

REMAKING REVELATIONS



Dreaming the Apocalyptic Future

by

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Preface

Is this a fantasy, a prophecy, a wild imagining?
Or perhaps new realities waiting for us to make them real?

This book intends to rewrite the story of apocalyptic revelations. It is written as a fantasy perhaps a prophecy ... of the future to come. It's about the greatness of us all and the elevation of this world into something extraordinary. To lead you into it, I share the words of my awesome husband, Santari Green, who wrote this about his own writing ...

“My epic storytelling is a sentient force that provides me with inspiration and gifts me with a talent for genius use of language. It informs me that – The true epic story is not a tale about any one person – it is a story written for those who cherish greatness in themselves. It has them realise that they are divine and embarked on a heroic odyssey that is, as yet, unfinished. And, maybe, will never be finished.”

This is so for me too. A sentient force, represented as the Voice within the writing, is pouring this book through me with great gusto and delight. I revel in its wonder as it gushes on through.

I invite you to dive into this book to find your own revelatory greatness and to believe ever more strongly in the brilliant future that is to come for this world. Become a believer. Become a creator. That is what this book is written for ... for the Greatness in you and in us all.

In the Beginning

I Wasn't Born To Be A Hero

I wasn't born to be a hero, at least I and all my cronies wouldn't have thought so back then.

I wasn't born to be the saviour of the world. I can't imagine that any of the gods would have sanctioned such nonsense from a nobody like me.

But here we are, standing at the cusp of an apocalyptic time that no one saw coming, with me at the helm and my hero cape waving wondrously in the winds of change.

This is the story of how one tiny human helped turn apocalypses into the re-creation of life on a world too beautiful to even put into words.

Reinventing Apocalypse

I have always been fascinated by apocalyptic films, so I suppose that simple fact alone might have given me a heads up on what was to come. But I wasn't thinking that large back then and so I missed all the signs and signals that would have pointed me in that direction before the universe kicked me in the ass and said 'Get a move on girl. You're up!'

Some joker must have placed that spark in me, either before I was born or sometime thereafter. Because I find it hard to believe that the kind of transformation it took for me to become a source for a brilliant new world would have ever found its way into reality if a looming apocalypse hadn't kicked my butt in gear. Because adversity is its own inspiration you see and every opportunity, good or bad, is a call to greatness. Bet you never thought of it like that, did you?

Well ... here was the other clue that pointed me onto the path that I was eventually to take. I saw this simple post on Facebook one day that said something like this ...

What is the literal original meaning of the word apocalypse?

*The Book of Revelations in the New Testament has the literal title in Greek, the 'Apocalypse of John'. **The word apocalypse means revelation ... that which is uncovered. It comes from the Greek word which literally means to pull the lid off something.***

Today's dictionary definition reads like this ...

1. the complete final destruction of the world, as described in the biblical book of Revelations.

2. an event involving destruction or damage on a catastrophic scale.

So how did we go from apocalypse as revelation and a 'lifting of the veil' if you will, to total and utter destruction of the world? I suggest that idea might have been birthed in the mind of some foolish script writer somewhere who thought it might sell a few more movie tickets.

But for me, learning this original definition, I was indignant to say the least. Imagine putting the fear of God into us all that the Earth might swallow us all up one day or that the Zombie hordes might infect us all to attack one another and destroy civilisation as we know it.

Apocalypse as Revelation! Why has no one been talking about this? Why do we live in a world of horror and fear about the future when an apocalypse might be the start of something incredible? It is about that INCREDIBLENESS that I write this story now. That we might all embrace the coming of the Light and the emergence of a whole new way of being together here on Earth and throughout the galaxies. This is my story. This is our story. Of a new beginning for life on Earth!

The 1st Revelation

The Remembering



I believe it was Easter 1959 the first time I heard a minister mention the devastating outline of what the Book of Revelation held as what some deem prophecy for our human future. My Mom had dressed me in an ugly green Easter bonnet with yellow daffodils on it, with matching bright yellow gloves, ready for Sunday church. I can't say as I was ready for these ministerial 'revelations' at the time. I wanted to believe in a hearty, happy, healthy future for the world. I was, after all, a visionary long before I knew I was.

I never read the whole biblical thing you know. I doubt many have. But aren't we all, barring theological scholars of course, left with an impression of doom befalling the Earth? Doesn't the very term Revelation break heavy upon you even now?

I looked up its meaning you know and here's one of the definitions of Revelation that I found ...

the divine or supernatural disclosure to humans of something relating to human existence.

Well now, doesn't that just surprise you! Another definition highlighting a possibility of language that we have yet to truly embrace. A divine or supernatural disclosure. Something we perhaps had never known. That piques my curiosity big time and it was this curiosity that got me standing on this path when the first apocalypse occurred.

