

Remembering Earth Mission

**From The Ancient Ones: Keepers of Galactic
Secrets**

Sharon Riegie Maynard

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Dedications

For my children, my treasures and most wonderful teachers: Elizabeth, Teresa, Jennifer, Michelle, Aondrea, Diana, Donald, Carolyn, and David. And Noel, Keith, Matt, Josh. And my grandchildren who have revealed the joy of life Sara, Alex, Alyssa, Anais, and Lief.

My most sincere thanks to Connie, who saw the mission of this book and made its initial publication possible.

Gratitude to my many students over the years, who caused questions to emerge. Though that quest, my unfoldment occurred which made this publication necessary.

I dedicate the trilogy to come to those who have lost so much in the patterns of global greed and violence. I speak of those, lost in the World Trade Center and to the families who are forced into refugee camps. From those martyred for their stand to those gunned down in public places. Those living as victims of the most depraved are showing the rest of humanity that the seeds still exist among us, within our energy fields. May we remember that we are all One with a common intent to take back our planet and lives.

And much appreciation for those who stepped up to be my beta-readers. What great ideas you all had! Your input has made this story richer than it was before your read.

"A bird does not sing because it has an answer, It sings because it has a song."

Maya Angelou

Introduction

Before birth, many of us accepted a mission to return knowledge of Divine Identity and Earth Mission. My gift for this task? Telepathy; the ability to hear teachers beyond Earth with clarity. At first, I used their guidance to raise my children. After a time I realized my childhood beliefs were limited. I wanted more, and it was to these teachers I turned.

After years of deep Spiritual conversations, I asked a question that turned my life on its head. "Where can I go to learn the cause of Humanity's ongoing pain and remove it?" The answer, "That information is not on the planet. If that is what you want, we will have to teach you."

For over twenty years, Spiritual teachers took me to unseen worlds and into long-buried situations. The purpose? To identify the beginning seed that prevented peace and to remove it. I got far more.

We live forward and understand backward. I was given one small piece of information at a time. Many concepts were contrary to what was being taught, and some made no sense. Like Pam in this book, I found that applying the concepts proved their value.

Reading this book, you will be exposed to ideas through timelines piece by piece, like I was. Some may make no sense until you are further in the book. Be patient. One idea at a time is how I am directed to share with you.

In my work as a Mystic Healer, I have the assistance of incredible Spiritual guides and teams. All intentions are to assist individuals to identify and remove the cause of their fear, and sabotage. We do what we do to restore individuals to their Soul's Harmonics and Earth to her Divine Mission.

Crippling the Sons

35,000 years ago Homo Sapiens

Driva stormed into the nursery. His velvet robes spread out behind him like the wings of an enormous bird. The click of his heavy boots shook the room. He bellowed and those in the women's quarters trembled and covered.

Three-year-old Behra's eyes flew open in fright. He covered behind his mother's skirt. As his mother tried to stand guard, Driva slapped her face and pushed her aside. Swooped up in his father's large, rough, hands, Behra hung in mid-air. Hearing the cries of his mother begging to hold him, Behra was frozen, not daring to breathe. As quickly as throwing off a piece of clothing, Driva dropped Behra into the arms of his manservant.

"Gather his clothes, his bedding, " boomed his father. "He will be staying with the men from now on. Get him away from these soft, weak women!"

Behra watched in terror and confusion as his mother pleaded and wept. The servants scurried to gather his things and quickly tie them into bundles. Driva bellowed, commanded, and stomped. His father's actions shook the walls of Behra's heart.

Shadows

Before Time

Earth whirled; a blue-green sphere in the spectrum of space, a planet that was central to a plan created from desperation.

In a space before time and form, before Earth, greed and desperation, a land of movement, colors, creativity existed. Beings of great intelligence called this space, Home. There were no boundaries, no voice of "should," "fear," or "not enough." Harmonics were of all good. It was only as the intelligent beings of the collective, aware of more possibilities, set out to explore that they encountered the others, the Outsiders. At first the Collective family of Good embraced the others who postured in commonality. One by one, these soul families recognized that Outsiders were concealing their true agenda and devices of attachment. Taken by surprise and ill-prepared for the controlling agendas of the Outsiders, the family of Good became unbalanced by their presence. Domination and control allowed all types of exploitation. Eventually, the Outsiders invaded more families of intelligence and Good and became more threatening and violent. These parasitic forces were taking over, sucking the life from every family member. In the worlds before Earth, the Divine families of Good took many actions. However, the space, energy, and creativity of the Family of Good continued to slip away. Unless more was done, the Original Family would die.

Another plan, a plan of desperation, was formed. Members of the Collective Families met in secret to discuss possibilities. This Council knew a new home was needed, a new world that would have the components for removing the Parasitic Outsiders. Several criteria had to be in place: unseen harmonics would have to become solid to identify

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that which had hidden. Knowing that agendas of controlling power swirled in their midst was the first step. Although individuals would face the hardened forms of evil forms of domination, that knowledge was necessary. For an individual to act quickly, the plan included independent agency. Waiting for group consensus would allow Parasitic Outsiders to slip away. As one family member became aware, a command for the removal of the deceptive, life-threatening forces could be given. The possibility of breaking free restored a glimmer of hope to the Collective families.

Millions of intelligent beings, a portion of the entire family's number, thrilled at the opportunity to lift the family, had volunteered to participate in the Earth mission. The first assignment was to make the planet inhabitable; the second was to create systems to assure a thriving culture for the new home and mission force. Once those two assignments were in place, the primary element would be activated. This element would be the voice of authority that could remove and break free of the evil of the Parasitic Outsiders.

The Plan

600,000 years ago -Neanderthals

*E*nergy swirled as songs, dances, and prayers broadcast codes of the vision, a plan for a new home, a home that could set the Divine Families free. Through the mists, just as the Law decreed, a beautiful new planet came forth. The planning council watched, held the vision, and made adjustment until it was declared that the world was ready to sustain life.

Once the planet was stabilized, those who had been chosen for this momentous mission, a portion of the Divine Families, were sent to the planet. Those Original member's high-frequency Soul bodies would slip into physical suits; vehicles prepared for this planet. Two separate types of bodysuits, eventually named Male and Female, were vital for the successful removal of the Outsiders. Each suit held the evolutionary codes reflecting the assignments of that body as well as the evolutionary way back to home. In addition, circuitries for off-planet communication systems were programmed in the blueprint of each bodysuit.

The dream of glorious creations became real soon after the planet's manifestation. The Original mission force, the Ancient Ones, explored the surface of their new home, made contact with the Earth's stored resources and brought forth abundant food, lush gardens, fragrant flowers, diverse animal life. Systems for stability and thriving were designed. The plan was moving along very well.

But, shortly after initiation of the element of the mission stage which identified the Outsiders, one slip occurred. A misstep and the Parasitics discovered the plan that was afoot. The Outsiders immediately accessed the Male bodysuit, re-engineered the circuitry. And like a virus introduced into an electrical circuitry of a present-day computer; their re-engineering crashed the evolutionary path. Then they rerouted the bodysuit's

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communication pathways to the Outsider's command center. This action crippled that glorious bodysuit. This crippling allowed partial control which satisfied the Outsiders for a time. However, after using the Male suit to damage the Female suit, eventually, they replaced the entire original suits blueprints with others that supported survival, control through sexual appetites, and extensive birthing. All of these changes increased subjugation, dulled the senses and created great fear within the Mission Force. Their energy fields became heavier, cycled in limits the Outsider's set and memory of their original purpose faded. In the place of the Mission's cultures of thriving for the entire web of life, false systems of domination emerged. The great hope of the Divine families dimmed in the shadows of survival. There was only a vague memory of what had been possible.

Thriving

50,000 years ago -Cro-Magnon

The Judeo-Christian myth of The Garden is a slice of the Ancient One's story. Although forgotten, their experiences are a critical part of our energetic history.

Eve wandered down the sandy path toward the home she shared with Adam. Eve smiled as she watched her songs add color to the garden and observed as her dance called to birds flying through the trees. Amazing adventure.

She had spent the day with an Ancient teacher who had approached her shortly after sunrise. "Come," the Ancient teacher had invited, "We need you now." Eve's heart sang with the opportunity. She had not conceived sensations of joy this mission afforded.

Very carefully, her teacher had reminded her of the composition of the energy fields around the planet. In her initial task of calling forth resources and beauty from the Earth Mother to create systems to sustain beneficial growth, Eve had put aside the fact that the Outsiders energies had been carried in with them. To the side was the truth that parasitic actions of Outsiders had begun to pollute this one. If these Outsiders remained hidden, their dominating agendas would usurp the grandeur and creativity of the Ancient Ones here.

Because of today's visit, Eve remembered the necessity of a physical world and the Female mission of authority. With unique abilities to discern the quality of vibrational harmonics coupled with the power to command, a Soul in a Female bodysuit, was critical. The law of manifestation would cause all energy imprint vibrations to broadcast and cause forms to appear. Manifestations included those of the destructive Parasitic Outsiders. This law made the hidden danger visible. That was just as the Council had planned. And, being seen would be moot if there were no voice of authority to remove the Outsiders and their toxic taint. Eve's soul sang with the assignment.

CHAPTER 1

To Awake the Mission - 35,000 years ago, Homo Sapiens

Many home, villages, and cities had sprung up around the planet since the first Souls of the Divine Families of Good had incarnated into physical bodysuits. After the misstep of the Fall, Outsiders had extended and strengthened their domination. At first, the Ancient Ones of the mission were in couples, then in small groups at various places on the planet. Eventually, more gathered and larger groups formed. Couples became communities, became villages and then cities. Tyree was one such city.

The city's instability had brought governmental policies into question. Passionate crowds had roamed their streets during the past week. Citizens with their wide range of opinions clashed and fought. Mobs ruled the outlying districts with no thought of compassion or penance. Contrary to an average day, this afternoon was remaining moderately calm. The Rycur, the policing authorities of the city government, filled the area surrounding the Council Hall. The Greater Council had met to debate and decide possible solutions. Riots and demonstrations were expected, therefore a show of Rycur force.

During early mission times after the Fall, there had been recurring cycles of imbalance. Within families, villages, towns, and cities periods of stable growth were followed by significant eruptions into conflict, fear, and anger. The explosions demolished much of what had been built. Each chaotic situation created energy ripples. Those energy waves caused a vulnerability that affected everyone including any off-planet societies in proximity to the Earth. Many solutions were in place to minimize the impact. The current group sent to help was a Consortium of Galactic

family members. Extending from their off-planet homes, they came, in Light bodies, as a temporary force. They hoped to reach out, inspire and awaken the original mission members to their Divine Harmonic and Purpose.

Myra was a member of this Consortium outreach group. In a bodysuit substantial enough to move her Soul in Earth's dense environment, she stood behind the grandiose columns of the great Tyrean Council Hall. Her partner, Tuma, wrapped his arm around her waist. In all of Earth's history, there had not been a more momentous time and this day was the pinnacle. She regarded the scene before her. Every particle of her Light body was alert as Myra stood silently sipping her beverage. Myra had often participated in balancing the energy fields emanating from the Earth. The agenda of the Consortium outreach was different. As guests from the region of the Seventh World, they could walk lightly among humanity, remind them of their Divinity and Original plan and could not vote or require changes.

Today Dana, a spokesperson for the Consortium group, had proposed to the Council that they be allowed to extend their visit. The outreach group was prepared to stay longer to begin teaching the citizens of Tyree. Those who had a vested interest in the domination agendas of the Parasitic Outsiders were outraged, inciting conflicts, and riots.

Suddenly shouts, followed by loud, sharp clashes, came from the street a stone's throw from the Court area. A small group at the edge of the Court's garden hurled stones toward the crowd and then hurried into a small enclosure of trees.

Myra moved closer to Tuma as they watched the police converge on the crowd with clubs and swords. The convergence forced the demonstrators to move to other locations or to break up and retreat. The protesting citizens fled into the alleyways.

Emotions had even erupted amongst the Council during the discussions and anxiety filled the air of the Council grounds. Myra reacted to the disruptive energies, the whispered tones, animated gestures and solemn, angry faces by moving closer to Tuma. She closed her eyes and worked silently with their teams in the unseen worlds to transform the heaviness.

Unlike the Tyrean's desensitized bodies, the vibrations of the Light bodies on the mission were keen. They felt the subtlest energy disruption. The essence of their Divine home flowed through each of them. It

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carried information within the field of One, a sense of love that kept them connected and stable. With the uninterrupted flow between those on the mission, what one experienced, all experienced. What enriched one was enriching to all and created a strong sense of Oneness. Myra knew that it was critical to the team that each member clear any hint of the dense, negative energy quickly. Otherwise, Earth's energy density would cover the team's subtle vibrational breath and endanger them as it had the Earth's. Because of the artificial systems of the Earth cultures, the energy flow from Home had long ago become limited and disjointed. This disruption, as well as the intentional broadcastings from the Outsiders, were reasons for the recurring imbalance of the original mission force.

Myra turned to Tuma. He was scanning the garden and the streets, occasionally looking at the doors of the Council Hall. When he sensed her watching him, he turned and smiled.

"I am thinking about the excitement we had about this planet," she said softly. "Do you remember how carefully the planning council considered ideas to get our family out from under the Outsider parasitic ownership?"

Tuma nodded.

"How ironic is it that here we are still facing the same situation, still entrapped by those Outsiders committed to usury, greed, and power regardless of its cost to our family."

"Ironic and sad," Tuma replied. "Just imagine where our family would be now if our Original plan had succeeded. If our first families had been able to identify and remove the Parasitics with just a command, simply by the right to command." Tuma shook his head. "It was a magnificent plan."

"Well, this would not be happening," Myra said, gesturing to the streets.

"Nor would the Consortium Outreach on this debate," added Tuma. "How can we hope to awaken the consciousness of our family? They are trapped in body suits manufactured and owned by the parasitic outsiders! No one knows what level of awareness is needed within the psyche of our mission members to counteract the re-engineered systems or if it is even possible."

Sensing his weariness, Myra stepped closer to gather his hands in hers to shift the energy.

CHAPTER 2

Parasitic Outsiders Made Visible

Myra heard voices coming from the streets and turned from Tuma. The sounds were far away at first, then coming closer. The chanting grew louder and louder until she could hear the words, “Send them home, send them home, send them home.” A few within the Council gardens moved together and nodded as if in agreement with the chant. They turned to look at the various groups of those on this Consortium mission, including Tuma and Myra. She felt energy prickle up her arms, and she recognized the stickiness of the Outsider's presence. Myra shook the energy cloud off and turned toward the sounds on the street.

Myra was not frightened as much as intrigued. Often the parasitic Outsiders who worked to whip up the citizens were hidden. Here, one was out in the open, acting in the light of day, one she could observe. So she closed her eyes. By shifting to her etheric vision, Myra could see what lay hidden behind his form, in the shadows. Unseen by the citizens of Tyree, indeed all Earth inhabitants, there they were, the Outsiders. Visible because of her ability to see other vibrational regions, they appeared, dark, craven, evil, and hungry. They were always after more of the energy that was the Ancient One's breath of Life.

The Outsiders had attached themselves at various energy points to the bodysuit of this young man. It was they who were directing his actions. At times, she saw one slip into the young man's body and speak words through his mouth. He was so possessed by these beings that they took turns moving in and out of the body. Some would look out through his eyes, and she saw emptiness, eyes lacking emotion or compassion. Myra

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looked around and could see crowds of these hidden Outsiders. Their dark, sticky energy frequencies of domination and deceit flowed throughout those in the towns square. Many Tyreans responded to the vibrations by shaking their head or rubbing their eyes as if stabbed with pain. Others began jumping or running, frenzied and unfocused. Having detected the Divine families mission plan generations ago, the Outsiders had used upheaval and divisiveness to prevent their identification and removal. The Parasitic overlaid devices, implanted control mechanisms, and initiated whatever was necessary to stop the plan. Those Outsiders of domination and control had used their influences to kept Tyreans fearful, minimized, and enslaved. Then, they could use them at will. As Myra looked around the chanting crowd and saw parasitic attached to others, the back of her neck prickled. Tuma moved, pulling her close to stand between her and the crowd. She felt a group shudder.

Tuma closed his eyes. Myra felt his attention centering and teams from their Spiritual homes blocking the heavy vibrations. She felt the energy lessening and glanced up into Tuma's eyes. How she loved him! Together they sealed the parasitic energies away from the Consortium group and dissolved the frequencies before they could impact their energy fields. Tuma kissed the top of her head, but they both sensed the growing restlessness.

Myra shifted her vision and opened her eyes. She turned to look out over the crowd gathered in the Council gardens. She knew many of the assembled citizens, in physical bodies. They were the family members who had initially volunteered for this Earth mission, the Ancient Ones. She sensed their powerlessness, frustration, and fear. The Earth had been in the clouds of escalating negativity since the discovery of the plan. The entrapping web of parasitic systems included the Tyreans.

Myra knew that the way back to their original awareness of Earth purpose would require great determination. Would they remember that within human experience, individuals in physical bodysuits were the only ones who could end the domination? Would they wake up and know that the future, the life or death of the greater family rested solely with individual voice? She wondered, as did Tuma if there was enough personal fire left to awaken. Growing restless, Myra placed her cup on a small garden table and smiled at Tuma as she moved away from him. Maybe the fact that the Council's deliberations were taking so long was hopeful.

Sharon Riegie Maynard

There had been a vigorous debate after the proposal from the mission's High Priestess Dana. Power and greed were central to the life of most who set policy in Tyree.

Individuals aligned to control fostered fear and discord. In this culture, Outsiders had free rein. The proposal to awaken the Mission would end their control. One of the chief ministers, Minister Lucas, was especially outraged with Dana's proposal. Myra had no doubt Lucas was ruled by Outsiders similar to the parasites she had seen in the street conflict. At times she had seen their empty, damp eyes through his.

Myra walked over to a garden bench where she could sit and watch the doors of the Council Chambers. Thinking about the morning, Dana's speech came to mind. Dana's plan was to spark whatever in Tyrean's memories were not dulled by negativity or locked into denial. Dana's words transfixed the Council. She gave no hint that she was aware of the forces against her, indeed, against all of them. However, those on Consortium outreach knew that her words would trigger anger within those the parasitic controlled. They continually dissipated the energy disrupted during Dana's presentation and the following Council debates.

Dana had spoken clearly. "We trusted the courageous and creative nature of Good within you, our Galactic family members. You volunteered. You gave your word. From a deep love and vision, you heard the plan and said, 'yes!'"

"You knew that Earth was not intended to be a place for domination or duality or war. Earth was not to be a place for birthing volunteers into Outsiders bondage. Considerable attention was given to create a plan to remove such influences. In the beginning, we knew you had the strength and determination to accomplish this Earth mission. Those in regions of your Divine homes stood ready to answer your request to identify and remove the Outsiders, their seeds, and attachments.

"Designing systems for thriving from the life force of all possibilities of Good while identifying Outsider constrictions was to be in place before expanding births. Had that been accomplished, today Tyree would be a city of joy and beauty."

Several members of the Earth Council had nodded. Others flashed with anger. The heavy frequencies of anxiety and doubt rippled through the Hall. It darkened the room until those on the Consortium outreach cleared it.

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Dana had turned, her hand sweeping to include all in the Council as she said, "You are the leaders. Are you living according to your commitment to that Divine plan?"

Then she had paused.

"By Divine decree, an unbreakable law, this sphere will always cause imprints in the unseen such as word and thought to emerge into a form. The Law assures that all hidden energies will come to be seen and experienced. The Law does not determine if the imprint is one from which Good will emerge or if the concept was planned by Outsiders to control. Imprints will manifest. You can help your people awaken and take back their voice to discern and demand. They can transform fear, and break free of control. Their right is to live on this planet in abundance, joy and free will. We offer to stay and help you awaken the consciousness of truth, purpose, and clarity."

Myra sighed at the memory. Then, an energy shift in the collective field jarred her back to the present moment. She looked out over the people gathered in the courtyard. The doors of the Council Chamber were being pushed open. Those of the Earth Council moved from the chamber. The robed members filed down the corridor, across the yard, and into the Great Hall. Those who had wandered into hallways or gardens quickly moved back to their places within the Hall.

Myra looked at Tuma. Glancing past him, she noticed that even disruptions on the streets had halted. Fists dropped to sides; quiet whispers replaced shouts. All attention was on the Council members.

The tall young man who had stirred the crowds moved to stand close to the garden enclosure. His previous frenzy replaced with silence, confusion showing on his face.

Myra moved to walk in with Tuma. "Do you think that they will be willing to let us stay and mentor them?" she whispered to Tuma. He tilted his head with raised eyebrows as if to indicate that he thought it was not likely. Stay and assist the transition or go back to their home. That is what had been decided.

