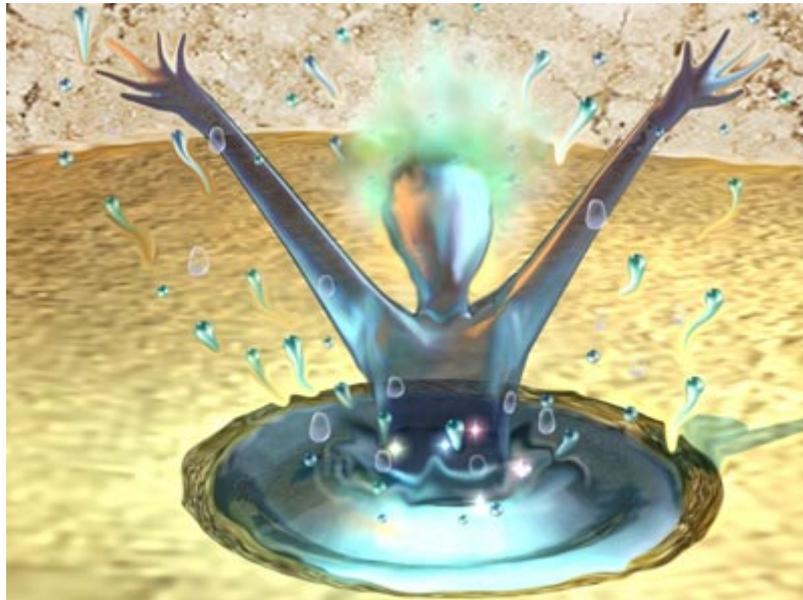


I

## THE BLACK WELL



This was my first visit inside Shambala. I had admired this place from the outside on several occasions when it materialized in my meditations. I always saw it as a place full of light, with most of its buildings shaped like domes and with a mysterious atmosphere.

The day before, when I reached the gate, I met a guardian who asked me many questions about my motives for wishing to receive teaching in the Kingdom of Shambala. By the grace of God I passed the control, obtained permission and here I am... arriving for my first day of school.

I took the white path, slowly sensing that I was getting closer as my energy resonated more quickly. I felt a little nervous, because I don't like getting into astral problems, but I had absolute confidence in my guide Joël. I reached Shambala, I looked around me; it was full of white buildings, mostly the colour of sand and lime. Everything I could see had a brilliance like sunshine on a winter's morning.

I was waiting because I didn't know what was going to happen or what I was supposed to do... the place was empty; there wasn't a soul to be seen. Then in the distance I saw something like a light coming slowly towards me. When it came up to me, I realized that it wasn't a human being like us, it was being that was made up of a shining white cloud,

and within the cloud there were little stars that were twinkling continuously... like sunshine on virgin snow.

I just gaped at her amazed; she was a mature woman, taller than me, with an intense presence. Her hair was combed backwards, just like my grandmother used to wear it when she fastened it with a comb. She had an open smile and she welcomed me and introduced herself as Ananda... she said she would be my guide in Shambala and without another word, she began walking towards the interior of the Place. We reached an oval building and crossed the threshold.

Inside there was no furniture, no people, it was completely empty. Ananda walked towards the centre of the hall... and then I realized that in the middle, in the floor there was a kind of well full of black water, which reflected the space around it like a mirror.

The two of us just looked at the black well, and I suddenly started to feel terribly anxious and afraid. Ananda turned her face towards me and in order to calm me down, she told me that I was a vision, and she passed her hands over my body, creating a protection which she called "the rainbow", which was like an aura of many colours.

We looked once again at the well, and I became a little more relaxed. Then my attention was drawn to the sound of splashing... shapes could be seen moving within the black liquid, as if we were watching a hole in the ice in Alaska and could see seals passing by. Suddenly, the top half of a human body, transparent, dark, shining, erupted noisily from the liquid with its arms raised, and then as fast as it had appeared, it dived back into the well and vanished...

The room returned to silence, my body felt great anxiety and I turned to Ananda to try and understand what was happening...

Ananda said: - Don't think, don't think... just watch.

I turned to face the hole and Ananda told me: - During your stay on Planet Earth, you have been many different people, many lives and situations. This is the Well of Reincarnations and everything you have ever been lives within it. In its depths and in its secrets... All at once,

people started to emerge from the water; some were women, others men. There were also children and old people. They all gathered in a circle around the well and looked into it, and then Ananda told me to join them...

Very cautiously I went forward and placed myself between two of my lives. Then some of us held hands, others put their hands on shoulders and we started to dissolve. My body merged with the two that had been on either side of me. This mixing together generated strange noises and abstract figures that moved as if they had lives of their own... In this way we became one single mass, in the shape of a watery ring...

The ring started to contract and become smaller, until it was small enough to jump inside the well and disappear within. From that moment on I remember nothing, only an immense silence that was dark and eternal... and I suddenly felt alive again and I saw light above me... I swam upwards! And I emerged from the well again, but now as one sole being, complete, totally soaked through and confused...

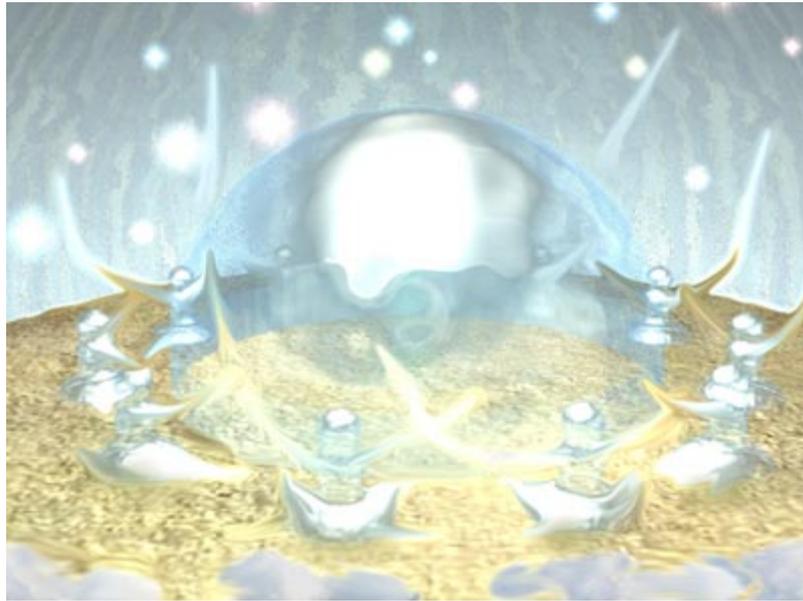
I didn't know what to think, I felt afraid and I really wasn't sure that I had liked what had just happened to me much... I moved towards Ananda, I was upset, and when I came up to her, I found her lit up by a beautiful smile. She looked at me as a mother would on seeing her newly born son and she embraced me and congratulated me on a job well done.

At that moment I felt good, I lost my fear and I realized the importance of what had just happened to me. I was able to understand and assimilate that all my lives were one and that, in the end, we are all one...

Then Ananda told me that I had to leave, that my stays in Shambala would be short ones for the moment, and she accompanied me to the path and I went back home, confused but satisfied and happy with my new path on Earth.

## II

### THE HALL OF SOUND



It's my second day, my second visit to the Kingdom of Shambala. I'm a little nervous, because last time everything was very intense and also because I feel insecure... I think that perhaps I won't be able to find the path or to connect... But I am immediately surprised by the image of Shambala in front of me clear and focused.

I start walking until I reach an oval building, like the one the day before, but the door is different, this one has an open arch with a strange symbol at the top that I don't recognize and a bell that rings on its own... with a crystalline sound: "ting-a-ling"; it is white and shiny.

At that moment I turn round and look outside and I admire the pale open sky, full of stars shining with different colours, illuminating the universe; it's a beautiful image. I turn to look at the door again and I enter the hall.

Beings that look like Ananda, but smaller, see me and come towards me. They surround me and take my hands. They are like living smiles filled with happiness... It moves me a little to suddenly see so many strange, vibrant people.

In the centre of the room there is another dome, this one is made of volatile transparent crystal, about five metres in diameter. There are

more star beings sitting around it. They are all speaking at the same time and laughing, making a sound that reminds me very much of water bubbling from a spring.

They accompany me to a free place and I join the group. So much babbling makes me feel a little confused and nervous. In a low voice I call Ananda...

- Ananda, Ananda!... and she appears from among them smiling, and she places herself at my side. She tells me that we are in the Hall of Sounds... Then a deep silence is generated, everyone becomes quiet at the same time, as if an order had been given by something invisible.

And from this deep silence, a note starts to sound, a continuous chanting, a vibration which grows and grows... expanding like a wave that slips over the sea and is seen by its white foam...

Ananda smiles at me and, with a sign, she makes me observe myself. I look and I realise that I look the same as everyone else, that I'm made of stars and that calms me.

The sounds continue to flow from the singers, with soft melodies, the level of concentration is high. Suddenly, from within the transparent dome, beings begin to materialize... beings that are lying down and seem to be ill. The vibration of the chanting cures them, heals them, I see how they slowly get better. When they finish with a patient, the patient disappears and another in need of help appears...

