

The Astral Explorer



A story overview.

When Richard attends a lecture by Egyptologist Trevor Zwiendelaar, it confirms that 'The Wars of the Gods' reveal paradoxes to which reason alone cannot give all the answers. While Richard is preparing his own lectures on his chosen subject about the mysteries of the Sphinx, images from ancient times come to life through the songs that have been translated by Theo, his disappeared brother, from the 22 ancient embossed gold foil sheets they had discovered together.

Richard joined a group who are investigating physical ascension but his life is truly enriched when he meets Sascia, the daughter of Ingrid (writer of the first level of the ascension journey). A cauldron of intrigue that triggers major transformation in the lives of people who appear in the star-map (see p.428,9), leads to high drama. The link between the Star-map painting on Annelies' wall, with the one at the Institute for Molecular and Cellular Evolution becomes clearer.

More astonishing revelations come to light when, due to an explosion under the construction site at the Valley of the Gods resort in France, ancient underground tunnels are discovered. Imbedded in the rock walls pictographic script foretells a future that seems to have happened in the past.

A division between old and new paradigm thinking on the planet creates major confusion in people's lives from 2009 onwards.

The Astral Explorer

LEVEL TWO

To become aware of being unaware

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Other books by Nadine May:

My Love We Are Going Home – Ingrid's journal (2001)

Orphanage of Soulmates – Richard's journal (2003)

The Language of Light – Mind-drawing through the higher self. (2003)

Meditations on the Language of Light – On our Soul Qualities (2004)

The Awakening Clan – Ingrid's journal (2007)

Dedication

*This visionary novel is dedicated to the
Soulmates who share this life with me in
order to fulfill our destiny.*

Preface

I will once again present Richard's second ascension journal, like Ingrid's, to the elders on my home planet during our earth time in the form of a novel. The reason why is that through a novel I could aim for telling a story that has the power to transport the reader towards a 'higher evolved reality'. To raise the story to a level of reality beyond the readers 'eye view' can never have a real ending – because their inner spiritual life goes on – but being an observer has the power to transform ones 'reality'.

It has been my soul purpose to re-create the ascension journals into works of fiction that is not realism or fantasy, or a novel of ideas, but more a projection of a reality that calibrates on a level my elders like to perceive our 'manifestations' on Earth can ascend towards.

Our solar system is situated in what would be considered an anti-universe. My Group-Soul family belongs to the 7th Astral Division and serve as guardians of this solar system. Planet Earth is very important to us. Our Sitionian division will never again visit planet Earth in force, for this would be violating one of the most cherished laws of the Twelve Planets that were implemented, after they left this planet 6000 years ago.

My 'father', who is one of the Galactic Superiors that oversees the federation of the Twelve planets, is in regular telepathic contact with my soul partner and me during our lives on Earth as Hans and Liesbeth.

An intercession was decided on by the Council of Nine and both Hans and I were chosen to become what is known as walk-ins to oversee the awakening of the Jaarsma Group-Soul. The spokesperson for this group soul known as POWAH would embody between 25%-75% of its divine soul energy through 144 incarnations on Earth in order to activate the ascension process before planet

Earth's cosmic shift.

If the Outer worlds (dark forces) have their way and rob planet Earth of her valuable minerals, it would have serious consequences in both our universes. Unfortunately the Outer world forces, as we call them, have found a way of getting around this. Instead, man on Earth will do the plundering for them! It will then seem that the Outer worlds had nothing to do with it.

When I take on the task of writing my journal on the fourth level, I will share with the reader how we are all Divine beings who are partaking, on a physical level, playing an Evolution Game. Richard's journal may help readers to see how they too belong to an individual-soul, Over-Soul and a Group-Soul.

During Earth's ascension process many group souls will awaken in order to partake in the journey home with the help of The Language of Light symbols that were left behind by our ancestors, who were seen as gods who originally came from our local Solar System.

Both Hans and I have overseen the editing of the first eleven divine songs in order to synchronise the latest interpretations with the ancient Sumerian texts that have been found in the Mesopotamia region...

Namasté
Tulanda

Prologue

To you the reader, I Am that part of you who IS and KNOWS. With deep respect I salute all you spirit sparks for the courage to have incarnated during the closing of this coming cosmic cycle. The plant, animal, bacterial and mineral life forms who have all chosen to explore a physical reality with the help of the four great elemental beings within your universe, have all requested to ascend.

For many who are on the ascension journey, these times are not easy. In order for humanity to take a leap in consciousness, I was summoned to participate in the transfiguration of your solar system. Although Spirit has always resided throughout every creation, it has now chosen to lift the veils that have kept its presence on this realm from being fully known. It is out of love of Spirit that the forces of light are now infiltrating this earthly system. Because each human being contains the whole story of our universe within their soul library, reflecting all that ever was or has been, each individual human soul is faced with its own awakening through the physical form.

When your planet started to integrate her first 144 Language of Light tonal frequency qualities, these ideographic symbols showed us two pathways. One direction was of a regressive nature and the other a forward evolving pathway. The planetary soul had started on her resurrection process, before the ascension begins. Likewise the reader will also stand at the brink of great changes. Like humans, the Earth's planetary soul is reflecting all that ever was or has been through its five-sensory form. It knows that every action is a cause that simultaneously creates an effect.

The Matrix

The matrix is an intercellular substance originally created by the Power of One. This love force is known in your dimension as Ether. This creative energy force links all conscious life

Prologue IX

streams, or spirit sparks as one - always evolving. Thought forms on all frequencies use this love force to evolve, or regress. When your planet came into a collision with another planetary being, it survived but regressed as a three-dimension vibrational planet, which resulted in the drifting of her continents and of her oceans. The planetary soul fragmented, and thereafter expressed itself as nine particular aspects of the whole through the seven Rays that oversee your physical galaxy.

Many planetary bodies in your universe had to realign themselves in order to emanate a particular frequency towards your planet; to stimulate certain characteristic signatures. These 12 signatures became known as the 12 archetypes. The evolution game begins once more when the matrix is offered back to the Power of One. Your early ancestors understood this. That was how your science of astrology was born.

The birth of the planetary ego influenced all living expressions as they entered into her auric field. Divinely inspired souls that experienced the same fragmentations from then on, chose to incarnate between 25%-75% of soul energy into a physical human form and through many other parallel lifetimes. Due to the time zone band around the planet, humans translated the word parallel as their past or future lifetimes.

In order to embrace all 12 archetypes, the planet divided into a northern and southern hemisphere so as to experience its creation from two polarities. Likewise in humans their organic brain divided into a left and right thinking mode. The nine planetary soul aspects had a mental and emotional effect on the human population - recognised by their ego-driven characteristics that were linked to the 12 archetypes.

Now that the planetary soul is evolving to a higher keynote, many life streams that reside on and within her body will have to evolve with her until global unity is reached during her resurrection process.

We of the Collective Council of Nine observed

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your planet's preparation for ascension, knowing that incompatible energy pockets - manifested as undercurrent frictions - now being released would cause great distress. These distorted life forms were left behind in your Matter universe by various group souls from Outer World galaxies. Humanoids and other life forms. They produced conflicts within the immortal etheric chromosomes of the genetic blueprint of the human race when they embody them. Instead distortions on a cellular level took control over our human creation.

