

Rainbow Revelation

19th – 25th September 2020

	Rocks		Sphinxes
Purple	Alev	1X	<i>Alev 1X</i>
	James	2	<i>Helga</i>
	Lynne	4	<i>Janice</i>
	Miffey	2X	<i>Miffey 2X</i>
	Sophie	4	<i>Sophie 4X</i>
			<i>Susan</i>
			<i>Thusitha</i>
Pink	James	3	<i>Elise</i>
	Lynne	5	<i>Deb Fox</i>
	Susan	5	<i>Janice</i>
			<i>Karen</i>
			<i>Lisa</i>
			<i>Miffey</i>
Chocolate	Elise -5	-5	<i>James</i>
	Lee 0	0	
	Sophie 5W	5♣	

Sector 22: Morocco, West Mauritania, West Algeria, Madeira Island, Canary Islands, Cape Verde Islands, Gibraltar

Guardian: Anudeva

Sector
Information:

The Wound

Cherrill*	0X♣	<i>Cherril X♣</i> <i>Nirmal</i>
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Italic Indicates Sphinx or Liquid Rock
'X' indicates Sphinx Rock, * Not updated in last 6 months

From the Purple Haze, the Magus asks the Purple Goddess what essence to manifest

Energies of Liberation: Purple

Forgetfulness is a kind of freedom. Nearly all humans on your planet want to be in a state of forgetfulness. They want to be unconscious. This is their freedom – to be unconscious and irresponsible, to forget all the worries of the world, to forget the need to pay the rent, to forget everything. Some just live in a state of hope in a swollen purple haze – brave hope that everything comes out all right in the end.

“The world is broken, I am broken too,” says the secret Magus, the world events and family events piling down on top of him and crushing him. “I want to be unconscious,” he said. “I want to exist in a broken haze, to go wild and party and play, not be bothered with all this other gunge. To be unconscious is a release, a freedom!”

Even this Magus wants to be forgetful now. He senses a dilemma between responsible consciousness and forgetfulness. He wants to create conditions through manifestation where he does not need to breathe or think; he wants the universe to do it for him.

“What is wrong in that?” he asks. “What is wrong with doing what I like to do, have a laugh, have some fun – even while I feel that everything is in a purple haze, everything is crashing down around me – but I do not want to see it. All around me is the *Wound*. All around everything is disintegrating, all our bodies are under threat. I do not want death any more. I do not want to smell its stench. I want to be free and circle in a paradise sky.

“Excuse me while I kiss the sky,” he wails. “Whatever it is, that girl put a spell on me!” The seductive spell of forgetfulness ...

“God wants to be forgiven for going wrong. The very nature of 3D is to blame. How can we be responsible and ethical and all that, *when God Himself somehow got it wrong?*

“We cannot forgive God for going wrong.

“But I can create whatever I want, can take the ethers and shape its plasma into form. The *Wound* is deep and intense in every soul. Each body and soul is hurting. But forget all that, I say, indulge in the senses, the pleasure, the play.

“I can create a beautiful paradise with my thoughts,” says the Magus. “I can create palm-lined, silky sand beaches and scorching sun with lots of rain, so that luscious bushes can grow their fruits. I can create the honeydew of paradise.”

Doubts rankled inside him. All of this is delightful, but it is fluff – candy floss in the illusion. He needs to know what is the essential at this time. He feels an urge to consult the Purple Goddess.

“Each soul wants to be free of the *Wound*. Many souls cannot take it any more,” he goes on, whispering to himself. “But I can create where there is a purple wound, where the soul is blistered and burning. I go into the purple haze where men and women are dizzy from shock. I can create new form out of the plasma of the purple haze.”

The Magus turned to the Goddess who manifested dressed in the ripples of a **Purple** gown. Waves of gold tresses crossed her shoulders; she glanced fleetingly in the direction of the Magus.

“But what is it that I should create?” he asked her. “What scenario shall I paint from the etheric webs?”

“So you’re a compassionate sort of Magus, not a power machine?” she asked casually, brushing back her tresses.

The Magus shrugged, taken aback.

“You want to be God?” she eyed him penetratingly.

“I don’t want souls to suffer any more,” admitted the Magus. “What is the most significant, the most important essence I need to create – leaving aside material things?”

“I would say,” the goddess said – after deep thought which ran like a silver thread through her lifetime – “I would say the essence, the subtle juice is: *Recognition of the synchronicity and harmony of all that exists.*”

“Everything exists to help us flower,” she said, “to help us to reach ultimate peaks where flowers will always grow. The key essence, the ‘substance’, the elixir is: *Recognition of the synchronicity and harmony of all that exists.*”

“You can create all sorts of other stuff out of your plasma. But if you cannot create that *Recognition*, then all work as the Magus is lost. Creating that essence of *Recognition*, you are edging closer to the *Wound*. That harmony, the grace that comes from *Recognition*, soothes the *Wound*.”



“It is not the Purple haze of the doped-up zones that is needed, nor is it the silver seal of death. O that release and freedom when a soul has had enough! There is a suicidal slipway to every death, you know.”

“No, what is needed – is the opening to one of the greatest Portals of all. I know how you like to open the Portals. Nothing is spared, nothing is held back when you open the Portal. Entering it, you skirt the broken purple *Wound* seared across Planet Earth. You magically *see* how life presents whatever it is you need to take you to the highest peaks, where lots of white flowers and poppies grow. It is not a believing or a trusting, it is a *seeing*. And that is what **Purple** can give you.

“So, Mr. Magus man, in your manifestations, do not try to conjure up wealth or things you want to collect along the road. Let your manifestations be abstract yet essential: *Recognition of the synchronicity and harmony of all that exists*. And then the seeing ... the seeing of the clear, clear Light as it shines upon you on Planet Earth.

“You cannot be unconscious with this Light. That Light dispels the fog, the purple haze. It is like having the eyes of God Herself, the clear eyes of the Great Divine. That is what you are seeking, the healing of the broken purple *Wound*.

“That is the *magic*, to have eyes that can magically see that all – however grimacing or gruesome – is part of the Miracle.”

Beloved ones, the waves.

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(Image of purple portal by Doug Morgan)