

Born for the end of the world

I was born for the end of the world. For a long time, I did not understand why doomsday has always accompanied my life. I was only half aware of it and it showed up mainly in my interest in how people used to live in my homeland and above how they survived. I learned at the same time what I must know and could train to survive if the current infrastructure should collapse. Because that was a fixed idea in me, which accompanied me all my life: That I would then take care of survivors and found a new civilization. I wanted to lead the survivors safely through the collapse! Strangely enough, I never thought of my own survival. It had more to do with my (mental) life task. When the doomsday had not come till my pension, I thought, fine, I was wrong, and I was not needed. That's even better!

How would life go on if our civilization collapsed? That this would happen, I remained convinced of it. And not all would survive it. I had to be knowledgeable for the many others who unfortunately did not. Of course, I was thinking of a high-level doomsday and dealing with alternative communities and how they organize their infrastructure so that they could outlast the end of the world. I was interested in Alternative Energy, Sustainability, Aquaponic and Earthships, dealt with OFF Grid, Tiny Houses, and Hydrogen technology.

Water is somehow the real currency of this planet. I found it silly to store electricity in batteries instead of using water and like the trees release oxygen into the air. Water should always be split into hydrogen and oxygen via electrolysis when electricity is stored. Hydrogen can be stored in tanks, each at home, to burn it when needed into heat or electricity. From the exhaust only water would trickle, as the only waste product, and that our nature can handle! Hydrogen could run a combined heat and power plant that would make a larger estate completely self-sufficient (so that it would be profitable) off grid. Would not that be a good start for the survivors? Of course, I did not want to do without a dishwasher, washing machine or dryer. Already in my early days as an economics teacher in the eighties I told my students that you could make the deserts arable and humid, you just have to use the existing gas pipelines and transport hydrogen as a new source of income for the village from the desert to other countries. It would then also need a few water supply lines that lead from the sea into the desert. If it were up to me, I would build seawater desalination plants in the desert.

My development aid for all African refugees would be: resettlement in solar communities in the middle of the Sahara. Moisture would hit the solar panels in the morning, giving shade and water to gardens. Desalination water could be used to turn the desert into an oasis. For the money we are taking in Europe in our hands for refugees, without preparing the refugees for a self-sufficient back way to a country with their own cultural background, you could set up entire cities in the Sahara for them, as a start-up. And then they would have to see for themselves how they can organize this peacefully and without military destruction and grow and thrive on this basis of life. Sometimes whole nations have still something to learn. We Germans have understood peace, I think.

Well, I admit: I'm still the outsider with the crazy ideas. But was not the atomic bomb a fixed idea that cost a lot of money and development? What does sound more crazy - greening Sahara and balancing climate or put two cities in ruins, just to demonstrate power and contaminate the area for thousands of years with radiation? Let's say: I was different. While my school mates built houses around me and went on vacation, I learned and studied and continued to learn. I spent my money in seminars and books. Then I dealt with questions such as: What would we have to rescue from the old world? In the meantime, I also questioned myself: Why cannot I live like all the others around me? Why did I make my life so difficult? Where did these ideas come from? Was I going crazy? At that time in my life, no one in my

surroundings was interested in my favorite topics! Everything always went in the opposite direction: centralization, privatization, internationalization. And these companies were then
50 guaranteed profits and forced all citizens to buy electricity or water. The nuclear power plants had to deliver. We were no longer allowed to be disconnected from our beautiful civilization. It was only on the internet that I found out that there were more such 'spinners' around the world as me, who had a different idea of future. And it was nice to meet them!

The fact that the end of the world has always played a role in my life got only clear to me in
55 retrospect. Perhaps my grandfather Max had helped me with this interest in my elementary school time when he described to us children in a detailed and very dramatic way the end of the world. In his version, everything started with a cloudburst, then came flooding and landslides, whole mountain slopes slipped down, like the fallen rocks in Oberstein (one of my favorite rock formations in my homelands). Roads were impassable, harvests could not be retracted, and it rained
60 and rained on and on. I believe that volcanoes, volcanoes that slumbered under the maaren in the neighboring Eifel for 10 000 years and even longer under the Kaiserstuhl, have also erupted. Volcanos in Germany! And, the Rhine rift from Mainz to the Rhine Falls widened with deep fissures and heavy earthquakes and filled with water. Grandpa Max was a great storyteller, and he never told the same twist on a story twice. How he had come to his index finger deformation where
65 the nail had grown around the knoll, for example. A steamroller had gone over it, he said, or another time his finger was smashed in the sliding door of a railroad car to Algeria (he was a prisoner of war in World War I). His report of the end of the world was particularly haunting and unsurpassably realistic. So realistic that from then on, I did not want to stay home alone with my little sister when my parents went out and celebrated two hundred meters away in the gym, which was not a problem
70 at all before. For what would have happened if the end of the world had happened in the absence of my parents? My grandfather was scoffed from the whole clan, or at least lost interest in telling us more stories. In me, however, the end of the world remained of latent interest. When I was preparing my first scientific homework in my studies, I chose a topic in which I could gather together how the people in my beloved homeland 'Hunsrück' lived and, above all, survived.

75 Officially it was about the exploration of the Hunsrücker costume, but what really fascinated me was the whole way of life of our ancestors. Could we survive in the Hunsrück again? Could we take care of ourself? How was it after the war, without money after the collapse of the currency, in famine, after the plague and, above all, how about today? And there were more than just the two world wars, my homeland lies on the left bank of the Rhine between Mainz and Trier, and there the
80 Romans were spilling over it, as were the mercenaries of the Thirty Years' War, and also the war of 1871. If it was rumbling between France and Germany, my ancestors were affected. For a time here, too, the bean-beard governed us post-revolutionary, as the natives called Napoleon Bonaparte. And among the foreign sovereigns and their entourage to the church representatives, our region was called the 'Baden Siberia', because the people here were almost not to proselytize, they were
85 religion-resistant and still are today. I am almost a little proud of that. On the other hand, the lands gave off good hunting grounds. The fact that one did not feel pious here may have been due to the influence of the French Revolution and the fact that the dioceses of Mainz and Trier were some distance away.

My family watched with suspicion and amusement that I went to church from time to time. "What
90 do you want in the church?" I was asked then as a teenager. I was looking for God, but unfortunate I did not find him there. I took the designation of my Christian sect more literally: I was of Protestant faith. For me, the word 'Protestant' comes from 'protest'. I am still Protestant in this sense today and Martin Luther is one of my favorite heroes, but I spare myself the frippery around. My father even said categorically: My church is the forest. Yes, I can understand that as well. I grew up in a culture
95 that left indigenous peoples behind, but in my book world I saw them as survivalists. Even as a little girl, I realized that a Yanomani in the Brazilian jungle could not care less if there was a World War in Europe that claimed millions of lives and crippled them and completely destroyed everything. Such man-made monster experiences usually included only man-made structures and those who lived in them. The alienated people of the cities forgot their relationship to nature. Nor was it

100 enough for our civilization to wrest all resources from the earth; the self-sufficient way of life itself was the target of their attacks. So, all farms were forced to join the water supply. In any case, I did not learn anything to survive in my homeland at school, just adaptation to this civilization. For a good career one should get a good education and if possible study, so that was my plan too. So, I became a teacher and from then taught my students according to curricula, which had been