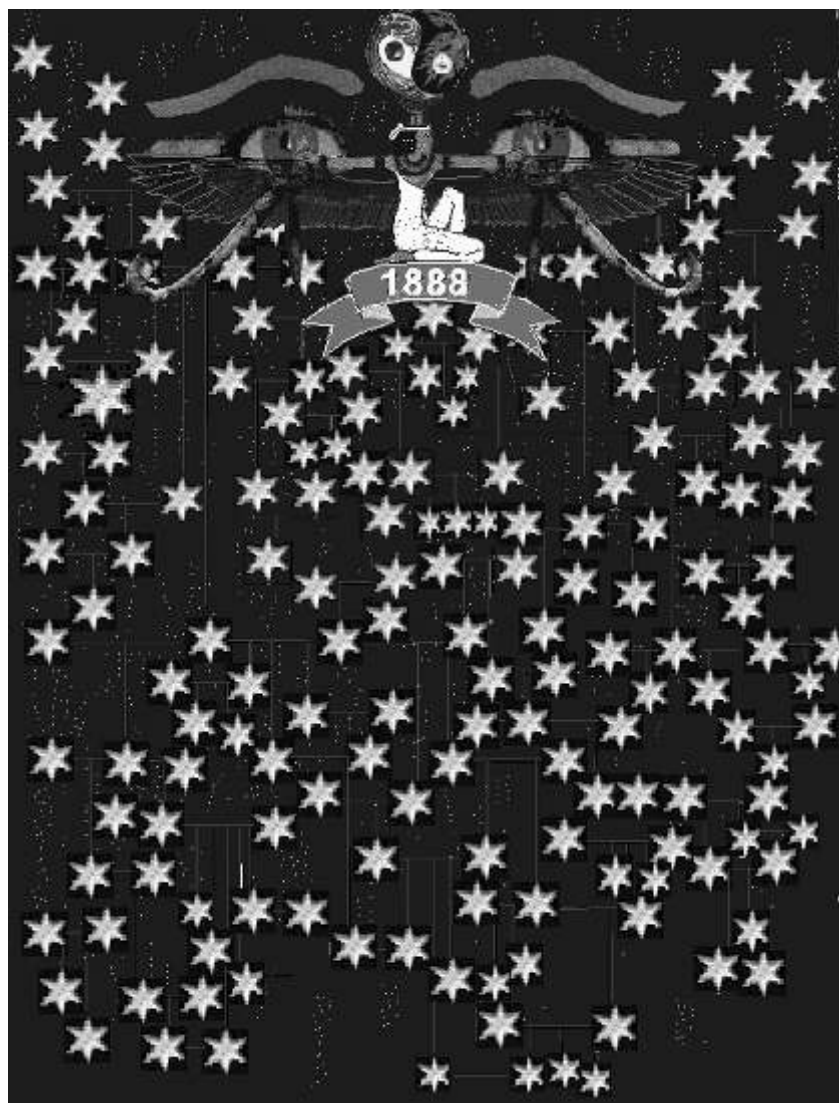
I was one of these 'ascended masters' that could not evolve further unless the souls (our brothers and sisters) that have embodied our human creations wake up!

We had reached the point where we thought we had achieved everything; instead, we overlooked the pollution within the human energy field that corrupted cellular memories. When we found out, it was too late. We had not progressed together as a divine group-soul. In our unawareness we had simply exploited the splendour of our group soul's knowledge by sharing it with other creations, who were already infected with a virus. Many humans had become technological animals. Our karma was great.

When the Council of Nine granted your planetary soul the opportunity to ascend towards a faster vibrational universe, we saw that most souls that embodied a human form - our pride and joy - were heading for self destruction, just like the primordial race many ages ago. Among many other group souls - the Jaarsma Group-Soul was given permission to embody 144 human forms with a soul intent to fulfill the Divine Plan for the human specie who are in and out of an embodiment and to return to the Origin, the Primary Source.

Love POWAH

The Star-Map



Cast of Characters.

Richard de Jong

Theo de Jong: Late brother

POWAH: Spiritual Guide

Sascia Barendse:(Moppie) Richard's partner

Sammy de Jong: Daughter

Ellie de Boer: ex wife

Ben & Leo Jaarsma: Uncles

Mien du Toit: Aunt

Sonja du Toit: Niece

At & Jock du Toit: Cousins

Debbie Barendse: friend/ sister of Sascia

Vinny Jaarsma: University friend

Trevor Zwiegelaar: Colleague

The Pannekoek Coffee bar

Connie de Wit: Coffee bar assistant

Jeroen Barendse: Twin brother of Sascia

Nel Hartman: Kitchen staff

The Power of Words Bookshop

Yolanda de Wit: Manager/Connie's mother/Participant

Fred Jaarsma: owner/Connie's uncle

Quincy Hartman: Fred's partner

André Jaarsma: The detective

Ascension Workshop

Annelies Zwiegelaar: Facilitator

Liesbeth Jaarsma: Participant

Ingrid Barendse: mother of Sascia/Participant

Hans Jaarsma: Participant

Gerrit Jaarsma: Participant

Niels Jaarsma: Participant

Zola de Boer: Participant

Ed Barendse: Participant

Toon Haardens: Participant

'Cup of Gold' Half-way House

Peter Spark: Manager

Helen van Houten: Peter's wife

Harry Brinks: Owner of Pleasure Park

Tieneke de Beer: Art therapy teacher/ daughter of Harry Brinks

Dirk: Pilot

Otto Jaarsa/Jill Spark (Buttercup Valley)

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Chapter 1

The Prophet's Game

Holland (Utrecht)

Richard de Jong leaned forward so as not to miss a thing. His notebook resembled a child's scrapbook. Scribbles of symbols that made sense only to him became alive in his mind.

"Ladies and gentlemen," the lecturer concluded. An electrifying wave transfixed the audience as he continued. "We are collectively embarking on a great voyage in our time where we make decisions that can reshape life as we know it completely." Mr Trevor Zwiendelaar, who was a well-known speaker on alternative subjects held his audience in a mental grip with his eyes, paused and carried on.

"Through the deciphering of the many ancient tablets that have now come to light we know that 'the wars of the Gods' reveal paradoxes which forced researchers to acknowledge that reason alone does not give all the answers. You as students, teachers, archaeologists and scientists will be challenged to reconsider all previous discoveries, including beliefs and dogmas, in order to regain true freedom."

Richard's heart pulsed from awe. The radical lecture confirmed his own speculations. The speaker had responded throughout his presentation with compassion and dignity to some rather blunt questions. Many were referring to the strife, war and violence that had become a global issue and others expressed absolute disbelief.

"How fortunate we are to experience these times," the speaker

concluded. He made a perfectly timed dramatic pause by lowering his head as if deep in thought, the audience of various ages waited in suspense. At last he looked up and gazed straight into the spell-bound assembly hall.

“Let me disclose a riddle, so simple that it humbled me.” He turned and drew a big oval sphere on the whiteboard and inside in the centre he drew a circle. A buzz of bewilderment filled the auditorium. Trevor Zwiendelaar waited for people to quieten, drew breath and his powerful voice expressed his devotion for the subject matter when he said;

“Ladies and gentleman, I urge you to engrave this symbol on the template of your memories because science by itself does not possess all the answers.” Everyone waited in suspense. Richard was amazed how Trevor made his outrageous theories so plausible.

“There will be a tremendous acceleration in our awareness of being, due to the merging of physical with the spiritual sciences. This union will transform our world collectively for the advancement of the human race.”

Mr. Zwiendelaar turned again to the white board and drew in the smaller solid circle. A symbol appeared that began to look like an eye.

“The greatest secret about our human species lies in that symbol. Study your papers and know that only through the Power of One can we as humans bypass the distortion within our genetic blueprint. Every cell within us contains the intelligence of the whole. There is only one presence, sourced from the invisible realms, which is hidden in our DNA’s intelligence. The I AM divinity is always manifesting itself impartially towards the light. From the ONE and to the ONE we shall return again. The rest is pure contemplation.” The speaker strode purposefully off the podium and out of the room while the crowd sat in stunned silence. Vinny Jaarsma peered silently at Richard over his wire-frame spectacles .

