

The Guidesouls – The Night Visitors A Vision by Judith Ingram ©

In 2003 my husband and I moved from the Island of Maui to the Ozark Mountains of Arkansas. Two years later our marriage ended and he returned to whence he came. Two years after that it seemed like just another warm Saturday evening on July 14, 2007. It was a new moon that night, making my half acre surroundings barely visible, as it had countless times over the years. The near pitch-black evening provided the ideal backdrop for capturing the appearance of an unusual bright twinkle high up in the fullness of massive trees. At first, it appeared as a tiny starlike glow, and this glow became a life changing experience that lasted three nights. That glow became what I came to know as the Guidesouls, and through these visitors I had many visions, visions I was told to seal up until it's time.

The sparkle caught my attention when I was preparing for bed. With the days heat, and no air conditioning, my bedroom slider was open to let in the cooler evening breeze. When I went to close it, that's when I saw the odd light. The nights had been getting darker and darker until the New Moon peaked that evening. The glow was nestled among the thick grove of towering 80-to-100-foot white oaks, about three-quarters the way up. While I stood at the doorway of my upstairs bedroom peering out, I could hear the sound of the night critters that chattered every evening when I noticed my two dogs were sleeping peacefully on the deck, sensing their contentment.

Like a child, I was fascinated to its allure, and in amazement I went out onto the deck for a closer look. I stood along the railing staring up in wonder of what it was, when it began to expand. My eyes widened in awe as I watched the small sparkle gradually become bigger and brighter until its glow cast a stunning illumination, filtering through the trees as its presence was more than strikingly acknowledged.

Its glow radiated with my undivided attention as it became evermore so when everything around me began to blacken into a void, and a brightly lit beam encircled me. Instantly, an intuitive sense of a direct connection opened a mental portal between us, that I fearlessly welcomed with no hesitation. The light of the beam was so bright all my eyes could visualize was a pure white glow, yet, it was not blinding. It felt as if I was in some kind of a bubble held in the lightless of air that breathed life into my every fiber. I wasn't aware of my body, as my mind felt awakened.

I felt absorbed by the kindness of its touch, like that of a father's loving embrace. It only lasted a few moments, a few moments that seemed timeless in that state of absolute stillness ... even the night chatter had been silenced. I don't know how long I was in that tranquil state, but suddenly the beam of light recoiled back to its source where the tiny glow sparkled in the trees. My surroundings reappeared, along with the sounds of nature.

Feeling a bit dazed, I glanced around the property in astonishment of what had just happened, my mind at ease that everything appeared undisturbed. I then quickly noticed my two dogs were peacefully sprawled out on my bed.

Having stood a long while staring upward in wonder, I finally made myself comfortable in the lounge chair and waited to see what else it might do. I sat there waiting for about half an hour, my hope slipping away into a feeling of disappointment. I had just experienced something so incredible that there had to be more. Something bigger was coming, and I could feel it most strongly. But as time went on, I thought to myself I should retire to bed as it was late, and I was getting sleepy. Just then, I felt a surge of low energy pouring into my being, and my eyes grew heavy and gently closed. At that moment my outer vision had ceased, and the light reappeared within me, brightly sparkling in the darkness of my soul.

My inner eye locked onto its sparkling radiance, as I sensed an invitation to communicate. There was an awareness of an honorable respect to my willingness to accept. My emotions were incited with the desire to do so, and at that moment when I welcomed its request, there was an immediate connection ... I was, indeed, suddenly within its vision as its vision was brilliantly alive within me.

No longer was there it or me - as if one single consciousness was fused – yet, I knew we were two. A flood of light in streams of rays began to appear, swirling through an inner shell illuminating hidden spaces deep within my being. My inward attention was solely focused on the light shining its brightness down a path, until I had arrived at a place where my spirit felt utterly humbled. I rested there a while waiting in sheer darkness, complete silence, as one would wait for the Master to appear.

The stillness of darkness lingered on awhile until faint echoes began to rise from the depth of my core. Each echo rumbled like thunder growing sharper in clarity as a simultaneously silent bolt of brightness trailed. I listened to the voices within as they drew nearer, their chants growing louder and louder, and so loud that my heart began to race with anticipation.

When the words resounding in harmony became clear, I heard them shouting, “Awaken, awaken from your slumber”. A deeper voice followed reverberating those words, and that voice penetrated passionately into my soul. I felt an ache of reverence, its familiar tone gave me rise, and I saw entombed under layers of thick clouded debris countless faces calling out, “Awaken, awaken from your slumber”. They continued to resonate those words that sent chills throughout my being that pierced into my mind, releasing images that fluttered like leaves in the air, empowered by a gentle breeze.

“Arise...Arise...Arise...” the echoes then shouted as the images floated to the ground, piling up like layers of a book. I saw the images vividly, somehow knowing they were resurrected memories never lost, only stored and forgotten. My soul felt replenished ... it felt the readiness for something more intense, but just as I felt prepared to go deeper, instantly there was silence ... a thoughtless quietude of darkness once again.

I was consumed by the dark until a small light glowed in the distance and the echoes rose up once more. Louder, bolder, and strongly unified they symphonically rang out with a spirit of longing, shouting ever-so-clearly “Set the captives free”.

I felt immersed by their passionate cries, as if it were their hopeful plea that I could open a door that had been closed long ago. Their persistent cries seemed to pierce the quilt of my former weakened spirit, a past I cared not to relive. After a near death experience, I distanced myself from the workings of spiritual matters, but the wailing had brought such tears, as their words continued to plea in desperation, “Set the captives free!”

