

The Immortal Child



Jean Hudson

The Immortal Child

By Jean Hudon

*This book is dedicated to that immortal and eternal Force
without which nothing we know would exist...*

Life !

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CHAPTER I

Birth

A long, long time ago, on an island lost amidst oceans of stars, in a place where neither foot nor eye had ever been set, a spark of Life slowly began to form and shine brighter and brighter until it beamed with an almost unbearable intensity. For the first time—*but was there ever a first time?*—Life, at a precise point in space-time, was able to manifest its Presence, diffused throughout the visible universe.

Life was already there when the first hydrogen atoms were formed from the raw material of universes. And when the first immense clouds of hydrogen gave birth to the first stars, studding the infinite vault of the sky like diamonds, there again Life was manifesting a sign of its Presence. Yes! Life has always been at the origin of all that has taken form.

But there, for the first time, all the necessary conditions were met for the beginning of the gestation of all the other forms of Life, endowed with movement and freedom. Right from these first instants was written in the great Book of Life, the Story of all beings that were to be begotten in the times to come.

We were all there, joined as One Single Being, One Single Look, One Single Thought.

The Immortal Child had just been born.

* * * * *

"Go on! Push... Push!... There, almost... just one more time! Yes! You're doing well. That's it... Oh! The head is coming out."

And with a last effort punctuated by a huge sigh of relief, Marianne expelled from her womb the little being she'd been carrying for nearly nine months.

"It's a boy!" exclaimed Roberto. Since the first contractions, he had accompanied his loving wife throughout the labour leading to the birth of their first son, now lying blissfully on his mother's breast, his eyes wandering in surprise around the room.

Once again, out of countless others, Life had completed the prodigious creation of a human body from the simple marriage of two cells. During these long months, in an uninterrupted and rapid process, the whole history of Life had been recapitulated through the different stages of formation of this little human body. But this is not the end of the attentive and protective work of the forces of Life, for birth is only the beginning of another process that spans a lifetime and far, far beyond.

On a cosmic scale, the life of a being is only a minute, yet indispensable part of an infinitely slow maturation process, leading from the first spark of Life to the apotheosis of the never fully realized total manifestation of Life. But for now, these considerations were of little relevance to Marianne and Roberto, in ecstasy before this precious gift which Life had bestowed on them. Their one and only concern was to give their son all the necessary care and attention to help him fulfil all the hopes they had for him. But in doing so, without being fully aware of it, they were becoming the invaluable collaborators of the forces of Life. They instinctively knew what to do, and not for anything in the world would they have allowed someone else to take over the sacred responsibility that had been entrusted to them.

"Tell me Marianne," asked Roberto while their new born was eagerly nursing at his mother's breast. "Did you feel it too, that powerful wave of energy that passed through my body just when the baby's head emerged?"

Her mind still numbed by the sheer intensity of what she had just been through, Marianne closed her eyes a moment, searching through the flood of emotions and sensations she had felt a few minutes ago. Suddenly she opened her eyes wide and gazed intently into her husband's. "Yes... what a strange feeling. It's coming back to me now. Like a strong electric current through all my limbs. In the heat of it all, I thought it was just emotion, but now that you say you felt it too."

"It was as if the whole room was suddenly filled with a great magnetic presence," added Roberto.

"Maybe it was our son's soul."

"Really?" asked Marianne. "Do you really think that's possible? Yet, what we both felt isn't our imagination. There must be something for us to learn here... and understand."

They were interrupted by the doctor's arrival. The labour had progressed so well that the nurse who assisted at the birth had not thought it necessary to call him.

"Well, I'm a bit too late, it seems."

"Oh, but everything has gone well," said Roberto. "You know, when you surrender to the forces of Life and let things take their natural course, everything always goes right."

"Besides, take a look for yourself," added Marianne with a broad smile of satisfaction. "Isn't he a wonderful baby?"

"Mmmmyes, of course..." replied the doctor whilst he weighed up in his own way what the parents were saying, with a reproachful glance to the nurse who had neglected to tell him early enough about the imminence of the happy event.

"Everything seems normal," he concluded after a moment. "I'll be back tomorrow to see how the breast-feeding is going."

"Tell me doctor..." asked Roberto, as the doctor was about to leave them. "Have other parents already mentioned feeling, how can I put it, something like a burst of energy passing through them at the instant their child was born? Both myself and my wife felt the same thing and I wonder if it's a common experience."

Surprised by such a question, the doctor frowned and replied casually: "Oh you know, that sort of thing really doesn't interest me and I doubt whether anyone else here pays attention to such things. I'm sorry, I can't help you. Let's put it, shall we say, down to tiredness. It must be natural!" he scoffed. And without waiting any longer, he hurried out to his other appointments.

A few days later, after considering dozens of names, Roberto and Marianne, were still not able to decide on a name for their son.

"Oh won't we ever agree on a name!" exclaimed Roberto in irritation. "How can we find out the name that best suits our son?"

"Maybe it's not for us to choose," ventured Marianne.

"Perhaps the fact that we can't agree on a name means that we haven't looked for it in the right way."

"What do you mean?" asked Roberto, suddenly intrigued.

"I believe that instead of toying with various known names, we should simply close our eyes, be still and wait until the name, the only name that's right for our son, springs up in our minds."

"Well, why not!" answered Roberto. "As far as we've got, we might as well."

Then, closing their eyes and stilling their thoughts, Roberto and Marianne slowly slipped into a sort of trance as they were accustomed to do since they first got to know each other. They were indeed at the forefront of this new generation which was discovering the importance of regularly taking a pause in their daily activities for a moment of relaxation and inner attunement. For many years, they had drawn much benefit from these meditation periods and knew how much peace and serenity this exercise could bring them.

After a few minutes, again, to their great surprise, a phenomenon similar in many ways to that experienced at the birth of their son took place. An intense vibration overwhelmed their whole beings and a great calm overcame them. They felt they were going through a unique experience they wouldn't forget for quite some time. A soft light surrounded them and soon suffused the whole room. Though their eyes were closed, each of them was able to intensely perceive the presence of the other and feel, as one single being, the limitless peace in which they bathed. And then appeared within their minds, in letters of fire, the name destined for the being born of their love.

Shivering with ecstasy and quivering gently with the currents running through them, they opened their eyes at the same time and looked at each other for a few seconds, each gazing deeply into the other's soul, perfectly aware that the other had lived through the same experience... *and knew!* Roberto and Marianne stood up in a single movement and went to the room of their son who was waiting for them, silent and wide-eyed in his cradle, a serene smile on his face and a knowing spark in his eyes.

Marianne took him in her arms and, in one breath, they spoke aloud the name which would be his: "*Gaia!*"

* * * * *

Far, far away, at the outermost bounds of the star fields of a galaxy like so many others, on a stretch of golden sands caressed by the ceaseless roll of waves, a miracle is in the process of happening. Something new, unique, never seen before, is, for the first time, disturbing the apparent peace of the worlds of 'inert' matter. A living being is taking shape.

Slow process of gestation arising from the patient work of aeons, cautious attempt emerging from the primal soup, but also promise of an uninterrupted succession of increasingly complex and evolved life forms, a cell, a single cell, simple structure of elementary forms, has taken shape through the magic of Life and opened the first chapter of the most prodigious story ever told, that of the evolution of Life in matter. For a very long time, an eternity in fact, Life had nurtured this mighty project. And there it was. Out of the Primordial Spark was born the first offspring of the unlimited creative power of Life. And soon, a second cell appeared, born out of the fission of this Primordial Spark. And, for the first time, the Universe experienced duality.

The two sparks born of the source observed each other for a time, assessing the sheer scale of what had just happened. With the third cell, the great saga of Life started its prolific ascent towards the Light. For what came from the One was bound to return to the One.

CHAPTER II

Growth

Sitting in the sand at the seaside where his parents had brought him for the summer holidays, a child scans the horizon haloed with mist. The entrancing song of the waves, the call of the seagulls, the warm breath of the wind, melt together to create a state of being awakening in him the echo of a distant past, still alive in every fibre of his being. Gaia recalls. Unable to understand why, a three-year-old boy sees in his mind's eye a succession of strangely-shaped beings, evoking memories buried in the inmost depths of his soul. But what is even more strange, he feels that these scaly animals emerging from a long forgotten prehistory are a part of himself. Far from scaring him, these images even seem to be very familiar and comforting, as real as the waves he half-dreamingly sees vanishing in bubbling white foam at his feet.

"But just what is going on in Gaia's mind... do you see that, Marianne? It's been at least fifteen minutes now that he's sitting there, motionless, gazing at the sea."

"Oh, you know, it's not the first time he's done that. Do you remember, I pointed out his attitude to you some time ago when we were in the countryside at my parents' place. He was doing exactly the same thing. Suddenly, right in the middle of his games, he stopped, sat down and started looking at the forest and far away mountains, gazing vacantly into space, like he's doing now."

Feeling he was being observed, Gaia turned his head slowly and glanced back with a smile of intelligence and complicity towards his parents who could not help smiling back at him with a slightly surprised look in their eyes and a great surge of Love in their hearts.

"What an extraordinary child we have!" exclaimed Roberto.

"Not only is he a sort of precocious contemplative thinker, but he even seems to read our thoughts! How could he know we were talking about him? Surely he couldn't hear us at this distance."

"But you've just said it yourself," replied Marianne. "He read our thoughts. That's not new either. You know we can't hide anything from him."

"Yes, I have already noticed that. Do you remember how he reacted when we planned to take a week's vacation together and to ask your mother to take care of him during that time? We'd barely thought of it when he came and stood right in front of us with his beach toys and one of those imploring looks that didn't leave us much choice."

"Yes, I remember that very well! But in fact, all this doesn't surprise me very much. Since the moment he was born when we both felt that strange energy that overwhelmed us, right up to now, he hasn't stop surprising us with his calm and cooperative behaviour, his unusual intelligence and above all his overflowing affection for us. No really, nothing can surprise me now about this child," concluded Marianne.

During this exchange, Gaia got up and came towards his parents. Just when he had almost reached them, something even more amazing happened. A transparent form, like a being of Light, gradually materialized between Roberto, Marianne and their son who stopped short, his eyes wide open, in front of this unexpected apparition. For a few seconds, nobody moved. A sense of peace, an almost tangible silence surrounded the scene of this mysterious manifestation.

"Don't be afraid," said a soft low voice which seemed to emerge from the form circled in a halo of soothing light.

"The time has come for you to know your child's unique destiny. You have been chosen to give birth to a being who bears a mission of the highest importance for the survival and evolution of your world. In fact, you agreed long ago to play this sensitive and vital role. For many lifetimes now, you have passed through difficult trials and known certain experiences intended to prepare you to fulfil the task at hand. At the appropriate time, you will regain the full memory of all those events. But for the time being, you have to reiterate the commitments you made to the One and accept to complete the work of Light that you undertook when Gaia was conceived."

Stupefied at first, then feeling a deep respect for the being of Light which had appeared from nowhere, Roberto and Marianne slowly stood up, while Gaia quietly watched the whole scene. Prompted by an inner force, gentle yet irresistible, they closed their eyes simultaneously, laid their hands on their chests,

one over the other, and were instantly overcome by a powerful, scintillating energy which seemed to flow from each of their cells.

Without the being of Light uttering a single word, the main events of their lives passed through their minds in speeded-up motion, from their own birth and the strange circumstances that had caused them to meet and fall in love, to the extraordinary events surrounding their son's birth and childhood. Then, in a rapid succession of images, they had the vision of what was in store for Gaia and of his vital mission to the human species.

Slowly bowing their heads, Roberto and Marianne picked up the thread of their present awareness and tied it once again to the sacred commitment they had made to the One long ago. Tears of joy welled up in their eyes and rolled down their cheeks.

Yes! They still accepted, more than ever, the sacred privilege of *servicing*. During a few moments which seemed like centuries, their consciousness merged with that of the being of Light and they knew what few humans know today: the future that Life has in store for us.

Then Roberto and Marianne felt a little hand touching them, expressing a wish to join in their joy and show that their happiness was shared. Kneeling down to their child's level, Roberto and Marianne also joined hands, and the three of them together formed a triangle of Love under the fires of the setting sun.

Three seagulls hovered over their heads. Rays of light wove a magical dance around them. Peace reigned within their hearts.

And thus they glimpsed the extraordinary destiny which Life had conceived for them. Aware of the huge responsibility which had thus been entrusted to them, but also somewhat concerned about how they would manage to carry it out, Marianne and Roberto stood up and looked for the being of Light who, a few moments before, had half-opened the door on the future of the world. Alas! To their great regret, he had disappeared and only the deserted beach and the infinite sea were left to witness to what had just happened. Closing their eyes to seek counsel in their hearts, they heard the Voice once again...

"Dear sister, dear brother, go in peace. I will always be at your side to protect and guide you on your Way. So it has been since the birth of your child. So it will be until the Event takes place. Everywhere, you will find signs, help and assistance, to support you in your task of educating Gaia. All the circumstances of his

existence will conspire to ensure that his Initiation to the mysteries of Life and ancient wisdom meet the needs of his mission. In every place, in every situation, you will only have to close your eyes and listen to your soul. And then you will know what has to be done."

Overcome with infinite gratitude, surrounded with Light, and with tears of joy in their eyes, Marianne and Roberto breathed deeply the pure salt air, giving thanks to the Most High for what they had just experienced and for what was in store for them. As for Gaia, he had gone back to play in the sand with his toys, like any other child his age, his soul at peace and his heart overflowing with Love for the two beings who had given birth to him.

* * * * *

Billions of years have passed. But what do billions of years mean when time does not exist? What does time mean, except the illusion of a past and a future when in fact everything is, always, in every bit of the Present. Only the eternal Now has a meaning in the illusory passage of time. Suns have been born, others have cooled down. Galaxies have whirled and spun, stunned with Light on their infinite journey from nothingness to nothingness.

Planets have taken shape by the thousands, the millions, the billions, then by the quintillions. In all colors, in all sizes, in all possible arrangements of gaseous, liquid or solid matter, they have clad themselves. The overflowing, prolific profusion of worlds created by Life now goes beyond all understanding. Everywhere, Life has blossomed. Everywhere!

In the smallest ecological niche, under every stone, in every drop of water, the fantastic ballet of molecules, orchestrated by the magic wand of Life, this universal, beneficial, marvelous Force has bred myriads of amino acids, proteins, and other compounds with an inexhaustible variety of properties. The alchemy of Life has thus launched its prodigious expansion. Single cells, groups of cells in the most heterogeneous forms, invertebrates, then vertebrates have begun to teem, swim, crawl, walk, fly. On an infinity of worlds, they have multiplied, they have proliferated, they have adapted

themselves until they cover the ground and the waters with a blanket of Life, tightly weaved, interconnected, interdependent.

The heart of the Universe has begun to beat.

The galaxies have begun to breathe.

Consciousness was then able to take flight towards the heights of intelligence and knowledge.

* * * * *

A few years later, a little boy with large clear eyes of an indefinable color, unusual blond hair and a radiant beauty, is searching for something essential, vital, supremely important to him. And to him alone. He is trying to find the reason for his existence on the planet he has been taught to call Earth.

"What did I come onto this planet to do? Who am I? What is the answer to this enigma that comes to my mind again and again? Mum and Dad did not want to help me solve this problem. They say that nobody else but I can answer it. I would really like to talk about this with someone else, but I don't see who discuss this with. All my friends seem to take so little interest in this sort of thing. All that matters to them is television and their childish games. Why am I so different from the others? What have I done to deserve it?" The more he thought about this, the less he could understand.

He could spend hours sitting under a tree, or lying on his bed, continuously turning over all these questions in his mind. He took only a superficial interest in the games he nevertheless played with his friends. The hours he spent at school seemed interminable to him, even though his parents had sent him to the best school in the area. His teachers had nothing but praise for his academic results and behaviour, but he rarely found a topic or a teacher that aroused his curiosity and stimulated his imagination.

The fact was, little of what he learned appeared to be of any use to him. Everything was so theoretical, so abstract, so superficial. Only one course touched on a subject that was close to his heart, and, even then, only in such an indirect and confused way. Indeed, although his parents did not practice the established religion of the area, he had insisted on attending classes given by a monk whose keen

intelligence and wide-ranging culture he appreciated. In fact, by some fortunate coincidence, it seemed that this person had appeared in his life exactly at the right time, offering him the signposts he needed on his inner journey to find a solution to his apparently insoluble problem.

One evening, after finishing a fascinating illustrated book he was reading on the life of Jesus, he decided to meet Mr. Gustav, his religion teacher, after class to ask certain questions which were vitally important to him.

"Tell me, Mr. Gustav, I would like to ask you some questions. Do you have a few minutes to talk about this now?"

"Of course my boy. Anything you want! What would you like to ask me?"

"Well... Yesterday evening, I read the story of Jesus' life and something struck me in this story, something that has nothing to do with the teaching he left us, but rather, how can I say it, the fact that so little is told about his youth and the teaching he himself received so that he could fulfil his mission."

"Yes, I too have noticed this lack of detail about most of the life of Christ. But what exactly do you want to ask me?"

"Well... It may sound strange, but I also feel that I have something very important to accomplish and that..."

"Oh, but you know, my boy, we all have something very important to achieve in our lifetime, and depending on our ability to love and our desire to serve others, opportunities to accomplish great things are granted to us more often than we may think. We all have a mission to fulfil in our lives."

"Ah! That's just it! As you say, I feel I have a mission to fulfil and that I have to prepare myself for it, like sort of preparing yourself before an exam. Unfortunately, I don't know what to do to prepare myself and who I can ask for help. All that I learn here at school is very interesting but it seems to me it's not really what I have to learn now. I apologize for saying that, but I always have the impression that I'm wasting my time at school and that there's something much more important that is not being taught."

"Hmm! Yes I see... I think I'm beginning to understand your problem son."

"Yes! You think you can help me! Oh, tell me, what do I have to do? You're the first person who..."

"Hold on! Just a minute, young man. Not so fast. I didn't say that I could help you."

"Oh, heck! It's always the same. Nobody wants to help me."

"I didn't say that either. In fact, I am willing actually to help you, but not the way you'd like. You see, there's something very important for you to understand now."

Gaia calmed down and sat down at the foot of the tree towards which they had been walking as they conversed, and Mr. Gustav, pleased to see a little more serenity in his young pupil, sat down beside him and closed his eyes for a few seconds before continuing.

"I understand your frustrations and preoccupations very well. I myself went through something similar when I was young, although at a much later age than you. You're really different from the others and I have often noticed the profoundness and relevance of your comments in class and, to be honest, they took me quite by surprise."

Smiling shyly, Gaia hastened to say: "Oh, you know, I don't say these things to get your attention but because that's what I really think. Also I have to tell you that of all the subjects at school, yours is the most interesting, even though the lack of interest and discipline of the other pupils makes your task quite difficult."

Mr. Gustav, who in turn was somewhat embarrassed by the look of sincere appreciation in Gaia's face, yet pleased deep down to find someone who could share his passion for the spiritual aspect of life, asked Gaia in his gentlest voice:

"When you make such accurate comments in class and ask questions that go straight to the heart of the matter, where do you get them from? Where does all this wisdom come from?"

"Hmm... It comes to me just like that by itself, I only have to follow the thoughts that spontaneously come to my mind in response to a subject or an observation and let myself be guided by a deep feeling... of rightness, I'd say. It's as if someone or something inside me prompts me, showing me an image, a vision that makes everything clear to me, all at once, in a fraction of a second."

