

The overall principle

When the first wave of the incarnation of all souls was over, it was clear that the goals that once were set -to learn perfection in order to live in eternal harmony in the presence of the FirstOne-, were only partially reached. It was decided to embark upon the next and further reaching step: the second incarnation.

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All people in the present world -in the past, the present and the future- are part of the second wave of incarnation of the souls. This second wave is to set right the failures of the first incarnation. The soul wants to be part of the eternal harmony of the FirstOne.

All people in the present world were part of the lesser half of all souls who did not use their lives in the first incarnation to perfect themselves in service of the greater total of the harmony of the FirstOne.

All people in the present world use this life to do just this; whether you are or are not part of one of the present religions; those religions are bound to disappear.

That what went wrong in the First World, you correct now in this world. Learning from your lessons of life is what you have chosen yourself, you wanted this yourself. -The christian notion of original sin is a distant and distorted echo of this principle-. Because you could not live your life as soul in the harmony of the FirstOne with your history from the First World in your being.

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You can become aware of what your lesson of life is. You do not need a rabbi, a priest, nor a mullah, a monk, or a guru, no human leader, to find that out.

Realise what in your present life time and time again were those events, circumstances, that caused you pain. Never look for the origin of those

problems in someone else, though this sometimes may seem a colourable excuse, but dive deep down into yourself.

Pose yourself in all honesty the question, what do I walk into repetitively, what is the imperfect in me?

Where do the walls are in yourself which up till now prevent, you reaching the happiness for which you hunger.

Also take stock of those moments in your present life in which you could not make no decision, other than the one which was in agreement with your conscience, the feeling in your heart, whether you liked it or not. No matter the effort it took, because you possibly hurt someone with your decision.



Do not be mistaken, this will not cost you a sleepless night. It will take a longer, but defined period before you will get aware. And probably there will lay another behind such a period, and yet another.

Where do the walls are in yourself?

Persist in the seeking and finding of that what lies in yourself and what stands in the way of your existence and your well being. Not the human- or material well being, but the condition wherein your soul is supremely happy.

Get into a constant dialogue with yourself, so to find the solutions. For they lie ready in your soul, ready to discover. Realise what causes supreme happiness on certain occasions in your life.

A diligent labour is it, because it is not always completely possible to talk about it with a fellow human. But those who are working on the same at least will recognise your struggle and will have compassion and their heart will go out to you. Not the snotty snivelling tears pulling pity, but the knowing of the suffering of the other; the recognition of the endurance of the other.

In labouring on this uphill task you will never be alone, because when you truthfully descend in yourself, you not only will find your own soul but also your companion-soul in the Original World and with that your contact with the FirstOne: Yahwehgodallah or Brahmavisnushiva.

Your companion-soul with whom you in concordance designed the life, which you are living now. Your comp-ion soul who helps you on your road. Who will see to it that you will experience in this life what you designed with your complete freedom of will and made as a task, as a lesson for yourself. [Not lessons you had to learn so you would not be bullied by the headmaster, the boss. But the lessons of life you wanted to learn yourself and which will purify and perfect you, thus to live in the harmony of the FirstOne in full.]

Sometimes it will be possible to clear one of the causes of your pain in this life. It will be clear to you when you have succeeded. It is a stride on the road towards the perfection of your soul.

Sometimes it will not be clear whether you will succeed, or even if you have not succeeded yet. Never despair, because in this life exactly that what happens to you, is the perfect counterweight for that which was left imperfect after the first wave of incarnations.

On the moment of your dying as a human, you will experience that everything has been rounded off well. You will return home contented and cleansed.

Tales of growth

Know that your companion-soul is always with you. It is a soul who you as a soul know very well and who sees it as a task to guide you perfectly through this life. Your companion-soul knows you till the last detail, your emotions, your considerations, your longings. Better than any earthly friend.

Your companion-soul perfectly leads you through your life from event to event, from circumstance to circumstance. Exactly as you designed in complete freedom of will your life on earth yourself, so shall it unroll by the making of you and your companion-soul, your companion-soul

All sorrow and satisfaction you experience in this world, are inflicted by you and your companion-soul; are inflicted by other souls and their companion-souls towards you. You live your part for others as others do for you. Everything joins perfectly together.