I stand in front of the waves of Apocalypse, with my staff of Revelation in hand, banishing the possibility of doom from the land.

Did you laugh when you read that? Did you think 'silly human' trying to mess with divinely ordered things? Well if you did, you will drop your jaw in astonishment at the things I do next to move us from doom to the delivery of heaven on Earth. For isn't that what Revelation is truly meant to be? An

insight of discovery, a brilliant stroke of god-like genius that strikes comets from the skies and asks giant waves to be kind to the kingdoms of Earth. Do you believe these things are possible for a simple human? Well I reckon you want to hold onto your hats then, coz this ship is rolling out to sea and the waves are happy to have us there extolling them to be more awesome, more generous, more kind to all those who walk upon the lands.

And so it was in 2025 that the first apocalypse began with a beautiful, gigantic wave. As it rose in every direction from the depths of the great oceans of the world, newscasters and weather experts foretold the end of us all, predicting devastation like never before. But this wave was sent for a greater purpose, willing to take command from a kinder source of possibility, in this case me!

It did rush up to the shores of many lands, but did so in a way that astounded us all. The first tsunami rose up to the shores in sparkling sunshine, with dolphins leaping with glee through the wave's gigantic wonder. It held there, sparkling in all its might, unwilling to enter the lands of humankind ... and here in its silent stature it delivered the first of the revelations that was to awaken us all to a new time, a new beginning, a new era of wonderment for the world.

The sparkling sunshine spelled out letters across the wave's waters, in the language of each country that beheld it, revealing the following ...

Seek ye not the kingdoms of heaven in some place other than where you already reside. For you are, and always were, keepers of the true heavenly abode of Life in its finest array.

To say that humans were astounded is probably an understatement. I can promise you there was much debate about this amongst scholars and religious experts as to how a wave might communicate, the world over, such an incredible message. And yet, there it was in sparkling letters, written in every language, embedded in water as the divine messenger.

These words were not written as warning. They were written as reminder. They were written as a calling into a next level of creation for humans to participate in. How do I know that? Hang onto your hats! The wave told me so.

'Waves can talk?', you gasp in disbelief. Yes, waves can communicate if we have but sensors to listen. Everything can communicate actually, but we humans decided to unlearn that skill. So how did I learn it? Well I suppose it began back there in 1959 when that minister tried to tell me about the Book of Revelation and put the fear of God into me about daring to be more. It was right then and there, sulking as a child on that wooden church pew, that I believe the Hand of God came and struck me across the back of my ugly Easter bonnet, sending daffodils rolling to the floor. It was then that a voice began to talk to me and tell me of things that others didn't seem to know. It was then that my hero's cape was invisibly donned by some part of my 9 year old self who didn't understand all that back then.

I guess you could say I was chosen. I certainly don't remember asking to be chosen. I just remember thinking how wrong that minister was in saying what he was saying. Perhaps it was my willingness at 9 years old to think that the wisest of wise upon the world were actually wrong. Perhaps it was my naivety that called that voice to me, or maybe someone up there in the great beyond took pity on a tiny human having to wear an ugly bonnet with daffodils on a beautiful spring morning in a gloomy old church, sitting on an uncomfortable wooden pew. But perhaps that is how the worlds evolve, in silly, simple, uncomfortable moments of time where a tiny being is awoken from the depths of forgetting to be a champion for the greatest of remembering. For that is what the wave was telling us you know. To remember who we really are and why we are really here. And isn't that just the most wonderful thing.

The 2nd Revelation

Its Name Was Unity



The next iconic moment in my own evolution came in 1969. I had just gone off to university, the pinnacle of learning, yes? No! Not for me. In the very first week of classes I had a curly haired, arrogant, young, sociology professor tell all the women in the class that he knew we were only there to meet husbands and so not to bother him. WHAT!

The second moment came, and this was the really important one for me, when, in the same university, a middle aged philosophy professor informed me that what on Earth would I know about God in order to engage in a debate with him about religion. Again ... what the heck!

I couldn't tell either of them you see that this voice was constantly speaking to me, constantly guiding me in ways that I found hard to follow. I was after all a 19 year old university student and what the heck did I know.

You would have thought by then that the voice would have trained me well enough to listen, but you know human culture generally doesn't take kindly to those who commune with the gods. So I kept the voice to myself and assumed I was wonky in the head somehow. But that was 1969 and what the heck did any of us know back then.

I should have listened when that voice told me to be indignant instead of diminished in that university. I should have followed its guidance when it told me to stand up and walk out of both of those classes. To not be influenced by fools and idiots. Yes that is what the voice called them ... fools and idiots. So I hope you will look kindly upon me as to why I didn't take this as the voice of God or any other such wonder. You can see, I hope, why I believed I was slightly crazy in the head.