Everyone stood. The Council members seated themselves on the dais facing those in attendance. Veiled, stoic faces hide any clues as to the outcome of the vote. The leader Gyra rose. He was a large man. Myra had come to appreciate his sensitivity to the problems within Tryree. He

walked with awareness and was accustomed to political negotiations. Use of his many gifts had earned him a place of respect among those on the outreach mission.

"Speaking for the Council, I want to thank all of you who have been with us during the long hours of debate and discussion. We know that this matter is as important to you as it is to us.

"I speak to our guests from regions beyond our Earth. There has been much spoken here this day of our beginnings. We appreciate you and respect your information and care of us. We have contemplated the matter of our future with great attention. Our decision did not come easily."

Gyra paused, cleared his throat and lifted a paper from the table. He looked stooped, Myra thought, weighted with the magnitude of this matter. Before he continued, she felt a sudden jolt in her abdomen. She knew the decision.

He took a deep breath and began reading. "We have reached a decision. The High Council of Tyree rules that those who have shared their ways with us are now to return to their homes. We extend our gratitude for the balancing of our energies and for the exemplary way they have lived among us. But, the course we are on is the one we will pursue. We find no reason to change its direction at this time."

A ripple ran through those on Outreach, a shudder, and then acceptance. Myra saw the arrogance on the faces of those Council members who very powerfully manipulated attitudes and perceptions. Half-truths, flattery and outright deceit had swayed the vote. Then, Myra looked at her friend, Dana. Wisdom etched the high priestess's face while sadness filled her eyes.

Myra heard shouting and screaming from outside the Council Hall. Through the expansive windows, she could see that word of the decision had reached the streets. Feet were running, fists thrashing the air, the tall man was again frantically moving through the crowds knocking down any in his way. The smaller groups became a mob while the policing authorities used force to maintain control.

Myra turned back to the Hall and caught a glance between Council Member Lucas and Dana. Lucas looked smug, lips curled into a smile of triumph. These two leaders represented the extremes of the Earth's

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energy. One manipulated by the Outsider parasitic, generated and took advantage of the chaos, division, and fear to entrap the masses. And the other leader speaking of benefit for all, wisdom, and great vision which would have led to the removal of Outsiders and expansion for the Divine families.

Myra turned and looked out of the windows to the streets, the riots, the shouts, and screams. So who had won and what, of great value, had been lost?

CHAPTER 3

Stones and sticks crashed into the shields and helmets of the double lines of the Rycur policing forces. The streets boiled with clashes between Tyreans angry that the guests were being forced to leave and crowds of those who wanted them gone. The once welcoming city was deteriorating into an uncontrolled mob. A portion of the Rycur had gathered at a rear door from the Great Hall. They had been charged to assure the safe exit of members of the Outreach mission.

Dana had sent word through the Council hall and gardens for the Consortium members to quietly make their way to the conference room at the northwest corner of the magnificent Hall. Myra silently moved toward the designated room exchanging quick goodbyes with Tyrean friends.

As she approached, she saw Tuma watching from the conference door and together they went into the room. In a short time, all Consortium members were there. Insulated from the disruptions of the street and yet facing the end of their time of teaching, their mood was somber.

“Well, my friends,” Dana began. “I am so proud to be a part of this incredible outreach. Your commitment to radiate the true nature of our family despite all cynicism took great courage. You have left a legacy of compassion, grace, and peace. Generations to come will remember your visit.

“We have two hours to gather our things. Our ships are standing by, and we will have Tyrean’s Rycur escorts for our safety. There will be time for discussion later, but now we are in a hurry. Leave quickly. I will see you all onboard.”

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Myra and Tuma moved with a small group out the back of the garden into the shadows of the trees as they passed the edge of the crowds. They had almost cleared the second street when they heard shouts and running feet. Myra turned. Though the spaces between the guards she saw the tall blond man running toward them hurling stones and screaming his anger. For just a moment, she looked into his eyes, eyes filled with parasitic emptiness and hate. Then the Rycur guards blocked his way.

As soon as the Consortium members had boarded the ships and moved away from the Earth, the intercom signaled for quiet. Those on board stopped their activities to listen. The intercom crackled and the voice of Jerra, the High Priest of their mission sounded, "My dear friends," he began. "I bring greeting from the Galactic Council, the Great Divine Collectives and your brothers and sisters of Light. The considerable portions of your Divine Families of Good in worlds beyond Earth are aware of your efforts and the vote by the Council.

"We are all affected by the Council decisions. A meeting of the multi-dimensional Galactic families has been called to discuss today's vote by the Earth Council. Our commitments to remove the Outsiders and their destructive sucking have not lessened. To give up would allow their presence to destroy all of us."

Myra couldn't get the blond man's eyes out of her mind. They were staring, empty one minute and red-rimmed, and filled with rage the next. She had seen his docile mood, his confused stare, as he leaned on the fence before the announcement of the vote. Then, coming alive, a frenzied rage, and hostility filled him. She shuddered and breathed herself back to the present and Jerra's words, "our commitments... our commitments."

Thinking again of the young blond man she whispered emphatically, "My commitment is sure. The Outsider's presence and influence must end!"

The flight home had been uneventful, a time to rest and to contemplate the Earth experience. And now, she and Tuma came to the Council meeting prepared to hear the proposal for the next step. Soft lights and music filled the open chamber hall spilling out beyond the expansive space.

Jerra and Dana had been asked to preside over the Galactic Council meeting and sat at the main table. Tuma, Myra and the other members of

the Consortium mission were seated to the left and right of the couple all facing the circle of attendees.

"As you know," Jerra began, "The Ancient Ones, those who volunteered for the Original Earth mission, have a unique responsibility to our family. There could not have been more creativity and intelligence than the group that designed the complex tasks. When the Outsiders made changes in the circuitry and systems of the physical bodysuit, we knew that the volunteers would be operating with crippled systems. With this corrupted energy, we knew there would be problems. The planning committee postulated that the volunteers would have a difficult time to stay awake. That they would be unable to maintain stability long enough to prevent the Outsiders agendas from being imposed as they had in the Galactic regions. Their unconscious mind fog would keep them vulnerable to the Outsider's deception and control. Immediately, the planners began brainstorming solutions. The purpose with each possibility was to bring clarity of mission and Divine Home back to the Earth families. As they broke free of blindness and parasitic constructs, Divine possibilities could begin to inspire allowing natural expressions of Good, i.e., sovereignty, unity, abundance, and health. The Consortium outreach was one of those possibilities to bring the original Earth Mission back online. You see the volunteers who have just returned here on the dais with me. It is clear that more is needed."

"Now, we present the next proposal. It is a plan for additional Divine family members' volunteers. This time to birth into the evolutionary system. Each will be born into a physical bodysuit within an Earth family. We hope that the abilities and perceptions the volunteers have developed in our off-Earth worlds will survive the density of Earth. The plan is that their wisdom and insight will be available to them to inspire their Earth family unit."

Whispered exchanges and ripples of excitement ran through the group.

Jerra continued, "This mission force, with recent connection to clarity, would not have experienced crushing damage. Birthing as one of an Earth family, they could awaken the power of light and awareness within those units. Awakening personal choice; the expansive mission and support abilities will be available more intimately."

Jerra looked around at the attentive group. Then he spoke again. "We are all aware of the heavy energies that blind and dull humanity. It is critical

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to assure connections to Home energy for those on this phase of the mission. We have planned a way to counter this denseness for the volunteers. There will be many friends, teachers, and masters who will remain in Spiritual regions to guide, direct and give access to the overall plans. A central point for each volunteer will contain channels of secured communication systems. The intention is that the systems will bypass the contaminated cloudiness of Earth. Channels anchored within the Soul body will provide the volunteer access to clarity while on planet Earth."

Jerra paused and walked a few steps in quiet thought.

"The ships will be leaving this planet in a fortnight. Those of you who decide to volunteer will want to return home for a short time before beginning this assignment.

"Remember, Earth functions by individual choice. While in a physical bodysuit, volunteers must declare and ask for our help. Many in Spiritual bodies will be available to answer questions and fulfill requests, but the eternal Universal law functioning on Earth puts the right of creating and changing into the hands of individuals in physical bodies. We will live in obedience to that law. When the volunteers see a need, they can call for unlimited Spiritual help, but there must be a request."

Jerra stopped speaking and turned toward Dana. He smiled at her, and she responded with a nod and stood beside him. Myra could sense their love. They were like young lovers with one another even after eons. Myra knew such love. Tuma still caused her heart to sing.

Then Jerra went on. "You notice that we are using the word "volunteer." This mission is a freewill undertaking. No one is required to participate. As High Priest, it is my responsibility to hold the vision for this mission and to assure our return home. This mission's purpose is to restore the original plan initiated by the Ancient Ones. Achieving that intention will reset the evolutionary path for Earth families to the Light of Good and Home. I will hold this mission's purpose clearly in mind. We strongly urge each of you to go within to contemplate and review. If any have questions, there will be discussions later this evening."

Myra saw Jerra reach for Dana's hand and look into her azure eyes, "Dana and I have chosen to be part of this group." The hall erupted in applause.

Sharon Riegie Maynard

Myra looked at Tuma. He was focusing intently on Jerra's words. She recognized his excitement and his enthusiasm as it touched her. She laid her hand on his. He gently lifted their joined hands and brushed hers softly against his lips. A smile passed between them, and her heart swelled. Tuma and Myra chose without the need to speak. They would join the volunteers on this unusual opportunity of love.

The Signal

50,000 years ago -Cro-Magnon

*E*ve felt a twist unfold in cold waves that moved throughout her body. Goosebumps rose on her skin, and her hair stood on end. Something was not right. She looked up at Adam as they walked down the path, brushed by the low brush and sheltered from the batter rays of the sun by the overhanging branches of the oak.

"Do you feel the change in the energy?" She asked Adam.

"No, I am just enjoying the quiet of the garden," he replied. "What is it that you are sensing?"

"I don't know just yet, but something is off. It reminds me of the feelings I had yesterday. A few of the forms my teacher had me taste left similar sensations. I know that they are warning me to be watchful, but of what? Will you trust what I feel?"

"You know that I will. You are the one!" Adam laughed gently and squeezed her hand in assurance. He acknowledged that she knew more than he did about keeping their garden clear."

Eve continued walking, eyes open, senses alert. Something was not right.

CHAPTER 4

Preparing for Birthing - 35,000

Myra breathed deeply and let out a laugh that filled the laboratory. Tuma's team members turned to look at her, and she covered her mouth to stifle her giggles.

Relief! A major hurdle crossed. Tuma would be on the first wave of the Restore mission. Planning to incarnate into physical bodies was different than having moved within a Light body of the Consortium outreach. The Light body had not prepared him for working this denser Earth suit. So, simulated practice.

Watching Tuma maneuver the simulated bodysuit, one that would be much too small at first, had struck Myra as outrageously funny. It was all that she could do to keep herself still until Tuma completed the routine. Her laughter broke the team's intense concentration, and everyone erupted into laughter and cheers.

His planning team members were highly intelligent and competent. One of the volunteers was on the original mission. Gogan, an Ancient One, had been assigned to Tuma's team. He carried himself with the confidence deepened by his time as a First Family member. He had walked the Earth at a time of real freedom and curiosity. He had watched his mate explore areas of the Mother's surface for a place she loved. He had stood by her side as she identified cycles for support and as she sang energy into food, beauty, and abundance. The Ancients knew Earth intelligence was one of their own, a member of their mission. They had walked in her spaces like none since. Gogan held the remembrance of

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what had been, and of what went wrong. He added great value because of this experience with a heavier Earth suit.

Since her life on the planet would interweave with his, Myra was both observer and participant in his plans. She listened to discussions amongst Tuma's team. They factored in the calculations of the planets affecting Earth, patterns to transform, personal powers to activate, and contracts with others. Deciding a time of birth that would best support Tuma's mission was part of the considerations. And, of course, the family of his birth.

She shook her head at the thought of today's exercise. It was just too much for her to remain quiet. She laughed again remembering Tuma working to pull all of his energy into the test model of the tiny physical bodysuit. Maneuvering was another matter. How to make the hands work the mouth function. What system would coordinate the legs and the eyes? After all the numbers and formulas, calculations and theories, it may all come down to one question. Can we maneuver our tiny bodysuits?

"Sometimes I know that this mission will easily be accomplished," Tuma said to Myra one day when they were alone. "And yet, it would be foolish to ignore the fact that the leaders in the township where I will birth have great control over the people."

Myra brushed his hair back over his ears. "Well, we know your friends are committed to you and to the success of this mission. The power of our Divine family's commitment to each other is stronger than the energy of chaos and conflict." Tuma took her hand in his arms and kissed her lips. She always infused him with confidence. "Of course, all would go well."

Tuma and Myra walked down the sandy path to their favorite spot, the lake at the foot of crystalline, azure-colored mountains. He held her hand as she made her way around some large boulders to sit on a grassy spot next to the lake. She looked across the water at the abundant vegetation and glorious trees. "I love this place," she said to Tuma. "It is so beautiful and peaceful." He settled next to her, and they talked of their excitement for what lay ahead.

Then they sat quietly. Myra leaned against Tuma. "Remember that I will be with your friends as you go. And will watch over you until I come," Myra whispered.

Tuma drew her closer to him. She felt embraced by his love, every part of her felt caressed with overwhelming emotions. There was never a question as to her place by his side. That is where she belonged.

"May the time go swiftly until I can hold you again, my love," he whispered.

All the love they felt flowed between them. No part of themselves was left untouched, no part that was not transformed by this energy of love that moved, twirled and filled them. Expanded and more one than ever, knowing that they would soon part, they looked at the azure peaks and the greenery of their home.

"Myra, I promise from the depth of my soul to fulfill this mission with speed and integrity. Know that I will be there to help you awaken from Earth's density".

Myra nestled closer to Tuma and tears flowed down her cheeks. They sat quietly, holding and touching.

Myra's birth into a family within the village was planned to occur shortly after Tuma's. She approached her preparation with the same vigor she had seen in Tuma. She had her own team, her own plans. There was a timing issue to be considered, the timing that would bring them together.

One day as Myra was working in her simulated suit. Feeling the confusion and the difficulty of the activity, she was not laughing. After an unusually disconcerting maneuver, she huffed, "It occurs to me that this vehicle masks my appearance pretty well."

Giggling, her team members had to agree. The jerky movements alone hid Myra's natural grace.

"Then how will Tuma know this is me or for that matter, will I know him?" The team captain spoke up, "The Soul link forged from eons of sharing is a pretty strong bond. We can't complete this mission alone. It is only together, as a team, that we will succeed. Some will have small teams, and other will work within large groups. The game is that every family member will awaken, remember their place and assignment, and each do their part to restore Home frequency. Those contracts will bring them together."

Tuma walked into the lab during the discussion. "The reason for the individual choice is to allow immediate identification of parasitic energy

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and the ability to demand their removal quickly. That will require that we stand in our vibration, clarity, and strength. The strength you bring will give me safety and my love will fill you with confidence and grace. You add your insight and the connected spokes of the rest of our family causes the game to succeed.”

Her strength and presence would bring safety to him, and his love would nurture and empower her. Together they felt confident that they could awaken their community. Myra would develop sensitivities to the lighter energies. As Tuma felt his heart guidance, held the frequencies of unlimited possibilities of good, she would clear any hint of negativity. Eventually, Myra and Tuma would join with other Ancient Ones, and the expansion of the Restore mission would shift the volunteers away from the grip of darkness.

One day, Tuma sensed the one he knew as "mother." It came as an inner call. He had often been around during her time of carrying. She was a good woman of royal birth. He felt fortunate that he had chosen her. Now, her pains of childbirth pulled to him across the ethers. As he turned to tell Myra, he realized that she already knew.

As Tuma drifted away from her, Myra extended into the slower frequencies of Earth to be by the new young mother's side. With encouraging words, she told Tuma's mother of the love her new son would bring. She whispered of his gifts and mission. Although the young mother's ears, dulled from Earth density, could not translate the words, she sensed Myra's presence as a wave of hope, and she relaxed.

Traveling into a dark, dense space, Tuma sped away from the light. He felt himself moving through heaviness and fear. Then Tuma saw his beloved Myra holding the hand of the one he would call "mother." In the next moment, he was pulled toward his physical vehicle and flowed into its very small space. Strange energy fields seemed to supersede his own and what was once familiar became confused. He was swimming and grasping. Something felt wrong, but what was it? Clouded energy covered his mind.

The pain for him and his mother was intense. He had moved in and out of the body on many occasions during her time of carrying. Those times he had felt cradled and comforted by the constant beat of his mother-to-be's heart. But, birth was a shock to his entire being. He felt pain, fear, and confusion.

Myra sensed Tuma's panic, his bewilderment. She instantly cleared the waves. She was not unaffected. Her own fears crept in. Were they doing the wise thing? Would they be able to stay clear? As quickly as the doubts arose, she felt them soften and lift. She turned. Dana stood by her side.

"Those who have committed to guiding Tuma are friends of integrity. They will watch over him. We are stepping into the unknown, but there is much hope for the outcome," Dana comforted.

Myra turned back to the birth scene. Tuma had taken his first breath as a member of an Earth family. His mother held him. She smiled and then, weary with the hours of labor, the new mother closed her eyes and slept.

In the days after Tuma's birth, Myra watched, missing him so much. Lovingly, her heart reached out to him for the moment they would be together in their earthly adventure.

Tuma's Earth family had various reactions to his presence. His mother's mood would change with merely a look and a smile from her son. Others felt calmed as they held and rocked him. But, his father, Driva, was not happy with this new male infant. Driva, the grandson of the one whom Myra had known as Lucas, was every bit a product of his grandfather's power-hungry genetics. But, unlike his grandfather who used words to deceive, Driva simply took. His parasitic nature brought enslavement and pain to all around him. Driva felt exhilarated with power and control. It was his reason to live. The weakness of others, their groveling, and fear, enabled Driva to demand, to take and to give nothing in return.

Tuma, who was now called Behra, was Driva's first-born son. Behra would be the one to carry on the family line with its titles and lands. Driva would allow no smiles. He called such exhibitions, weakness. Driva met any plea to acknowledge the small one's presence with severe punishment, physical abuse. Driva treated his wife harshly and ignored his son. He decided that as soon as Behra stopped breastfeeding, he, Driva, would take over the child's training.

Myra watched as the traumatic energy around Tuma anchored in his bodysuit. A sense of rejection imprinted his expansive energy fields. His Spiritual friends called to him, reminded him, and encouraged him to stay strong. He often heard their calls, the excitement moving his body with the relief their calls evoked. His movements appeared as actions of a happy baby. Behra's mother softly caressed his cheeks, whispered her love and encouraged his play.

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For a time, Behra remembered the words, "Earth is a free-will planet and those not in physical bodies have no right to act if not invited." Communicating with his friends through thoughts sent over the ethers, Behra asked for their help. He tried to remember what to ask and how to listen, But his memory soon clouded, a result of the negative energy around his home and Earth. The abuse and control within the family and the disruptions in his circuitry systems numbed his resolve.

CHAPTER 5

Crippling the Sons

Driva stormed into the nursery. His velvet robes spread out behind him like the wings of an enormous bird. The click of his heavy boots shook the room. He bellowed and those in the women's quarters trembled and cowered.

Three-year-old Behra's eyes flew open in fright. He cowered behind his mother's skirt. As his mother tried to stand guard, Driva slapped her face and pushed her aside. Swooped up in his father's large, rough hands, Behra hung in mid-air. Hearing the cries of his mother begging to hold him, Behra was frozen, not daring to breathe. As quickly as throwing off a piece of clothing, Driva dropped Behra into the arms of his manservant.

“Gather his clothes, his bedding,” boomed his father. “He will be staying with the men from now on. Get him away from these soft, weak women!”

Behra watched in terror and confusion as his mother pleaded and wept. The servants scurried to gather his things and quickly tie them into bundles. Driva bellowed, commanded, and stomped. His father's actions shook the walls of Behra's heart.

The loss of his mother caused a deep wound to young Behra. Even with her love, it had taken all of Behra's strength to find ways to survive; now the constant presence of his cruel father caused more fear and pain than he could bear. It was easier to deny his Light, to do as his father wished and to forget any dream of ending the hopelessness that was everywhere around him. Behra was little, like a small puppy while his large father was like an aggressive, vicious wolf.

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It was then that Myra was born into her family. As Myra moved away from the Light and entered the birth process, she felt great restrictions. Her energy seemed to slow, and this new space felt cold and heavy. Unlike the wealth and royalty of Behra's Earth family, Myra was born into very impoverished conditions. Her family was one of the least within the village.