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We are heading for a time wherein all people will realise, will inwardly know, that no one is alone. You always will have your companion near you, where ever you are. Speaking with what you can call your conscience, is speaking with your own soul, with yourself. It is your companion-soul who nourishes your conscience.

In this manner you will find the most direct way to get in contact with your companion-soul. By being true and pure from the inside and to seek advise on the inside.

No hocus pocus, hypnosis, transcendental meditation, or some other floating state of mind. But simply and realistic an introspection of yourself; on a restful moment, in a quiet surrounding, there where you feel comfortable.

It can be sudden crisis which can turn you -for a moment- inside yourself. Sometimes it is a sudden occurrence. One has déjà vu's, the other feels irrevocably manoeuvred by events into a certain direction. Yet another has very penetrating dreams. Or as to be expected, everybody has experienced one or more of these phenomena at some time.

You can go floating because experiences like these, or you can leave them for what you think they are, ignore them and proceed with daily reality. But do not float, do not suppress; accept that they happen, it is reality. A realistic contact will come and it will come on the precise moment.

These occurrences will continue to happen. Always they are on a certain line. Everyone who will grasp this line, can sense certain events are going to happen. What exactly is not always completely clear, but that something is going to happen into a certain direction is.

Everyone who lives intensely with himself or herself, will get enough indications. Indications this life is designed and that you play your part as you have written it.

Know then that you always will have your companion-soul with you in this life and that one day you will make contact. You do not need a rabbi, priest, monk, mullah or guru for that. You can do it yourself, on your own. You have to do it yourself, there is no assistance of a fellow human to be expected in this. Turn inwardly, consider yourself; not for

a moment, but as often as you can, for as long as you can. Do it in uppermost truth, honesty, pureness in yourself, the soul you are.



Life

Eewhel was thrown upon earth. One who was to be newly born was prepared for him. Through a rose tunnel and a cruel blinding light made him close his eyes. And with the closing of the eyes, all memories resolved to the existence he just now had left. It would take years before his eyes were opened again here for.

I was with him when Eewhel stepped onto earth. As a father I secured Eewhel in the existence in Luciwher's world. As a child he was to me. And as every human Eewhel had to learn by trial and error. From the start he sensed he had to live the truth. Trial and error.

Hardly outgrown the toddler age, his visions and dreams began. Dreams about having had part in destruction. Dreams which in the waking up established for the moment the feeling of being deceived. Dreams and visions about how his life on earth would elapse. Dreams and visions about solitude, the finding of the key, to be naked in the eyes if man. Thus I shaped the young life of Eewhel on earth.

He grew up in a household of beauty. Where music and singing formed the daily life. Where it became clear to him that bringing beauty on

earth meant suffering. Where the bringer of beauty is lonely amongst equals, where the bringers of beauty are lonely between the others. Thus Eewhel was formed for this life on earth: in beauty, in the awareness to seek truth, with the notion of solitude. Thus became Eewhel.

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How could I let Eewhel know he was guided? How can one convince a human. Any human, including Eewhel on earth, can only be convinced with irrefutable evidence. Proof of Love. And I supplied him with it. Roguery and escapades he sometimes hauled out. Though often he liked to be at home to play with his toys, or read or sketched, outside on the streets and in the grazing lands around the city was much to experience.

To play Indians and cowboys near the marsh. He rather played an Indian than a cowboy, not because he then already was aware that the Indians were a smothered people, but because he found that the boys who wanted to play the cowboys were callous and cocky.

Arches and arrows were made from freshly chopped willow wood. Doing that he once got stuck in the swampy soil. As in an illusion he thought he felt the sourish peat water flush into his mouth and nose, the cold covering his ears and eyes liquidly. As if it were reality he saw his playfellows play further and further away. His father and mother staring estranged to a stretcher with a soaking muddy little corps on it; a small paragraph in the newspaper a short prayer at school.

"Without a sign of panic I stepped out of my fast sucked boots. With my feet on hard soil a few steps further on I asked myself whether I had acted cool and collected myself, or whether I had had help. Because I was surprised I was picked up from the inside as it were. As if an adult in me had taken up the child in me". He knew for sure something had happened which would have gone above his own strength.

