

## Maldek Rising

*We, the Guardians of Light and Sound, come to you in this moment on a finely orchestrated slide of consciousness because conditions have congealed to allow you the gift of memory and its accordant rectification potential. **This is your story.** Feel it in the subatomic cells of your beingness, past the illusions of space and time. Give permission for it to resolve now in your consciousness. Employ the wisdom to direct your future.*

Long ago in this your very own solar system there existed a beautiful sentient planet hosting evolving sentient life including humans, in a school-like setting similar in some ways to the one you presently abide in. Her name was Maldek. Oceans and cetaceans, elementals and crystals, all were abundant. The magnetics of the planet were not tuned to quite such a strict curriculum as you currently study, leaving more opportunity for spiritual memory and physical movement. Some of you have flying dreams which originate in this *place* and *time*, so to speak.

Indeed, upon occasion you would find yourselves elevated emotionally and discover that your feet no longer touched the ground. Sometimes excited children or embracing lovers would spiral up a few feet in ecstasy. It was a sight which always inspired and graced those viewing with a fragment of that same elevation, although they usually remained on the ground.

The spiritual elevation unexpectedly led to a kind of spiritual anesthesia bordering on arrogance. In the fine feelings and profound knowings of the priestess class, it became easy to overlook the machinations of those who gave their loyalty to the energies of contrast, to overlook those who engaged in the manipulation of power rather than divinely illumined stewardship. As they argued and punished each other over perceived disagreements on wording of divinity, details of spiritual law, and proper names of their Gods, the contrast loyalists grew more and more reactive and vengeful. And so the egos of those choosing manipulative power soared as the anesthesia of the priestess class grew. Therein lay the problem which caused the event resulting in your solar system's asteroid belt. *But we find ourselves ahead of our story.*

For the purposes of this rendition of your story, we will not examine where the forces at work on Maldek originated, but rather let our story begin there, in the place and at the time which is still emblazoned in the hearts of so many of the souls incarnate on your Earth now. For a cabal of contrast loyalists did indeed create technical, manipulated power utilizing planetary energies which resulted in vast, dramatic, enduring harm. The tests of the weaponry began in isolated areas far from human eyes. The most severe were on the floors of the great luminous oceans.

The oceans of Maldek were a wonder to behold. Full of cetacean life as the oceans of Earth, but more luminous and radiant. They were vibrantly alive, as one great joyous being covering much of the planet. Accordingly, the sea life was more sentient and communicative than the sea life of Earth now. The fabric of the oceans themselves was much more distinctly geometrized, looking like small bubbles of alternating sizes which held their form and moved within waves of themselves, changing colors and light intensities. Formed of a substance containing life-giving air, it was possible for some humans to walk into the oceans and breathe through the permeability of the bubble waves themselves. And it was accepted that humans could communicate fairly easily with the cetaceous life, should they be inclined and trained to do so. There was surprisingly little interest in this interaction except among the class you would refer to as the priestesses. Within those groups, the interaction was frequent and rich.

So as the spiritual warriors learned to lay down their tools of combat after a long era of peace, and became complacent and even anesthetized, the contrast loyalists became both more secretive and bolder in their assault on the fabric of the planet. They asserted the need for raw materials to support the many needs of their civilization. Eventually, in desperation, the cetaceans took it upon themselves to divine the nature of the assault, learn to listen and understand the communications of the perpetrators, map the locations, and appoint a group of themselves as diplomatic envoys to the humans. They came at sunset one day, in the mid-point of the solar year, to a relatively isolated outpost on the tip of a continent which had long served as a communication post between cetaceans and humans. It was well known as one of only three places on the planet where the cetaceans still birthed their young and took them to the beaches where the humans lived, to share in the wonder of their birth and initiate them into a lineage of inter-species interaction. It was the perfect lineage of cetaceans to carry the message ashore, and the perfect lineage of humans to receive it calmly into their hearts for discernment.

How appropriate it was that the human children were the first to hear the call. It was immediately recognized by all as not the joy of sharing birth or even the companionable cry of recognition, but clearly a sounding of a serious alarm. Larger than the usual cetaceans, these envoys looked much like the mythical dragons of the country called China on your planet now. Benevolent, wise, and extremely long-lived, they were keepers of the history of the planet much like your great whales, and sang the songlines to hold the grids in balance. Without even stopping to ask what was wrong, Alyria and her cousin Jin ran from the beach to the temple to alert the adults. A small crowd of 11 priestesses assembled themselves in front of the cetaceans, formed a circle, and deepened into trance immediately.