"You see, this kind of natural gift which you have of being able to feel immediately what's right and to follow your train of thought with confidence, without getting lost in wild imaginings and irrelevancies, is a faculty we all possess, but is used by very few. To do this you must have a certain independence of mind and above all, not be afraid of being taken for an eccentric or even for a fool sometimes. You know, our whole culture is geared to the acquisition of

knowledge and the mastery of the vast body of learning accumulated by generations of thinkers who have not been afraid to stand out of the crowd or pass for eccentrics. Unfortunately, very little of what is taught today involves the faculties of imagination and intuition. You've surely already made the same observations."

"Oh yes, Mr. Gustav! You're right. I have already noticed what you say, but I had never thought about it with such clarity. But now that we are talking about it, it makes me realize that everything we know about the world around us, about the universe where we live, is based on what others have thought before us. Very little of what we learn in books, at school and even in everyday life, comes from direct and personal experience. I'm not the one who decided what's true in all the things I know today or what's good for me, in all the things I do. It's because I was willing to believe it all that I've accepted everything that I've been told. It's really amazing that I didn't realize this until now!"

"Hmm! Yes... I must admit that what you're saying now, never occurred to me! You are a truly perspicacious young man. Hmm! But since you seem to be such a good observer of the things of this world, could you tell me what prevents you from discovering by yourself what you have to do now to be prepared for your... mission? Don't you have all that you need within you to solve any problem?"

"I... I think you're right. What you're trying to tell me is that it's useless to look outside yourself for something that can only be found within."

"That's exactly what I wanted to hear from you, my dear Gaia," exclaimed Mr. Gustav exultantly to his young pupil lost in thought. Those were the last words they exchanged. After a few moments of silence punctuated by the chirping of crickets and the flight of a multicoloured butterfly, Gaia sprang up, looked right into Mr. Gustav's eyes and, after thanking him with a wide grin, left with a spring in his step towards the pond where he was in the habit of going after school to meditate and think about his day. Choosing a quiet place in the shade, he closed his eyes and mulled over what he had just realized.

Lost in his thoughts, he did not notice the time passing. Soon, dusk filled the sky with a thousand shimmering hues and a star-studded night followed the last embers of the day. It was gradually becoming clear in his mind that the time had come for him to leave behind the life he had known until now and to set off to

explore for himself the countless aspects of this vast world he had only been able to glimpse through his reading and the illusory picture box that was the family television. Confident that he would be able to convince his parents of the importance of what he had decided to undertake, he headed resolutely towards the house which he was soon to leave. His arrival did not pass unnoticed by his parents, who had been worried for quite some time about his absence, their son never having missed a meal without letting them know about his comings and goings.

"Dad, mum," said he, after calling them to the living room, "I've just taken a decision that's going to change my whole life."

He recounted the conversation he had had with Mr. Gustav and the new awareness that had resulted, as well as the long meditation that had followed near the pond.

"So I came to the conclusion that I have to stop going to school and set off to discover the world where I live and the people in it. I feel deeply that this is the only way to discover who I really am and what I have to achieve on this planet."

Flabbergasted by this announcement which was unexpected to say the least, Roberto and Marianne looked at each other in astonishment and, doing their best to remain calm, stared for a few seconds at this so intelligent young boy who never ceased to surprise them and fill them with delight.

"Gaia," said his father gently, "you know how much your mother and I love you and care for you. How can you ask us such a thing? You're barely ten years old and already you want to leave us! Is there something we have neglected in your education? Haven't we given you all our affection? And how do you think a young child like you can go out on the road and manage all right? How will you find shelter and protect yourself from the harsh climate? Where do you want to go?"

"And besides," added Marianne still in the grip of surprise, "who will teach you all you need to know to find a job or a profession later on? Who will protect you if someone wants to harm you? Who will look after you if you hurt yourself or get into trouble?"

Having prepared himself for this quite natural reaction, Gaia, without losing his composure, said to his parents: "You remember what happened at the beach one summer when I was three. You recall the being of Light, saying that he would continually be beside us to protect and guide us. Has doubt crept into your minds?"

Utterly taken aback by so much composure and by the aura of wisdom and peace emanating from their child, Marianne and Roberto could not say another word. They got up gravely and stood with Gaia between them, realizing that what was expected of them now was without a doubt the most difficult thing that had ever been asked of them: to detach themselves from the being to whom they had given all their love.

At that very moment, they heard the Voice which, since the appearance of the being of Light seven years before, had been guiding them step by step in bringing up Gaia.

"We have put all our trust in you and, today, more than ever, we can appreciate how right we were in our choice. Yes, Gaia! You are right in saying that help and protection will be granted to you all along the journey of initiation you are about to undertake. So it is for every human being who consents to follow the Way shown by his heart.

As long as you are driven by such determination, all the circumstances surrounding your life will conspire to bring you everything you need so that the Light within you may mature. Likewise, your material needs will be adequately met so that nothing may hinder your progression towards more and more Light. However, be careful not to break this bond of trust and Love with the forces guiding you, otherwise we will be unable to do anything to help you. You alone are the master of your destiny.

It is you, Gaia, who through your deeds, your words and, above all, your thoughts, determines what your present and future life will be. If you let doubt creep into your heart and spoil what is most precious in you, all help will be taken away until once again you earn by your own efforts the respect of the beings that surround you.

Nothing could be more important for you than cultivating, throughout your journey, this link with the Light dwelling within you. This will be your safest guide in every situation. This will be your bulwark against every danger. Go and remain in the Light. Life goes with you."

After hearing and meditating upon these words, whose every vibration, every intonation, were pregnant with a meaning that transcended the words themselves and touched every sensitive fibre of the soul in a symphony of Love and joy, Gaia,

Marianne and Roberto resolved to wait until the next day to consider the practical aspects concerning the journey Gaia was about to set off on.

Throughout that night, Gaia slept fitfully. Something in him refused to let go of the little world of comfort and security he had known till then. And the next morning, he had barely awoken when he had to face his first test.

Was it possible that this was the last time he would sleep in his cozy bed and that, from now on, he would live each day in uncertainty? Would he ever again see his father and mother he loved so much? And dear Mr. Gustav, whose mischievous smile always held some pleasant surprise for him, would he ever again find such an understanding and wise person to share his reflections on life?

Yes, he had certainly got himself into a strange situation indeed. For a moment, he seriously considered giving up the whole idea, but he was immediately overcome by an oppressive feeling and, in a flash, the words of the being of Light came back to his mind.

A shudder went through his body. No! He couldn't do that! There was no going back now. It was too late. He knew he had to hold his head high, take his courage in both hands and set off on the most risky adventure he had ever dared to imagine... to discover the world he lived in!

He stood up and put on his clothes, thinking quickly about what he was going to bring with him. Since he could hardly carry heavy loads, he had to limit himself to the bare necessities. Meanwhile, his parents had taken a decision which had eased their fears a little. They too had had a hard time trying to sleep and had tortured themselves thinking of what was in store for their beloved son. Meeting again in the living-room after breakfast, they suggested the following to Gaia. One of them would accompany him on his journey and that way would make sure he was well and safe. But it would be Gaia who would decide where to go and how.

The offer was tempting and Gaia came very close to accepting it. But something deep inside told him that this was not his initial intention and that it would spoil the game. He had no choice but to go alone and trust his lucky star to guide and protect him. It was the only way to prepare himself for the mission he knew he was to accomplish one day.

The die was cast. He would go alone, with Providence as sole support. Nevertheless, he promised his parents that he would write regularly to keep them

informed about his wanderings so that they would not worry. It was with a great deal of emotion that they parted on the doorstep a few minutes later.

After a last wave goodbye, Gaia set off on the long road which would lead him, he was sure of it, to find himself. But his heart was at peace because, as he said to himself, in any journey, the first step is the most difficult, the rest being but a logical progression following from this first move. He headed at first towards the school where the other pupils were already in class.

It is from quite a different perspective that he considered for a last time this cold and impersonal building where he would have spent many more long years, subjected to a teaching that was not for him. He had something else to do now in his life, and a great weight was lifted from him when he left, perhaps forever, the village which had seen him grow up.

Since it was almost the end of spring, he was hardly worried about where he would spend the night. He had warm clothes, a good sleeping bag, and enough provisions to last a few days; then he would see. All that mattered to him was to open his ears and eyes wide and feel through every pore of his skin the universe flooded with exhilarating fragrances that was all around him. He had no precise plan for his destination or his itinerary. He had chosen to let himself be guided by what would appear on his way and he surrendered in complete trust to the fortunes of discovery.

Suddenly everything seemed so beautiful, so strongly imbued with nobility and majesty. Every bird song that reached his ears, every sparkle of sunlight glinting on the foliage, every pebble he stepped on, appeared to him worthy of the utmost attention and admiration. The whole of Nature offered herself to him in a never-ending celebration and the only thing that mattered was the present moment.

Thus he walked, slowly, all day long, going his own sweet way, enjoying the scenery and enjoying every second as if it was continually the first instant of his life. As evening was falling, he looked around for a place to spend the night. His gaze fell on an old abandoned barn at the end of a lane overgrown with grass and bordered with an old fence half crumbling under the weight of the years. Delighted with his find, he cautiously approached the building, all his senses alert, and cast a timid look inside. Seeing nothing threatening, he strode inside and discovered a perfect haven for the night.

Between the loose planks, the wind whistled on a plaintive tone, bringing to his nostrils a smell of old hay which aroused memories of summers spent at his grandmother's home in the countryside, playing with his cousins in the bales of hay piled up to the roof in the neighbors' barn.

Remembering then that he had once slept in the hay, he said to himself that this would be a very comfortable place to sleep. Besides, his legs that had carried him the whole day long soon reminded him that he scarcely had any other choice, and he lay down with relief in a corner to rest a little before eating the food he had brought with him. The moment he stretched himself out he felt something moving under him.

He sprang up, in time to see a small field mouse scurrying away; it had also sought refuge in the straw. Having recovered from his fright, he gathered a few armfuls of hay, with which he made a makeshift bed in the middle of the barn, in an open space. This way he would avoid any other unpleasant surprises. Dozing off after his meal, he was just about to fall asleep when he felt a presence in the dark. Waking up with a start, he did not dare move so much as a little finger, expecting this time to be clawed or still worse! His imagination was running at full speed and he really believed that his last hour had come when he felt soft fur rubbing his hand and a rough little tongue beginning to lick his thumb.

A few seconds later he heard a loud purr, which was enough to reassure him about the 'terrible' threat he had just faced. A large cat, which had probably chosen the barn as a hunting ground, had quite simply made, in its own way, the customary introductions in such circumstances. Laughing to himself at his vivid imagination Gaia cuddled the cat and started to stroke its head, reproaching it quietly for having caused him such a fright. But deep down, he had nothing against the cat, and even, on second thought, was very grateful that, in this way, it had given him a lesson he would not forget for a while. For he had just understood something very important.

"Fear, he said to himself, is nothing other than the fruit of my imagination. A short while ago, when the mouse made me jump, I didn't have time to be afraid. I simply had a natural defence reaction, an instinct etched in each of my cells and inherited from a distant past. Whereas now, I was so scared that I could well have made a dangerous move, had I not been frozen by fear. I could even have passed the night needlessly trembling with anguish if, for instance, the gentle cat had been

afraid of me and had run away. There's no point in filling my mind with fears created by my wandering imagination. I have to absolutely cultivate faith in the universe around me and control right from the start any attempt by my imagination to exaggerate or distort what I may perceive. In fact, to have perfect self-control means not even beginning to panic or shivering with fear. My faith must be total, unshakeable!."

And with these thoughts, he slipped into a peaceful and deep sleep. The next morning, from the first light of dawn, he set off again on his journey after performing his ablutions in the stream running alongside the field where the disused barn was. Again, Nature and her infinite charms threw him into a state of wonder close to ecstasy. Following the example of the flocks of birds whose morning song was filling the undergrowth with melodies and warbling of all kinds, Gaia began to hum a lively tune that welled up from the depths of his soul, to proclaim for all the world to hear his joy in living, walking and breathing on this Earth of abundance and harmony.

Words expressing the freedom he had won and the happiness filling his heart spontaneously burst forth on his lips, like a flower exuding its fragrance to the glory of the Creator.

*"Peace and Joy and Love found again,
Why did it take me so long to see.
All is so simple when you think of it,
You just open your heart to happiness.
Here and now, always and forever,
I'm free to go wherever I think best,
No fears, nor worries for tomorrow,
The light in my heart shines on my way.
Sometimes, there are doubts coming
and disturbing my peace,
But not for very long, for deep within me lives
An immortal, eternal, boundless being."*

With the weight of fear lifted from his heart, singing and dancing on the country roads, Gaia went thus on his merry way towards countless discoveries and

many other learning experiences, without the slightest idea of what was yet to come that day on his way. If he had known what was about to happen, perhaps he would have somewhat tempered his enthusiasm. The afternoon was drawing to an end when an ominous shadow slowly began to spread a blanket of darkness over the entire countryside. An unusually violent storm was approaching at full speed.

Preceded by a low rumbling of thunder, a sky in fury, streaked with blinding lightning, swooped down on Gaia like an eagle on its prey. Gaia had already observed such a phenomenon before, but from a safe place, through the windows of his family's house. This time however, it was quite different. He was in the middle of the field, far from any shelter, and his courage and determination to remain calm and confident in any circumstances were his only protection against the oppressive anguish he felt growing in him as the thunderstorm was growing near. The first big drops of rain were already falling on him when a furious gust of wind suddenly plunged him right into the heart of the storm.

Lightning struck near him once, twice, three times, each time a little closer. Then he had the impression that the whole of Nature was unleashing her power around him to put him to the test and assess the steadfastness of his courage. He decided to take his clothes off, since they were soaked anyway, and lay down on the grass until the storm had passed. The more the storm raged around him, the more calm and confident he felt.

Soon, after the lightning had decreased in frequency and the rain in strength, a little boy who had freed himself entirely from his fear could be seen standing right in the middle of the field and dancing for joy as if he had just won the greatest victory of his life.

And this was indeed a victory, a victory over fear. From now on, Gaia knew he would be able to face the greatest difficulties and meet the greatest challenges without being paralyzed and half-crazed by fear. He had just freed himself from one of the worst scourges afflicting humanity. Soon afterwards, when the rain had stopped, he picked up his things and set off again towards a vast, silent forest which stretched out before him, as far as the eye could see, well beyond the horizon. It was quite a different universe he would now have to learn to tame and know. He took a narrow, barely distinguishable path that vanished in dense groves and brambles at the forest's edge.

He had to put his clothes back on, for clouds of mosquitoes and black flies had swarmed on him as soon as he entered the wood. Far from panicking at their ceaseless attacks, he quickly understood that instead of seeing them as enemies and trying to keep them off by waving his arms like a windmill, he only had to accept their presence as normal and calmly continue on his way. Of course, he was bitten a few times, but this was the tribute that had to be paid to gain admittance to the forest realm.

Soon, with the passing hours, a profound change occurred in him. Sitting near a stream at nightfall, he realized that he increasingly perceived the forest as an ally. Closing his eyes to feel its magnetic presence all around him, he suddenly let down all his barriers and released the inner tension which kept him constantly on the defensive, although in a very subtle and almost imperceptible way. For the first time in his life, he no longer felt the need to stay constantly on the alert, on the look-out, ready to react to any threat or attack.

Realizing how much this deeply rooted instinct could alter his perception of things, virtually without knowing it, all of a sudden Gaia felt free of the weight of this legacy of unconscious fears that, like the meshes of an invisible net, made him a captive of his own fantasies. A butterfly, which seemed to glow in the twilight, appeared between the majestic trunks which surrounded him on all sides like the pillars of a cathedral.

Fascinated by what he saw, he began to speak to the butterfly, calling it with all his Love and inviting it to come to rest on his open hand. What a surprise he got when he saw it fly straight to him and settle on his shoulders, where it was easy for him to observe it at leisure. Its eyes sparkled in the soft light and its antennae seemed to tell him, in butterfly language, how much his presence was appreciated.

Hearing a twig crackling behind him, Gaia slowly turned his head and was startled to see a small hare, with quivering ears and erect body, standing nearby, observing him intently.

Gaia was filled with delight. Not daring to move suddenly for fear of scaring the hare away, Gaia called to it softly, holding out his arms. And once again, the magic of his aura of Love and goodness emanating from his heart did its work and the hare came straight to him. Gaia tenderly took it in his arms and, stroking its soft fur, talked to it as he would to an intelligent being.

"Dear little hare, you're very sweet, you know. What's your name? Do you have a name or should I just call you 'dear little hare'? My name is Gaia. That's the name my parents gave me. It seems that it's a predestined name, that it's this name and no other they had to give me. But tell me, do you live alone in this big forest? Of course, you can't answer my question."

"Perhaps I should answer on his behalf," said a small fluted voice suddenly, from a spot just above his head.

Gaia looked up quickly and had the most unexpected and delightful surprise of his life. A little being with diaphanous wings was floating motionless just a few inches from his face. It looked for all the world like a tiny fairy with a luminous, perfectly proportioned face and long slender fingers, dressed in a short white robe with ample folds where droplets of dew sparkled and glittered with a life of their own.

Staring wide-eyed with astonishment, Gaia, who thought he was dreaming at the sight of this graceful being which he believed existed only as a myth taken straight out of a fairy tale, was shaken head to foot by a great shudder of wonder that transported him into another universe, one of magic and enchantment. Small chuckles burst forth all around him. Suddenly, all the forest seemed alive with small legendary beings, gnomes, elves, sylphs, water sprites.

They came from everywhere at once and they all seemed to be having a great deal of fun, while observing him out of the corner of their eye. He thought to himself that he must look funny sitting there lost in wonder, and he slowly stood up, and looked around, astounded by this extraordinary scene. Suddenly, all the little people froze and a great supernatural silence enveloped Gaia, whilst he felt a great Presence approaching. A soft glow filtered through the leaves, sending a whirlpool of iridescent light splashing on the whole fascinated audience.

A being of indescribable magnificence emerged from the treetops and stood majestically in front of Gaia who was utterly amazed. Getting his breath back and recovering his presence of mind, he slowly approached the being who exuded an indefinable sense of peace, serene splendor and immense wisdom.

A Voice—but was it really sounds that he was hearing or rather a vibration he felt through his whole being?—a Voice imbued with majesty, nobility and authority, rose from the being and all listened with the deepest respect.

"Be at peace, Gaia, for you came here with only your Love of Nature as a shield and your faith in Life as a guide. Everything you perceive at this moment, is perceived with the eyes of the soul. Only beings whose intentions are pure can observe what you see. Only hearts that have freed themselves from fear are able to withstand without faltering the vision before you. You have been tested in various ways since you left your native village, and your exemplary behavior has earned you the privilege, granted to very few humans until now, of contemplating a new aspect of the world you live in.

Know that these beings whose existence you have discovered today existed on Earth well before the emergence of the human species in the evolutionary plan of this planet. It is through their invisible action that Life laid the groundwork for the appearance and growth of all the life forms dwelling on this world. Their gigantic task is still going on today on every continent, in every ocean, and in a multitude of ways. It is thanks to their tireless work that this planet you call Earth has become a jewel of Harmony, overflowing with vitality and radiant with beauty.