The first surprise that always precedes the explanation. The first occurrence that had to make Eewhel aware. The first providence in a long row.

He played truant with regularity. Because when the pressure of hierarchy became too much for him, when his solitude in the crowd overpowered him, he liked to step beside reality, or so he thought he could do. As impulsive as Eewhel can be from time to time, such daring he sometimes was as a human.

In those days there still rode streetcars with open platforms. The streetcar came from the starting point around the corner, to the first stop on its way. The streetcar still had a considerable speed, when he tried to jump elegantly on the back platform of the front car. He would have succeeded nicely, if the streetcar almost would have come to a full stop right on that moment. But the momentum still was too great. His hands which had grabbed the handles, were jerked from him and his feet not even got on the foot board. The streetcar dragged him on, his shoes scraping on the street and the rails. The speed of the streetcar and the scanty strength of his child hands, under normal human conditions would have resulted in the snatching away of the handles from his hands and that he would have been ground under the wheels of the back car.

I pinned his hands on the handles with the strength of a bench vice. *"My hands felt autonomous from me as things that were not mine for the moment, as if they were operated by someone else. I established that in total tranquillity while the streetcar dragged me on. I had the calm realisation that nothing could go wrong. I did not have any control over my hands, someone else was handling them for me. Was it a shot of adrenaline that gave me superhuman power? I felt more than all but superhuman power"*. Thus wrote Eewhel much later. *"While I scoured the road surface like this an elderly gentleman in the streetcar tried to grasp my arms, but I looked him in the eyes and told him all would turn out well. I even strictly forbade him to help me, especially he was not allowed to help me. I did not know why. My hands had to be held to the handles like this and were not supposed to be taken over by the unsteady strength of a human.*

After a little less than ten yards the streetcar came to a full stop. I struggled up and, almost whistling, I stepped in to the streetcar. The elderly gentleman was

angry with me, frightened by so much carelessness. I think a said to him not to make so much fuzzi, no doubt prompted by my own astonishment and went to sit on one of the wooden benches; quite the contrary to my habit of standing next to the driver of the streetcar".

Turbulent and passionate Eewhel always will live. But here two objective were served too, two lessons learned. His growing awareness being guided and him getting conscious to be able to be uncontrolled. His explosive nature, to direct it and to give it direction himself to establish the new created, in stead of being conducted by someone else. To become conscious it is destructive to let someone else do your works for you, that it is unreal and works backwards not to take up the own responsibility.

But a child he still was. And one cannot expect immediate results from a child. Every soul, and especially those in humans, learns by ripening slowly; fast ripening does not exist.

The surprising of Eewhel's nature, when left in repose and living retreated, is that he is a very contemplative soul. A soul who can sit at a shore with a fallen off branch, making circles in the water for a very long time. He who observes him like this cannot tell whether he is in deep thoughts or resting very intensely.

When I asked him Eewhel once told me that in essence it did not matter that much to him; a filled or an emptied heart. *"To be able to fill it, it has to be emptied once in a while and when filled now and then it has to emptied. When is emptied not all is removed, but the worthwhile is preserved. When is filled, it is united with what was preserved."* In plain words, like the contemplative Eewhel can do masterly, like this he explained to me the vitality of WarmBeauty.

Yet Eewhel is lightly infectious, simply made enthusiast when the moment is right. And that is nearly always. Then one can see the turbulent Eewhel, the sometimes tempestuous Eewhel. He truly is the son of the FirstOne, who very probably is the greatest jester. Let alone when those two together let all things loose.

Paradoxically as it may appear, it were Eewhel's tempestuous moods that time upon time gave me the opportunity to proof to him he is

guided. Like the time he was tempted to clamber from a crag, a steep wall of a quarry. Eewhel did not go from stone to stone, like the others, from ridge to ridge, he jumped. And not simply a jump, no, like one of a mountain goat; moreover, he not only felt like one, he became a mountain goat.

But then again, also mountain goats stalk amiss and fall to their eradication. *"Not really beside it, but such a step whereby you place one foot wrongly and the centrifugal force and a missed stone to hold on to combine to*



take care of a guaranteed shed; a brief moment of doubtful balance, but no, you are bound to fall down.

