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## **The Ball of Light raging through my childhood room**

I haven't told many people about it. Perhaps two persons – besides my mother when I was a kid and when it happened. I don't think I even mentioned it in my autobiography. Well, I could still add it, in fact, since I can't say it was an irrelevant accidental event with no relation to the rest of my life.

When I was 4 years old my family moved from Amsterdam to a village in the North of the Netherlands. Our new house, even though it was not larger than medium, offered all of us our own bedroom. So, besides my parents, my older brother and my younger sister, I, too, had my own bedroom. I had no trouble sleeping alone, and I was not afraid of the dark either. Yet, it happened sometimes during the second half of my first ten years, that I was sometimes visited by 'something' during the nights. Apparently, I had to be alone for that – it never happened when I slept in the room next door together with my brother, which sometimes happened, for fun or when we had guests and they needed to sleep in my room. And apparently it had to happen during the nights – in a let's say half-sleep half-awake state. In the Dark the Light may become Clear. Let me explain.

What sometimes happened was that when I was lying in bed, almost falling asleep (when many of us are more susceptible to subtler energies or phenomena) – or, otherwise, being awakened by 'the event' to some extent, enough to know and see what was going on, albeit without understanding anything of it – 'something' came through the wall or the window. It didn't matter how it got through, it just got through, no matter that the window was usually closed. And anyway, when the window was a bit open the 'thing' I saw was way too big to manoeuvre itself through the small opening, at least when we talk about something material managing to wriggle or squeeze itself through.

But, in fact, it didn't look like it was something of a material nature at all. In fact, it was a ball of glittering Light that I saw – or was it rather my Third Eye that saw it? In my memory I saw it (also) with my physical eyes, it's still burned into my retina, and, in fact, it feels like it is burned as a memory into my energy constellation as well, as if my whole body was involved in the seeing. Of course, as a small kid – five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten years old – I might not have been able to distinguish (yet) between the material world, the densest world, and the subtler worlds, or at least not consciously.

The Ball of Light may not have been of a material nature, indeed – it wasn't – yet it was compact enough to be recognized as a round ball, radiating, glittering in all directions. It had its limits in size, even though the boundaries were not hundred per cent clearly defined. Talking about limits, this doesn't mean it was small. In normal measures, corrected for possible overestimation due to the small size of a child – the ball was – or: the balls were, for they reappeared some times – at least half a meter in diameter, maybe a bit larger. For me as a kid the ball was considerably bigger than my head.

Seeing such a glittering shining Ball of Light may seem a nice experience. And, looking back, it is easy to enjoy something or to see the value of it, or even a deeper meaning. As a kid, however, I didn't like what happened, not in the least. This certainly had to do with

the fact that the ball of Light was not some kind of neutral appearance in the sense that it appeared, I could see it, it was nicely shining there, somewhere in my room before the window or the wall, and, after some time, it would disappear again and I had had a strange perhaps interesting, or even extraordinary experience. No, it was not ‘just’ an appearance, the Ball was somehow in Relation to me. The Ball of Light wanted ‘something’ with me, something from me, or wanted to do something to me – at its first appearance it may not immediately have been clear which one, but, based on what happened, it seemed to be the latter. The Ball moved towards me. That is an understatement. It was not that, once it got in and ‘overseeing’ the situation, it slowly moved forward, stealthily. It was literally whizzing through my room, at great speed. Whether it was true or not – I was not able to interpret the whole event – it certainly felt like it was attacking me. Whizzing through my room at great speed, every time it passed me it was going lower closely over my head, next time lower, next time lower again and so forth. I was already afraid and this only got worse by every ‘attempt’ at touching me or whatever it wanted. I tried to bury my head more and more deeply under the blankets, pulling them over my head. For it seemed that, in my simple interpretation, it wanted to pull out my hair. Especially when I was already ten years old, my hair had grown relatively long for a boy, I was all the more worried it would pull my hair out. The Ball of Light was not only shining, but also sticky. In the moment of touch with the sticky ball I could feel the pain of some hair being pulled out, while in (material) reality this was, very probably, not the case, as far as I remember. I didn’t find hair in my bed, but theoretically, it could have taken it sticky as it was. Strange was that, despite that I had the blanket over my head, I could still ‘see’ the Ball and where it was moving.