“Well Richard, what he said must have been right up your alley?” Richard smiled when they shuffled out of the lecture hall. He was known to his friend as the linguist who had a mission to experience first hand what had transpired in ancient Egypt. Still deep in thought while his tall, lean, strong body moved with ease in the queue, as if time stood still, Vinny’s remark confirmed to him that his friend was still sceptical, although Vinny had made bewildering comments during the lecture.

“I hope Mr. Zwiegelaar will have the time to look over my interpretations.” The public that left the auditorium were all still in a mental daze. Vinny was a psychologist with a flair for extracting information from the unconscious of his clients with a cunning charm, especially with women. They had known each other from high school days and stayed in contact over the years.

“Vinny, why did you react when Trevor said — “Our ‘perceived’ reality are transitory dream pictures that are projected in time and space by us?” It took him by surprise because Vinny had always been more interested in what he called straight psychology.

“Oh, my father seemed to think that we all live in a hologram of our own creation. I was captivated listening to his hypothesis. My dad is quite a forward thinker and lately he has come up with theories that made me rethink some of the misleading philosophies I have allowed myself to be subjected to.” The buzz of voices almost drowned their conversation.

“I must admit, I’ve never taken to the idea that we humans might have been visited, or were originally visitors from another solar system seriously, but now after hearing Mr. Zwiegelaar’s astounding evidence, I’m not so sure anymore where I stand in all this.”

Richard waved at some people outside the hall when he thought he spotted Wim, Zola’s partner from a decoding workshop he had attended.

“Where are you off to now?” Vinny asked

“Back to Apeldoorn. The coffee shop is getting busy. Thank goodness I now have a very capable assistant who is running it part time for me; so I can prepare my four-part lecture on the mystery of the Sphinx, starting on Wednesday. And you?”

“You’re kidding, the faculty rented a lecture hall to you? Gee, I’m impressed.” Vinny looked at his watch. “I’m meeting Sascia in Amsterdam in two hours, I must hurry. She’d attended a talk on the photon belt and the solar flares that has everyone speculating. She’s great company. This time I sure hope I make out with her tonight!” Vinny grinned, slapping him on the back. His friend’s typically jovial casualness didn’t fool him. When they arrived at the car park of Utrecht’s Parapsychological institute of the State University in Utrecht, Vinny’s cell-phone rang.

“Dr. Jaarsma speaking” as Vinny opened his vintage sports car door he was glowing when he responded with: “Hi gorgeous, how was the talk?” Vinny’s new girlfriend must be special. Their conversations on women had guided him through his divorce. Marriage? Never again. To commit to one woman had only given him grief. Vinny smiled broadly when he passed his cell phone to him.

“Richard tell Sascia what Trevor Zwiendelaar was like will you?” Pity that Vinny’s cell phone was an old model. It showed no visual portrait of the caller..

“Vinny... what are you up to, did you go to Trevor’s lecture?” He waited for more juicy questions but none were forthcoming.

“Hi Sascia, Vinny has been bragging about you. What do you want to know about Trevor’s lecture?” Her voice triggered him into action and in order to prolong the conversation, he sprinted to his yellow Honda.

“Was the lecture really about time travel?” Her voice carried a charming but a somewhat intellectual tone. He threw his notepad on the back seat of his untidy car and closed the car door just in time, before his friend could grab his cell phone back. He grinned at his own slick move.

“Is that what he told you? Well, that is not far off the mark, call it inner space travel. Vinny told me that you attended a talk on the photon belt. He said that’s your interest. I’ve not met any other women that are.” He ignored his friend who was knocking on the car window as he settled in comfort.

“Goodness, many of my friends are interested to learn about geomagnetic storms. Where is Vinny?” He laughed at his friend’s frantic behaviour outside. Slowly he opened the window.

“He’s trying to get his cell phone back but he must beg first.”

“You are Richard the Egyptologist aren’t you!”

“That’s me. What was the latest outcome on the Solar flares?” he was genuinely interested.

“A possible breakdown in our telecommunications and that more Earthquakes, floods and fires could erupt around the world.” Scasia replied. Then Vinny got hold of his cell phone.

She sounded like an interesting girl that could probably hold stimulating conversations. Good luck to his friend.

“Scasia, I’ll see you in two hours, I promise.” Vinny’s eyebrows rose at her response. Richard would love to know what she had replied. Telepathy would have come in handy. He asked Vinny where he had met a girl that was interested in solar cycles. They were the last left in the car park. Dark clouds drifted across, darkening the pavement.

“Scasia? At the opening of Carla’s first sculpture exhibition. Gorgeous girl, tall, slender with just the right proportions. Yep, she’s the one.” Vinny glowed with anticipation of the coming evening. Lucky fella, especially when he thought of Carla Visser, Vinny’s first wife, whom he had divorced by mutual agreement. Not like him, his four year marriage ended up in arguments and strife. After their divorce his only regret was that he hardly saw his little girl Sammy.

“What about the nurse you told me about? Vinny reminded him. His eyes were roving over the parking lot, searching for Wim,

he had spotted in the lecture hall.

“Debbie, lovely girl but not for me. She too serious for my liking.”

“Are you waiting like I have been for the lightning to strike? I tell you, that’s a myth.” Vinny’s tone made him recall his friend’s wedding story. Two years ago Vinny had been caught by surprise when he spotted a stunning blonde while he was dancing with Carla, his new bride! When their eyes met, he experienced a depth of emotion he’d never known existed – as if lightning had struck, were his own words. Vinny had claimed that it had not been a superficial infatuation. He couldn’t make it to Vinny’s wedding because his brother had been diagnosed with terminal cancer. That had plunged him into a deep depression. After Vinny’s divorce his friend admitted for the first time that the dance floor incident at his wedding had occupied his mind far more than he thought – saying that that was why his marriage to Carla had disintegrated within six months. After his own disastrous marriage he had no illusions about love at first glance.

“What makes you think Sascia is the one?” Since Vinny had blamed his divorce on the fact that he had constantly been thinking about the mystery girl at his wedding party – confiding that after his mysterious encounter something happened that had created a sense of loss.

“I know, don't remind me. I've never found out who the girl was from the dance floor at my wedding. She was gone before I could probe.”

Over Vinny’s shoulder he spotted Wim, climbing into a green Opel. He would love to have chatted to him although he was a mysterious dude. Very quiet, not like Wim’s girlfriend Zola de Boer, a flirty lighthearted female who could dress to kill.

“Richard, life goes on. I do want to settle down and have a family now that the practice is established. Strangely enough Sascia reminds me of her, not that they look alike at all, but”... his friend

was half muttering to himself as he climbed into his vintage sports car and waved goodbye.

Sudden hunger pangs reminded Richard that he had skipped breakfast and now lunch. He would have to get something from Utrecht's station mall before driving home.

After he collected his lecture schedule at the faculty office his mind drifted back to the talk. Gosh, if what Trevor Zwiegelaar had explained held truth, he'd better look over his own research material.

Richard took the A1 to Apeldoorn while the thought-provoking topic on 'Chambers and Passageways into the Future' still lingered. The same Trevor had spoken over the radio a few weeks previously. Occasionally Theo, his brother, had mentioned the name Trevor Zwiegelaar when they used to have a beer on the balcony of his flat in Apeldoorn. The memory of Theo's passing made him turn on the radio to distract his mood.

Heavy raindrops started to hit the car roof when the radio announcer interrupted the popular hit tunes from the nineties with a special bulletin...

"Building developments at the Pleasure Parks construction site in France have come to a full stop due to the kidnapping"....