For countless millennia, adapting to all the climatic and geological upheavals that the lands and seas of this world have known, myriads of species have proliferated, proclaiming the glory of the One, who is the origin of visible and invisible universes, created and non-created, past and to come."

An even deeper silence followed these words, permeated with the entire spectrum of feelings, and evoking images and visions whose profound meaning is beyond our limited human understanding.

Since the arrival of this ineffable Life Presence, Gaia had felt surging within him an energy he had never known before, which, with slow pulsations gaining in amplitude and strength, had suffused his whole being with an intensity of awareness surpassing anything he had ever imagined.

Standing before the being of Light, he felt his body expanding and gradually taking on an ovoid shape which, like a sun, radiated Light in all directions to infinity. Simultaneously aware of what was going on within him and of what he was witnessing, he felt a Spark of Life growing deep within him, an infinitely tiny point of Light, almost nonexistent, that had been lying dormant for an eternity, he realized, waiting for the right conditions to emerge.

He felt that the Being of Light and all the other observers of the scene were also aware of what was happening and even that they all played a very specific role

in the transformation taking place. Actually, he thought, it was a part of themselves that was going through this experience.

All of them... they were all part of HIM!

Overwhelmed by this sudden flash of realization, Gaia, transcending all appearances, all illusions, ceased to exist for an eternal fraction of a second and simultaneously merged, exploded, imploded to become ONE with the Universe. He felt immense, infinite, omnipresent. And yet, he was still fully aware of his body standing straight as a tree.

Making an effort to regain his bearings, to recover his identity, to be back in the world he knew, he abruptly plunged back into the straight jacket of flesh and bones he knew so well. His eyes closed, he breathed in deeply and, for a few seconds, let the whole significance of what he had just experienced sink in. A vision, a completely new understanding had just opened before him. Nothing would ever be the same. He had crossed the threshold of a marvelous universe, inhabited by beings radiating Light, Life and Love, and he knew that never again would he feel alone, wherever he might be.

Slowly opening his eyes, he was only half surprised to find himself alone again, bathed in the soft radiance of the full moon, his only visible companions being the tall trees solemnly keeping watch around the place where a little boy had just experienced one of the greatest initiations of his life. Silence reigned in the forest, broken only by the murmur of a stream running between the moss-covered stones. Lying down on the bed of leaves he had prepared for himself, Gaia fell into a deep slumber and slept like a log.

The next morning, after washing in the stream, Gaia set out in search of some food, for he had used up his supply and he was beginning to suffer real pangs of gnawing hunger. At first he found nothing to sustain him, and before long he began to wonder how he would manage to feed himself adequately in the days and months to come. Moreover, he had gradually gone deeper into the forest and doubted whether he would be able to find his way back to civilization. But something within him, a sort of unshakeable faith born of his recent experiences, told him that soon everything was going to work out for the best. And indeed, as the sun was reaching the zenith, he saw in the distance, near a lake, a wisp of smoke rising in the sky.

Heading resolutely towards this sign of a human presence, he soon caught an appetizing whiff of grilled fish and quickened his step. Wondering whom he was going to come across, Gaia finally emerged, his heart beating fast, in a small clearing on the shore of a lake nestling in the forest like a pearl in a velvet case. The last embers of a fire glowed but there was no sign of a human presence. He drew closer cautiously, fearing a trap, but in the face of the evidence, he could only conclude that an unknown person had prepared a delicious meal of fish and had slipped away before his arrival, leaving it in a plate by the fire. After a last glance in every direction, Gaia could no longer resist and devoured with gusto the still warm fish that someone had, it seemed, left for his benefit.

When he had finished, he looked around for a while. He had the distinct feeling he was being watched from a distance. Finally, shrugging his shoulders, he said to himself that if his mysterious benefactor had chosen to act in this way, it was because he must have excellent reasons to conceal his identity. Reflecting deeply on his situation, he decided to take the time to review all that he had experienced. He felt confusedly that he now needed a specific goal. Wandering aimlessly like a vagabond would not get him anywhere. But where should he go? That was the question...

Having found a small promontory, he sat down facing the lake, closed his eyes, relaxed, stilled his mind, and asked his inner guide to show him what he should do now. Minutes, then hours slipped by. The whole of Nature seemed to be holding her breath. Soon, the sun dipped over the treetops and sank majestically behind the distant mountains, breathing a last glorious sigh of golden, saffron and crimson light.

Across the vault of the sky, the moon followed, glowing vermilion, then white, accompanied by a concert of toads and frogs which gradually rose, swelled and filled the air with their song of Love, a hymn to procreation that since time immemorial has proclaimed all Nature's passion for Life.

Gaia remembered now. He recalled that magical day, when, as a child on the beach with his parents, visions of beings from a distant past taught him a message whose true worth he was at last beginning to appreciate.

The previous night's experience of oneness with all Life shed a new light on these visions of an ancient past. Through him, he knew, all these beings were still alive today. He followed naturally from them, he was just another step in the long

and patient ascent of Life towards a pinnacle of perfection beyond imagination, yet already latent within each of his cells.

Tears of joy, endless ecstasy, a nearly unbearable happiness welled up inside him. An ageless wisdom emanated from this little ten-year-old boy who was actually older, much older, than one would guess from his present appearance.

And yet, there was still so much for him to discover. Of this he was also well aware. And he had something extremely important to do in this world, now drawing to the end of the twentieth century of the Christian era. What was this mission he had come for?

Now more than ever, he felt the goal was in sight, that only a thin diaphanous veil still concealed what he was now growing more acutely aware of. Just one Key to the enigma was still missing, of that he was convinced. Gathering all his energies and plunging into the depths of his being, he surrendered finally to the powerful call shining forth like a beacon in his innermost soul.

Further and further he slid, in an endless breathtaking spiral, back to the Original Source, to the Primordial Spark of Life. He was that Spark of Life. He was the whole Universe. He was Life Itself. The last Veil had fallen. The last Key had been found. The last Enigma had been solved. Gaia knew why his name was Gaia, why he had come, why he was *immortal*.

Arising from nowhere and everywhere at the same time, in a slow crescendo expanding into an apotheosis of indescribable beauty, heavenly voices broke into a joyous canticle of transcendental purity. Three words, summing up the full meaning of this marvellous song, echoed endlessly in Gaia's soul...

Light... Life... Love...
Light of the origins, eternally present
till the end of times.
Immortal Life, endless celebration
of the creative power of Light.
Infinite Love, emanating from the Life Force,
eternal beacon guiding the multitude of souls
towards the One Primordial Spark of Light.

Floating, drifting on the current of the imperishable energies of the immanent Reality which, like a bubble trapped for aeons in oblivion, had just broken through to the surface of a human consciousness, Gaia becomes what few had ever thought possible: a fully aware incarnation of a microcosmic particle of the Universal Life Consciousness, a virtual Realization of the innate potential in each human being, tangible proof of the possibility of achieving this state of total identification with Life.

All is quiet. Seated, facing the lake, Gaia slowly half-opens his eyes and see, right before him, the silver reflection of the moon leaving a trail of light on the surface of the water. Superimposed on what his eyes behold are images of what he had just experienced, like a distant echo, already scarcely audible. All that he perceives around him now takes on a new pregnant meaning, immeasurably greater than before. For the first time, his soul had fully spread the wings of his consciousness. From now on, he would have to learn to live with this new vision of things.

The irregular crackling of a fire slowly impinges on his awareness. *The crackling of a fire!*

Yes! He feels a presence, a human presence, a few steps away. There is something very familiar about that presence, he senses with the heightened perception he had gained and would now have to master, he thinks as he turns to see who is there. Two silhouettes are outlined against the light of the fire that had been revived without his knowing. His face breaks into a broad grin.

His father and mother are there! In a flash, he understands. Despite his repeated injunctions to let him set off alone on the roads to discover his destiny, his parents, listening only to their hearts, had followed him step by step, concealing their presence so that their son could live through this experience the way he had wished. So it was they who had prepared the meal of fish on which he had feasted a few hours earlier!

Without a word, he silently approaches the fire and puts his arms around his father and mother, who hug him for a long while, overjoyed to find their son safe and sound.

After expressing their joy and affection, Roberto and Marianne take a close look at their son, and it is only then that they realize how much he had changed in such a short time. An indefinable magnetic force emanates from him, and his eyes

seem to gaze with an almost tangible intensity at a world which is utterly different than theirs.

"Thank you so much for following me and watching me so discreetly. I should have suspected right from the beginning that you wouldn't let me go so easily. What a joy to see you again here! And what a lot I have to tell you now that I have passed through the first steps of my Initiation to Life. Yes... now, I'm beginning to glimpse the mission I have to fulfill in this world of Light, Life and Love. Of course, I also sense all the suffering and Darkness overshadowing this sphere of Life. But I know too that all this is part of the test we have to go through all together to reach our state of pure Light, which we lost so long ago."

Pausing for a moment, Gaia suddenly seemed to be absorbed in a distant vision only he was able to see and understand. Nothing else around him existed anymore. A radiant smile lit up his face. An aura of peace shined forth from his whole body. Yes! The test was coming to an end. Soon, Life would reign once again in the heart of man and throughout the world.

Gaia sat down beside his parents and began to relate in great detail all that he had experienced during these last days. And they listened almost devoutly to his account of the adventures they had witnessed while following him at a discreet distance.

"You remember when I left home three days ago? Well, first I went to take one last look at the school I dreamt of leaving for so many years and then I..."

And so Gaia told them every detail of his lone adventures, answering the questions that his father or mother sometimes asked to clarify a point, bursting out laughing with his parents at the memory of the dreadful fright caused by a mouse in the abandoned barn, but keeping a mysterious silence at times about some almost indescribable aspects of his inner experiences, and about his plans for the future.

"But you must have some idea of what you expect to do, now that you have been through all these experiences. Tell us frankly, do you intend to leave us again? Or are you going to stay with us?"

"It's impossible for me to answer that question now, for it's not up to me to take such a decision. Yes, of course, I will have to leave you again, but for the time being I don't know how or when. I know that my way is already laid out and that very precise plans have been made for my spiritual apprenticeship. But just as for

what I experienced in the last three days, I must be kept in ignorance of the various stages I have to pass through before achieving full mastery of my body and mind. So it is for every initiation that Life brings, and nothing nor anyone can evade this sacred rule. But have no fear. Nothing can threaten my existence.

The Lifestreams sustaining me are too strong to be deflected from their way. It is the whole Universe that guides my steps, as well as yours for that matter, since your birth, and well before."

Then his gaze pierced theirs with an unbelievable Force, radiating Love and serenity; tears welled up in their eyes and they were overcome with a powerful emotion that united them in a single blazing fire of joy and peace, while billions of stars and galaxies looked on that night in spring, a night they would not forget for quite a while.

CHAPTER III

Inner Presence

Up hill and down dale, through wind and storm, on foot, by car, train, boat and plane, sometimes alone in the middle of the desert or the ocean, often mingling with the crowd in all kinds of lands, in every corner of the world, but always accompanied by an invisible guide whispering in his ear the right path to follow, the right person to ask for advice and the right answer to give in all circumstances, Gaia had covered a greater distance during the next ten years than most people do in their whole lives.

Since that last wonderful evening with his parents, he had never seen them again. Indeed, he had spontaneously decided to slip away during the night, leaving them a note to reassure them one last time and thank them for everything they had done for him since his birth. This time, he had not hesitated to follow the inner impulse prompting him to leave them right away so as not to unnecessarily prolong the pain of separation and to take the full responsibility for his life from now on.

And he never came to regret his move. On the contrary, it was with continually renewed joy that he set off to discover the vast world whose inexhaustible treasures of beauty and harmony were to be found in every place and every season.

From time to time, he jotted down a few words on a postcard which he sent to his parents to keep them abreast of his travels and adventures. But in fact, it would take whole books to relate his countless experiences and discoveries during those years of travelling and exploration.

He was afraid of nothing and no difficulty could discourage him, so great was his desire to know, see and hear everything. He mixed with all kinds of people, rich or poor, erudite or ignorant, wise or crazy. To him, everything was good, and he did not refuse any opportunity to learn and experiment.

He touched everything, tasted everything, tried everything. He meditated with Tibetan monks; prayed with Christians and Muslims; smoked grass with other travellers with long hair like himself; drank alcohol with homeless vagabonds;

danced with gypsies; discovered the pleasures of sex with girls met by chance on his trips; consorted with many boys his own age and made dozens of friends in every corner of the world. He never stayed long in one place, for travel and adventure beckoned him ever onward. His thirst for discovery was stronger than anything else! However, the day came when he felt the urgent need to put down roots in one place and move on to a new stage of his apprenticeship. He knew that he had now seen enough and that a new phase of his spiritual development was about to begin.

He was on a ferry in New York when he became aware of this new reality which he was going to enter. He had just turned twenty and had a few hundred dollars in his pocket given to him by friends for his birthday. He decided to go straight to the airport and took the first flight to California. His destination: Mount Shasta, in Northern California.

After an uneventful trip, he arrived one fine day at the foot of that majestic mountain, about which many stories were told, each one stranger than the other. He did not know why he was so attracted to this place, but he had long ago stopped questioning himself; he blindly followed the intuitions that came to him spontaneously and guided him constantly. This habit of trusting his instinct had in fact become second nature and had never let him down.

He always sensed the golden mean to follow and he had learned to tread without hesitation the narrow path marked out by invisible forces, like a tightrope walker on his wire.

The sun was already high when he reached the tree line, where barren rock and glacier were masters of the landscape. He stopped for a moment to contemplate the peak of this mysterious mountain, clearly outlined against the sky of an even deep blue.

A strange force emanated from this dormant volcano that was said to be inhabited by beings descended from the survivors of an old and forgotten continent. All kinds of legends about this were part of the local folklore and he had even unearthed a few books on the subject the day before.

"What a beautiful and strange mountain. Hmm... something tells me that soon I'll know more about all those inexplicable apparitions people have been talking about for so long."

As if to show him he was right, he suddenly realized that a strange cloud formation was materializing there, at the peak of the mountain, where a few seconds before there was only cloudless sky as far as the eye could see. A huge oval cloud, with perfectly defined outlines, had almost formed. There was not a breath of wind. Everything was perfectly still!

Almost imperceptibly at first, then more and more distinctly, he observed moving lights shifting rapidly from one end of the cloud to the other, disappearing, and reappearing at another spot with such speed that it was impossible to predict their movements. Then, after a few minutes, the whole thing vanished without a trace, as if nothing had happened. Apart from a few birds gliding high in the sky, it seemed to him that he had been the only one to observe the phenomenon. He had already heard about these strange aircraft appearing in different parts of the planet and attesting to a science and a technology that made human civilization look like infantile babbling.

Yet the surprise did not end here, if one can say that Gaia was surprised at all. For in fact, he felt ready for a new step, a giant step in the special preparation he was receiving for his mission. He was ready for anything! Just when he was about to start climbing this initiatory mountain, a Voice he knew well by now spoke in his consciousness.

"Be at peace, my son. Your patience and perseverance will soon be rewarded. Before long you will rediscover what your soul has always known. Until now, you have had the opportunity to appreciate the infinite diversity of the world where you came to incarnate. You have been able to see to what extent human beings live in fear and illusion, cut off from any true contact with what you know to be the only Reality, that of the Universal Being from whom everything proceeds and towards whom everything flows. Now you know enough about what darkness and death can breed.

Now the time has come for you to meet face to face the beings entrusted with the sacred mission of guiding humanity towards the sublime destiny which soon, very soon, will come to be as planned since the dawn of Life upon Terra Gaia. Yes, as you have come to sense since your first Great Initiation, ten years ago in Earth time, it is not just by chance that your parents named you Gaia. It is the very name given to the being of Life inhabiting every corner of this planet, even the most obscure and inaccessible places. Hundreds of millions of years ago, Life took root

on this globe of matter, and everything that lives today resonates with the same unique vibration of Life that, right from the beginning, created the first cell from which all the others emerged. And if you bear this name sacred among all others, it is because you must play a central part in the great collective Awakening which, in a few years, will enable humanity to take a big leap forward in its evolution. You have already had a Vision of it several times since your birth, although you were not yet able to understand all the implications. Before long, you will be in a better position to appreciate the secret nature of what is coming.

But to do so, you must first get in touch with the spiritual archetypes of the Universal Consciousness. Throughout the ages they have taken on various names and adopted different costumes to conform to the stages of evolution reached by human beings.

However, they are nameless and ageless. Everywhere in the Universe, these beings, who have achieved spiritual realization beyond anything that humanity can conceive, have kept alive and fanned the Flame of Life upon each of the countless worlds where It has manifested Itself.

At all times, they have breathed the spirit of absolute Perfection into every spark of mineral, plant, animal and human consciousness in order that the eternal and endless Work of the Creation may continue without respite. This is what I had to share with you for the moment. Continue on your own way and keep intact the Faith guiding you. Soon, great mysteries will be revealed to you. Soon, you will see and hear what few human beings have seen and heard. Go in peace and may Love shine within you, ever more strongly, ever further."

Overcome with the intensity of what he had just experienced and puzzled by this revelation which he felt to be imminent, Gaia slowly opened his eyes and, prompted by a mysterious Force, set his gaze upon the mountain peak. It towered there, right in front of him, like an immense cosmic temple concealing a Knowledge reserved for the few, for those who are ready to let go of all their illusions and all their human dreams to be born again to eternal Life.

The moment of truth had arrived! He knew that he could no longer turn back, that it would be sheer madness to refuse to enter this new consciousness given by the Knowledge enshrined in every atom since eternity. But something within him was pulling him back, something made of fears, doubts, cowardice, like a great No to Life, that was trying by fair means or foul to bring him to reject the Light, to

make him turn on his heels and run away as fast as possible. He could not move an eyelash. His limbs were ice-cold, rigid, paralyzed, petrified.

A gigantic struggle was going on behind his impassive countenance. As if in a waking dream, he saw millions of beings surging through his mind. Like him, in times past, they had hesitated on the threshold of mutation, had rejected the belief of a possible survival out of the familiar, nourishing sea, denied any possibility of running or flying, banished, again and for ever, the "impossible" dream of a better world made of happiness, peace and Love.

And yet, it was possible! *It is possible!* It will *always* be possible. A simple thought of Love, of trust, of surrender to Life's powerful and protective arms is enough. But then, why not? Yes, after all, why not!

Without showing a sign of what he had just experienced, imperceptibly, Gaia felt a Force, an unshakeable resolution, growing within him. And the more this Force grew within him, the more he smiled, the more he radiated joy and Light. Tears welled up in his eyes while a great thrill of ecstasy shook his whole being. *YES!* He was going to climb this mountain. *YES!* He was going to continue on his way with a Faith that could lift the world. *YES!* He would fulfill to the end the sacred mission which he had serenely chosen and accepted.

And in a confident gesture, he raises one foot and takes the first step of a long journey already begun long ago, so long ago, as if it were now. Breathing in deeply the pure, crystal clear mountain air, he fixes a resolute gaze on the peak and shouts in a loud and determined voice : "Mount Shasta, here I come!"

Without really thinking about it, Gaia chooses the path leading towards the best way to make the ascent and starts to sing a lively tune which is weaving itself, bit by bit, in his mind. Words, welling up from the depths of his soul, follow one upon the other like pearls on a string and which, like an untiringly repeated mantra, keep strengthening Gaia's determination to persevere, still higher, still further, up to the summit... and beyond!