As quickly as sound, Myra sped from the brilliance of her home. With a firm grasp on her vibrational coding, she maneuvered as waves of darkness approached to cloud the magnetic fields surrounding her target. Moving with precision and grace, Myra came to hover in a small, sparse room. There she slipped through the form of a woman large with child and into a tiny physical body. She had moved in and out of the growing infant's body many times in preparation for her Earth walk. This time Myra stayed.

With a sense of triumph and excitement, Myra stretched herself, exploring all areas of the tiny suit as in her off-planet practice. This vehicle would give her weight and presence on this new planet. She listened to the beat of the heart, monitored the breathing mechanism and marveled at the perfection. As she settled in, Myra remembered its small quarters and smiled.

Feeling the effects of her travel, Myra shut down her thoughts to doze, lulled with a slight awareness of the whirring and humming of her mother's body. There are some things I'll have to get used to she decided as sleep overcame her.

Muffled shouts shook Myra awake. Waves of pain rippled through her space. The rhythm of the heart and the breathing apparatus changed. She felt sensations that were foreign to her. Unfamiliar sounds, harsh and loud, penetrated her enclosed space.

Myra quickly moved her mind to switch on her communication systems. Why hadn't she done that before?

Her space was being jostled, falling and moving. With this terror jerky movements and waves of pain, it was difficult to turn the switches to activate the codes, to connect to her outreach systems. Myra calmed herself and commanded the body suit to be quiet, to slow. With great effort, Myra created distance from the harshness and confusion to allow herself to locate the switches. Mentally, she pulled them as she had practiced so many times.

Nothing.

Not possible Myra thought.

She breathed, remembered and tried again.

Nothing.

Her energy slowed, stopped, started again.

Even as her carrying space quieted, Myra's fear escalated. She searched the body's circuitry. Again she reached out; nothing. She scanned the vehicle. There were missing systems, incorrect codes. What had happened? Control center, the channel for her team was weak, so weak that she could barely hear their voices. She was finding significant problems, and Myra felt unable to contact her control team. Her assurance of self, of purpose, of the mission began to fade.

Now Myra screamed. Help! Something is wrong with me! I'm not okay! I'm lost! I'm alone! I'll never make it Home.

Then came the shadows.

Tears rolled down Myra's tiny face. Her parents wondered at their beautiful sleeping daughter. Were these tears of enchantment? Probably not sadness in one so young. Perhaps she had a slight illness that was cleansing through her eyes. They rocked her small cradle and hushed any fears.

"Dana, I need some help," Myra called out. "The circuitry within this body is wrong!"

"I'll see what I can find out," Dana reassured her. "It may take a little time, but I will be back."

Myra's tears slowed. She drifted into an uneasy sleep, and from that place of inner calm, focused away from earth; she reached to Behra. She knew that her touch would jog a memory, a response that had a softening effect on him. Also, it gave her a sense of comfort. She would hold this connection while she waited to hear from Dana.

Dana followed the lines of energy beginning at the top of Myra's small body. She watched lights move through tiny threads that wove, crossed and connected. They knew that there had been some Outsider re-engineering. The planning council for the Restore mission had considered

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those changes. But as she compared what she saw in Myra's tiny body to the Divine pattern, Dana was dumbfounded.

The Ancients had hoped that birthing into the physical body, would change the energy by over-riding the crippled circuitry. But had they considered that the body systems were too disrupted or know that the Outsiders had replaced the body blueprint pattern with one of their design?

Dana reported back to Myra.

"My friend, what I have found is very shocking. Now, remember this is my first scan, and I am going back Home to go over these figures and configurations with the experts there. We may have to do some troubleshooting as the mission progresses, but we can do that if you keep calling to us for help."

Myra's tears and sobs had returned. Her mother lifted her from the cradle to calm and nurse her precious daughter. Myra would not be comforted and cried without relief. Finally, tired and weak, she could no longer stay awake. Her cries slowly subsided as her mother rocked and sang. Assured that Myra would be okay while the Council decided what needed to be done; Dana kissed the top of the small baby head and moved away.

Dana had not wanted to alarm Myra. There was nothing that her friend could do at this point. Dana and the Council needed this additional information. Myra found that wiring for spiritual communications was overlaid with disruptive devices; the emotional flow was re-routed through the mental center. The power center at the Solar Plexus was disconnected and in its present state would never function as intended. The evolutionary circuitry, the steps that had been so carefully coded into the DNA, had been disconnected by the Outsiders. The change would make it virtually impossible to move from survival on this new planet into the abilities needed to connect to the Soul vision. The path to take one's place in the greater mission and then gracefully access their higher Spiritual powers had been crippled. She was silent, contemplating the information.

As Dana realized the gravity of the situation, tears welled up in her eyes and her heart constricted with the pain.

"Do you know what this means?" Dana spoke to no one, panicked at what she had seen. "Myra is stuck in a crippled body with no way to

accomplish her mission. If Jerra has a body similar in any way, he can never accomplish his. What about Tuma and the others? How widespread is this crippling?"

Dana knew that answers to these questions were critical. She also realized that Myra's systems would become mired if she were to panic. Dana shifted her focus to Behra and Jerra. To her dismay, she found their circuitry as damaged as was Myra's. The damage clouded Behra's consciousness. Also, he now struggled with the effect of the density of domination within his home. Myra had been awake enough to ask for help while Behra was slipping into forgetfulness.

Returning to her home, Dana asked to speak to before the Galactic Council. She stood before this august group to report on Myra's request and of her findings. Her words carried her sense of urgency. The members listened and asked questions that revealed concern. But, there was not the shock that Dana had anticipated. She wondered if they realized the gravity of the problems.

After careful listening, Sela, the President of the Council, leaned forward across the Council table. Her words were a response to Dana's unasked question.

"Yes, dear one, as you know we were aware of problems in the circuitry. We had hoped that the Light bodies would override the crippling.

"Ever since the Original mission force was discovered, the planning Council have been brainstorming various possibilities. The Consortium outreach you were on prepared to walk in Light bodies among the Ancients to awaken and inspire. Although the density and control over the Earth volunteers had overwhelmed their remembrance, we did not give up. The next possibility was that Divine Family member directly birthing into physical bodies and Earth families, the Restore Mission, would awaken the Ancient Ones. Since that is not happening, there is another plan. This plan requires a smaller group. It will involve volunteers who will birth as planned, but with additional assignments."

Dana listened intently.

Jeon, another Galactic Council member, stood, walked around the table and continued.

"They all carry a deep sense of love and unity, the natural state of our Galactic family. This subliminal sense may cause them to feel alone,

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outsiders, strangers in a strange land. At a given time, a code within each of these Galactic family members will trigger and awaken them to their true identity. Their awareness of something wrong and missing piece in Earth cultures will be a spark that ignites their quest.

"Pain may be the motivation. Seeing themselves and others trapped in ways they do not understand, they will search for answers. Their quest will be to find causes of humanity's unrelenting limits and pain, not just to understand it but to remove it. With each request, we can help inform, release and transform the density. Eventually, it will be recognized that domination and exploitation exist throughout humanity and is foreign to humanity's true nature. Realizing the dire conditions of the Earth families, this group will come to an awareness that more is needed. Voices of those on this mission will demand answers. With this shift into a demand to know more, Spiritual teams can step in as had been planned. Through the commitment and efforts of this motivated group, the distorted energy imprints, created from lifetimes among the Earth families, will be lifted.

"The goal of this group is not to convince others, but to remember their divinity, to hold fast to their inner knowing and to ask to be returned to Divine vibrations. They on Earth and we teams in Spirit will work together to identify all that was seeded and hidden. The imprints of the Outsiders agenda cause domination, violence, entrapment and prevent humanity's evolution. This group will understand that anything that results in chaos and distorted energy is "Outsider imprint." When it is named, we can bring together all that has been created to transform or eliminate these disruptive forces. This group will be shown what has been hidden, awaken to Soul assignment, restore the authority of voice and anchor new energy vortexes to the planet. Their awareness will draw them together in conscious groups around the world. At their request, the original wiring of the energy of the bodysuit will be done. They will integrate with their Soul identity, and be empowered to stand in their full glory. Waking their wholeness will cause falseness to begin to drop from other Ancient Ones.

"During this time, this group will lead the way as the Original Earth Mission force awakens. Remembering their right to make choices for this planet, the Ancient Ones can then declare, "This is our home! Outsider's domination and fear-based experiences are NOT Acceptable here! There can no longer be abuse, neglect or mistreatment. Earth is a sphere where all experience peace, abundance, and joy now! All lack, hate, war, and

deception is revealed for what it is, Parasitic imprints of falseness and domination. We command that it be banished from this galaxy! We demand a return to Earth's original plan and glory. "

As Dana heard the proposal, she grasped at the magnitude of the endeavor.

"And are the volunteers for this portion of the task known?" she asked.

"Yes, and the number of volunteers are significant. Those who first awaken, transform and anchor the vortexes will be few, but those who follow and step into wholeness will be many. It will be as if Earth Mission Natives suddenly wake up and recognize their true nature. They will effortlessly create peace, beauty, trust, and abundance. Earth will lighten and exist as the sphere she was intended to be. It is a monumental undertaking. We need not tell you how critical it is for the Earth and the Galaxy."

Jeon paused and looked back at the other Council members.

Now, Sela leaned forward. "Dana, we are asking you to lead the mission."

Dana reeled. She searched the faces of those around her. What were they asking?

Sela stood and walked toward Dana. She moved effortlessly. Taking Dana's hands into her own, she looked deeply into Dana's eyes.

"We need you there."

Dana's mind raced. How much time did she have to consider? Could she do this? Then she stopped. She was thinking by Earth's rules. Here, in her Galactic home, an assignment was given, and she would accept.

How she longed for Jerra. She called to him through the ethers and on the Earth; a small boy suddenly looked up from his studies. What a strange feeling, he thought.

And then, he went back to his assigned task puzzled at the buzzing energy he felt through his body. "I'm hungry," he concluded, trying to explain what he felt that could not be seen.

The Encounter

50,000 years ago -Cro-Magnon

*E*ve kicked the loose sand with her feet as she walked with Adam. The nagging feelings were still with her and marred the peace she usually felt in their garden. Eve slowed her pace, thinking of what her ancient teacher had introduced. She had reminded Eve that in this world there were societies of Outsiders who constricted the vibrancy of life. Deep in thought, Adam moved a little ahead of her. He was rounding the bend when Eve looked up. She hurried to catch up with him.

And then she felt it, a whishhhh, and a sharp twist in her belly, her Solar Plexus center. Eve held the energy spot as she stopped and leaned over to catch her breath. She felt light-headed, a bit dizzy. She stood. And as Eve stood, her eyes locked onto the eyes of a stranger. Who was this one in their garden? Eve stood, eyes open, senses alert.

Adam looked at her, sensing her hesitancy without understanding it. He reached out for her hand and together they walked forward to the place where the stranger stood, smiling.

CHAPTER 6

Current Day

With each lifetime on the Earth, the mission volunteers found themselves in reoccurring situations. Sexual rape by a parent in one life took the form of abuse by a spouse in another. Anger and rage at a mother's unfulfilled promise of protection became an unreasonable distrust of women in the next. Death from rocks hurled by an angry mob became dull back pains in another lifetime.

And so the mission force who came to give their gifts experienced the power of Outsider enslavement and the debilitating effect of control and fear. In each lifetime, domination and chaos appeared unbidden and sabotaged their life. Earth's density dimmed their consciousness. Their Divine gifts were like dreams, silly possibilities and cynicism replaced hope.

With their fractured memory of home, Earth life was empty. They buried parts of themselves to survive. And so there were questions, "Who am I?" "Why am I here?" "Can't others see the craziness of this place?" "What is my mission?" "Will I recognize the call?" "When can I go Home?"

Their Spiritual friends continued to speak to them, but the curtain of darkness became dense, the frequency that carried the Spiritual guidance was distorted, and the words of Mission were lost.

The volunteers felt isolated and abandoned. They were confused at the insanity they saw on the planet. At various times, they tried to step out of the density and the pain, but the distorted wiring, false body patterns kept them stuck.

Tuma/Rory

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Rory felt shaken. He was troubled by the events of the afternoon. His years as a counselor had been moderately satisfying, not fulfilling in the way he had hoped. Too many clients slipped deeper into despair, the casualties of society. It seemed to be getting worse. How could he help them and stop the escalation?

This sense of despair was not a new feeling. What was disconcerting were the visions. At first night dreams that he had accepted and ignored. Lately, they had begun to filter in during his days. Delusions are what his colleagues would call them. Rory had assured himself that it was just stress, and he would be more consistent with his self-care. But, this afternoon, the woman he had checked into the Center had unnerved him. Somehow her eyes and his dreams were connected. He didn't even understand that idea. Now he was concerned. The images were no longer only night visions.

Myra/Gerri

Gerri wept, holding her dog close. What was the matter with people? Her parents said she was too sensitive. "No need to be all upset at others' pain. Life is not always smooth or even just. There are more important things to worry about, like school assignments and plans for the future," they said.

But, Gerri's heart cried out. Why the pain? Why the clichés, the divisions? She saw hurt everywhere and asked, "Why?"

People were so isolated and hostile. Their pessimism made the world ugly.

"Why?" echoed throughout her being.

Jerra/Bob

Bob slipped his backpack to the ground and stretched. He threw his arms out and sucked in the mountain air, the scent of trees, water, and wildflowers.

Being in nature made life worthwhile! He lived for the weekends to get away from the busy rush and isolated living of the city. He loved the peace and beauty of his mountains.

How long had it been since his last visit – two months?

No, three! Much too long.

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Dana/Pam

Pam leaned on the pole for support. Her head throbbed.

"To hell with life!" she thought. "I'm through! From now on I fight like everyone else. Whatever I need to do to survive, I'll do. There's no one but me to take care of me!"

She thought her father would never stop! And where was her Mom? Just where she had always been working in the kitchen as if nothing was wrong! Her anger at the man she had known as "father" was surpassed only by the rage she felt at her mother.

She'd never go back, no matter what she had to do!

CHAPTER 7

Undercurrents

Lost in thought, Rory walked from the parking lot. He turned the corner and headed toward his apartment complex.

Slipping the key into the apartment's door lock, he paused.

"Get a grip on yourself. You encounter situations like this every working day. Why has this one thrown you such a curve?"

He thought for a moment and then breathed a sigh of relief. Of course. It was Friday. The week had been hectic, new clients, court cases. He just needed a break to recoup.

Smiling, he turned the key. The apartment door opened to his cozy home. Rory bent, picked up the evening paper from the mat, stepped inside and closed the door. He dropped the paper and keys on the hall table as if shedding the outside world.

Heading into his bedroom, Rory kicked off his shoes and flopped onto the bed. He had no time constraints for the entire weekend. His tired muscles relaxed, and his mind drifted. Soon he was breathing deeply and slowly.

From far away, Rory heard a sound, a phone ringing. Not far away. The ring again. His phone. It jarred him back to the bedroom, and he quickly reached to answer.

"Dr. James?" came the voice over the line.

"Yes." Rory's voice was groggily, and he coughed to clear his throat. "Hello." He spoke again trying to sound alert and professional.

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It was his assistant at the Center.

"I'm sorry to bother you, Dr. James. It's the woman we admitted this afternoon. She's insisting she must leave. We have orders to notify you of any changes."

The Center was his project. He had established it to assist women in trouble, a place for the emotionally wounded. It provided time, space and support as they turned their lives around. It had been his brainchild, and because of the Center, many had been helped during the last three years. It was not unusual that with the Center's needs, Rory's work extended beyond the hours in his downtown counseling office.

"I'll be right down. Give me five minutes," Rory said.

He placed the phone back in its cradle and scooted his feet around in search of his shoes. Dr. Rory James grabbed his car keys and rushed out of the door.

Five minutes later, he pulled into his parking space at the Center. He walked briskly down the sanitized corridors to room 20 A. This young woman had been brought in by a friend of his on the police force. She had been living on the streets, had broken no laws, but indicated that she wanted help. Wanting help was enough to get space at the Center if it was available.

Rory's entire career was about assisting those who needed support. And yet, for a reason he did not understand, the woman in 20A had sparked something very different. He knocked gently on the door before he turned the knob and entered.

The young woman he knew only as "Pam" huddled at the head of her bed. Her arms wrapped around her knees, she was softly crying and rocking. Her pain filled the small room. Rory's heart went out to her.

"Pam," he spoke her name softly.

She seemed not to hear him.

He had found it very beneficial to just be with his clients, let their actions be as long as there was no possible harm. He pulled up a chair. "I am here," Rory said and then just sat and witnessed her slow rocking.

Pam's eyes stared ahead as if seeing through windows to a scene he could not reach. He sat quietly, observing. Now was not the time to try to

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change or fix what she was experiencing. It was not the time to ask her to put words to her feelings.

More time passed. Rory sat and noted his recognition of similar pain from other clients: the sadness, the helplessness, and the sense of no hope so many had felt. Then, the emotions were his own; for friends lost, for patients untouched, for society's limits. These he moved through as a professional. Being present for his patient.

Slowly, Pam's rocking ended and her crying stopped.

Her eyes focused on Rory as if seeing him for the first time. He looked back into eyes that had haunted him from his earlier encounter, Azure eyes, with depth and wisdom and deep sadness. A sense of loss lay within the blue, and again he felt pain for all those he had not been able to reach. A bubble rose up from deep within his heart and gave way to a sigh he could not suppress.

At his releasing breath, she turned her eyes to the window, laid her head upon her knees and wept. Slowly, composed, he reached out and placed his hand gently on her head.

"I would suggest that you not go. We have the safety that you need. The Center is your place to be for now," Rory assured.

His heart swelled with some unknown love and familiarity. Words tumbled from his mouth, "We need you here."

"I know," she whispered and lay down on the bed and slept.

Although Pam was calm enough to sleep, Rory's concern for her and so many like her continued. Situations such as this are what had moved him to open the Center. Situations such as this were what made him see the value and limits of his work. Situations such as this is why he was restless with his career and why he wanted to know more.

Far away, in a more serene setting, Bob was gathering firewood as he walked the trails; it was an excellent way to keep dead branches cleaned up. Back in his camp, he placed the smaller branches over a nest of kindling; he felt such satisfaction when the campfire lit with just one match, a carryover from his scouting days, no doubt.

The fire caught and lapped up the teepee of twigs. Bob added larger sticks to the glowing fire. He watched the flames twist and turn, change shape, reach out for more fuel, and finally settle into a steady source of heat. The

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gyrating fire mesmerized him. It was part of the intrigue and healing of these weekends.

Then the beautiful azure eyes came back to haunt him. They danced as the smoke curled. They laughed as the embers burned. The eyes became heavy and sad and slowly disappeared into the dusk of night.

This waking vision shook Bob. It was as if the cry of the woman he had loved at some point in his Earth lives sounded from across the world to him. He heard and was unable to run to her side. Not a religious man, Bob was a very spiritual being. He called out to all he knew that was good, the trees, the birds, the stream and the moon hanging low in the sky, "Take care of my love wherever she is tonight. Keep her safe. Whisper my love to the depth of her Soul."

He stared into the fire as tears fell from his eyes. Loneliness, from some deep inner place, spread throughout his chest. Bob sat next to the fire and sobbed. What did it mean? Where would he find her? Was it even possible?

Sitting with his questions, embraced by the beauty of the Mother, Bob spoke words that emerged unbidden.

"For eons as High Priest, I have held the vision for the Earth as well as for the original Ancient Ones in their mission. My heart calls out into the silence of this great planet. I call for all to search their hearts. "Are you a part of this mission?"

"I need others to hold these visions with me. I long for them to come forward. I call for the circles that can stand together in strength and clarity. Our planet and its inhabitants are crying for healthy caregivers. She needs those who hear her cries to powerfully say, "No" to the invaders who deceit, control and use tyrannical power.

"Not only is the Earth being damaged, but our societies are in great danger. From individuals to schools systems, from businesses to governments, the effects of destructive attitudes and behaviors are everywhere.

"The current moment is the place to stand with the enormous power of personal voice. From this point in time and space, we can bring all dimensions to wholeness, transformed powerfully. We have the right to demand a return to free agency, uniqueness, love, and peace. I declare our Divine sovereignty!

"Please open your heart and join me!"

CHAPTER 8

We Need You There

Pam's dreams had taken her back to where it had begun. Pain pounded in her head with the memories of father's beatings, the rape, and the powerlessness. She had blocked those days to survive. Pam closed her eyes, and last night the foggy memories forced their way out. The doctor sat, heard her cries, accepted her pain and had stayed. Was there finally someone who could sit, listen and possibly understand? The thought that there might be safety was almost more than she could bear. He had come, he had witnessed, and he had stayed. Tears welled up and spilled down her face with the enormity of the experience. Pam closed her eyes and drifted.