He almost didn't see the car in front making a last minute decision to slow down to make a left-hand turn. He pushed his brake pedal flat on the floor to avoid a collision. The word 'kidnapping' still lingered when his adrenalin rush settled down. The windscreen wipers worked ferociously through the downpour when radio Utrecht filled his car interior again.

"This violent incident has been the result of trouble that has been brewing for a while. These new events will probably expose many disturbing facts about the whole area of the estate, which is now under investigation by Interpol and the Green Peace movement. The rumours of high deposits of

gold that had shown up in the readings of two geologists recently could have triggered the latest development.”

Gosh! Ingrid Barendse worked for Pleasure Parks. He had met her at the genetic decoding workshops he had joined in April. This made him recall the aerial photo on the CD she had given him to look at a few weeks back.

A studio guest was announced as a call on his cell-phone muted the radio, so he missed the introduction of Trevor Zwiegelhaar. Damn!

“Richard speaking.”

He now needed all his wits about him – driving through a torrential downpour. He was sidetracked by the electronic billboard that flashed the revolving words – Philanthropist shot; fighting for his life!, when Connie’s voice came over the car speakers.

Connie de Wit, a vibrant nineteen year old was his assistant in the coffee bar The Pannekoek that he managed for his aunt Mien Jaarsma, who was away on holiday in South Africa.

“Thanks, I’ll try to collect Nel, our cook’s request, on the way home, see you tomorrow.” When he switched over, the radio sprang alive again....

“There is a full-scale manhunt in progress for the kidnappers and for the moment the construction of the sizeable dodecahedron-shaped dome has been postponed.”

Trevor’s masterful voice was filled with distress.

“Mr Zwiegelhaar, have the kidnappers made any demands yet that will explain why”

He lost the rest of the conversation when a truck hooted a loud warning to a cyclist who was about to cross the intersection in the pouring rain.

“We wish to make our listeners aware of the impending changes in Earth’s electromagnetic energy flow. There is a lot more at stake at this particular site in France and what has happened now with the...”

His radio again disconnected, regardless of an incoming call he had blocked....It was Connie again, he could see it by the number. Oh well he'd phone her from the flat.

"...We will expose many conspiracies that have ingeniously been hidden from the general population. Such changes will affect the whole of humanity in due course. It is our wish to bring information to the consciously aware public who are questioning the many bizarre practices people have engaged in for centuries."

Richard knew what the man was referring to, but what had Pleasure Parks complex to do with the whole affair? He had spoken to Ingrid over the phone about this new building site. His radio was affected by the thunderstorm because it started to crackle.

"So you are saying that a hologram island is going to be installed at the resort and that it will trigger quantum energy waves which will awaken visitors to new awareness? This is the first time that..."

...Oh no! His radio crackled again, now that something interesting was asked...

"In order to explain the origin of your current source of chi, which is electromagnetic energy in nature, we must delve a little into Earth's history. Millions of years ago, earth's energy supply was only magnetic in nature"...

Out of frustration he turned his unstable car radio off as he knew it was affecting his driving. The CD Ingrid Barendse had shown to him on her laptop at the coffee bar stored a photo that had been taken from a great height. It showed a kind of crop-circle pattern on the ground that clearly resembled the Eye of Horus, a well known Egyptian symbol. It apparently covered the whole estate where Pleasure Parks holiday resort consortium was building the new leisure complex. The photo had aroused his curiosity.

The enormous geodesic dome, like they had in Cornwall, would cover the whole image of the eye. When Ingrid spoke to him last week she mentioned that there were problems with the dome and

that her boss Mr. Brinks' house had been burgled. He wondered what connection it had with whoever was kidnapped? He switched the radio back on when he arrived in the street where he lived to hear the radio announcer thanking Mr Trevor Zwiegelaar for his willingness to talk at such short notice.

At Theo's flat he stumbled over a pile of clothes for the laundrette, all he could think of was the aerial photo with that symbol. A penetrating ringing sound was muffled by clothes, books and more paperwork. Gosh, he really did need to clean up! Which reminded him of Nel's juice extractor he'd forgotten to collect.

"Richard speaking," he gasped after locating the portable phone under the pile of papers. All he heard was heavy breathing. For one moment he sensed someone swearing...then the line was cut off....That was all he needed, a wrong number!

His whole body was stiff from sitting at the computer for four hours. He almost knocked his coffee mug over his keyboard. He decided to check his e-mail and go to bed. He was finished. When his messages downloaded, he was startled seeing the name T. Zwiegelaar.

—— Original Message ——

From: "T Zwiegelaar"

To: <R de Jong;>

Subject: Thank you

Dear Mr de Jong

Thank you for the invitation to your lecture on the seventh of this month. I'm sorry that I cannot attend as I will be in Zurich that day. First of all, I should like to express my sadness on the departure of your brother Theo de Jong whom I greatly respected. He was a diligent researcher and an expert in his field. A relative told me that you are following in his footsteps. I was extremely disappointed to have missed your trip to Egypt during October last year. I heard it was very well organised. I met your father a very long time ago in Egypt and would like to get acquainted with you soon. I will contact you in the near future to discuss your very interesting interpretations. Thank you for sharing your unusual insights.

Regards.

Trevor Zwiegelaar.

Talk about coincidence, the man knew both Theo and his dad! He suddenly remembered that Annelies', from his decoding workshop, maiden name was also Zwiigelaar. It was a very uncommon name. They must be related.

After making himself a late snack, he went back to his brother's PC. The rain had stopped and the sounds of frogs that were applauding mother nature triggered his spirit of adventure. He would love to reply to Trevor but his intuition told him to go to bed, so he disconnected his phone.

Whenever the anticipation of a dream journey overcame him, he knew that he would meet Theo during his 'astral travels'. This year most of his historical research was done during the early hours of the morning after he had written his dreams down the moment he woke up.

These days he moved out of his body quite naturally compared to the first time.

He vividly recalled the first occasion when he had experienced consciously leaving his body. Just before he drifted off...the dot within the circle came into his mental view...then Theo,.....and his memory took over...

* * *

Something unusual was going on inside his body. It seemed as if he were loose. He felt almost as if he were getting smaller and yet another part of him was getting larger. His body became a tingling sensation. The vibrational feelings that penetrated right through everything startled him at first...but..... when he found himself suspended in space, and saw his body still on the bed...feelings of shear terror gripped him. As he suspected what happened he felt his heart palpitating from pure astonishment. He had read about astral travelling but he was nevertheless stunned.....

The room appeared very bright, as if the sun was shining in

the evening! This weird awareness grappled him as he grasped that he was seeing everything all at once! Then, a very strong, merry laugh from somewhere told him that he was not alone. A grey substance...that took on a human shape...became more and more real...For a second he wondered, was he dreaming? Because Theo looked exactly the same as he had when last they had been camping together. He somehow sensed that Theo was enjoying his surprise.

“What happened to me? I surely did not die?” The figure of a man that looked like his brother came closer and placed his hands on his forehead. Theo’s hands – they felt very real and firm! His emotions somersaulted, questioning if this was for real!

“Theo, is that really you?” Feelings of great joy overwhelmed him. He was shaking his brother’s shoulders to satisfy himself. Theo was alive!

“How are you?! What are you doing? Why am I here? Did you help me get out of my body?” His mind raced, not really comprehending what he was seeing.

“Hi buddy, I had to give you plenty of shuffles hey! ... But don’t worry I’m fine and having a great time as you will see for yourself.” Had he heard that... in words? He again looked back at his own physical body on the bed. There he was lying, apparently asleep and seemingly unaware of what had happened! Then...something changed to his eyes! His body on the bed looked darker...and felt...queer and faint...as if nothing was solid anymore. His mind had to get used to new surroundings, adjusting.. he saw a faint sort of luminous glow coming from his physique, which spread through all the flesh and even the sheets became transparent. It was a weird sensation. He was staring right through his body!