“We will bring you tears with our message”, Sartor, the cetacean selected to be the prime communicator said. “In our commitment to be certain, we have perhaps waited overlong. We have mapped and listened and checked our conclusions. The Seven (the seven contrast loyalists who were involved in the scheme to manipulate planetary energy they did not understand) have exploded abominations in the floors of the oceans until they have caused rips in her skin. Even now, shock waves continue to break apart crucial connections. They have taken several of our pod and we no longer hear their heartsongs. The planetary sentience herself dispatched us to beg your assistance in stopping this destruction. The Seven do not honor the ancient promise as you do. We believe they intend only to gather power, but because they are in disconnection from the web of life and committed to destructive contrast, they are a danger to themselves and all life. We believe they must be stopped within 2 moons. We beseech you.”

Alyria’s mother, Lyrra, was the High Priestess. Not because she held greater power or vision or lineage than others, but because she was able, willing, and available, due to the age of her children and projects, to assume the most responsibility for the overview of all systems held in crucial balance. One of her preeminent talents was to remain neutral regardless of the circumstances, to allow for divine discernment to be clearly received. She knew she was the one to walk into the oceans and see for herself. She would be the eyes and ears and heart for the group, and they would sense through her. Without speaking, she looked deeply into the eyes of each of the 10 other members of the circle and felt, before she saw, the slight nods of assent.

“Sartor, we thank you for your message and your service. Will you help me find my way to the sites nearest us, and enable the communications with the planet herself and your elders?” Lyrra asked. “I am ready now.”

It was agreed by all that she would ride the cetaceans each in turn, so as to move quickly but not to tire them, and would be gone 3 sun cycles. In her absence, telepathic messages would be sent to those within the circles of contrast who remained loyal to the spirits of light. They would gather information. Upon Lyrra's return, plans would be finalized.

Within less than two cycles Lyrra returned to the temple, clearly agitated and very pale. The 10 awaited her when she emerged from the ocean. They were aware of the moment of her arrival and had seen, heard and felt her entire journey, as she had received their reports.

As the 11 priestesses spontaneously quested as one into the future, they saw that peaceable elements within the governance had sought to limit, monitor, and harness the destructive potential by requiring that the Seven create a central station where explosions were catalyzed by each placing their right hand on the console. The console scanned for imprints of what you would know as DNA and cellular sound signatures. Only when all of these seven were in accord, signified by the physical act of placing a right hand simultaneously on the console, could any detonation occur. The governance believed this was a more than adequate safeguard. As always, adequate safeguards do not adequately assess betrayal. *But that came later.*

Lyrra gave the signal to quest farther into the future and a heart rending wail rang out as Alyria fainted. She had hidden behind a large rock, as although it was widely assumed that she was being groomed to be a High Priestess, she was nearly 22 moons too young to join a Circle of Power. Alyria was aware she was not given leave to attend the Circle, nor to hide behind a rock and listen. But she was also aware that she was truly the light of Lyrra's life, and would be forgiven nearly all transgressions. For they were as one, in heart and soul, source and vision.

Lyrra sent her consciousness more quickly than her body could move, to Alyria to assure she was not injured, and then upon reassuring herself, sent a strong heart note to soothe and comfort her as she lay on the soft, warm crystalline sand, and opened herself to see what had caused Alyria's faint. Seeing what she had seen, her knees buckled as she caught herself. A nearly inaudible inner gasp resonated through the circle, so well trained in neutrality for viewing disturbing potentials. The Golden Web of Divine Power rippled, but they held strong. The outcome was apparent, already set, and time was so much shorter than they had imagined.

Immediately, Lyrra telepathed to the Temple Communicator to arrange for transportation and escort to the nearest sister planet, Alanora, where Divine Power reigned supreme and unchallenged since the prime creation. It was arranged that she and two others would leave that evening, near the mid-dark, and journey to arrange for evacuation facilities and strategies. Reaching for Alyria and holding her too tightly, Lyrra reassured her that regardless of the Seven's plans, she would keep the circles safe, even if they had to leave their home. "But what about Sartor's family?" Alyria cried. "What about the trees and the other people and the planet herself? Why is this happening?"

"We do what we can, beloved. Rest assured, I will keep you safe. You have my word. The most difficult thing I do is to leave you now, but it is required of us. Be strong." Looking deep into her eyes, through to her soul, Lyrra deposited Alyria into the waiting arms of Bisalla, who had been her nurse through childhood. "Hold her, stay with her, see that she eats something soon, and rests well. I will return before two suns' time." With a serene nod, Bisalla agreed, stood Alyria on her feet, took her by the hand and walked with her toward the sleeping chambers of the temple.