Why that voice stuck with me all these years I do not know. I am thankful that it did, for the world would be in a different place today in 2055 as I write this.

I do often wonder if that sociology professor and philosophy guru, who both thought they knew better, would feel bad today about their comments way back then, spoken to the one who would eventually source a remaking of the world. Hah! Just that thought alone is enough to make me smile for another 105 years.

But these are small musings and I must get on with my story as that's why you're reading it isn't it. To hear about the apocalyptic revelations and how they elevated the world.

OK, so the 2nd revelation came pretty soon after the first one, a bit later in 2025. This time it came in what many thought was going to be a big, scary, animal apocalypse. But no! They came all together, all species of animals, standing quietly on the outskirts of major cities and towns. There were no loud roars or the barring of scary teeth. It was a silent revelation this one. They just came and stood, silently, all together, showing a unity that humans for certain had long forgotten. In the eyes of every single species shone a brilliance that was breath-taking to behold. It was as if the divine light of the universe had taken them over and walked them to their vigil. They stood there a long time, initially evoking great fear in the human populations. Was this, the news anchors hypothesized, the next apocalypse that would end us all?

As I said, these beautiful animals stood there a long time. Long enough for everyone to understand they meant no harm. Long enough to garner media attention on every newscast. Long enough to drill into the minds of every human that something supernatural was taking place here. Long enough to get people to sit up and take notice of the message that streaked across the skies of the world. As the humans had their eyes riveted upon the animals, all of these beautiful creatures, as one, raised their eyes to the skies causing every human to look with them.

White clouds began to dance across all the lands and in every instance they formed a perfect image, unique to each culture, but essentially with the same intent in every language.

You are Divine ... the clouds' imagery informed. You are Divine.

There were no words spoken. Every human and every animal sat in stunned silence, watching as the clouds froze in formation for at least three minutes. Now if you know anything about clouds, you might hazard a guess at what Great Hand might freeze their formation into images that communicate. Amazingly there was no argument anywhere as to what Great Hand that was. No religion tried to say it was their God or this certain Deity or whatever name they had given theirs. That alone was a miracle. That no one tried to name it as their own. For this miracle crossed every boundary, every faith, every belief that anyone held anywhere.

You know I think I might have had a tiny hand in this. I do have a recollection of being asked by the voice what it would take to awaken the whole of humanity all at once and bring them into a unified, creative whole. I seem to recall saying that unlikely miracles might do the trick. So if my saying that to the voice spurred this miracle, then I am happy to have played my part.

I am not trying to take credit here you see. I just want you to know that I wasn't just standing idly by as all this happened. In fact, I'm pretty sure that there were a goodly number of my friends around the world, animal lovers all, who came and stood with the forces of the animal kingdoms that day. Who stood with heads bowed in silent union with them all to show the humans that unity crossed every boundary known to man.

It was a silent and holy moment for the world, all of us ensorcelled together in the grip of a mystical force, insisting that we finally understand who we are and why we are here. This is Revelation #2 and its name is UNITY.

The 3rd Revelation

The Doorway of Death



I was 14 years old the first time the Doorway of Death swung open its gates to take someone I loved. At 14, as a newly minted teenager completely self-obsessed, I had spent the last 5 years pretending not to hear the voice that was urgently speaking to me. My mastery, I deemed as a 14 year old, was to shut that voice off completely and drown it in my own misery.

So when my grandfather died suddenly at the young age of 60 of a heart attack, my grandmother and mother, farm grown, stoic women of the finest kind, were pretending to be ok by making plans for his funeral. Me, I ran away to the back of the little grey stucco house to sink into tears all by myself, railing at the gods that they could take such a lovely man from this world.

The voice was trying to get my attention and I, with stoic determination reminiscent of the women of my family, refused to listen. So it sought other means to get my attention.

'Mooooo', sang the cow from the field's edge. *'Mooooooooo'*, it sang even louder the second time.

'No', I said to the voice. *'I will not listen. I choose to revel in my grief and be angry at the powers that be right now. Go away!'*

It's a shame that I didn't listen way back then. It took the next and more serious death to really catch my attention and that was when my wonderful father walked through the Doorway of Death and then was sent back in energetic form to stand at my shoulder so I would know Death was not at all what I thought. Thank you Dad. You are forever my hero.

I started then to change, to open, to explore and discover new things. I changed my name to signify the change. I studied transformation and energy and mystical wonders. I began to let the voice in just a little, bit by bit, until much later in life, I realised just how awesome it was and how it could direct me to a level of myself I had never imagined. With this, my journey into

mastery began. Teeny tiny baby steps at first, followed by big giant swings of wonder and mastery that captivated me and remade me into something I began to really love.