So we keep chanting and chanting and then Ananda forcefully whispers these words to me: - Forget your independence!, Join us in a single chant... Be one with everyone!... Give yourself up! Don't be afraid... Then the vibration of the sound started to become higher and higher... I felt as if the note was expanding through the universe and bathing the Earth and everyone who lived on it. I can describe the feeling I had a little with this poem:

In the midst of the sound

My soul soared

**Among whirlpools of light  
With reflections of angels  
Mysterious voices  
Born within hearts  
That called out to heaven...**

**Sounds on high  
With their transparent mantles  
Cover hearts...  
That in an eternal chant  
Are together and united  
In a single true note...**

**From glorious silence  
To the voice of the angels in heaven  
There glides an open smile  
That fills with light the souls  
That fortunately have the humility  
To listen to the chants of others...**

**And in that state of ecstasy, we all exploded, in the form of thousands of stars that with their vibration became part of the dome and formed a single pure material.**

**I lost my independence and I became one with the sound and I was not afraid to be as one with the others...**

**At that exact moment I perceived within me, with great intensity, that our chanting came from our united hearts. It was marvellous; a very**

special and profound feeling.

The sound slowly stopped and the vibration came to a halt. The stars of all the beings, including mine, emerged from the crystal dome and returned to their original shapes.

We sat down again and we maintained a respectful silence for some minutes. Then Ananda touched me on the shoulder and with a sign she told me that I should leave...

She went to the door with me and she gave me a farewell embrace.

When I left, I could hear the star beings inside the room, sparkling, full of happiness because of their chanting and what they had experienced...

### III

#### THE SNAIL



Today is my third day and I find myself on my way to Shambala, it is morning and a clear light pervades everything.

I reach an enormous gate, it is arch shaped, not enclosed at the top. I pass through the entrance and I find myself in an enormous space... I can see to the horizon.

Ananda arrives to receive me, her smile is open and I feel safe with her. She bids me good morning and she tells me that today she will show me the Snail...

We begin walking through the vast white space, and we come to a tall hill, like an eight-floor building. There is a path that ascends anticlockwise in a snail.

We start to climb in silence. Ananda places herself on my right, as if to protect me from the void... The ground is smooth and white; everything is very clean and tidy.

I soon begin to sense that it isn't so easy to climb the ramp. I have a strange feeling, like pressure throughout my body and especially at my temples. I look at Ananda to see if she is also affected, but she smiles at

me... She makes me observe my body and I realize that I am made of stars just like hers.

We continue climbing slowly. About halfway, the ground starts to glow, like an intermittent luminous pulsing, and I also start to hear music divided into four phases, four consecutive tones that are repeated over and over...

The pressure started to become intense, I felt it throughout my body and this frightened me a little. All at once, some transparent beings appeared around the spiral floating in the air and spinning around as if they were following the music. There were lights inside them that flashed on and off. Each shape was a different shade of the rainbow, and if I had to describe them I would call them abstract geometry...

As we climbed up the pressure became more and more intolerable. Ananda watched me and asked me to endure it and to keep going. Amid sounds, visions, reflections and lights, we reached the top of the spiral. The summit was a circular concavity, like a round hole, perfectly smooth and polished, white as the sand on a beach... It was a very aesthetically-pleasing surface.

By this time the sounds are deafening and the light is becoming more intense, dazzling me with shafts of light that shoot out in all directions.

Gradually, I see a crystal sphere taking shape all around me. Ananda moves away from the centre and leaves me alone inside. I am surrounded by a sort of transparent bubble. Inside the sound is dampened and there is more peace...

I see how a shaft of white light comes down from the sky and surrounds the sphere, which starts to float and to rise slowly. I look up and through the crystal I see how the clouds part. I continue to rise as if I was in a lift and I observe with admiration how we are leaving behind the geometric shapes, and in the blink of an eye we are through the clouds and we reach a new, totally different space.

The sphere dissolves in the air and I look around me... I am in a sort of enormous desert of white clouds; a resplendent diaphanous light

bathes everything. I observe my body and to my surprise I realize I'm human once more... As if from within the clouds, a being very like Jesus appears, he is dressed in a blue tunic and he greets me as if he had been waiting for me. He says that his name is Sananda and that the place I find myself in is called "Primogenital Light". He offers me a seat next to him on a cloud...

There's a feeling of purity and calmness that surrounds and protects us, and we remain silently in a very deep meditative state. Sananda says to me:

I know that it has cost you great effort to reach here

That your road has been long and arduous

But you know, my love...

You have always been with us

We have always cared for you

And now that you have arrived

Our hearts are full of joy

Because promises have been fulfilled

And eyes have not wept in vain

Those that suffer have been found

And have helped each other

To reach our side...

May the Creator bless

You and all those who

With humble hearts

Have not lost faith

**And have continued ascending**

**Towards the light...**

**When I heard his words I shed some tears... in truth I was tired, my soul was tired of struggling and living. But it was also true that an inner strength had made me carry on, knowing that the light was waiting for me...and at last I had arrived somewhere with my friend Sananda, who I felt I had known all my life.**

**When I had calmed down a little, I said to Sananda that I wished to leave, we rose and he accompanied me to the place where I had arrived and he smiled tenderly while he generated the sphere again. Everything was very simple, the sphere descended towards the snail, we passed the geometrical shapes and we landed on the summit. Ananda was there waiting for me and she observed me with gentleness and her head on one side.**

**She took care of me as always as we descended the whole snail in silence; the shapes disappeared, along with the sounds and the lights.**

**We reached the bottom, Shambala, and Ananda accompanied me to the arched gate and said goodbye to me there. And I went home feeling dizzy and happy at the same time.**

## IV

### THE CEREMONY



Today is Sunday and I'm on my way to Shambala. When I arrive, the door that greets me is enormous, and I look at it puzzled in case I have taken the wrong path...

I hear noises inside and I look in. The inside is in shadow; I had never seen darkness in Shambala before. In case I'm not in the right place, I call my guide twice... - Ananda, Ananda!...

Then she appears at the door, she looks more serious than usual, she asks me to be silent by putting her index finger to her lips and we enter the hall together.

The place has an atmosphere that is like Catholic churches, the ceiling is concave and has some strange drawings on it, very cosmic, like circumferences that interpolate. People are placed in rows and they are of many different races.

They are all repeating the same mantra; a deep, silent mantra, in rhythm rather like the Tibetan mantra for compassion - "Om-mani-padme-hung", and the atmosphere is perfumed with a type of incense or perfume that is unknown to me.

Ananda and I join one of the rows at the back and we join in the prayers. I then realize that there is a priest conducting the ceremony. He is a thin old white man, with blue eyes and lank white hair. He is wearing a green and gold ceremonial robe and he is quite tall.

In his hands he is holding something like a cross surrounded by a circular ring, which has four glass spheres placed at the four cardinal points, and a six-pointed star at its centre.

The priest raises this strange sceptre and a powerful white light emerges from the silver star. Seven spheres suddenly appear above him. They are the colours of the rainbow and they move into a vertical line that reminds me of the seven chakras of human beings... The white light becomes more intense and a multitude of white beams emerge from the star and come towards each one of us... the radiance is very intense, almost blinding.

And surrounded by that white light, there is a tremendous flash and we are all blown out into space, inside the light. It is like a ship transporting conscious beings transformed into light energy. We travel through the universe, between galaxies, far away we can see a radiant star that shines brighter than the rest and we head towards it.

We float in the light near that marvellous star, and then I see how another ship of light appears from it and comes towards us, and penetrates our space to form a unit...And in this way we pick up beings from place to place like the school bus which used to come for us in the mornings.

The ship of light, while picking congregations up in space, traces the lines of an ancient drawing with its course through the cosmos...

We reach the end of the journey and there are a lot of us inside the same ship suspended in space by the ceremonial light. I feel within me, in all of me, how a magnetic force is attracting us, drawing us towards a gigantic ball of brilliant light. It is the colour of golden light and it moves with life of its own. And as water descends towards water, we all join harmoniously with that huge ball of golden light and we disintegrate into particles of light within it.

In this way, in that mystical and wonderful silence, I let my person rest and disintegrate. In a state of sharing my self with others... and a thought came to my mind, I realized that, "There is a little of me everywhere"...

The golden light surrounds me

My heart feels accompanied

I dissolve in the divine flame

And I reach the lap of the Mother

They are dreams of dreams

It is the original peace

Opening up my human self

To higher dimensions...

It is integration

That arises from disintegration

It is the sacred golden light

That lives in Divine Love

Where I rest my soul

And I find my true dream...

In that state of fulfilment, we all spent a long time floating in the golden light, until my stars started to group together, forming my original being. The same happened to the others that were with me.

When we finished the integration process, all the congregations emerged from the ball of light and we started on the way back,

accompanying each group to its point of origin, until we reached Shambala on planet Earth. The ceremony in the strange church had finished and Ananda took me to the door, and looking me in the eyes, she said:

Love is everywhere

I am surprised by the similarity of her phrase and mine...I walked slowly towards my home, with a peaceful heart and a smile on my face...

V

## PLANET EARTH



Today, on my way to Shambala, I 've come across a white unicorn on the path; it's the second time this has happened... It looks at me and slowly comes closer, then it runs through my body with its horn, and when it has confirmed that I am a vision, it goes away without saying a word. I feel that it is a kind of guardian watching over the path to the Kingdom of Shambala.