O Joy to be, O Joy to be born,
O Joy to be born to Life...
O Joy to live, O Joy to live again,
O Joy to live again in Love...

O Joy to love, O Joy to love God,
O Joy to love God forever...
Thanks to Life, thanks to Love, thanks forever...

Lost in his contemplative song, Gaia is unaware of the minutes, the hours passing. Soon, nightfall and the coming darkness compel him to slow down and take a rest. But not for long, for the moon is rising, round and shining, restoring his strength and giving him enough light to continue his progress.

The mountain was transfigured in the diffused light, revealing a little more of its mystery that the harsh daylight masked behind a screen of light. Everything is still, so strangely still.

Gaia stops for a few seconds again, getting back his breath and trying to see how far he still has to go to the summit hidden by rocky ridges. Then he casts a glance around him below, contemplating the magnificent panorama at his feet. He looks at the lunar disk, delighting in its soft radiance carrying the solar star's vibrations of infinity.

He does not notice that a white, ovoid form had materialized and come near him. Lost in contemplation, he is unaware of the subtle change in the texture of the air surrounding him, as if a crystal clear fluid is radiating from each molecule of air and flowing around him, magnetizing his aura and slowly raising the frequency at which the cells of his physical body vibrate. His body gradually takes on a milky hue, losing its consistency and sublimating itself until it becomes intangible and transparent.

During this transmutation, Gaia, totally absorbed, fascinated, hypnotized by the power he feels emanating from the polarized, even light of the moon, lets himself be slowly penetrated by a new sensation he has never experienced, which fills him with well-being and peace, with a peace surpassing all that he had known before, transcending every obstacle, every fear, every resistance. A peace like that which one only knows at the approach of death, that great Initiation in which the consciousness of the being of obscure flesh passes into the shadowless Light of the soul, released from its bonds.

A new Vibration, prodigious and gentle, pervades all his being. For the first time, the energy dwelling in him and animating his body fills and fulfills him so much that he no longer needs to breathe. His hands... his hands, which he raises

slowly in front of his eyes. They are translucent, with streaks of Light running through them, sprinkled with little beams of sparks and hairs of light trembling as if under an invisible breath. His fingertips glisten with soft rays and, with a simple impulse of will, intense flashes stream out of them and unfurl in the night, extending his tactile sensitivity until he is literally able to touch the moon, there at his fingertips.

Gaia is perfectly calm. There is no sign of surprise in his eyes, only a strange glimmer of wisdom, for he remembers now. He recalls that beyond the limitations of the flesh is hidden this marvelous body of Light, so pure and so perfect, endowed with prodigious, but entirely natural powers. But what flesh? Did he ever have a body of flesh? Oh! Yes. This too he remembers, vaguely, like a distant memory faintly emerging from the mist of a dream from which he had just awoken.

But, in fact, he had never slept. He had always been fully aware during his "long" sleep, so short compared to eternity. Only his body was unaware of it. For such is not in its nature to perceive what can only be apprehended by that which is eternal.

Faces he had known before then began to pass through his consciousness whose range of perception had increased tenfold, a hundredfold. All at once, simultaneously, he saw all the human bodies, male or female, in which he had dwelt, all the innumerable beings who, upon so many planets, had borne his lust for life, never satisfied, always eager to know something more, *something...* that might explain this proliferation of galaxies, this inexhaustible profusion of life forms, this endless explosion of experiences and discoveries. Something that gives Meaning to this whole frantic merry-go-round spinning since the beginning of time. Some Thing that neither word nor thought can define. *THE ABSOLUTE!*

"*AAAUUUMMMMMMM...*" A vibration, *the* Primordial Vibration, takes hold of his whole being, of his whole consciousness, which is endlessly resonating, stimulated by the Energy emanating from this fundamental tonality to which he is now harmonized.

A kaleidoscopic spiral of images, sounds and thoughts begins to whirl in his mind. Suddenly, he loses all his bearings, all sense of his own identity, carried away by this divine maelstrom, this powerful field of consciousness that had seized him. Gradually, amidst the chaos, something stable, even immutable, takes shape,

grows, and soon occupies the entire range of his consciousness. And always, just beneath the surface, like a canvas as eternal and changeless as all that he is perceiving now, the endless Vibration envelopes everything with its Presence.

An immaterial sphere, nearly intangible, and almost non-existent, shimmers softly before him. In fact, he knows that he is somewhere within this sphere, that on a tiny planet, somewhere in one of the innumerable galaxies sprinkled across the emptiness of this sphere he is contemplating, is a body, made of flesh, bones and blood, in which he is dwelling for a spark of a nanosecond.

"All that is before you, is also within you."

A Voice, or rather a thought modulation, extremely gentle, filled with Love, had manifested Itself around him, as if from nowhere.

Gaia was smiling. Gaia, a spark of consciousness facing eternity, a Life pulsation in the process of mutation, is absorbing like a sponge, without analyzing—he was quite incapable of it at this point—all that he perceives through the heightened senses to which he is connected.

"You are the Infinite, without limits.. Only your ignorance and immaturity prevent you from being all that you are."

Waves of Light are rolling over him, and he is thrilled to the core of his being under the delightful warmth of their caresses. Everything is getting clearer. He sees it all now. All is well, perfectly well.

"Love... I... I love you... love you... love..."

An indescribable stream, flowing from everywhere at once, submerges Gaia. He is pure Love, an eternal, immortal, indestructible Flame.

"Remember this forever: You are the fruit of My womb. Within you are all My wisdom and all My potentialities, which are infinite. You are the Immortal Child that my Life has begotten and in you I recognize Myself. Through you, I discover and fulfill Myself. Through you I exist and express My Reality whose name is Love... Love... Love."

Opening his eyes on this earthly landscape flooded with moonlight, Gaia comes back from afar. He looks for a place to sit down, leans back against the rock and slowly lets himself slide down to the ground, on the narrow ledge where he is. Heaving a long sigh, he rubs his face to make sure he is still alive. What a shock! What a powerful experience. Slowly coming back to his senses, limited as they are, Gaia tries to set his mind in order. It is as if someone had attempted to pour the

ocean into a tiny bowl. Everything has to be reconsidered. All his ideas have to be rethought. Everything has changed. And yet, everything continues too. This new perception is just a confirmation of his profound intuitions.

"Yes. Basically," he tells himself, "this just strengthens the vision driving me since my earliest days. I had always known that I was One with the Universe, that the Being that gives it Life—whatever the name given to Him—and I are just ONE!"

Closing his eyes for a few seconds, Gaia recalls each fragment of what he has just experienced so intensely, so as to engrave in the depths of his consciousness everything that has been revealed to him. He knows that soon, tomorrow, the hustle and bustle of everyday life will carry him away again in an endless saraband and that he will forget, will even doubt it all.

It is not the first time, he realizes, that this happens to him. Ordinary waking consciousness is so slow to accept and assimilate the reality of the spiritual worlds. The harsh necessities of life always prevail over other priorities, when the body demands all our inner attention. Gaia stands up slowly and casts a glance around him, searching for a place to spend the night, for he feels overcome by sleep. Since the ledge where he stands is hardly a comfortable place to sleep, he sets about climbing higher to find a surface big enough to lie down on. He has not walked ten steps when suddenly he feels a warm breath of air on his ankle. Stopping short, he bends down to see where the heat is coming from and, to his surprise, discovers a hole the size of a man disappearing level with the ledge into the heart of the mountain. Remembering that this is an old volcano now extinct for thousands of years, he wonders if he has found a fissure leading towards the underground chimneys through which the lava used to rise to the surface.

Puzzled by what he has just discovered, Gaia sniffs the air coming out of the bowels of the Earth, expecting to detect a whiff of sulphur. To his surprise, on the contrary, a strange, fresh scent of lush vegetation quite unexpectedly rises from under the ground.

"Well I'll be... Can it be possible? It's as if something is growing there inside the mountain. What am I to do now? Shall I venture alone into this underground passage or try to come back later with other people and equipment."

Knowing very well that it was not just by chance that he had discovered this mysterious "air vent", Gaia enters the opening, feeling his way forward in the dark

and just then he distinctly perceives a muted vibration, on a very low note, coming from deep under the mountain. Deciding to chance it, he boldly crawls in, plunging into utter darkness, determined to resolve this intriguing enigma.

He had scarcely advanced a few metres when he felt a presence, or something, observing him and probing his thoughts. He senses a sort of subtle, rapid tingling, scanning his mind in search of information as to who he was and why he was there. Taken aback by this unexpected sensation, Gaia almost turns back, but a force greater than his will urges him to continue instead. He feels confusedly that he can no longer turn back and that, having come this far, he might as well persevere to be clear in his own mind and to know exactly what this is all about.

Even though he cannot see anything, a sixth sense, to which he had now become accustomed over the years, guides him as surely as if his way had been brightly lit and soon he feels that the passage in which he was crawling is widening and that he can even stand up without bumping into anything. Stopping a moment to listen to the hum coming from inside the mountain and take his bearings before continuing, he has the distinct impression that a flat surface is blocking the passage in front of him. He takes a few steps forward, his arms outstretched, and almost immediately stumbles against an obstacle, nearly losing his balance.

He bends down to touch what he has come across and is amazed to feel what seems to him to be a rail in the hollow of a sort of metal bed, which was polished smooth and somewhat cold to the touch. And indeed, it really does appear to be a rail or a guide made of a substance he cannot identify, and which continues in each direction as far as he can feel. Driven by curiosity, he steps over the rail and immediately bumps into a wall completely barring the way.

Uncertain as to what he should do now, whether to continue his exploration in the dark or retrace his steps, Gaia sits down in what appears to him to be the opening of the passage through which he has come, and takes a few moments to review the situation.

"The extraordinary communion I experienced while observing the moon was enough in itself to make the whole trip up to now and the climb up Mount Shasta worthwhile..." he thinks to himself. "But now, this underground rail system that must certainly have belonged to an ancient civilization now forgotten, that beats anything I could ever have imagined! What's hidden in the bowels of this ancient volcano? I'd give anything to know."

No sooner had this thought occurred to him than he detects a change in the darkness surrounding him. A diffused glow begins to emanate from the whole place and in less time than words can tell, a soft, slightly bluish light suffuses the area, revealing to him that this is not the last surprise in store for him, far from it! In fact, as he can now see perfectly well, he is in a sort of waiting room surrounded with seats embedded in the wall of the passage he has followed and which has widened here to the size of a small room thirty by sixty feet, with at the end the mysterious rail he had discovered earlier.

He gets up and approaches one of the seats, noting the indecipherable inscriptions just above it, and sits down to see whether it is comfortable for him. The supple material of which the seat is made adapts itself perfectly to his shape, giving him a pleasant feeling of well-being and rest. But one detail arouses his curiosity afresh. His feet hang several centimetres above the ground, as if the seat had been designed for a being much taller than himself.

"Could it be," he says to himself, "that those who designed this place were a race of giants that would make today's humans look like dwarfs? Hmm... I have the impression that it won't be long before I learn more."

Indeed, Gaia has just noticed a very high-pitched whistling in the distance which is increasing at full speed, while gradually getting lower in pitch until it becomes a scarcely perceptible hiss. Opening his eyes wide, he stands up to see what is coming and soon a blue and white glass capsule embossed with a vaguely familiar symbol appears and comes to a halt at the end of the corridor.

Amazed and delighted at the same time by the turn of events, Gaia approaches the vehicle which, to all appearances, is intended for him. When he stands beside it, an opening appears in its side and without hesitating, he gets in and sits on a seat similar to those in the waiting room. Immediately, the door closes soundlessly and the capsule begins to pick up speed, gliding on its rail towards an unknown destination.

Gaia's heart is pounding with excitement at the thought of what he is about to discover. His imagination is going full steam, but nothing that it suggests to him to quench his thirst for an explanation comes near to what he is going to see and hear in a few minutes. A world both new and extremely ancient is about to be revealed to him.

The glass cab in which he is seated slowly gathers speed, plunging resolutely into the depths of the mountain. Soon the cab whizzes through the tunnel, and all details and colors become blurred. And yet, utter silence prevails inside the bubble where Gaia sits, feeling more and more at peace, as if his second nature, the true one, is taking over. A shower of sparks of Light suddenly burst forth around him, passing right through him and cleansing each cell of his body from any inharmonious vibration.

He feels that his whole body is now vibrating at a higher frequency and that this is a preparation for what is to come, now imminent. And indeed, the transportation capsule gradually loses speed, as a totally new and unexpected landscape appears through the windows.

Bathed in a soft light, warm and beneficial, which envelopes everything with an aura of vitality and peace, a huge cave, an almost boundless world, suddenly bursts into sight when the cab emerges from the tunnel, still on its rail and now steadily losing speed. Gaia is so overcome with amazement that he nearly gets up from his seat.

"What! Another world, made of forests, rivers and meadows, exists under the surface of the Earth!" says Gaia to himself in a hushed voice. "Well, I'll be!... I would never have believed it possible, if I hadn't seen it myself!"

"Oh yes! What you see really does exist, Gaia. Welcome to our underground world." Out of nowhere, a warm and friendly voice has just spoken in Gaia's consciousness.

"Who are you? Where am I?" he asks inwardly, knowing full well that his thought is being picked up by a benevolent and protective intelligence.

"I am the Maha Chohan, the one entrusted for thousands of years with the responsibility of watching over the progress of the present human race dwelling upon the surface of this world. You have just entered the subterranean realm of Agartha, and what is before you is the result of thousands of years of effort and perseverance.

Soon you will know the descendants of the beings who created this entire haven of peace and Light so as to preserve the purest and most refined things ever created by humanity. You will have the rare privilege of discovering the Sons and Daughters of Light."

As these last words were uttered in his mind by the invisible being who had addressed him, the capsule ended its course in an undergrowth where a small platform had been built by a mysterious civilization whose history and origins he was very eager to know. The door retracts automatically into the wall of the cab and Gaia sets foot on the ground, looking everywhere and trying to find a sign of human presence. The unobtrusive song of a bird and gentle murmur of a nearby brook are the only sounds to be heard. Extremely puzzled by this unusual world around him, made of unknown plants, insects and birds, Gaia methodically explores his surroundings, seeking to penetrate the mystery emanating, like the ambient light, from all that his eyes see. As he is walking through the undergrowth, his attention is suddenly drawn to a faintly marked path running alongside the stream. Cautiously stepping onto it, Gaia soon hears the sound of a waterfall and what seems to be children's laughter in the distance. He quickens his pace and soon emerges into a small clearing where three beautiful children are playing; they do not show the slightest sign of surprise at his arrival.

On the contrary, with a playful look in their eyes, they spontaneously invite him to join in their fun in the small pool at the bottom of the fall. After a short moment of hesitation, Gaia takes off his clothes and immerses himself in the water, whose delightfully soft and invigorating touch takes away in a few seconds any trace of tiredness and dissolves any last reservations he still had.

"This place is truly extraordinary and these children, radiant with Joy and Love! Why not just take advantage of it here and now. I will discover soon enough what this mysterious Agartha and the no less mysterious Maha Chohan are all about."

After a few minutes of frolicking around in the water with his new companions, who were silently observing him, a subtle change occurs in their attitude towards him, and while he is drying himself on a stone near the waterfall, the tallest of the three comes close to him and, looking him in the eye, raises his hand level with Gaia's forehead.

What happens next is beyond description. In a few seconds, Gaia is overwhelmed by a wondrous force and finds himself thrown into an altered state of consciousness, his body remaining frozen in the position he had at that moment. Soon, a succession of images pass through his mind, showing the different stages of a civilization that had vanished long ago from the face of the Earth.

Crystal towers and palaces, crowds in ecstasy chanting almost heavenly canticles, sages radiant with goodness and Love and many other visions filled with peace and serenity appears one after the other on his inner mental screen. And the Earth of that time, with very different geographical outlines from those we know today, shone with unbelievable vitality and Harmony, surpassing by far all that Gaia had known until now. Every hill, every river, even every stone, radiated a peaceful and almost tangible force that bestowed upon them the qualities generally attributed to a living being.

Gaia, still spellbound by what he has just seen and felt, recovers his usual state of consciousness as the child lowers his hand. Understanding that the child had just revealed to him, as precisely and directly as possible what had been the civilization of which he was a distant descendant, Gaia suddenly asks...

"But what happened? Why did your ancestors flee from the face of the planet?"

A shadow steals briefly across the child's face as he again raises his hand in front of Gaia's forehead, as the latter is once more immersed in that bygone era. This time, the atmosphere is not the same at all. The whole Earth seems to be stricken with convulsions and torn apart by anger, while human beings with dark and aggressive faces are mercilessly fighting in a continual fire of terrifying ray weapons and titanic explosions. In a rapid succession of images, Gaia sees sombre-looking beings destroy all the magnificent cities of crystal built up through thousands of years of patient labour by the Sons and Daughters of Light.

So much beauty and grace devastated by sheer hate! Everywhere, death is striking those who refuse to oppose the destruction of this ancestral heritage. For they knew that violence can only breed more violence and pain for those who commit it. Neither were they unaware that the flesh is just a temporary vessel and that the true Light, that which outlives all passages through the physical form, is indestructible and immortal, and that it always triumphs over ephemeral and illusory Darkness.

However, despite the chaos invading the world, points of Light and Harmony survive under the surface of the Earth. Indeed, the sages of that bygone age had easily foreseen the tribulations that were about to strike the planet.

In the utmost secrecy, a vast underground network had been set up using very powerful rays which they had at the time, and many underground oases had been

created to receive the Sons and Daughters of Light at the appropriate time. Shortly before the catastrophe, a few thousands were chosen and assigned the mission of perpetuating the eternal wisdom and Sacred Fire entrusted to them by beings who had come from elsewhere, in an age lost in the mists of time.

And it was thus, Gaia finally understands, that the three children standing before him represent the last link in a long chain of Life that had preserved the quintessence of a Knowledge which he feels is now going to be entrusted to him so as to pass on to our world the keys it needs in order to reach a new stage in its evolution.

"Son! Welcome to our world, far from the sunlight, but near to the eternal Light of Truth. I am the Maha Chohan. I have been expecting you for a long time, Gaia."

A being, or rather a pure manifestation of Divine Light, having taken on the form of a man of indescribable beauty and nobility, is standing there, before Gaia, his arms outstretched towards him in welcome.

This almost divine apparition which seems to have appeared out of nowhere, and whose face radiates peace, wisdom and Love, was observing him with an intensity that laid his soul bare. Before such extraordinary and radiant eyes, nothing could remain concealed, so penetrating was the gaze of this man from whom Gaia felt he was going to receive great revelations.

Kneeling on the ground and bowing his head, Gaia addresses a silent prayer to the being who had thus come to meet him. Raising both hands above Gaia's head, the man says:

"May the spark of Light and Life dwelling in you grow in strength and beauty, may it illuminate your whole being and shine forth so as to encompass all that lives on the face of our beloved Mother Earth."

An intense purifying and beneficial ray began immediately to flow from the hands of the being and passed right through the young man whom destiny had prepared for a mission of crucial importance.

"Get up, Gaia, we have much to share with you and time is short. A great danger threatens the Earth, and if you consent to, you can play a key part in averting incalculable suffering for millions of human beings."

Still stunned by the power of the energy that the being had just radiated through him, Gaia staggers to his feet, then, suddenly realizing the meaning of what he had just heard, lifts up his head, gathers all his courage and say:

"Whatever you expect of me, know that I shall do my utmost in all circumstances to help you to the best of my ability, however small and limited it may be."