The weight of their reminder of all I knew, all I had lived through, all that I ran from, opened a portal revealing that the embers still smoldered within, and, “Set the captives free,” became like the roar of a mighty lion, the sound of alarming agony. Their pain heightening my inner shame for shutting them out so long ago.

Then a powerful voice spoke, “Your Time Has Come,” and a flood of uncontrollable tears poured through me, washed out like a river as the emotional waterfall streamed down my face and cleansed all that darkened my path. The light illuminated brilliantly within as I felt the souls of multitudes wrap their arms around me ... an embrace unlike I had ever known.

My focus was then taken to a place I knew not in the land of Egypt, a place across the seas to a dried up river where there once was a bustling covered bridge over the waters, that no longer flow abundantly. There, there is where the captive souls had been bound, awaiting redemption. It was a place I felt a familiar strangeness, a feeling I remembered but had no memory of the place. I sensed that I had been shown this vision for a purpose, one deeply rooted within.

Another moment of stillness left me in silence, not to ponder but to sit in absolute thoughtlessness and bask in the warmth of light, until a pale veil draped before me filtering out the light. Gradually the veil faded and the darkness transcended into a beam of light shining upon a very large and very thick book, resting on an enormous pillar. Engraved on the top was just one word, “Covenant”. I stared at its pristine appearance as the realization of what it was opened my heart and my attention was attentively immersed on what was contained within its binding.

It could have been titled, ‘My Book of Life,’ but it was far beyond myself. As I stared at the book, I began to see the pillar fading out as a very large round table materialize into focus, along with the book sitting in the center. At that moment I felt as if I was floating invisibly above watching the picture come to its fullness, but I did not feel alone. I felt the presence of a woman, her gentle touch like a loving mother. She didn’t say anything at first, as I looked in awe at a group of noble souls seated around the round table, presumably waiting for the presentation to begin. With her breath, the cover blew open to the first page and her soft-spoken words began to come alive, starting from before the beginning. As she read, a silent film reeled bits and pieces of numerous scenes

appearing in my mind. While listening and watching from above, I was instantly captivated by the vision of my amazing conception through birth, in which I would begin my new life journey.

My emotions were overwhelmingly activated with an indescribable feeling when I saw the miracle of life's first breath and when that vision had ended, I was left to ponder once again in the darkness of my mind, until the noble souls reappeared. They were holding hands with eyes closed, and their heads bowed in a group prayer. The book remained laid open with countless pages folded over ... and countless more waiting to be unveiled.

Having first seen how life began from a spark in the dark to the brightness of light, there came the release of deeper memories that were hidden within, and they poured out of my soul like a waterfall. Page after page they turned and turned all too quickly to fully grasp in the moment. It felt both timeless and time consuming as the emotional outward flow began to drain me, spared by numerous pauses for contemplation. And although it felt delightfully absorbing in some ways, it felt very much painful in others.

The emotional levels I felt overflowed until the last page had turned, and when the book closed the images ceased and I thus heard the soft tone of the woman whisper, "Seal it up, seal it up until its time." When my vision suddenly disappeared my eyes instantly opened, and there I laid comfortably in the lounge chair. What had seemed timeless was 90 minutes, and there I was back in my present reality. What had felt like something of a dream was no dream for when my eyes opened, the tiny glow of light was still twinkling in the trees, having never left its place.

As I continued to stare at the twinkle, my mind immediately began to reflect on what had been given to me. Layers of presentations, each seamlessly entwined, and most obviously well-kept and preserved. With each page my perception seemed to heighten to the greater of understanding ... the depth of which far exceeds the defining of 'soul searching'.

At times it felt I was reliving memories from eons ago, times I had not tread in this lifetime. The focus on past wisdoms felt important, life lessons resurrected which brought encouragement to my spirit ... an inner strength to continue the endurance of life's path. The jewels of my treasures were revealed and faith was greatly restored for the gift that had been delivered ... and delivered to me personally. This is when I discovered the Guide Souls.

The first night felt like an introduction, setting the stage for something grander, perhaps. The tiny sparkle in the trees remained there for a while as I watched and wondered if it would stay or go. As I gazed at the light, my heart radiated with appreciation for what I knew was a precious and rare gift. When I stood up to go inside, I saw the light instantly disappear. It didn't move, it didn't fade out, it appeared the way it disappeared. When I saw the light go out, it felt peculiar like a deep emptiness consumed me at its departure.

Upon retiring to bed I tossed and turned throughout the night wondering if it would return again.

The next morning, as soon as daylight arrived, I immediately went out on the deck to look up and stood staring into the trees, hoping I would see something but I saw only trees. Of course, my thoughts were rattling and wondering and questioning if what happened really happened. While I sipped my first cup of coffee, my mind began to wander. Could it have been something else? A trick of some sort? Was someone messing with me? Was it an illusion, perhaps a self-induced trance ... something other than what I truly felt in the moment was a spiritual enlightenment?

Yet, even as powerful as it was, the mystery of it drove me to question if it was real at all. Suspicion and doubt began to set in, a natural response given the significance. The only thing I was absolutely sure of was knowing it wasn't a dream. It also wasn't a UFO alien encounter ... a thought that had never entered my mind. It did, however, have a familiarity about it, as if I had been visited before. I hoped it was a divine intervention, as I felt it was ... but I had to sort out my state of uncertainty that it wasn't something else. I just had to be sure of the mystery boggling my brain.