105 devised by other teachers and administrators of the previous generation. I soon realized that these curricula forced me to teach things that might not apply when my students were grown up. Particularly in the subject of economics, the pressure of the economy was great that we should convey basic virtues, with which future workers would work better. The school leavers would not be qualified enough, they told us teachers. The educational level would continue to decline

110 annually. In fact, the economy simply wanted the state to dictate what we should fill into the students so they would easily fit into the working conditions that would later come to them. The working conditions themselves were not questioned. I myself used my time in economics to stretch the curriculum and empower my students for their own life plan. My ancestors lived a simple life and grew everything they needed for themselves, and that included

115 growing flax and weaving linen themselves. They still made their clothes themselves! They survived through hard work, but they were also peasant serfs and subspecies and their fields rather rocky and not so fertile. I encountered habits that strengthened the community of a village, such as a working gathering or the evening gathering around the village linden. You just went there (like today the internet) and looked who you met there. People did not make an appointment and did not

120 need any money for it, poorer people who could not afford the tavern were not excluded from social life. Today one living in a precarious situation will be embarrassed and will refuse to meet in a tavern. If one is not able to spend money spending one cannot meet his old friends. It is embarrassing not even to be able to go 'decently' dressed. At the home gatherings my ancestors told stories, gossiped about village life, or discussed what to talk about. And by the way everybody did

125 smaller monotonous work. 'Spinnmaje' was the name of the meeting because the flax was spun into linen yarn. The Thirty Years' War and the plague must have been the end of the world for my homeland. People were starved or burned with the tree they had taken refuge on. The passing military stole from the farmers the winter supplies and destroyed precious tools and crops, entire villages were devastated.

130 It must have been terrible, everywhere hunger, disease and violence. And the plague raged just as cruelly, in the same epoch or shortly thereafter. Whole villages had to be abandoned, the places aptly called 'deserts', they fell into ruins and served as a quarry for the reconstruction of other villages. Today, memorial stones are reminiscent of these lost places. Only a third of the people survived, in some places it was worse, others were more fortunate. And when, after centuries of

135 punishment for abortion and the suspension of any birth planning, the country could no longer feed the ever-growing population, the Hunsrück people were emigrating to America. The fact that the plight sent them out into the world also had its benefits for the region, because they saw the world through the spectacles of their profession and when they came upon large gem deposits, the emigrant grinders began trading with their colleagues at home. Due to this fact a small town like

140 Idar-Oberstein (my home town) without any international infrastructure could still develop into a gemstone metropolis. But what had that got to do with me? I read books about self-sufficiency and old craft, also from other countries. I also liked to train for myself what the old ones could do! For example, the spinning. Finally, I realized: I expected a catastrophe, I did not trust this seemingly so stable

145 civilization. I was expecting the end of the world in this lifetime. By dealing with the homeland, the question finally arose whether they had also pursued witches, tortured, raped and burned here. And: Was the old healing knowledge still there? They certainly knew remedies against unwanted pregnancies! Was there anything useful before the contraceptive pill? It soon became clear to me that it was no coincidence that the Inquisition had gained such momentum after the plague: It took

150 quite a lot of people to supply the noble ones on their huge estates with everything they needed to go on in the lap of luxury to live. After all, two-thirds of the workforce was missing! Not a single

life was allowed to be aborted, something the churches had not bothered before. And in general, the state should control what people were allowed to do to heal themselves and what not. Women and herbalists were targeted, unless they had indulged themselves as nuns in the indoctrination of the churches. They kept the population 'pagan', healthy and self-sufficient. In the peasantry man and woman were actually equal, they had to fulfill various tasks and a lot of work, but they were dependent on each other for better and for worse. The survival depended on the interaction of the extended family. With the medical profession, which was now exclusively accessible to men for centuries, it was ensured that none of these traditions was continued. At the same time, the tortures also served the science: The necessary knowledge for the new medical profession and many ideas for their research and medicines came first from the torture of these women.

The witches had hardly moved into the center of my interest when I started to remember other lives, just like yesterday or the excursion on Sunday. Until then, I lived a normal life. It started with a book by Gerlinde Schilcher falling into my hands ('I am a witch') reminding of past lives. I could not and did not want to believe that, but I was also extremely curious. So, I attended her seminar at the next opportunity. I still remember that I was determined not to go in the wrong and to see through this humbug if the girls just invented and played it all. And then I was the first who came close to fainting during the relaxation exercises and almost fell to the ground! Gerlinde was immediately behind me and supported me. When she started questioning me, I was able to straighten up on my own again, but I remained in a trance. My first: I had never experienced anything like this! And then she asked me where I was and what I could see. I was in Hunsrück on a wooded hill. I lived alone in the forest. The others from my family, my people, did not exist anymore. I told the seminar that my mother had died, and our people had moved on a long time ago. When she asked me what I was living on, I said, "Well, of air and love!" And was amused that she could ask me something so stupid. Then I got excited and she asked what was going on. "There are others, many others and there are more and more. I do not know where to hide anymore. They build houses and clear the forest and keep livestock and have fields. It is not safe anymore." My then self was concerned about nature and so far had not had any good experiences with the newcomers. Finally, Gerlinde asked me what religion these newcomers had, and I burst out laughing. That was a strange experience and it made sure I never questioned the phenomenon of 'reincarnation' because I had no idea what I was laughing at! Only when Gerlinde had asked several times did I know what I laughed at and explained: "Imagine, they worship their god in dark, damp stone houses - and their dark habits about their religion are so dark too." And why is that so funny? "The divine is everywhere, in the trees, in the air, in the water, in the animals, just look around! And they lock it up in prison, what a nonsense!" Once I realized that I actually remembered, there was no stopping then. The artificial, mental dam was broken. And I was not the only one, all the women of the Gerlinde Seminary remembered other lives during the weekend. Such began my spiritual journey. Even today I am not a classical, spiritually educated woman, as I was a teacher at a school, because I have read neither Steiner nor Blavatski, and much else not, that was just too highly mental for me. It were also predominantly spiritual men who trumpeted with this tremendous accumulation of knowledge and made me stupid in conversation. Instead, I had direct memories of other incarnations, and over time, more and more. Here I limit myself to the most relevant ones to understand my affection to the end of the world. Anyway, I only remembered the lives that had not gone so well, others where I finally died in peace did not seem karmically of interest. That was not curiosity, I just remembered, the way you remember last night. The well-read male fellow travelers wanted to talk me through these memories if they did not fit their bookish knowledge, until I finally did not tell them anymore. But inwardly it was getting more and more exciting - until today. I quickly got used to this new talent, but as a sensible teacher, I also carefully chose whom I told about it. After almost every completed experience with one human being, I could suddenly remember the other life in which I or the other had screwed up our relationship. And then I understood how that affected our relationship in this life. But only afterwards, when we had separated again or overcome a huge dispute. And always spontaneously, I could not 'do it'. The memory was as clear as I can remember yesterday. It did not matter if there were centuries in

