would break for the waiting of it all. No longer could I hold back my love for all that I was seeing. I pushed my way through the crowd; I strode forward like a citizen of Rome and looked into the eyes of every man I saw.

Two soldiers stopped me near the cross and with crossed lances, they would not let me pass. The Captain came forward and I spoke of my "kinship"\* with the family of the Nazarene. Mercifully, he allowed me to move through the crowd.

I spoke no word as I stood a short step from Mary, the mother of our crucified Lord. I held no precious oils or beauteous garment on my arms. In one moment He turned His glance to my eyes and I was rigid with the fear of His leaving earth forever.

When the hour of His departure had passed, I held to Mary, His mother and John, His good friend.\*\* I felt no life in my body, no blood in my heart, no need to go on.

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\* Though Mary of Magdala was considered part of Jesus' family, she was not related by marriage or birth. Pearl S. Buck.

\*\* Mary of Magdala drew upon the spiritual strength of Christ's mother as well as the indomitable spiritual character of the Apostle John. She also helped to "physically support" Jesus' mother (with John's help). Pearl S. Buck.

The "feasting of His death" had passed over the land of Judea.

Our Master, Christ, had lifted all women, men and children forever; but how, I asked of Yahweh could He lift us now?

When finally, we few souls arrived at the whitened rock sepulchre-tomb, we passed in our hearts both a hope and a fear.

At the great tomb I knew a HOLINESS had occurred. The "feeling of the air" was "afired" with a HOLY SOUND. Light came up from the ground and shone all about.

Though quietly, I kept secret these things in my heart, for there for the whole nation to see, our Master was gone, our Master was free!.

Feeling no need to look for His Holy body, we silently walked back toward Mary's little house. I tired of the walking and asked to be left behind. The women went on and I knelt in thanksgiving of our Lord Jesus' freedom from physical life.

"Mary, Mary," the words came drifting gently, almost like rain. "Mary, Mary, come, look upon Mine Face."

And there in the common road stood our Master, Jesus of Nazareth. I trembled for the joy and I trembled for the fear, for how was I to know that a wandering soul had not somehow taken our Master's HOLY BODY.

Our Lord smiled upon my fears and spoke to me thus: "Mary, I, the Son of God, have raised up the Temple; I Jesus the Christ, have come to 'visit' with ye. "I serve now, Mary, with the RAIMENT OF MINE FATHER.

"I, the Lord Christ, say unto ye, Mine beloved Mary, rest thy heart in peace, for on this day in eternity, all souls are forgiven the sin of trespassing against another."

Our Lord Jesus vanished as quickly as He had come. Little thought did I give to speaking of that holy visit as I, Mary, was still numbed by His passing at Golgotha. And now to see our Master ARISEN IN HEAVENLY GARMENTS OF ROYAL ROBES, I, Mary, knew not what to tell.

I managed to stand. I managed to walk. I managed to remember my life must go on. I managed to hold on to every word He had spoken. I managed to think upon His ways of kind compassion. I managed to close my heart to any anger or pain of His passing and I, Mary of Magdala, managed to live my life without trespassing on the marriages of men.

In goodness, for whomsoever Yahweh intends to read of this "scroll" of my small part in the touching of my life with Jesus of Nazareth on a road that led me, Mary of Magdala to:

freedom as a woman and beauty as a soul,

AMEN.

CHAPTER VII - Part 3

LIFE IS ETERNAL

Foreword by Ernie Pyle

When a man achieves the success of his chosen lifetime occupation, there is little reason to make a major change in his career.

Notwithstanding personal calamities or poor health, a man's lifetime works lead his soul to a better understanding of his relationship with God; the wisdoms of heaven; and the universe. In addition, it gives him a more tolerant acceptance of his own shortcomings and the character defects of mankind as a whole.

Saint Andrew was just such a man!

Competent in his chosen occupation as a very good fisherman, he had aptly applied the "apprenticeship training" he had received from his peers at a young age.