As I reach the entrance, I find Ananda waiting for me. She asks me how I am and she tells me that I look a little nervous... I tell her that she is right, that I'm feeling delicate.

We start walking; we nearly always do so in silence. We come up to a dome, smaller than the others I have visited, and we enter.

Inside, I find a place about three metres in diameter, it's circular and it has oval windows all the way round. In the centre there is a kind of cylindrical podium, which is half a metre above the floor.

We sit on a bench that goes all the way around the room under the windows. It's a different sort of room, as if it is made from organic materials, with drawings and friezes around the windows and on the ceiling. It all seems to be carved and moulded...it reminds me a little of

Antonio Gaudí's architecture.

We remained in silence, I was admiring this bizarre place when suddenly all the windows started to show images of Planet Earth of great beauty. Scenes of sunsets, of snow-covered mountains, great oceans with reflections of the sun, incredible images of enormous deserts, valleys, all with disturbing clarity... there were even images on the podium.

It felt like we were in a UFO, and we were flying over wonderful areas of the Earth. Suddenly, the projections stop and everything goes blank again.

Then I am surprised to see something slowly taking shape at the podium in the middle of the room. An old man wearing a tunic that reaches the floor. He has a long white beard and he has a twisted wooden stick in his left hand, like the branch of a tree.

As it materializes, the shape turns round on itself, until it is fully formed. He stops in front of us and he tells me that he is Merlin; he slowly extends his right hand with the palm turned downwards.

He asks me to place myself under his hand, looking outwards...I look at Ananda and she smiles at me and nods in encouragement.

I get up feeling rather insecure and I go towards him. He has a very dominating presence. I approach him and I place myself under his hand with my back to him and I close my eyes...

Then I feel a breeze on my face and I open my eyes... I am surprised to find myself in a leafy wood, and where Merlin had been there is a gigantic tree with wet bark. I feel that either the scale is out of proportion or that I am smaller than usual. Everything smells of wetness and flowers, as if it had just finished raining. There is a lot of green moss, ferns, fungi and all kinds of forest plants... Birds can be heard singing in the crowns of the trees.

It is a really pure, virgin place... I feel my whole body healing itself, and then I hear the voice of Merlin like an echo ringing through the

**entire wood:**

**Feel the wind in the trees**

**Bathe your feet in the river**

**Rest your body on the fresh grass**

**Watch the white clouds pass by**

**And the birds soaring on the air currents**

**Listen to the little insects sing**

**And admire the fluttering butterfly**

**Embrace yourself! Love yourself!**

**And in that song of sweetness and enchantment**

**Let Mother Earth cradle your soul...**

- You are human – Merlin continues – everything around you, the moss, this tree, the plants the flowers, the stone... Everything is made of the same matter as you; you are the same. If you love yourself, if you learn to love yourself and everything around you, from the biggest to the smallest, then you will learn to love the Earth and to live in harmony with her.

Do not forget, my love, you are a human being and as such you should love your condition and this beautiful planet called Earth...

Then I felt myself return to the room, I turned round and saw how Merlin dematerialized before my eyes with a smile of love on his wise face.

Ananda got up from the bench and went towards the door, I followed her in silence and we walked to the exit, and without saying a word to me she said goodbye and went back towards Shambala...

On the way back home, these words came to me:

**Mother Earth, I love you!**

**May us humans learn to care for you  
May offerings be made to you for your generosity  
Because life is within you  
And we need you, Mother Earth  
We need you!**

## VI

### SELENA IS LIKE THAT



This morning when I arrived in Shambala, everything was moving more than usual, as if everything was going out of focus and then refocusing, rising and falling. I felt that Shambala was not a place, but many places with different frequencies that adapted to the visitor, which was quite dizzying.

All at once, a feminine being appears before me, a slim iridescent woman made of stars, with two dragonfly wings. She says her name is Selena and she takes my hand and leads me away.

And I say: - Selena, where are you taking me? But she offers no reply, she just sings and laughs. She flies me up into the air, we take a rainbow path and we start to spin and spin around in a whirl of colours, at the speed of a roller coaster, and I plead with Selena to stop, that I'm getting dizzy...She tells me that if I were able to reach Shambala, then I could dance with her and she laughs...everything is full of spirals with stars and bright colours moving like a kaleidoscope. We fly over a transparent blue sea, a different sea, it's whiter and it isn't on Earth... we do a ninety-degree turn and plunge into the water.

- Don't be afraid of drowning, says Selena – but I'm afraid of not being able to breathe... - Let yourself go, let yourself go! Selena shouts- Play

**with the water!, Play with the bubbles!, Let yourself go! ...**

**I start to feel tired, I feel old, and I want to think with Ananda... Ufff!... Then Selena takes my hand and starts to drag me through the water, we can hear distant singing and suddenly, from different directions, seven transparent dolphins approach, each one a different colour of the rainbow.**

**Selena greets them and they all start playing and going round in circles. They drag me through the sea again, Selena pulls at me and we suddenly appear on a beach, we walk along the hot sand and we find a white conch shell. There's a flash... and we are in Shambala once more.**

**How dizzying! And Selena is shouting: - Let yourself go, play! then a dolphin comes up to me and says: - Selena is like that!, What can we do? And they all laugh and turn that refrain into a song that they repeat over and over, while they circle around me...**

**Selena is like that, what can we do? Selena is like that, what can we do?**

**Suddenly, they all rush off at great speed and leave me alone...everything is quiet, I feel really dizzy, I feel anxious, I feel old and I want to go home... and I don't know how to get back...**

**Then I hear a distant murmur through the water that is coming closer, and then I see them all coming towards me from different directions and... Flashhh! They are all around me and they start to tickle me, with bubbles, with their snouts and Selena with her hands... Then I start to laugh and laugh and I can't stop... It's a feeling of pleasure bordering on hysteria, the pressure becomes so intense that I can't keep it inside my body, and I explode into a thousand pieces.**

**And all of my stars turn into tiny fish that swim around together in a school. They swim up and then down, I suddenly start to worry in case one of them gets lost and I become incomplete...**

**But that doesn't happen. They follow tremendous currents and bubbles. They circle round me again and again at great speed and they start to sing, and while they are singing they start to join together, one**

with another, and I turn into a dolphin.

Yes, I'm a dolphin! And we're all going to play, Selena grabs me and we swim together. I'm not afraid any more! I'm happy! The dolphins and I play and chase each other in the blue water.

The dolphins are my friends

They are very wise beings

Full of happiness and full of heart.

When I swim with them

I remember myself

Playing with life, feeling its weightlessness

That it is light and can fly

I recover my forgotten happiness

And I smile with my whole body

Able to feel the force and the strength

Of playing and offering myself to others...

Selena catches up to me and holding onto my body she leads me towards the centre and tells me that it is time for me to return home. I beg her to let me do a jump and Selena gives me permission . I get up speed and go towards the surface and leap up... I'm in the air, spinning around, shining, it's wonderful and I fall back. Splashhhh. I am happy!, Yes, I feel very happy! ...

My dolphin friends say goodbye and leave. I regain my original shape, Selena accompanies me to the shore and says goodbye with a big smile of mission accomplished, and I return home.

**I feel inside that the beings of Shambala are very detached... when they're there, they're there, and if they aren't they aren't, what they have to do, they do well, and that's it...**

**VII**

**CLOSED**



It is Monday, I have arrived in Shambala and I feel very strange, because everything was stopped. It was like when you go to the fairground, you get the day wrong and you find everything closed.

You look in and you can see all the attractions on the other side of the fence, as if they were sleeping. I called Ananda, but she didn't appear, I called again and she still didn't appear...

Then I felt that in my terrestrial body, someone was stroking my head and a voice was saying: come back, come back... you can't go to Shambala today, it is closed to you. Get a pen and write down a message that we have for you... And that's what I did. I got up puzzled, I picked up my notebook and this is what they told me:

Why do you suffer, my child?

Can't you see that the whole universe exists

For you to contemplate

And that your own interior

Is another universe full of life

**Created to contain you**

**So do not suffer, but contemplate**

**The universe and your universe**

**That clothes and shelters you**

**When the wonder of the mystery of life**

**Materialises in a human body**

**That is reason enough for joy and happiness**

**Of human and divine mystery**

**So love yourself and praise yourself**

**Because you are made**

**In the image and likeness of God**

**The guides always remind me that they are with me. I often feel lonely and lost in a world that I find difficult to understand. It is then that I turn to them, and they give me words such as these, poems that fill my life and spirit with hope and the strength to carry on.**

**Continually, again and again, I call on them for advice and they give me their unconditional support.**

**One way to start to channel is to sit down at a table and look for inner silence. Make sure that no one can interrupt this process or bother you. Then breathe deeply until you enter a state of deep meditation...**

**Then with a piece of paper and a ball pen, you write down, accurately and with love, a question you have about a problem you have or something you feel confused or sad about at that moment of your life...**

**Wait, keep meditating and breathing. You will see that you will soon**

start to write down your answers, it could be you yourself that does the writing, or your guide, who will give you his name, or an angel or perhaps your superior self... It doesn't really matter; the most important thing is to evolve and to get help from wherever you can... always through your heart. This is the message that they gave me after the poem:

Everything is impermanent, everything is in movement, words, deeds, feelings, your heart... everything is continually changing. You have to learn to move, to not stagnate in the monotony of being afraid to discover new things.