"Be confident, Gaia. Even though you appear to be only a young man without much experience of life, your power is infinite, for what is expressed and manifested through you is Divine! And this is true of all human beings both here and elsewhere. We all possess immense treasures of wisdom and extensive creative capacities, and it is up to us alone to draw from this infinite Source of wisdom and goodness that the Creator has placed in us. Come! We shall now go to a place suitable for what we must do."

The Maha Chohan turns on his heel and walks away under the majestic trees, covered with flowers of entrancing colours and fragrances followed by Gaia, whose five senses are not enough to pick up all the harmonious vibrations surrounding him. For beyond what he perceives through his ordinary physical senses, he senses a peaceful force and an extraordinary vitality emanating from the plants and the creatures he is discovering at each step. Moreover, he soon realizes that what most distinguishes this forest from those he had known is precisely this vibratory quality, subtle but clearly perceptible to his heightened intuitive sensitivity. It seems here as if the forest and the human beings dwelling in it form an inseparable whole. There are no buildings or any sign of human intervention to be seen anywhere. Only the narrow footpaths and a few harmoniously laid out clearings testify to a human presence.

Suddenly, at a bend in the path, Gaia sees an animal which he believed existed only in tales and legends. A spotless white unicorn, then another and yet another, appear unexpectedly, followed by a group of adolescent, boys and girls, who are taking pleasure in rounding them up and riding them in turn. The unicorns seemed to play the game willingly and even reared and leapt, just to test the reflexes and balance of their riders. As for the children, wearing short white tunics tied with a cord at the waist, they formed a picture of happiness and freedom that made a strong impression on Gaia.

Afterwards, he often dreamed that he was playing with these youngsters, with a light heart and perfectly at peace. However, the time had not yet come for him to indulge in such activities. He was soon to be entrusted with weighty responsibilities, and his throat tightened slightly as he sensed what was awaiting him.

The Maha Chohan, who was still ahead, moves a few branches aside and together they enter a small room built into the rock face, where they both find a comfortable seat and sit down. For a few seconds, they each observe a deep silence, meditating upon the importance of the revelations that are about to be made. Without a word, they both close their eyes. Soon, they start chanting together, softly at first, then with increasing intensity, the sacred sound Aum, which from time immemorial has been used to open the mind to the highest realms of consciousness.

The whole cave resonates, with an extraordinary harmonic richness, echoing the sounds emitted by the two beings who are present there on the physical plane. It was as if the whole rock around them had taken Life. As if the Earth herself had focussed a part of her consciousness on this place to listen to and take part in what was about to happen. Gaia, whose years of assiduous practice of meditation and contemplation had made him familiar with the various states of being and spiritual awareness, immediately feels this warm maternal Presence, bursting with compassion, now filling everything and seeping into the innermost recesses of his consciousness.

"Gaia, my child, you are the fruit of my womb and the Seed of Life sparkling within you is blessed among all others. You've accepted a very long time ago, thousands of years ago on the human scale, to fulfill this very special mission which you will now remember in full."

It seemed to Gaia that this warm, deeply loving voice he felt with his whole being was emanating from the very rock surrounding them, and that he had known it for all eternity... and very intimately.

"Yes, you are beginning to remember, aren't you. You see again all those lives devoted to serving the Divine Light and to preparing yourself for what must now be accomplished. All those tests through which you have passed. All those joys and all those sorrows along the Path leading from the Darkness of ignorance to the Light of Truth."

In a kaleidoscope of superimposed images, Gaia was reliving simultaneously all those moments from past lives, all those new awarenesses and spiritual realizations that marked the Way of his Awakening. Now, the great Wheel of Destiny had finished a full cycle and a new phase was about to begin. And it was the same for the planet as a whole. That too was now very clear to him. The fabulous being speaking to him was also going to experience a profound transmutation. Soon, nothing will be the same anymore. *Very soon.*

In a few years something colossal and magnificent, which has been in gestation since the appearance of the first cell on Earth, will happen, something so marvelous, so unexpected, that no human being now living on this planet is really able to grasp it. It will be a new birth for all Life, a New Age of harmony and peace, the realization of one the most secret plans of Nature. And it is humanity as a whole who will take part in it. Everything dividing human beings and cutting them off from the Web of planetary Life, all cultures and creeds, will disappear, soon to be forgotten, as one forgets a bad dream on awakening from the darkness of a long and troubled night.

Now, in a flash of unprecedented lucidity, Gaia sees all that is at stake at that very moment. All those aeons of patient effort that would soon be rewarded. All those beings from everywhere in the Universe who had contributed to the slow maturation of the planetary being that would soon be born, after some cosmic contractions, awaken to Unity and vibrate with Love, such a pure and powerful Love that the whole Universe would be touched, uplifted, transformed! For all that happens on Earth has repercussions everywhere in the Universe, just as all that happens in the Universe also affects the Earth.

Gaia has lost all contact with the room where he sits with the Maha Chohan. His mind drifts, totally free, with a freedom he had never known before, and he rises like a sun bird, higher and higher towards the starry vault from which he gazes at the planetary being there, just beneath him. His spiritual eyes easily pierces the thin layer of air and water vapour surrounding the globe like a translucent skin. He sees the rivers flowing down from the mountains, irrigating the valleys and rushing into the sea to renew the eternal cycle of the water of Life, the Blood of the Earth.

He sees the forests and the oceans teeming with myriads of creatures each one more magnificent than the other, going about their business, eating, fertilizing and

passing on to all those to come the Sacred Torch of Evolution, thus participating in the Great Work of Life.

He also sees the sea of men, women and children, in every land, in all climates, with an endless variety of styles of dress, habits and customs, all carrying high the Flame of Life and manifesting the passion to live and love that dwells in all creation. His eyes, his soul, surrenders for a moment of eternity to this total Communion with Mother Earth. There is no longer anything separating him from this Whole, vibrating with Life, quivering with streams of energy, radiating with Love for all that is born from this patient labour of creation of Life, beauty and Harmony.

Tears of joy streams down his face and a cry springs from his heart rising from the depths of his soul like a song of elation, joining in the Cosmic Symphony of Creation.

"I love you!... I love you, mother... Mother Earth..."

What happiness, what delight to be able to share at last with God... with the Self... without resistance, in total freedom, the most precious thing in the Universe.

However, in his ecstasy, in his infinite bliss, Gaia feels a discordant note growing, a song of sadness, a harrowing moan that hurts his very soul. The Earth is dying. This being, so good, so generous, who has given everything, who has patiently waited millions and millions of years for her child to be born and recognize her, this being of Life is slowly perishing, bruised, wounded, tortured without respite by the unconscious brutality of men.

Everywhere, Gaia now sees sharply the flagrant and largely irreversible consequences of the blind cruelty and greed of a civilization of machines and war that has expanded its grasp over the whole planet. This direct and stark realization pierces his heart like a sharp point, until it hurts the Spark of immortal Life within him.

"What! So many wonders trampled, crushed by steel machines, buried beneath masses of garbage! So many living sanctuaries desecrated, violated, ravaged! So much Love rejected by so much selfishness! This cannot continue! Someone must stop it! We've got to save the Earth! To save Life! Save... our Life."

Gaia sits up straight on his seat, stunned, his heart shaken to the soul by what he has just realized, his mind reeling with images of death, destruction, atrocities

inflicted by his fellow men upon Mother Earth. Slowly, he raises his eyes towards the being of Light seated near him, seeking help, comfort and some sign of understanding and compassion.

With a gesture of his hand, the Maha Chohan tells him to close his eyes again and an infinitely gentle smile, barely visible on his face, indicates to him that all is well, that he must remain confident, that the Faith which has guided him all his life and has led him to this place, must remain his beacon, his firm anchorage even in the deepest darkness and the wildest turmoil.

"Truth will prevail, my Son."

A deep sense of peace overcomes him, and gentle sparks of Light run along his spine, flowing all around him like an incandescent fountain of Life. A vision, a perfect Path has just opened before him. Carried along again by the Divine Magic that fills the Earth and his body at the same time, Gaia suddenly has the evidence, the explosion of Light, the confirmation of all his deepest intuitions.

All the tests that the Earth and humanity are undergoing are the necessary ferment to catalyse the change, the transformation, the true Mutation that is occurring all over the Earth. Nothing would be possible if stagnation set in, if human beings and Nature were not continually confronted with new challenges to adapt themselves to the inevitability of their interdependence and to manifest the huge potential of cocreativity resulting from their close and harmonious interrelationship.

"Of course, Gaia says to himself, humanity has still a lot to learn and discover to bring about the full manifestation of this harmony. But the essential keystone of this realization on the planetary scale of the inseparable Oneness of all that lives on Earth is about to be given to Mankind. And it is in this that I have a role to play.

What is asked of me is to totally merge my mind, my consciousness, with the planetary consciousness of the global being formed by the millions of species living on this world. From now on I will speak on behalf of the Earth and the Earth will express herself through me. While remaining what I am, for I am simultaneously this being of Life and myself.

There is no separation, no distinction between the two of us... I am... Gaia! She *is*... Gaia."

And I know, for it is written in Heaven, has been planned for thousands of years, I know that every circumstance and chance of life will conspire to make this

mission easier and to smooth away all the obstacles on the Way to the merging of humanity... *with Gaia!*

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CHAPTER IV

Innocence Regained

Madison Square Garden, December 31 1989, 25,000 people and hundreds of millions more glued to their screens are about to take part in an experience unique in all human history.

They've just seen a film prepared for the occasion based on the first three chapters of the book... And of course the film, which had its world premiere, was entitled *The Immortal Child*. They've all identified with the central character, Gaia, and can't wait to see the sequel, which is about to be presented to them live in an artistic spectacle integrating music, choreographic dance, theater and cinema, featuring star artists from all over the world, with Gaia as the central character.

Reality transcends fiction. What was only a dream has become reality. The necessary capital and expertise were quickly assembled following the publication of this book presenting a project, a vision whose time had clearly come. And a film will also be made from the show to reach an ever-growing audience in every nation and language on the planet. The Plan is coming true.

But let's get back to New York, to Madison Square Garden, where the show of the century is about to begin! The entire crowd is seated at the invitation of the presenter. He asks the audience to take a few moments of contemplation, bearing in mind that hundreds of millions of humans are going through the same experience as they are at the same moment, and that soon they will all unite in thought with the Planetary Being, with Gaia.

The lights go out; only the hum of the ventilation is heard. Soon, even this noise fades as the consciousness of those present is captivated by the intensity of the energy that makes the crowd vibrate and freezes in time this magical moment when, for the first time, humans will spontaneously tune their hearts and thoughts in unison with the Force of Life permeating the entire planet. The Earth holds her breath... and the entire Cosmos watches in anticipation of the great event.

A sound, a low-frequency modulation, gradually rises and swells until the amphitheater is filled with a faint rumbling setting off a vibration in the people

gathered to attend and participate in this planetary celebration of the Love uniting all Life on Earth and in the Universe.

Slowly, the Primordial Vibration subsides, until all that's left is a subtle, barely perceptible murmur, which will remain in the background throughout the show, omnipresent like the Word at the origin of all Creation and ever present, now, from the beginning of time to the apotheosis of the end of time. And suddenly, there was Light! A spark, tiny at first, just one, appears in the center of the stage, held by an invisible hand for the moment. Everyone holds their breath. Life has just been born.

And now, gradually a sound emerges, a gentle, infinitely gentle, human voice. And from this voice comes a lone chant which, little by little, gropingly, explores the register of musical sounds and tones. And then this voice transmutes itself into vowels, phonemes, more and more highly organized, and from this sound exploration a language is born, expressing the heartfelt cry of a lonely soul, of the Soul of the Universe.

"Why am I here? Who am I? Who listens to what I say? Where can I find someone to listen to me? Why am I alone?"

Resuming its chant, the voice continues to pour out its solitude, relying on melody alone to express its feeling of loneliness and its desire to share, to commune with another being. After a few moments, after what seemed an eternity, the voice fades away. Something is about to happen. Everyone feels the imminence of an event with incalculable, unimaginable consequences. And the voice rises again, on a solemn tone.

"I want to divide, to split myself into an infinite number of sparks of Life, of particles of beings, all similar to me, but each expressing a different facet of all that I am... *so that there will be Love!*"

The low-frequency modulation of the beginning swells to a thunderous roar. Then, the spark that had been flickering relentlessly since its first appearance begins to shine with ever-increasing intensity and, miracle of miracles, a second spark lights up from the first. And so begins a dance, the dance of Life. Soon, a song of Love rises up, a song of two voices, one warm and masculine, the other gentle and feminine.

For a few minutes, the audience and millions of viewers witness an unforgettable sight. By the light of their sparks of Life, the two dancers perform a

ballet expressing all the feelings of happiness, ecstasy and perfect harmony filling their hearts, while a choir concealed in darkness takes up with fervor and passion the melody of Love sung by these male and female archetypes.

Soon, a long thrill runs through the audience. The two beings have come close, joined their two polarities and, in a long kiss, have conceived to beget Life again. The miracle of procreation, as marvelous as ever, is re-enacted once more, as if for the first time. And, from the Union of man and woman, is born a child, as if it were the first child born since the beginning of time... *The Immortal Child* !

In a vocal apotheosis, an immense Light springs from the union of the two sparks of Life, and a small child, who is immediately recognized by the entire audience, comes forward towards the center of the stage, as bearer of the Sacred Torch of Life, The Torch of immortality, passed on from generation to generation, from species to species, from planet to planet, since the dawn of Life, since the creation of the first living being.

Two trumpets then triumphantly herald the beginning of the great adventure of the evolution of Life through a multitude of forms and an infinity of worlds and environments. From duality, multiplicity is born.

Coming towards the choir at the front of the stage, Gaia, the Immortal Child, stands his eyes closed for a moment and a great silence gradually settles upon the audience, a silence hardly disturbed by the Primordial Vibration.

In a resounding voice, he proclaims: "People of the Earth, people of all lands, I have a message to give you. Listen to it attentively and let your inmost soul echo it. May your heart be open at this hour. May you accept the gift of Love that Life offers us at this moment. I speak to you on behalf of the Earth and of all that lives upon Her face and beneath Her waters.

A being from higher dimensions has taken on various human forms over the millennia to teach the way back to the lost paradise. Few listened. Many rejected him. Millions were killed and burned in his name. Cults were dedicated to his memory. So many cathedrals, mosques and temples are filled today with the sounds of war and chaos raging around the world.

The hearts of millions of humans have been closed to the Creator's call, and night has reigned for centuries. I come to announce that a new day has dawned, and that at last their hearts are opening to the Call of the Divine. Millions have already answered. Soon, the multitude will follow."

Then, kneeling down, Gaia holds out his arm to one of the members of the choir and lights a fourth spark of Life with his Sacred Torch. The latter turns round and does the same with two other members who turn round and do the same, and so on, until all the members of the choir raise high above their heads the sparks of Life thus lit.

Getting up again, Gaia says: "Go and spread Light in the world. May Love, peace and joy reign in all hearts. May harmony return to Earth. May man find the way back to paradise."

Turning towards the audience in one single move, the choir breaks into a song of glory and elation, soon taken up in unison by everyone. Moving among the audience, they pass on the Flame of Life to other people, who in turn pass it on to others, until everyone in attendance has a spark of Life. Soon, the whole theatre is flooded with light and bathed in peace and Love, while an orchestra takes up in crescendo an arrangement of the theme sung by the choir and the audience.

After a few minutes of shared bliss, the singing and music gradually subside to a barely audible murmur, as the sparklers distributed to the crowd finish burning down. Soon, only the Flame carried by Gaia remains, still at center stage.

A spotlight turns on, casting a halo of golden light around the child, and in a firm, confident voice, Gaia says: "Dear brothers and sisters of Life, I thank you for your participation in the celebration we have just held together on behalf of all Life on Earth. I now have another short message to share with you, on behalf of the Earth, on behalf of Gaia."

The child then meditates for a few seconds, eyes closed, taking a few deep breaths, focusing all his energy and attention so as to be receptive to the Essential, the Unexpected... and many in the crowd do the same. The spotlight gradually fades. The Primordial Vibration then slowly build up again, bringing the whole audience to a new threshold of consciousness.

Slowly, the large screen that had been used to show the first part of the film *The Immortal Child*, lit up with an image familiar to us all today, that of planet Earth suspended in the infinity of the sidereal void, half-lit by the rays of the sun, with the moon in the background.

The Primordial Vibration suddenly grows louder and deeper, transmuting into a marvelous heavenly melody, while the choir bursts into a song of unbelievable beauty. The entire audience is moved to tears.

The Earth speaks to everyone in the most universal language of all, the language of music. Each person present, and all those watching the show on TV, broadcast live around the world, receive in the secret alcove of their hearts a message, a vision, an impression that indelibly marks them with the seal of Oneness with Life on Earth. The essence of this message can be summed up as follows...

"You are my children, all of you, without exception, and I love you all. You are the fruit of billions of years of patient labor. In you I have sown the seed of a fabulous future. Soon you will collectively awaken to Oneness consciousness through the eternal Life Force that connects us. I was shaped by Life and became what I am, a being filled with vitality, radiating harmony and balance. It's the same for each and every one of you, for it's the same Life that gave you form and animates each of your cells with the same vital fire that animates all the other cells of my immense planetary body.

You have now reached a point in your evolution where you can begin to consciously participate in the invisible processes enabling Life to manifest its infinite potential for creativity. You are about to become co-creators of a new planetary Reality which will transcend all that has existed before. Only you know what This will be, for you alone have the power to create This.

My children, within you lies the Key to a new world, a regenerated Earth, an unparalleled Golden Age, and I have complete faith in you!

Victory is near.

Victory is near.

Victory is near."

The spotlight then shines again on a young man last seen in the bowels of Mount Shasta, Gaia, who has just uttered those last words and who, in song, accompanied by an orchestra featuring some of the world's finest rock musicians and backed by a full symphony orchestra and the same chorus of male and female singers, opens a memorable concert that will go down in the annals of history as the turning point in the awakening of planetary consciousness for all mankind. The *Earth Concert* has just begun!

For almost nine hours straight, rock bands from every continent will be singing, in all the world's major languages, about the unity of humanity and the joy of sharing together, in peace, such a beautiful planet, such a beautiful time.

The show is now drawing to a close. For many long hours, millions of TV viewers have resonated to the rhythm of the songs played by some of the best musicians in the world. Everyone is now impatiently waiting for the finale of this historic concert. The last notes of the theme song, for which all the performers gather on stage in a chorus whose words, taken up in unison by the audience, reveal a burning desire for a better world, and the final round of applause, are followed at last by a silence full of emotion, heavy with meaning. Everyone waits with bated breath. What surprise is now in store? Almost everything seems to have been said... but not quite!

No, not quite. A thin pencil of light cuts through the darkness and hits the giant screen on which the Earth, seen from afar and gradually coming nearer, appears against a starry background. A date in huge blazing letters suddenly flashes across the dark background of the sky... **31 December 2012**

A strangely familiar voice is heard, vigorous yet marked by the passage of years. It is Gaia who speaks.