It was dusk when she finally awoke. For a few moments, she lay very still, orienting herself to the room. A soft knock. She looked up as a woman in her mid-fifties looked in through the partially opened door.

"Hello, you have been sleeping for quite a while. How are you feeling?"

Pam cleared her throat.

"Actually, I am a little hungry."

"Well, that can be remedied. There was homemade vegetable soup for dinner, and the cook makes wonderful rolls. Would you like milk or coffee?"

Pam closed her eyes. How long had it been since she had tasted fresh soup with homemade rolls?

"Milk would be wonderful, thank you."

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The door closed. Pam slowly sat up and looked around the room. Her bundle was where she had left it. Her coat hung in clear view in the small closet.

She swung her feet off the bed and eased up to make her way to the bathroom. At the sight of the mirror, she quickly turned away. Pam avoided mirrors. They reflected what she did not want to acknowledge.

She felt dizzy. Pam sat to relieve her body and held her head until the swirling stopped. Then she stood to wash her face and run her fingers through her short brown hair. She almost laughed. Her vision of long auburn curls flashed through her mind. She paused for a moment before opening the door to move back to her bed.

There was a knock on the door as the same woman opened it carefully. Balancing a tray of food that made Pam's mouth water, she said, "Here you go."

"By the way, my name is Mary Ann." Pam smiled at the slight Southern lilt, and she shifted so the tray could fit over her lap. "If you need anything, just push the button on your bed. Dr. James will be in after you've eaten." Then straightening up, Mary Ann asked, "Is there anything else I can get you?"

Pam shook her head, "No, and thank you."

Mary Ann closed the door softly. Pam's hands shook as she broke a piece from the roll, dipped it in the hot soup. Putting it in her mouth, Pam savored every part of the small bit of bread.

"Oh, please let this be the time," she whispered and slowly ate the delicious food, a symbol of a new start.

Finished, Pam lay back on the pillow. She stared past the tray, past the wall, into scenes beyond this room. The words came back. Words she had often heard during the very hardest times. "We need you there."

When the anguish and hurt had been more than she thought she could bear, she had sobbed and asked why. "Why was she in this family, in this life?"

And there was a quiet voice, "We need you there."

She had stayed when she would rather have given up.

And what had the doctor said, or was that just another dream?

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Pam cleared her mind and brought back the memory. "No, it wasn't a dream."

He had reached out to touch her hair and then he had said, "This is your place. We need you here."

Tears welled up in her eyes. What did it all mean? Could her life be put back together? Would she be able to do it all?

She slid down carefully under the bed tray, lay facing the wall, and closed her eyes again.

Pam was slightly aware that the dinner tray was being removed, but she was at some faraway place, walking in woods. Not alone, but who was with her? She felt safe, happy and she didn't want to come back.

Pam went further into the dream.

CHAPTER 9

The Past Made Real

From the beginning, Gerri had felt like a foreigner. Not much in this world made sense. She knew that her parents were concerned. She spent too much time alone. She avoided people. Hard to make friends that way.

She wouldn't go to church either. She told her parents that she could not believe in the God their minister described. A benevolent being would not judge and punish. When she was about five-years-old, she had shared some of her ideas with them, the colors around everything, friends that no one else could see, music that filled the air. They had been shocked and told her never to speak of such things. And so she had held all that was so real and valuable to her inside. Why would anyone prefer this life of fear and blame to the one that was so real to her – one of joy and acceptance?

In her world, differences were acknowledged and celebrated. No one would hurt another. One's thoughts and emotions either added to or diminished every other being. Everyone was responsible for monitoring their mind and feelings to bring benefit. Encouragement lifted everyone. No, she would not accept life as crazy as the one she saw around her where blame, divisiveness, and all forms of 'isms' existed. If it meant being alone in this strange, hostile place, so be it. Although her school grades were excellent and college seemed to pose no problem, at times, Gerri felt depressed.

Gerri sat on the grass of the University quad. Her fellow students moved around campus. Some were in groups, others alone. Couples held hands

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as they walked or chatted under trees and by their cars. Couples sharing and laughing touched someplace inside. Today she felt empty. Would there ever be someone with whom she could feel safe? Would there be someone who didn't demand that she change, who could listen to her dreams and ideas without judgment or ridicule? If not, she would be alone, and the hope of partner would remain safely tucked away.

No one would guess at the pain she sensed radiating from the campus. She felt it, had always felt it. It was a burden and blessings. It kept her on guard, protective and yet separate. Feeling like such an alien made for a lonely life.

Gerri had avoided people for so long that she wondered if she would ever be able to make friends. Sometimes she missed that part of life, and at other times she was glad she didn't have to worry about all the pitfalls. But today, for a reason she did not understand, a great sadness engulfed Gerri. She gathered her books and headed for the parking lot.

A small group of young men was ahead, walking on the sidewalk toward her. They were laughing and jostling each other. She tucked her head down and quickened her pace. As she approached, they whistled and one voice called out to, "Nice tits!" Perhaps encouraged by the raucous response from his buddies, another voice called out, "Hey sexy, want to come home with us?"

She made her way around the group feeling like her clothes were being pulled away, her body exposed. Gerri pulled herself so deep into her core that her heart and lungs constricted. These intense feelings were the burden of her sensitivity beyond hearing the words. As she rushed around them, she caught the jeering eyes of one young man. His eyes only confirmed her judgments.

Fuming, Gerri flung her books onto the back seat of her car. What a harsh world. She climbed behind the wheel and slammed the car door. She laid her head against the steering wheel and gripped it until her fingers turned white.

"I'll never, never, never be a part of this sick society!" she spoke through clenched teeth. She was surprised at her rage and alarmed at the undercurrents of fear that she felt.

Starting the car, Gerri drove quickly and soon pulled into the driveway of her home. She opened the car door and pushed up the seat to retrieve her

books. A sense of invasion and derision stayed with her. The tall blond was the leader. She could tell by the look in his eyes. His glance wasn't in any way innocent or playful. His menacing eyes stirred something inside her. Gerri wanted nothing to do with him.

She turned and ran up the stairs to the front door. She stopped to check the mailbox on the porch before opening the door and going inside. Gerri hadn't noticed the small foreign car following her from school. Its driver traveled a safe distance behind. He parked and watched as she pulled into the driveway and opened the door. The tall, blond man smiled to himself as he made a note of her address and drove away.

Gerri had no idea that eyes watched her. They watched during the day: while she played with her dog, walked to the neighborhood store; lounged in the backyard; noted when no one else was at home; and her late hours studying at the school library. He watched, and he waited. The young man wondered at this obsession with this strange woman. He had been with others. He found great pleasure in the conquest and their subservience. He moved from one to another, taking pride in the trail of hurt and anguish he left behind. Life was a game – a game of the powerful and the powerless.

He was determined to be powerful and take all that he could. When the time was right, he would make his move, and she too would be his. He smirked, excited at the thought.

Weeks later, Gerri was studying late. The library was more crowded than usual. "Must be last minute cramming for mid-terms," she thought. She looked up at the clock. Only fifteen minutes before the library closed at 10 p. m. There was one more book she wanted to check for information; there was no time to read through it here.

"I'll just find the book and check it out," Gerri reasoned.

She rose quickly and moved to the book aisles. Scanning the top shelves for the title she wanted, Gerri missed the movement of someone behind her.

"Hi, gorgeous!"

Gerri whirled, narrowly missing his chest with her pen. She looked up into the eyes of blond from the whistling incident weeks before. Her jaw set, and she turned back to the shelves of books.

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"Thought you might like someone to walk you to your car. It gets rather dark this time of night."

His crooked smile had deceived many, but not Gerri. Her whole body sensed danger. Her eyes shot him her answer, and she turned to walk away. He put out his arm to stop her, but it was too late. He stood feeling angry and embarrassed as he watched her gather her books and leave the library.

Her refusal was not what he had expected, not what he would accept. Something deep within took over. He moved swiftly and quietly out the door. He knew her driving path. He knew the shortcut she always took through the small alley.

Driven by some compulsive determination, he climbed into his small car and sped ahead with his blood pounding. This woman was his, and he would have her.

As Gerri slowed her car to turn into the alley, the driver's side door was yanked open, and a hand reached for the keys to her car.

Later, looking back she thought, "I should have screamed; should have fought. What's wrong with me?" But it all happened so quickly, so unexpectedly.

Pulled from the car and held from behind, Gerri felt a dirty cloth forced into her mouth and she was pushed to the ground. The rough gravel of the road tore at her skin, and her blouse ripped open. Gerri struggled against the strong hands that fondled her breast and forced her jeans down.

The pain of the rape, the threat, the fear and the shame pierced a curtain over a long-ago memory. Her emotions rose and ripped open a chamber she had sealed off lifetimes ago. Light-exposed the picture and pain echoed throughout her body. Faces flashed on the ceiling of her mind, and when the terror and cries stopped, she felt as silent and cold as an ice cave. Gerri went inside that cave, burying herself where no one could reach her.

The blond man had collapsed on her, entirely spent. He hurriedly raised his body, zipped his jeans and buckled his belt.

The woman had her face turned away, eyes closed. In the light of the moon, he could see the blood where her cheek had hit a rock. For a

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moment he was confused, as if coming out of a bad dream, but he pushed that aside.

"You tell anyone, and I'll kill you," he snarled, as he moved to his car, hidden in the alley. "She asked for it. The bitch! Just like all women. They have to be taught their place," he mumbled as he walked away. He turned the keys to his sports car and sped toward his home.

In his cozy apartment, Rory had just finished reviewing some ideas he had to discuss with the Board of Trustees of the Center. It was 10:25 pm, very little evening left. He got up from his desk gathering the papers he would need for tomorrow's meeting.

Suddenly, he felt like he had been kicked in the stomach. He doubled over and his vision blurred. Bile rose in his throat, and he swallowed hard. A moan came from a place beyond this physical body. And pictures came. Visions? Dreams? He could not say. His head swirled, and the bile came again, and he reached to sit in his chair. A woman. Some long-ago time. Just like before but this time he was holding her. Rocking her. He felt her limp, unresponsive body. Cries broke loose from the depth of his Soul. It radiated throughout his body. And then all he saw was blackness.

Staggering to his bedroom, he sat down on the bed. Holding his head, closing his eyes he tried to comprehend what was happening. He had seen her face before. It was always the same face. But he had never before felt the pain. He saw himself hold her body close to his. An overwhelming sense of loss welled up leaving a gaping wound, an aching emptiness. This was no delusion.

CHAPTER 10

I'll Be There for You

Rory had not slept much. For hours, shaken and helpless, he had lain awake with the vision clear in his mind. He realized that this pain had been with him for a long time. Buried. After tossing, unable to push away his sense of loss, he had gotten up. As he straightened the scattered papers and placed them in his briefcase, he knew that this pain had driven him into a career of helping and counseling. Toward morning he must have dozed off because the phone woke him.

He reached over. His digital clock read six a. m.

"Hello," he cleared his throat and waited.

"Hello, Rory?" His police friend's voice sounded tired. "Sorry to call you at home, but there was rape last night, and I wondered if you might see the young woman. She's twenty-three, extremely traumatized and not speaking. Her parents are very concerned."

"Why, sure, Tom. It happened last night you said?"

"Yeah, a college student on her way home from a late night at the campus library. Don't usually get involved, but I thought of you right away," Tom responded.

"It's the soft heart that beats beneath the blues, my friend," Rory joked. Then he became the professional. "Have her parents call my office. I'll tell Nora to schedule me some time." Rory liked Tom. He was a good man and had suggested the Center to others.

"You may have to make a hospital call. The young woman is still there," Tom said.

"I'll do it."

"Thanks, Rory. Sometimes we win. This is one that I hope we can turn around." And the soft-hearted police officer with the strength to walk in extremely rough places hung up.

Nora had made arrangements for Rory to visit with the young woman's parents before he went to meet her. They were distraught, blamed themselves, and didn't know what to do. They were appreciative of his expertise and welcomed his offer to visit with their daughter.

As he entered her hospital room, the young woman had turned her face toward the wall. Rory sat by her bed. She was quiet, her eyes closed and her body lifeless.

Rory gently spoke.

"Gerri. I'm Dr. James."

There was no response.

"I am a friend of Sergeant Palmer, the officer who helped you last night. I have talked with your parents and would like to help you in any way I can. I do not know your pain.

How can I? But I am so sorry for what happened to you. I am here for whatever you want or need from me."

Gerri heard his words. Her mind tightened. I will not relive last night, she thought. I will not tell anyone about those eyes and the ripping pain. Never trust this world.

His words went unanswered. There was something about her that was very familiar to him, and his heart went out to her. He sat quietly in his world as she was quiet in hers. He felt the remnants of last night's pain in his gut. He breathed into the tight muscle and sat for over an hour. Finally, he rose. He touched Gerri's small hand. "I will be back. You are not alone, I promise. I will be here to help you walk through this experience."

Gerri held back tears as he walked out of the room she heard, "Myra, I promise from the depth of my soul to be there to help you through Earth's density."

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An old memory, a wish?

“Myra," Gerri stopped. Myra? Where had that name come from? Familiar but why?

Again, the name, "Myra, I promise from the depth of my soul to be there to help you through Earth's density”.

Where did it come from? Gerri didn't remember, and yet it calmed her heart.

CHAPTER 11

The Message in the Pain

Could she do this?

Pam showered and changed into clean clothes. She was beginning to feel safe in this place they called the Center. Was that smart?

A soft knock at the door and Dr. James come in.

"Hi," he said. "How about going to my office for our talk? Is that okay with you?"

She smiled and nodded. They walked down the hall together, and she thanked him for being there.

"It has been so long since I have let anyone see me cry," she began.

"I appreciate your willingness to let me be there and to risk sharing your emotions," Rory responded.

He opened his office door and stood aside as she went in.

"This chair is the best in the room," he laughed and signaled for her. She sat down, and he sat close by on a smaller sofa.

He asked about her needs. Did she want to contact any family members? What professional help had she received? Did she know what she wanted next?

She looked thoughtfully into his eyes.

Rory felt a strange mixture of sorrow and gladness. It was like meeting a long ago friend; seeing that the years had not been kind. He knew she had

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experienced pain. With difficulty, his professional mind moved that personal feeling aside. He wanted distance and clarity for this woman.

For Pam, it was as if she weighed him, sensing something that eyes did not see. Then, making a decision, she took a deep breath, closed her eyes and began.

"Dr. James, my life has been anything but easy. I have often said it had been unjustly cruel. There were times when I cursed and raged at God for giving me breath. But, there has been much that I have learned. I have seen visions that encouraged me not to die. I understood reasons for my situations, at least partially.

"I have shared with no one even a portion of what I have experienced. And yet, something tells me that you will listen, you are to know, and in the telling, I will continue my healing. My question to you is, 'Are you willing to listen?'

Rory heard her question and with no hesitation answered. "Yes, I am willing."

Pam leaned back, searching her thoughts. Where to start? She had never tried to put her experiences into words or even into a sequence. What would come first?

With her eyes closed, Pam began.

"Ten years ago I was a senior in high school. I loved school. I had a lot of friends. It was my place of safety away from a frightening life at home. No one knew that my stepfather was not the gentle, kind man that he presented to the community.

"Three months of school remained before I was to graduate. I planned to work at my part-time job during the summer and start college the following Fall.

"I had been accepted at the perfect school for me. It was out-of-state, away from my home with courses that excited me."

Pam shifted in her chair.

"It was after school on a Friday evening; I had a lot of homework and was scheduled to work full shifts over the weekend. Mom, Dad and I had eaten dinner. I cleared the table and helped Mom with the dishes. She was very quiet. Her silence was always a sign that Dad was in one of his

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moods. Mom had been with him since I was two, and had learned to stay out of his way when he was 'on edge' as she called it."

Pam's voice drifted with the memory. Then catching herself, she came back to her story.

"The man I called Dad was my stepfather. My genetic father had left before I was born. My stepfather owned the local lumber yard. Everyone saw him as a pillar of the community: everyone's friend, someone they respected. But that was not what we saw at home. He had a cruel side. At home, he would explode at the slightest upset. It might be something a customer had done in the yard; orders that were difficult to fill; overtime to meet deadlines. Anything we did or didn't say could set him off.

"He would beat my mother where no one could see the bruises. She was afraid of him, made excuses, blamed herself and pretended to the world that everything was great.

"He started hitting me when I was little. He told my mother that God made the man responsible for his family and that he would sure as hell make me know right from wrong.

"And so, regularly, for twelve years, I watched as he beat my Mom. I learned to cower and hide from him. But I still got my share of 'training.'"

"When I turned fourteen, he became more verbally and physically abusive to me. As I matured, he made cruel remarks about my body, degraded my school achievements, and the abuse increased."

"My senior year was especially hard. I got a part-time job. That helped. It kept me away from home. Staying on top of my studies as well as my work schedule while my stepdad's abuse escalated took all the energy and focus I had."

"That Friday," Pam stopped, searched her thoughts and then, breathing deeply, went on.

"That Friday, he ranted through the house quite a bit. I had lots of much homework and thought I could stay out of his way as usual. After dinner and the dishes, I had folded the dishtowel and gone to my room to study when I heard him stomping down the hall. I walked over and closed my door.

"The next thing I knew, he had crashed through my door, stormed with his face blazing. He pulled me away from my desk by my arms. He threw

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me on the bed and shouted about being disrespectful and slamming the door in his face. He yelled, "You'll never do that to me again!" He began to hit me. I rolled and twisted to move out from under him and get away from the blows."

"My stepdad was angry. That was not unusual; what happened next shocked me. I don't know exactly how it happened. He held my hands together. As I twisted, trying to get him off, he began yanking down my jeans. He snarled that he would teach me who was in charge and give me what..."

Pam choked on the knot in her throat.

"...what I had been asking for," she continued hoarsely.

She cleared her throat and murmured, "And then he raped me. I screamed and fought, but it did no good."

Pam sat with her eyes closed.

There was a long silence. Dr. James sat quietly.

"My life ended that night," she whispered.

Rory reached over and touched her hand.

"After he left my room, I lay on my bed. I wanted to die. I clenched my fists and screamed at God. I had tried so hard and fought so long, for what?

"After they were asleep, I packed a few clothes, took what money I had saved and left. I couldn't go to friends. My father was very respectful in our town. I had no one. Who would believe me? I knew I would never go back home. I hated him; I hated God, and I was angry at my mother."

Pam leaned forward and cried softly with the memory. It was no longer an ache for what had been; it was the pain and sorrow for what she had never had, a safe and loving family.

"I screamed that I would never be taken advantage of again. From then on, I decided what I would do and what I would not do to survive. I may even have been a fugitive. I didn't know if my parents were looking for me if the police would be after me, and so I left our town. Over the next year, I found my way to other cities. I met people within the homeless communities. I heard their stories and observed their lives. I questioned my life and many times I wanted to die.

"You know the life of the streets." It was more a statement than a question.

Rory nodded.

Pam waited. Then, she spoke again.

"My life made no sense. It was survival, existence, and for what? Others around me were the same. It seemed as if the weight of the poor, the sick, and the unhappy was increasing so rapidly that the world would soon fall into a bottomless pit, everything black, ugly, and dead."

"About two years ago I felt that I was at the end. I absolutely didn't trust God; didn't trust people. But I had learned to trust a part of myself I called 'Shadow'. It was a voice began hearing in my mind. Shadow had told me whom to watch out for, where to go next, and how to find food. This voice, it felt like a "he," had reassured me when I felt alone. At first, I thought it was just my mind playing with my own ideas, but somehow, the voice I called Shadow felt different. I couldn't figure how I would have the insights that came, and stronger than me."

"I didn't always listen. I found that when I didn't, I was sorry, I got into trouble or missed something."

Pam sighed.

"Are you getting tired?" Rory asked.

"Yes, a little."

Breathing deeply, Pam realized that she was more than a little tired.

"Actually, I am very sleepy. I wonder if we could talk again tomorrow. I appreciate your willingness to listen. Just being able to put these past years into words has been so helpful to me. Thank you for that. I think I would like to lie down now and we can talk more another day."

"You have covered a lot of ground tonight and, yes, tomorrow would be a good time for me. What about we check in right after dinner?" Rory suggested.

Pam nodded as she rose and smiled as Dr. James stood and opened the door for her.

"If you need anything tonight," Rory said, "ring the buzzer by your bed."

She nodded as she turned and walked down the hall.

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He sat for a few minutes contemplating the day. First, Gerri, the young woman at the hospital and now Pam. Two young women in pain because of the actions of extremely aggressive, abusive men. Where would these two women's experiences take him?

CHAPTER 12

Out of the Shadows

The next morning Rory left home early so that he could stop by the hospital before he started his office appointments. He had called and checked on Gerri last night. The nurses said that she was still not responding. Her doctor had hoped to release her to go home today but wanted some counseling support available to her.