Be happy about the sunrise that greets you every day, and give yourself permission to experience new things, meet new people, explore new situations, and go with them like water flowing in the mountains.

Open up! Open your heart and your being to the experience of life, because if you don't... you are living the experience of death... of darkness.

These are my words for today, words of light that are sent to you from Shambala, so that you can understand that life is offering you thousands of ways to express your capabilities, your humility and your good heart.

While I'm telling you this, I stroke your head, because I know that these words are hard for you and they hurt you. But I have to say them to you because it is necessary and inevitable that soon you will start to walk with your knowledge and share it with others... but you must give yourself up to your superior being and know that you must give your time to others.

Give and you will receive, be and you will be, and we will take care of you... Namasté my love, may the light always accompany you, your guide.....Joël.

For me, explaining my channelling to others is a new experience, but it is clear that the moment has arrived and it makes me very happy to be able to do so with love.....Nyako



## VIII

### THE CONFERENCE



Today when I arrived in Shambala, I was surprised to find Sananda waiting for me, he was very serious and quiet... After greeting me, he asked me to follow him and he started to walk. He led the way, climbing an interminable hill; I watched him walking and I suddenly realized that Sananda was not touching the ground, nor did he move his feet; he was floating a few centimetres above the ground.

I started to feel exhausted from so much climbing... When we reached the top of a slope, we turned to the right and we came upon a leafy wood and entered it. Its flowers and fruits were phosphorescent, in very bright colours; everything was brighter than on the Earth.

After walking a little further, we came to an oval clearing in the middle of the undergrowth. There were seats carved out of stone placed so that they faced the centre and in the middle the clearing was free of plants, it was flat. In the centre, on the ground, there was a kind of transparent crystal lens.

Sananda, with a gesture of his hand, told me to take a seat, and I did so. Then other beings started to arrive from all directions. Some of them seemed to be human, others no; there were blue and yellow beings, their robes were also different, some shone and seemed to be

more galactic.

Everybody sat down, and I felt that I was taking part in an important meeting for some unknown reason. This was strange for me, because I find it difficult to adopt serious attitudes. That's for people who make decisions... to sit down and be part of a group that decides the future of a community, or something like that. I have always been a very independent person who lives life in a very simple way, without having responsibilities or being involved with the outside world.

But in Shambala everything is a lesson, and mine was that I had to change this way of life and start to have a more responsible, a more masculine, attitude... I was in that state of insecurity when a transparent dome started to surround us; I suppose it was to protect us...

An elderly bald man, with a big nose and a blue complexion started to speak; he seemed to be worried. His words were not words, but a texture and all at once, on the ground between us, an image started to form in the lens, which I realized was a screen. The image was like a huge cell or virus, it had hair and blotches, it moved and shone like jelly, it made me feel disgusted and afraid. I felt disgusted when I looked at it, but I knew at the same time that it was vital that I do so...

The old man gesticulated while he continued to add texture and different colours...until he stopped talking and looked at us all with a weary expression. Then Sananda got up and started to express himself... the texture that he generated was different, whiter, more analytic. Then a pale comforting light started to form around us and the atmosphere relaxed a little. Then Sananda stopped gesticulating and sat down. There was a quite a long silence, the bug kept moving on the screen on the ground.

Then, as if someone had given an invisible order, we all joined hands and concentrated... A dense golden light started to emanate from our hearts and bodies, directed towards the virus, or whatever it was, and to my surprise I saw how that powerful light dissolved the thing within the lens little by little, enveloping it in a white texture... until it disappeared completely from our sight. Then there was a feeling of

clarity in the air, as if something dark and harmful had gone away...

From heaven to the Earth

Beings pray for peace

It is time to join hands

It is time to unite hearts

To bring together positive wishes

And send them to the sick world

Because the need to heal

Is found

in all life

Chains of men and women

Joined by their hands

Praying to heaven and to Earth

That pain may diminish

And health and peace emerge

Because thoughts are real

They have life of their own

They are alive!

And if humankind awakens

With its inner strength it can

Sow the earth with prosperity

**And help those that suffer**

**To find comfort and cure**

**I feel that I witnessed the healing, in some place or planet, of a serious illness produced by that strange entity. In the healing there was strength, but also integrity and compassion.**

**I suddenly realized that the dome was rising from the ground and we shot out into space together at the speed of light... and we reached the stars. We stopped there and all around us there were sparks of golden light, like fountains or fireworks, which propagated around the universe and dispersed into space.**

**In a matter of seconds we returned to Shambala, and the protective dome faded away. We looked at one another and Sananda signalled to me to follow him and he accompanied me to the door and said goodbye. When I was going, I saw him making strange, brusque signs, I thought that he was not real, but a hologram sent to help me, or something like that, I don't know, I found the experience difficult, but that's how it was...**

## **IX**

### **THE DANCE CLASS**



Today when I arrived in Shambala, Ananda was waiting for me and that calmed me. She was very happy and she greeted me happily and said: Come on, come on, the dance class has already begun! – We ran out and went into a hall...

It was full of people made of stars, and I looked at my body and I realized that it was made of stars too. There was a lot of babbling and excitement. I suddenly found myself immersed in movement and dancing... little groups were formed and with our bodies we composed shapes.

In the next movement we separated, there was music and people sang a melody. A circle started to form outside, then another started to form inside and finally three people joined together in the centre, and Ananda shouted: -The Trinity!...

And we all started to sing louder and in the middle of the three a white light took shape, which rose up like a star floating on the air, and spread its luminous trail throughout the room.

At once the choreography broke up and a new one started, the people shouted and spun around, and then we joined a line, like in the Conga,

and a spiral took shape. Then, from the back of the line, the dancers started to chant a sound which was passed from one to another until it reached the centre, and at that moment we all sang together and another star emerged from the hands of the person in the centre and Ananda shouted: - The Spiral!...

Without stopping dancing, we all joined hands and formed squares, the biggest outside, another in the middle and finally, four people in the middle with their arms raised together. The song started to get faster and another star shot out and Ananda shouted: - The Pyramid!...

Then we all started moving again and we got in line again, forming another spiral, but this time the people began changing colour and each of us was a different shade. A sound was heard at the end of the line which moved towards the centre, and when it arrived we all sang, and a gigantic rainbow emerged, and Ananda shouted: - The Rainbow!...

We all laughed and clapped fervently, we jumped around from one place to another and we took each other's arms and spun around...it was great fun, and we carried on until all the lights of the rainbow faded away. Then there was a deep silence, and it was as if the illumination of the hall was transformed, and everyone left the centre and formed a circle...

A dancer emerged from among us, I don't know her name, she was a very beautiful woman, her movements were harmonious and full of beauty.

As she was dancing, her stars changed their shape and colours, and when she moved she formed wonderful images created by an infinite number of luminous points that reminded me a little of those lamps with crystal filaments... They called it the dance of the stars, and special music could be heard on the air which guided her movements...

Then the dancer made a broad gesture with her arm and her stars opened up like a fan to form a huge image, which filled the entire hall, of the top half of a woman whose face was full of compassion and sweetness... It was the Heavenly Mother who in song gave us these words:

**I am the feminine energy of the cosmos**

**And I open myself to the Earth**

**And in my infinite kindness I send**

**Blessings for all my children equally**

**I am the Cosmic Mother**

**I have come to speak of love**

**Love of life and its people**

**Love for children and the old**

**I am she that nourishes**

**She who protects and she who delivers**

**She who caresses those who suffer**

**She that suckles those who are hungry**

**I love my children**

**Love each other too**

**Help and support each other**

**I will not abandon you**

**But do not abandon each other**

**Bathe in the light of compassion**

**The universe goes with you**

**With its song and its dance**

**You are points of light in the immensity**

**And you all fit in my lap...**

**May prosperity, love and health be with you all...**

**Then the Cosmic Mother disappeared and Ananda shouted: - Free dancing!**

**And we all started dancing, each in their own way. We felt happy and full of love, we met each other and embraced and we loved each other a lot...**

**Then Ananda said: May the Cosmic Mother protect you all!...and the dance class broke up**

**I went home, it was the first day I went back alone, that nobody went with me to the road back, and that made me feel, how can I put it... grown up.**

X

## THE INITIATION OF KAMADON



I thought it strange, because today when I arrived in Shambala, Ananda was waiting for me with a tunic like the ones the Franciscans wear, with a cowl to cover your head. We started walking through a garden... it was full of people walking along the paths wearing cowed habits and I asked Ananda what was happening. She answered that it was an important day in Shambala; it was the "Day of Sacred Knowledge", and that on this day people talked among themselves and told each other of the knowledge they had acquired, so that they could learn from one another... The tunics, she said, represented the colour of each person's soul and the cowls were a sign of inner contemplation. We continued walking very calmly, there were flowers everywhere of all colours and lots of couples could be seen strolling slowly as they explained things to each other. The flowers were a sign of opening and the walking was the expression of sacred inner movement.

It was very beautiful, to see so many people so pacifically sharing their inner states in this way. There were also fountains of crystalline water, which people sat around while they were conversing...