Scared during the events, I shared them with my mother, or at least once. I guess she called them a nightmare, in her attempt at understanding. But they weren’t. Nightmares were of a different character, even though the experienced fear could be similar. I didn’t have many nightmares, but I could feel the difference anyway. This was real, not ‘simply’ a dream. I was certainly not totally sleeping. This is something you just know, despite that you may not be fully awake either in the way you know yourself from daytime.

No matter how I tried to hide below the blanket(s), I didn’t really succeed, although it seemed to postpone the actual Touch from happening, the doom I was afraid of. Being afraid of my hair was just an explanation of the moment, on a deeper level I was afraid the uninvited ball that suddenly appeared out of nothing, from nowhere, would do something to me of a more serious nature. The Ball succeeded anyway. There was no hiding in the end. The silver-white Ball didn’t care that I was afraid, or that my head was fairly well covered with a blanket. It didn’t feel like a living entity – and, in retrospect, it didn’t feel like a disembodied entity either that would be after my energy, my heart or my soul or whatever. It had no compassion and, probably, not the opposite either in the end. It was neutral in the sense that it operated beyond the world of emotion or feeling. It had to do what it did – even though at the time I felt it was after me, and wanted to get (to) me, perhaps it was even after my life.

The operation was successful. I was Touched. And that quite a few times, even though every time again when it appeared I tried to hide my head. For, indeed, it was after my head, not the rest of my body, it seemed. Notwithstanding the fact that I tried to hide, I *had to see*

the ball. It wanted me to see it. Or I wanted it, this was the same somehow. The Ball of Light was not me, couldn't be me – it came from outside – and yet, it had got to do with me. But the latter was something situated further, deep down in my consciousness, not at the conscious layers.

What I Saw only much later, when I went into and was discovering the Depth and (Dual) Nature of Life, is that I *had to* be Touched by the Force of Light, to prepare me for my later task in life. I was Touched at my crown chakra at the top of my head. 'It', probably, made an opening, or widened it. When the seventh chakra, this crown chakra, is open, you can feel one with people, no fundamental difference, and in fact you may feel one with everything around you – which is not well possible or much more difficult when this chakra is closed for the greater part or totally, even when something like compassion may still be felt then. Serving humanity on a deeper level is much more real(istic) when the seventh chakra is (fairly) open.

After another difficult sweating night, I was not consciously aware of 'something' having entered me, my body, something that I consciously carried through the day. I went into the day as if I was the same, playful, generally joyful, creative kid loving competition – and, in a way, I was the same. Only, the latter didn't mean that nothing had happened. Something of the human being stays always the same, while at the same time, on another level, there is a development, a continuous one in principle, even though many people, if not the majority, try to seriously obstruct, slow down or even stop this development to a large extent, afraid of change as they are, afraid of the unknown.

I grew up in a rational family, so there was no serious opportunity to have some context regarding what had (possibly) happened to me during these difficult nights. And so I just 'forgot' the seemingly negative experience(s) and went into life, into my teens with their own challenges of sports, friends, playing music, writing songs and being in love with girls and how to approach them and how to fail again and again, getting interested in the world and politics, why the world is as it is, and so on – oh yeah, and school...

But, when I was 20 years old, I was suddenly reminded of *Something* when I was touched – as never before, it seemed, in my heart – by a figure on the screen who played Jesus in a play in an Italian movie. It still took no less than another ten years – in a way wasted years of especially studying, sociology, philosophy and literature and having a serious breakdown – before I finally started to take the subtler worlds more seriously, and started to explore the various layers of existence, no longer in books but in a most direct sense, resulting in realizing the Truth, the One as Two, as Light and Dark, Male and Female, when I was 36 years old after intense meditation, having contact with various masters, and not before having gone deeply in the (*seemingly* personal) process of Man and Woman, which cleared the way.