At the moment I knew I was not going to make it to stay on the cliff and was about to experience the falling down, gently I was pressed back against the bluff. As if a huge hand pressed against my chest; I even felt the warmth of that hand.

Contrary to all laws of nature that had to have my falling down as a logical consequence, literally I was set back with back to the wall. My movement forwards, discarding myself to smithereens, was transformed into a motion backwards by something that not possibly could exist. The hand that held me in place; a different power. It was not a superhuman achievement by superhuman force from within myself, because no human can disable a law of nature."

What had happened to him in the marshes he could have reduced to as having had luck, which after long thoughts he did not do. What had happened with the streetcar he could have written on his own account as a by adrenaline steered urge to survive of the body, which he rather quickly regarded as an insufficient explanation.

The event at the rock-face convinced him completely, because a law of nature was lifted, because it could not be explained as a special gift to

survive from within himself. He was convinced there was something going on outside himself.

And although Eewhel on earth still was far too young to oversee all consequences completely, his initial education hereby was fulfilled. No dreams, no visions anymore about destruction and his tempestuous moods, his unthinking way of doing things, ebbed away. He was filled enough to enter his contemplative years.

And in the years that every human child is about to open up to become a man or a woman, in the years that every young man and every young woman are opened to fill them with law-abiding values, the pursuit of a diligent place in society, the years wherein the potency for WarmBeauty and Love are disclosed for the first time and are impregnated immediately with the consequence of living in Luciwher's world, in those years Eewhel turned inwardly.

From the big city he moved to a small village. The young human could ripen in tranquillity, in moderate isolation. In Eewhel as a young human notions came into development, strong notions about goodness, strong notions about truth. I fed him and such an indescribable beautiful experience it is to feed a child. I thank the FirstOne to be enabled to do such an act of Love.

And I gave him the first vague contours to know who he is. I dropped the first veil that hangs between the human and the soul. And like Eewhel is, he reacted on it twofold, two actions in each other's prolonging, both flowing from the pith of the soul Eewhel is. The dropping of the first veil fulfilled him with thankfulness, inner contentment, great joy, the warmth of the knowing, the beauty of the rightness. After that came the enthusiasm, the sudden standing up and resonant shout "*Aha*". The vigour to start great things.

In broad lines I let him know what he was about to do in this life on earth. And all the new Eewhel mixed with what was preserved as valuable from his quiet years. He said, "*No, not yet; first to know this life. To experience this life like every soul on earth has experience it. There is so much to tell, but what I am about to tell, only can be told when I have lived for them also as a human.*" And Eewhel trod out of his isolation and accepted

the responsibility for his own development. I let Eewhel go, like every human must let his children go.

And it became clear why he had chosen just a time like this in human history for me to reveal the first veil . The servile docility to authority, the hierarchy of Luciwher's realm, was criticised the world around, was tried to be replaced with a longing for Love and WarmBeauty.

What a child he was. He led himself like he had wanted and I now only had the role of onlooker. Always nourishing, his feelings underlining, supporting, making suggestions. He tried to learn by himself, to know the truth; stumbling and getting up, like it is with every human.

After the first unveiling Eewhel had a, be it an as yet incomplete articulated, perspective for the future. The time came he mingled with people. He started friendships, collected culpabilities and observed them. He experienced the world, he lived the life, started to fathom how this age in Luciwher's world functioned. Together with a close friend he went on a journey and chose from two the east, there where he already had footprints, had he known.

It was a complex unrolling of karma, the collecting and observing. From the whole world companion-souls brought people together to cross each other's paths. Depending on one another, giving each other help during a great voyage. And far in the east they met in a crisis situation, created for this one time these souls would meet in this life on earth.

"August -for the first time a man had walked the moon-. We have started the journey home. By passing the frontier it still was some miles through no man's land across the plateau to the next border. But halfway the plain some cars and a bus had come to a standstill. They were halted by a group of soldiers from the country we were heading for. We too came to a halt. Continuing was impossible and going back too, the visa were expired at leaving the country. The group that stranded there in the middle of the desert plain grew in the course of the day and the days following. The shortage of food and primarily water more and more became an important feature of life. What there was of food and water was divided amongst the group, as best as was possible. But hunger and thirst, the heat of the days and the cold of the nights deceived one

man's sanity. He seized the rifle of one of the soldiers who guarded us. After the madman shot a snake, to bake and to eat it, he was overpowered by other soldiers.