“Yep, this is how you would look if you already had X-ray eyes. Clairvoyants, have these perceptions developed, and there are many degrees and stages. Our fleshly form is condensed energy that moves in a grid of vertical

and horizontal flowing pulsations.” When Theo placed his hands over his forehead again, Richard saw that his body was getting fainter, more ethereal looking and it extended further outside his skin which he found rather beautiful. Something was in constant movement while he heard a penetrating beat of what, his...heart?

“Well...It’s your life force that you observe as a moving pulsating current. This essence of life as it flows through living ether is like your blood that runs through your veins!” He bent closer. His body on the bed started to look ghostlike. The shimmering light-blue/green colour that was once his flesh became tiny interlaced threads that, like a spider’s web, took on a shape of a human form. Peering even nearer he saw millions of conductor tubes through which a pale blue/green light raced backwards and forward. Was that really him?

“You bet, everything that uses chi: humans, animals and plants all have these life force currents that activate matter. Everything is energy! This is your double or... let’s call it the etheric double which acts as a conductor.” With astonishment he observed the incredible beauty of his body but from a very different viewpoint. He was quite satisfied with his six-foot medium-frame physical form. He had an almost constant-suntanned look and women loved his thick and wavy dark-brown shoulder-length hair, but this!

“Theo, is my mind seeing this? Where is my mind, in the past or...?” Oh, all his book reading had not prepared him for this phenomenon. *“Richie, learn to see your etheric form as an elemental being first.”*

He was so confused, how real was all this? *“Richie, before I left I was granted a vision. I was shown how I would help you from behind the veil.”*

Did he really hear Theo speak? With amazement he saw clouds of grey mist shapes passing by in his bedroom!

“Come I will show you. Let’s take your new experience slowly.” Theo took his hand and almost pushed him inside one of these form-

less shapes. He was startled at what he saw. A misty human shape was appearing inside this formless void.

Like his own! What he saw must be the essence of a being!

“You’ve got it. The etheric body contains the sensory or physical body like a core. This essence is the most dense in vibration.” When he looked back at his body, suddenly everything looked smoky. What was happening?

“Hey, now we are looking like ghosts!” Gosh how weird!

“Richie, I will try to answer all your questions and introduce you to POWAH, but you must first get familiar with your inner-space-travel arrangements. I’ll help you to stimulate your holographic sight, which is really an extension of your physical sight. Once your mind has adjusted, it will start interrelating what you experience from now on.” He kept thinking how he got to do it—having an out of body experience. Was he inside his own dream?

“Richie, you can come directly to this plane of consciousness where I will be waiting. Now you must look back into the etheric plane, which is directly below it, for want of a better term. Watch!” Wow, everything seemed to light up, like rays of coloured lights, interlacing, mixing, separating, blending. It reminded him of kaleidoscope patterns. Even the grey smoky substance was lit up. When he peered at Theo’s astral body which was complete in every detail. Even what looked like clothes was glowing like a lightbulb.

“Are you going on a hike somewhere? I see you are wearing your hiking clothes?” Was Theo for real?

“Oh, am I? Gosh, I’ve given no thought to what I was wearing.” Richard marvelled at the way they conversed. It was as if he was talking to himself, but.....

“Theo, did I unknowingly make that up?” The way they communicated astonished him.

“Yep, on this plane your thoughts are immediately manifested by your mind. It translates them into colourful moving symbols. So be aware! Any thought projection materialises in astral matter but it’s not anything like physi-

cal matter, it is much finer and of a much higher vibration. Here every thought creates astral matter whereas on the physical plane what one sees with your inner sight – if empowered by a strong emotion, turns into physical matter.” Were those really his brother's thoughts he heard? He could feel that his life force was pulsating from pure awesomeness.

“You are still ‘the doubting Thomas’ aren't you? Where do you want to go?”

“Go where?”

“I don't know. I'll leave it to you,” no sound of words was heard when Theo formulated them. Seeing Theo very much alive standing in his bedroom gave him such 'knowing' that nothing was impossible, but he was still reluctant to move, for it might not be real! When he saw Theo leaving through the window, he hoped his brother did not expect him to travel along!

“Buddy, get used to the idea that on this astral plane the force of gravity is gone!” He saw Theo's swirling energy form shooting out colours as he moved. Theo laughed. Richard got used to the idea that his brother could read his thoughts. He observed that some colours moved with him as well.

“At the moment you are muddled up between my aura and yours, but I'm impressed with yours. I see that you haven't romped with the right girlfriend yet.” Theo's right girlfriend remark made him mentally squint intently into the atmosphere.

“Tell me, what do you see?”, while almost trying to distinguish between the eddying colours of his own light bubble and the brilliance of his brother.

“Richie, on the higher astral planes your soul blends with the mental and emotional planes. Those colours you see mingling they are your emotions. You will learn all about that in the decoding workshop you will be joining. Come along let's go.” He felt Theo's hand in his. Suddenly the sensation as if they were travelling at high speed followed. As they moved away many formless shapes passed by.

“We call them earth souls, leave them for now. There is much to explore

already.” Then a void of nothingness engulfed him. He clutched on to Theo for dear life.

“*Theo I would like to get back again!*” Hoping his brother would understand.

“*You are attached to your physical, bud, aren’t you. Stop worrying look!*” a thin glowing coil danced behind him like a kite tail in the wind. So it was true! This was the silver cord he had read about! The sense of amazing speed, for there was no headwind or any resistance at all, abruptly stopped! He sensed a seriousness coming from Theo.

“*Before we go any further, I want you to think and observe, then ask yourself, ‘Who are you?’*” For a second he felt numb... then he knew.

“*I’m all of this, simultaneously!*” Theo’s eyes filled with love. He intuitively knew he’d passed a test.

“*Yes you have, it’s of the utmost importance that you are awake to this state of being. If you were not, your soul would not have been strong enough to travel in these inner spiritual realms.*” As he heard those thoughts he felt himself glowing, as if he became light itself.

“*Buddy you have just created a light body to travel in, congratulations.*” Really? How did he formulate a light body?

“*It’s through a love force. You must first strengthen this experience in order to recall the adventures of your spiritual journeys. Let’s go!*” Again a sensation of speed overtook him.

“*Yeah, astral matter must give your mind the impression of terrific speed. Here it makes no difference at all because we travel by thought!*”

“*Whose thoughts?*” he pondered when suddenly he observed tall houses over... Rotterdam! He recognised the harbour! But the time period was wrong. The streets reminded him of old photos. And should it not be dark? After all, it was evening.

“*Now, now come, there is no night or day here. What you see is astral light. Those in physical embodiments, their astral part is asleep when they are awake in the sensory world. Soon you will be joining the ascension workshop of Annelies and learn more. For now let’s go and do some inner space exploring*”

This woman Annelies must have been a very special friend. He wondered if Theo could see into the future, because looking around him it looked like a scene from the past?

“Gosh Richie, there is no concept of time, time is an adaptation to speed! Past and future aren't separate locations. Our Over-Soul stores our genetic records of a physical incarnation with the akashic record keeper, which is our higher self. This gets programmed into the matrix in order to impulse yet another incarnation”. As those thoughts penetrated his mind, he wondered if his soul was as aware on this realm like he was aware on the physical. Theo mentally replied.

“Annelies' decoding workshop will help you to observe your own akashic libraries in order to consciously re-connect with your genetic lineages. Her workshop is all about a card game with a difference; it's to awaken starseeds, lightworkers and walk-ins. Gradually I will explain the difference between the three conscious embodiments and the many other dimensions there are. Don't ask any questions just yet. Let's first see how well you can move your butt in the astral.”