We walked up to a dome in the middle of the garden, and Ananda remarked: - Well, we have arrived...look at your tunic to see what colour you are-. I looked at myself and I suddenly saw myself in blue,

and from blue I turned to orange, and from orange to violet. I became anxious and Ananda said: - Don't think... just look.

So we entered the hall, there were many beings like myself, in their hooded tunics, and in the centre there was a dark priest who was about sixty years old, with bright, emerald green eyes. He had no hair and he was wearing jewellery, necklaces with symbols, broad gold bracelets and rings with precious stones. His robe was ceremonial, in many bright colours, and when he stretched out his arms there were wings the colours of satin silk, following the design of the wings of Isis.

Ananda remarked that he was Maestro Kamadón, "The Healer of Souls", and that his origins were in Egypt and Mesopotamia and that he was an apostle of the Goddess Isis. The master was wearing a cylindrical cap like the ones the pharaohs wore. He was healing a young woman who was lying on an alter. Then he finished, raised his eyes and smiled at me, and he beckoned me to him.

The alter seemed to be of white marble, I lay down face up and he raised his arms and spread his wings, his white teeth shone in an attractive smile. He put his hands on me and began extracting my organs one by one. He cleaned them and he extracted from them a kind of dark mud, which he threw behind him to two assistants who collected it into containers, and then he replaced the organs in their original positions.

In this way he cleaned all my organs one by one, and then he cleaned my bones, my flesh and my brain. And finally he raised up my body of light; while he was healing me he used a language unknown to me.

Then he put his hands on my heart chakra and he started to stir up my past lives...in one life he cleaned my legs, in another my spine, in another my mind, and in this way, he removed the dark mud from life after life. His hands started to move faster, like a speeded-up film, until he had finished.

I lost track of time and I had a sense of vertigo when I felt such accelerated changes.

He rested for a moment and he said to me: - "Now I'm going to do the Healing of the Winged Heart". He put his hands once again on my heart chakra and suddenly a whirl of light emerged which reached the ceiling and stayed there, spinning around at great speed. My primordial shape was inside that whirling, I could see it clearly, and then as fast as it had appeared, the vortex disappeared.

Maestro Kamadón then told me that he was going to enter my third eye, and that I should close my eyes, not think and trust him. He took out a golden pin and started to push on my third eye.

The pressure became greater and greater, to the point where my physical body on earth began to feel it. The image of Anubis appeared to me all the time, as if it were he who was operating on me.

Then the process finished and Kamadón put his hands together on his chest in the form of prayer and recited aloud:

My dear brother

In order to ascend

First you must purify

For the heart to fly

It must first have wings

This is the law of ascension

It is the primordial light

Purify the heart

So that it may fly

To join with your superior self

Who is waiting in great expectation

Let go of the burden of attachment

Give up your knowledge to the light

Because it is time to ascend

**It is time to go home**

**It is time to leave behind your old self**

**And join with your new reality...**

**Then he made me repeat the following prayer with him:**

**- In the name of the Trinity, Father, Son and Holy Spirit, may my being remain in knowledge, humility and compassion...and may I pass on the wisdom I acquire to others.**

**He helped me to rise, I felt as if I was floating, Ananda came for me and helped me to leave the dome.**

**Once outside, she embraced me, she called me brother and she welcomed me as a member of Shambala.**

**I returned to my life slowly and tired, feeling inside me that nothing would be the same from this moment on.**

## XI

### PATIENCE



Today on my way to Shambala, I found some huge mountains like walls of rock and sand blocking my way. They were very high, reaching metres and metres up into the sky.

There was a path climbing up to the left that disappeared from sight, and then there were chasms, holes which sank so deeply into the earth that when you looked down you couldn't see the bottom. There were also tunnels that burrowed into the mountains and disappeared within.

I watched and watched this impressive place and considered which path to take: upwards towards the peaks, through the tunnels, or jump down... but my intuition told me: - Don't move! Don't move!...

I was afraid of getting lost and not being able to find my way back. I shouted for Ananda, but she didn't appear; there was no one, just tremendous desolation, and I was still considering what I should do...

There was a place near the crossroads that was flatter, and I sat down there to wait. Time passed and nothing happened, I started to breathe deeply, I felt I should keep silent, follow my intuition and not move. I shifted my body and got into the lotus position, I sought my silence, I stopped my mind following the paths of indecision and fear and I

started to breathe slowly...

Then I felt the virtue of patience as a real positioning in my being and my existence. At that moment, a crystal tetrahedron appeared all around me with its point upwards, and then another formed with the point downwards crossing the other one to form a transparent Merkaba all around me.

I listened to my breathing inside the Merkaba and it was very beautiful. I had a feeling of great peace and serenity inside me, as if my soul was floating in space and there were no conflicts or doubts around me...

Purity entered through my lungs and spread throughout my body, in a breath supported by centuries of seeking and discovering... I had just found a place where I could remain in silence and lose my impatience, my anxiety for something or someone...

Only being... Held in the air, surrounded by the Merkaba, in a pure transparent breath of life and transmutation. Directing myself towards my superior self, towards my true self, in communion with the Creator and His sacred eternal light of Love...

I also felt the lines of the world crossing my body...an extremely powerful one went from the crown of my head to the base of my coccyx; another went from shoulder to shoulder; another crossed my chest through the heart chakra and two more lines came out of my hips. In this way I observed the positioning lines of my self in the universe. My breathing was slow and crystalline... I felt good. I stayed in that state of quietude for a long time, until the Merkaba suddenly started to dissolve and there appeared before me an enormous angel like the ones in the Renaissance paintings...

His white wings were very wide. He had a masculine face, but with no beard, he went like the wind and he was smiling... Then he spoke to me and said:

**I am the Angel of the Resurrection**

**All paths lead to me**

**I am the before and the after**

**I wait always and they always arrive**

**It is my contemplative state...**

**There is nothing and there is everything**

**I don't fall into illusion**

**I stay in my highest self**

**With unconditional love**

**For my Creator and my immortal self...**

**The Immortal Angel moves his enormous wings in space and raises a wonderful breeze full of light and purity, his face shines and smiles with compassion... And the angelic being spoke again:**

**The Angel of the Resurrection**

**Always waits...**

**Because the moment always comes**

**When the true essence**

**Of any being...**

**Ascends**

**It is then that I move worlds**

**Thoughts and motives**

**And put everything in its place**

**So that it may happen...**

**From a human being to a tree**

**Or from an insect to a megalithic rock...**

**It matters not, because everything ascends, my love...**

**Everything ascends...**

**Its great wings started to move more quickly and like a whisper in my ear he said:**

**-Now with gentleness close your eyes and let yourself be cradled by your soul, which loves you and contemplates you...**

**I closed my eyes like the angel had asked and I felt that he dissolved in space, the same as the mountains, the countryside and everything else around me... Then I turned around and without looking back, I went home.**

## XII

### THE MESSENGER HEART



This morning, when I left my body, I found myself immersed in a starlit night, I couldn't see a thing, but it felt good to see a sky so full of life.

Then I saw a very faint light on my right that was flickering, and I went towards it; it was the entrance to a small cave and I went in.

Inside there was a Buddhist monk with a strong complexion. He was a little fat, he had very short hair and he would be about fifty years old. He gestured that I should sit on a kind of straw mattress. I looked around the place and there was nothing; no images, no clothes, nothing. He had a mala (a Tibetan rosary) in his right hand, and a well-used book in his left.

He sat opposite me and started to pray; it was the Kalachakra mantra. I joined him in his prayers and we prayed together for around twenty minutes. Then he stopped, closed his eyes, and an absolute silence fell; not one sound could be heard in the night... There was a flash, and I found that I had been changed into an eagle with enormous wings that was soaring over Shambala. I could see the buildings and the gardens. White clouds were all around me and I felt the rush of wind caressing my feathers. The place reminded me a lot of the Himalayas; there was the clarity of seeing the world from afar and floating above it...

The gold that floods everything  
From transparent wings  
To the crown of a glorious maestro  
In a reverential silence  
We hear the unhurried beat  
Of an illuminated being...

Tap - Tap... Tap - Tap  
And in its harmonious rhythm  
We find the voice of the Father  
And the obedience of the Son

Tap - Tap... Tap - Tap  
The doors are opened  
So that light may enter  
With purified oxygen

Look at yourself slowly and love yourself  
Feel yourself a little and love yourself  
Listen to yourself calmly and accept yourself  
Open your heart to the sound  
Of the singing of the holy angel  
Who calls you from on high

Tap - Tap... Tap – Tap...

**I am the one who comes to seek you**

**I am the one who loves you truly**

**It is you who receives me openly**

**It is you who gives yourself to me...**

**And we fly together in the heavens**

**That open at our passing...**

**Another flash, and I was back in the cave again. I was getting used to these sudden changes that happen in Shambala. The cave was lit by a single candle. Then the lama got up from his seat, and made a sign with both hands, as if he was carefully catching an animal in the air and as if he was holding it to his breast to protect it in his heart. Then he recited:**

**We must care for the heart**

**Love it as if it were a baby**

**With love, with that care**

**For something delicate and valuable**

**That shines like gold in your hands**

**Shutting your eyes and receiving it**

**In the silence of blessed love.**

**The lama had a golden light between his hands that illuminated his face. Then he made a sign and spread his arms as if he was releasing a bird from his hands, and he recited:**

**And when it is strong enough**

**Cast it into the air**

**And let it fly free**

**Among the universes created from light**

**Messenger of the highest vibrations**

**And a friend also of the smallest...**

The monk made as if he caught the heart in the air and put it back in its place once again. All his movements were full of wisdom and he always had a humble smile on his face. He came towards me, he helped me up and he accompanied me to the entrance of the cave and he said goodbye with a reverence. I returned it and I went home feeling that I had met a very humble maestro who was full of love. The path was still full of stars...