I cannot prove it, as nothing can be proven in the end (and yet we Know certain things), but I'm sure anyway that it would have been (much) harder to discover the Truth, the constant alternating of Light and Dark, of Consciousness and Unconsciousness, of the Formless and the Form, if I had not been given the (at the time unwanted) Touch(es) of Light. For it is difficult thoroughly meditating the Duality of Light and Dark – which is something

that cannot be avoided or skipped if one is serious about Truth, if you feel deep down (or Deep Up) that you are a Child of Truth – when the Light Force is not Present, only Which can meditate the Dark Force. If one is (only or mostly) in the Dark, Truth cannot be Known. The Light must be Present strongly enough for this.

I never *really* forgot the nightly events in my early youth, even though later on I was hardly ever busy with them. Memories are stored and may show up again, more clearly, more present, when one is ready to deal with them, now beyond fear and conscious enough to allow them to have their proper place, in an overview beyond personal distortion. Only once, later, in a Buddhist scripture, I came across something that looks somewhat similar to my experience, but I lost the piece again. (See the second half of this hearticle, however\*, page 6.) The orbs of light that some people sometimes notice – they are clearly, visibly manifesting on photos – are not really what I experienced, certainly not considering that ‘my’ Balls of Light were so persistent to ‘attack’ me, to Touch me, to enter me. In the end, however, apart from how these energetic entities function, they may well be made of the same substance-less Substance.

Why the Ball of Light had to return again and again? I can’t say for sure, but it is not strange to suppose that I was resisting, and the Ball of Light, Knowing ‘my’ potential – the at the time sleeping inner Siddhis (Divine qualities) – was very determined that it was me who had to receive Its Light, to be able to use it later in ‘my’ Work here on Earth. Otherwise the Ball could have gone somewhere else, to other people around. Resisting or not, you can’t play with the Forces. If you need to do a certain Job here on earth, it needs to be Done. You need to be Prepared for it, and it is not up to you to decide how. We can’t have it our own way here on earth, despite what people’s ego loves to and is dying to believe. There is no own way, there is a Constellation of Forces of Which you are a part.

As far as my fear of the Ball of Light of that time is concerned, I appeared to be no exception. Later, especially after things had become Clear in ‘me’, when ‘I’ had been thrown beyond myself, beyond the ego, I couldn’t but See that nearly everyone is afraid of Light – even though in people’s perception it seemed to be the opposite. The latter is not totally untrue, however. In principle, the indiscriminating Light shines on everything that is still operating in the Dark, and that resists being exposed to the Light. People are afraid of the Dark Force inside of them (and outside), and this Force becomes clear(er) when the Light is more present, stronger, undeniable. So, people’s fear is related to the Dark, indeed – only, this fear becomes obvious and manifests in the face of the Light. It is no wonder that after ‘my’ realization of Truth, the Simultaneity of Light and Dark – the Dark and Light Side alternating faster and faster so that eventually, when they Touched Each Other, they literally exploded into One – quite a few people disappeared out of my life, even though others came in, who nevertheless and understandably often still had difficulty Being (too much, too intense) with ‘me’, with the Mirror.

Considering people’s fear of Light, I cannot, of course, forget the event when I was 36, around the days of realizing the Truth, that the Light was so incredibly intense in ‘my’

Heart that I thought I would explode, that I could no longer bear it, although it was all the time on the border of what a human being seemed to be able to handle. Something in me wanted to leave the meditation tent sitting before the late master Sayadaw U Kundala, but I stayed. I ‘wanted’ or rather *had to* find out if my whole organism, especially my heart, could stick it out just a little longer, and again, just a little longer, and again... One must recognize *the moment* and be there no matter what.