I began to wonder if it could have been a flashlight shining through the trees ... but that would have meant someone climbed up the tree, which meant someone was messing with me. Why? I pondered, would anyone do that? There was absolutely no reason for such a crazy thought, but crazy or not I had pursued the possibility.

It felt futile but I walked to where I saw the light appear and stood below the towering trees staring way up high. I looked around on the ground for any evidence that it had been trampled. I looked for anything that might help explain, and I saw nothing to confirm such a wild thought ... though it did help provide some relief.

A little later I acted on another possible explanation. Perhaps it was a glow from a cabin on the other side that previously had been unoccupied, a porch light by chance, shimmering through the thickness ... somehow? I realized after I had taken a drive around to the other side where a narrow, rough and bumpy dirt road was cut in, that any homes in that area could not possibly shine a light because they would have been sloped too low down the hillside. No light beam could reach that place where it sat. I discovered, as well, that there were no cabins to be found. The whole adventure made me feel foolish ... and the foolishness continued.

While I drove about in thought provoking confusion, I wondered about the hillside in the distance? Perhaps 'somehow' a light might have been beamed from there. I then drove around and up the hill trying to find that perfect spot in which the light could have possibly filtered through. I stopped the car and exclaimed out loud, "Impossible!" shaking my head at such craziness.

After having exhausted all wonder and doubt I realized it was real, it really was some kind of spiritual intervention. With great excitement I embraced the hope of its return

that evening. As the night approached, I kept gazing out my slider with disappointment. The night went on and grew darker. I went into the kitchen for a few moments and when I had returned there it was, in all its glory, and my heart leapt with joy.

I dashed out onto the deck to admire its beaming glow, larger than the night before when it first appeared. It sparkled in a blended hue of white, red, and green. I was in such awe that I wanted to capture a picture of it. I dashed back inside and grabbed my camera and back to the deck.

When I returned, the golf ball sized light was a pure white glow without any sparkle. When I aimed the camera directly at its location, the viewfinder was absolutely black. Being quite stunned, I pointed it toward inside the bedroom, which appeared perfectly. I then aimed it back to the light, and again it was absolutely black. I tried zooming in with my new Sony camera with a long-range lens. I could see the dark shadows of the trees, but still, the light was not visible, though it was stunningly vivid to my naked eye.

I pointed the camera around the backyard, and although it was very dark, I could see shadows of the closer trees dimly visible from the light of my windows. I turn the camera back to the glow and again, nothing. I decided to snap a photo anyway just to see if it would show up. The moment I snapped the picture my camera shut down. I turned it back on, refocused, and tried again. Again, the camera shut down. On the third try I was feeling frustrated, eager to capture its image evermore, blaming the camera.

At that point, I decided to change the batteries, thinking that might be the problem. When I had returned the glowing light was larger, brighter, sparkling pure white. I focused the camera again, and this time I saw the white glare on the viewfinder, so I quickly snapped the image. The camera shut down. I turned it back on to view the image and only found a shiny black surface of nothingness. It felt very eerie and yet mysteriously captivating.

Reaching for reasoning, I thought perhaps something might be messed up with my camera. I decided to do a test. Despite that the camera was fairly new - and had been producing amazing photos – regardless, I had to check it out. I snapped a couple of pictures around the backside while standing on the deck, with determination, then went to the front and snapped a couple of more in the front yard of my flower garden ... only slightly visible from the porch lamp. I tried with and without a flash, and not once did the camera shut down. I took a few snaps around the inside of the house and the camera was still going.

I looked at the images on the screen and all were clear and visible. I went back out to the deck, and when I looked up, the light had retreated to a tiny glow, yet, it still shined and twinkled most brightly. I aimed the camera while watching the viewfinder, sweeping it across my deck, up into the trees, and when I was focused exactly where the light shined, the viewfinder once again was solid black ... and when I snapped the picture, my camera shut down.

I stood and stared wondering why it wouldn't let me take a picture, waiting for an answer that did not come. Feeling no connection with the light, I went to my computer and downloaded the images. I hoped there would be at least one that captured its glow – something tangible I could reflect on. I enlarged them in Photoshop and really studied them over. They couldn't have been more flawlessly perfect as a solid slate of black.

As I stared at the void of their mystery it did become foolishly obvious – especially after such an impassioned attempt - that the power it possessed was beyond my feeble mind. After all that silliness - in which it felt thereafter - I sat on the deck feeling more curious than ever. I just sat with it, glancing up and down and all around, and up again. The night critters were busy about but it felt utterly quiet and empty inside, nothing like the night before. The more I sat with it the more I desired to see it closer ... a lot closer.

I decided to get my binoculars ... an excellent idea, I thought. I went in and grabbed them and back out to the edge of the deck ... peering through the trees ... scanning for the twinkle. I could see the dark silhouette of the tree branches but there was no light shining. I zoomed in with my high-powered sky watching eyepiece, and though it was not blackened, it simply was not visible ... though it was still most perfectly visible to own my eyesight. There was no denying or persisting any further ... the clarity of the message had been quite firmly made. I found it to be quite odd ... further perking my interest.

It wasn't long after that I finally settled down to relax in the lounge chair when I felt a calmness steady within. My two dogs were resting by my side, peacefully content. I stared at the tiny glow again clearing my mind from all distractions, focusing intently on the light. Suddenly it began to enlarge and I felt the hair on my arms raise as I watched it become an enormous mesmerizing display ... nearly the size of a basketball. In the center, it sparkled of red and green, encircled by a bright white illuminating glow, in which rays spiked out in four directions – giving the impression of a cross. My heart began to race, elevating my focus to readiness. Perhaps it was my readiness it had been awaiting.