between. I just knew it: the experience in the other life has led to the experience today in logical
205 consequence. Actually, it was a practice ethics course, if you will. In this life I wanted to do better
than then. Often, I still did not do well, but at least a little better. My learned civilization suddenly
was no more sufficient and I realized there was much more that could never be discussed without me
making a fool of myself. It was not a spiritual pursuit yet, but at least I knew that life had a different
210 side, completely ignored by my surroundings. Towards the end of the eighties, I consequently set
out to search for myself, for God or for a master who would instruct me. Like many people around
the world, I was suddenly very interested in spiritual traditions and world religions. Everywhere
people emerged from civilization and began to search for augmented realities that were not covered
by what they considered 'normal'. In retrospect, this mass movement is referred to in the spiritual
215 scene as 'the first wave of awakening'. There were then two more big waves and until today, new
souls continue to flow on the planet, which have this interest. The youngest need not wake up at all,
they are already quite different. Their birth has no longer covered them with this dense veil of
oblivion, they do not have to search, they come already with their knowledge and an intact
connection to their higher self, they have never lost this inner core. The people of the first wave
220 were the champions. They left or destroyed old structures to find their truth. They still had to deal
with very dark energies and low vibrations in their environment, they were the pioneers, the
outsiders and the adventurers. They discovered mind-expanding drugs, other cultures, sites,
religions and health practices worldwide. They were called rainbow warriors because they
campaigns for environmental and nature conservation, freedom, free, uncensored information
225 exchange, whales, the rainforest and primitive peoples. They founded Amnesty International,
Greenpeace, Wikipedia and many other institutions.

For me, wrestling with the Inner Rainbow Warrior led to the Earthstewards, a non-profit
organization dedicated to creative and peaceful conflict resolution worldwide, bringing together
youth from hostile countries for tree-planting activities and workshops known as 'Peace Trees'. I had
230 long since decided that what I was looking for was not to be found in modern science, not even in
the pedagogy and psychology of my time, which I diligently studied, first as a teacher and then as a
focus of interest. There had to be more under this sky than what has already been proven in
experiments. After all, you can only research something if you have allowed yourself a question and
then you have been given the funds to study in that direction. What interested me most of all were
235 'ridiculous' questions that neither a doctoral student nor his professor or the university could put
their reputation on the line. So, I sought my luck in the esoteric-spiritual literature. 'The
inauguration' of Elisabeth Haich was such a book. A classic that is still worth reading. And so, apart
from my weekly private lessons with a Buddhist in meditation, tai chi, yoga, deep relaxation, and
eastern philosophy, I also began a long-distance study in Jnana Yoga with Peter Haich, nephew of
240 this author. While this was his focus, all other yoga styles were included.

My private life was not at all perfect and since I had begun to talk to God (without feeling
connected yet, let alone getting answers from him) I sat one day and thought about the mud fight
with the father of my daughter. To be sure, I clenched my fist to the sky and exclaimed, "By God, if
there is you, there must be another way to deal with one another. And I want to find it!" It took a
245 few months for the answer of the universe. At the beginning of 1989 I found in the magazine
'Esotera' an article about Danaan Parry and his international peace project 'Peace Trees'. I was
electrified and knew that was the answer. This guy had the answers I was looking for. Shortly
before the Wall fell in Berlin, Danaan came to Frankfurt with his training "Warrior of the Heart".
There he was, the other way to deal with each other! And I was there. The emotional wave of
250 reunification hit me in that November with the vision of bringing such a Peace Tree to Berlin. But
even though I even tried it twice, such a project never materialized there, but it became an obsession
of me and motivated me to pack my bundle and my six-year-old daughter, sell my house in Idar-
Oberstein, and move these 700 kilometers to Berlin. At home, everyone thought I was crazy. But
from the international fan base around Danaan Parry I got touched reactions, support and above all
255 many interesting visits to Berlin. I took everything I could to learn from Danaan and other
Earthstewards; I followed him to Findhorn for training to lead his man-woman training and a peace

conference in Todos Santos in Mexico. Fifty years after the end of the Second World War, I organized the annual meeting of the Earthstewards (as Danaan's fan club was called) in Berlin under the most adverse conditions, because in 1994 I moved to the East of Berlin, which did not have the usual infrastructure. No phone, no fax, no cell phone in sight. After all, I already had a computer. Internet? It did not exist either. I know, that must be something to my readers like the Stone Age. Nevertheless, I managed to organize an international meeting with eighty participants from countries such as the USA, South Africa, the Netherlands, Russia and Nepal. Four weeks before I finally got the telephone connection and at least my fax could come into action. Synchronously with this meeting, the artist Christos had just shrouded the Reichstag and the mood in the city was fresh and optimistic. Above all, my Jewish participants from America and South Africa seemed transformed, because in their imagination Berlin was dark, gray and heavy. They kept talking to me about how green Berlin is! And how nice!

Before the actual meeting, Danaan and three colleagues gave a workshop "Healing the Wounds of War". That was very healing for the participants, and I imagine, even for the world. I was particularly pleased with our action on a border strip, where we, together with the NABU environmental group and a committed group of children, freed the trench of garbage that started to gather there at the former border after the fall of the Berlin Wall. We saved the newts and their habitat. We then planted together three trees for world peace. That sounds easy, but at the time it was practically impossible to get permission for any action on the border strip. After the compromise with the authority, I had to look first: It was only fruit trees allowed.

Naturally I wanted to implement my learned and teach peace, after all, I was a dedicated thoroughbred teacher. At the meeting, I met Ortrud Hagedorn, who was preparing a traveling exhibition on violence prevention for schools in Berlin, and who passed on mediation and violence prevention to Berlin teachers in teacher trainings. That was a good idea, because I had already completed my own year of training in mediation by Christoph Hatlapa and Katharina Sander in Steyerberg (at my own expenses) and had already obtained the curricula and teaching material for different grades from another US Earthsteward, Kathryn Liss. Like Ortrud, I myself was convinced that the foundations of peaceful conflict resolution were urgently needed in the Berlin schools.

Unfortunately, at my comprehensive school in Wedding, they were not open to my ideas, as much as I begged, but at a primary school in Prenzlauer Berg, I received a lectureship and trained the fifth classes and two teachers in the afternoon in the Conflict pilot method of Ortrud Hagedorn. Of course, I would also have liked to change completely to this school. I was a trained elementary and secondary school teacher and could then have taken my daughter there, but a change from west to east Berlin did not work, because there was a strong overhang of Eastern colleagues. On the other hand, the full-time operation of the Wedding school was not compatible in the long term with my duties as a mother, because the care in the hoard ended at four and my school at half past four.

Surrounded by incomprehension and bureaucratic hurdles and entrusted with school subjects whose contents hardly interested me anymore, I collapsed. It was not the kids that had caused my burnout, although the more confusing I got, the nastier they behaved, too. It was my ambition to put what was really important into school, that nearly killed me. After all, for the first time I had met a gang of Turkish girls at the schoolyard in Wedding, before that I considered violence to be the privilege of male puberty and late puberty. Where, if not at this school, would you have needed more of conflict resolution. So, there it was, my first burnout, accompanied by confused states, deep depression, howling, and total disorientation. I compensated as usual with eating until unconscious.

The spiritual rituals that I have been accustomed to in recent years and that have always helped me had suddenly gone nowhere. The old relationships were over, the friendly colleagues could not do anything with the helpless bundle that I was now. My beloved teacher Danaan Parry had also died in the meantime and I had to start from scratch. The safety feeling of my guardian angel was lost for a long time, but new interesting people and contents came into my life and I was looking for and found new teachers.