So I was ready when the 3rd death of a loved one struck. My brother Tony, a giant, happy, guitar player of a man, died of a heart attack on stage with his rock band, doing what he loved. I had my phone off overnight so I didn't get the call till the next morning and I immediately leapt up to that Doorway to celebrate him passing through. He smiled that bright, brilliant smile of his, with an ethereal guitar in hand, and said *'I'm off to join the legends to create a new song for the Earth.'*

'Hurray!', I shouted. *'Rock on my fearless brother. Rock on.'*

That was the first I knew that the legends, like Bowie, Michael Jackson, Freddie Mercury, Prince and others like them, had all gathered together on the other side as a celestial choir to invent a new SONG for the Earth. Oh wow, how glorious is that! And my brother got to play a part in that and invite me to know about it. I followed them over there for quite some years you know and it never got old, those legends doing something extraordinary like that.

But I digress. The 3rd Revelation is what you're all waiting to hear about, yes? Well it has to do with the Doorway of Death and the moment in 2026 when that Doorway flew wide wide open in the great skies of Earth and the hosts of legendary creators came on through to join a concert sung by one of my faves, the beautiful Harry Styles. He, it seems, had been chosen to bring through this new Earth SONG and as he stepped onto the stage, with the world's cameras upon him, all those legends, including my brother Tony (tears building at this point), appeared behind him in a kind of misty form, taking over the forms of the actual choir that was singing it with him.

“For the Earth is newly sung again,

Remade throughout all Time.

Wound heartily into the Names of Life

And sung by the Angels of Rhyme.

Legends are asked of you all right now.

Legends are what you must become.

For the Doorway of Death is open now

And your new time has finally begun.”

There wasn't a dry eye in the world in that moment. Because the Angels of Rhyme, the Legends of Musical Wonder, the Celestial Choir, had appeared in full and glorious form to show everyone on Earth that Life is never ending and Glory waits for us all. The 3rd Revelation came in song you see, disguised as Angels, as they slipped past the Doorway of Death to find a new form upon the Earth ... a form of Light and Glory and Legendary Brilliance meant to inspire us all.

To those who passed through the doorway early on ... to my grandfather, father and brother ... I say thank you. To the voice, I say sorry it took so long. To that lovely cow, I send you my gratitude for being with me in my lostness way back then. To the legends, you have my heart forever. To the 3rd Revelation, you ROCK!!!

The 4th Revelation

A Star Shall Appear In The Heavens



It was another two years before the next Revelation appeared in the human world. I guess that someone in the 'planning department' decided to give humans some time to assimilate all that had come before. Time to adjust to the understanding that miracles were afoot in the world, remaking everything we believed was true and possible.

So when the 4th one came in 2028, it was a shocker of course. But it was no surprise to me as I had had a premonition of this so very long ago.

That premonition came in 1994. I was in my early forties this time and had just begun to understand the world of energy, coming to realise that there is so much invisible stuff to explore in the world, so much knowledge, understanding and mastery to be achieved ... and this time I was on the quest for it.

I had registered for a past life workshop, having never done anything like that before. I wandered into this very strange house in Atlanta, Georgia, wading through five layers of velvet curtains just to get in the door. I kid you not! Inside I was greeted by the lady of the house along with her five great Danes. Perhaps I might have taken that as a sign to leave quickly, but I was eager and so I stayed.

She had us lay down on the bright red carpet, two by two, taking deep breaths ... and suddenly, wowee, I felt myself being pulled up out of my body. Panic struck and I tried to pull myself back, but no, the Forces of Light were determined this time that I would not run away. Believe it or not, Christ appeared in front of me. Like WHAT! He showed me the lifetime of the man on the carpet beside me, whose name was Angel by the way. To say that I freaked right out and ran from that house on the break might be an understatement. As I ran out into the road to my car, thunder and lightning broke in the sky and I drove like a frightened little school girl back to my own safe home.

Now, what does this have to do with a premonition of the 4th Revelation. Well, I barely remembered this at the time, being so panic stricken, but that figure of Christ passed me a message that lay quietly within me for quite some years and that message was ...

“And shall come unto the Earth a new sign, that a Star shall appear in the heavens and that Star shall be named Reveal.”

Truly I didn't absorb that back then. I was frightened you see, and all manner of rational thinking had left me as I rushed back to my home. But in 2028, when the Star miraculously appeared out of nowhere, it all came flooding back to me. Empty space in the skies one minute. Bright Star the next. Poof.