By the time Andrew (one of the twelve) met with Christ, he truly had no desire to seek any personal reward, honor or particular mention of his contributions to family, community and friends.

The Apostle was well established in the small community of Galilee.

He was liked and held with respect as a man whose word could be honored and trusted. His skills in netting boat-loads of a fine catch often attracted further attention when other fishermen came back empty-handed.

Andrew had achieved (at that point in his life) a measure of inner contentment and happiness as well as a feeling of being fulfilled by using his God-given gifts as a warm, compassionate and jovial good man.

He took an interest in spiritual matters and kept "an eye on" all prophets, seers and sages of the day. Deep in Andrew's heart lay a message of inner guidance that drew on his spiritual courage and instinctive abilities to KNOW WITHOUT DOUBT the true identity of the Son of God, Jesus of Nazareth.

In Andrew's first meeting with Christ (on the beach in the fisherman's own environment), Andrew was "non-plussed" by stories he had heard from fellow citizens of his community regarding the young Rabbi.

The fisherman neither searched for Christ, nor did he hesitate in accepting Christ's hand in friendship. In his

straightforward manner, the second-chosen Apostle directly challenged the Master by asking of Him, His definition of God.

God was a loving God to Andrew and no prophet, regardless of any "alleged greatness", was going to change this Apostle's mind.

To Andrew, it was God (not a prophet), who had often stood on the deck of his small boat in the middle of a storm or calm. It was also God, as far as Andrew was concerned, that helped him to find the daily catches of fish and other sea creatures.

In gratitude to God, Andrew knelt many a night in his humble home in thanksgiving for such continual bounty which provided for the needs of his family, his "crew", and helped to support the economic welfare of his small village.

The spiritual magnetism of Christ created many "rumblings" in Andrew's head and stomach and with each visit with Christ, Andrew was finally DRAWN TOGETHER AND DRAWN IN, as one of the "holy twelve" who followed Christ on the greatest journey of their lives.

His life was firmly planted in honesty and from the source of that HUMBLE inner strength, Saint Andrew's whole life was changed by the masterful teachings of Christ.

In this holy recordance of Andrew's first few visits with Christ, hopefully you, the reader, shall be given the warmth and understanding of the courage and honesty of the man and the intrinsic value of his depth of HUMILITY.

x x x

We were brothers, gathered together under one Shepherd. Our Lord, Christ Jesus, found us hiding in our daily lives. Hardly did a one of us give thought to becoming prophet, sage, seer or Messiah.

Our "ownliness", the very measure of the inner parts of a man's character, was "brought along in life" by the True God, Yahweh, as given us in our childhood teachings.

I, Andrew, saw no need nor gain in following a life that would stand me upon any rock or in front of the great crowds of onlookers, such as were given to standing, "a-listening" to John the Baptizer.

I, Andrew, was "fixed" in life. Happy was my life, full of good work in the fishing of the seas; in the mending of my ways as a man ever moving (by an invisible hand) toward a better life.

I, Andrew, would come upon, now and then, people speaking of yet another new prophet. So be it. I pondered a while and then went on with life.

Only once spoke John the Baptizer to me, and quietly he said, "Another will come, One whom I am not fit to even see nor even worthy to unlace the latch of His sandal." I puzzled upon such a Man, for who could be more afired with zeal than the "Baptizer-John"?

The day was sunny, the waves of the Sea calm toward the shore and churning a distance away. The sparkling of the sun as it danced with the waves always gave my heart the close feeling of the True God, knowing that I, Andrew, was watchful for Him or His promised Messiah-Son.

He was just there!



Our Master, Christ, merely stood and watched me haul in my catch upon the beach. No callers came ahead of Him, no temple drummers, no fragrant incense.

A man, a mortal man, could feel the great light that lived inside our Lord, and as I moved the great net from boat to bench, I felt as if another (one I could not see) was moving the heavy burden with me.

Finished with my labors, I stood quiet, and could not help but to look upon His Holy face as if I were transfixed. Our Master had sat upon a small boat, a small sailing vessel that had been turned over for drying and mending. He beckoned with his hand to me.