They replaced my guardian angel for a while, and over time I regained my intuition at a higher level. Finally, I began a deep psychological therapy with a neurologist / psychiatrist and slowly

310 stabilized over the next few years in over a hundred sessions. After nine months I was able to work again, this time at a special school in Pankow. At the same time, I studied extra-occupational teachers for learning and behavior. That was great! Everyone should study again at the age of fifty, with quite different questions from the field. I used the time for exercises and lectures, which gave me new answers.

315 Years later, I realized that I had gone through the long dark night of the soul in my burnout. My quest for connection with the divine had been fruitful: the soul above me (which I felt to be my guardian angel) was apparently gone, therefore I suddenly felt so alone. But my soul had just tumbled into my body! There was no guardian angel left to guide me! And this level of soul had to first make friends with the body and with this reality. I - the new self - had to re-learn how life works. While I had previously sought my answers in the outdoors, in books and with teachers, my burnout now forced me to search inward. In addition to the regular sessions with my neurologist, I took sessions from the whole exotic catalog of alternative healing methods that were fashionable in Berlin at the time, including Rolwing and Rebirthing. The latter impressed me as a method of trauma healing so much that I even trained myself in it for a year. As a rule, I also do what I do thoroughly. I studied the course in miracles and continued the begun Reiki education up to the teacher. I also took countless healing sessions with fellow healers, who eventually managed to shut down my aura (which had been torn apart by a childhood abuse) and remove the old occupations (lost souls) and adhesions from Atlantis. Since I was always occupied anew quickly, I had no choice but to learn it myself. I learned to notice the dead and send them into the light and often found cause to do so. It must have been shortly after Danaan's death and after the burnout. Still quite disoriented, one day I sought help and inspiration from the medium Claire Avalon in Saarland / Germany. She had been recommended to me by my longtime spirit healing friend Silvia Löffler. In her session, she told me my master was Sanat Kumara. I could not do anything with that at first, it made no sense. So far I had been guided by my Buddhist teacher Peter Schams, my Yoga teacher Peter Haich, Danaan Parry, many friendly Earthstewards and the Steyerberg School of Mediation. The idea that an invisible being was my master astonished and at the same time bewildered me. Claire got a long message for me, which she typed into the computer at the same time and then printed it to take away. The content was stunning. This guy Sanat Kumara obviously knew me better than me myself! In the years that followed, I draw out this document whenever I was in danger of losing ground under my feet. Of course, I went there a second time and afterwards read the two channelings of Sanat Kumara again and again. Then I decided that I wanted to learn it myself. 'It' was 340 'channeling'. I picked a Berlin channel teacher and trained under his supervision. Most of all, I wanted him to confirm that it was really Sanat Kumara, whom I'd heard distinctively as a second voice in my head for some time. Not only did I find this affirmation with this teacher, but I also found out that I can hear and channel the earth even more strongly and clearly than this Sanat Kumara, and with it every single life up to the smallest daisy. I felt no need to put into practice these 345 newly discovered and acquired talents, as I meanwhile had a lot of fun connected school life (I was on a special school in Friedenau and could work as a school mediator) and the second teacher study, I was also quite busy. So I forgot it again. But I chatted with Sanat Kumara and other visitors on a daily basis. I was not alone anymore.

350 In the first year of the new century, I decided to go through the lightarian/breatharian process proposed by Jasmuheen. Years ago, a group of meditators in faraway Australia had dared to experiment with it, and one of them, Jasmuheen, had stayed in this state ever since: she ate nothing. She had not eaten since 1994, so that was already six years ago then. Her first followers began to offer her training in groups or as a single companionship, the method made the round in Berlin. But: In the book, Jasmuheen had expressly told the facilitators that eating addicts were excluded from an escort! Never accept food addicts. And I was definitely greatly, really addicted! Well, I thought, then I'll do it alone. I asked Ascended Master Hilarion if he would assist me and he said yes. For me, the three-week lightarian process became at the same time a test as to whether my channeling is real or whether I am spinning and I am completely ruin myself and die on thirst with this 355 experiment. For not only was it not allowed to eat for the first seven days, but also to drink nothing,

360 and medicine teaches that you will die of thirst on the third or fourth day at the latest. Well, that's what I did, right at the beginning of the big holidays in summer. I did not die and I went on channeling.

And I did not eat anything for the whole six weeks. But when the school restarted, I ate again. I just did not work without food! Next, the Merkhaba interested me. This was an invisible, higher
365 structure that should enable traveling to other dimensions. I spent a whole year doing daily exercises to build them, as Drunvalo Melchizidek describes in his books. And I felt that my ability to purify places and people of chaotic energies increased significantly.

At some point, only the ascension itself remained for me as a spiritual being, everything else I had already in my pocket, so at least I thought. There was much talk in the spiritual literature of the
370 ascension of the earth and also about the personal ascension. There were many different ideas about how this would affect us. No one knew whether one would disappear completely from this reality or come back again, or die. In the Christian tradition this process is reported as Jesus' Ascension and only very special people succeeded in this. His disciples, for example, would like to have it, but have not made it. I myself imagined that I would become transparent and just hover so. At over 100
375 kg live weight that's a nice idea.

Of course, I also took my Christian roots by the word: Jesus said: "Everything I can do and more, you can do too!" Let's go! Granted, that statement is nearly invisible in the extensive text of the Bible, but I wanted to hold onto it, while I could not go anymore with the concept of sin, guilt and atonement and with death on the cross. It felt not right for me. Well, back to the Ascension: Deep
380 inside, I just felt it was my turn now. Although I had not been supporting projects for world peace for a long time, I was more convinced than ever that the end of the world is coming, that is, the Ascension of the earth. The question for the individual was only: Should one ascend before, simultaneously or afterwards. No ordinary mortal could imagine what existential questions one had to deal with as a spiritual person! In the Valley of the Unknowing one continued as before. And: I
385 was not crazy. Whether I was still grounded myself, I had been checking for a long time in an endless loop by testing whether I could still laugh at myself. Then everything was fine.

For me it was definitely time. Shortly before my fiftieth birthday, I stood on my power place in nature, firmly raising my fist to heaven and saying the words of power, "I want to ascent now!" This time it lasted only half as long and I received the answer from the universe: my second burnout.
390 And because I did not want to make it to a third - it was already difficult enough to avoid psychiatry so far - I knew that this was also my departure from school. That's it. The first week after the next big tumble (a seemingly even higher soul level came in), I still spent in the psychiatric emergency room. Again, I did not know what to do with my body and stumbled unchecked from one intense emotional state to another. But something was different: first, I knew exactly how I did it (the
395 burnout), and second, I knew that at some point, everything would make sense. It probably was something like that dark night of the soul again, where I became the depressive victim of my circumstances. But far from that: This time I could switch between emotional states! When I thought about my problems, about my physical ailments or about school, I slumped down in the mood and started howling and everything hurt. But when I did not think about it, I just thought of
400 nothing (which I had practiced for a long time and therefore was quite good) or remembered the really good experiences of my life or wishes for the future, I felt more than fine, I was even excellent fine. With the doctor in the hospital I even quarreled about the diagnosis 'depression' because I was anything but depressed: in me the sun was shining like never before! If someone asked me how I am, I could choose or leave it to chance: I was always really good to really bad - all
405 at the same time. The burnout had had a very high impact on my body. But ascended? I was still there, and I was not transparent. So, I learned: This was not a climb on the ladder to God, it was rather the descent of even higher levels of myself into my body! I watched these emotional states and the confused thoughts accompanying them for a while. I lived in a new apartment. The bathroom was rebuilt, and this lasted for over four months. That was ideal for my training to
410 consciously create for myself to the most beautiful bath and not allow other moods to come in the way, no matter how disgusting, dirty and unreasonable the circumstances were. And indeed: I got