"Dear friends, what a great pleasure it is to speak to you across these twenty-two years separating us. How I'd also love to have you by my side to show you what our world has become today. So many things have changed. So much has happened. Millions have left us, many prematurely. Millions more have joined us, and we now form a family of some seven billion human beings. Not everyone has the same standard of living, at least not yet, but everyone's situation has considerably improved since the nations of the world decided to unite their efforts to preserve Life on our beautiful planet. That's right! What still seemed unthinkable in your time has at last been achieved. All human beings and all those who govern them have finally recognized the imperative need to combine their forces and determination to direct the efforts for the development of human civilization towards a greater respect for the natural cycles.

Much has been accomplished since this memorable agreement, sponsored by the United Nations and all the responsible international bodies, to put an end to the worst effects of human activities on the environment and begin the long task of planetary regeneration.

The Amazon rainforest is already growing back thanks to the determination of millions of workers engaged in the international effort to restore its rights to Life. Necessary measures to stop the destruction of the ozone layer have been rigorously

implemented everywhere in the world. Acid rain, for a long time the cause of decline of the northern forests, has finally been curbed thanks to the billions invested in programs to clean up the atmosphere. Water has been restored to its former purity in most lakes and rivers, where the population can once again swim safely and the aquatic flora and fauna proliferate freely. The soil, which had been severely damaged by agricultural practices that failed to take long-term effects into account, has regained its natural fertility thanks to intensive efforts to regenerate the micro-organisms living in the soil.

All this has been made possible by the cooperation that has gradually become the rule in relations between the world's states. All the armed conflicts that plagued human relations have been resolved one after the other, thanks to concerted efforts at mediation and negotiation that, at all levels, have led to a better understanding, resolutely cordial and focused on the well-being of the entire human community.

But above all, what has made the difference between war, violence and hatred on the one hand, and peace, goodwill and Love on the other, are the hundreds of millions of people who have chosen, one by one, to direct their lives towards a constant improvement in their state of peace and inner harmony. That's what really made all the difference, without a shadow of a doubt! For a soul at peace can only radiate Love... and a being guided by Love cannot commit violent acts or support, directly or indirectly, those who do such things."

And as Gaia, in a calm, serene voice, spoke to the humans of this century, inspiring images flashed across the screen to illustrate his words. Humans scattered across the globe understood perfectly what he was saying, since the whole show was broadcast in the language of each country. So everyone could follow the thread of his description of one of our world's possible futures.

Everywhere, the same question, tinged with hope and anguish, came to mind. How can we achieve this dream of a world of peace, harmony and love? How can we put an end to centuries of war, hatred and violence? *How?*

With that, the Earth seen on the screen gradually recedes into the eternal twinkling of the stars in this infinite Universe, seemingly completely indifferent to the predicaments and torments of this world called Terra Gaia.

"How will we get through this stage of our evolution? That's the question," says a voice heard at the beginning of the show.

"By rediscovering our original innocence. Let's cultivate peace in our soul! Let's stop running away from the only reality that deserves our attention! The spirit of Life resides within us. Its consciousness expresses itself and grows through us. So it is everywhere in the Universe.

Then, to a grandiose soundtrack that lifts the soul to the pinnacle of consciousness, begins a journey in images that will forever mark the human conscience. Carried by an invisible vessel traveling at dizzying speeds beyond anything the human imagination can conceive, a camera embarks on a journey of unparalleled intensity, defying description, to give a glimpse of how Life has evolved and flourished in other parts of our galaxy and the Universe.

After a few swirling minutes of indelible impressions, never-before-seen landscapes, planets teeming with Life, peoples of all shapes and forms, civilizations at every possible stage of evolution, the image of Terra Gaia once again appears, floating in the void of space, brilliantly lit by the Sun and accompanied by its Moon.

"This is where we are now today," continues Gaia's voice, strangely close, almost palpable. As the screen darkens, a projector is switched on and everyone discovers a man seated at a table in the center of the now empty stage. He holds a quill in his hand, and on the table is a large book on which he has just written those last words. Slowly turning towards the audience and the cameras, he raises the book for all to see, opened on two blank pages, spotlessly white.

"None of what I have just read is yet written in the great Book of History. For it is now up to us to write the future history of the world.

It's up to us, men, women and children all over the world, to choose the destiny we want.

At this moment, people from all lands, on behalf of Life, on behalf of this marvelous and generous Life that makes my heart beat in unison with yours, I ask you to still your thoughts, all your thoughts, and join your Love with mine to thank Life for all that she has given us, ever.

We are all one, brothers, sisters...

We are all One...

We are all One..."

CHAPTER V

Dance of Life

We see Gaia again in 2012, seated at the same table, as at the end of the Earth Concert. He rereads what he has just written, summing up all those years of intensive, relentless work to save the planet from destruction and restore the forces of Life to their former vigor.

"According to the plans drawn up following the Earth Concert, the combined efforts of all humans are restoring health to the planetary biome that has been badly battered by over a century of indiscriminate industrialization and uncontrolled development. Everywhere, we are finally beginning to see the results of all the efforts made to repair the incalculable damage caused to forests, lakes and rivers, oceans and all living things on this Earth. We've come a long way. The people of the late twentieth century could never have imagined the scale of the disaster that was unfolding before their eyes, without them being fully aware of it.

Oh sure, alarm bells were ringing about the advance of the deserts, the toxic, nuclear and acid rain pollution of the entire environment, the destruction of the protective ozone layer, the accelerated disappearance of plant and animal species and, in short, the erosion of everything that enables Life to exist and thrive.

But it wasn't until much later that we realized that it was above all the combined effects of all these seemingly isolated crises that was having the most devastating consequences on the biosphere. The very survival of all life on Earth was at stake. Fortunately, it wasn't too late. But it was a close call, a very close call, for everything to be lost!

No doubt, such a common threat affecting everybody without exception was the only way to awaken the conscience of humanity and unite all human beings in a single common goal transcending all selfish and nationalistic interests.

No doubt we needed to be backed into a corner, so to speak, to finally understand that we are all united in the same great and wonderful adventure of Life on "Spaceship Earth", in the words of the late Buckminster Fuller. No doubt!

What I am certain of now, however, is that the efforts of thousands of voluntary organizations in all spheres of human activity have also played a crucial and irreplaceable role in the success we have achieved today. And in this respect, the Earth Concert has been an essential catalyst in mobilizing world public opinion in favour of a massive redirection of human and economic resources towards the regeneration of the planetary environment. Not only did the show demonstrate everyone's determination to put an end to war and conflict, and to work together to safeguard the planet, but also, and above all, this moment of intense communion of spirit between billions of human beings, listening simultaneously to the televised broadcast of the show, made everyone profoundly aware of the Oneness of all Life on Earth.

Since that magical moment, we've known that we're all One. We know that all that lives is One, and that the outward appearances setting us apart from others are nothing compared to that which is connecting us all together and with all Life. We have, as it were, all become Gaia and we have identified with Mother Earth, from whom we were born.

But there is another element that has also played a key role in redirecting development efforts and redistributing the population across the globe. At the end of the twentieth century, cities and industrial concentration had become the source of almost insurmountable social and environmental problems. Yet the solution to this crisis had already begun to take shape on a small scale in the decades preceding the Earth Concert.

Indeed, hundreds, then thousands of small communities had appeared all over the world, creating the basis for a new way of living on this Earth. These experimental centers of what could be called a new consciousness shared a common desire to be closer to the cycles of nature and in tune once again with the simplest eternal truths governing relationships among human beings and with the other species dwelling on this planet. The forms adopted by these eco-communities were incredibly diverse as I was able to see during my travels around the world.

Everywhere I went, I was warmly greeted and felt accepted, irrespective of my origins, as a full-fledged member of the global human family. I was always expected to willingly participate in the various daily tasks and display a positive and selfless attitude in my work. That's how I learned to give without counting the cost, without expecting anything in return, in a true spirit of service, which is

simply Love in action. This is how I also came to wish to create such a community living center in order to put into practice all that I had learned during those years of exploration in various parts of the world, and also to share with other people this new awareness of *being One with all Life* that had grown within me as a result of the inner experiences I had had.

That is why I've created with others what has become a large village where I lead a full life in perfect harmony with the natural laws of Life. This village is itself part of a global network of villages that sprang up in the 90s in response to the need, felt by millions of people, to reconnect with Nature and consciously apply this awareness of Oneness with all Life gradually emerging all over the world.

Now we are entering a new phase in our collective evolution, and it is precisely because of everything I have just described that this has finally become possible. Soon, I will have to leave our beloved planet, maybe forever, and that is why I wanted to record this account of past events as I experienced them. I don't know exactly what the future holds for us, but I have an unshakeable faith in our ability to face up to whatever challenges lie ahead. Now that humanity has passed the dangerous hurdles of adolescence and solved its internal conflicts, it can calmly embark on the next stage of the great evolutionary journey from darkness to Light, from unconsciousness to consciousness."

Having finished his "Letter to posterity," Gaia turned round towards the people awaiting him and told them: "Now I'm ready to follow you."

"Very well. Come, the Maha Chohan is waiting for you."

Gaia got up and gathered the few personal belongings he wanted to bring with him and followed his nocturnal visitors who had come for him in the middle of the night to lead him to the One he had not seen since his descent into the depths of the Earth at Mount Shasta. He felt excited at the thought of meeting again the being of Light who had helped him so much in his mission on Earth.

He was also very curious to know why he had been summoned at this hour, and what was going to happen next. Like many others, he had had a dream vision of a great change that would soon overturn everything Earthlings had known until then. He had seen immense ships, sparkling with light, appear in the sky, bringing with them great knowledge that would open the doors to a new era in the history of mankind.

As many people had had similar dreams in recent months, it was a subject that came up frequently in conversation, and even aroused passions in certain scientific circles. Indeed, according to data accumulated through observations made with the Hubble telescope, space probes and other scientific instruments, the conclusion had finally been reached that the appearance and evolution of Life elsewhere in the Universe was, for all practical purposes, inevitable.

And of course, despite all the accumulated evidence, there was still a core of scientists and philosophers who adamantly opposed this idea, going so far as to label as heretical and superstitious anyone who mentioned the possibility of other intelligent beings watching us, and had been doing so for a very long time, according to some. However, for most people, it had become commonplace to talk about our brothers and sisters in space, and even to consider direct contact with them in order to accelerate our growth on all fronts.

Gaia was therefore eager to see where they were going to take him and what was going to happen. Once outside his house, he followed his guides along a path he used to follow leading to a wild meadow at the foot of a hill. The three beings ahead of him, two men and a woman, were among the most beautiful he had ever seen. About two meters tall on average, with shimmering blond hair, fair skin and crystal-blue eyes, their haughty gait almost gave the impression that they were floating a few centimeters off the ground. As with the beings he had met on his visit to Mount Shasta, they exuded such an aura of peace and serenity that one could not help but be totally charmed and confident in their presence.

Soon, as he had expected, at the last bend in the path before the meadow, he saw a small, round, flattened bell-shaped vessel waiting silently on a sort of telescopic tripod. Stepping inside through an opening that had appeared beneath its sides as they approached, they took their places on comfortable seats and quickly, without any jolt or physical sensation of movement, they lifted off and headed east, towards the dawn now appearing on the horizon, as Gaia could see on the vast monitor showing the landscape they were flying over.

Their ship gradually gained altitude and crossed the boundary between the Earth's atmosphere and the vacuum of space. Gaia watched all this with barely concealed astonishment, for this was his first experience of leaving the planetary womb... at least in this present lifetime. For the first time, he could contemplate at his leisure this marvelous sphere vibrating with Life, streaked with cloudy bands

and almost pulsating with all the activity buzzing upon its surface. Aware of his obvious contemplative ecstasy, the pilots deliberately prolonged the flight of their vehicle, making a complete orbit around the planet, at least that's the impression Gaia got.

Then, just as he was beginning to wonder when they were going to arrive, the ship immediately stopped its course, and, turning to his guides, he made it clear with his eyes that he wanted them to explain what was going on. The woman in the trio, who had remained silent until then, spoke up and gently explained that the prolonged flight they had just taken had been necessary to give his body time to adapt to the new vibrations around him, and to allow his mind to relax in the face of all the new stimuli he was receiving.

"In a few minutes, the Maha Chohan will receive you aboard the mothership that serves as the central command for the entire intergalactic fleet that has been stationed near your planet for several years. He will explain to you why this fleet has been brought together and what is about to happen."

Only half surprised by the information he had just been given, Gaia, who had begun in the sixties to read messages channelled about this subject through various mediums, decided to prepare himself mentally for what he was about to see, and went into deep meditation.

No sooner had he closed his eyes than he felt an intense purifying energy passing through his whole body, different from anything that he had known before. The goal of this was to raise the vibratory frequency of his physical body and to free him from all terrestrial influences that could have somehow stuck to his aura. Indeed, as was explained to him later, every ship and its passengers had to receive this purifying treatment on their return from a mission in the Earth's environment before being able to return to the mothership from which each crew sets out.

Only half-surprised by the information he had just been given, Gaia, who since the 60s had been aware of the messages received on this subject by various mediums, decided to prepare himself mentally for what he was about to see, and so went into deep meditation. No sooner had he closed his eyes than he felt an intense current of purifying energy flow through his entire body, unlike anything he had ever experienced before. This was intended to raise the vibratory frequency of his physical being, while freeing him from any earthly influence that might have somehow stuck to his aura. Indeed, as was later explained to him, each ship and its

passengers had to undergo such a purifying treatment on return from a mission in the terrestrial environment, before being able to return to the carrier mothership from which each crew had departed.

After a few minutes, Gaia felt that their trip had come to an end and, opening his eyes, realized that he was alone on board and that an intense golden light was entering the cabin through the open hatch. He slowly got up from his seat and approached the exit without really knowing what to expect. Crossing the threshold, he found himself in a place beyond anything he could have imagined even in his wildest dreams.

An immense space, similar in size to a world in miniature left him speechless with amazement. As far as the eye could see, he saw ships like the one that had brought him here and other larger vessels and beyond, in the wall obstructing the horizon, he discerned some brightly lit passages which probably led to other parts of this ginormous galactic spacecraft.

Looking down towards the bottom of the landing gangway, he finally saw his beloved guide who was awaiting him, a wide smile on his lips. Gaia came down almost regretfully from his observation post and solemnly stood in front of the Maha Chohan. Bending down on one knee, he mentally asked his blessing. Then, raising both hands above Gaia's head and closing his eyes, the Maha Chohan joined in the most total, the most unconditional Love with the one who had been his devoted disciple for so many years. A few minutes passed... time seemed to stand still.

Their souls fused, their hearts communed, their minds communicated. And tears welled up in their eyes and slowly trickled down their cheeks, testifying to the sublime intensity of their total abandon to divine Love.

Without a single word being exchanged, Gaia stood up and accompanied his guide towards a platform equipped with seats that quickly took them towards one of the large passages Gaia had glimpsed, which led to another room, much smaller by comparison, built like a vast amphitheater large enough to accommodate a few thousand people, but almost empty for the time being. The flying platform dropped them in the center near the podium from which the speakers could apparently address the whole audience.

Sitting down in the translucent seats placed opposite each other near a crystal table, the Maha Chohan and Gaia began a long conversation rich in teachings and revelations.

"My dear spiritual son, let me first tell you the story of your preparation for the mission that you have carried out on Terra Gaia, with great success, and also give you a glimpse of the future of this mission, which is far from over as, you will soon realize.

More than ten thousand years ago now, when the Earth was gradually recovering from the ill treatments endured during the final catastrophe which resulted in the destruction of Atlantis "the perverted," I was in the land which is called Egypt today, where I was in charge of the works that were to lead much later to the construction of the first great pyramid. It was at this moment that I noticed you in the crew of dedicated foremen on the building site working under my instructions. You were then an ardent young man, keen to learn everything concerning our art of moving heavy loads by air, that is, the huge stones used for our various building works, that we were transporting by degrees from the quarry where they had been cut to the site selected for construction. It was then that I decided to take you on as a pupil, to teach you, as you requested, the use of the sacred sounds through which we were able to raise the stones.

Remembering that time, when the foundations were laid for the human civilizations which were later to flourish, evoked in me happy memories of a simpler life, free from any major upheavals or threats to the planet's existence. What a contrast with regard to the difficult period we have just gone through! Fortunately, everything worked out well and we can now view the future with more serenity.

To come back to your period of novitiate, you clearly displayed all the necessary qualities to rapidly become a realized being and an avatar capable of guiding other humans towards the Flame of Divine Realization. You therefore followed for several consecutive lifetimes the accelerated Path of evolution reserved for those beings who show the greatest determination to make progress. You were duly initiated to all the degrees required for your spiritual advancement and proved in all circumstances, even the most difficult ones, that the confidence placed in you was justified. I will not go into the details because soon you will be able to clearly remember all these events on your own

A little more than two thousand years ago, you had reached such a degree of spiritual realization that you were considered ready to play one of the most difficult roles which could be asked of a human being. After reviewing in a short span of time the whole journey of initiation you had gone through during numerous preceding incarnations, you were for several years the vessel for the Christ Consciousness which could thus be expressed on the earthly plane through your personality and consequently bring to men a Teaching which had a profound influence on a large part of humanity.

Like you, other beings have at different times and in different places had the rare privilege of serving as channels of expression for this Universal Force which, everywhere in the created Universe, is guiding the evolution of conscious beings towards more Light... always more Light.

Still today, many beings are playing this role on Earth and, by their influence, are instrumental in raising human consciousness towards the One Source from which all proceeds.

You yourself have been able to a certain extent to serve again as a relay for this Christ Consciousness in your present incarnation and thus come closer to the Immortal Source of Life dwelling in you as in any living being. Through your dedicated work entirely devoted to the Service of the One, you have once more had a decisive influence on millions of human beings and contributed to their spiritual awakening and to their ascent towards a greater awareness.

According to the Universal Law requiring any being rising upon the Path of evolution to help others to do the same before being allowed to reach a new stage, you have earned the right, through your unceasing labor, to take one more step, a great step, as you will soon realize, which will free you from the necessity of incarnation in matter and will open the door to spiritual worlds unsuspected by those who are called mortals. But you will not take this step alone, for millions of others have, like you, reached the Threshold of Cosmic Awakening and you will take this step all together.

It is the same for us, who came from the far reaches of this galaxy and from well beyond to assist you in your collective Birth to a new state of being. For the Law applies also to us. In bringing our help as we have for millions of years and especially for the last few decades, we are enabling ourselves to go on to a higher level of evolution which otherwise would be inaccessible to us. Thus the Creator of

the Universe has planned everything in His infinite wisdom, for in this way it is all Life which is, gradually, with the passage of endless aeons, rising towards Him. You will now follow me to discover the mission awaiting you for the time being. No, remain on your seat because it is not on the physical plane but rather upon the astral plane that I will lead you in preparation for what is coming."

Then, closing their eyes, the Maha Chohan and Gaia enter into a deep meditation and after a few seconds, Gaia, who had not had much experience of the astral world in his present incarnation, feels with joy and ease his body of Light being drawn upwards, so to speak, and emerges into a world made of light and moving energies which immediately seems familiar to him, as when one returns to a place where one has lived a long time. Hosts of beings appear instantly before his astral eyes. The huge amphitheater he had believed to be empty is in fact nearly full of beings of every shape and form and, as he quickly realizes, who originate from every corner of the Universe. All these beings were conversing amongst themselves without uttering a single word, or were motionless in meditation, or were manipulating indescribable objects whose functions were unknown to him.