It’s literally (very) painful to allow the Light in. One must be Ready for this, beyond cheap projecting on oneself that in your case this won’t be a problem and you’re only longing to be Taken by the Light as soon as possible, fed up with darkness as you seem to be. Relax. There is no Light without the other side of the Coin showing up. Everything is Dual. So you must also be able to handle the Dark Side of Life. In principle, in the combination, alternation or simultaneity of life itself and serious meditation (or: Observation or Reflection on Life beyond the mind) this is not impossible.

Finally, the Dark Force loses its power over you when and if you are Aware of it, when and if you See it, especially when you’re Present on the Feeling level of Life as well. The fear of the Dark Force loses its grip accordingly. We can all relax in the fact that we cannot (permanently) win the Fight with the Dark Force, and we don’t need to. We must See it, make it harmless, let it crumble down, humiliate it by Seeing it, let it be exposed. It has (and relies on) its power in the Dark; when the Light is Present, too, the supposed power appeared to not have been Real. The Dark Force cannot rule over you, over us, when it is Seen. That’s a Law of Nature. It’s true, however, the tricks of the Deluding Force are endless, in principle. It will always try again, with new, refined ways, all the more when technology advances more and more. Stay watchful, attentive. Call it meditation or whatever, if you stay on the watch anyhow, it has no real power. If you’re asleep during the day, if you’re too much busy with yourself, or with others, or with the world, it will get on you, on us.

You cannot invite or call or hope or pray for the Ball of Light. It Finds You. I could say, It Finds You when You are Ready, but I prefer to say when something in You is suited for Its Work. It doesn’t Work on the basis of merit. You can’t do anything for it. This doesn’t let alone the fact that True (instead of fake) humbleness may enhance the chance of a meeting with the Ball of Light, which is not an experience as such, but Part of a Process, a sign, a trigger, a serious start, a moment of deepening, even if not recognized (yet), it is an invitation to (finally) take the Divine Process that a human being is seriously. Touched by this Light, You cannot dismiss the Invitation.

It is the Invitation to Meet the Dark Force, since the Touch by the Light cannot be for yourself, cannot be received to bathe luxuriously in Its splendour. Such self-obsession would make the Touch impossible to happen anyway. Light is selflessly being used, to Shine into the Dark, to Reveal, to Purify, to Inspire, to Unite what seems separate, to humiliate the Ego, to Allow people to Realize the Nature of Existence, to Show there is nothing to get for yourself here on earth.

\* In 2011, the Buddhist master of a friend of mine commented on the meaning of the appearance of the Ball of Light when asked about it by a pupil of mine. I had forgotten about it somehow, but consider his interpretation in the Buddhist context interesting enough to extend this essay based on that information. I myself am not very knowledgeable regarding all kinds of spiritual facts and meanings when the information doesn't come directly through me. But I quite appreciate any knowledge from outside, from old spiritual wisdom scriptures, for instance. So, let's include here the master's (Traktung Khepa Rinpoche) comment:

*In the Tibetan Vajrayana tradition it is not uncommon for young tulkus – beings with strong realization from past lives and destined to become masters in this (but this means True tulkus, not the political appointed ones so common today) – to be visited by Dakinis, female embodiments of wisdom. It is not uncommon for dakinis whose nature is the subtle form of elements as light, to appear as balls of light. This light is primarily one of five colours related to the 5 Buddha families ... or the way clear light manifests as colour and qualities. The colour white is associated with the eastern direction and the Dakini Mamaki who is the dakini of the element water and especially associated with the transformation of anger into the wisdom of mirror like clarity. Mamaki is also associated with tremendous purification and purifying force. A dakini would by nature naturally move toward entering into unification – union – of one form or another with the embodiment of the one visited.*

*Beings born with spiritual disposition of great strength tend to be protected, watched over, energetically instructed by dakinis and other protector beings.*