Lyrra surprised herself by calling out to Alyria, “Remember we are of one source, one destiny, and cannot be separated.” Alyria turned sleepily and smiled a weak smile meant to reassure, and continued walking.

“Oron and the navigator will be here very soon; if you depart by mid-dark will that serve? May we gather or prepare anything for you? Are there instructions you wish to convey?” asked Miranor, Lyrra’s senior guard. “Yes, yes and yes.” Lyrra smiled. “Let us meet as we share food and drink and become of one mind and most importantly one heart in all this. And reinforce the invisibility grid for all thoughts, emotions, and actions until after my return.”

And so it was that Oron, long a devotee of the priestess Lyrra, was called into service from his position as Chancellor of the great Zar, pre-eminent governance of the planet. Oron was a master at cloaking himself so completely that he was at ease in all venues and halls of governance. He would radiate goodwill and most favorable outcomes for all so powerfully that all became entrained to his will and he was able to meld a balanced and lighthearted fairness among incredibly disparate elements. Zar members became their best selves in his presence, which made him vastly popular as well as vital to planetary peace. He was at ease as well on the temple sands with tiny almost-priestesses running in circles around his ankles, trying to remove the great gold circlet of power he wore from a chain around his neck, tangling in his robes, and vying for position on his shoulders. He was a frequent visitor to the temple and a treasured councilor on all topics of divinity and balance. His benevolence had eased the commerce of the temple so significantly over the last generation that it was actually prosperous.

His visits were not frequent, but were always celebrated. In fact, the only unaccounted for time spent by Lyrra was in his company, strolling sands, walking into the ocean, greeting the newly birthed cetaceans, occasionally spiraling slightly above the ground when no one was near, watching for the dancing stars streaking across the sky on a rare night when neither moon would shine. There were neither promises nor conflicts between them. Lyrra’s one complaint was that Oron could pretend approval and affection for those who did not honor and clearly choose light, life and divinity. He always countered that his presence within Zar ensured both safety and prosperity for all he held dear. His one complaint was that Lyrra did not enjoy the beauty and bounty of the planet she gave her life to serve, walking seldom outside the temple complex unless enticed to explore with him. She always answered that the responsibilities she performed were crucial, and pleasures of the senses were not. And so they spent many revolutions around the central solar gaining strength from this companionship of differences.

Oron arrived that evening slightly ahead of schedule, as was his tendency. Lyrra was slightly behind schedule, as was hers. Oron brought a young man with him unknown to the temple, but as the young one entered, a slight golden glow preceded and surrounded him, with the scent of flowers of the highest mountains on the warmest days, and as the Circle of Power gathered to look into his heart, it opened to them. Opened completely and shone with the rare purity of one who exists to serve the Light of Truth. A palpable communal sigh was felt, and a deep calm descended on the group. The young man’s name was Crisamane.

“I have been to Alanora before,” he reassured them, “as assistant navigator on the outbound but as full charge navigator on the return. I know the passages between the rings and the phases of invisibility. I have flown this type of craft since I was a child. I come from a long lineage of navigators. I am truly called to this mission. Scan my knowingness to foster your certainty that all is in divine order.” And indeed it was. “We will return within two sun cycles with all arranged

and begin evacuation immediately. Be ready. Send your alerts with invisibility to ready other temple compounds. I have arranged for 88 other ships to be at your service. Although we have more available equipment, we do not have more than 88 navigators who are appropriate for this journey. Take no belongings. We must proceed with all possible haste.”

And so it was that Lyrra, Oron, and Chrisamane boarded the small scout ship and launched themselves through Maldek’s atmosphere toward Alanor, to arrange for evacuation of an entire planetary sisterhood of Circles of Power. As Lyrra had been without sleep for more than two sun cycles already, when the ship passed out of the atmosphere, Oron encouraged her to at least recline and close her eyes to see if rest was possible. She was still shaking ever so slightly, a fact she had hidden from the priestesses. Oron reached out and took her in his arms, saying “Chrisamane knows well of us. This is a private time. Just lean on me and allow yourself to re-source for what lies ahead of us.” Lyrra reluctantly rested in his arms and closed her eyes. But just as quickly opened them. “I am besieged by terrors of disharmonies of light and sound, explosions and cries on the inside of my mind and heart. I am afraid. I shall keep my eyes open!”

And so they continued on, accelerating, with Crisamane calling out navigational coordinates and an occasional question or point of interest. Oron’s deep, resonant voice and Crisamane’s calm and confident enthusiasm worked as magical balm to Lyrra’s nerves and she began to ease.