the most beautiful bath ever! Just a few days after the declaration of intent (ordering ascension) on my power place, I learned my spiritual name. This is just the short version of the story, you can find the long version in 'Hurray, the Light Feltings come!' (only in German available): Eh-Yh-Ra was my unusual name and I did not really like to know that my name was that. It was one winter night in 2003. I woke up abruptly and found myself, half-dreaming, immersed in a soliloquy. "My name is Eh-Yh-Ra," I heard within myself, I just knew it. And the name went even further, so to speak, with two surnames that appealed more to me, because they sounded much more important and sublime, and then I explained the meaning of these names internally. But then suddenly I called out loud and annoying: "Such a nonsense, my name is not so!" - Only now I was really awake and realized that there were two Me's talking in my head. Although I had never given up hope after all the years I spent with meditation exercises, that my soul name would be given to me once, I could by no means accept this one. "That's absolute nonsense," said one Me inside me angrily to the other, still half asleep. "I do not need you to fool myself!" Instead of being happy, I was angry. "Eh-Yh-Ra" was simply and banal my birthplace' name, just as it was pronounced in my dialect! The funny spelling of it I myself invented much later. I just heard my birthplace that night. Imagine that you were born in Mainz and hear at night: your name is 'Määääeeenz'. It was anything but a highly spiritual and very special name! But the one Me in my head insistently told that this was my name, the essence of my being.

"Why does this always happen to me!" I scolded. Again, nobody would take me seriously! But then I could explain it to me so acceptably that I understood. In the German language, it is almost impossible to pronounce my name neatly and phonetically, unless you, like me, were born in this district and raised in this dialect. And so, as a soul, I decided to be born right there so I could pronounce my name properly later. Sounds even more crazy? But that was typical for me! I learned from myself, this second self in my head, that the phonetics are of Celtic origin and in their language Eh-Yh-Ra simply means 'home', or rather, 'the energy of home', 'This is how home feels'. And that was true. My birthplace was an old celtic dwelling. One had found settlement rests of the Celts. And did not the Irish, being of typical Celtic origin, call their whole home island 'Eire'? That was almost pronounced as my name. And that's just its Celtic meaning.

In the star language of my Higher Self, I learned, 'Eh' = Dust, 'Yh' = from and 'Ra' = Star, meaning 'Dust from the Star'. And that, in turn, sounded familiar to me: on a visit to Findhorn nine years earlier, that name already appeared to me in English as I meditated under the clear starry sky (and English is spoken in Scotland), so I got to know, that my name was 'Stardust'. But then I did not know what to do with the name and forgot it again. The same summer I went through my burnout I attended a meditation by Birgit Ruttkowski (MA'al) and had found with her my second Danaan, which I was so glad! She not only opened up the realm of further vibration enhancements and taught us to create structures of light, she also promoted the highest potential in every participant. And with me these were my felted cuddly toys called 'Lichtfilzlinge'. My first dragon even wanted to be felted for MA'al (this time of amazing paranormal adventures I report in my first book (Hurray, the Lichtfilzlinge come).

I followed MA'al for the next three years to almost all monthly seminars in Berlin and to others in the Ruhr area and in Assisi. The other participants also discovered their talents and there was a lot to talk about and to exchange. What an inspiring time! And I felted and energized and programmed and was fulfilled with my relationships and in my doing.

So, I was soon motivated to create a beautiful woman, also because I longed to look good again. I had felted her beautiful legs weeks ago. As always, I waited for the next impulse, but what came next surprised me a lot. "The goddess is back," a voice inside me said. "I am Isis, the feminine path in this universe!" A pearly and sacred sparkling wine feeling ran through my spine and body. Whoa! I had not wanted to go that high. A beauty, yes, I had dreamed of it, but a goddess! And this feeling remained, there was a force with me that I had always known, and that I had often served in ancient times in the temple: the goddess. In the next four months, I gave birth not only to this doll, but also to this quality even in me, and it was an extremely violent cleansing process. It is difficult to describe. Feelings and thoughts, experiences from this and other lives, my dealings with my body

through to spiritual concepts connected with femininity ran through and had to be understood and
465 released to unload and to complete them as experience.

Meanwhile, I look back on eighteen years of chatting with Sanat Kumara. His coaching on a daily
basis has encouraged, taught, sustained, and commented me and complimented my life. There was
only one exception in all these years: when, after three years, I completely went into conflict with
470 MA'al and saw this as a signal that I no longer needed a master. At that time, I had demanded
mastery for me (I want the mastery now!) And my life changed radically again: I left Berlin and
withdrew from the world. Soon I lived in a motorhome at a campsite Harfenmühle near Idar-
Oberstein. At that time, I had no contact with Sanat Kumara for a whole year, all tries were in vain.
Finally, I asked another one and connected with Ascended Master Hilarion. And then I heard a voice
475 in my head: "This is Hilarion, unfortunately only on tape, I'm on the road with other tasks. You are
now master yourself, so do it!" I had to laugh heartily and knew: I had to get along alone and finally
implement what I had studied and learned. With the move into the motorhome again all my
relationships were gone except those with my nuclear family and for which my strange bustle was a
mystery, I was really all alone. I had to control my emotions in such a way that I felt at one with
480 everything and did not allow any emotion that could drive me into the abyss, otherwise that was the
abyss for a long time. Well, that's how you are learning to walk: you fall, you get up again, rub your
knees and keep walking.

Nothing in my life just happened to me, in retrospect my whole life was just exhausting. It had
wonderful highlights, but it was exhausting. As a German idiom says: Mastery needs practice. At
some point Sanat Kumara came back and I experienced in a daytime trance my inclusion in the
485 circle of the Ascended Masters. There was a touching ritual and gifts. But I must also be related to
the unbelieving Holy Thomas, because the whole thing was very suspicious to me at first. At least,
until I had figured out inside, where the discomfort with this beautiful trance came from: it was -
just like the incarnations - just a memory! The whole thing had happened long ago! So, I would not
have had to work so hard, I was already an Ascended Master before I had incarnated here at all! My
490 ascension happened in a neighboring universe and that was already completed. There, too, being a
woman was completely different. Completed. And man-being too. And from there I knew Sanat
Kumara.

Whenever I thought, now I'm halfway normal, things came up that sounded even crazier! If such
ideas came to me, I could only leave them helpless stay there around. It often happened that for
495 years they made no sense. The female side of the brain just ticks completely different than we've got
used to thinking.

Once I walked through the Botanical Garden in Berlin and was overwhelmed by an orgasm. I
looked around - and I stood under oak trees. Various species from all over the world had been
gathered here. And I knew they were, or better, our connection, our shared history brought about
500 this reaction. I always loved the oaks very much, and now here in the Botanical Garden, they loved
me too! Now that you know me a little bit, you will be less surprised that at the moment this
happened I was sure that I was involved in the creation of the oak trees. In my orgasm creator and
creation had met. The fact that these oaks came from all over the world added to the effect.