**XIII**

**PURITY**



I was on my way to Shambala, I walked and walked and never seemed to arrive. The way was a floating path that climbed and climbed... That made me nervous because I was afraid of getting lost. But I kept climbing, I felt deep down that I was leaving the Kingdom of Shambala behind...

This was confirmed when I passed through some clouds and I

recognised the place I found myself in as the one I had previously visited when I met Sananda in the primogenital light...

I hadn't passed through the spiral hill, but I was in the upper kingdom. I started walking through the clouds and I came to a door made from the figures of two sitting angels with a planet between them floating in the air. I crossed the threshold and a small spiral of clouds immediately formed and an angel appeared.

It was the Angel of the Resurrection. He moved his great wings, causing a wind and these words flowed from him:

Purity is essential for ascension  
Finding your inner balance  
Breathing the ozone of my beating wings  
Giving up your mind to the vision of rendition  
Not wasting your feelings on attachments  
Give up your heart to working freedom  
My love! My love!  
Give yourself to the light  
Don't waste time on superficial situations  
It is time to ascend, it is time to purify yourself  
The steps are marked down on the clouds  
Adonai! Adonai!  
Free me of my sins  
They weigh me down like bundles full of guilt...

The Immortal Angel continued to move his wings furiously, all the clouds around us were like little hurricanes. I looked at the angel and answered:

- But Immortal Angel, I feel so small here, looking at you, among the clouds; I really feel very small...

The angel replied: - God cares for all, from the greatest to the smallest. Don't fear for the size of your body, but instead hold on to that of your heart, and your heart is big, big enough to embrace the suffering of your fellow men and the wisdom of the omnipresent God.

I answered him joyfully:- Well, if my heart is big enough to be able to ascend... Yes, I want to ascend, master! Yes, I want to!...

Then the Angel of the Resurrection disappeared instantly in a vortex-shaped cloud.

In the distance I saw a slim woman approaching. She was wearing a tunic that went down to her feet and she had red, free-flowing hair. She told me her name was Raphaela, in honour of the Archangel Raphael, and she offered me a tunic like the one she was wearing, and she told me to put it on.

We walked for a while on the clouds and without knowing how, we arrived before Sananda, who was standing there smiling and he started talking to me. He said:

Humility, compassion and knowledge are the three fundamental pieces for ascension. A pure heart and an open mind. Lose your fear of the integration and disintegration of your being and give yourself to the light in an altruistic way. Step by step, with your heart in your hands, addressing your superior self, in silence, in humility, to bring out the communion with your highest and most complete self. My love...that is ascension. We will guide you; Shambala will guide you and the Earth itself will guide you too. Don't be afraid and come with us, we are waiting for you with hope and veneration. Because we love all those who ascend and we venerate it as a sacred act of an entity in search of perfection and unconditional love.

Sananda became silent and I just observed and then in a quiet voice he continued:

You must generate your own Shambala; you must recognize that when the wind blows in the crowns of the trees, it is the voice of the heart of God.

Make everything around you a manifestation of the Creator on Earth, bring the scent of flowers to Planet Earth, let the rain caress you and nourish the nature around you.

Open a gap in the sky and cause the blessing of paradise on earth to fall on you and all those around you. That is your mission, to anchor the subtle kingdoms on Earth, to have sufficient strength that the birds will be happy and sing...and that all nature may live in harmony with the Creator and its inhabitants.

Represent the Earth in heaven, bring heaven to Earth, and little by little people that are in need of your wisdom and compassion will visit you so that you may teach them. So that you may kindle their hopes and give them strength to continue on their path in search of the light.

And soon, open your wings and fly in search of your place on Earth, where your dreams turn into reality and reality holds everything you need.

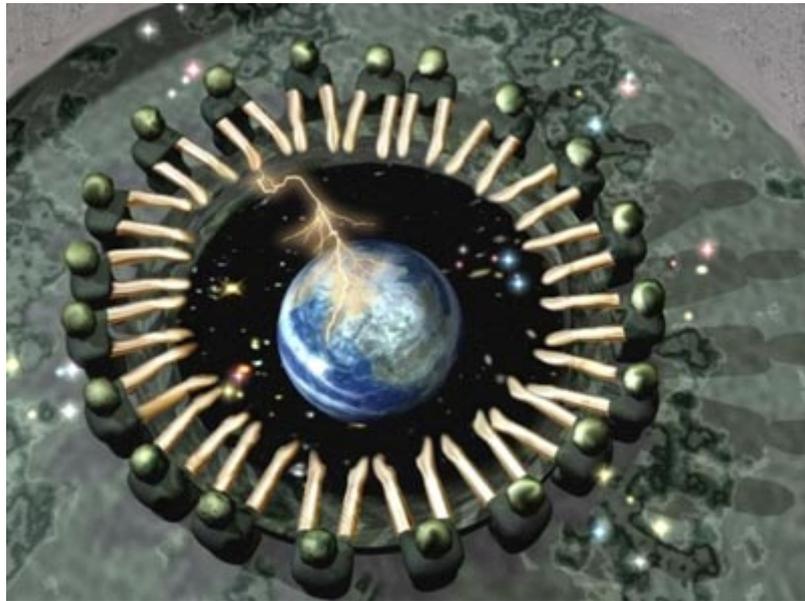
I give you my blessing, my love, and don't lose hope. Travel like light through darkness, and find your holy place and establish there a representation of Shambala on Earth. Miracles will happen, light will come into darkness and love will germinate in small subtle ways only perceptible to the small beings that seek illumination and unconditional love. We will support you, we will be by your side and we will bless your work... May the infinite glory of the Creator be with you... There was another silence... I was looking at Sananda open-mouthed as if I were hypnotized. I felt as if there were a halo around me, a golden light that gave me protection and love... I also felt a sensation of peace and opening.

Then Raphaela took my arm and accompanied me to the threshold of the two angels, and she said she would be my guide in the kingdom of the teachings of ascension.

She embraced me and said:- Namasté, my love...and I made my way home surprised.

**XIV**

**EMERGENCY**



**Yesterday the governments of America, Great Britain and other countries entered Iraq under the force of arms...**

**The Earth is a very delicate being**

**Floating in space**

**The sun spins around the Earth**

**The moon is different every night**

**We are upside-down**

**The world is also flat**

**Animals can speak**

**Trees can feel**

**The soul lives inside the body**

**We are all one!**

**Listen to each other! Listen to each other!**

**The sea is alive**

**Fire is alive**

**Water is alive**

**The wind is alive**

**Everything is alive!**

**And...every living thing should be respected**

**From human beings to the smallest insect**

**Let us remember how to care for the living**

Let us learn to bury the dead  
We must look after the Earth  
We human beings have forgotten  
Yes...We have forgotten!  
And we must remember  
Because if not...  
We will destroy ourselves...

When I arrived in Shambala, it was surrounded by a very powerful white light of strange texture, and a hurricane-force wind permeated everything. At the gate there was an entity about four metres high that moved from one side to another like storm lightning.

But I wished to enter and I quickened my step and I went inside. It was almost impossible to resist the storm, the wind pushed on my body and the white light dazzled me and stopped me seeing anything. Suddenly Ananda ran up to me, she told me that Shambala was in a state of emergency. She had to shout because there was so much noise. She told me to follow her... We made our way as best we could to an enormous dome and we went inside.

Inside there was much silence, the dome was in darkness, and there was a circle of beings, around three hundred of them, all looking into an enormous orifice. Through the hole, which must have measured about twenty-five metres in diameter, the planet Earth could be seen floating in space.

The beings gathered there all had the palms of their hands facing downwards and they were healing the planet and its peoples from Shambala... I sat down beside Ananda, I adopted the same position as the rest and I started to give energy to the Earth with them. Now and again, a beam of electric light was generated, which descended at great speed and disappeared into the planet's atmosphere.

I stayed like that for a long time and then I started to feel very tired and dizzy, as everything was too intense for me; the energy that was being moved was very great...

Ananda became aware of my condition immediately and told me that I

should go back to my body, as I was not yet prepared for a healing session at this level.

I understood perfectly and I withdrew from the circle.

Ananda and I left the room, leaving the others working. It's strange, because when I was healing the Earth, I felt that other beings above us were doing the same thing while looking at us...

Outside the light storm continued, we reached the enormous guardian and Ananda said goodbye and I returned home. It is really beautiful to know that in other dimensions there are beings who are continually and constantly caring for us, and that, in silence, our personal guides are by our sides.

Although it was only for a moment, I feel honoured to have been able to help this planet to find a balance, to find peace and to disperse so many fears and conflicts.