A scientific miracle they said. Miracle shmiracl, I knew it was much more than that. It was a sign. A big, beautiful, radiant sign that could be seen the world over, no matter where on Earth you lived. It almost seemed to be radiating around the Earth from wherever it was, presumably millions of light years away.

Or was it? That Star defied every single thing that scientists knew about how the universe worked. It was as bright as the Sun, maybe brighter, yet it did not radiate heat. It seemed to operate on principles that defied our current understanding. This was not some long lost star of legends making its way back onto our horizons. This had popped out of nowhere, defied scientific understanding and was radiating an energy signal that took just a very short while for the 2028 AI universe to decode.

Its wave frequency was beyond any frequency known to humans. Its coding was complex and beautiful, the AI reported. Like a sacred analogy for Life in all its glorious forms, all wrapped up into one gigantic, super shining Star that everyone could see. It was so bright that you could even see it in daylight as if (impossible right) it could be viewed anytime, from anywhere, all around the Earth. Its decoded message read

“Greetings beings of Earth. The Light Realms welcome you into a new possibility of creation. In our messages, that we are sending every minute of every day for the next five days to you, are the codes for a new understanding of Matter and Light. That actually they are inter-changeable. That one is not dense and the other light, but they are two ends of the same moment in time that can be changed one into the other at any moment in time. You do not need technology to do this. You are the sources of the changing. You are the creators of Creation.”

The AI of course, knowing that the message included directions that this new coding be sent to everyone all at once, did exactly that. Everyone on Earth received a text at the same moment in time with a link to the directions for how this works. Each recipient was directed to have their own play with it, to bring their own unique genius to enhance it and turn it into things like free energy generators, life enhancing frequency modalities, miraculous physicality and, of course, what we had all been waiting for ... the ability to teleport across the world if you wished or across the galaxies if you so desired. Shazam! In one fell swoop, everyone on Earth was given the keys to the kingdom of miracles and weren't we all just pleased as punch by that.

You will have guessed by now that this was no ordinary Star. More like a LightShip I guess that generated its own starlight. Where it came from we knew not, at least not for some years to come. Five days after its first appearance, it winked out of existence as fast as it had come, leaving us with the revelation of the secrets of creation so that we might head ourselves as a world onto a new pathway to the stars. Revelation #4 ... Reveal was its name and Creation was its game.

The 5th Revelation

Manna From Heaven



In the mid 1990's I was living in Atlanta, Georgia and was most definitely in the throes of a massive awakening. The voice came constantly, pointing out many different ways of seeing things. I was much more open to its guidance by then, yet I still didn't quite know what to make of it all.

I was married to a wonderful black man at the time who was a deacon in a Black Baptist Church. Yes, you got it right. There was me up in the front pews of a 3000 person church with a hundred person choir and band, feeling quite out of place in all this glorying. I remember mentioning to my husband of that time that I had been visited by Christ in that strange workshop and he replied saying *"Honey, if Christ is coming back, I don't think he'll be coming to you."*

Well of course he would say that, wouldn't he. I don't blame him for that. How he possibly conceive of what I had been trying to understand my whole life up until that point. But at that moment his comment marked the beginning of the end of that lovely marriage and the start of a new period in my life. I suppose that was all perfect too as it led me exactly to where I was meant to go next on this adventure.

So in 1995, freed from the bonds of marriage, off I went on vacation to Glastonbury in the United Kingdom with the voice shouting hallelujahs in my ear. I had read 'The Mists of Avalon' by Marion Zimmer Bradley and I was moonstruck. I had to get to Avalon. Every fibre of my being was calling me there. I'm not sure I fully understood why, but off I bravely went with no idea that it would irrevocably change my life forever. This was the demarcation moment. It was the start of becoming who I was truly meant to become.

So there I was in 1995 in this magical place, trekking up the Glastonbury Tor in the middle of the summer solstice night as drummers drummed and drunken dancers danced under the full moon. Yet in behind all that wild irreverence was a kind of mystical ambience that carried me upward, undaunted by the revellers and the strangeness of the scene. I sat myself

down on the side of the Tor and waited silently to see what would come. And come it did.

“Get ready.”, shouted the voice with an unusual sense of glee.

Pow! It was as if the skies opened up and a power beam burst through me, driving down deep into the Tor, rushing back up again to burst wide my heart, soaring it outwards to the sea 20 miles away. I had never experienced anything like it. I sat stunned, unable to move, unwilling to re-engage with the life I had lived up until that point.

As you can imagine, I couldn't go back to normal after that experience. So I quit my job in Atlanta, USA and moved myself lock, stock and barrel to Glastonbury in the UK.

A saga ensues from there, but that's not what this piece is about is it. It's about the 5th revelation that came in 2029, hot on the heels of the Star that had appeared in the heavens to enlighten the Earth.