Rory pushed through the hospital's front double front doors and strode down the hall to the elevator. As he rode to the third floor, he thought about this young woman. What was there about her that felt so familiar? Technically, she was not his patient, but he knew that he would be there for her. The elevator doors opened.

As he turned to walk down the hall, a voice inside his head screamed, "Get to her room, get there now!" The voice's urging was so shocking that for a second he was stunned. Then, he started to run down the hall, aware that others were looking at him. Although this had never occurred to him before, and running in the hospital would be viewed as bizarre, he did not care. He rounded the corner and almost ran into a tall, blond man coming out of Gerri's room. Their eyes met. The look in the man's eyes told Rory that something was not right. Rory felt a blow from some unseen hand blast into his stomach; the old vision flared in his mind.

The young man ducked into the stairs, and Rory sprinted into room 316.

Gerri was lying curled up in bed, her arms wrapped around her knees. Her sobs muffled by the blanket. Rory slowed his pace and sat in the chair by her bed.

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"I'm here," he whispered.

She made no reply, and he merely sat. He touched her hands, and it was as if her pain cried itself through his body. Despite herself, Rory's presence penetrated Gerri's wall. She heard his voice and raised her eyes to his. As their eyes met, she knew that right now, at this moment, she did not want to be alone with her pain. She wanted to be in the safety that this man radiated. Gerri reached for him and leaned into his arms. As his strength folded her, she knew she was home. Rory held her for a time that was beyond this moment, this rape. It reached back to a woman's limp body, to loss, and to grief. Rory was conflicted. His heart told him to let her be in the safety of his arms, and his professional mind warned of its danger. Rory's heart won, and he held her. Danger flared and asked if he was ready for what more this woman would crack open.

Then he moved her into a space on the bed and listened as she recounted the events of the morning; the man who had raped her had suddenly appeared in her room. Dean was his name. She told Rory of his threats and his assurance that he could find her no matter where she was. She could feel hatred tinging his every word, and she shook with fear.

"Gerri, there's nothing this man can do to you. There are laws, and I am here. He will never hurt you again." He lifted their hands and gently kissed her fingers. A shock went through both of them. What was he doing? From where did that response come? Why was it so natural, so familiar?

Rory cleared his throat. "I want you to listen to me." He held her eyes with his. "I am here, and I am not going away. Do you hear what I am saying?"

Gerri nodded her head.

"Are you ready to talk to the police? If you are, I could call my friend, Sergeant Palmer."

"Would you stay while he is here?" she asked.

"Yes," said Rory. "I wouldn't have it any other way."

"Then, I am ready," she whispered.

After staying with Gerri for the significant part of the morning as Sergeant Palmer asked questions, Rory went to his office. He was

committed to her. Nothing would move him away, and it made no sense in this logical, trained mind.

When his last client had left, Rory drove to the Center. After eating and visiting with the staff members, he went to his office to meet with Pam. He made a quick call to assure Gerri and was ready when Pam knocked on his door.

"Come on in," he called.

She came in. Looking refreshed, she settled into the soft overstuffed chair.

"Are you ready for more?" Pam asked with a smile.

Rory returned her smile and nodded.

Pam shifted her body, seeming to scan the wall as she sorted her thoughts. Then she took a breath and continued her story.

"One day, about two and a half years ago, I woke to the despair of another day alone. I was at a shelter. You can't rest much in shelters. You always have to be on guard to protect your bundle and even your life. All the night noises, snoring, nightmares, constant movements of other people, make it hard to sleep. Then you have to be up at 5 in the morning and out on the streets by 6:30 with another day that is just like the one before. You panhandle or pretend to keep busy doing nothing.

"I was so discouraged that morning. I picked up my bundle and headed out the door. It wasn't just my existence that depressed me, but the craziness of what I saw everywhere. The threads of my life were all woven together in such an ugly picture. I asked myself, "Who put the threads together so unfairly for some and so magnificently for other? Was it God? Was it parents? Was it the system? Are some of us just not worthy?" I walked to a spot by a freeway off-ramp, a place where I could be alone.

"I didn't think God would help me, but I cried out to Shadow, "Please, please help me to understand the craziness of this life! Why has this happened to me? Why me? How can I get out of here?"

"I was angry, I was sad, I was powerless to change anything, but I couldn't go on like this. I sat on my bundle of possessions and cried until there were no more tears. I may even have slept. Then I sensed words from Shadow.

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'Dear one, pick up your bundle and walk over to the park.'

"I opened my eyes and looked around. Then I heard again, 'Walk over to the park.' "

"I stood and picked up all I owned in this world and walked the seven blocks to a park. As I got to the edge of the grass, I heard,

"Go and sit under the large oak tree."

"I walked to a far corner of the city park. I settled myself on the grass, leaned against the trunk of this magnificent oak and closed my eyes. Almost immediately, I felt the most glorious feelings sweep over me. It was like I was a wet canvas and a paintbrush dipped in blue watercolor spread across my head. The paint slowly moved down my body, and then the next stroke came and the next. I cried. I felt a joy and love I hadn't known was possible. I kept whispering, 'Thank you, thank you.'

"Then I heard, 'This is what life is about!'

"I wept. I hadn't known anything could be so wonderful. My physical body was bursting with warmth and lightness.

"I asked, 'How do I keep this feeling? How do I live from this amazing place? I didn't know that this was possible.'

"I thought about some of my friends on the street. How would they act if they felt this love and safety? I let my imagination take over, and I saw their life unfold like a story before my eyes. I imagined them with this energy of lightness flowing through them. A light appeared in their eyes. Experiences of respect and opportunity came to them. Joy in living opened their mind to options they had not thought possible. With my imagination, I put other people into that space of love and warmth. The hardest one to place there was the man whom I had called 'dad.' The changes I saw in him were instantaneous, effortless and monumental.

"Then I wondered. Why had I not known or felt this energy before? Why are humans not allowing generosity, caring, and joy to be the point from which their actions and experiences flow?

"And that is when the first of my dreams or visions come.

"I saw myself, not as I look now. I stood in front of a large gathering of men and women. My hair was copper, long, and flowed over a forest green cloak. I seemed to move without effort. I was very anxious, on the

verge of panic. I sensed that some great danger loomed. I was sharing my concern with some group.”

"I asked Shadow what was happening.”

“Shadow answered, 'This is a situation that occurred just before your first birth into a physical bodysuit. It is an experience you had eons ago. There was a plan in place for volunteers from various Divine Families to birth into Earth families. The intention was to spark awake the consciousness of humanity which had been dulled and entrapped. You were one of those volunteers. The Divine Families in the Galactic world regions still held the memory of Earth's original plan. Because of the intentionally created density around the planet, the memory of the first volunteers to Earth had dulled. With no remembrance of the original mission, Earth's energy increased with contamination and density. Her inhabitants were less alive, more fearful while the mission receded into the shadows’.

"I said to Shadow, 'The mission into the shadows? Fear, the dullness, the sense of dense burdens sounds like what I saw every day on the streets.'

"Shadow continued, 'You are right. Among the first volunteers to enter their Earth bodies was Myra, a close friend of yours. She realized that something was very wrong. Shortly after her birth, she called to you and asked that you check out the systems in her physical body suit. As you did, you found extensive problems. Circuitry within the body had been manipulated. An overlay at the brain stem allowed Outsider societies various forms of control. You realized that these re-engineered body blueprints locked humanity into slave existence. And the circuitry path for spiritual maturation was missing. That is what you are reporting to the Council. You realized that there was no way this mission could succeed.'"

"Just a moment," said Rory. "I want to think about that idea."

He sat and thought about some of his clients. He recalled those who had tried so hard. There were many with inappropriate behaviors, ways of thinking that sabotaged life. Some had stunted maturation that social systems assumed were caused by early childhood injuries, and some clients had little or no emotional responses at all. In treatment, one situation would be uncovered, addressed, desensitized, but it would lead to another, and then another. There seemed to be a mushrooming effect. It took daily, sometimes minute-by-minute, effort to stay focused on health. For some, it was too much. Time and time again he had looked for more information; more skills to break what seemed to be impossible

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cycles. What if what he saw was caused by crippled systems in their physical body? He wanted to hear more.

Rory nodded.

Pam spoke, "It was during that conversation that I realized that the name I had assigned my unseen friend, Shadow, was perfect. He was helping me to remember what had been hidden and lost.

"Shadow continued with his explanation to me. You knew that these malfunctioning systems would make it impossible for the volunteers to succeed. In these bodies, they were crippled, locked into a matrix of domination, usury, and even death. Your Soul companion and some of your dearest friends were already on the Earth in those physical bodies. That is why you are so concerned.'

Pam continued, "I saw a woman standing in front of that gathering, and instantly I slipped into that body, I was her. I heard someone speak. I knew that it was Sela, the President of the Council.

"Thank you for bringing this to our attention. We knew that there was crippling in the physical suits,' Sela said.

"Then, why was this mission permitted?" I asked her.

"It was intended that the energetics of the mission participants would override the malfunctions of the physical body's systems. That would have been the easier way."

"That is not happening," I responded to her.

"However, we did have a backup plan," Sela continued. "As you know, there are highly evolved and prepared Beings who have volunteered for this birthing plan. They know that the Earth mission is the hope of the Galactic family. Unless we identify and remove all traces of the Outsiders with their deceit and entrapment world, our families are doomed. There were many considerations for each segment of the mission of this new planet. Two stipulations were to assure Laws assured that individual choice dominated. And the second is the law that stipulates that imprints in the energy fields will broadcast their imprinted message causing energy to slow and manifest."

"Then I saw another member of the Galactic Council stand to speak.

"It is also assured that those mission ones are guided and watched over. However, they are at free choice to say "yes," "no," or to be neutral for a

time. Eventually, they will remember and know that something is wrong. As they wake up and acknowledge that fear, violence, greed, and domination are not the reflections of their Divinity; they will reach for answers. Waking up, they will take back their lives and begin making decisions that will enable them to shake off old control patterns. As they demand help for themselves, they will receive answers and great Spiritual Support.”

“Until then, we will continue to stabilize the fields of energy around the Earth.”

Rory thought of those clients who came to him. He has seen that those who were able to admit that they had a problem and to ask for help began to find answers. Pain often forced them out of their denial, their victimhood, or their refusal to see that life was not okay. It was difficult to help someone who would not or could not see problems. No matter how clearly others saw the need, the person had to decide. He brought his attention back to Pam.

"Then I asked Shadow about the systems in my body. I asked, "Are my systems correctly connected?" I felt a new presence, a very loving woman. She whispered, calling me Dana, "Dana, once you enter the physical bodysuit, your systems will need corrections and old crippled energies imprints will need to be transformed. In every physical body, systems reflect the trauma experienced and stored within the psyche of humanity beginning with the Fall thousands of years ago. So much is ignored in earth societies. Abuse or neglect, whether it is real or imagined, will cause disruptions. That is true in all Earth beings. Broken bones, broken spirits, broken dreams, broken brains."

“I heard a new voice, "Pam, it is Sela here. Your increasing pain has pushed you to look for more, to wake up and to ask for help. It is critical that the mission you were assigned by this Council begins. Now is the time for the change it was to bring.”

“My mission?” I asked.

“Yes. There is so much of the purpose and history of the Earth mission that has been lost and even intentionally hidden. You are tenacious and courageous enough to dream awake the bones of the many aspects of the original Earth mission, lessen the density of denial and awaken others to their Earth assignment. You will not stop asking questions until you restore the truth of our Galactic family. We need you there. That is why,

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no matter how much you wanted off the planet, you could not leave. We thank and salute you for your courage.”

"I sat on the grass and cried. There seemed to be hope for me, maybe hope for this planet. All I could think to say was, 'I'm willing!'"

Promise to Gaia

In a city far from where Pam told Rory her story, Bob felt drawn by the mountains. From as far back as he could remember, he had loved nature. He and Nature seemed linked at his first breath on the planet.

As he drove, stories of those who predicted the planet's destruction ran through his mind. There had been many over the years. The punishment of God. Tyranny and greed in nations. Cities falling into the sea. Mountains crushed, deserts raising, the end of life. Earth being destroyed.

Love of Gaia, awe at her beauty, reverence for her creations, and appreciation for her patience swelled his heart. As a child, he had heard the trees. They told of community, of safety, and of love. The songs of the backyard birds nurtured his soul. He never questioned their calming voices.

As he grew older, he heard the stories about Earth's end, its destruction followed by peace. He had accepted the "plan." Armageddon was the way life would unfold he assumed.

It wasn't until recently that he questioned the need to destroy something that was so perfect and beautiful. By then he had grown to understand the fantastic gifts of healing and wisdom that the Earth holds. The forests and meadows, the peaks and valleys, the plants and animals were not incidental to life. They were life.

Ending wars and killings that made sense. Stopping abuse and hatred - that Bob would support. But destroying his mother, the Earth and her gifts? That was crazy. And he began to demand a change in the plan, whatever the plan was.

As he sat by the lake this morning, the sun played hide and seek with the billowy clouds. Bob remembered the day he had first decided to take action. He had gone off by himself, backpacked into a pristine field surrounding a lake. He came to the meadow with a very troubled heart. Newspaper, TV, and even a friend at work were talking about the latest concern: the destructive violence, the end of the planet.

He had stood by the lake and faced toward the sun. It seemed as though the strength from unseen forces flowed upward into his feet anchoring him solidly to Mother Earth. The energy filled him and coursed upward through his outstretched arms and out his fingertips. He spun slowly in a circle, arms outstretched and cried out to the Sun, the Giver of Life.

"I do not accept the idea of Earth's end! I will not let go of my Mother, the Earth. I will not allow destruction and abuse of her creations. With whatever authority I have, I call for an end to that which is truly false and endangering, the dishonest and fear-based behaviors amongst humankind." He had cried out from a deep space within. "I do not accept the idea of Earth's end! That which is true and beautiful and life-enriching will be protected and maintained!"

He had felt like a pole of energy, a vortex. Slowly he moved, anchored from some unknown core place, and spoke words that amazed himself. Bob saw a vision of the Earth lifting, lighter, cleansed, and sparkling in the morning sun. He felt an overwhelming love flow and fill his body. His heart opened and sang. He cried tears of joy, and voices he had sensed but had never heard came, "Thank you!" From that time on, Bob knew that the Earth's choice was to birth into more life and love and joy. He knew and held that vision for her with all the power and strength he had.

On this weekend trip into the mountains, he felt the importance of again commanding and anchoring the vision for the planet. It was time for those on the mission for her to wake up, to remember the original purpose of the Earth and to ignite their assignments.

A meditation opened for him, and he followed the directions.

"Let your consciousness drift back in time. Sense the dimensions of clear Light. Feel the peace, the love, the contentment and the Oneness.

"See the Earth, a sphere within greater Light, imagine her connection to unlimited source. See joy existing and filling this sphere. Boundaries surround the Earth and protect the flow of untainted Universal energy. Nothing can diminish her Divine purpose. Mother Earth secures her space in complete harmony and love.

"All elements, earth, fire, water, air, minerals, plants, and animals are freely available to bring Good for all in the Web of Life. Life flows with honor and balance. All Earth lifetimes reflect her wholeness. All contrary energy has been transmuted into Light or removed to its place of origin."

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With that meditation firmly broadcast, Bob sat down and let the sense of love continue to fill and lift him.

CHAPTER 13

The Mission Unfolds

Pam's conversations challenged Rory. He could not deny what he felt while sitting with her. In spite of the pain, there was some clarity and strength. He decided to try on the concepts that seemed to offer more tools. The sense of warmth and good that washed over her was the first. He found himself listening to people differently. He looked into their eyes. He heard them. He waited for indications of joy or passion to emerge so he could encourage and nurture it. And at the back of his mind was the question, "Is love of life, love of self, love of others their motivation?"

Many worked to meet bills and felt burdened. Some felt the intense heaviness of surviving which left no room for feelings, period. Others were caught up in causes fueled by blame, judgment or fear. Others were busy clawing up some corporate ladder or looking for someone to fix them.

Whether he looked at people in his life, in his practice, on television or in newspaper articles, there seemed little evidence that joy, love, and trust were their foundations. He saw some who, at times, seemed to radiate warmth and lightness, but that came and went. It did not seem to be consistent.

He was especially aware of his feelings. He knew that he was busy, tired, frustrated, and sometimes satisfied. There was never a time during the next two days that he could consistently identify with what Pam had described.

Now he was sitting again with her to hear more of her story.

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"For a few days after my experience, I watched myself and others. Some of the craziness began to make sense. I could see the possibility that if humans were in a crippled inner state, they would act in the ways that I saw around me," Pam began.

"I tried to will myself back to feel the brush strokes of love, but it did not happen. I wandered to the park, sat under the oak and nothing happened.

"Then the third morning, I awoke and just felt that today I could hear more. I remember thinking, 'Shadow, please help me to know what to do.'

"This time, Shadow told me to find the group of willow trees. They were on the far side of the park, closer to the baseball field.

"I took my bundle of possessions and hurried over to that area. I sat down and thought, 'Okay, I'm ready to know more.'

"Then I remembered the law of this planet that my request was the key." "What do I want to know?" I asked myself.

"And so I started with questions.

"It is possible for the individual circuitry to be corrected?"

"Yes," came the answer from Shadow.

"Is the circuitry incorrect at birth?"

"Yes. There are major disconnects and overlays within every human vehicle because the blueprint was re-engineered to create domination. The energy field of and beyond the body is further impacted by unbalanced imprints manifesting from stored experiences within families and cultures. Also, individual experiences carried over from other lifetimes are in the unseen life flow. These imprints will show up as problems, diseases, violence and other ways, even in a baby. Increasingly, as the child matures, the imprint manifestations become more evident. Most problem patterns that seem to begin later, say at age eighteen or thirty, were actually in the field all along."

"Is it possible to have those system and circuitry shortages corrected or must an individual deal with the crippled body suit through life?"

"It is critical that corrections and reconnections be made," Shadow insisted.

"Do we humans know how to correct the circuitry?" I asked.

“No, in fact, most are no longer aware of the problems. Some information is known, but not enough in humankind to address the crippling and restore the original circuitry. There is still much more than the original DNA and wiring to be explained when someone is asking for the information,' was Shadow's reply.

"Then, how can we do it?"

“Begin with what you know and when you need more information, ask us. Don't stop asking questions. Remember your assignment,' was Shadow's advice.

And then I asked, "If we get the bodysuit corrected will Earth's problems end?"

"I guess Shadow has a sense of humor because I heard a faint chuckle.

'Well, we all wish it were that easy, but unfortunately, the problems have been around a very long time, and the effects from them have crystallized through many Earth systems. But correcting the circuitry is a critical piece, especially when the knowledge of Original agenda and purpose for this planet is added,' was the answer.

"Piece, you mean there is more?"

“Oh, yes,' Shadows words came with certainty.

"Tell, me about it; I need to know as much as I can about what we are dealing with.

"I heard Shadow chuckle, 'Sounds like the Dana I know.'

"That's when the next vision opened up in my head. When the images began, I lay down under the willows and pulled my bundle to pillow my head. I worried for a minute that I would be asked by the police to move on, but that thought vanished, and I watched the story unfold.

"I recognized myself. I was floating above a home; it looked like very, very long ago. The woman was pregnant, and somehow I knew I was the intended baby. She was to be my mother. She was young, alone in the single-roomed home. The conditions were very meager. It was immaculate, and she seemed so happy about carrying me. I could hear her singing, and talking to me. Being near her, I felt loved and peaceful.

"Then I was in another place. I had a feeling it was a Spiritual home. I was discussing plans for my birth; what I was to remember, others in

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physical bodies from this Home with whom I was to connect for this mission, how I would recognize them and more.

"I knew that I could be gone a long time. I was told that there would be difficulties, and yet I was in an environment of such love, empowerment, and joy. I can't put it into our words. I understood and accepted that this mission to the Earth would be hard, but in that space of love, there was no way I could understand the difficulty."

Pam looked at Rory, questioning her ability to explain and his ability to understand.

He nodded and seemed to comprehend.

"I guess this was a final review before my birth onto the Earth planet because then I began to feel drawn back to the home of the young mother.

"This time, as I moved toward Earth, I sensed a great Light. I was not alone. Amazing love from my real home filled my heart. It was very much like the time I felt washed over like a watercolor canvas. As I moved toward the physical sphere, I sensed what appeared to be a dense cloud. Several other – friends- were focusing in around me as I moved. Although my friends were there, the denseness began to cut off my sense of their presence."

Pam was aware that she did not want to mention Jerra. Jerra, her most profound love and the holder of the vision. Where was he and how could she ever find him? The memory of him was her thread of connection to love and yet at times, that memory engendered her greatest pain. She stopped her mind wandering and brought her focus back to Rory.