My innards told to me, "Run, Andrew, run," and yet my feet obeyed my heart. Walking steadily on the sands of the Galilee shore, I reached out my hand to Him in brotherhood and at that very moment in time, I, Andrew, surrendered my whole life to Him for all eternity.

Joy spilled and splashed my entrails and the sweat from my brow stung my eyes with the understanding that the True God had "set down upon the earth" His Divine Son.

"Behold, my brother," I said, "have we not been given a full day of sun? Is not Yahweh blessing us or are Ye a prophet who speaks of a True God who lives in deafness to the men of earth?"

And our Master, Christ, smiled with the glow of an Angelic Host, "Yea verily, Andrew, thou hast said it!"

Stunned, my knees began to tremble and my great back muscles began to pull against my mind and once again my innards spake to me, "Run, Andrew, run."

(Andrew)

"How do Ye knowest Mine name, good man?"

(Christ)

"How do ye, Andrew, knowest Mine Father?"

We spoke a long while and only when dusk had begun to curl its own small light around the village did we seek the comfort of a warm meal.

There was much to think upon and much to ponder, much to put away from my life as a fisherman who knew of no great wisdoms or truth.

Our Lord had affixed His Holy gaze upon Mine Heart and spoke

with the clearness of the thunderous power of the great Sea:

Andrew, come follow Me, join with Me and Mine Father to "fish for the souls of men". Walk with Me, Andrew. Be unto Me a brother, and share thy heart's singing with Me, your Master.

Be complete, Andrew, in thy own life and take not from thy brothers and sisters what Mine Father gives freely to ye in thine own birthright from He to ye.

Spare no claim, herald no cause, speak no abomination, hold close to all teachings ye shalt be given by Me.

Call to the attention of all Men upon earth the awakening of a New Life, reach out thy heart, Andrew, and thy mind shall be filled with joy eternal.

Place incense in thy heart and fragrant Mine Father's Way with the remembrance always that life is eternal.

I bowed my head. I gave no answer. I began to walk toward my home.

He knew me, I said, the Master called me by name. He needed no manly ways to tell Him what lay deep in my heart. As I walked, I knew the journey had just begun. I turned one last time and looked upon His Holy face. He moved His hand in farewell and yet deep in my heart, I knew it to be like His first greeting, only the beginning.

Over the years of my journey with our Master, many a story I, Andrew, could tell. The beginnings! That was the importance to me, and over and again I tried to teach that story to others.

IN THE SECOND YEAR OF THE APOSTLE-ANDREW'S MINISTRY,  
ON THE COAST OF MALTA

It is the "firstness" that a man, woman or child feels as the Son of God moves the soul and heart in rhythm with the sea, to God who sees all souls on earth as first with Him.

Precious. A man's immortal soul is precious, more precious than any gold or built-up treasure gained on earth.

The holiness of living life and knowing it is eternal, relieves Man of the responsibility to order life as if he created it of his own hand. The holiness of living life and knowing it is eternal casts the soul of every man, woman and child into God's net of eternal love.

Be like all men, women and children who come to God, by way of our Master, Christ. Kneel down thy heart and thy ways shall follow. Seek Him, for He knows thy name. Comfort thy soul with the knowledge that ye, too, are first with His Father of all the Heavens.

Eternal life answers to no doors made by Man.  
Eternal life holds the full measure of a soul's  
journey and casts out the ignorance that life  
ends with mortal demise.

The soul is pure in its form and ever-changing  
in its encasement. The radiance of the soul is  
grown up like wheat in the fields. Let the soul,  
your soul, grow in raiment, also, as unto the  
likeness of the lilies of the field.

Harken your heart to the truth of eternity and  
know ye shall not wander like "losten" souls.  
Seek the Master, Christ Jesus, to guide your  
way to His Father and call upon all Holy souls  
come to earth from the beginning of eternity  
upon earth.

**AMEN.**

Editor's Note: The following pages are supplemental material accompanying this partial "The Bird of Paradise" manuscript.