Interestingly, things quite well fit with my life experience. There's 'the transformation of anger into the wisdom of mirror like clarity'. Here is one of my main siddhis, indeed. I am, or this *Body* is, wholly incarnated into the earthly emotional realm, too – despite that the way I grew up as a child in my family was not supporting this. When I was Ready to Enter this Realm at the age of 31, and despite my breakdown of some years earlier that was still affecting my life heavily, it appeared that my organism was very well suited to explore, feel, meditate, express and embody all the emotions – not only within my own system, but also in contact with other people – and, then, subtler feelings, relevant to and existing in the human realm. My *Body* easily feels the spectre of emotions including anger and easily – not necessarily in one or a few seconds – transcends this beyond the personal into a deepening of the wisdom that humanity as a whole has collected and realized throughout its existence and development here on earth.

Doing so, this results in being a mirror for all those who are struggling with the issue behind and evoking the repressed or expressed anger. The unconscious struggle with attachments that people don't want to let go of, becomes conscious on an earthly level. Not surprisingly, quite a few, then, become angry at the mirror – which is, in itself, not a problem, all the less when the ones involved are willing and intelligent enough to explore and

understand possible projection. Instead of exploring the possible anger in them, some people, afraid of or condemning anger and preferring to keep it hidden in the dark within themselves, turn away from the mirror, never to show up any more. Again, no problem. Problems may arise when the trigger by my Mirror is strong and people are unable to deal with it in a sensible way and, for instance, start making the Mirror black in (whatever form of) society.

The wisdom that the ‘dakinis’ have passed on to me during my process didn’t, as some may assume, happen in a direct way. The wisdom was (and is) hidden in the Dark, and it was (and is) up to ‘me’ to find it and ‘extract’ it, and, then, to Embody it. Via the Ball of Light in my early childhood there was the *direct transmission*, albeit for the most part taking place in the Realm of Unconsciousness. The ‘dakinis’ carrying the Siddhis that were supposed to Enter ‘my’ Body had to come back again and again, possibly not only to let this uneasy small boy get used to the ‘weight’ and content of the Light, but also to bring more content, potential wisdom that at a certain point later in my life had to be unlocked, to manifest, when the proper context was there. When on my 30<sup>th</sup> I finally got in Touch with Woman, when She found me Ready to try it with me – which was certainly also related to the fact that ‘I’, my development, was Ready for Whole-Heartedly and Whole-Bodily Entering the Emotional Realm of Life, without which Man cannot Truly Meet (and Feel) Woman, but only observe Her – the ‘dakinis’ who (or that) were supposed to trigger the wisdom in me to come out, arrived in the form of women who were ‘disguised’ as carriers of darkness, as if they would lack Heart. These women were sent to me. I ‘had to’, was ‘Supposed to’ and didn’t mind to but felt an urge to be intimate with these beings – and, at first, was even heavily falling in love with them, not understanding yet that I took over their feelings for me as a form of Man who could (potentially) Embody Man(’s Essence). They loved me, but for the sake of the manifestation of their old unconscious wisdom into ‘my’ Body could not enter a (relatively) easy, non-problematic love-relationship with me. Otherwise the wisdom could not manifest as ‘my’ Body. They had to keep me on a distance, while at the same time having to trigger in me the Impulse to (Want to or Need to) Free Woman from Her (attachment to) Darkness, (to seemingly safe) Unconsciousness. In Paradise nothing happens – Man would have no Impulse there.

Allowing Direct Contact with them, allowing all emotions and feelings involved in Human Relation between Man and Woman, especially by crying 16 months over my ‘big love’ of the time who, by ‘Command’ of Higher Forces, ‘had to’ leave me despite loving me, ‘the dakinis’ brought Alive wisdom into this Body – Alive, contrary to understanding book wisdom, tantric or otherwise. ‘They’ brought me many songs too. Even this moment I’m still working on songs, many of which recorded many years ago, with lines such as: ‘Judy, I need your denial of me, come home, I need your night beside me, I need the empty place where your heart should be’.