Its glorious manifestation brought words flowing through my mind. I closed my eyes to fully concentrate on the voice. It was not initiating a conversation, as I did not think, only listened. "Fear not," gently swept across my mind, as a warmth came over me.

In a direct, and powerful resonance, the voice of a soft-spoken man proclaimed, "I am the light," and I knew without thought that was all I shalt know of it. I knew no further awareness was needed ... because it was the awareness ... it was the light. I got that, I understood.

When I heard the all-powerful words that followed, "Are you ready?" I felt my body tighten in a grip, frozen, unaware of what it referred to, unable to respond. Then I heard the familiar voice of the ages rise up from deep within, and boldly declare "Yes!" My eyes widened in wonder, surprised, and startled by its unexpected presence, which had been silent for so long.

I felt a delightfulness that came with great amazement - my childhood friend had arrived. The voice that walked with me, talked with me so often when I was young, was with me yet. When my eyes opened all was still, the light had retreated to a tiny twinkle. I closed my eyes again, waiting in silence. After a few moments, I heard a direct question, which was spoken rather formally. The gentle man asked, "Does your guardian speak for thee?" It felt official, seeking confirmation, in which my thoughts immediately acknowledged so.

In that moment I began to hear chatter, faint whispers that grew fainter, slipping away into a silence. For a short time, I was left alone. I remained relaxed, eyes resting, waiting in thoughtlessness. I was invigorated when I heard a sudden shout, trailed by the ram's horn, in which then came the sound of an oncoming choir singing words of joyful praise. As the song became louder, the words began to flow through me, and in them I felt great joy.

Excited energy buzzed in harmony throughout my whole inward being, every cell absorbed by the vibration of their song, "Glory ... Glory ... Glory ... She is ready ... Glory, Glory, Glory ... She is ready". I felt goosebumps tingling everywhere inside and out, I saw swirls of colourful like ribbons dancing in the breeze of my minds eye. I felt a grand celebration, in which was in my honour ... and it swept me up into its graceful flow.

When the cluster of the choir had fully encircled me, I felt the kindness of those who walked and watched and protected me in this life. Those I had known as Angels more times than I can remember. I felt embraced by their love and passion, and in that moment the opening of a portal appeared as it had appeared the night before ... though this time it was channeled within. It also was much brighter than before, blinding bright and pure, yet did not blind.

In the brightness, there appeared a crown humbly resting upon an aged-old redwood trunk. Its beauty was adorned with rubies and diamonds, entwined delicately with willow branches and sprinkled with white daisies. I then saw arms reach out of the light, hands with the strength of a warrior. The mighty hands lifted a wreath of thorns from my head and I felt the festering of its presence flee. Then I saw arms reach out of the light, hands as gentle as a mother's newborn touch, gently place the sacred crown upon my head. In that moment a rush of emotions sent a river of tears gushing through the streams of my veins ... emotions of every wonderful kind flowed in and all around me. In that moment the feelings were intensely extraordinary, and although time was non-existent, it felt like a-once-in-a-lifetime experience. So overcome with gratitude, my heart and soul wept with joy for such an enriched endowment.

I felt my body tremble as tears continued to stream down my cheeks ... my eyes locked in their puddles. How humbling it was, a long-awaited blessing, at times so long it seemed eternity. My soul felt to kneel and rise again, and I rose knowing darkness did not defeat me. The gratification felt zealous of achieving such a feat that energy surged

through my veins, and my heart beat ever-so fast. The bestowment had incredibly empowered my spirit, enriched by the singing and chanting of the celebration, in which the depth of it had faded into the distance and was visible no more ... their invisible presence remained.

My eyes thus opened as I wiped them dry, and when I looked up into the trees, what my eyes saw was breathtaking. Countless sparkles throughout the vastness of the branches twinkled like the heavens in their fixed positions. The sight of their presence touched deep into my heart. All of sudden the light itself beamed crystal rays that spread out through the trees, likened unto a glistening diamond. The glorious display was magnificent, though it did not linger. Acknowledgement was made and it only took mere seconds to capture a lifetime moment. The night was evermore dark, which made the appearances all the more radiant. All were white, all twinkled and blinked, all were sparkles of beauty. All were one and one was all. That's the feeling I sensed, like a family unity and I was among family.

When the vision had finished, I found myself in awe of it all, consumed by deep emotion. Before I could process what had just happened, I clearly heard the gentle voice whisper, "All glory to the GuideSouls," and suddenly a stream of memories came alive as thoughts from the inner vault opened, reminding me of their timeless devotion. I could not help but bow my head with tears of gratitude flowing warmly down my cheeks. I was reawakened to their ever-present spirit, unlike Angels whom gifts and powers work on a higher level, though in purpose ... focus is the same ... the wellness of God's creation. When my awareness was fully restored, it became clear that the GuideSouls are the invisible forces in which not all can see, and not all receive.

When things had settled down, I remained relaxed, eyes closed, pondering my thoughts. My mind was absorbed with amazement and delight, but that quickly vanished when a flood of somber emotion escalated, and suddenly, I was consumed with empathy. The depth of compassion was so powerful it laid bare my soul as I felt a sharp pierce to my heart.