1. In the first page you will note a letter addressed to President Abraham Lincoln. Telepathic communications were received from and directed to noted personalities as part of a collective non-physical group. This group participated in the transference of information included within this manuscript.

2. George Meek had specific images and artists in mind for use in publication of this manuscript, which were partially directed by noted personalities through communications received by the telepathic channel.

3. Reverence was applied to the process of communication with noted personalities of this collective group. In addition, a firm implementation of formal procedure was applied to maintain integrity of the channeled material. Each edit, revision, or change in the publishing process would need to be approved by the responsible personalities within the collective group.

April 17, 1985

President Abraham Lincoln, Secretary  
LIFELINE  
Heaven

Dear Mr. President:

I am saddened to report that although I used my best efforts to obtain permission to use the Agemian painting of Yehshua in The Bird of Paradise, the attached letter seems to give a flat and seemingly permanent refusal.

In due course I would appreciate your advice as to any alternative possibilities you may suggest.

In His Service,

George W. Meek

/mtp

An afterthought - Under no circumstances do I personally feel that the colored reproduction of the Ris Phillips' painting is suitable. However, if reproduced in black and white (or sepia), the coloration of hair and face of the Phillips' painting could be selected to appear more like the Nazarene.

CLOSING FORM FOR THE AKASHIC RECORDANCES  
OF CHRIST'S HOLY MEMORIES (CELESTIAL SIGNED AUTHORS)

PART I

\_\_\_\_\_, attest to the ACCURACY and CLARITY  
CELESTIAL ESCORT "AUTHOR"

of all the necessary editing refinements within the context of  
the AKASHIC RECORDANCE OF CHRIST as "seen in print" entitled:

\_\_\_\_\_ Chapter \_\_\_\_\_ Part \_\_\_\_\_

Date \_\_\_\_\_ per my receiving telepathic channel, little  
star.

PART II

\_\_\_\_\_, attest to the ACCURACY AND QUALITY of  
CELESTIAL ESCORT "AUTHOR"

MY Introductory Message, preceding the Holy Akashic Recordance as  
given in Chapter \_\_\_\_\_ Part \_\_\_\_\_ Entitled \_\_\_\_\_

Date \_\_\_\_\_ per my receiving telepathic channel, little  
star.

In both of the above "cases", I, \_\_\_\_\_, the  
Celestial escort of these "religious writings" and transference of  
Akashic Records, reserve the right that my REQUESTS for the printing  
of this section of THE BIRD OF PARADISE be considered by the  
accepting Publishers) and Commissioned Printer.

Should any last minute CHANGES OR MODIFICATIONS be required to  
effectually PRESENT THIS MATERIAL IN PRINT FOR PUBLICATION, as a  
GOOD FAITH POLICY, KINDLY "INFORM ME" before publication in writing.  
Humbly with Christ \_\_\_\_\_ Date \_\_\_\_\_

CELESTIAL AUTHOR

My "signature" given THROUGH my receiving telepathic channel  
in "thought transference" rather than automatic writing.



April 22, 1985

C \_\_\_\_\_ M. A \_\_\_\_\_, Editor  
The Planetary Report  
110 South Euclid Avenue  
Pasadena, CA 91101

Dear Ms. A \_\_\_\_\_:

I was much impressed by the three examples of the creative ability of Pamela Lee in the March-April issue of "The Planetary Report". Her painting "Lunar Gardens" suggests to me that she might be just the person to do the front cover jacket for a book of international significance which is to be published next spring. It would be greatly appreciated if you could provide me with Pamela's mailing address.

Sincerely,

George W. Meek  
Executive Director

/mtp

February 4, 1985

Johnson Reproductions  
c/6 Harcourt & Brace  
111 Fifth Avenue  
New York, New York 10003

Dear Sirs:

We note that you publish a reproduction of the book Bird of Paradise by Daniel G. Elliott and that the current price is \$995.00.

We ask that you send us descriptive information on this volume.

Thank you.

Sincerely,

George W. Meek

/mtp

END OF CONTENT