"I cannot tell you the panic I felt as an unseen force drew me through that dark, heavy space; the shock from Earth's density; and the pain of physical birthing into the body."

"As I relived this birth experience, I could understand why I have been angry at what I call "God." Even though all of the help from the lighter vibrational realms was available, that dense cloud of negative energy around and on the Earth made me feel cut off from them. I eventually made up stories; I have been abandoned on a dead planet, something is wrong with me, just survive and never come back here. I know others have had similar feelings. Some of the people on the streets talk of being

angry, lost, and helpless. I felt like something strong and powerful had put me in situations from which I could not escape.”

"And so what had you learned by the time you were in the vision of your birth?" Rory asked.

"Well, several things like the sense of love and caring that flowed through me. I had to ask and find answers for myself. I am not alone." Pam replied. "But I wanted more. My conversations with Shadow continued over the next four years. Eventually, I was shown the beginning of the distorted energy we call "fear." I learned that we, as one family group, wanted to experience chaos frequencies. We created and inserted a chip into our flow from source that would cause distorted frequencies. When we were ready, we reconfigured our numerical formula with numbers that would occasionally allow chip vibrations. Whenever the numbers lined up, spontaneous chaos vibrations shifted us from stable to non-stable. We introduced the chip with the intention that we would shortly end the experiment. Instead, we got stuck. Now we call the stable and non-stable frequencies love and fear. We accept them as necessary and our nature. Not true, by the way.”

"It was our vulnerability during the periods of instability that allowed great parasitic invasions.”

“So, I understood that after establishing a way to access resources, the original Earth mission force's purpose was to identify anything that would diminish life or limit our abilities. “The Ancient Ones were to stay in resonance with their Divine nature of love, joy, self-valuing, and curiosity, the natural expressions of the Galactic families and Divine Home. From that place, they were to rid all energy of Outsiders and any expressions of their parasitic agendas.

I learned that those who first came to the planet were well prepared. The original design for the Earth bodysuit worked well. As the first assignment for the Ancient Ones on the mission was for those in Male suits to hold space, anchor energy from home, and support the Females in exploring the planet. Those in Male suits retained constant contact with the teams in the unseen worlds you would call Spirit. Holding space, sitting in the quiet, anchoring the energy of the Sun was their initial task. Those Souls were in the Male body were known by the Outsider forces. On the Outsider's monitoring devices, it appeared as if the Males were alone and doing nothing. It had been planned that way; a distraction from

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the work of the Female. Working with the Energy of the Gaia, Females were to anchor to the Earth, discover how this planet functioned, determine suitable places to settle, and develop food sources. Those in Female suits had greater access to Mother Earth because they were unseen on the parasitic monitoring devices. In this intentional invisibility, Females could design, create, and choose agendas for mission force to thrive. There were no plans for birthing to bring more volunteers. The number of Ancient Ones remained limited and consistent.”

“So everything was going well. Everything began to change shortly after the activation of Female's primary mission, the assignment to discern and remove the constricting Outsider parasitic presence.”

“After the Female and her presence was discovered the circuitry of every physical body suit was crippled. The intended communication systems were overlaid with Outsider's mechanism, and eventually, Our Divine planned body's blueprint design was replaced with the entrapping systems of the parasitic worlds.”

“Some think that Earth is a planet for learning lessons. What I was taught is that if there are lessons to be learned on Earth, it is that we are amazing, intelligent, loving beings and anything that diminishes our experience of ourselves as such, does not belong here. I also learned that all of the crippling must be transformed, all of our reasons for limit must be dissolved and that we are the ones to choose a new life and a new world.”

“Just as important, I knew that humanity, the mission volunteers, are not here alone. We did not intend to walk this journey using only information physically discerned or abilities socially taught. There is immense help available in the unseen worlds. There are massive mission force collaborative in place to help Earth and her inhabitants to correct and transform all that has held them stuck. We are all on this mission together. Those in unseen bodies and worlds must have our help, and we cannot accomplish the goal of Sovereignty without them.”

“The value of the physical manifestations that come as imbalance, limits, or disease is that they will cause pain. The message in pain is that imprints, old patterns, parasitic constructs are in our energy fields and do not reflect our truth. The voice of those in physical bodies has the authority to name such manifestations as “NOT Acceptable here.” Then, those on the Earth and in Spiritual realms committed to restoring Earth

Sharon Riegie Maynard

and her inhabitants to the Light of Divine Wholeness that we call Love
can take action."

OUTSIDER OVERLAY of DOMINATION

50,000 years ago -Cro-Magnon

As Eve listened, the stranger acted as if he were the master of the Garden. How absurd, she thought. She looked over at Adam. He seemed as if he were in a trance. What was happening? She held tightly to Adam's hand, but there was no reassuring response.

Eve heard snatches of words. "... You cannot taste that tree" ... "not yours to experience" ... "you cannot know what is good and evil." "...only gods can know of the good and evil."

What did he mean? She had tasted. Of course, she could tell the difference. She had felt the joy, the excitement of some forms and the constrictions and shutting down of her breath at the taste of others. Even now, in this energy, she was having a hard time staying focused.

What was that he said? "... Have to leave... earn sustenance through sweat and hard work... no longer create effortlessly..."

Eve felt a bit weak, but Adam was unresponsive, frozen in place. She reached out to hold onto him. Whatever they must face, they would do it together. She thought that she was strong, but she was not strong enough yet for this energy. She would stay close to Adam, continue to learn from her teacher and when she was ready, she would do what was needed.

The words "...cannot know... creations through pain..." echoed in her mind as she and Adam moved away from their beautiful home.

CHAPTER 14

Making Changes

Gerri thought about the last month. Her pain had brought Rory into her life. His presence and support gave her a sense of safety that allowed her to move forward. She had decided to lock the door on people. Rory had understood her sensitivity and helped her reframe its value and to be open to skills to cope what she sensed. At times, he seemed to know what she needed before she did. Through his encouragement, she was learning to pay more attention to her feelings and thoughts.

She felt his love for her. With him, she had felt safe enough to share some of her ideas, her dreams, and her fears. It was as if she was awakening from a long sleep, but a sleep in which she had walked, talked, and eaten but was not present. She still had memories, pain, and anger with which to deal; there were definitely legal matters ahead, but she was no longer in her cave, alone.

For Rory, his meeting and times spent with Gerri were challenging him in many ways. Her encounter with Dean in the hospital had cracked open a wound she had seemingly sealed long ago. He did not understand why the memory of that event was there for him also. However, Rory was so thankful he had been there and marveled at how the timing had just "happened." Gerri was not back on top by any means, but she was out of the hospital with support to rebuild. Rory marveled that she had come into his life and surprised at his gratitude in being there for her.

Rory had seen what the normal healing course of such a traumatic experience could be. He knew it could be some time before she felt stable

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and safe. But then again, he had listened and watched Pam very closely. The scars, cycles, and patterns he would expect from traumatic experiences such as hers were not there. He knew that somehow Pam had managed deep healing. Her thoughts and behaviors were what some clients were beginning to reach only after many years of committed work. He wondered if Pam's insights could help Gerri to heal more deeply.

He approached Pam that evening.

"Pam, what effect has this information had on your life?" Rory began, "I'm wondering about observable, concrete changes for the better."

Pam leaned back in his office chair and thought for a minute.

"Well, at first the information allowed me to look at myself, my life and past with less judgmental eyes. That was helpful because, with different eyes, some of my anger dissipated."

Pam was silent again before she continued. "My life began to have a purpose. I was no longer just struggling to get through a day or to survive another night. Asking questions of Shadow was almost like being in school. I looked forward to the stimulation I felt with the new ideas.

"As I felt less discouraged and was less weighed down with anger, I felt hope again, and I began to believe that my life could change. But, you're right in asking about concrete changes. That's what I wanted. I wanted to move out of this cycle of poverty, non-identity, and non-value.

"Thanks to my new understanding of the realm of the unseen, I knew I had a lot of Spiritual help and what I eventually asked Shadow was, 'How can I change my life, my physical situations?'

"I had experienced that sense of light and what I called love. That gave me a marker which made me more aware of the despondency I had often felt. I decided I no longer wanted to live in that darkness. My choice was to know the way to a life of joy and peace. Am I anywhere close to beginning to answer your question?"

"Yes. I am working out some ideas in relation to what I, as a counselor, would expect to see in similar situations," was Rory's comment.

"Pam continued, "At first, I was constantly aware of the crisis my life had become. However, every time I felt the heaviness, which was almost all the time for a while, I would turn to Shadow, and I would learn more and apply the ideas. With sensitivity to the unwanted feelings or situations, I

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would then make specific requests that allowed those in Spirit to eliminate the cause. It was as if I were being freed from thousands and thousands of single strands of ropes, I or someone had put around myself. Eventually, peace was there about 50% of the time.”

"And then Shadow and the Spiritual healers started to teach me about masks and wounded inner parts. Increasingly, I felt more powerful, able to understand the message in the pain and release the seed imprint. I learned that pain pointed to a problem imprint. It was a message giver. I began to appreciate the process. Because I had a way to understand quickly, pain rarely escalated, and in fact, lessened.”

"In the last year and a half, my situation on the streets changed dramatically. With the answers from Shadow and using this planet's law of free agency, I took the reins of my run-away life back into my hands. Eventually, I found myself here.”

"I know that being led to the Center and meeting, you were moving toward more positive life changes. Just like the previous steps, this came just I most needed another one." Pam sat back and sighed relief at the telling.

"You said you had not shared this information with anyone else?" Rory commented.

"That's right. I have used myself as the guinea pig. However, using what I learned, I would sometimes extend what I called Spiritual healing to others."

"I don't really understand what you mean by that." Rory probed.

"Well, I discovered that Shadow was not the only friend I had in the unseen worlds. I soon had a group of healers who worked with me to dissolve my dense energy and anchor changes in my thought patterns. When I was in shelters or food lines, the frustration, anger, and hopelessness were all around me. The energy pressed in and was very uncomfortable. Can you imagine the emotional situation?"

"Yes, I can imagine," responded Rory.

"Well, I was becoming more and more sensitive to the heaviness of other's vibrations and was no longer numb as I had been.”

"I asked Shadow and my teachers how I could feel more peaceful in those situations and also be helpful to those around me. I was told that I could

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ask that the energy fields of others be cleared of the negative vibrations that surrounded them. My guides reminded me that each has unseen guides who are moving with her or him through life. Those caught up in their own imbalanced, negative situations were often overwhelmed and unaware of the presence of that help. The guides of others would hear my request for transforming the heaviness. Then, because someone in a physical body had asked, they could do what was needed for that person."

"And so, based on the work that had been necessary for me, I made requests for those in the lines, at the shelters or in the streets. By asking, specific actions could be taken by their guides to lift the density for them. The energy around all of us became less heavy; I called it a healing by Spirit or Spiritual healing."

"Oh, I see now," Rory, said.

"Well," he paused to decide what he would say. Gerri was on his mind, she wasn't a client and yet what should he say. He decided that he would stay vague and yet indicate what intrigued him with Pam.

"The reason I am asking these questions is that I am choosing to explore ideas beyond those in my professional world. Also, I have a friend who has hit a rather big wall. I'd like to see her walk away from it more comfortably and quickly than is normally the case."

Pam closed her eyes. A shock wave rushed through her heart, and the hair on her arms stood on end.

"She was raped, wasn't she?"

"Yes," Rory remarked. "How did you know?"

"I just know. I am here because she needs me. I don't know what that means, but that is what I hear inside."

That evening, after his talk with Pam, Rory decided to try something that she had shared with him, the power of request to the unseen world of healers. He would turn his desire that Pam helps Gerri over to Spirit, those higher vibrational beings of which Pam spoke. If there were truth in her words and if beings that he could not see thought Gerri could benefit, they would bring Pam and Gerri together. Such is the laboratory of life. Try on a concept, make a choice and then see the consequences.

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He felt this move fit within his criteria; there was no harm possible in this idea.

He sat down on his bed and took off his shoes.

What was it Pam had said about free agency on this planet? "We have to ask to get their help." What would be his requests, his asks?

He started with his desires and wrote them down.

"I would like to be a participant in helping others heal more profoundly and quickly."

"I would like to be a participant in whatever is best for Gerri's quick and gentle healing."

"I would like to heal myself more deeply."

Then he stopped to form his thoughts into a request.

"I ask that my requests be heard and accomplished."

"I ask to be shown what I can do."

"If it is best for Gerri to work with Pam, I declare that they are brought together."

Then Rory chuckled. I sounded very much like prayers. He thought of Pam's guide, Shadow, and wondered who he would trust as a consistent Spiritual support. His experience with spiritual matters had been growing up in a Christian church, and he felt comfortable with the Master Teacher, Jesus Christ. He thought of the values that he attributed to the Master Jesus. Holding that thought, Rory spoke, "The qualities of my Spiritual support team are love, wisdom, commitment, honesty, and nobility. They work with my requests under the directions of the Master Jesus and with integrity to His qualities. I leave these requests in their hands."

Did he do it right?

Well, he'd watch for the consequences.

CHAPTER 15

Building a Life

Pam lay in bed thinking. She had decided that the first step in building her new life was to get her high school equivalency diploma. She was apprehensive about studying after all these years but, excited at her new opportunities. The community volunteers at the Center provided the support, encouragement, and network she needed. She knew she could stay at there until she was able to sustain herself. Tomorrow, armed with suggestions from her friends at the Center, she would begin. She smiled, turned over and was soon fast asleep.

The next day, Pam walked the short distance to the city library. Many of the books she needed to get started were at the Center, but she felt drawn to go to the library. As she walked through the large doors, she looked around. Mothers were reading to their small children, and several older people were absorbed in searching the rows of books. Off in one corner, two individuals sat next to a window. A small bundle lay by the feet of one, and the other had a backpack tucked away between his legs. She knew that these two belonged to the homeless population and that all of their possessions were in the bag and bundle. She remembered spending time in libraries to find a break from life on the streets.

She gazed down at her list.

"Better get started," she thought.

Pam took her notebook and began walking toward the row of books. All three books she needed were on the shelves. Well, that wasn't too difficult, she thought, as she carried them around the last row.

Her attention was drawn to a table and chairs near a large window set off by itself. She smiled to herself. That would be the perfect study area, away from distractions.

As Pam approached the table, she noticed a young woman tucked behind a bookshelf sitting in a comfortable chair. The young woman seemed deep in thought; a book opened in her lap.

Gerri had also gone to the city library today. She was making substantial headway. Her professors had given her options to catch up on her missed classes and assignments. She didn't know if she could focus enough to do the work but had decided to take this first step. She sat in a big cozy chair off by herself in the corner of the library.

Right now, it was not going very well. Gerri had closed her eyes and leaned back. The feelings of despair seemed to be snowballing, carrying her away. She didn't have the strength to stop them. Her mind tumbled and rolled.

Pam laid her books down on the table, sat in the chair and quietly slid up to the table. She opened the first book and began to read. Something drew her attention back to the young woman. It was apparent to Pam, from the energy around her, that the woman was in pain.

Mentally Pam began to direct her Spiritual friends to clear the energy and to relieve the young woman's discomfort, what she had called a Spiritual healing the other night in her conversation with Dr. James.

Suddenly, Gerri felt a shift. It was like a beam of light shining bright and steady through a dense fog. Everywhere the beam touched, the density cleared and a sense of lightness remained.

Gerri looked up in surprise. Her eyes met Pam's gaze. They exchanged smiles, and the woman went back to her book.

"How strange," Gerri thought. "I feel so different. Puzzling."

She picked up her book to start again.

Several times during the next few hours, the apprehension started to pull her down into the density. Somehow, almost as soon as Gerri felt it, the heaviness lifted. Maybe she could handle these classes after all.

Pam smiled at the young woman as she got up to leave. Somehow she seemed familiar, but Pam wasn't sure why.

CHAPTER 16

Synergy

As she dressed for yet another morning of study, Pam thought of the young woman at the library. She had been there each time Pam had studied this week. They had smiled their recognition. Today, Pam decided to stretch. Her goal was to start a conversation and at least get to know the woman's name. She'd noticed that they seemed to gravitate to similar study areas. There was something very comfortable about this person.

She skipped up the steps to the library's glass front double doors and entered. The air conditioning felt so good. Inside she paused and looked around to see if the familiar face was there. Yes, over in the corner at a table. The woman was writing. She seemed intent.

Pam made her way to the table and sat down. Immediately she felt the troubled energy. She quieted herself; opened her book as if to read; and then called to her Spiritual friends to clear the density. She held that focus for several minutes until she had a sense of completion. And then, she looked up.

Their eyes meet; the azure blue and the dark brown.

"Hi," Pam said. "You seem to be here about as often as I am. Are you studying for classes, too?"

Gerri slowly smiled.

"Yes, I have some make-up work to do for college. This is a quiet place to do it. And you?"

"Oh, I'm getting ready to take the tests for my G.E.D. I was about three months short of graduating when I stopped. Now, I'm ready to move ahead."

"Good luck with that," Gerri responded and then went back to her book.

"Thanks." Pam began her study and waited for the next opening.

Three more times Pam noticed the energy begin to get heavy. She glanced up and again called for clearing.

When the woman looked up at the clock, Pam decided it was time to risk.

"I'm new here," Pam ventured, "And I've decided it's time for me to stop being such a loner. I was going to get soup and salad at the little deli down the street. Would you like to join me? I'd love to have the company."

Gerri thought quickly. She had been intrigued by their meetings and the safety she felt with this woman.

"Why sure. I hadn't thought about eating out. Let me call home and tell mom of my change, and then I'd love to join you."

"Great," Pam smiled. "By the way, my name is Pam."

"I'm Gerri. It's good to have a name to go with the face," she smiled. "Be right back." She gathered her books into her backpack and walked to the library's lobby to use her cell phone.

Pam had finished the chapter and gathered her things by the time Gerri returned.

"All set," said Gerri.

She lifted her backpack to her shoulder, and the two walked out into the summer sun.

"You know, I have appreciated your quieting effect," Gerri said. "This has been a tough time for me. I didn't know if I could do my make-up work. Somehow, you have made it easier. That may sound a bit crazy to you, but I mean it as a thank you."

"I do understand," Pam said. "I have gone through some pretty intense times myself. Maybe what I do as I calm myself somehow affects others around me."

They chatted as they walked the short distance to the deli.

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Once inside, they found a cozy booth near a window and laid their books out of the way. They walked to the front counter and surveyed the menu, each deep in thought; How much to say? How to interact with this new situation?

Pam ordered her soup and salad and carried her coffee back to the table. Gerri finally decided on the lunch special, walked back to the table and placed her number next to Pam's. She sat down and sipped her soda.

"You know it was scary for me to decide to invite you to have lunch," asked Pam, "but I'm really glad I did. It has been hard for me to trust people. That's something in my life that I am learning to do differently."

"Bingo, another thing we have in common besides favorite study nooks," laughed Gerri. "I have had my doubts about the human race for a long time. If you learn how to do it differently, let me know."

Until their food came, they talked about the madness that each had observed and then about small things. Pam asked questions about the town, and Gerri asked about Pam's plans. Through the meal, they chatted comfortably and yet avoided any probing conversations.

As they finished their lunch, Gerri asked where Pam was staying. Pam hesitated. "The Center. It's been a lifesaver, a real lifesaver!"

"You've got to be kidding! I have a friend who works there. Maybe you've met him, Dr. Rory James?"

The information sent chills through Pam's body. Rory's friend! Why, of course! She is the friend that he had mentioned. Now she knew why she had felt so strongly to study for her G.E.D. at the city library. It was to meet Gerri.

CHAPTER 17

I Am Ready

Pam sat on her bed. Her thoughts were of the day. Lately, her life had been full of good things. She was meeting people, hearing ideas and watching events come together as if some larger-than-life hand of benevolence was at play. People were moving into her life in perfect ways. Some would call the situations coincidences. Pam called them miracles!

Today had been that. Pam wanted to help Gerri. She closed her eyes and called to Shadow and her team of Spiritual friends, healers, and teachers.

"I see Gerri healed of this traumatic event in her life. She gives voice to her wonderful gifts in ways that enrich all of society. She is honored, respected and loved for being herself. I help in the most divine ways for her. Show me how!"

With that thought, Pam closed her eyes and gave way to peaceful sleep.

The next week, Pam and Gerri decided to go to a nearby park to study. As they walked, Pam said, "You know, something is quieting about being in nature. It takes me away from the rush of people. During the past few years, I haven't spent as much time just being quiet with trees and grass as I would have wanted."

Gerri began, "You may think it's rather strange, but I can see energy waves around the trees."

"I don't think it is strange," said Pam. She gravitated to a mammoth oak tree and leaned back against it. "I believe in energy. I think it's everywhere and through everything."