But the soldier whose rifle was stolen felt dishonoured. He took the rifle of one of his fellow soldiers, determined to restore his pride, and fired upon a group of westerners. We were in that group. Several shots were fired. The conversing men and women let themselves fall to the ground or hid behind cars, like my travel companion and I did.

When the shooting soldier in his turn was overpowered by his fellow soldiers, everybody came out of hiding or stood up. All but one. A man, yet a boy, who seconds before had stood in front of me, lay killed on the ground. Were it not that this young man had been shot, the bullet would have killed me. We concluded this from the reconstruction that was made. Where I had stood one of the bullets fired upon us also had hit a van.

And yet again I noticed the composure that happens to me in these kind of occurrences. -Ah, occurrences I keep calling them. A simple word for feeling a direct intervention, giving events a conclusive turn, by my companion-soul-. Slowly I became aware, as if one hears a noise which is not recognised right away, as if one is in deep thoughts and a familiar sound awakens you from musing. As is a good friend calls your name from afar.

I knew this young man had stood there according to some plan, to sacrifice, to observe, to make something clear."

Now he was ready. A young man he was. Having tasted from the sweetness and the harshness of this world. Ready for the task he set out to achieve, albeit that he found that he lacked the experience he esteemed needed. He knew what he wanted to tell, but he would not do so before he could understand his listeners.

Love and beauty

And Eewhel went to search for Love and the fulfilment of his abilities. He showed his friendship and warmth to everyone and each time he got entangled in the nets of hierarchy. The laws of Luciwher's world, the principle of competition.

He perceived the ugliness razor sharp and renounced it. He rebelled against power. And there were more like him who stood up against authority. But amongst the rebels a hierarchy came into being and leaders emerged. And he could not follow them. He was in pain; pain, pain, pain.

And he numbed himself with what was around. And he saw that in that world there was a hierarchy and beauty was corrupted. That Beauty could be obtained. That Love was sought, but that the act of Love was organised. And he wrote,

*"It is no use, you experience in the flesh,
to seek a group who seeks the same;
you thought it possible already.
Everyone looks for the same, but calls it differently,
though it is always named bliss.*

*No one is really ashamed to reach the goal,
to crush each other, on the road towards it.
It is no use, to adhere to a group, that seeks you not."*

And when he had written this down, Eewhel once again realised the power of words. *"Alas, for words. Except when they are written in confidence, they are made to gather power. Unless they are read in trust, they are like an attack"*. And he considered the human he was. The dowry of the soul in the human he had become.

He recognised his endowments, his aspirations. And he realised his longing for her he hoped to meet again here. Because when no group can sustain, surely the love between man and woman could.

He saw the sparkling in her eyes, she whose name means Light. The first woman set on his road. Once, a world ago, she had allured him and he had made use of her. She had allured him to turn to a new order, Luciwher's scheme. He had made use of her to be able to enter Luciwher's order to find like-minded souls.

And now on earth again she offered him an order. Eewhel recognised the order he was not able to create, but that he wanted to accept from her to soothe it with his Warmth; in the hope to find Love.

What now began was his season of apprenticeship in 'the handwork' of live on earth. The learning and experiencing he craved when he said that he first and foremost wanted to learn his live. Now the live began of which when he designed it he said that the world of time is a prison for them who feel being stuck like a fly in the blarney; that squirming does not help, only to gorge one's way through a mound of life brings you to the end. *"You give it everything you have got and concede to your human desires, you try to give shape to your yearnings. A woman, a job, a house and some children. Your own island."*

In the world he wanted to know because of the souls who lived there, he did the things to know that world as precise as he could. He became a teacher because he is the teacher and he spoke for many in organisation and politics. And like once before in another world he entered the centre of power. But the more powerful he became, the more he felt powerless. First rebelling against power, the power showed to absorb its critics. Then working within power and with power, he saw it was not changeable from within too; Luciwher remains Luciwher.