In that agonizing moment I felt the woman's presence reappear, and with her was my father, who had passed away in 1999. I felt his touch - the emotionless remembrance of it - as I felt his essence outside of me. For a moment I felt frozen. I heard his voice speak, saying "It's okay, kiddo," and the words reminded me of childhood – in which there were few fond memories. I heard him telling me to trust the process, yet, I had never developed a trust with him before his passing.

I remained frozen until I felt the woman lay her hands upon my shoulders, and her faceless voice comforted my soul, "Child," she whispered, "you must honour your father and mother. There are workings you neither see nor know, and shalt not until they appear. One day you shall see and know and then the heartache shall leave no scar," her reassurances blanketing the chill.

When I sensed the woman's kindness, the softness of her touch melted my heart with an understanding greater than I could comprehend. It gave me a peacefulness, and I felt compelled to warmly acknowledge my father's presence. I sensed his departure with the same 'be tough' attitude he had instilled in me, and when he left, I felt the woman reach deep into my soul. Her hands reached far into the darkness where she took me to a room. The room was brightly lit and upon a table sat a small wooden box that looked to be of an ancient nature. The lid was opened, tacked by bronze hinges. Inside the lid was the engraving of the word 'Zakar'.

Inside the box there were neatly stacked slides, in the order of their offering. Each slide appeared before me, remaining visible just long enough for me to grasp its awareness before the next appeared. They were slides of childhood times, teenage times, adult times, and many showed pastime images that caused much confusion and wonder. Somehow, I felt they were all related but I hadn't always grasped their meaning, as there was little time to ponder such thoughts before the image would disappear, replaced with another.

When the box was empty, I saw all the slides flash past my eyes like a shuffled deck of cards, and they were neatly stacked back inside. When the lid closed there was an engraving on the top, the inscription read, "Sealed". Everything was quiet for a few moments. A steady stream of soft lighting shined upon the box as I marveled at it. The box, I thought, a keepsake box. I remembered that box. My memories ... reminders of memories ... memories reminders. I remembered and had not forgot.

While everything was quiet again, I became self-absorbed as I drifted deeper into contemplation of what I had just seen. The image of 'Joan of Arc' reappeared. It provoked a most powerful brewing of inflamed emotions, fragments of which were stored in the most highest of places. I found myself in that place wondering why?

The answer lied simply in the knowing ... knowing the pain and heartache, the sacrifices and sufferings of my past were stored there. It became clear to me what 'Joan of Arc' represented: a strong faith; a bold voice; a fearless warrior; and a woman of love and peace. I identified most powerfully with her sufferings and her blessings and her life sacrifices, knowing she had the courage and determination to fulfill her purpose ... in the midst of great opposition. Her life was and is a great sacrifice for truth for the true warrior Spirit that guides my soul.

In a strange and familiar degree, I sensed the message was vital, though it was not discerning as to why. The image faded while the box remained closed, my focus still fixated upon it.

Then I heard a voice, numerous voices, a loud mass of voices shouting intensely, "Redeem ... Redeem ... Redeem!" The chanting pierced deep within, a feeling of great anguish. Then I heard the rumbling, "Truth ... Truth ... Truth!" which was immediately trailed by a thunderous roar, "Murder ... Murder ... Murder!" I felt shockingly confused, terribly disturbed, utterly enslaved by the emotions that poured forth and dug into my

every fiber. Then I heard them wailing, "Deception ... Deception ... Deception!" In that moment another image began to appear. When it was distinguishable, my reaction was absolute bewilderment ... it was the image of Cleopatra, the image the world has displayed for centuries looking like a harlot, holding the venomous snake in all its pride, wearing a headdress likened to a golden jeweled crown, draped in seducing shades of alluring imagination.

I felt the embers smoldering, her tormented stings as I stared at her image contemplating the chants. The more I tried to piece together the meaning of the vision, I felt an unbearable ache in my heart, a lonely, humbled, weak and weary soul trapped in a web of deception. I felt the Spirit of Anguish with imperishable hope of redemption to rise from the fictitious fable - that thus had been cast upon her - to proclaim her innocence.

The haunting of dishonor had been unveiled and those who knew and beheld the truth cried out their great passion to heed the calling, to restore her name and expose the truth of her adversaries ... and all that rose to greatness upon her ghost. Then I saw the image of dust blowing in the wind ... all those souls of betrayal. I felt the touch of purity upon my heart when I heard a voice whisper - a voice I had not known, yet held a bond - thus plead to my heart, "plant my deeded seed ... redeem thee ... redeem thee."

One moment, my whole being was immersed in passionate, emotional pain, and the next in a state of peculiar fear. Suddenly, it went pitch black and I felt the most despairing, utterly frightful sense of alarm, cease my mind, holding me captive to the uncomfortable space. It felt different than the darkness the other times. There was a sense of haunting, and when the fear had reached its peak, and I trembled for release, I felt the woman beside me ... her presence calmed my distress. Slowly a dim shadow began to appear over there and another over there, and more over there, until the shadows were seared into one horrified sight. I gasped at the image as it began to come alive. It felt as if I was there, floating above, watching helplessly, while massive crowds of people scrambled about for their lives. I could not see the cause of such horrendous panic.

People were wailing and crying and screaming and shouting and running in flocks toward the mountains. People were being trampled upon as countless souls fled with concern only for themselves. I saw a child sitting alone, weeping, people rushing past. My heart felt broken. Tears began to flow down my face, but I kept my eyes closed, consumed in with the pain and suffering, allowing it come through ... the images had to come through. Somehow it felt to relieve the pressure under the extreme magnitude of the weight life and death bore.