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Gerri was surprised. "What do you mean?"

"Well, I have come to believe that we live in a gigantic energy environment. Some frequencies are so fast that we cannot see them and some are so slow that they appear to be solid. I think that all that is here on the planet are physical forms that are from seeds or patterns in the unseen regions of that environment. Sometimes I have seen the colors of each vibration. During the last ten years, the energy in many situations felt heavy. Sometimes it even had an odor, and often it was a gray haze over things."

Gerri was amazed. She down on the grass at the roots of the tree. Gerri had thought that her views were so unusual that she would live her life alone in a world no one else saw. And here was Pam putting words too much of what she had experienced.

"What's the matter?" asked Pam afraid she had, in her excitement, said too much.

"I can't believe what I am hearing. I have seen or felt those things since I was very little, and no one believed me. My parents told me never to speak of them. You don't know how good it feels to hear you put words to it."

Gerri laughed from the relief.

They giggled and began to share what they had been unable to tell anyone else.

"Do you ever see..." one would begin.

"I once saw..." and always there was a nod of agreement and at times laughter or tears as long-held thoughts, perceptions, and emotions tumbled out. Inner walls burst and melted away.

The sun was moving behind a cloud, and the robins sang to one other as they extracted worms from the grass. Then Pam shared what had happened to her that Friday so many years ago. Her tears invited Gerri's tears, and quietly Gerri began telling about her rape. Pam could see the pain on Gerri's face and hear it in her voice. Of course, her rape was still a raw wound screaming to be heard and healed.

They held each other until the tears were gone.

"I am so angry and feel so powerless," sobbed Gerri. "What have you done to get past it?"

"I didn't do anything for a long time. I lived with it day and night. The rape by my stepfather and the lack of protection from my mother colored my life and my decisions until I screamed to die. I wouldn't recommend doing it that way."

"When the pain had gotten so bad that I wanted to die, I was desperate. I screamed out for help. I guess being on the streets was fortunate in one way, it disconnected me from social systems. That was good and yet, not good. Who could I trust and where could I go? For some unknown reason, the voice of one I have come to call Shadow, began comforting, encouraging and guiding me. With that help I tried other ways of seeing and acting." continued Pam. "It was like trying on an idea to see what helped. What came from those Spiritual friends in worlds beyond this one helped."

"I'd be interested in knowing more about that," responded Gerri as she got to her feet. "But, I think we had better call it a day for now. My mom will be wondering where I am. She's especially concerned about my welfare since it happened. Could we get together again and talk?"

"I understand," said Pam as she stood and lifted her books. She turned to Gerri. "And, yes, I'd love to help in any way possible."

"It has been wonderful to talk with you. I can't tell you what it means to me," Gerri said as she shouldered her backpack and they walked from the park.

As they parted, Gerri took a pencil from her pocket.

"Let me give you my phone number. Give me a call. I want to talk about how you have dealt with your pain."

Pam called Gerri the next morning.

"Hi. I thought it would be a good idea to exchange schedules. That way we can plan some time when we can talk again."

"That is a good idea. Actually, today is a free day for me. How is today for you?" Gerri responded.

"Great. What about the park again, at ten?"

"Sure, but let me pick you up."

"Okay. See you at ten." Pam hung up the phone.

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When Gerri pulled up to the Center in her mom's car, Pam was waiting out front.

After Pam parked, she and Gerri began walking into the park. "I don't know exactly where to start. I haven't applied my processes to anyone else," Pam said. "I thought I would just start with whatever ideas come up in my mind."

"I brought my notebook also that I could keep track of what you say," Gerri said.

"This should be interesting," laughed Pam.

They found a quiet spot and Pam began sharing her story.

Gerri was fascinated. She wrote, asked questions and occasionally stopped Pam to think about what she had said.

Pam went over what she had already told Dr. James. Other information came back to her with Gerri's questions.

"I learned a lot that helped me to see life on this planet differently," Pam concluded. "It helped me to heal my pain and to take back my life. I'd like to put the information into a form that would help others."

"I'd like you to work with me," Gerri said. "After today my schedule gets pretty busy with my college projects, and I'd like to go over these notes I have taken. Maybe we can get together a few weeks down the road."

"Well," said Pam, "With my studies for the G.E.D. and your college commitments, both of our schedules are pretty full. When are you projects due?"

"Some have to be in by the middle of next month," answered Gerri.

"That will give me time to think through what helped me and ask how the same might help you. Let's just call in the angels to show us the way and plan to get together on the 15th of next month."

July 2nd, Gerri's Notes:

As I listened to Pam's information, I had a greater understanding of the words spoken by the Master Jesus. I am beginning to see that when Christ said, "Your faith has made you whole," and "Ask, and ye shall receive," He was speaking the truth. My faith in divinity is pretty weak, and I have forgotten how to access any right or ability to be happy and complete.

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I see the results of human's vision or faith centered in profits, lack, and pain rather than much of a connection to a soul essence of peace and health. I didn't know how to live differently, so I had isolated myself.

It seems that what Pam knows, the steps she was given to be happy and at peace, are what she is willing to share with me. She will be asking for help in applying what she has received. She says that work will be in a language that is understandable to my team of masters and healers.

"I am ready for this!" Gerri spoke into the night.

CHAPTER 18

Power in the Unseen

Pam began spending hours in the common area at the Center. She was usually alone; it was quiet and gave her space to think. Pam listened to the inner teachers, wrote, and called to mind what her Spiritual friends had done for her. She asked questions as to how to put the information into forms that would allow her to work with Gerri.

As the end of the second week, she went to Dr. James's office. She wanted to run the ideas past him for his feedback. He was not in when she knocked, and so she left a note folded and taped to the door. Pam wrote:

Dear Dr. James:

I met a young woman, Gerri Hall, at the library. I think she is the friend that you had mentioned to me.

We have talked a lot already, and she has asked me to help her with some of the things I know.

If you have time, I'd like to talk with you. Maybe this evening.

Thanks, Pam

Rory came by after work. He found Pam in her room and knocked on her opened door.

"Hi, I got your note. Is now a good time to talk?"

"Sure is," Pam answered.

Pam picked up some papers and followed Rory out the door. They walked down the hall together.

"I'm guessing that Gerri Hall is the friend you mentioned to me. Am I right?" asked Pam.

"You're correct," laughed Rory. "I'm a little surprised. Your angels are pretty powerful to have brought you two together so quickly."

"I know they are," Pam responded, "and look at what I had to go through to be ready to help her," she joked. "I really like Gerri. She's a warm and sensitive person."

Rory nodded his agreement.

He had known that his interactions with Pam and Gerri would not be usual. His training was to listen neutrally and yet he was actively pursuing Pam's experience and information. She had climbed her mountain of challenge and pain with concepts outside of his knowledge. One part of himself warned of danger while another was putting on sturdy hiking boots, ready to scale the heights. Her laughter at the magic and his sincere desire for greater capacity to help those who came to him invited him to risk the climb.

Sitting in his office, Pam began. "Well, even though the immediate goal is to heal Gerri's trauma from the rape, I know that there is an even greater purpose. That is to allow her to re-connect to her inner Divinity, her spiritual energy, and access the love it produces for her place in Earth mission.

"I know disconnects within her body circuitry must be addressed. However, I was told that it is essential to start with the heaviness caused by her current issues. That means we will look at the events of this life; experiences and patterns from previous lifetimes on Earth as the circuitry is addressed. Then, family tendencies and particular social culture that impact her. Like the rest of humans, her traumatic experiences have strengthened distorted energy vibrations. Those unbalanced energies act as a blanket over our minds and our emotions. Clearing the density will give her more clarity."

"One thing I was told as I began my walk out of pain is that our problems do not have their beginnings in our present lives. The trauma from old experiences, even reaching out before Earth, is stored in vibrational parts of ourselves, group psyches, and affects our current lives. We have forgotten those old patterns and lost the knowledge to

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reach into our complex regions of unconsciousness to heal all that resides there.”

"When patterns, thoughts, feelings or behaviors from long-ago appear, the situations make no sense in the current life. The manifestations seem to come from nowhere. These ancient wounds are not accessed by physical senses of sight, sound, hearing, touch, and taste. Therefore, we often feel trapped in patterns that we appear powerless to change.”

"When there is so much accumulated energy from pain, harshness, and hardships, individuals see life through dark glasses, listen with muted ears that cannot hear and the situations escalate. Mistakenly, we see the escalating manifestations of the problems; use control to stop the actions, and find numbing devices to dull our senses. In that state, we are in denial, and the patterns roll on, escalating and out of control.

"Darkness from these unhealed energy imprints and vibrations surrounds this planet. Our energy is contaminated. That is the environment in which we birth. This toxic energy environment is true for all of us. Our individual field becomes denser as, over time, we experience more and more 'negative' situations. To the degree that we are not taught how to hear, to hear any faint remnants of spiritual connections, we get lost in external voices, parasitic overlays, and swept away by hidden seeds/patterns. Generally, we are not encouraged to know, to value or to make good choices to strengthen our true identity. Because all energies interweave, one sabotaging event in the present will have many long ago beginning points.”

"Those healers who worked with me began with my first Earth experience. They moved forward to the present one. They did this for me over a period of four years. During that time, the distorted and entrapping energy in my life force from beyond Earth was addressed. We went very carefully. Last night, they said they could do the same for Gerri. They will work carefully over several months, always with the intention to powerfully transform without a great deal of discomfort.”

"We will start with the extensive clearing of her energy bodies. After that, they will work with me to help Gerri release trauma from experiences like the rape. During this work, her Divine circuitry connections within the physical bodysuit will be re-established which includes the entire system of evolutionary codes in the DNA. The spiritual communication center will also be cleared, stabilized, and secured.”

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Rory was cautious. Although Rory only partially understood what Pam was saying, he was confident in what he saw in Pam. That the patterns and cycles damaging his clients were of long standing, he had no doubt. He had seen that over the years.

"You know, I understand a very, very small portion of what you are saying don't you?" He laughed. "My concern is that she be safe. Will this be done in ways that will assure her safety? Also, where?"

"Well, they worked on me while I was in quiet spaces. Often it was at night or sometimes when I was at the park. I was told that the energy field of Mother Earth is dominant in creating safe space."

"I would declare a command for protection and call for total love to surround Gerri during their work. Then, I will make requests as they tell me what is needed. Everything will be under the guidance of Gerri's Higher Conscious Self. In my mind, I will watch the energy fields, listen to her Spiritual team for an indication that the work for her various dimensional bodies is complete for that session. It will be very similar to what they did for me."

"Of course, it is up to Gerri and her parents. However, I would like to be there or have someone with you to watch Gerri's reaction. It's like blazing a new trail, and I'm excited as well as a little hesitant. But, I cannot recommend one way or the other."

"That's understandable," said Pam. "I'll talk it over with Gerri."

Pam's notes for the processes to be used for Gerri:

I will call this work, Triangular Angelic Grids.

Working with Beings in the unseen, represented by the word Angelic, we intend to transform energy grids by releasing negative imprints, removing parasitic attachments, and correcting Galactic imbalances.

When free from chaos and Outsider attachments, Sovereignty exists in the field. Sovereignty allows vibrations to self-correct to the Soul's Divine Harmonic frequencies.

Restored energy vibrations form triangles, the basis of all forms of sacred geometric vortexes and patterns. Healthy energy will always form triangles and Triangles touching triangles cause grids of incredible strength! So, Triangle Angelic Grids, restoring humanity to their Soul's Harmonics.

According to Universal Law for Earth, requests/declarations from those in physical bodysuits require those in Spirit to respond.

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All TAG work is done under the direction of the individual's Soul and Spiritual teams.

TAG Healing intentions will consist of a series of requests/declarations.

Each Matrix creates energy waves that form a sacred geometric field with vibrations unique to the individual's need. This vortex will consist of specific commands. For example, one will be declarations to eliminate the dense energy stored within, around and through all vibrational bodies; spiritual, mental, emotional and physical.

Another Matrix will contain commands for activating the Divine DNA, correcting the body's circuitry and re-establishing the spiritual communication center

Creating Statements:

Gerri will have to be the one to call for new situations for her life. Her requests will allow greater transformation of old patterns and experiences because "As a man thinketh, so is he." Writing the statements in a journal is my suggestion. The affirmation process will be too slow. Let's create a process that adds working with her Spiritual team to the declaration process. Their assistance will cause a shift beyond the conscious mind, into the complexity of our multi-dimensional worlds.

So, I will have her start with a statement that she creates, a new possibility or goal. There is really no right or wrong way to begin.

The steps ought to be easy:

Gerri will describe the qualities and/or values she says that those who work with her from the unseen worlds must have; i.e., wisdom, honesty, commitment, etc.

Then, she writes the statements something like, "I am safe in communities that value my gifts and insights."

TAG and Transform: I'll use "TAG and Transform" are code words that give her Spiritual team permission to active identify seeds and remove them when any discomfort appears in Gerri's life. TAG and Transform can be the command to clear energy in a similar way as what I have called a Spiritual healing. Should be fun to play with the shorthand words.

Note to myself: *Speak to Shadow to make sure the requests are complete and ask for whatever additional information is needed. As the Ancient Ones awaken, these processes may be the way for them to quickly move out of their states of mind-control, denial, and density. They can then lead the way for our planetary shift.*

Sharon Riegie Maynard

Authors invitation: I have written a downloadable e-book which includes the TAG processes that Pam created for Gerri. I'd be delighted to send it to you. [Remembering the Mission Workbook](#).

CHAPTER 19

The Journey Begins

It was a few more days before Pam called Gerri. She was quite excited about how the processes were coming together.

"Hi, Gerri, this is Pam. How are your studies going?"

"Well, they seem to be getting easier. I have turned a project into one of my professors. But, I have a lot of apprehension about the legal processes from the rape. Being targeted is unfair and cruel. I know that I am not the only woman who has dealt with it, but I am so angry."

"Heh, whenever you need me, I'm here," Pam offered.

"Thanks. I don't know how I could do this without you and Rory. My parents, of course, have been wonderful, but they still have a hard time knowing how to help me. What have you been up to?"

Pam could hardly contain her excitement. "Well, I'm ready to do some work with you."

"Really?" Gerri's voice lifted. "When can we start and what will be involved? I mean, how do we do this?"

Gerri's voice betrayed her anticipation.

"First, we need some quiet space and time when we will not be disturbed. I'll work with a team of Spiritual Healers. They will examine your energy to locate distorted frequencies, anything that is not in harmony with your basic core frequency. The requests I am putting together are intended to permit those Healers to go after the distorted vibrations. Think of it as clearing from your various energy fields like combing tangles out of hair."

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To help Gerri understand, Pam said, "Remember how you said you felt calmer when I was around, even before you knew me?"

"Yes."

"Well, several times I used a shortened version of what we will be doing. You could feel how it cleared those uncomfortable feelings and left you in a lighter place?" Pam asked.

"That's right. Something changed, and I did feel better," Gerri acknowledged.

"So that is what we'll be doing, but more deeply. My Spiritual team suggests that we do two sessions over the next month and then see what we might address in another two." Then Pam laughed, "Oh, you will have some homework to do,"

Gerri manufactured a groan.

"After those first two, I suspect we'll do specific work involving other negative patterns. Probably, the rape incident will be part of those."

"When can we get started?" Gerri asked feeling very hopeful.

"I want you to talk it over with your parents. Then all we need is quiet. Of course, privacy, and a comfortable place where you can lie down while we work. I want to have lots of objects from nature around you to provide a steady vibrational force field.

"Rory would like to be there or have someone with us to make sure you're okay throughout the session."

"Is it going to be dangerous?" Gerri responded with a little apprehension.

"Oh, no," laughed Pam. "But he wants you to be supported, and so do I."

"You know that the places I love best are out in nature. The park is too public; maybe we could go up in one of the mountains, by the pines and lake," Gerri suggested.

"Oh, that sounds wonderful. Do you know of a place?" Pam was excited.

"Sure, how would Sunday afternoon work for you?"

"Be perfect. What time?"

"Well, if we leave by nine in the morning, we will have the best part of the day to work."

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"Gerri, do you want to ask Rory, or is there someone else?"

"No. Rory is the one and, yes, I'll ask him," laughed Gerri.

"Another thing," Pam interjected. "I don't want you to drive. For a short time after each session, you may feel like staying in a very detached space. I want you to be free to do that and to be taken care of."

"Sounds great," Gerri giggled. "Since you don't have a car and I may want to float, Rory is the candidate for the driver."

"By the way," Gerri added. "I have put my notes from our talk into my computer. I think they are accurate. I'd like you to look them over when you have time."

"Great! I'd love to do that. See you Sunday."

CHAPTER 20

Gaia Calls

The week had been hectic for Bob. At times like this, the mountains were his promise of peace. As he took the sharp curves, he stayed focused on his driving. When the road straightened out, the urgency of re-connecting to the planet floated back in his mind. Once again he became the commander. There was no way he would allow the insanity of humankind to take away the beauty and healing power of these hills, trees, animals, and meadows. His armies were the rocks, the trees, the water, and the air.

He called to them, "No energy of fear or destruction can remain on the planet! Whatever it takes to negate those vibrations, I command that it be so."

"I command that boundaries surround my Mother, the Earth, all of her creations and all of her inhabitants to prevent any invasion. I command her healing now!"

Maybe it was only a game he was playing, but the words came with such urgency and clarity. There was certainly no harm done in speaking to them.

He had decided to go to the same spot where he had camped two weekends ago. It had been glorious and very few people found their way up there. It felt like the top of the world. He knew exactly where he wanted to stand to reaffirm the vision.

It was quite a drive for only a day trip, but Bob had left early. This time being in nature wasn't for his relaxation. Going into the mountains today was for the planet.

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He pulled into a parking place about 10:30 a. m. Imagining the perfect spot to anchor the energy of the vision, Bob gathered his backpack from the back seat and looked through it. It would take a short hike to get there. There was water, a book in case he wanted to read, paper, pen and a crystal wrapped in a square of blue velvet.

Assured that he had everything, he locked the car and started on his way.

Bob had left the parking area when Rory pulled into a parking place a short distance from Bob's car. Gerri and Pam were with him. They had done the first clearing session here and were ready to do the second. The previous one had been a very sacred experience for them. It was like walking a path that was at the same time strange, new and yet familiar.

The Guides had explained the work to Pam. They had assured her that its purpose was beyond relieving Gerri's pain. As Pam had suspected, it was to give the Ancient Ones a tool to begin removing enough density to allow healing into the complexity that is the Common Life Force. With Sovereignty within their multiple dimensional bodies; integration with their Divine selves; structuring their life to their original plans, the activation of their missions would unfold.

Gerri had been surprised and blessed with the appearance of wonderful angels during her first session. They had come in glorious rays of color. She felt the energy within her body awaken and shift as they moved their hands over her body.

Since then, she had kept a journal in which she recorded changes she experienced, like her new sense of connectedness. She also noted any old thinking or life situations that she no longer wanted to experience. With these unwanted patterns, she made new choices with Pam's help using the Reality Statement process. The intentions Pam held for the techniques to turn Gerri's decisions over to her Soul Self and angels was assuring. These Beings, committed to Gerri's greatest good, then had permission to heal patterns that would otherwise sabotage her new choices. The process included instructions to plant the energy imprints necessary for the manifestation. She was already noticing that supportive individuals were coming into her life and ideas were appearing in her mind that were helping her in her school projects as well as for the direction of her life.

Also, after the first session, Gerri said she had felt a part of her burden lift, and she was excited with life for the first time in more years than she could remember.

Rory had listened to Pam's conversations with Gerri, and he had done the assignments for himself. He felt as if these tools that Pam called TAG Matrix may give him a way to move forward in his life and in helping his clients. Rory had decided to ask Pam if she would work with the angels on his patterns. Depending on his experience, he may want to learn from her and include the work in his practice or possibly refer others to her. What that would mean to his professional standing was unknown, and he was willing to continue to scale the mountain that Pam presented.

Rory, Pam, and Gerri gathered their blankets, books, and food from the car. They walked excitedly in the direction of their spot, a sanctuary in a small valley a little distance from the parking lot. An awesome rocky outcropping stood guard on one side. There were pines, aspens and various grasses covering the hills and the valley floor. Rocks and trees on the northern end cradled a shimmering blue lake.

They stopped in the shady grove they had claimed as their own. Snuggled among the trees, they went about their preparation. Once they sat in the grove, the magnificent rocky cliff was in full view, but little else.

Gerri spread her blanket in a place that felt right to her. Pam folded her blanket and put it on top of the food she had carried in. She then arranged her pencils and paper next to Gerri's spot.

Rory took off his shoes, folded his blanket into a cushion and positioned it close to some boulders. The blanket would cushion his back against the large rocks that served as his backrest.