Whenever it was about the earth itself, my feelings sloshed into the bottomless or up into endless
505 spaces. It was never just about my family, my job, my country, my region. It was always about the
whole planet. It was somehow my life's work.

At some point, the spiritual teacher Phil Gruber appeared in my life, to whom I reacted so
emotionally that I thought him to be my soulmate. Shortly before his second visit to Berlin, which I
had organized with a friend, I unfortunately also remembered a life with him: in a concentration
510 camp, he was a Jew, I was a German overseer. Not good. Not good at all. I wanted to be honest
about it, even at the risk that my Jewish visitor would run away screaming. So I wrote down in
letter form what we had experienced together in that other life. He read the letter in peace, then he
went through each sentence with me and looked lovingly into my eyes. And said every time, "Is that
you today? Would you do that today?" And I answered every time: "No, today I am very different."
515 When he had finished the letter with me, he said: "I've cut off your head so many times, and in

another version you may have freed me from the concentration camp, it just does not matter!" My God, I was relieved! There was not even anything to forgive in his opinion, though I was sitting in bed with guilt. He was convinced that there are innumerable karmic variants that we played through together. And in this life, sometimes we would remember them because we were the lead incarnation. One becomes a leading incarnation only in its final incarnation, as completion and return to God. And that resonated with my feeling: this was my last life. In this last incarnation, we would play all the levels up to the top, he said. Good that my son had explained the game 'Super Mario' on the Gameboy. It was about gaining as many levels as possible in a single turn (one incarnation). Actually, here in this reality we are all Super Marios. The other games (incarnations) are happening parallel. My visitor also told me that they would study with me and complete their lives with me. It would be up to them to learn after death, not mine. Only me and this life are important, everything else he called 'karmic hemorrhages', and I should give them as little attention as possible. He indirectly confirmed my disinterest in other incarnations of me. I did not artificially try to drill into my memories; conversely, they simply came to light when it was important. If it was necessary to know.

The goddess doll was related to a karmic haemorrhage that I had remembered years before in a rebirthing. It must have been in the end times of Atlantis. I was the high priestess and thus also political leader of one of the islands, responsible for the largest and most effective crystals of the island, with which almost all the technology was operated. The decomposing forces of the fight between light and darkness had already infiltrated my staff. It soon became indistinguishable who still belonged to the good guys (on the occasion I learned that the good ones, if they get involved in fighting, unfortunately always get bad too, in the fight nobody can stay well). And I heard of a conspiracy, they wanted to drop me off, throw me in a dungeon and get to the super crystals. I decided, according to my consciousness at that time, to secretly grab my few things and disappear. On my island there were still vast, deserted, tropical mountain forests. I wanted to go there. It must have been a few years since living in the mountains when I saw a huge wave roll up onto the island. it must have been about a hundred meters high. And it buried the whole civilization of the island in the floods, because at the same time the island sank into the sea. Only the mountain peaks still looked out of the water. I was horrified but had seen it coming. But much more had happened than what could be perceived with the senses. Because no matter how much effort I made to get through, I had lost my connection to the goddess, this strong connection in me was simply gone. Irrevocably gone. The gate to my spiritual Source had almost completely closed. So, I lived on the island for another forty years, until I died. My Rebirther said to me after soaking in the experience with him, sobbing, he had never felt so much loneliness in a human being. Yes, that's right: I was forever lonely. That's how I felt. I was the only survivor of this doomsday, at least on this island. The shock of Atlantis or, let's say with the Hopi - the last of the world's doomsdays - was also deep with the other spiritual friends around me. Many are incarnated again today to do better or - because they have learned nothing - to put on their mistakes at that time even more. Well, sometimes Super Mario just cannot get enough! Collectively, we are in a similar situation and again lures the fight against evil. A famous Chinese general said: 'In truth whoever does not fight will win.

In every person eventual this myth of Atlantis will appear as part of the soul and oversoul integration, because our souls belonged to Gaia, the higher dimensional world. Atlantis was actually located in a completely different, higher-vibrating universe. And our Oversouls belonged to Tara, and that's a planet. Mainstream Earth, on the other hand, is located in the third dimension. This was exactly the dimension I fell into on the island after the catastrophe, because I also lost the connection to the Divine. What seemed natural to me before was now completely gone. That was not the only incarnation on Atlantis and not the worst. Another was so traumatic that I could not face the events for a very long time. It then took all courage to discharge this torture emotionally. But it had to be. If I had not, it would unconsciously continue to govern my life. And I would have had to hide somewhere as a hermit. "What you resist, persist," they say. My resistance ensures that something continues to exist.

I also remembered another end of the world, this memory came even before the first burnout, so

very early in my life. At the time, I did not understand my traumatic, emotional reactions at all. Only the Hopi traditions taught me what really happened: my relatives and friends persuaded me to eat. They had laid out the most beautiful vegetables and fruits in front of me and kept saying, "You have to eat. We all must eat. Otherwise we will die. Go on, do it!" In their desperation they even forced me to do so and stuffed me like a Christmas turkey, so as not to lose me. And then I ate, and it was disgusting. We became like animals with doing so. And then we took refuge in caves deep below the earth.

575 It was not before I repeatedly read through the Hopi world endings, that I got the idea when that happened: It must have been before the world was going to the pole shift. In the previous world, people did not eat. Their higher structures of connection to creation were so diverse that they alone could feed on light, sound and energy. They lived with the animals and plants, but not of them, they were not yet part of nature's food chain. Until it came to the end of the world, and the vibrational frequency of the world rapidly dropped and we ourselves became animals. It shakes me even today at the thought: It felt like someone was forcing me to become a pig and to wallow in liquid manure. If our own universe corresponded to the long radio wave range of creation, the whole thing happened in the medium radio wave, so to speak. After all, dimensions are nothing more than transmission and reception areas, just as they are with mobile phones, radio and television. I tis self-evident that we can see the first program on TV, while in the next room someone looks at another program. In similarity one has to imagine the different realities of the dimensions. They coexist with us here, but we are just receiving 3D. And after the end of the world, it is believed, we receive 5D. I even suspect that the tremendous effort to switch to 5G as quickly as possible is not just coincidental: that is to hinder the clean reception of the new 5D

590 probably as long as possible - but only for those individuals who surround themselves with these vibrational areas. It is also clear what this term means, I suggest: 5 G = fifth dimension, go away! Keep me away from this new, higher dimension for as long as possible. And keep me as long as possible in the old game of the old matrix. That is the true meaning of 5G.