I was then taken far above, high as the sky and beyond, and it was as if I had x-ray vision as I saw the entire world spread out before me, slowly withering from the inside out. The sight of our foundation, the place we call home, was rotting away, and the mass of unbearable sufferings I felt, had taken a hard grip of my heart and squeezed it

tightly. In that moment the woman shut the lens and pulled my focus away, in which immediately I was delivered from that mass of deep heartache.

The lens then reopened and began to zoom in and out across the land, focusing on some of the most dreadful and horrific effects the destructive ripple shall create for eons. I saw its handiwork mutating and brewing its cancerous growth - a monstrous, unstoppable force. I saw the sea washed up in death. I saw birds and bees and animals and every wild thing wandering lost in the terrible waste of life. I saw the air deathly tainted to breathe, the water poisonous with every toxicity, everything drenched in slow death, and though they were warned, the world carried on with little to no concern, caught up in blindness. I saw these things – a devastation that shall lie invisible until the visible can no longer hide. I heard the words, “When the shock comes, it will cause a ripple of another kind,” and I was shown that the ripple shall multiply.

When I had seen all that I was to see, everything went dark and quiet. I felt alone in my thoughts. I wondered what could be as overwhelming as that to cause such horror. Indescribably, I felt some comfort in knowing it wasn't something too unbearable in my lifetime, but my heart ached for the future of my loved ones and the future of generations to come, as few as they may be. I pondered deeply on how I could continue to walk in a place with such foresight and embrace life with any kind of joy. I felt a great struggle wrenching at my emotions for some time after that.

The vision had greatly shaken me. The woman thus began to speak, expressing that in the future, not too far in the distance, there would be a devastation of great force, a force so mighty the entire world would tremble, for a time ... before the repercussions can no longer be denied. She went on to say that for many it shall be the horn of the messenger, but to most a precursor of a silent ripple that began long ago ... numbing its awareness in the blindness of a false light. Her grave words were a frightful warning, focusing my attention on the ripple and what it shall set in motion. I could not have comprehended the depth in which she had enlightened me had I not seen with my own inner vision.

It seemed vital to her that I was prepared in the knowing of the invisible vipers to God's creation. She needed me to understand that ears shall deafen in time, and like a slow death, life shall thus wither on every level ... on both outer and inner layers. Her reinforcement of 'the ripple' felt engraved within. I understood to be watchful, to be prepared, and most of all to never forget ... for that shall be prayer without ceasing.

She then boldly stated (in a matter-of-fact tone) that after five years following such a devastation, what is to come shall open deafened ears to perk again ... and a haunting fear of the undeniably, dreadful truth will increase, and the shouts will grow louder with wailing cries ... but it shall be too late to resolve. She warned that the truth will again fade from eyes until the harsh realities of the ripple become crashing waves on a world focus, know then that the tsunami draws nearer ... know that what shall come is unstoppable in its downward spiral.

I was then shown the Book of Matthew and the scripture read, "All things must pass." I felt the woman embrace me as her thoughts whispered to my soul, "Seal it up, seal it up until its time". When everything had vanished, I opened my eyes, feeling emotionally drained. I saw the light was still shining in the trees right where it had always shined. A few moments longer it remained and then went out. I felt its presence leave with a sense of accomplishment.

All night I tossed and turned in bed restless with images and emotions and thoughts mulling through my head and rushing through my heart. In the midst of my tangled mind, I heard the voice of ages enter and my thoughts ceased as I listened. The calmness of the voice soothed my stirring.

"Think not that you have been chosen, for it be your own destined path," the voice began to explain. It spoke as the loving friend I knew my entire life, and I felt joy having been awakened once again to its wisdom. "Know you are not alone," it proclaimed, "there is a bond created, the union of the known souls and when the fullness of their union comes ... then the almighty Spirit shall arise." I sensed great joy in its declaration, the kind of emotion I knew from past experience.

As I listened and absorbed every word, I felt an excitement exploding inside. I saw a beautiful purpose this union would achieve. The voice explained in greater detail how this love will bring hope by creating a bridge between two worlds. "Know that the truth thus seeded upon his heart at conception - as so upon you, child - shall sprout forth in due season, and likened unto a garden must be carefully tended," the voice urged. It went on to boldly decree, "The forces to hinder the faithful and mighty warriors shall be piercing. Stand strong, for the one chiseled by the earthly world shall seek your strength, a source of energy drawn from above ... in which you shall be given abundant living waters," the voice firmly stated, thus adding, "As he shall protect you."

I was then prepared to envision the whole of the outer world, the focal point upon mankind's cruelty toward each other and all God's creation, as the voice warned these things would remain the same. It encouraged me to focus on the inner life and the healing it would bring, a healing that would provide peace to the wholeness, but not to the whole. It looked to be both of a nightmare and the greatest gift my heart could ever receive, but the voice cautioned, "It shalt not be an easy path, and even so, it is not thy Will but his Will." I wondered what the words were telling me and as I pondered them, clarity thus came. I understood that though I am willing it is the soul to come that may not share the same willfulness. When this truth fell upon me, the voice thus encouraged me to endure. "Endure ... Endure ... Endure" the words reiterated, fading silently as I fell into a deep sleep.