Suddenly the small craft was dealt a severe blow, sending it significantly off course and rolling so that the few unsecured items aboard flew about the craft, spilling liquids and knocking Oron and Lyrra from their seats. But no one noticed any of this, for the scream issuing from Lyrra was one beyond loss, beyond tragedy, beyond desecration. It managed to contain more vocal pain than 1000 souls could bear. She prayed it would quickly tear her apart and remove her consciousness. And when the ship stopped rolling they could feel that they were being pelted by projectiles of various sizes and there was so much light they could not see each other.

The physical shock waves continued, and the emotional and spiritual ones as well. So severe was the shock of this event on every level, that even the record in the Akashic Temples does not purport to be able to calibrate the event into precision. Your solar system’s asteroid belt was formed. Hundreds of thousands of your years later, beautiful shards of nearly transparent green rocks would be found in your central Europe, in the region called Moldavia, and named Moldavite. *Tears of Maldek.*

### **Fast Forward to landing on Alanor.**

Calling on most of his ancestors and all of his talent, Crisamane righted the craft and coaxed her in languages even he did not speak to proceed on course. What you would know as medical teams and spiritual ministers greeted their arrival on Alanor. All of the three were bruised in all of their bodies. Lyrra was barely conscious and almost able to walk, but her soul was not present and her eyes were dim. Oron cared for her tenderly and had no patience with any other tasks for many moons. Crisamane made it his business to orchestrate perfection in every area of life and business relevant to the team. The entire planet of Alanor was in mourning, still, and an unpleasant note of unease rippled through the valleys and towns, with tales of the wanton destruction of Maldek by the Seven.

It was eventually discerned that the Seven had somehow managed to discover Sartor’s message to the Circles of Power, as well as the plan to evacuate. Why this had enraged them so was

investigated for millennia, along with all other aspects of this travesty. A living sentience, ensouled planet in service of evolving humanity, was intentionally destroyed by the very life which it lovingly hosted. *A devastating event in any universe.* And the concern, of course, was that the contagion might spread, of unbalanced egos afflicted with pride and greed and celebrating separateness. Mechanistic power unlinked to the divine web of life; a horror previously unthought of. *But we digress.*

It was concluded that two of the leaders of the Seven had become so enraged that their emotion/thoughtfields completely overshadowed the other five and in one moment of peak insanity seven right hands were pressed to the console. The grids pulsed with the ever magnifying power, the songlines began to crack, the waves were larger than mountains, Maldek's planetary sentience withdrew as the core exploded, and all life ended as the planet herself came apart in more types of fire and fragments than could be catalogued.

In time, she would spread her fragments into the asteroid belt of a solar system sentenced to repeat these patterns until the ensouled beings evolved back into a balanced light. *Perhaps in your lifetime?*

## **Epilogue**

**Lyrra** never recovered for the duration of her life, long as it was. Oron patiently tended her and kept records of the outworking of the dynamics unleashed by the event, as well as tracing in every way he could the events which led up to it, and trying valiantly to develop diplomacies and strategies to contain the contagion. Crisamane became Oron's eyes, seeing through patterns and planetary futures, to chart the most benevolent and least painful course to a resolution back to a balanced light. To identify the truth within the lies, the light within the darkness.

They discovered eventually that Lyrra's soul had actually split, which impeded her recovery, despite attentions from the best intergalactic and interdimensional healers, and finally dispensations from the Lords of Karma themselves. She was given restorative healing many times, but would not receive it. She would heal in time, as the Maldekian dynamic began to heal, across the millennia. Lyrra took the shock of all the disincarnating souls into her soul heart and the remaining shard of her ego felt responsible for allowing it to happen, for inaccurately seeing the future, for promising Alyria she would keep her safe, for not knowing sooner, doing more. All the usual (t)errors of egoic consciousness. Through 3 more rounds of Maldekian dynamics on other planets she incarnated, striving to develop greater soul abilities to hold balanced light. Seldom did she allow herself the joy of children. Her last long look into Alyria's eyes, and her promise of safety, haunted her through the ages.

In what you call Atlantean times on your planet, Lyrra forged a remarkable and powerful alliance with the crystalline guardians to hold the planetary grids, a strategy which gave her confidence, and she incarnated. The contrast loyalists, heirs to the Maldekian travesty, hijacked the crystalline consciousness itself to wreak destruction. And so she vowed not to incarnate again until the balance of light could be achieved. She served well as guardian of the way stations, processing the millions of souls from the Atlantean cataclysm and those which followed. She served well in the fields of angels, tirelessly and resolutely offering all she had learned to wrest the power from the contrast loyalists and weave it into a balance of light. Sensitive as always to communiqués from planetary sentience, she answered Gaia's call in this past century and is incarnate now.