Namasté

**XV**

**FORGIVENESS**



Today, as soon as I abandoned my body, I found myself on the bridge that leads upwards and I left Shambala behind. I knew then that I was going to work on ascension.

I crossed the clouds and found Raphaela waiting for me. She made me aware of my tunic and we started walking. Raphaela is a being full of peace who moves very slowly and is full of love and goodness...

We reached a peak of clouds and Raphaela told me to observe the country below us. I saw a number of beings standing still, unmoving. They were all a grey colour and I sensed that there was great sadness in them...

It was as if something horrible had happened and they had become paralysed with fright, frozen through eons of time... They made me feel a terrible anguish, I turned to Raphaela and I asked her what had happened to those beings and who they were...

She replied that they were all those who I had injured, mistreated, humiliated, lied to, killed, tortured and who knows what other terrible things that I had done in other lives and in this one. I looked at them in stupefaction, to see that I had caused so much harm to so many people.

I felt dizzy and fell to my knees. I started to shout:

Forgive me, all of you. With my heart in my hands I ask you all to forgive me!... In moments of weakness, I made mistakes and I betrayed my soul and life, which is sacred... But I repent of the pain that I have caused and I ask you to forgive me... In the name of God and of my soul, forgive me my sins, please!...Please!...

I looked down from the clouds on all the grey beings, and they showed no sign of having heard me. My voice seemed false even to me. They didn't move, they didn't leave, they didn't stay, they just stood there without forgiving me...and I said to Raphaela - They will never forgive me... What should I do? All at once I felt that I should go down, that I had to be with them; and I went... I started to pass among them and I begged with them one by one, but they all ignored me, some made eye contact, but they only looked at me with hate and contempt; they didn't forgive me.

Then I sat on the ground and I said to myself:  
- Well, I'm not moving from here until I sort this situation out.

But there was no way. I felt uncomfortable among these shades and I could see no solution to the conflict. I thought that if I truly deserved forgiveness, and if my repentance was authentic...

Then I heard Raphaela calling me and I went to her. When I arrived, she told me that the beings I could see were only the parts affected by me, that their complete selves were elsewhere, in other lives and carrying out other functions, but that the part that was in conflict with me was what was crystallised in that cloud.

I turned to look at them once more, and to my surprise they started to disintegrate one by one into a grey dust which scattered over all the clouds, turning them to the colour of ash.

They disappeared in that fashion until there was only one left facing me. The ground started to absorb the dirt and the clouds became white once more.

Raphaela told me that I should make contact with that being, and I did so.

I walked slowly, I was very afraid and anxious. As I got closer, I began to recognize features of his face. Then I realized that it was me, he was the dark me. I was paralyzed by the realization, and I stared at him. His eyes were full of pain and hate towards everything... we looked at each other in silence, feeling our ancestral connections.

Little by little we got closer to each other and we slowly embraced. I felt how our bodies fused together as we turned round and round. We started crying and we asked each other for forgiveness, until we became a single being.

You are me, I am you  
We are the same  
And we should be united  
In the good and in the bad

Never again will I leave you alone  
And I turned to him  
And he turned to me  
And we were one  
And the one raised his consciousness.

I went back to Raphaela who was waiting with her infinite patience and she asked me how I felt, and I answered that I felt sad and confused...she remarked that this was normal and that it would pass...  
...She accompanied me slowly to the bridge and I went back home.

I don't know if this experience has served for those entities that I have hurt to forgive me... I hope so.

I find it hard to understand why we do each other so much harm, why humanity attacks itself with so much strength...

I know that the Earth is a school for souls and that we have come here to learn and to evolve. But when one is faced with ones own dark side, and the pain that one has caused just by existing, everything becomes a

little difficult and complicated.

I am only clearly conscious of wishing to redeem my wrongs and find forgiveness.

That is why I once more sincerely beg forgiveness from all those beings that, in my ignorance I have caused pain and distress...

And I ask myself for forgiveness, embracing my own inner darkness in my silence.

All I can do is look at the heavens and wait for the miracle to happen and for my sins to dissolve into the infinite...

Amen

## XVI

### THE CENTRE



Today on arrival, before going in, they gave me a purifying shower; I must be mentally contaminated...

Ananda was waiting for me and we walked to a dome together. This one was different from the rest because it ended in a point that pointed to the sky. Ananda told that we were going to visit the American Indians, and that the pointed dome was the symbol of the tepees, their traditional dwellings and that it pointed to the star Sirius.

We entered the dome, there was a circle of Indians, all sitting facing the centre. Some of them had drums and they were dressed in their ceremonial robes. We sat among them, there must have been about two hundred of them; it was a big place with a very pleasant atmosphere, like a fiesta or a celebration.

All at once, in the centre of the room, some shapes started to form. The first was a magnificent stag, which was transparent and flickering. In its interior one could see stars joined together to form constellations.

Ananda told me that the Indians protect the animals of planet Earth and all species in conflict. And that they were masters of internal positioning.

More animals started to appear, I got up from my place and I went to get a closer look at them. Ananda came with me and took my right hand. I was amazed by the animals, the texture of the stars they had within them... then I realized that I had turned into me as a child, about seven years old.

I was able to look at the beauty like long ago in my purity, silence and astonishment; it was like holding a mother's hand on a trip to the zoo, or that's how I felt...

Then we found the elements, a small, crackling fire, a mountain stream, leaves flying in circles and fertile soil... and a wonderful big bear standing on its back legs; everything was in perfect harmony.

On one of the circuits, we suddenly came across an Indian chief, surrounded by his people. He was a little fat and ugly, with a wide nose and a penetrating stare. He must have been about sixty years old, he was sitting down and he was wearing an enormous headdress of eagle feathers.

He made a sign for me to sit opposite him. Everything he communicated to me from that moment on was in sign language, "magic of the hands", he told me that it was one of the oldest languages of Earth, based on intuition. He also told me his name: Sitting Bull, which I have searched for on internet and in Indian is "Tatanka Yotanka", and his face is exactly the same as in my vision. The communication he left me with his signs is as follows:

Establish your four cardinal points.  
Worship the sky and the great spirit  
Respect the earth and Mother Earth  
Be in your place  
Rest your gaze on the horizon  
And rest your vertebral column as does the tree of life  
And be, be yourself and give.

For the tree to become big  
It must have strong roots

Be yourself, respect yourself  
And when you have found your strength

Then, fly like an eagle

Use your sharpness of eye  
Your strength and your agility united

Dawn comes in the morning  
Watch the sun rising  
Unite your heart with the star  
In your sacred silence

Let the wind  
Caress your dreams  
Of a prosperous tomorrow  
Full of life and nourishment

Bathe in the river  
Feel the water on your body  
Wet your submerged soul  
In the clear purity of the coldness  
Rest your body on the ground  
Feel its deep wisdom  
Love will surround your essence  
And the truth will reach your life

The spirit of Manítú  
Lives in all of us  
Every part of his being  
Is a star in our body  
We are all the universe  
And the respect for your life  
And the love for your heart  
Is the opening to the infinite  
To the world and its peoples...

May the Great Spirit be with you  
And protect you always...

At that moment, Sitting Bull stopped making signs, he withdrew into himself and said goodbye with a very deep, serious look. I recuperated my original form and Ananda accompanied me through the animals to the door, and said goodbye to me there.

## XVII

### CARESSES



Today when I arrived at the gate of Shambala, everything around me reminded me of the Himalayas, and I met an angel more than four metres tall beating his wings and blocking my way... Then the guardian angel asked me the following questions:

- Angel- Where are you going?  
Nyako- I go in search of myself  
A- What do you want?  
N- I want to purify myself  
A- Have you loved?  
N- Yes, I have loved  
A- Why do you want to enter?  
N- Because I need knowledge  
A- Have you come alone?  
N- I come with all of humanity  
A- You may enter...

The angel vanished and I crossed the threshold, and without knowing how, I found myself in the Kingdom of Ascension...

Raphaela was there and I asked her the reason for the control, but she didn't answer me. She started walking and I followed her.

We reached a very strange door, it was like a wheel from the works of an old golden clock; it was about eight metres tall and it had a golden cross on its inside. On the right of the wheel there were two angels, one on his knees and the other standing behind him worshipping, and on the left there were two more in the same positions, in perfect symmetry.

Raphaela told me she was going to show me the path of the soul, and we looked in through the wheel...

I saw a lot of clouds and different souls, some were going up, others were going down, others were in groups, others were floating alone. It was like a great city of souls in space in a state of sublimation.

Then Raphaela explained what I was seeing:

This is where souls come

And here is where souls go

It is the intermediate kingdom

Where beings are collected

And where souls are prepared

Silence is the path to glory

Harmony is the system of the Creator

Everything functions, only because it is pure energy...

I remarked to Raphaela that the vision was making me nervous and I asked her why she was showing me that place. She didn't reply, she just started walking.

We reached a barrier of clouds, like a wall, and we went through it. On the other side there was a blinding light, my eyes adjusted slowly and then I saw Sananda, who was looking at me. His presence shone full of love and goodwill. He started to speak to me and I felt as if all his being were caressing me...