And he threw all away again. He let not soil himself, nor did he want to soil himself.

There he sat in the dark, wiser and many years riper. Repudiated everything, what seemed feasible at first. Do not offer WarmBeauty to the Light in the absence of Love; this was the lesson he wanted to learn in this life.

The second woman was set on his road, she whose name means deliverance through Love. Once, a world ago, she had released him from his pain and comforted him. A woman from the ranks of Eewhan, come back from the flight with Anounjah. Come back with a message from Mellnan, a message of comfort. But she also, because belonging to

Anounjah's conviction, hungered for the beauty of power. She saw her momentum to be at Eewhel's side after Anounjah's flight. Like this she once brought a message of Love, but also self interest. Eewhel accepted her comfort at the time and met her with Warmth and Beauty. And this woman too brought recapitulation in the life on earth of what once was imperfect, but also now with a different result.

Eewhel on earth in the dark, saw a glowing warmth, a face lit by a spark. *"Everything which had been in the shadow the last years, I now could gratify. Once again I occupied myself with WarmBeauty. It was as if I lived renewed. And I radiated it and knew how to inspire her. Everything on earth appeared new again for me.*

I have given her a good many and enjoyed her a good deal. But her fundamental meaning for me was that through her I found the road back to WarmBeauty; the awareness about it. With her kindred I had nights long talks and I came again at thoughts and statements like I did when I was fourteen, eighteen, twenty-two. Thirty-six I had become and the truth in myself was not broken. I was not locked up anymore in the bodice I deemed necessary for myself, the corset I only thought necessary.

But she and I, we ended. She had clamped herself to me as to something stronger than she thought she was herself. I had found the beginning of a new road, but I was not her guard-rail, I did not want to and was not able to. She only can walk on her own road. A temporary fulcrum I could be for her and she for me. But I did not want to be a leader, nor do I like to follow one. I became the rabbit who knows there is one more hill to climb, before arriving in the green valley."

And thus Eewhel on earth realised what Love is. Thus the second veil was lifted. That what he could not realise in the first incarnation, he became aware in the second incarnation. He realised that Love is releasing, that Love makes free, while he once only could see Mellhiohr's Love as a chafing hierarchy. He saw that what the human misses -the imperfectness of the soul-, the solving of it never can be sought at the other. And that the demanding of it never can be given.

But also that Love that leaves the other alone and in tranquillity, Love that lets the other free in finding the own answer, only then seems merciless, when there is no WarmBeauty added, when the awareness about the enduring is absent, when you do not show you understand the suffering. Because learning and the life on earth hurts, like the stone that is worked on suffers, but also transforms into a magnificent sculpture. Thus the soul that grows on earth endures, while the outcome is beautiful.

And so Eewhel on earth began what he knew he would do twenty years before, at the revealing of the first veil. He picked up his pen and wrote what he felt and knew inside. He had found the craft of teaching, because he knew he is the master. The showing of horizons and the vistas there after. And like that he started to write, but not at once the writings where he came for on earth. For that first a knew development was needed. The meeting with her who he -once on earth- hoped to meet again. The third woman, she whose name means the Warm fragrance of Beauty, his wife and by the FirstOne as blending given Anounjah.

In these days Eewhel was accompanied by two women, friends. Two women from his suite of yore, had he known. What they shared the three of them were words and thoughts, feelings of the lacking of Love. They often spoke until the dead of night. And when they did not speak, they made fun.

That was how it came that one of these women persuaded Eewhel and cajoled him to a party. Like so she contributed to the reunion of Eewhel and Anounjah, there where she once could not prevent their partition. It was important for her that she, almost against his own perception, could lead Eewhel to the feasting multitude. It was important for his coming insight that Eewhel not by his own wish but by my doing and that of many other souls was led into Anounjah's arms. Only hence it



could become clear for both that not earthly desire brought them together, but that it was the reunion of two souls on earth. *"Walking to the bar I saw two eyes which I kept scrutinising, which scrutinised mine. I walked towards the woman, or better, I was walked towards her, as if someone led me towards her. I spoke the sentence that I did not thought up, but that I thought of, the sentence that laid ready for that moment, "I have been waiting for you." We spoke for a long while and we changed some appointments. Few hours later we were in each others embrace. I finally had met my wife.*

One of the most intense years of my life were dawning, perhaps the most intense of all. I had the feeling of finally having met my wife, the woman that belonged with me. The other who is made from the same, whose scent is recognition. Whose way of seeing requires no explanation. The other with nearly the same pain.