The next morning when I awoke, I went out to the edge of the deck and stared up as I had done the mornings before. The past two evenings had been incredibly amazing. I had pondered all day the things I had seen and was told, wondering and hoping the light would return as I had so many questions. That evening, I watched, checking the spot every now and then, glancing around and nothing had appeared. As the night went on

and things were settled down, I finally went out and sat ... listening to the night critters and watching fireflies fluttering about realizing that they had not been there the nights before. I cuddled my little dog as she laid across my lap while I pet the big boy sitting next to me. They both drew tired and fell asleep. I was getting tired too.

Then it appeared, very small, almost unnoticeable, in the exact place it had been. My heart leapt with joy, my spirit perked up, and my eyes were fully open and at attention. It gradually expanded into a larger ball, sparkling brightly. As I watched - to my vast amazement - I saw another light slide out from its right side into the trees. I could not tell if it came out of the light or from behind or in front of the light.

With fantastic surprise and peculiar wonder, the two perfectly sized glowing sparkles of light sat side by side with a narrow space between them. Then they began to send each other rays of light., sparks flowing back and forth like electrical currents. The fascination of the display made me think it was some kind of communication. It lasted a few minutes before it stopped and then they both just sat there for a while as I remained calm with an open mind waiting for what I hoped would bring more wonder.

Then I saw the other light move slowly back into the first light and it became brighter than ever. It glared so bright it made me think the two were one, and as I gazed at it in amazement, I was overcome with a sense of a warm loving embrace.

Suddenly, another twinkle appeared out of nowhere, a tiny sparkle just a little way away on the left side of the light, which immediately caught my eye. Another appeared in equal measure a little way away on the right side of the light. The three sparkles sat in a row across the branches. The main light in the center was slightly larger. The threesome sat there quietly for a time with no movement, no display, and then they began to blink wildly. Again, I imagined it to be communication. When they had finished a few minutes later the two that had appeared out of nowhere, just vanished. I was eagerly curious as to what was happening, what was going to happen next, but then nothing happened for about an hour. I had gotten up and moved around the house a bit and returned. I sat again and waited. I had closed my eyes several times and tried to focus on making a connection, and still, nothing. I glanced around the property hoping to see another sparkle - somewhere out there in the darkness – but there was none, just the light itself. I felt their presence though - those souls whom had welcome me with such graciousness.

As I continued to watch, the light began to expand into an enormous glowing ball ... once again revealing its greatness. I heard a thought gently flow into my mind, "Close your eyes," it said, in which I closed my eyes. Inside my mind I saw a chair, "Take thy place," the thought instructed me, as I imagined myself sitting down. "Close your eye," the same thought flowed through, and in response I thought, "My eyes are closed". It continued to repeat those words, until I realized it was my inner eye it asked to be closed. Though it seemed a challenge to do such a thing, I was able to do so with a bit of help. I knew I had succeeded when I was awakened in a place that felt like communion.

There I saw a ghostly figure, and he spoke most directly, "Heed my words, child," he uttered in a deep and powerful tone. In that moment I was likened unto a child as I sat listening to what seemed to be a storybook. His tone softened as he began: "A mate shall be conceived, woe, woe, woe, he shall pass away. The mate was to make way thy path, though it be hindered and another shall make way for the union." He explained that, for a time, the mate's spirit had walked silently among me, until his return time had arrived. The voice then went on to expand in deeper detail what had been told to me the night before by my inner voice.

His genuine words urged caution, along with a comforting assurance and a confirmation of a fated destiny. He warned regarding mine and the mate's situation, "The distance shall be in both time and in space, and the challenge shalt be known." "Take heed," he stated, "the way was already prepared from the one who came before. You will know then where thy path leads." His powerful words poured into my heart, "Hold strong to the faith that is instilled. If the male child has strength to endure the hope rooted within, the treasures you both selflessly seek shall be plentiful."

As he spoke, I sensed a remembrance, a knowing of sorts, and as he continued, the feeling grew stronger. "The mate is him whom carries the seed of your seed," he identified, "and you will know his seed when it is planted, as he shall know thine; beware, for it shall be a path of thorns, piercing." I understood the challenge to be great as I comprehended that the gift is greater. He showed me the divine purpose in our paths, having walked different realities, having gathered the experiences to recreate the bond. "Hold firmly against the storms," he counseled, then there was a long pause at this point that gave me time to process what I could. Everything he said felt as if I had experienced such a thing before, and I felt prepared to accept the future vision without contemplation.

He then went on, "Though both have planted the seeds of love in the hearts of others, the heart pained in places of unfruitful soil. Now your time has come to rest, for your heart has been made ready... and his is yet to come. Be patient in life's lessons and wisdoms of understanding, their reasoning of thine purpose is promised!" he thus deemed most assuredly.

While I continued to listen to what he was saying, I began to feel confused. "The mate shall struggle with the roots from the inherited seed that shall tangle around his heart. His spirit shall be driven to a magnified height for not reasons of his truest knowing, yet of knowing. His light is to shine not upon himself but upon the world, that not all shall see the way you shall perceive. His battle shall be great within, an enduring drive of sacrifice for the path he must make free, for reason of his knowing, yet not knowing."

There was a pause in a moment of silence and then in a most despairing tone he cried out, "Woe, woe, woe, prepare my child, for his path may hold walls he cannot find passage, thus following what lies before his feet." At the sound of those words, I felt a shockwave bolt throughout my wholeness and then he commanded, "Let not your faith

be shaken for time shall reveal his awakening,” and I realized then the awakening held great purpose, though I felt the painful thorn embedded in my heart in a hopelessly familiar manner.

In the depth of all I felt, there was so much emotion pouring out, and suddenly I realized why I could never accept an unyoked life. The paths I walked brought me much heartache, yet could not destroy my heart ... though it was very close in doing so many times, indeed.