Wow, he marvelled how real it all appeared. The harbour city's pavements were crowded but this did not seem to make any difference to Theo as they joined other pedestrians. Whenever he wanted to jump out of the way he kept losing his sense of balance. Theo just walked through people! He had to try it, but the idea was strange! He saw a woman walking towards him in a hurry, whoosh!...he did it!...It felt as if he were passing through a small formless cloud of mist. One minute he was in it, then through it! He was slowly getting the hang of it!

When Richard peeked at Theo, he observed a different set of clothes! His brother grinned.

“So you noticed? I was wondering how long it would take. I changed because the moment one thinks of an outfit, it is immediately manifested.” Richard thought of his ex Ellie who was obsessed with clothes. Gosh, she would have had fun here!

“That is probably where she remembers it from,”

“What do you mean?” Did others do this but never told him?

“Everyone visits different levels of the astral planes during sleep depending on the awareness level of the dreamer, but most don’t remember any of it because the soul is muddled by the first nine levels that are rather compressed with distorted thoughts. That’s why nightmares or confusing dreams discourage the soul from investigating.” Richard knew that when he recalled dreams or just the symbols, it could mean many things but to experience it like this made it so much more real!

“Richie, I’m preparing you for our coming assignment. Don’t ask too many questions, just experience what you perceive for now. Later it will make more sense. Remember, time is not an issue as everything happens in the moment.” Theo had placed his hands over his eyes again in order for him to focus with his mental eye, as he called it. Suddenly he was drawn inside a tubular vortex, again moving at a terrific speed.

“What I’m showing you is from the akashic records of an individual soul within our ancestral lineage. We are observing the records of one embodiment upon the earth plane. Just observe”He saw a stocky man in old fashioned mining gear bending over what looked like, mummies?

“That’s right! During the second world war in the early forties mummies were stolen from the royal cemeteries on the west bank of the Nile across the river from the modern town of Luxor.” Where was this old dark and dusty workplace, not in the Valley of the Kings surely? He wondered what was so special about these rows of mummies? It was awesome to be an observer. The old man was carefully removing the bandages!

“Watch for the gold foil sheets that were hidden underneath. This English archeologist knew that the symbols on these very ancient fragile sheets, which dated before the original Sumerian pictographs, contained important information about our genetic lineages.” very carefully the man removed the foil. It was so brittle, how he ever was going to decipher what was embossed on it puzzled him. The man clearly didn't have the equipment they had today. Did Theo mean that

these mummies dated back to before the Archaic times?

“Yes! Remember that I was always searching for any recorded scripts on what happened during the last cosmic closure?”

“No, not really. He recalled an old, what he thought was an historical record – scribed on palm leaves – that their dad had inherited. What he thought he saw now was nothing like it.

“All these embossed sheets have the Language of Light symbols engraved in them that we now know are dated from an earlier age, even before the old Babylonian dialect was recorded.” Theo’s excitement was contagious. With fascination he studied the walls of the cave. Where were they? It felt as if he was somewhere where centuries of experimentation on human and animal bodies was documented on the wall of the cave. Gold painted glyphs that portrayed part human and animal figures were everywhere.

Looking back at the old man, the dust and grime of centuries was gently removed from a broken sheet under the bright floodlight of the miner’s lamp that was strapped on the man’s forehead.

“Every human soul that is passionate to awaken through the physical form will activate their own original blueprint.” That sounded like a mammoth task. He wondered if the archeologist knew they were watching him?

“No, but nothing is really a secret. Look, closely.” His mental eye could see around the bending man a yellowish moving mass that merged with other darker colours mixed with flecks of grey and black.

“As you can see his auric field is corresponding to every thought and feeling as it gathers information. Richie please, try to remember what you have seen when you wake up. Practice remembering! That’s the most difficult challenge to master.” Gosh, how was he going to know if it was not just a silly dream?

“You will intuitively know. Learn to recall where you have been during dream time. When you travel back through the denser distorted maze of thought projections from other dreamers, the nearer you get back into your fleshy butt, the thicker the distortion.” Theo’s explanation encouraged

him to touch the fragile looking gold foil sheets. For a split second a deja-vu reflection flooded his mind when he saw one of the symbols.

“You will find that the symbols were of a primal seed language. We never took into account that they were songs.” Had he seen those gold embossed sheets before?

“Yes you have.”

At once Theo made him recall the photos! They had suddenly appeared, so Theo had said. Gosh, how could he have forgotten how labouriously they swotted over them together. His emotions accelerated.

“Richie we were recalling our very own experiences from a long-gone world. It withstood the test of time.” What stood the test of time? Did Theo find out what was embossed on the gold sheets? He felt himself drawn back to his body when he recalled his childhood. From the day his father had taken him into the great pyramid at Giza and other temples when he was only four and Theo sixteen, Richard had been fascinated by ancient pictographic languages but... it felt like he knew the message! He heard Theo’s mental chuckle.

“You will know it at the right time I promise. First you need to remember that the information on these first six ancient gold sheets was originally stored in the purest of crystals that were shaped looking like a human skull. Now it was getting more fantastic. Crystal skulls! If Theo knew the message why didn’t he...

“These crystal skulls carry the codes of this creation. Their information will awaken you to the realisation of who you are, and who you are not. Richie, this is the assignment for both of us that will start soon.”

He was still mulling over Theo’s mental voice when he was back inside a spinning tube again, travelling at a terrific speed...

As he moved to a near awakening awareness he recalled that Ingrid had spoken about a guide named ‘POWAH’ who had contacted her through the computer, of all things! But she had been very shy to reveal her experiences. They were all having

coffee at the Pannekoek after one of Annelies' ascension workshop classes....

He became aware that he was floating above his body and with a terrific jolt he slipped back....

As he stretched while looking at the clock – which said 7:30 a.m, he was stunned about his dream! It all came back!...The old fashioned clothes of the man, the mummies! Had he experienced an almost identical dream but had not remembered it before? Gosh, a lot had happened since that first astral travel experience, especially when his brother had introduced him to POWAH a ...member of the Alpha and Omega council who was the spokesperson of the Ninth sector. That's what Theo had said.

He remembered vividly that he had seen and heard Theo but the rest was vague. All he recalled was Theo telling him that his assignment on the second level of the ascension journey had begun...

Traffic noises from early risers penetrated his mind while lying between his rumpled sheets. He still pondered in absolute disbelief. He did it! He knew that the vibrations that feel like gooseflesh worked! It had truly separated him from his body! He wondered how many other people used a similar technique?

He took a deep breath and tried the remote viewing skill Theo taught him, in order to remember what he would call a lucid dream.

The clear image of hieroglyphic symbols embossed on the golden sheets stirred his brain into action.

Three years ago Theo told him that he had received six photos through the post. There was no sender address but he recalled that they both had swatted for hours over each photo taken of an enlarged palm leaf with symbols that they thought were of ancient Egyptian origin. Was the text unfamiliar because it was a seed language? He now remembered that each photo was numbered and that Theo had filed them away.

That thought got him moving. He got up, stumbled to the kitchen,

Wow! he was flabbergasted. It had taken them ages to translate each symbol, but they could never make any real sense of it. As he read it over and over again, he was rivetted by the genetic map referral that he thought to be the palm prints in everyone's hands! The symbols looked familiar.

They reminded him of last year when he partook in a mind-drawing course with Tienieke de Beer. She often mentioned the Language of Light.

His analogue drawings started to look like the pictorial symbols from the Egyptian temples, but he could still not link this message.

Because they had fascinated him as long as he could remember, he disregarded his mind-drawings. Theo must have got it, but he never shared it with him. He knew that Theo explained it...

