

## Author's Note

It could be said that these are the most cataclysmic times in the history of humanity and also the greatest. The capacity for indifference, cruelty, selfishness, abuse and the misuse of power seems limitless, while at the same time there are brilliant pockets of light shining through the darkness everywhere. From environmental crusaders who risk their lives to save the planet to the radiant beings of kindness and charity who serve in the slums and ghettos of the world's worst examples of human suffering, everywhere there are rays of hope. Although each day the world seems to slip toward the abyss of destruction, magnificent examples of courage and selfless love abound in the world.

What is this strange combination of nearly utter darkness and blazing light? As if to mirror the dramatic contradictions of human behavior, Mother Earth moans and shrieks, expelling the poisons of humanity's abuse.

For many who have found the glamour of the world a cold disappointment and who search for deeper meaning in their lives, the rays of dawn are piercing the illusions of the past and revealing a future filled with hope, a future world of peace and love and joy about to be born. And in the final days of the current millennium, together we are experiencing that future's painful delivery.

This story is lovingly offered as encouragement for all who would replace fear and hopelessness with faith, hope and love. It is also a tool to help lessen personal and planetary suffering during this brief transition into the Age of Light.

If it serves as an inspiration for your personal quest for light, pass it on so that others may share your hope and help to lessen humanity's suffering in these final days of darkness.

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## Introduction

Down through the eons of time only the purest of souls have been entrusted with keys to the Millennium Tablets, twelve tablets containing powerful secrets. While all the mysteries of the Tablets have been available for study and for use by everyone since the universe was created, only the truest seekers with the most virtuous and courageous hearts have been exposed to the priceless gems of truth in the last ten Tablets.

Many have attained the knowledge in the first tablet. Some have used it wisely to go forward in their quest for freedom, while most have misused the power it gave them, enslaving their fellow humans and causing untold suffering to millions of people down through the ages. Through dedicated pursuit, a few true seekers have opened all the seals, but the Millennium Tablets contain a timed-release lock, scheduled to be opened slowly to give the truths to the mass of humanity at specific times near the end of humankind's journey toward total freedom.

Since the late 1940s the first tablet has been openly revealed and the most perceptive of the human race have publicized and promoted its contents to the world. Much of that unleashed power fanned the flames of the selfish acquisition, greed and human suffering so prevalent on the planet.

Excessive and unbalanced indulgence in the fruits of the material world have pressed down upon humanity causing it to cry out in agony for a deeper purpose for its existence. For those whose inner search and petition have been in true humility, the key to the second tablet has now, during this final decade of the twentieth century, been released.

The last ten years of the century form the most auspicious period in the history of humankind for positive change and for growth toward enlightenment, but they are also the most dangerous, for with the development of light on the planet, there is an equal growth of darkness. Only with a sufficient groundswell in the number of those holding the key to the second Millennium Tablet, those called the lightbearers and wayshowers, could the stage

be set for the release of the secrets contained in the other ten tablets and the essence of freedom they embody.

Without the balancing effect derived from the application of the loving guidance of the Tablets during these last critical years of the twentieth century, the forces of darkness and separation that have accumulated throughout the eons of Earth's history will rebound on humankind as Mother Earth cleanses herself in preparation for the Age of Light. That boomerang effect will throw humanity into another dark age and withhold its imminent freedom for another eon.

This is the story of the lightbearers and wayshowers and their vital quest, the quest to establish the balance of light in time for the return swing of the pendulum, a time when the secret of the one hundred forty-four thousand, the number of the saved, will be revealed.

## 1

## A Confusing Reality

The silver-violet bird soared majestically over coastal mountain peaks bathed in dusk's purple shroud. From the top of the highest peak, the jet would have appeared to blend almost invisibly into the shimmering twilight sky with only the fiery glow and roar of its engines to reveal its separate identity.

Most of the passengers were sleeping as the final tinge of light descended behind the farthest summit and darkness wrapped its cold embrace around the aircraft. The cabin lights were subdued and all the sun shades were firmly shut.

I had just awakened suddenly from a strange dream in which I had seen myself riding on the top of a giant wave of luminous water. In the distance I could see a sunlike disk on the horizon. As I got closer, I saw that it was divided like a pie into twelve equal pieces. All but one of the pieces was faded, but the last one was a brilliant yellow and it gave me the feeling it was alive. As I stared at the extraordinary object I felt an indescribable sense of urgency and then I clearly heard the voice of a child say the word "millennium." Something about the object was vaguely familiar but I couldn't remember why. The dream seemed to last only a few seconds; then my eyes popped open. I yawned and rubbed my eyes, stretching my neck to get the kinks out, and then switched on my light.

I was sitting in a window seat, with an empty seat to my right, so I decided to peek outside, expecting to see only starlight twinkling in the sky. As I eased the shade slowly upward, I gasped. Outside, an angry red sheet of

flames engulfed the aircraft's wing. In shock, I abruptly slammed the shade down. Gathering my courage, I was about to open it again when a friendly greeting distracted my attention.

"Hello. Is this seat taken?" asked a stranger.

I was temporarily disoriented by the shock I had just sustained and could not answer immediately.