Suddenly looking upwards, he is stupefied to see an intense Flame of dazzling whiteness in the center, several feet above the crowd, casting its rays down on everyone present and bathing the whole amphitheater in an aura of power and controlled might, as if Divine Consciousness Itself is presiding over this celestial assembly.

Slowly, very slowly, a profound silence descends on the assembly, whilst gradually all the beings present reach their designated places and immerse themselves into an ocean of inner peace, from which deep waves of Love pulsates and a song of Harmony rises, elevating each soul into a perfect communion with the Universal One. Literally uplifted by a powerful groundswell of bliss pervading his entire being, any residual resistance or fear vanishes as Gaia abandons himself to this collective fusion with the Primordial Spark of Life which was now shining like a blazing stellar fire of Love. A Voice, a Nameless Presence, then manifested Itself in each consciousness.

"I Am. In each consciousness, I Am. Since the Eternal Beginning which will never have an End, I Am. Everywhere, from the infinite dispersion of atoms up to the most subtle worlds, My Consciousness pervades All That Is. Beyond the created worlds, before and after any manifestation, there again I Am. However, if the least

one among you ceased existing, if the smallest speck of dust vanished into Nothingness, I too would vanish into Nothingness. For everything is bound together, everything is weaved into an indivisible Web which unites everything that is in One Single Whole. Every single thought, word and action of yours are Mine. Nothing can be separated or excluded. Everything is ONE, for I Am All That Is."

Gradually assimilating the profound meaning of what he had just perceived, like all the other souls present, Gaia senses that an intense moment of Truth is approaching for him and that what is happening at this moment is linked to his presence here. Then, feeling the attention of all these beings and, beyond the Flame, the attention of the entire Universe converging on him, Gaia becomes the focus of a unique and extraordinary phenomenon.

Through him, it is the entire Universe which is re-experiencing once again the Great Initiation as if for the first time a soul is opening to the eternal Unity that joins all things together in One single Love, immortal, eternal, unconditional. Time is suspended. The Universe holds its breath. Everything seems to have been said, everything seems to have been realized. But everything is just beginning.

Absorbed in this absolute Communion with the Consciousness of the Universe, Gaia relives the most important moments of his present existence.

He gradually realizes how amazing his journey has been so far and holds at the same time the memories of his past evolution, from the emergence of the first form of unicellular life on Terra Gaia to this day. He knows that, just as it is for every human being, the History of Life on Earth was encoded in each of his cells and impregnated in the very fibre of his soul. And this History made of conquests and victories over matter, but also of inexpressible trials and sufferings, was now calling on his entire Self to make an unprecedented leap on behalf of all Life on Earth.

And he also knows that all the beings present around him had come at this time to help him take this step and thus open the Way for the Mutation of the soul of all humanity. Such is his test. Such is his challenge.

Gaia's body begins to stir on the chair where he is sitting and breaks into a sweat and a long trembling.

"No! I don't want to die!" shouts Gaia's body.

"Yes! I want to be born to the Light!" calmly shines his soul.

At the same moment, millions of human beings wake from a restless sleep or stop all activity, sensing the imminence of Something totally unknown and prodigiously important. A great shudder runs through the whole Earth and violent thunderstorms suddenly burst out everywhere, whilst furious winds are rising and a low rumbling shakes the bowels of the Earth. Gaia as a whole feels the imminence of the Event. Then everything subsides everywhere at once and a great silence shrouds the planet on the eve of Awakening.

The inner pressure in Gaia's mind reaches breaking point. One by one the last resistances fall.

However, something is still left clinging, something which believes itself to be alone since the beginning of time and for eternity, isolated from everything, something obstinately attached to the Supreme Illusion.

Then in a single burst of Love, all the beings present around Gaia get up and, opening their arms, palms forward, begin chanting in unison the Sacred Sound whose vibrations echo throughout the amphitheater, the ship and, across space, upon the whole Earth which, in one final shudder releases the last resistance and begins to vibrate as an immense diapason in resonance with the Primordial Vibration... *OOOMMMM*.....

And suddenly the miracle happens. The unthinkable, the impossible becomes Reality. Gaia also stands up, raises his arms and starts chanting the Sacred Sound with all the others. From the top of the Flame of Life, an incandescent ray of Love then descends towards Gaia and surrounds each of his cells with a Light of ineffable beauty and purity.

The mutation is taking place!

Gaia's whole body is being transmuted into Light and begins to radiate Life like a new star. Life resuscitates the Life that was lying dormant in matter.

A song of Joy and elation then bursts out from the vault of the huge amphitheater. Gaia, opening the eyes of his body of Light, beholds with his new vision the place where he is and the marvelous beings surrounding him. Spheres of iridescent light with fluid outlines are floating above him, emitting a music and a song of indescribable beauty. Around him, the meditating audience is literally flooding him with benevolent and warm thoughts of Love. Near him, the Maha Chohan has stood up and, looking at him with a wide smile full of compassion, tells him in thought: "Welcome among us, Brother of Light, *Immortal Child*."

Then other beings, whom he recognizes thanks to his memory now fully restored, also come to greet and welcome him in this world of Light and Harmony to which they too had gained access in times past through their work and dedication. Gaia, overcome with happiness, but also very calm and dignified, suddenly perceives the profound meaning of what has just happened within him. After an endless saga going back to the origins of Life on Earth, he has at last been able to free himself from the snare of the illusion of separation and death.

And what he has just experienced, millions of beings like him were soon to experience too. For there are millions who are also on the point of totally freeing themselves from the attraction of matter. The path is clearly marked out, and together they will soon be able to form the body of Light of humanity.

Gaia, in a spontaneous vision, perceives what will be his mission from now on. He will have to return to Earth and guide others through this collective Mutation. In a few centuries, when he will be ready to leave the planetary cradle that has seen him be born and grow, this majestic being, endowed with powers and abilities yet impossible to imagine, this collective body of Light of humanity will take off towards the vault of the heavens and will go to sow Life upon a multitude of worlds as yet lifeless. A long, long time ago, other beings, themselves coming from a nearly infinite succession of bearers of the Flame of Life, did the same for us. It would now be our turn to take up the Torch and perpetuate Life in the Universe. But now, it is time to celebrate.

Everywhere on Earth, the birds sing with even more vigor, Nature exudes peace and human beings, moved to the depths of their souls by what has just occurred, have only one desire, to dance and celebrate this New Day which has just dawned for Terra Gaia. In the heavens and on Earth, the *dance of Life*, more marvelous than ever, resumes its eternal saraband, guiding its children towards a destiny so prodigious that there is little point in even trying to describe it.

CHAPTER VI

Regeneration of the Cells

A few centuries had passed since Gaia's return to Earth. His space odyssey had led him to the ultimate goal of his endless journey through matter. He had transcended space and time, touched the Source of all Life and discovered his immortality. And he had come back in his body of Light to continue the task undertaken by other beings of Light before him. It was as if he was their natural extension in this Great Work perpetuating itself for aeons and aeons through innumerable channels of Life, without respite and never weakening. It was as if they were all within him, like a Universal Memory of all those lives, of all those stages passed through since the Dawn of Time in the eternal labor of realization of the secret Plan of Life.

It was also sharing in a part, an infinitesimal part, of the Great Mystery that has been staring us in the face for so long that we no longer see it everywhere, all around us, in each atom of matter, and within us, buried in the heart of each of our cells. The Mystery of the why, the Great Why of all that is. What a unique privilege to be able to feel, to perceive, to touch with the tip of one's finger, a bit of this indescribable Thing lying dormant within us and controlling down to the smallest details, to the most minute variations of energy, this whole Universal Merry-go-round stretching out to infinity and palpitating in every wave frequency, in every parallel sphere of the visible and invisible worlds, superimposed, interpenetrated, interlinked one with the other.

What a wonder... what grace... what inexpressible bliss.

Such were the thoughts passing through Gaia's mind as he contemplated the infinite starry vault, lying down near a campfire on a fine summer evening, in the company of some of his most devoted disciples.

"Master, do you believe that we will someday understand the Meaning of this Infinity surrounding us?" asked Maltias, as if he had guessed Gaia's thoughts.

Turning his eyes towards Maltias, eyes marked by eternity and filled with a radiance of goodness and Love that nothing can describe, Gaia smiled gently and, taking his time before replying, said:

"Do you know, Maltias, how many beings have asked themselves this question before without ever being able to come up with a satisfactory answer?"

And looking again towards the stars...

"Everywhere up there, like here below, the same question has come up again and again since the beginning of time and no one has yet been able to penetrate the Mystery. Who will ever be able to say with any certainty why all this exists and why we live. However, I have often had the impression of understanding, seeing, feeling and touching in the depths of my being the Primordial Cause and the Ultimate Goal of all Life. But I have never been absolutely certain that I understand everything, and have reached the end of the Mystery.

A last veil always remains before the Light which guides us all towards some sublime destiny beyond anything the imagination can conceive of.

And you too you can accede to this inner Vision, but you will be the only one to see it. So it is for all the beings that live in Duality. Only the souls who have united themselves in the Light can share the same Vision and commune simultaneously with the Source."

"Isn't this what we will be able to do soon? Don't you teach us that the hour of deliverance is close and that soon we will understand and know perfectly where we come from and where we are going?"

"Yes... Soon you too will know," said Gaia again for the benefit of all his disciples who were listening attentively to their conversation.

"Like millions of others before you, you will discover the precious jewel, the spark of immortal Light that Life has placed within you since the Beginning. And everything will get clearer, as when the sun shines high in the sky after a long cold, starless night. The times are ripe for another collective initiation. Soon I will lead you in the company of hundreds of other Assemblies of brothers and sisters of Life towards the Threshold of Awakening that I crossed at the end of the Ancient World and you, in turn, like many others since then, will undergo the same test.

Like me, you will have to choose between eternal Unity with the immortal Force of Life and the Illusion of separation and death in the worlds of matter. But know that the Way is now completely open and well marked out. The force of

attraction of all the souls who have already crossed the Threshold will reduce proportionally the resistance within you caused by fear and refusal in the face of mutation. They are all there within you, calling with all their might other soul mates to join their exhilaration and commune with the One. They are holding out their hands, so to speak, across the Threshold through which you will have to pass. But each one of you, in the secret of his heart, will have to make the Choice. This, nobody can do for you.

And soon, very soon, when the last ones amongst the souls who are now ready for the great Mutation will have made the leap into this new reality, the collective body of Light of humanity will leave this world to undertake a very long journey throughout the Universe. Together, when the last cell of the planetary Body will have completed its regeneration, we will set off towards a fabulous destiny, never to return, leaving this globe of Life as it was entrusted to us at the origin, vibrant with Life, pure and harmonious."

Having said these last words, Gaia got up, followed by the whole Assembly, and a gentle song was soon heard in the night, chanted by voices trembling with emotion and full of tenderness and Love for the one who was their guide, hailing the departure of Gaia whose human form gradually vanished in an outpouring of golden light, then to disappear completely from view. Gaia had just left one of the many Assemblies he was responsible for, in order to continue elsewhere the same work of consciousness-awakening he had been carrying on without respite since his return on Earth. Thousands of beings were now going back and forth like him between the worlds of Light and the material world to hasten the moment of the Great Liberation that was now approaching very fast, so rapid was the rate of the collective initiations and so many were the beings who were ready to rise towards the highest spheres of consciousness.

After a few seconds of silence broken by the crackling of flames, the Assembly slowly dispersed, each one going back to his place of rest, there to spend the rest of the night, already well advanced. Maltias, accompanied by Myrial, who for many years now had shared every instant of his life, each moment of common experience, was slowly walking up the gently sloping path leading to the clearing where they had been living for the last few months. He was thinking about everything he had just heard and about those fleeting yet so revealing images he had glimpsed whilst Gaia was talking about the fabulous destiny awaiting

humanity. He knew that Myrial, as well as all the other people present around the fire, had also perceived the same images, since for many centuries now, a certain form of visual telepathy was commonly used in addition to words in communication between human beings, greatly easing the understanding of what was being expressed. But realized beings like Gaia had a very great power of visualization, and therefore the telepathic perceptions received by the listeners and spread over a larger range of consciousness, including the emotion felt as well as certain subtle sensations, were accompanied by visual images.

"Tell me, Myrial, in your opinion, when will we be able to enter the final phase of mutation? Do you feel like I do that the coming of Gaia this evening is a sign of the imminence of the mutation?"

"You heard and felt the same thing as I did. The master did speak of a long journey we are about to undertake through the Universe and the ease of our passage across the Threshold thanks to the help of the others who are calling us with all their hearts to join them now in the worlds of Light."

Maltias sensed irritation in the voice of his partner but also a great deal of compassion and Love. For she who had been at his side for so many years knew marvelously well every aspect of his personality, and was well aware of this tendency to continuously doubt and question everything. She had supported and encouraged him through so many trials, holding high in her heart the ideal of Perfection and Harmony that had been the beacon guiding them, since the beginning, on each step of their common journey towards the great Goal, so close now. She knew that her partner was going to try again, as usual without success, to understand and assess, using only his analytical mind, each word he had heard, each feeling he had experienced during this Assembly, so precious among them all.

"But don't you believe that the imminence of our initiation is only relative? When one perceives the passage of time from the point of view of a being who has realized his immortality, a few months or a few years must not make much of a difference."

"I know what you're thinking. You believe that the master wanted to test our imperturbability and see if we will be able to resist the excitement of the moment. No, nothing of the kind showed on his face, quite the contrary. When you asked him if the Meaning of the Universe would be revealed to us one day, you were simply expressing his thought and his answer was nothing else than the extension

of the teaching he was trying to give us by opening his mind so that we might draw directly on the source of the Vision guiding him.

Do you realize the privilege that has been granted us tonight? It was the first time I sensed with such intensity and precision what is in store for us in our collective evolution. No, really, my mind is at peace with this thought. It will be soon, very soon!"

"Now I feel you're right. Yes, it's true that the Vision has never been as clear as tonight. My mind too is at peace and I am willing to accept what is coming."

They stopped on the path, just before the top of the hill where they were heading and, Myrial and Maltias' eyes met; then in the even, brilliant light of the moon rising on the horizon, they lovingly embraced and joined all their auric fibers in a vibrant exchange of energy and Love. A bird nearby burst unto song, as if echoing the mystical ecstasy they were sharing. Beings of Light furtively danced a ballet of Joy above them, on the outer boundaries of visual perception. The whole Universe was rejoicing through these two beings perfectly aware that they were the instruments of a greater Purpose and sensing that they would soon be able to penetrate its Mystery.

"Come, Myrial," whispered Maltias at last. "Let's join our brothers and sisters in the worlds of Light."

They walked the last few steps towards the center of the clearing where they usually spent the night, and lay down together on the makeshift bed of moss and grass they had put together, a few months before. Then, they quickly left their physical form to rise on the higher vibratory plane.

"Come! Brother, Sister, come! Unite with us. Unite with us in our common quest for the Light. Follow the thread linking you with Universal Life. Come, rise again... rise again, ever higher. Leave behind all your sorrows, all your worries. Free yourself from all ties with this world. It does not belong to you, any more than you belong to it. You are free. Free to rise higher, always higher. Feel the wind of grace bearing you up to us in its powerful embrace. Surrender to it. Let yourselves be guided up to us."

Now free from any bond with matter, Maltias and Myrial rise higher and higher towards the azure vault of the sky, quickly passing through a sort of screen of Light purifying them from all that could have held them back in this world and

raising their vibratory frequency until they enter again, as each night, a world of Peace, Love and Light of such beauty that no human language can describe it.

And like every night, they arrive in a place imbued with greatness and nobleness, a sort of cosmic cathedral made of beams of energy converging at the center in a dome of Light whence springs a protective force, supremely good and loving, which bathes the huge crowd present with its marvelous and regenerative emanations. They sit at their usual place and, their eyes soon closed, give themselves up to a deep meditation in which all their senses are increased tenfold and their consciousness incredibly clearer and more open than what they were able to experience a few minutes before in their body of flesh and blood. A symphony of Love and Joy then floods their hearts and, in a fraction of a second, carries them up to a pinnacle of ecstasy and serenity which, it seems to them, has always existed, as if they had never left this state to go back down the vibratory scale of the Universe. Powerful streams are pulsating, passing through each part of their being, transforming the very substance of their body of Light into a blazing flame, and transmuting them into a pure form of energy, the very energy from which the Universe draws its existence... *Love!*

And from within this flame, a unique truth, an absolute certainty, radiates with more intensity than all the galaxies together. All that exists has a Meaning. The Universe has a Meaning. And although it is impossible to fully express this with inevitably limited human words and concepts, for pure consciousness does not need words or concepts to commune with its own profound nature, what they perceive can be summed up as follows...

"There is a Universal Plan and we are part of this Plan. The Universe is slowly becoming aware of Itself. We are slowly becoming aware that we are the Universe. WE, is all the living beings, on every plane of existence, everywhere, every time. The Illusion is to think, talk and act as if we are apart from the whole Universe. We are not apart. We are a part, a holographic part, a microcosm reflecting and encompassing the macrocosm. Not only are we interconnected, but we are simultaneously the whole Universe. When we think something, the Universe is thinking something. When we say something, the Universe is saying something. When we do something, we know that the Universe is doing it. Not through us, but Itself, directly. What is implied by this is simply phenomenal!... Gaia is the name

given to Mother Earth and expresses the same Reality. We are Gaia as everything else: the rock, the leaf, the fly, the bird and the child. We are all this at the same time, simultaneously. And Gaia is a cell of Galactica, our Cosmic Mother, the swirling haze of stars spinning around itself as a true living Being. And Galactica is also a cell of the infinite Universe: Universalia... And the Plan, evolving through countless aeons of time, patiently brings awareness of the Unity of All That Is to All That Is."

How many images are generated by this Vision. How much peace is created by this certainty. How much Love is awakened, like an unending echo for the Life that quivers within us.

It knows. Within us something stronger than everything, greater than everything, *KNOWS!* And yet, we remain incapable of fully receiving, appreciating and understanding all that is reflected back to us. In fact, very little of what is radiated towards us reaches our consciousness still veiled by so many preconceived ideas, obstructed by so much falseness. The purification is not yet finished. Large patches of our being still remain in darkness, refusing to open to the Light shining around us. Yes... it struggles again and ever again. It rebels with its last ounce of energy against all that comes to disturb the apparent peace, made of ignorance and complacency. It even stinks inside us and we refuse to smell it, so accustomed we are to it. However, gradually, bit by bit, Light is coming in, confidence is growing, and darkness recedes before the dawn of a new day. Since the beginning of time, the same drama is always enacted and re-enacted, as if it would never end, as if we would never get out of it.

And at last the miracle happens, always the same, always new each time. A petal, then two, then soon a full corolla blossoms and the magic of Life brings into full light what was concealed in the depths of the flower of the inner being. It is the transfiguration! Nothing is like it was before! Everything is suddenly possible again!

Carried away by all these images, by this intensity of consciousness welling up and exploding within them, Maltias and Myrial feel at last that Something great, very great, is approaching, that all this was just a prelude, a preparation for what is coming now. For they realize that the vast nave where they are has progressively filled more than ever before and, at the same time as all the others present, they

become aware that all the beings who are part of the stream of evolution of humanity have gathered simultaneously in this cosmic sanctuary. A great thrill runs through Maltias and Myrial, as well as through all the others.

Gaia's words then come back to memory.

"Yes... soon you too will know."