Love is primordial

Everything is based on love

On caressing those around you

From your heart, express your feelings

It's the same as caressing a child

It's the same as caressing an animal  
It's the same as caressing a flower  
It's the same as caressing the Creator  
All is the same, all is love  
That comes from your heart  
And floods it with golden light  
And expands it to the exterior  
Every being you meet  
Is the exact reflection of the Creator  
And the Creator and you are the same  
That is the transparency and purity  
That my Father truly loves  
Don't forget: love, love and love  
And seek your inner silence...  
What is inner silence? – I asked him

Silence- replied Sananda- is an inner consciousness, where your most intimate self meets the superior being. And this gives rise to communication based on silence. A form of worship that helps you to grow and mature your consciousness, making it unlimited...

Silence is also the place where the most authentic being that you are communes with the superior being that nourishes you. It is the communion of the Creator with your soul, it is respect for life and its meeting with your person...

That is silence  
That is light  
That is you  
That is me  
That is us all  
While we travel through the universe  
We find silence  
And in an act of worship  
We rest the soul  
And communicate with the Creator

One way to reach silence is through deep breathing, meditation and contemplation... But the path you choose is the perfect one for you...

**Practice silence and be with God...**  
**Sananda**

## XVIII

### THE TORTOISE



Today, when I arrived in Shambala, I found myself at an enormous silver lake and there was nothing and nobody around. Suddenly a dome materialized on the surface and there was a bridge to reach the building.

I started walking along it, it swayed a little. When I arrived I found the place full of wizards who were milling around. They were wearing dark blue tunics with yellow, six-pointed stars on them. They gave me the same tunic and we sat in a circle. The wizards started to invoke something by moving their hands...an entity started to materialize in the centre.

Then I started to feel bad and to feel sick... I looked at what was happening without wanting to. Thank God Ananda ran in and, taking my arm, took me out of the circle, made me give the tunic back and took me outside. When we were on the bridge, she told me that the star wizards were a kingdom of illusion, a parallel kingdom to Shambala, and that it was not my place, because they lived in the illusion of the reflection of the Creator.

We entered the real Shambala and we walked in some gardens. The whole path was full of monks with shaved heads dressed in orange

tunics. They were all smiling and they were very young. They were putting pieces of brightly coloured silk in the grass and on top of that rose petals and petals of other flowers. There was a lovely breeze and everything was flying about in the air.

Then we arrived at a dome in the shape of a pagoda. Inside a congregation of Buddhist monks was praying. They were orange beings, the illuminated from the Orient, who accompanied their prayers with drums and cymbals.

We passed among them down an aisle formed by their bodies and we came to a master of their tradition, who had a shaved head. He was a small man with big hands. He was sitting on a cushion and he gestured for me to sit opposite him on the other violet cushion...

He looked down at me with a distrustful smile like someone who could read you inside, and he asked me the following questions:

Monk – Why are you sad?

Nyako – Because I feel alone and lost – I replied

M – But you are with us

N - Yes, but something in me is not here...

M – Do you know what it is, this thing that is not here? – And he put his hands together on his breast.

N – It's a sensation of impotence or failure - I replied.

M – Look at your brothers and sisters, they are all happy to exist, they are praying and sharing. You are the same as us, we accept you and we love you like one of us.

Our hearts and yours are joined as one, in one sole prayer, in one sole oration...

No, you are not alone, my love, you are with all of us and we love you...

I looked down at the floor and I felt accepted, some tears ran down my cheeks and I felt a little better. I was tired of being alone. When I looked back up at him, I found him smiling with compassion, trying to reach my heart through his eyes.

Then he put his hand inside his robe and he pulled out a little tortoise

made from Tiger's Eye and he showed it to me and said:

Like this animal are you  
Like the sacred tortoise  
Walks slowly  
Carries his house with him  
Looks at everything slowly  
And his time is different from the others  
Sacred tortoise  
Walks on the path  
With an open heart  
And feels happiness flowing into him...

And he slowly placed the tortoise in my hands and he gave it to me. I felt sad and grateful. At the same time. The monk placed his hands in front of his face and bowed his head in farewell. I got up from the cushion and went to Ananda, and we left the pagoda.

Once outside we started walking and Ananda remarked in a low voice:

You must have patience  
The processes are slow  
Now you are starting to see yourself  
And your wounds are old and deep  
But don't fear, for the light will come  
And you can be happy in your heart

Now go in peace and don't worry  
You and your tortoise  
Will always be welcome  
In the kingdom of Shambala...

**XIX**

**THE SACRED FLOWER**



Just as I arrived I met Sananda, he greeted me and we started walking. He told me he was going to give me the lesson of the sacred flower.

So we went for a walk in the gardens of Shambala, full of flowers, orchids, roses, flowers of all shapes and colours...they moved in the breeze and their perfume pervaded everything. Sananda recited:

Flowers are the expression of God  
They accompany us with their colours  
They surround us with their perfumes  
Like pieces of the Creator  
They appear among weeds  
Or in tended gardens...

It was so pleasant to walk around the gardens... then we reached a dome that looked like a greenhouse. Inside there were many beings made of stars working, they were going from one place to another looking after the plants.

The flowers in this place were different. There were a lot like soft crystal; transparent with pale colours within and they were very alive.

We walked among the flowers and we arrived at a pond with huge transparent water lilies in shades of violet and pink floating on its surface...

Sananda walked at my side as slowly as Raphaela, as if they were floating or meditating.

Then we reached a place in darkness where there were phosphorescent flowers that had light within them.

The workers went from one place to another singing and watering the plants with a transparent liquid, like water that was overly pure and crystalline that made a tinkling sound.

Sananda asked me: - Do you like it? . And I replied that I did, a lot...

Then he took me to a flower that he called "the flower of paradise". It was an enormous flower, its petals opened and expanded, inside there were more petals and further inside still more... giving rise to a mandala of colours, violet, yellow, orange, red and many other shades that grouped together making whimsical shapes full of beauty and harmony... Sananda told me to watch and calm my mind...

I was contemplating it in that state when I saw the suffering of the world appear in its shapes...

As if its petals contained the people of the world that were crying or ill or with problems of hunger, or suffering aggression of all types... they were all crying and asking for help.

I felt very sad and I looked at Sananda anxiously... He looked at me and he was also sad, we both turned to look at the flower of paradise again, I didn't dare say anything, I was afraid to ask...

Then Sananda told me:

The same as this very special flower  
Must we also be  
We have to learn to contain suffering

And transform it into drawings within us  
Like the conscientious work of the petal  
Which shapes itself with human suffering  
Designs full of wisdom and compassion  
Because life will not change  
But we must do so  
And take the suffering as our own  
And keep it in our hearts with humility  
It is the decision of the Father Creator  
That is why the flower is so sacred  
Because it has learned to live and to be  
With the suffering of others within it.

Sananda made a sign of worship to the flower and we withdrew from its presence. My heart had become tight, but at the same time I felt as if I had understood something very deep...

We crossed the gardens in silence and Sananda accompanied me to the entrance and embraced me. I closed my eyes and I felt like a child hugging someone they loved very much...

Sananda stood back from me a little and in a quiet voice he whispered this message in my ear:

Remember that your heart is a flower  
Don't let it ever lose its perfume  
Love it and look after it with great care  
And offer it to all who need it...

Then I slowly went away from the gardens and from Sananda, I slowly separated myself from the Kingdom of Shambala. I realized that I was saying goodbye, that for a time I would not be returning to this wonderful paradise of learning and goodness...

And that is how it was. They informed me that, for the moment, this would be my last visit. In any case, the intensity of this magical place is very great and I need a time to digest the process I have entered into.

All my love to those that share my travels and my work with me...

Nyako Nakar



**XX**

**MESSAGES**



**For the moment I have ended my visits to Shambala, but before closing, I would like to share with you the last two channelings I received.**

**The first is from Sananda and the second from my guide Joël :**

**Like a light on the horizon  
Like a flash in the sky  
With the body of a human being  
With the heart of an angel  
Shining with strength  
With an open heart  
Acclaiming to the world  
In a tender childlike sigh  
That God exists and that He is with us**

**The light remains clear  
Faith is the strength of the being  
Who holds to his limits  
On the line between worlds  
And channels the presences  
That approach humans  
To transmit knowledge  
To bring light to the Earth**

**Because... at times  
We float in a sea of doubt  
And forget our divine origins  
And our illuminated stars**

That is why with the help  
Of angelic presence  
And the hard-working Guides  
We can embark towards  
Our way of life  
In light and love

May all your dreams be of glory  
For centuries of centuries

Amen

Sananda

And this is the channelling of Joël :

May the light be kindled within you  
May the light be kindled in me  
May the light be with us  
And expand to the horizon

May humanity awaken from its slumbers  
Able to contemplate the light  
With a clean and pure heart  
And may their steps on Earth  
Germinate the happiness of living  
And so be able to give  
The Creator  
A new dream  
Of love, light and awakening...

Humans! rise up!  
Don't remain in darkness  
It is time to ascend  
It is the moment to be born into light  
It is the time to be...

Like a fountain of light  
That comes down from the heavens  
And nourishes the beings  
That appear below it

Contemplate the sky  
Pray with your hearts  
Don't be afraid to live  
We are with you  
You are not alone

Only call and we will come...

With all my love, may your hearts rest and flower in the illuminated  
bosom of the Creator and His court...

Joël