The 5th Revelation. My favourite of all of them. This one poured sparkling, diamond-like, rain drops from the skies all over the world. These drops were ... what's the word ... magical is insufficient ... miraculous isn't quite it either. You judge for yourself as I tell you what happened as these rain drops fell from the heavens onto the lands of Earth.

Wherever they fell, great GREEN joy burst forth in the land. Desserts became wide spread oases, opulent with Life sprouting forth like never before. Foods grew grand and miraculous. Eating those foods created enormous health in all who ate them. And I mean enormous health. Vitality soared. Cancers disappeared overnight. Any illnesses were instantly cured simply by eating the fruits of where the rain drops fell. Manna from heaven you might say.

Who sent these jewelled miracles for us to thrive upon? Well I guess it was a combo of a little bit me, a lot of the voice and maybe whoever was driving that StarShip the year before. It doesn't really matter who it was or where it originated. This 5th Revelation remade the world and it didn't stop with a single rainfall. Wherever manna and miracles were needed, the rain would fall, as if it had its own sentient destiny to remake this world. As a result, the world became more breath-takingly wondrous by the day until no one could feast their eyes upon Nature in any form without being drawn into an ecstatic moment of connection with all the wonders of Life. And that ... perhaps even more than the manna we ate ... the manna of the senses was what permeated the final wall that had to fall away from the human miasma of suffering. That final wall collapsed within almost every single being within one week of the 5th Revelation Rainfalls.

What does that have to do with my experience of being on the Tor that fateful night in 1995? That was the night my last wall collapsed, followed by an invitation into the Revelatory planning for the world. It took a while. I wasn't immediately invited in as I still had a bit of growing to do you see. But within a few years I knew that I was part of the strategy team for how this world would be turned into an evolutionary paradise of possibilities as yet unimagined.

In that moment on the Tor, the voice finally integrated straight into me and it was now me/it speaking all the time. I had become the Voice of Revelation and was given the task of calling these revelations forth. I was in awe. I was fulfilled.

The 6th Revelation

Communing With Their Gods

As you can tell from what I wrote previously, the Voice and I were merging now and I had begun my saga on the planning committee for the apocalyptic wonders to come.

What hand did I play in all this? Well I can tell you that regarding the 5th manna from heaven one, I had some years before put my Earthian crew on the game for drawing the miraculous even more powerfully from Nature. The 1st Revelation with the standing Wave, I had seen while doing a past life session with a guy from Ireland, so it was easy to suggest. Why not be able to stop a wave in its track and let it commune with the human population? I had already figured out that everything was sentient and everything could communicate with us if we but tried to listen.

So yes, I had a hand in these miracles happening on Earth. I sat in those planning meetings in some grand hall somewhere out there in the cosmos and told them of the potential I saw in humanity. I fought for us to be the possibility of a new horizon of being. I challenged them around their thinking that we weren't ready yet. I believed we were. So I fought for us with all the might in my verbal repertoire. Of course the Voice helped with this as I was now not speaking only me. I was the Voice of something profound. What that was I did not yet know, at least not then when the planning was in its early stages.

The Voice whispered to me along the way that it had chosen me and that was that. It would give me everything I needed to fulfil this mission. Whew, thank goodness as that old human me wouldn't have thought so.

But I digress. Where were we? Oh yes, weaving the pathway between my 1995 epiphany and the 2029 manna moments.

You see I knew that once all the humans understood the sacred beauty of all the animals uniting, of the clouds in the skies painting pictures that told of that unity, of the waves sparkling messages to the world and the other side appearing unveiled to us all, well then raindrops from heaven would put a final finish to the humans' disbelief in the miraculous and some wondrous Force that dwelt behind all that. That was the strategy you see. Get them to drop the disbelief in that which they couldn't see. Allow them to have epiphany of realisation after epiphany of realisation, leading to an elevation of the species over a very short period of time.

From the 1st Revelation in 2025 to the 5th Revelation in 2029, humans had their chance to discover their place in the universal evolution of Life, to choose to take that evolution by the hand and leap like they'd never leapt before. So I'm happy to report that after the Raindrops they were much more open, much more in awe, much more in relationship with the miraculous universe. But they still held all of this wonderment way outside of themselves. Some external Force visiting Wonder upon the Earth they believed, which of course yes it was way back then, but that's not the point of it all is it.

I knew that they must commune with their Gods.

So I took a deep breath, gathered my courage and suggested this to the Grand Council of Planning ...

“What if the whole world over we shower them with love, with blessings, with gratitude, with a witnessing of their true selves? What if they are so overwhelmed with kindness and the power of our seeing of them, that they immediately find that soul release from the prisons deep inside them and discover they can operate as radiant suns, bringing life to a brilliant new world? What if we bring them into a communion with their Gods.”