Our talks were infinite. With her my memories came further loose. Memories of another time. Though we not always remembered exactly the same, the conformities were so frequent and striking.

We spoke long and frequently. Both we had remembrances of a much older relation. Recollections about deceit and abandonment. She remembered I abandoned her and I she abandoned me."

It now became time to lift the third veil . He was brought in contact with incarnated souls who all had a piece of the message with them. A message that when combined and narrated, will ring in the last face of the second incarnation. Only Eewhel could meet these people and only Eewhel knew how to combine, how to create the whole.

"Shortly after each other a mass of impressions. First the fairy-tale-like meeting with my wife, the burst of sparks in my inner self, as if all disconnected wires with 'something' were reconnected, and via which now suddenly all sorts of signals and messages came through.

Then the meeting with the female medium, through what I started to get the courage to do just that what I apparently already knew for a long time. The tranquillity I now could construct in myself.

And thereupon the meeting with a very impressive man, also a medium. After his tales and statements about me, I could chop the dead wood.

What he said was like the removal of a stone in my wall. All my insecurities about life and fate collapsed. And what was left was a fundamental sureness. Literally the foundation, the deep conscious being. Feeling and knowing that what I feel and know is right; a clear contact with the Original World."

And so we restored contact. Not only Eewhel thereby became really warm again, also the complete population of souls was in joy.

How difficult it is to see the master in the flesh, but the more Love I can give now that we actually, authentically speak with each other again.

Mellhiohr's message was conveyed clearly and complete and Eewhel preserved the valuable and narrated a new story. A new Story to replace all worn out and by Luciwher distorted stories. To replace, not to oppose, because that is not the way of Mellhiohr nor of Eewhel.

And Eewhel secluded in his desert to write, Anounjah leaving with what she had to perfect. Love makes free and hence Anounjah and Eewhel make their souls whole again.

The dawning and the last combat

We live in the days of the dawning. The span of time wherein Luciwher will notice the first signs, that his kingdom will not last. The time in which for the last time he will try to hold his empire together and try to bind himself to as many human incarnated souls as possible.

Plagues, more virulent than ever before will sweep across the earth. Natural catastrophes will occur, more often and vehemently than happen now. There will be wars in his worldly empire, more often and on a larger scale than happen now. Wars -in factual and virtual reality- that will have as a joint purpose, the complete standardisation of everything and everyone on a global scale.

He will dismiss the present dominant forces in this world because they have not succeeded. He will appoint others who will try to conquer the world, thus to establish his empire on earth permanently. He will leave no scheme untried to turn you away from the FirstOne, because with his far sight he sees the end of his worldly empire drawing near.

He does not know yet with complete certainty, that he also will be part of the eternal harmony. Though it was told to him, he does not dare to believe it yet.

He will try all means to be able to conquer. In a gigantic struggle with himself he will try to hold on to all that seemed so sure to him.

Therefore, have compassion with him and do not fight him. Instead show him what your Love consists of, show him your inner WarmBeauty, let yourself be inspired by the only true Light which comes from the FirstOne.

Do not show any compassion by showing understanding, do not try to grasp his way of seeing. Show compassion by not opposing him with means he also would use.

Show him -you, his people- that not his Light is your inspiration, because it lacks Love, it lacks WarmBeauty. Because the FirstOne is the



only source of inspiration.

When Luciwher -he who took it upon himself to be called the evil, the devil, of this world- sees you all wish to be part of the eventual harmony, then also he will realise his kingdom is not of this world.

Then the dawning will be complete and the earth will know its reign of peace. And when the last souls come home, then Luciwher too will step into eternal harmony. Love, Light and WarmBeauty will infinitively be reunited under the visible presence of the inspiration from the FirstOne.