When I say ‘the dakinis brought me’, I mean, in fact, that they brought the Female knowledge of the Earth of Old, which I, as *Man*, had to Absorb, Allow to be awakened, and, especially, had to Let it Come in Direct Contact with not only Man’s Consciousness, but also with His Heart, for there is no Female Wisdom without Man: everything is Dual and Interdependent. One without the Other cannot Know for Real. Woman’s Duality is ‘handicapped’, dead, stuck, carrying endless drama without Man’s Oneness of Heart, and Man’s Oneness and seeming understanding is sterile, unLived, not activated without

Woman's Dynamics of Duality. Letting the Female knowledge and experience of old Meet the Conscious Heart has now, after intense Processes and to make a long story short, opened or widened the Door for Man and Woman to Spiritually Meet each Other on an Earthly Level, whereas before Earth and Spirit were (more) Separate.

The unification process of 'the dakinis' with 'my' Body, when we stick to this Buddhist name for the phenomenon, must have played a role in the fact that when I meet women of flesh and blood, I can feel them inside me – which doesn't necessarily mean that I'm always able to give words to what I feel (immediately or at all). This oneness, paradoxically, prevented me from entering relationships with women until I was 30 years old, as mentioned, even though I had liked this very much, and in a way life seemed even senseless without this. Although I was physically not unattractive, women seemed, on some level, not much attracted to a boy who carried the Woman already in his Heart and didn't approach them from outside and from his lower chakras. Well, the attraction was obviously there. But it was Attraction of another kind – women didn't know what to do with me, if only because I didn't know what to do with them, while girls were often used to follow what boys seemed to want with or from them. I was already – or, still – in a oneness consciousness, so I didn't want anything from a girl. It just felt natural to Be with her. Not before I was 30 years old the oneness had to be Split into Duality, and women could finally get interested and play with me, in their Dual world (instead of in Man's).

Once the earthly struggle with Woman set off, however, the Process with Woman went quite fast. Similar to the Process with (becoming) the masters I met: once I got in contact with one and then more masters, this was simply a homecoming, a deep Recognition – they were no other – and it then took just a couple of years before the Truth was Realized here. The siddhis had been sleeping, brought into my (earthly, bodily) system by the dakinis – that is: on the level of manifestation, for old souls like me carry the wisdom already in their Intuition. Once in the right context, the siddhis sprouted and grew fast. As if nothing could stop me. And I felt that way, indeed. Spiritually, I was brought up in a wrong environment. But once I got in contact with the Wisdom through masters, the unfolding of my Being was a fact. It only went faster when my beloved Pir Vilayat Inayat Khan gave me the name Azar Baksh, meaning holy master (or bringer of Light), pieces falling right in place now.

The following unification with the Divine Woman is described by me in the piece from my autobiography called [The Union with the Divine Woman](#) on the Azar Baksh website.

That I recognize the dakinis (in other words, but anyway) in disguise, doesn't mean, by the way, that I should only be soft and understanding and thankful to them. They would have eaten me, if I had been only that. Well, in fact I am always understanding and also consciously thankful for our meetings without exception. Only, being soft is not always the right approach to them, for they only stop (teasing, torturing Man) if I stop them, if I am Clear about it with no hidden ambiguity.

What certainly also fits my case in the description of Traktung is the strong Purification Force. It's not easy to describe this Force – or at least describe it in direct terms, for I've often written about it. I feel it literally radiating from me, this very moment. In itself

it is a very powerful Force, Conscious, Present, not afraid of anything, able to Touch anything that comes within its reach, a colourless Force stronger than anything or anyone I know, an awareness of being Indestructible emanating from it, and it's radiating from the centre of the chest, from the middle heart, although not separate from the Force of Consciousness situated in the Third Eye, and more active and effective on an earthly level when also the belly is involved.