When she was ready, Gerri lay down, shifted her body until she was comfortable and then closed her eyes. Pam covered her with a blanket and moved carefully to place stones and crystals around and on her body as if creating a mosaic from some inner vision. With that done, they were ready to begin.

They each honored the law of Earth. They asked that Gerri's angels guard their work and this spot. They instructed their Spiritual guides that only energy direct from the light of Good be allowed to surround them. They asked that the gold vibration of Christ enclose and protect them. When they were each assured that their requests had been heard and honored, they smiled at each other. Pam moved to place her hands at Gerri's head and the second session began.

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Pam had scarcely begun the work at one end of the valley when Bob finished his hike. He had back-tracked a few times to find a way to the top of this massive rocky mount, but he had had less difficulty than he had expected. Bob climbed over the last huge boulders, took a long, deep breath and stood on the mesa. He inched toward the edge. Looking out, he saw a panorama of mountains and trees that went on as far as the eye could see. Bob was awed. The view was even more magnificent than he had remembered.

He stepped back, swung the backpack to the ground and took a drink from his water bottle. His hand moved inside the pack to locate the pouch that held his crystal. Cupping it in his hand, he walked around the area to find the right spot. He sensed where it was, stood quietly, and closed his eyes. He breathed his love, his strength for the Web of Life, like colors of the rainbow, into the clear stone. Slowly bringing the vision for Earth to mind, Bob called out.

"I call to my Mother and Father of all good. I am here to command and re-dedicate energy to the vision of the wholeness of the planet. I call for the consciousness of all of Earth's children: the rocks, the fire, the air, the water, the animals, plants, and birds from all parts of the planet to listen to my requests."

"I stand as one who has the right to call for the protection and preservation of my family. My family springs from the Light and from the Earth. This Earth, our family home for thriving and beauty, was created directly from Light of Good. I demand that boundaries be positioned, maintained and strengthened to stop any invasion of any distorted, imbalanced or Outsider forms. I decree that all darkness and density be transmuted, and the beginning cause of the distortion be identified and eliminated."

"With authority, I call for all Spiritual friends of integrity to carry out this request."

He became quiet and waited. Feeling an inner lifting and swelling of his heart, Bob continued. He knew Spiritual friends were with him.

"I ask that you begin the implementation and completion of this request on this planet."

Again he paused, and tears flowed down his cheeks.

"I hold this crystal," Bob continued cupping his crystal in his hands, "and program it with the power to hold this vision. I command that its vibrations broadcast continually."

"I command, and these actions are taken now."

Then he acknowledged those in Spirit. "I give thanks for your presence!"

With his arms outstretched, Bob stood. Power radiated from his body as he turned slowly in every direction.

Gradually, he came back to an awareness of his physical environment. Its beauty refreshed him. Bob sat down, brought the crystal to his lips and blessed it. He waited for what to do next.

While listening for words from his friends in Spirit, Bob scanned the valley below him. The lake was glistening at the far end, groves of quaking aspen shimmered in the breeze, and the birds sang their songs.

Off to one side, he noticed three people in a grove of trees. As he looked more closely, he realized that they were the same three he had seen two weeks ago.

Struck by the synchronism of this second encounter, he watched them for a while. Several times, one, a tall woman, moved around a blanket upon which another woman lay. Then, she walked to the woman's head, knelt as if in prayer, arose to sit next to the young man. Bob was touched by the scene and knew that somehow their presence was a part of the sacredness of his vision.

He brought his thoughts back to his task. Should he place the crystal here, where he had re-confirmed his vision? The answer flashed in his mind, "No, move to the area by your backpack."

He moved over to the group of rocks where his backpack lay. Digging through the dirt with his fingers, Bob created a deep hole. He very carefully placed the crystal in it, and gently covered the sacred spot with soil, some wildflower seeds and stones from the surrounding area.

Smiling his satisfaction, he lifted the water bottle to his lips, took a long drink and then watered the seeds.

As Bob rose to climb down the boulders, Rory left the grove to go back to the car. They had missed some food. As Rory followed the trail through the meadow grasses, he noticed a tall, dark-haired man climbing over the rough boulders at the far side of the outcropping. Rory stopped

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and watched to make sure the man reached the ground safely. Rory was about 5 feet away when he saw the man's foot touch the earth. He looked up as Bob balanced himself.

Their eyes met, and the dark haired man raised his arm in a greeting.

Rory moved closer and called out, "That was quite a climb. You must have been the one I saw at the top most of the day. I wondered how you had gotten up there."

Bob laughed. He spoke as he walked toward Rory.

"It must be the goat in me. Actually, it wasn't too difficult, just took a little determination. The sight was mind-boggling, well worth the effort."

"I noticed you and your friends," Bob responded. "It's a great place for quiet time."

"I'm on my way to the car for some food. Would you like to join us?" Rory invited. "We certainly have plenty."

Bob hesitated and then before he knew it, he was saying, "I'm about ready to leave, but I'd love to visit for a few minutes. Sure."

Bob asked questions. Rory talked. Bob wondered, what was the attraction? He listened to this man. As a lawyer, Bob was trained to pay attention to words and body language. People's conversations gave clues about themselves. Bob was aware that he was gathering information as he asked questions. This meeting was unusual given the circumstances, and yet he did not feel uncomfortable.

As they got closer to the grove, the tall woman ran toward them.

"Rory," Pam called excitedly "We just saw a large bird circle and glide above us. It may have been a hawk or even an eagle. I'm taking it as a blessing."

Then she turned to the new man with Rory.

"Hi, my name is Pam."

The next day Bob sat at the desk in his law office. His thoughts were miles away from his professional surroundings.

He was back on the mountain wearing a T-shirt, jeans and chatting comfortably with Rory. They walked, carrying the food. Pam's face came back to him.

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He could see her in his mind's eye, could see the way she moved, could hear the joy in her voice. There had been stirring in his heart as she greeted him. He looked into her eyes and then he knew.

She was the one.

He smiled. He did not know it then, but his life would never be the same.

Geri's notes:

Wow! What an experience. The energy is still running through my body, and I am sleeping more than usual. Pam says that is to be expected for a few days. Sleep will give my body time to readjust to the changes in my vibrational fields.

I was so blessed to see my angels and feel their work. I have such gratitude for their presence in my life.

Now I realize that to remember and claim my Divine wholeness is my first step. Asking and hearing how to reconnect with my actual state of health, peace, and happiness will be the next. And, to be at one with my Divinity is the goal. I know that it is my belief in my Divinity, my state of wholeness that will bring me to wellness. I will not stop until I am daily living from that place.

The Fall

50,000 years ago -Cro-Magnon

Adam and Eve wandered into the desolate lands that had been allotted them by the controlling authority. Eve had chosen to walk into this change of plans. It would give her more time to hone her skills of discerning expansive energy from constrictive energy.

She and Adam set about working to make a shelter and to find food. How very different this was from the ease and beauty of the garden she had designed and called into being.

But, this was what she had chosen. Once she felt settled, she reached out to her Spiritual teacher. And that is when she discovered it. Her channels were blocked!

She reached within for her backup system only to realize that it was crippled. Frantically she surveyed the circuitry systems within the earth bodysuit, and one by one found that they had all been shifted, changed or eliminated.

Those who had enslaved the Galactic families had not only discovered her presence; they had blocked their communications! Were she and Adam trapped in this territory controlled by their enemies? This crippling in the body suit did not bode well. Without the guidance how would they have the means to complete their mission and return home?

She had thought she would have time to strengthen to accomplish her mission. What had she done? How could she have been so wrong?

Then, another question arose. What about the other volunteers? How would this affect them?

It was then that great sorrow filled her.

CHAPTER 21

Greater Capacity to Heal

Gerri called Pam at the Center.
"Pam, I'm in real trouble."

Pam heard the voice on the other end and didn't have to be told more. Her whole body responded.

"Where are you, Gerri?"

"I am at the library. I was studying. A couple of teenage boys came in. Pam, I'm so scared."

"I'll be right there."

Pam dashed off a note for Rory and dropped it on his desk. She grabbed a small blanket, her paper, and pencil and sprinted out the door. Pam walked hurriedly toward the library.

She found Gerri huddled on the steps in front of the building. Her back was pressed up against the small retaining wall.

Pam sat down by Gerri and took her hand.

"Gerri, I want you to remember that I have been in pain too and I know how hopeless it can feel. You are not alone. I'm here for you."

They sat quietly, oblivious to the few patrons moving in and out of the building.

"Do you feel okay about walking over to the park?" Pam asked.

"Yes, I'm okay with that. Oh, Pam, I hurt so badly." Gerri's quiet sobs continued.

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"Your pain is coming up because it is time for it to be heard and cleared. Let's sit under the maples. When you are ready, we will work with your angels. They can heal the wound."

"I left a note for Rory to hold sacred space for us," Pam added. "He will get it as soon as he gets to the Center. He loves you and will hold protected space. You are not alone."

Pam lifted Gerri gently to her feet and kept her arm around Gerri's waist as they walked to the park.

The sun was warm, and the birds were singing. Soft white clouds floated aimlessly across the sky. People were doing park things: children playing games; mothers playing with babies, lovers holding hands. But Gerri was not aware of any of this. She drew strength from Pam and gave herself into her friend's care.

They found a secluded area under the maples and sat on the grass. Pam held Gerri's hands in her own.

"Gerri, remember what I told you about my hurts and wounds?"

Gerri nodded.

"After the clearings lifted my density, I could see patterns more clearly. Memories began to come back. As injured parts of myself showed up, I discovered thoughts and feelings that were very painful.

"You are feeling a wounded part of yourself. It is begging to be heard and to be relieved of the hurt. Would you like to tell me what you are feeling? I am here just to listen." Then Pam sat silently.

Gerri's hands clenched tightly under Pam's. She talked and cried. Pam listened. Time was not a factor as Gerri's emotions emptied and filled and emptied again.

Then Pam sensed a shift, and she asked, "Are you ready to do the next steps?"

"Yes I am," responded Gerri.

"Let me spread the blanket for you. I'll guide you through a simple, relaxation exercise and then I'll ask questions. You give me whatever answers appear in your mind. It will be like telling a story."

Pam called in her Spiritual friends and the angels that had appeared for Gerri. At her request, they lifted dense vibration from the physical

location and protected the space for Gerri. Pam sat with her paper and pencil and began.

"Gerri, get a sense of how solidly you are supported here on the grass and in the energy arms of Mother. You are held in total safety and with great power. For this time, you can tell your physical body simply to relax into the arms of those in the unseen."

Pam waited until she sensed a shift in Gerri's energy.

"There are vibrations around you to nourish and refresh all parts of your physical body. Your body can be at peace in this field of Light.

"Focus on your breathing. Notice the ease of your breath." Pam continued until she felt a calm moving through Gerri's body.

"Now, Gerri, there is a part of yourself that is feeling great pain. I'd like to talk to that pain. When it is ready, words will bubble up in your mind. When that happens, let yourself say, 'I am here.'"

Pam sat quietly and watched Gerri's face and breathing.

Very soon, "I am here," came from Gerri's lips. It sounded like a young child's voice, scared and full of pain. Tears trickled out of the corner of Gerri's eyes.

Step by careful step, Pam led Gerri through the feelings to the place the pain resided in her body. Then she asked Gerri's higher consciousness to take her back to the time this pain began.

Going back as far as was necessary was like floating on a cloud.

The story Gerri saw, re-experienced and related was surprising. She told the story she saw with short, concise sentences.

She was young, maybe sixteen years old, wearing much worn clothing. She was happy living with her parents. She and her mother did cleaning and cooking type work to help the family survive, but she felt loved. Gerri said, "I sense this is my first time on the planet in a physical bodysuit."

She had been sent to the ruler's home to do some work. She didn't like to go because she didn't feel safe there. But, on the other hand, she wanted to go because of the ruler's son. He was quite handsome, and she thought he liked her. She felt something good around him, and that made her

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smile. Wanting to go and yet reluctant. She looked around and knew that being near his father caused her to be uneasy.

Pam moved her gently forward in time until the emotions began to change.

Next, Gerri, who hears her name as Shera, sees herself in the large home of the ruler. The son is watching her from a distance. Gerri knows he is there. Once in a while, she looks up, catches his eye and smiles.

Suddenly her voice changed.

"Oh no!" sobs Gerri. "He does not see, but his father is coming. I'm scared, so frightened. I can't say anything to warn him."

"Lighten the fear, Gerri. Breathe it outside of yourself. You don't need to feel the heaviness of it. You can safely be just the storyteller."

Gerri's breathing slowed.

"He's yelling at his son for watching me. I'm his property. He owns everything. He'll show him what it means to be powerful and take whatever one wants. His son is trying to stop him. They're fighting."

"Oh, Oh... the father has knocked his son to the ground and kicked him over and over again in the stomach. He's coming for me. I can't run. I can't scream. I feel frozen; I'm so afraid."

Pam spoke gently and yet firmly, "Gerri, move ahead. Float safely to what is necessary for you to see. Move forward surrounded and protected by your Spiritual friends."

"What else is occurring?"

"His son is pulling himself up. He's screaming and crying. He's coming toward me. Now, his son is holding me, rocking with me."

The next words Gerri's spoke were dull, emotionless.

"I have been raped. I feel lifeless; maybe I'm dead."

"Tell me, what you as Shera decided?" asked Pam.

Gerri slowly answered Pam's question.

"Men are cruel and can't be trusted," she began. Pam sat with the quiet while Gerri seemed to think. Then Gerri continued, "Somebody owns me."

There was another long pause, and when the words came, tears ran down Gerri's cheeks.

"I can't be with the one I love."

Her sobs were from a Soul depth, rolling through her body like the release of slowly flowing lava. Gerri turned her head into the blanket. Then she added, "Life is harsh and not worth living."

She lay quietly, and her breathing slowed.

"Look around you, Geri," urged Pam. "Your angels are there to help her, and she doesn't know it. Call to them and invite them to come closer."

Pam waited.

"Oh, yes, I can see them. Shera can see the angels also. They're in beautiful colors of light."

"Gerri, you as Shera gave yourself messages that set a course for future lifetimes. Those messages have created imprints and anchored patterns. You have been living life from the decisions you made in that lifetime. From this future place, ask the angels what you as Shera was trying to understand from that experience."

Gerri lay breathing softly, her eyes closed.

"They say I was trying to understand the impact that the Outsider's crippling and choices from fear had left on our Divine families on Earth mission. I was to understand the impact of duality; of balance and imbalance, of power and powerless. It was critical to know on this planet what thinking creates in individual lives. I had never experienced the manifested forms, actions and emotions that come from imbalance and entrapment. In that situation I did."

"Gerri, ask the angels if it is necessary for Shera and you to continue experiencing domination and duality and the pain it brings."

Again, Gerri was quiet.

"No, now we understand."

Using the Reality Statement technique, Pam helped Gerri create statements for new patterns and outcomes for Shera. After the young sixteen-year-old was given new understanding and more significant resources, her pain dissolved as if the rape had never happened. Pam

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continued to work with Gerri until there were an inner shift and a healing completion.

Gerri lay and dozed for a short time. Pam kept a close watch over her friend, asked questions of the Spiritual healers and angels and declared permission for what they indicated they could do for Gerri.

Gerri turned, opened her eyes and reached for Pam's hand. Then she took a deep breath.

"Pam, you have talked about how events in this lifetime have their beginnings eons ago. I trusted you knew because of information you had received and the experiences you had had. But, I didn't fully comprehend how the past fits together in my life. Now, I understand."

Gerri lay for a time thinking of what she had just been shown. Then, she looked into her friend's eyes.

Gerri said quietly, "Pam, the Soul as the father in that long-ago time was the same Soul within Dean, the man at the University who raped me."

"And," she continued, her eyes closed to her outside surroundings, "Rory was the son."

Gerri paused for a minute as if to gather her strength. Tears trickled out of the corners of her eyes, she continued.

"As I slept, I could hear Rory say from far back in time, 'I will be there to help you awaken.'"

Gerri breathed, and with a voice quivering with emotion she went on.

"And finally, finally after all these lifetimes, that is what he has done."

Both women's eyes filled with tears, the azure blue, and the deep brown.

Dana, as Pam, had shared enough knowledge with Rory and Gerri for her mission assignment to begin. She smiled as she held Gerri. Then, very quietly, Pam heard Shadow's inner voice. "You now know the basics, my little one. Before long you will be shown the greater picture."

Later in the quiet of the Center, Pam wrote as Shadow spoke to her.

"The warning voices are around you, but many do not want to know that the seeds of pain are within them, within all of you. Souls in physical bodysuits have been conditioned to live in denial of their pain, discounting their divinity and authority. They have suffered well, planning

for some grand relief after the death of the body. In this way, the Outsider controls them. But, their children will become the message givers. The age-old wounds, domination, usury, and crippling will manifest in the next generations. Will humanity care enough about their children to hear their pain, their children's cries for help and finally look at their part in transforming the complex imprints? Will they open their eyes to see what is at the core of the violence and greed on their planet?"

Surprise moved Pam back to herself. What did Shadow mean? 'There was more to understand? How could the pain, the violence, and the chaos get any greater?

Mission Call - We Need You Here

Then Pam wrote the words that flowed into her mind, "I have a few words to add as Dana, the High Priestess. Remember that first flow of words from your Spiritual friends: "Our Dearest one..."

"Those words from the Spiritual worlds opened the door to allow you to communicate with a Higher Power. It became your source of peace and hope as you walked out of pain and into your life. The words of those Spiritual friends have been accurate every step of the way in expanding your life.

From the beginning, whether there were questions of survival or about the glorious outpouring of love that redirected your life, the words came. When you were discouraged and doubtful, the words came. When you felt confused, the words were there.

You have experienced the power of personal communication with source. Know it is available for all. Spirit speaks to all of because all aspects of Good; love, generosity, compassion, creativity, is everywhere present. The power of Spiritual connection is a gift to be given to the masses, not to be held back and reserved for the few. We are in this life for a purpose, and the bigger picture must be known. Why don't we ask? Why don't we hear? Why do we live in pain? Why do we doubt and fear?

Untangling the fabric of your lives takes great courage and commitment. It requires all the skill and support you can bring to the job. Renewing the threads into new patterns is empowering and challenging.

There are many who are being asked to remember their promise to participate in a world of wholeness and peace. And yet humanity has been cut off from the very stories that would give them the solid foundations upon which to stand. I share this with you from the highest place of integrity. Just as the information has come through to you, I now invite you to present it to others. It is part of a Spiritual effort to help individuals

Remembering Earth Mission

understand, step out of their costumes of untruth and move back into the Oneness, the Divine that All are.

Is it only a game? Maybe all of life is a game, and the question is what game will save the Earth and her inhabitants from further distortion, pain, and spiritual death?

I have an invitation for you to share:

"My Dearest, Beloved Friends:

"Join me. Hold my hand. Stop struggling, stop hiding your goodness and power under costumes of lack, shame and guilt.

"We are one family. Let's play in the Light together and experience our lives from authenticity. It will not be the same until you are there. You are truly Divine, and you always have been Divine.

"That is what I have always known, and what I am here now to remind you.

"Come, Be Whole.

"We need you here!"

Dana

Authors invitation: I would love to send you the Free a downloadable e-book with the TAG processes and Universal Laws that will guide you as you begin your own awakening. Here's the link: [Remembering the Mission Workbook](#).

I'd love and appreciate an Amazon review from you. What was new? valuable? questions left to be answered?

REMEMBERING MISSION is the first book in a trilogy the Ancient Ones have planned. You can sign up [HERE](#) to be on my mailing list for more interactions Also, I'll send you a notice for the next book, THE CRIES OF THE CHILDREN

Back of Book

WHERE WAS YOUR BEGINNING? WHAT IS YOUR PURPOSE?

Ancient Ones, from Worlds beyond Earth, began life on this planet with a very clear purpose, to restore the Balance and Good. Successive lifetimes of subjugation, survival, conflict, and despair took a great toll on them and the Divine plan receded.

Throughout Earth time, others from those Worlds beyond Earth came to inspire hope and to restore the vision. Some were heard and most were ignored. The matrix of entrapment expanded.

This book tells the story of those Ancient Ones, They speak again to restore truths that can bring light to a world held in the darkness of deceit and control, the very agendas they had volunteered to eradicate 600,000 years ago. Although the concepts of domination, violence, greed have been normalized, remembering the mission will awaken you. It will inspire you to stand on new truths, see with new eyes, free your consciousness, and bring forth the Original vision; a World of Balance and Good.

This book was first published by Divine Directive in June 1995. In light of the growing Outsider presence on the planet, I felt it critical to republish Mission Remembered, the first book in a trilogy. May we remember the mission that we volunteered to serve.