**Alyria** took a rather lengthy journey to destiny in your time on Gaia. Avoiding explosions and any type of fire, she found her way at last to Venus and exhausted every possible strategy to remain there far past her allotted time. Gaining courage over the millennia, she incarnated in Atlantis only to be dismayed by the unwanted repetition of such a familiar pattern. Then it was back to Venus for more restoration of her great heart. Her life is about devotion to accomplishment and service in the areas of uplifting her fellow humans, particularly women and children. She has a great love of the stars, and wariness of her priestess-like powers, preferring to stay in the background. Still healing from her dramatic past, she struggles with both fear and being alone. Her studies of the right use of power have taken her in many uncertain directions of relationships and employment, and she is only now, in the year 2006, trusting her own light. Her skill at translating stories into wisdom is unparalleled.

**Oron** took on a skein of sadness that remained with him. He held himself more remote than before, for the rest of his incarnate days, keeping a greater percentage of himself in spirit and on the High Council when he incarnated. He employed himself in terraforming of several sentient planets. Very near the beginning of Earth, he embodied there, once again terraforming, working with lifestreams to facilitate elemental creations of plants, animals, and currents of various sorts, as well as developing diplomacies between dimensional kingdoms. He rejoiced in Lemuria and fled Atlantis early on. Finally he became willing to assist in developing diplomacies between governing bodies of humans, as powerful lightwaves began to incarnate on your Earth in what you call your Renaissance period. He died many times alone, in forests or gardens, believing he had learned nothing new. Believing the answers he had so long sought eluded him still. He promised to restore himself in the eventuality of a time of balanced light, to enjoy a triumphant conclusion to the play of divinity. Incarnate now, he has a distinct preference for focus on the natural kingdoms of Earth rather than the human one, which although he feels optimism for, he still does not hold in high regard.

**Crisamane's** eyes are the brightest in the galaxy. He has been male and female, angel and human, merperson and crystal. And has often stayed in the lap of God and used his eyes to simply watch another episode of the play he has begun to find tiresome. Always an ace navigator, he is much in demand for his wisdom on how to get from here to there and back again with all on board in good order, on time and under budget as he would like to say. On Earth now, he is a she and uses her eyes to illuminate and activate the souls of those humans reaching for a balance of light. And she has become quite expert at simply removing darkness and interference, from her millennia of study. Her passion is to return us to our original state of grace. You might say she is navigating us home.

**Sartor** spent millennia searching for his brethren and inhabiting planetary bodies with welcoming sentience, learning many different ways to use his talents and experience to serve awakenings and balances of several diverse sorts. He had become rather bored and tired, never imagining the vast expanses of the illusion of time he would traverse. In the years of the early 1940s on your planet he was called into service with such a bright light and such sweet and promising tones, that he is guardedly optimistic balance may be orchestrating, right beneath his nose. And he is quite sincerely determined that his signature will be placed in the field of Akashic honor as one who assisted in the eventual success of a balance of light. His colors have brightened and his roar has softened. And he is reunited in consciousness with his Lyrra and Oron, which is a very, very excellent sign in his world. He inhabits a small chain of islands near a heavily populated coast and enjoys small journeys from time to time, as well as tutoring a

burgeoning nest of what you call Galactic Dragons of the Light in preparing for their own service, *soon to come*.

And so you see that the souls of the major players of this tale are still active and evolving. As, we wish to assure you, are all the others who appeared to be so heartlessly and flagrantly destroyed by the Seven in that long ago and far away time and place. The sentience of Maldek was also preserved, and endured planetary embodiment three more times before coming to merge with the sentience of Earth, now being known as Gaia. Each time the dynamic unwound differently; each time more was learned and resolved.

*We, Guardians of Light and Sound, bring you this story now to catalyze you into re-membering yourselves and remembering. You have a famous comment on your world that those who do not remember history are doomed to repeat it. **And so remembrance codes we grant you now.** Look into your hearts and souls and divine memory banks. Visit the Akashic Temples and peruse your own volumes. Allow yourselves to be introduced to Gaia, Mother Earth, and to the many kingdoms and dimensions sharing the illusions of time and space with you here and now. Refine your current soul nature, identities, and lives to welcome the balance of light to embody in you. Be courageous. Take action. Raise your voices. Make new choices. Be a temple for your living God. Join the web of life. Embolden your hearts. We salute you. We anoint you. We await your decision. You may choose, in your lifetime, to create a balance of light. Adonai.*

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