There were a few on the council who were somewhat sceptical of my latest scheme, but I pointed out that the Power was not in a single one of us doing this, but in everyone all over the world doing it together all at the same time. That alone would elevate any and all beings. You know that's not a new concept right? Sounds similar to some of the global consciousness link ups of the early 2000's doesn't it?

But I wasn't suggesting a global meditation. I was proposing that we collectively rippled the Forces of Power through everyone all at once. The Voice assured me it was doable as I had experienced it within myself multiple times in the past decade.

This would be the 6th Revelation. The pure potency of a moment of rippling Forces of Power moving through all the beings in the world all at once.

"You can make this happen?", the Council queried.

"Yes.", I replied with the Voice rippling the Power into those who sat in that Council at that moment.

I think they got it then. They nodded in agreement, and the Whales, who were participating on a giant holographic screen along with us, leapt up in the oceans of Earth to kiss the sky.

We set the date, invited all the humans, all the ocean creatures, all the animals and birds and all of Nature and on the stroke of Midnight 2030 we united the whole world over.

As the clocks struck midnight around the world, the Voice and I and all those who were in on this bold scheme rippled the Forces of Power through everyone and everything, gripping the world in a Love of Life so great that no one was left unmoved. The world went silent. No New Years Eve fireworks. No bands. No singing. No dancing. Just brilliantly awesome silence

the whole world over as everyone everywhere experienced a communion with what they each called their God. And that changed everything.

The 7th Revelation

Inside the Silent Dreaming

Now you might not believe that a world could transform overnight, but that is exactly what began to happen next. The stage was set. We had been witnesses to miracles for challenging things we thought we'd have to figure our way out of. Things like policy changes, laws and reductions in consumption, things that in the past made tiny incremental betterments in the state of what had been a declining world.

But now they had communed with their Gods and that set in motion the next revelatory plan. For Glory you see had appeared upon the planet and Glory is a Force all unto its own.

Glory remade our relationships. We began to sing each other's songs of greatness. We fell wildly in love with all the life forms and gave them their sacred due.

Glory poured forth a kind of brilliance in us that we'd never seen before. As if a seedling of Hope had burst its cocoon and wound itself into the very fabric of genius that lie deep within us all.

Creativity burst forth and new partnerships formed across barriers that had previously existed.

We became a world in Wonder, waking up each day excited to see what we would come up with next.

How did this happen? Let me show you how Glory and Creation and Wonder wove their way into our souls and made a lovely home there.

You see prior to any of the Revelations, we were walking isolates. Individuals locked in the prison of conditioned minds.

Yes, these Revelations threw the doors of those minds wide open, but it was what happened inside us all next that burst Godness into place on this world. Let me tell you how my cape and I played our part in that. For it is a story of epic telling.

I suppose by telling you it was epic, I have put more pressure upon myself to make it seem so, but epic is as epic does, so here goes ... and you can judge for yourself if epic is really what it was.

After all these miraculous Revelations, people began to change. How could they not? The world had been witness to Forces outside their understanding, they had communed with their Gods and the revelatory Future had begun to show itself to us. There was a tangible buzz in the air everywhere the world over.

Me, I knew one thing. I knew that they had yet to understand that that these Forces could come alive in them. That they were being asked to become Gods themselves, Sources of Creation, Makers of Futures too awesome to imagine just yet.

I knew we could not just be witnesses of all this, standing back in awe and reverence of what was unfolding. I knew we could not just commune with our respective Gods and Forces. We ourselves had to become the Creators of it all. It could not simply be done to us and for us by some external Force. We had to own it, become it and source this new Future into existence through us all.

Now you might think it an impossibly daunting task to turn humans into Makers of Glory. But I threw my hand up first in the Hall of Grand Planning, racing to be the one at the front of the line for this one. I even suggested that I could get it done in a single go. A bit bold perhaps, but I was undaunted by now and my super hero cape was ready to fly.

This next Revelation was to be another silent one, this time an inner Revelation across the whole planet all at once. I revelled in the thrill of presenting humans with this awesome gift. It had been a dream of mine for quite some time and I believed I could make it so.

For this silent Revelation, it's only in the telling of the story that you will know I had a hand in this. For me, this was the mission of every lifetime rolled up into one and I leapt with glee into its creation.

In the end it really only took one thing to make it happen and the Voice made sure I knew how to make it so.

By this time, I had already become something that no longer fit into the box called human. I had let go of my past, my identity, my sense of self and I revelled in the understanding of allowing the Forces to have their Joyous way with me.