595 But back to this planetary event of doomsday. The planet was torn apart in two parts and a large piece of Gaia fell through the crack in the next underlying universe. And the part of Gaia, which now slowly rounded to earth, also carried away all the souls of the incarnations dying on it, even the souls still attached to the old Gaia in the higher universe remained karmically connected to the earth and there on Gaia (in the higher dimension not visible to us) they began to incarnate again after the reassurance of the planet. Even the oversouls of these unfortunate souls on a planet called Tara,

600 which corresponded to our earth in an even higher universe (analogous to the short wave range of a radio), were also karmically tied to the earth. The sinking catastrophe was above all a tremendous dimensional catastrophe, because it tore fences away between vibrations that could never and should never actually meet and they met for the first time. And that broke through as my own knowledge, shortly after I channeled and created the Isis statue. I am convinced: Man was never

605 conceived as an animal, he was created as a crown of creation and used as guardian of the earth and not as a reptile. And therefore, he was not created as a begging sinful slave. Our scientists make responsible the reptilian brain stem in the human brain for the 'fight or flight' reflex, with which we behave like a reptile that knows only fight or flight. Anyone who lives out of this brain part cannot think of anything else than that. With the enlarged cerebral cortex, the heart, the pineal gland, the chakras, the Merkhaba and many other connection structures with Source, we have a much larger repertoire of behavior and love and compassion. And everyone evidently has a very individual process of awakening and is led from an inner voice to the integration of ever higher structures (what used to be called the Adept's 'secret initiation path') and encounters experiences and places where he can optimally realize his next step. "May the Force be with you," as Joda, the Jedi Knight,

610 said in the Star Wars. And anyone who manages to wake up to an even higher structure makes it a little faster and easier for everyone else. By the time this book comes out, it may be enough to go to a spiritual healer once or twice for a thorough clean and close the aura, and then occasionally sit in bubbles of high energy (called meditation or darshan). Or you go over the crosswalk and are - blubb - enlightened. Who knows. It is, after all, enlightenment weather, as Sanat Kumara once called this

620 time window. All the rules for this earth game are constantly changing, prophecies are decreasing
and there are more and more recent versions. The ascension of the earth can be compared to my
computer operating system. In the past, a lawn mower was a lawn mower, you bought one and used
it. Today I must look at an insignificant small computer program, if that still fits in with my new
Windows operating system, otherwise it just will not work for me anymore. For example, after
625 months of good collaboration, my computer suddenly claimed after an upgrade last year that it no
longer knows my printer, I could not solve the problem but to give it away. My new printer was
immediately so close with my computer, that I could just keep it from automatically order the next
ink cartridges in time on the Internet, before the old ones are empty. Our technical and information
630 processing industry provides us with excellent terminology to understand what happens when the
Earth ascends, it's easy. What had poor Jesus still had to deal with terms and parables from the
peasant experience, from the Ascension and such: We have it so much easier today! So, watch out:
All the exercises, seminars and initiations have provided me with upgrades, and my operating
system on this 3D mind-body unit evolved from Windows 1987 to Windows 2018, so to speak
'Windows 10 for Body 3D, Upgrade' 18 '. The last thirty years I have obviously bought many
635 updates for my operating system in the form of inaugurations, healings, restoration of the original
blueprint 'Eh-Yh-Ra' and anti-virus programs and, so to speak, neat other little programs until I
realized a dozen years ago that I finally got the free updates from the Cosmic Creator Net itself. I
can now just download for free. And as I contemplated about the world today, I suddenly knew:
Actually, no incarnations were ever sown in this local 3D universe of dimensions! It was a
640 misfortune that left us stranded here. That's why the earth was so different, so much more alive,
more fertile, more creative: it itself did not belong here at all! This universe was far too material,
too heavy and too dark, so there was little chance of waking up, and incarnations were all about
waking up. People did not send their children to a school where they were left to their own devices
and beat their time in stagnation or even kill each other, they would only get used to stupid things!
645 And then I had another idea: incarnations corresponded to the children of a soul and at some point,
they developed themselves into souls and sowed their own new children and at some point, they
became oversouls and seeded souls, yes, it had to be that way. That was only logical.
Then Phil was right that all incarnations remained independent. Then maybe all these were just
dimensional jobs that were given to you and you worked your way up as a conscious focus in this
650 creative God Company, from the department head to the manager of whole universes. But I could
also be wrong. To err is human. That was the point where Bluestar got into my thoughts and
confirmed an idea that Phil had already explained to me: life with creativeness (like us humans) can
only be sown from above, not evolutionary development. There is only a remembrance and
awakening in the lower vibrational levels, all of us go back to very high beings who sow and reap
655 their seeds. The Ascended Masters sowed avatars into the next lower-vibrating universe, the avatars
sowed Rishis into the underlying, the Rishis seeded Oversouls, also called Archangels, and the
Oversouls sowed souls, also called angels. And the souls sowed incarnations on the earth. The
bottom three universes are material, the higher not. And every universe (medium wave, long wave,
etc., you remember) has three dimensions each. It's so simple. Phil spoke of twelve seeds each, so
660 for example: One soul - twelve incarnations. Therefore, I first remembered incarnations that shared
the same soul with me, then came the incarnations with which I shared the Oversoul, etc. And then I
finally landed with Ascended Master Bluestar as my highest presence, as my highest self. And she is
not only in me, but in 12 high 4 crops, so in 20736 incarnations and also accompanies millions of
people today with their creative and childish playful qualities, gives them ideas and impulses and a
665 sense of home.
In 2013, in a meditation re-enrolling in me (and subsequently asking for the countdown to the
doomsday), she said, "I am Bluestar, and I speak for the soul of the earth: you have the task of
giving all humanity the knowledge to create a safe passage through the time of change. You have to
explain it well, because I want to have all my children with me, I do not want to lose any." And she
670 told me this in English and that was a bit strange to me. I cannot speak English well! This task was
just too big for me! I interpreted the channeling psychologically as a backlash to my perceived

insignificance. I knew how my manic-depressive disorder works. But probably I was just scared: I thought I had fallen for my megalomaniac again and therefore consistently withdrew their blog and Twitter account after one month from the publication. Only the big wall hanging that I have felted
675 which was Bluestar inspired to anchor the energy of a gentle and safe ascension, I continued grooming and felting. However, after that I felt like a useless failure and it took the help of Ken Page, who energetically pulled me out of the hole in a session and took me seriously with this idea that I was the complete embodiment of Ascended Master Bluestar. Nevertheless, I repressed that and turned away from the topic. That was in 2013.

680 Meanwhile, my focus went to a senior living project, which I founded with a friend. On the internet, I also discovered Access Consciousness with freely accessible exercise material, so I kept practicing. I had completely displaced Bluestar from my inner radar and Sanat Kumara did not mention the matter. Then I stumbled upon the Hopi's Bluestar Prophecy. There it was again, my topic: The end of the world. 'The event is coming soon'. Many spiritual people worldwide expect
685 the big event - and there are more and more. They want to get away from 3D. But what did I have to do with it? I would definitely not make a fool of myself and dance in public places with a mask, which I had already categorically explained to my inner Ascended Master. "Look for another fool," I said to her. But my attention turned back to world events, from the point of view of both halves of the brain, naturally and with heart. I was back in the world, I even bought a TV and spent the last
690 winter almost motionless and overeating lying in front of the TV. Considering what my higher Self demands of me were, it corresponded clearly with Bluestar of the Hopi Prophecy. Except that I am not dancing but I am Bluestar. She told me 'that I fully embody her'. And Stardust is her second name. Now, it also made sense that she had said, she is the soul of Tara and Tara is the soul of Gaia, and Gaia is the soul of Mother Earth. These are representatives of the earth in different dimensions
695 and vibrational heights! And that's why I love the earth so much and all the living nature and all humans. And that's why I want that no one is lost, and we all dance together happily through the end of the world! Now I get emotional.