Great clouds streaked with bright flashes are approaching from all sides the cosmic temple in which multitudes of beings, harmonized in a single whole, are gathered. Soon, like a huge fluffy cocoon, they completely surround the citadel of Light and an impenetrable silence falls. Only a fleeting thought appears from time to time without really disturbing the extraordinary stillness which prevails.

Down there on Earth, all Nature holds its breath again, as when Gaia himself passed through this crucial stage of evolution.

A thought of infinite gentleness and goodness then resonates in all the united hearts, while magnificent images appear, as if the whole scenery has suddenly changed and as if all the beings present found themselves actually transported into the heart of what this thought evokes for them. Again, words cannot express the inexpressible.

A Source of pure Light, spilling out trills of crystalline notes, pours over everyone present, who is fascinated, literally carried away to seventh heaven, and soon this pearly, opalescent Light envelops each being, each spark of consciousness, in a white mantle of peace, Love and harmony.

And the Source above begins to rain down multicolored sparks, adding yet more enchantment to the scene. From these sparks of Life, threads of Light, pulsating with waves of energy, spread and soon link all that vibrates and lives under the dome to form a gigantic stellar brain. And, as the seconds pass, the number of interconnections between the different points of consciousness increases, gradually forming a complex and intricate web where thousands, millions, billions, an infinity of sparks of Life begin to run with increasing speed in all directions across the vast network, which is now the shape of an immense globe.

Each of these billions of beings now united, merged into a single gigantic whole, and already itself bearer of an immeasurable amount of knowledge and experience accumulated during millions of incarnations, shares in a trice what it knows with all the others while simultaneously receiving the knowledge of all the

others. The activity going on inside the sphere reaches phenomenal, absolutely stupefying proportions!

After some time, whether minutes or centuries, it is impossible to tell so compressed, accelerated is the time, the incredible pace of the flashes of interconnections slows down and reaches a gentle, even stability, totally in phase, harmonized and... it's astounding! An unbelievably powerful thought suddenly thunders out to the Universe...

"We are all ONE!"

Repeated, maintained, sustained, endlessly, this vibration of Oneness explodes like a supernova on the planes of consciousness of the worlds of Light and instantaneously ripples through the infinite Universes...

"We are all ONE!"

And like an echo trillions and trillions of times more powerful, the whole Universe answers in a single thundering thought...

"WE ARE ALL ONE !"

After aeons of patience, after heroic epics, after fantastic adventures, Life has finally achieved its Goal. *The Immortal Child is born.*

Everything seems to have been finished, everything seems to have been realized, everything seems to have been completed.

Yet everything is just beginning ! This birth to Unity is only the dawn, on another scale, of a new titanic venture of Life in its eternal Great Work of creation.

A new being is born to the cosmic pantheon and the whole Universe has witnessed.

Gaia smiles at the stars... "*Home... at last.*"

"*Welcome Gaia...*" replies the Universe.

CHAPTER VII

Power of the Infinite Within

"In times past, when human beings were still living on the ancient planet of the origins, they had a very limited awareness of the creative potential and infinite abilities that Life had placed within them. Very few human beings even suspected the existence of all these possibilities that we now know. Some, however, working in the field of what was then called the artificial intelligence, had begun to discover some of the prodigious capacities of the human brain that they were trying to imitate. None of these researchers, however, were aware of what they were about to discover.

The brain, that marvelous instrument that Life has created over billions of years of evolution, was, all things considered, just an intermediary between the worlds of matter and the consciousness of the being of Light. It is only when they tried to understand where the ideas and thoughts they were literally seeing circulating in cerebral matter were coming from, that they crossed the Threshold of Awakening and made the leap into a new era of consciousness. What thousands of solitary monks and spiritual ascetics had known for thousands of years was at last discovered by science.

There is only one thought in the Universe... and it is Universal Consciousness. All the others, as infinitely numerous and as different from one another they may be, are just by-products of this one and only Original Thought. Like the rays of a star, which are all stemming from one single source whose light contains every imaginable color and shade, the consciousness manifesting itself at the level of the most inert matter as well as at that of the most evolved being of creation, always comes from the same source. Universal Consciousness. Therefore an atom, a grain of sand, the plant, the insect, the animal, the human being, as well as all the beings inhabiting the worlds of Light, reveal the journey of the Universal Consciousness through the various stages of its manifestation. And each of these manifestations of Life is constantly linked by the thread of its inner consciousness with the whole field of consciousness pervading the Universe and well beyond, *ad*

infinitum. This is what these researchers and a few centuries later all humanity discovered... and what is totally familiar to us.

Therefore I am not telling you anything new when I say that everything which has just been mentioned was and always will be only the dawn of what awaits us. The level we have reached of manifestation of the Universal Consciousness is obviously just one more step, one among so many others, on an eternal journey towards ever more Light. Even if we have the possibility today of instantaneously perceiving all that happens in the galaxy of our birth, even if we have explored to its innermost recesses every world, every star of the huge whirling star field surrounding us, this is but little compared to what remains to be explored and discovered in the Universe. In fact, we are only a minute spark before the Infinite, nothing more."

Gaia, after leaving a long time ago the world which had given it* Life, had wandered aimlessly, travelling across parsecs and parsecs at the speed of thought, exploring like a child the new world which had just opened up before it. The myriads of facets of the Universe Gaia was discovering and the growing mastery it had over the millions of new possibilities of experience that were offered to it fascinated Gaia beyond description. In its joy, its boundless happiness, this collective being made up of billions of sparks of consciousness which had become one in the Great Mutation, was nearly forgetting its responsibility towards this very Life which had given birth to it. For, as it is for all that lives, Life must again beget Life so as to perpetuate itself forever.

Gaia had therefore eventually felt the Call and tempered its enthusiasm to explore everything in order to undertake the same process which, aeons ago, had led to its own emergence from the worlds of matter. Already, Gaia had located many worlds favorable to the appearance of Life and decided which one it would sow with Life.

Although apparently facing the immensely complex and nearly never-ending task alone, Gaia nevertheless had direct access to the inexhaustible pool of accumulated experience of the Universal Consciousness. Thus it was constantly aware of a precise Plan that was guiding it according to the present need and helping it to accomplish its work of creation, in perfect cooperation with the forces of Life.

* The form "it" is used because Gaia is now a collective being of Light.

Of course, Gaia was always absolutely free in all things. Indeed, its will was so closely united with the will of Life that every opportunity of intervention that occurred to it could only be in perfect resonance with the laws of natural harmony of the Universe.

Soon, thousands of worlds, lifeless until then, began to teem with Life and to start their long ascent towards the liberation of new collective entities of consciousness born from the womb of primordial matter, the fertile silt from which all Life emerges. As the collective being who had begotten Life upon Terra Gaia had done long before, Gaia split up into a multitude of sparks of consciousness that were assigned to each of the worlds where it had brought Life so as to watch over the slow maturation process and intervene directly as needed to bring about the necessary correctives. Then they would take on physical form in order to be perceived by the beings of that world and thus stimulate the awakening of consciousness according to the specific needs of each situation.

All of this activity, of course, was going on in parallel to the activity of thousands of other collective beings of Light who were also participating in the Great Work of Creation. And at this level, as at other levels, there existed a hierarchy of increasingly evolved beings who came together on certain occasions to assess the evolution of the Plan of Life of the galaxy. It is precisely one of these beings who had just expressed before one of those rare Councils of the Elders, taking the Earth as an example, the collective thought of all the beings gathered in the heart of the galaxy, where the stellar light is densest. Like huge globes of Light with barely visible blurred outlines, they were all assembled in an immense sphere through which powerful currents of thoughts were running.

"If I have taken your native planet as an example, Gaia, it is because everything seems to indicate that the quite particular path you followed to achieve your Mutation marks you out as the best prepared amongst us to open the way to a new step in our collective evolution. Your consent is necessary, however, in order that we may entrust you with this very special mission that one of us must now carry out. And, as you know, the Universal Memory cannot help us foretell what awaits you in what you are about to undertake... if you are willing to do so."

Gaia, like all the beings present, knew it was confronted with the most total unknown. And this was fundamentally new, for never before had such an expedition been organized. The absence of any reference to this subject in the

Memory of the Universal Consciousness had long been known by all, and only a mission of exploration could lead to the solution of this enigma.

Moreover, there was no guarantee that Gaia would be able to come back to continue its creative work. But, as it had been long ago, the same insatiable fervor to go higher, ever higher, was irresistibly urging Gaia to push back the limits of the unknown and try to find a Meaning to this infinite Universe that was the context of their evolution.

Indeed, at the same time, in all the galaxies colonized by Life, similar Councils were held to choose a representative of galactic Life to join a super collective being that was soon going to be formed in an attempt to unravel the mystery. In fact, the decision had been made at the last Great Universal Council to create this special Unit of consciousness to send an expeditionary body far beyond the borders of the colonized Universe to find out at last whether there is Life elsewhere in the Universe. However, the risk was great of never seeing this expeditionary body again, for never before had such an attempt been made, the Universal Memory could be relied upon for that.

"What will happen to the worlds under my responsibility?" asked Gaia, who was thus implicitly consenting to embark upon this new cosmic quest.

"Exceptional situations require exceptional measures. If everyone agrees to it, I believe that we shall easily be able to share a part of your task and take charge of the evolution of the worlds on which you have sown Life, until you come back."

"Then you can count on my full collaboration!" concluded Gaia. Immediately, as if this decision was the signal everyone was waiting for, all the beings present disappeared and each of the sparks of consciousness composing them instantaneously returned towards the world attributed to it. The only one left was the being who, on behalf of all, had asked Gaia to represent them within the expeditionary body.

"As agreed, you are to go immediately to the center of the Universe where, according to the legend lost in the mists of time, the first spark of Life from which we all come appeared. It is from this point that the most prodigious expedition the Universe has ever known will set off. How I would like to be in your place, Gaia. Who knows what you are going to discover. But at all events, we will all simultaneously perceive through you what you discover, and perhaps we will all know at last why we exist. Go! May peace and Love guide you."

Gaia projected itself instantaneously to the place where, like all the others, it had gone to meditate on many occasions, to find again in the depths of its consciousness the thread connecting it to the first Spark of Life. There were already billions of them awaiting the moment when the representatives of all the countless galaxies would be there, and thousands of others were arriving every second in a continuous flow. It was extraordinary to behold this constellation of marvelous globes of Life, all quivering with joy and serenity, in anticipation of the exciting adventure they were about to embark upon together.

Soon the rate of new arrivals slowed down and the last representatives arrived from the farthest galaxies, at the fringe of the explored and colonized Universe, where innumerable other galaxies could be observed in all directions, waiting their turn to be sown with Life. At times, collective beings of Light had already ventured into this endless maze of stars and nebulae without seeing any sign of Life. They had all returned quickly, hesitating to venture too far from the galaxy where they were born and thus lose contact with the universe which was familiar to them. In most cases, they were the ones chosen to be part of the expeditionary body and thus contribute their precious experience, however limited, to the huge aggregate of Life which was going to set off very shortly.

These formed a nucleus in the center of the mass of globes of Light assembled in the heart of the known Universe, and consulted together in an attempt to find a plan of action which would receive everyone's assent. Finally, when it seemed that no agreement could be reached, Gaia, who had been observing the unfolding exchange of views in silence, suddenly got an idea which at least had the merit of being simple and direct. It can be summed up as follows. Instead of all of them setting off together in the same direction, he suggested that all the beings disperse simultaneously in all directions as in a controlled explosion, thus spreading in every direction at once to the known limits, while remaining connected through their thoughts, which would give them all a global perception of the Universe. Gaia suggested that the density of consciousness present at the start was probably sufficient to prevent too great a weakening of the thought contact when they would be scattered far from one another.

All the beings present quickly agreed to give this idea a try. A great silence then fell within the vast assembly, while the whole Universe, witnessing through all these beings of Light what was about to be attempted, united in thought, aware

of the imminent historic moment. Perhaps the reason for the existence of the Universe was going to be known at last.

Then the unexpected happened. From within this ineffable silence, at the same time humility before the infinite and pinnacle of consciousness stemming from this same infinite, the Primordial Vibration rose louder and louder, in a long crescendo causing all Life to vibrate in phase as one single and immense Cosmic Being.

Like a butterfly hatching from its cocoon of eternity, the myriads of beings assembled at the very place where in times past Life had begun its expansion, suddenly radiated outward, simultaneously, in every direction. Gaia, who like all the others had felt a Force greater than anything he had known propelling them towards infinity, became aware of a gigantic field of consciousness expanding like a balloon, and at the same time remaining united through thought to all the living beings of the Universe.

In a second, in an eternity – everything is so relative – the Universe discovered it was nothing more than a tiny speck of dust in an infinity even greater than anything that was possible to conceive. The boundless assembly of galaxies and clusters of galaxies lost amidst the endless night of space had just appeared in its true light to the expanding bubble of consciousness which, like a huge eye, now contemplated itself in the appallingly immense emptiness surrounding it on all sides. Emptiness?

No... Wait!... No it is not empty! There, far away... and there... and there again... other Universes... in profusion! To infinity... It is as if... as if... yes! As if the whole Universe were just a minute atom, an infinitesimal particle on the scale of another infinite Universe of which we are part!

But then... this whole journey of the evolution of consciousness from the first spark to this apotheosis... all this would be only one and the same cycle endlessly repeating itself. And the end of one would just be the beginning of another.

Is that the entire story of Life? The story of an eternal new beginning?

"A long, long time ago, on an island lost amidst oceans of stars, in a place where neither foot nor eye had ever been set, a spark of Life slowly began to form and shine more and more strongly until it beamed with an almost unbearable intensity. For the first time—but was there ever a first time?—Life, at a precise point in space-time, was able to manifest its Presence, diffused throughout the visible universe. "

* * * * *

If what you have just read has made you feel part of one of the most wonderful adventures ever experienced, Life, this book will have served its purpose. However, it has another purpose which we feel we should draw to your attention. As the Vision embodied in the story of the Immortal Child calls upon each of us to participate and contribute to its full manifestation, we would be grateful if you would take a few moments before putting this book away to close your eyes and feel deep within you the call of Life that asks us to play an active part in the co-creation of this new world of peace and unconditional Love now growing in each one of us. If you hear this call and consent to respond to it, *then this book will have truly served its purpose.*

Epilogue

It was with deep joy, but also with a feeling of unfinished business, that I finished writing this book on December 3, 1987. It's a great joy for me, of course, because it's the culmination of long hours of work spread over almost 10 months; but it's also the start of another, much longer phase of work, as we'll see below.

As soon as my many activities gave me the opportunity, I would isolate myself in a quiet place to write down what was whispered to me by the little inner voice that, over the last few years, I've learned to listen to with complete confidence. I had to find the common thread of a story with unexpected and surprising twists and turns, and "give birth" to this "Immortal Child" whose responsibility I had been entrusted with a year or so earlier.

It was a quiet evening like so many others when, after deep relaxation, I felt the pressing need to pick up a sheet of paper and a pen to write down a message that my inner conscience wanted to dictate to me. The starting point for this message, and for everything that was, and still is, to follow from it, was Gaia's consciousness.

For several years, I had been awakening to the idea that the Earth and all that lives on it form, on a higher level, a single living being linked by a field of consciousness harmonizing the millions of Life forms contributing to its existence. So I decided to surrender myself to this being that I felt living through me, in an attempt to establish contact with its level of consciousness. And so it was that I 'received', loud and clear, the following message which was to be the starting point of all this, and which would eventually become an integral part of the story of *The Immortal Child*...

"There is a Universal Plan and we are part of this Plan. The Universe is slowly becoming aware of Itself. We are slowly becoming aware that we are the Universe. WE, is all the living beings, on every plane of existence, everywhere, every time. The Illusion is to think, talk and act as if we are apart from the whole Universe. We are not apart. We are a part, a holographic part, a microcosm reflecting and encompassing the macrocosm. Not only are we interconnected, but we are simultaneously the whole Universe.

When we think something, the Universe is thinking something. When we say something, the Universe is saying something. When we do something, we know that the Universe is doing it. Not through us, but Itself, directly. What is implied by this is simply phenomenal!

Gaia is the name given to Mother Earth and expresses the same Reality. We are Gaia as everything else: the rock, the leaf, the fly, the bird and the child. We are all this at the same time, simultaneously. And Gaia is a cell of Galactica, our Cosmic Mother, the swirling haze of stars spinning around itself as a true living Being. And Galactica is also a cell of the infinite Universe: Universalia! And the Plan, evolving through countless aeons of time, patiently brings awareness of the Unity of All That Is to All That Is."

Having written the last word, and still filled with shivers of ecstasy and currents of energy, I felt that this short message was now opening the door to something else, something that I sensed to be of extreme importance, but... that was also making me a little dizzy. Still listening to what was coming, I heard an inner voice telling me that I now had to make a film to increase public awareness about this new consciousness, this new vision of the world, that I had felt growing within me and in many other people over the last few years. So I was going to have to write a book from which this film would be drawn, and the book was going to be called *The Immortal Child*.

I was then told the titles of the seven chapters of this book, which you now know, and also what I would have to do over the next few years to fully manifest this project and bring it to fruition.

This book, published in [English](#), [French](#), [Japanese](#) and [Portuguese](#), led to two years of intense work to promote the idea of an *Earth Concert*, as described in the book, which finally took place on December 31st, 1989 through 20 concerts held in 15 different countries, but without worldwide broadcasting. Hundreds of people were directly involved in organizing these events and a major heightening of awareness ensued as to the plight of our endangered planet.

As for the vision of a film, although it came close to becoming a reality, it's still waiting for the perfect alignment of the stars that could make it happen.

More than ever, the Spirit who has guided this project from the very first line of this book is manifesting Its Presence, reminding us that we are but instruments

of a greater design that we can scarcely yet conceive. Titanic forces are constantly at work to help us emerge from the mists of a turbulent childhood into a prodigious new stage of our evolution. It's up to us to accept, wholeheartedly and willingly, the challenge posed by the times in which we live.

What today seems like a hopeless situation will tomorrow be seen as the indispensable ferment for a total change in our way of life and our perception of ourselves as human beings. Gone will be the illusory feeling of isolation and powerlessness in the face of the darkness of a seemingly hostile and violent world. The Light that is now growing all around the world will bring us, after the torments of purification, peace of mind and the certainty that we are not alone. The entire Universe awaits with subdued joy the moment of our liberation from the worlds of matter and our glorious entry into the realm of Light, Life and Love.

In all humility,

Jean Hudon

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BACK COVER TEXT

Long, long ago, when Light first crystallized into Life, we began the most prodigious adventure of all: Evolution!

This adventure is still unfolding today and humanity is about to discover that it is just one more stage – but a crucial one – in the great endless epic of the evolution of Life.

The time has come for us to reconnect with the forces that have been at work since the dawn of time, relentlessly and patiently, to guide us on the right path to the fulfillment our sublime destiny.

It's up to us now to take control of our destiny and show the mastery necessary to complete what Life has begun long ago, so long ago.

The Immortal Child is about to be born, and needs each and every one of us to succeed.

"A wonderful book. A riveting and fast moving account of perhaps the greatest adventure story of all time. I found it enjoyable, clearly written and informative."

- Ken Carey - Author of The Starseed Transmissions

"Exciting, imaginative reading. A great story, for it is our story. As this book makes abundantly clear, the Earth and ourselves are of one mind, one spirit, one purpose – and the time to realize this is now."

- José Argüelles - Instigator of Harmonic Convergence and author.