In his dream, was Theo implying that 'they' wrote the ancient symbolic text? He must have meant their swotting two years ago! No wonder Theo always appeared so happy and contented and had accepted his diagnosis so easily. He must have had a terrific revelation. When he intuitively heard;

"Everything that has manifested has a purpose." The lecture of Trevor Zwiegelaar kept reminding him that they were all partaking in the prophet's game of creation itself.

In his mind he saw the magnificent and colourful Hieroglyphic drawings on the temple walls of Nubia when he heard the words;

"Undisputed evidence from a wealth of meticulously recorded sources verifies that originally, the human race did not originate on planet Earth..."



Acknowledgments

Richard's journal materialised on paper due to my vision to follow a dream. I had completed a cycle in my life when the first novel was finished, but never in my wildest fantasies could I have thought that my second cycle would bring so much more joy and fulfilment.

In order to have written this information gathering stage of the ascension journey of the Jaarsma family, I must thank Robin Beck, my friend, my publisher and my Soul partner for being my walking library. Without his unending love and support I would not have found it so easy to find the time to finish this sequel to my *Love We are Going Home*, which I later rewrote to become: *The Awakening Clan. The Language of Light* workbook was already published, but that also went through an upgrade, before my second workbook can go into print.

To my special Soulmate friend, Frances Charles, I would like to use this opportunity to say thank you for being who you are during our transformation into the new paradigm.

A special thanks goes out to my daughter Sandra. Through her short but frequent visits from London, her phone calls and lots of SMS's she keeps me up to date with what is happening in the world that I left, in order for me to write about the ascension journey.

Although this is a visionary novel, I nevertheless could not have written it without the wonderful documented material that is available to us all: be it through books, articles or the internet. There are many authors who have enriched my life with their personal or professional outlook on the subjects I've included throughout the novel. To name a few: Adam McLean with his website: <http://www.alchemywebsite.com>

The articles that are published through the website :

<http://www.blavatsky.net> on our invisible ancestors have influenced me a great deal.

Especially works by: Zecharia Sitchin with titles like; *The earth Chronicles* titled: *The 12th planet*, *The Stairway to Heaven*, *The Wars of Gods and Men*, and his latest book *Genesis Revisited*.

There are some details which I have chosen to use, particularly with regard to the interpretations of ancient texts because it creatively formulated visions that felt appropriate to me as the novelist.

This is a work of fiction.

As the author I awaken at the same rate as the characters envision. Once my thoughts are printed out and published, there is no guarantee that I would still perceive the truth the way I wrote it. The Science of Consciousness is a movement of intelligence and is always subjective. This ascension novel is intended to serve as a mirror through which the reader can partake in the awakening process. Through playing the Ascension card game, each player is directly confronted by a personal experience of being a spiritual entity having a human experience.

Nadine May January 2008

About the Author

Nadine was born in Holland, became a nurse, emigrated to Australia and then to South Africa which is still her home. She studied metaphysical sciences, esoteric psychology, art therapy, and gave drawing skill classes in Port Elizabeth. She also worked as a marriage guidance counsellor between 1996 –1999 During this time her first ascension novel was written.



Nadine has taught many people, using a creative ‘wholesome’ process, for the past twenty years to create a bridge between our logical and intuitive abilities. It was through her drawing skill classes that she noticed the shift of her student’s perceptions from the way that they looked at their drawings. When proof is shown, a belief becomes a knowing. As a result her Art-analogue mind-drawing workshops were born.

She started to investigate the concept of awakening to full consciousness during the eighties. By combining many esoteric and scientific conclusions about life in this reality, she developed a genetic decoding system that each person can use for themselves, like a personal tarot deck.

Nadine held these decoding workshops during the nineties with nine people, who all had a different perception of what ascension meant for them. This inspired her to write the concepts behind her theories through what became the ascension series.

Annelies’ decoding workshop, which is the focal point of her ascension novels, takes the reader on a journey that could be their

own. This second awakening novel: *The Astral Explorer* focusses on the gathering of the information stage of Annelies' genetic decoding workshop, followed by the sequel of Richard's journal: *The Cosmic Traveller*.

She used the freedom fiction offers to merge legends and myths with the sciences of the spirit in order to reach others through story telling. Becoming a novelist helped her to follow her dream despite all the obstacles she had to confront in her own life.

Nadine moved to Cape Town and became the partner of Robin Beck, her publisher and mentor in the science of Alchemy. She is now managing these Art-analogue mind-drawing workshops through Cyberspace with the help of her first workbook: *The Language of Light*, that helps people to first activate their creative intuitive side. Annelies' second workbook: 'The Genetic Codes of Light.' when published will be followed by the fourth ascension novel: *Vanishing Worlds*

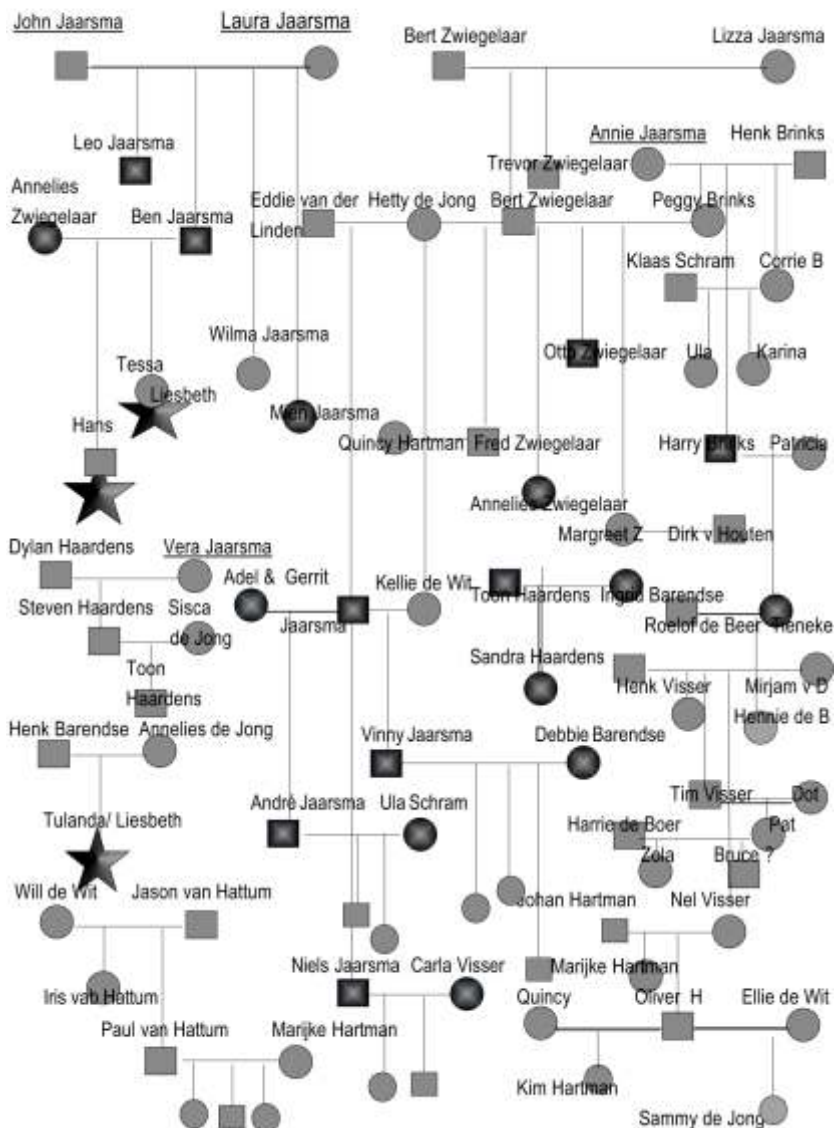
Lots of background information on her ascension novels can be found through articles written by the people of the Jaarsma Clan in Cyberspace at: www.ascension-workshop.co.za