Surely, I had given up searching, yearning for my one true love. I had surrendered to a fate of a loveless life, if that be so. The words given had embraced me with an encouraging hope I had not felt in a long time, as he continued, “The mate shall bear a light that shall shine in a place no light has ever glowed in your eyes ... as it be so for him to find a true spark amidst the mass of mesmerized souls. The two shall have but a taste of the fruit of the vine and both willing, there shall come to pass fullness.” It didn’t dawn on me at this point what was meant, I only felt a comfort in the knowing, and I waited to hear more.

For a moment there was another silence and then the words continued to the end with a strong assurance, “When the fruit is ripened, beware it not fall to the ground and thus rot away, for when the time of harvest comes it stirs in the wind of reaping.” His message was: “Remain patient. Remain faithful. Remain strong and steady. Remain ready.”

I was then given three specific focal points in which he uttered while images provided a clearer picture of signs to observe, yet I was shocked by them. The first faded in with a scene of a crowd screaming excitedly. Their awe-struck fixated eyes gleamingly behind a guard type fencing. The message he gave was, “From out of the where your eyes were not blinded, he shall appear”.

As the voice continued to explain and reveal the signs, he followed with those words, “From out of the where your eyes were not blinded, he shall appear.” When finished, I heard him utter in a whisper, “Beware,” he warned, “when you see these signs through his eyes, it is not time.” I was then instructed in detail to remain discreet, to be discerning, to be present under the protection where none could see, but he shall see. Again, I was confused by what he said and he gave me no more to explain. He then praised me for my faithfulness and urged me to continue in strength, reminding me of the various struggles and sacrifices I had already endured ... even having walked through the flames of hell fire ... and what still remained ahead. The way it was shown to me helped make better sense of my life that had been so deeply tested, in which he deemed, “polished and refined to make ready my spirit.”

I was comforted with the hope of knowing I was not alone and the mate would appear in this life, yet the thought of it seemed overwhelming and unrealistic. “Be not weary, my child,” he declared, “the mate too shall have walked through the flames ... though ... the fire also incinerates. Stand firm in the Light that he may know and awaken and embrace

the ancestor's wisdom ... the guidesouls of old, for they shall resurrect the awareness within him."

There was silence for a few moments as I wondered about the words spoken, and then I firmly and clearly heard him announce, "Apart you have been weak, though praised for your strengths. Together your seeds will sprout greater blessings and then you both shall know the depth of love and freedom, of which you had sought." What followed was another echo, "Endure a little longer ... endure a little longer...endure a little longer..."

I sat listening to the echo when his words began again, "Your paths have crossed, yet was not time, and shall cross again, yet not time, and again. You will know the time when there comes a great falling away ... for in the falling, the male child shall search deep within and when he comes to believe, he shalt see the miracle appear and weep."

The last and final words I heard were of earnest encouragement, "Do not lose faith." His voice took a bold tone as he assured that the forces of Light are ceaseless in their mission, as is darkness ceaseless in its destruction, but whatever comes to pass in all things I must not lose faith, for all things have purpose. Words of truth planted in my soul long, long ago.

When the ghostly figure had faded, I saw myself sitting in the chair, realizing my inner eye had opened, though my outer eyes remained closed. I saw a thick fog began to fill the space until it became dark and void. The intervention had been completed, and when I opened my outer eyes, I saw the light still twinkling in the trees where it continued to do so.

After all was done for the night, I went to close the slider blinds, gazing out at the light, when I saw the tiny glow start to rapidly pulsate. I had not seen it do that before and I was curious as to what was happening. I went back out onto the deck and stood watching. It continued to pulsate getting bigger and smaller and bigger still and smaller and bigger still and smaller, as if to be revving up its energy. Suddenly, I felt drawn into its magnificent power and my thoughts were instantly ceased. My mind went blank and my eyes lids became heavy. For a few moments I was only aware of my heart beating, pulsating in rhythm with the light inside.

When I began to sense an energy flow into my mind, it came with lightning speed, and it felt like some kind of downloaded into my brain. I was completely aware that a massive amount of data, knowledge, and wisdom was being given, and when it had finished it was locked away. I heard the words again, "Seal it up, seal it up until its time," and I myself knew not what was stored ...wondering what purpose it may hold ... as I have wondered ever since.

Once the process had completed my eyes opened to see the light was not pulsating any longer. It just sat there with no sparkle, like a dull nightlight barely visible. I wondered why its brightness had diminished, as the feeling of melancholy wash over me. The dull

light lingered a while longer while I stood gazing at it, and then it was gone. The loneliness of its departure sunk in when I felt an emptiness inside. I knew what it had come to do, was done.

For days I thought about everything, and for several nights thereafter I went out in hopes of its return, feeling a deep void from its absence. On the third night of hoping, I was standing again at the edge of the deck, pleading in thought for its return, and suddenly it appeared before my eyes ... exactly where it had always twinkled. Though my heart leapt with joy, on that night it only twinkled a few final moments and was gone.

I felt most grateful for its confirmed farewell, although I hoped that wasn't so. I have continued to look for it upon occasion, though I've never seen it again. What the entire encounter had given me was a priceless gift for my spiritual walk. I suppose its timing was perfectly timed in a time when I needed that unwavering belief. That powerful faith I had known and lost was thus restored, ever-increasing in strength ... as time unfolds its realities.

The echoes are not forgotten. Listen.

Remember. Zakar.