In the spring of 2017 I wrote and published two books - about the inner and the outer dragon path into mastery – and I knew, there is another book, the most important one (this). And in that I have to
700 finally let the cat out of the bag, so to speak, who I am, and not just in digestible portions tell something relatively insignificant of me, as in my blogs. This book is my coming out, relentlessly open and honest. The writing of the first two chapters then dragged on endlessly, in retrospect, In my emotional states I have pre-digested the entire world situation. My body was causing me problems and my whole life was set to reset anyway. The community project also came to an end.
705 Move. Once again, all relationships have been lost, except those in the family, there it was nice again. In February 2018, I got help and confirmation in a Quantum Healing Hypnosis long-distance session with Candace Crow-Goldman. I told myself, well, I write this book about Bluestar and the end of the world. But before I face the public attacks, I want to get at least as objectively as possible a second opinion. Is Bluestar my higher self? Should I actually announce the end of the world in the
710 mainstream? Is this my life's task? Or am I seduced by a dishonest being to nonsense? Did I just invent Bluestar and Sanat Kumara as entities? Should I not better retire to my private life and create nice animals? And to my friend Sanat Kumara I made the announcement: If it turns out that I have created you as an entity in the astral world and you are not the real, then you immediately fly out of my head octagonal! I was wildly determined. Candace took me into a deep hypnosis and all this was
715 confirmed to me. I do not know if I had hoped or feared that. And so, I decided to give up any further resistance and let my texts flow freely. Free. Completely free. In the session, I was also able to add another puzzle piece to my memory: In one of the galactic wars, I was involved in destroying a planet with its diverse, even intelligent living habitat, and as I watched the beautiful planet explode, I could not help but chasing the dagger myself in my knees with overwhelming guilt and
720 regret, to symbolically kneel down (my knee is broken in this life). At that time, I vowed never to become so powerful again that I could destroy entire planets, and that I would rather destroy myself. And I also swore to protect life and to work for peace. Some learners are learning it the hard way. In this life, by now, I cancel all oaths as soon as I become aware of them and complete the energies.

725 Only then I see what I really want to do next, freed from any past. Who am I? What am I? What is
my lif purpose? I ask myself these questions regularly.
And so I accepted that I am Bluestar. Full stop. I stay in duality with her and talk to her as if she
were not me. But we are one. And after this book is written, I'll find the courage, the determination,
and the audacity to re-publish her calls, as she names her posts, in a blog - in English. And the best
730 part is, I was not a failure at all, I only kept myself small because the time was not right. Because
when I retracted the publication, new global tendencies had just emerged and the chance that the
earth would not split off into two major realities. Now it continues only in a single timeline to run as
New Earth. And that had to be observed and finally decided in 2017 with the banter between Trump
and Kim. No matter what comes next and no matter what the Bilderbergers think of their 'Post Truth
735 World' (an agenda item from 2018 that I had to smile about: do they really plan the world for the
time after they finally have told us the truth?): The earth is ascending. That is no alternative. We can
do it, Mrs. Merkel! I suspect that these Bilderbergers are very knowledgeable about the event itself.
That they still manipulate as many people as possible instead into the disaster, can also be
interpreted as an aid, they just want to encourage everyone to get the A.. up. Well then. They are the
alarm clock, so that finally it rings everywhere and within everyone.

740 I have often incarnated as a human being and equally often as a dragon / draco. And as Anunaki, but
that I told in my book 'Give me the apple, Eve'. The dragon natural is part of my being, which I have
to keep under close observation. I love rules and order. In a new environment, I look at how this
works for a while. Then I make suggestions for changes. After all, everything has to run after my
745 head or I go. I do not say that myself, with this assessment, my first boss at the secondary school in
Mainz confronted me in 1980 already benevolently. At his secondary school I stayed extremely
long: twelve years. That is quite something. The dragon in me quickly fraternises with the shadow
of another person, a situation or a congregation. If I'm not careful then I'll act as impossible as the
other one thinks the humans are (more on that in 'My Dragon Eats Pizza'). I have always been a
750 particularly drastic mirror for others. That did not make my life easier. I'm still not thrilled with my
role as Bluestar, which I've obviously given myself at higher levels. And it works without me either.
When I discovered 'One Billion Rising' shortly after my withdrawal of calls on the Internet, I cried
with a lot emotions: Eve Ensler and all these other women are doing exactly what Bluestar wanted
in their calls! They dance happily while they say stop to rape, oppression and discrimination of
755 women and children around the world. They are not against it, at least when they understand the
creating process in its purest form: they just set the line and then focus their attention entirely on
dancing together and celebrating - and on how they wish the world to be. As I saw the cheerful,
dancing Women, I thought: I am doing enough when I anchor and hold the energy for a safe passage
on earth. The others already do it. They do not need me at all. I was so relieved, nobody can
760 imagine! I just had to hold on and stay alive until today. I should always stay under the radar, so as
not to be endangered. The fact that I created cute stuffed animals underlined my harmless character.
When I channeled the first call, an unlit, all-black helicopter appeared in front of my window, which
I already knew from a report by Drunvalo. So, they had me on the radar for a second, whoever
'they' were. This helicopter also shocked me tremendously, until then I thought they were only
765 traveling in America. The helicopter had then influenced me to the decision to take everything from
publication. Throughout my life I have met so many wonderful Americans, but when the Empire
shows up with its power demo, I prefer to hide. Maybe I'm just a little, cowardly dragon.

In the meantime, I can always feel and perceive Bluestar in myself. I am becoming more and more
clear to who and what I am. So, I can say to you now also full of confidence: We can do it. We will
create a safe passage. We will create heaven on earth. And how we do that exactly, I explain to you
770 in the next chapter. At the moment, you may feel like a fifth-year high school student who has
picked up a math booklet from his twelfth-grade brother, and that's the way it is. You will
understand it better, be patient with me. The main thing is that you do not throw this book right into
the corner. I'm also sure that if you look around your own surroundings, someone will come to you
who could better explain all these connections to you and even be pleased if you finally refer to him
775 or her. At this point, I just say so much about it: for the understanding of the next two chapters, it

just suffices that you know the terms of energy, vibration, ascension, and consciousness. Make it like the amoeba: Take everything up first. You can digest later. The earth rises, or: more of Creator, more higher structures and connections, more of our highest potential and of course the highest potential of the Earth descends into our reality and expands it. The Earth itself does not leave the third dimension, as I see it, it only gains the fifth-dimensional structures in addition to it. It also integrates higher structures of itself. We are again more in this world instead of this world. I'm still physically here, so to speak in 3D. Our journey goes backwards into the higher dimensions that we had fallen from. And not only have we reached the turning point, we have long passed it! According to the Hopi tradition, we lost more consciousness from each world to the next, losing higher connections and structures and our higher senses and abilities. Earth now takes us in the opposite direction: into the spiritualization of matter. This means you get this development for free, simply because you live on earth. Your highest potential is within your grasp, including your extraordinary senses, your memory. After all, you are also seeded from very high levels, just like me. You may discover a very high Archangel as your connection to Source, or an Ascended Master, or directly - like William Linville - that you come from Source itself. There is so much to discover, believe me, every phone app and every Netflix is downright boring compared to this. Because it's also about you: Who are you? What are you? And what is your life purpose? Whoever lives now is born into the end of the world to create heaven on earth. Or he will leave this planet. What do you choose? I am Bluestar. And I like it. I came to announce the end of the world and guide humanity to safely navigate through it. And I'm glad you're there when we create what we want together. The earth also wants to take all their human children with them. And so does the flora and fauna.