"I thought I might find a better seat back here for watching the movie," he said in a warm and friendly manner. "Do you mind if I sit down?"

I relaxed a little and nodded. Somehow, my stress had eased off but not my curiosity, so I stole another quick look out the window. I was surprised but relieved at what I saw — just twinkling stars disturbed only by what appeared to be a short burst of light on a mountain peak immediately below.

"There is nothing but the dead past out there tonight, my friend, but the future looks bright ahead," the stranger said, in a mysterious tone.

Must have been a reflection of the moon, I muttered under my breath, shaking my head and closing the shade.

"Excuse me, I didn't catch what you said."

"Oh, nothing. I must have been half asleep when I looked out the window just before you came along. I thought I saw something odd, that's all." I looked nervously back at the shade.

"My name is Adrian Goodfellow. Thanks for the seat."

"Mine's Jonathan King."

"Yes, I know," Adrian replied.

"You know!" I exclaimed, raising an eyebrow. "How do you know?"

"Oh, I spotted it on your boarding pass in the seat pocket," Adrian answered, pulling the headphone bag from his own seat pocket and tearing it open.

I looked at my boarding pass and saw that it was almost completely submerged in the pocket. I guessed it must have slipped down after he had read my name.

I looked more closely at Adrian. He was of a hard-to-read age, probably somewhere between forty and fifty. He was tall, maybe six feet, two inches, with a strong, lean build like a runner. He wore a loosely hanging white cotton shirt and pants that were also loose-fitting and matched the

shirt. He wore brown, comfortable-looking sandals and no socks.

Then I noticed a single piece of jewelry. I couldn't believe my eyes. Within a large silver ring was a piece of turquoise and upon that was a silver circle with pielike cuts in it. It was the same object I had just seen in my dream! I thought I must be imagining things, so I just dismissed it as coincidence until I got a better look at the piece.

I also noticed that Adrian's eyes were a deep, penetrating blue, and dusty blond hair just brushed his shoulders. His face, long and with a square jaw, seemed to move easily and frequently into a warm smile. He looked so relaxed and comfortable that he made me feel very much at ease. This guy could easily be an aging flower-child from the 60s, I mused, and despite the few words that had passed between us I felt a deep sense of strength emanating from Adrian and somehow had a weird feeling that I knew him. I figured that such a feeling must have come from my active imagination which appeared to have been working overtime for the past few moments. In any case, it was certainly nice to have such a pleasant sort of fellow as a companion for the balance of the trip.

Meanwhile, my mouth was feeling dry. The moment I thought of ringing for a flight attendant, one suddenly appeared.

"Well, that certainly was good timing," I exclaimed. "I was just about to push the call button. May I have something to drink please? Do you have apple juice?"

"Yes sir," the attendant replied cheerfully, "but you did push your call button. I saw that your light was on and came right away. I'll be right back, sir."

She was gone in an instant and I was left pondering whether I had indeed pushed the button. I suddenly realized how rude I had been not to ask Adrian if he wanted something. I was just about to apologize when Adrian shrugged his shoulders, laughed and said, "Perhaps she didn't see me."

"How did you know what I was thinking?" I asked in amazement.

"Well, the look of concern on your face said it all," he replied, laughing again.

As Adrian spoke, I picked up an unusual accent.

"Where do you come from, Adrian? I can't seem to place your accent."

“Oh, here and there. Many places, actually. I move around a lot. You might say I’m a citizen of the world,” he joked.

I was about to pursue the subject a little further when the cabin lights came on and passengers began to stir in their seats. A voice over the intercom said, “Good morning, ladies and gentlemen. I hope you had a relaxing sleep. In a few moments the flight attendants will be serving a hot breakfast after which we will be showing our in-flight movie, ‘Heaven Can Wait.’ The captain has suggested you open your window shades, as we are just approaching the Mount of the Holy Cross which, at almost 14,000 feet, is Colorado’s highest mountain. Please push the red service button if you require anything at all. Enjoy the view and your breakfast and thank you for your attention.”

The aircraft banked slightly, allowing passengers on the opposite side of the cabin from Adrian and me a spectacular view of the mountain peak.

I thought I would go to the lavatory before there was a line, so I excused myself and moved out into the aisle. As I made my way toward the front section of the cabin, I wondered where the time had gone. It seemed the sun had just gone down but already its warm, honey-colored rays were streaming through the many portholes along the aircraft’s fuselage. The delicate golden beams seemed to lift everyone’s spirits, and I listened to the friendly chatter as I walked down the aisle.

“I must have lost track of time talking to Adrian,” I thought as I turned the knob of the lavatory door. Just as I was entering the tiny cubicle, out of the corner of my eye I caught sight of my new friend in the forward cabin, talking with someone in a nurse’s uniform. I jerked to a stop and shook my head. While trying to get a better view, I made an off-balance turn and, wobbling sideways, I fell backwards through the bathroom door and headlong into Adrian’s arms! While I was falling, I could hear the sound of his good-natured laughter.

“Whoa, my acrobatic friend. Let the plane do the flying. You haven’t got your wings yet, you know,” he said as he lifted me to my feet as though I were a feather.

Once I was on my feet, Adrian put his arm around my shoulder to make certain I was steady.