I saw regularly how a purification Process was ignited or intensified in people in touch with or attuning to 'me', or, in fact, to Something that is Beyond any form of 'I' or Ego. However, 'I' often repress this Purification Force to some extent possible – which, for the greater part, happens automatically in accordance with the people I am with and their state and direction. It's, anyway, of course, not something to deal with lightly or to spread around in a tough way. Someone must be *ready* to be Touched by it, or else it doesn't make too much sense that it is active. No one can jump over his or her 'own' shadow just like that, because you'd want it. On an Earthly Level, the Force functions as a Mirror: when someone, Naturally, has an openness to the Force, is *ready*, It radiates out, vigorously – even though this is not a black-or-white story, and to some extent I am, in principle, not against joining inner struggles of people when in the background they have an urge for Purification but in the foreground are simultaneously dealing with resistance to this.

Sometimes I deliberately associate with and go into creatures – or allow in my Body those creatures – that currently seem to rule in the world, and are manifestations of what seems to be pure Dark, lacking any empathy for other living creatures. In my case, I necessarily work through my Body. I let the steam of their suppressed aggression go out of me, at a certain point after the intake, if not immediately. Without being well embedded in the Emotional Realm this would not be possible and I would be in danger due to the direct and thorough association with such dark creatures. But I had a well implanted spiritual constitution and, then – thanks to the women carrying the dark forms, the Dark Force Itself – a good thorough 'education' (or: struggle) to be able to deal with this task. I feel no fear regarding the Dark entities that have taken possession of (or are) many rulers in the world and their subordinates. Although, having stolen and slurped in people's energy for so long, they may possess a strong Energetic Force – which makes them dangerous on an Earthly level – Spiritually, on a Deeper level, they are very weak. This is the Fight on Earth, between the Immaterial Spirit Force and the Force of Energy – or: between Consciousness and Unconsciousness, Light and Dark, between the Force That Creates and Moves things and the Illusion of the supremacy of Energy, of Form.

Referring to the end of Traktung's comment regarding 'spiritual beings of great strength', and similar to what an astrologist woman said at some point in my thirties, I was protected by the gods – by dakinis, if you wish – or at least until I was about 20. Then, according to the astrologist, the gods took their hands off me, seemingly not because I was 'naughty', but because I had to learn to do it myself. I sometimes wondered if the process of their soft hands being taken off me was related to the fact that when I was 20 (indeed) i had intensely made love with a (very earthly) woman (called Pandora in my autobiography) – without penetration, which was something that only started when I was 30 and I was Initiated into the Flesh by my 'big love' Maja when she had decided to leave me (or my form).

‘Naughty’ or not, Something made me clear that I was not Supposed to continue that way – fooling around with a sexually very present woman when I was not *ready*, which might have killed me, literally, physically, or spiritually (the fate of many men who, and I say this without a judgement, went for lust instead of Love) – but that I rather had to Wait till I was Ready to be Initiated by (a) Woman who represented Something Divine for me and whom I was seriously in Love with. Well, now I had to first Transcend the big transmission I received from the earthly woman, before I could seriously Be with Woman on an Earthly (and Spiritual) Level. That this took ten years, seems a bit exaggerated – and I felt I was wasting my time in the waiting room – but time is a relative thing when we talk about the Manifestation of the Depth of Life into the Earthly Realm.

Physical protection is not really the same, by the way, as the ‘protection by the gods’. If my physical body had not been attacked by a multitude of factors – amongst which injections called vaccines as a child is not the least one – this being could have achieved, manifested substantially more up to now. This is not certain, however. One thing here is that thanks to the serious physical-energetic misery I got in halfway my twenties, I was at a certain point, despite my ‘original’ resistance to spirituality that even during all the years on bed lasted and lasted, guided to a book called ‘Pranayama’ and from there went, via things like emotional-bodywork, breathing workshops, tantra, etcetera, to find the subtler levels of life.

Another thing is that there are manifestations of Light here on Earth that need to prepare humanity for a (gradual or relatively sudden) Transition in Consciousness and Manifestation. Achievement, or at least visible result, is not relevant here. The Work needs to be Done, and it can only be Done when there is no attachment to result – for, with such attachment, the result would not be Pure but be corrupted.