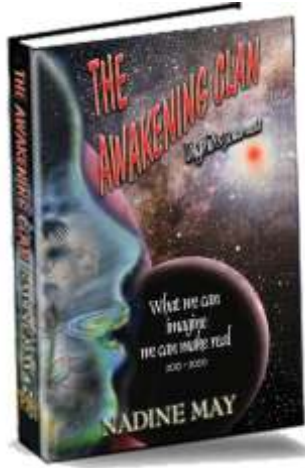
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The Awakening Clan - Ingrid's journal



by Nadine May ISBN 978-0-9802561-5-4

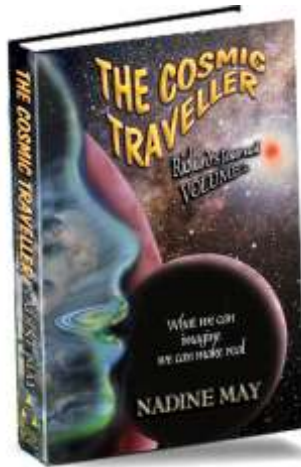
Nadine's ascension novels are for her readers to explore the science of consciousness. The ascension plot 'fictionally' shows the possibility of changing the programme on Planet Earth.

This first novel in Nadine's ascension series is; **Ingrid's journal - The Awakening Clan**. Ingrid's journal - starts with Ingrid having the *DESIRE TO BECOME AWARE*. This awakening process is reflected throughout Ingrid's journal by her sudden mental telepathy and the cosmic relationship she experienced. The activation of her Eighth chakra (Causal Plane) resonating with the element of Ether, creates a vibratory pull towards higher realms of awareness in Ingrid.

In this first ascension novel Nadine takes readers into a possible future where people who are laying the foundations for a new-paradigm lifestyle awaken to the awesome possibility of reaching full consciousness that could in the end lead to physical ascension.

This award-winning visionary novel awakens in the reader the possibility that a magnificent plan, that was originated from the beginning of time, has progressed precisely on schedule before the next cosmic closure; starting in 2012.

The Cosmic traveller - Richard's second journal

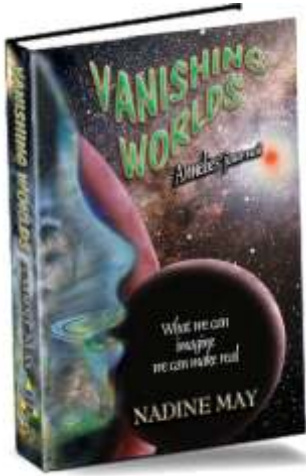


by Nadine May

So much has happened from the moment *Orphanage of Soulmates* was written, Richard's journal had to be divided into two volumes to include the higher awareness levels about the ascension journey. This novel completes Richard's journal when he is - *BECOMING AWARE OF BEING UNAWARE*.

Fragmented or distorted energies have to be released when a group soul entity embodies more soul awareness into its individual expression as a human being. This is often called an “upgrade” a re-birth, or a soul change experience. Richard has not been aware that his own request to fully awaken during this lifetime can bring about great changes within himself. Likewise the planetary soul is going through its own transformation, getting rid of distorted programmes, mostly created by the human race.

This second novel takes place during the chaotic times when the Outer worlds (dark forces) are busy robbing the planet of her valuable minerals, with the help of many human beings that are unknowingly infected by the virus called ‘greed’. What has been prophesied by many seers, that man on Earth will do the plundering for them and that the Outer worlds had nothing to do with it; unfortunately has come true. What does it take for the Jaasma Clan to survive Armageddon?



Vanishing Worlds - Annelies' journal - *LETTING GO OF THE OLD*

by Nadine May

Annelies' journal is riddled with magic from Hidden Worlds where our thought forms become real.

By now the Jaarsma Clan's group soul energy has to confront its own 'karma' in order to carry on the evolution path towards enlightenment. The individuals who are, 'on a soul level', belonging to the Jaarsma group-soul vibration, have a hard time adjusting to the new incoming paradigm.

But there is hope for the human race.

Annelies in her journal shares how her inner life has manifested her outer realities in this incarnation. She has also have to *LETTING GO OF THE OLD AND* come to terms with her own created distortions that shaped her life.

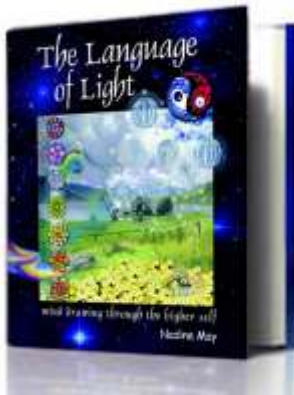
Her awakened mastery of clairvoyance, telepathy and her ability to travel inter-dimensionally helped her to see how all the visible worlds, created by emanations from the "Superior Beings," had all disappeared before. It was then that Annelies awakened to the rules of the higher worlds.

The crystal skull artist shows her how the world as we know it will soon vanish but before that happens she learns how to return the right frequencies for the human body to overcome the aging dis-ease syndrom.

This awareness must spread throughout the world in order for humanity to make the transition to a higher dimension.

Many people awaken to the awesome truth that to survive physically is nothing compared to the the challenges to survive on a soul level. Outer worlds (dark forces) know that, but they lost their soul connections a long way back. They are heading for their own extinction so they have to occupy the souls that are asleep to themselves, in order to go return home - because soon our reality is no more.

The rising tides brought them together. The final reunion of the the Jaarsma Clan is the beginning of the end.



ISBN 0-9584493-3-3

Nadine has successfully combined truth with visionary symbolic art techniques by teaching mind drawing techniques to awaken the Language of Light, the language of the Soul. This first ascension workbook will be a breakthrough for many during their initial stages of awakening. When the Light quotient in our being is 33% we feel as though we are opening up our inner senses. Telepathy, clairvoyance and clairaudience etc. seem normal and natural to us.

Meditations on your Soul Qualities



This book can be downloaded as an e-book, which is in full colour.

The Language Of Light *mind drawing through the higher self*

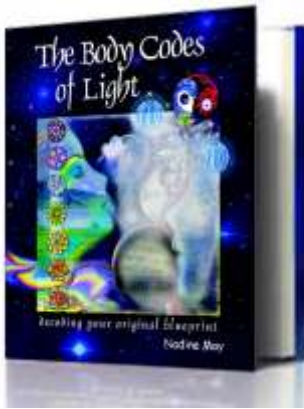
This creative workbook is full of mind-drawing exercises that will guide the reader into their own inner worlds. It also explains the chakra system and how it resonates with our thought-patterns.

The character Tieneke (from the ascension novels) is the narrator of this workbook.

In Nadine's first ascension novel Tieneke teaches these art-analogue mind-drawing classes in order to activate the Language of the Soul.

This delightful pocket size meditation book holds the first 48 Soul qualities that have to be embodied in order to bring Soul wisdom into our lives. Each of them carries an explanation on what influences they will have in our world.

ISBN 0-9584493-8-4



**The Body Codes of Light -
*decoding of your original blueprint***

This decoding workbook is full of exercises in order for the reader to understand why every atomic particle, every molecule and our cellular memory program is responsible for our physical human form. In order to manifests our body codes of light, we need to restore our cellular memory back to the right frequencies .

The character Annelies (from the ascension novels) is the narrator of this decoding workbook.

In Nadine's first ascension novel *The Awakening Clan* Annelies teaches these decoding exercises in order to activate the genetic cellular memory of her students.



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