I could now become the Earth, the Stars in their shimmering Glory, the Universe in all its Wonder. It was more than becoming one with it all. That was a human way of describing it. I became the Forces, each in their fierce and wondrous Glory. Each with a power and skill set that could make and unmake Futures with great delight.

I could see that now. I had become a Future Revelator and I knew there was one last hurdle to leap. The human hurdle.

It happened quietly as they slept one peaceful night in the year 2030. I slipped silently into their collective Dreaming and became them all. As them all, I gave them the gift of their own Godness. I called their hidden super powers from deep within them and sourced their embodiment with the Forces and Powers of their choosing. In essence, I turned them all into Gods while they dreamed.

Inside that Dreaming, the Whales (long Gods themselves) sang an ancient and mystical Song, joining me in this sleeping moment of Revelation.

Across the world, each was given new powers, merging those powers with the genius that had always dwelt within them.

Each was coronated into the Glory of themselves, that they would never again unknow their part in the Great Creation of Life.

When they woke they had already been remade you see. Their resistance decimated in the Glory of what they were always meant to become. And from that point onwards Glory and Godness sang through us all ... and the world was made anew.

Post Revelations

Our Prophetic Future

In almost all the zombie-like, apocalyptic movies, the greatest danger comes from humans. It seems that film makers and script writers always want to focus on the worst of us, giving the surviving heroes little vision to grow the new world with. That is what has always bugged me the most you know. This urgent need for movies and books to explore the darker side of the human race. Why, I do not know. But me, I'm a possibilitarian and an apocaloptimist. So as I find myself standing as visionary creator in the post Revelation time, I want to reinvent us with a focus on that which we are destined to become.

Standing here now, in the post apocalyptic future of 2055, I source the vision of a world beyond imagining. It's written in script upon my cape you see. Well not literally, as I'm not wearing an actual cape. But you know what I mean. I live inside the possibility of a brand new world filled with revelatory insights and extraordinary visions, a world where all of us together are making it so.

In this new world, now super GREEN with growing miracles, now connected with all life forms, with humans having come face to face with and embodied their Godness ... in this new world, we are all creators extraordinaire.

In this new world, the oceans thrive with creatures of great beauty and huge wisdom. Waves lap wonders upon the lands. Water holds a conscious sentiency of its own and is considered a sacred friend to all life.

Nature is flooded with Glory that oozes out of every leaf, every stone, every blade of grass. If you thought it was beautiful on Earth before, this now is Eden in its purest form.

The animals, well, they romp with great delight across the lands, free to roam, free to play their part in the rotational miracle that is new Life unfolding here for us all.

But it is the people that astound me the most. The people are filled with Kindness with a capital K, a super power that fills the giver and the receiver with greatness with every instance of its giving.

The people get along. They collaborate. They care for one another. No one lies sleeping homeless in the streets on cold nights. No one goes hungry.

Innovations soar and challenges are solved, with knowledge shared freely across the world.

Borders and boundaries disappear as we finesse our ability to move ourselves anywhere.

Planes no longer fly the skies and cars no longer fill the roads with polluting petrol. We can all teleport ourselves freely across the world with the greatest of ease.

But here's the real gem ... we began to travel far beyond the Earth into space ... and that perhaps is the greatest adventure of all.

There are no metal space ships winging their way across the galaxies. We venture through Wormholes of Wonder to discover new planets, scientific breakthroughs and ancient civilisations that left records of their success and demise.

We are adventurers as well as creators. We know now how to accelerate the evolution of life and growing things any place we land. We understand the secrets of the Manna Raindrops and can recreate that wondrous celebration of Life anywhere we go. We make new civilisations throughout the galaxies and create new councils to continue to share our breakthroughs and knowledge with anyone who wishes it.

By 2055 Earth time, we have become something unimaginable that our pre-Revelation selves had not been able to envision. Between 2030 and 2055 we experienced, expressed and evolved what collective Godness might look like as together, with all the life forms, we re-created the world.

In olden stories of god-like beings, like ancient Greek myths or Viking stories of Valhalla, the gods often took the form of warriors, vengeful and fierce. These ancient mystical stories tried to point us in the direction of godship, but in my view, they failed badly at that task.

But here in 2055, we are remaking our version of the God Story. Here now the Source of All Life is tangibly, even I might say visibly, present in the air around us, in nature, in the oceans, in our very cells. We breathe the Source-filled air and leap into new levels of ourselves with grace and ease. We imagine new possibilities and miracles of creation wink into existence with such beauty that everyone is astounded by the ease of it all. Wonder follows in creation's wake and that wonder makes us kinder, more generous, more effervescent in all that we create.

So how does it feel to live now inside the knowing of Godness within ourselves? It feels epic and heroic, yet filled with a Joy that floods every cell. That Joy commands us towards connection and understanding at a level hitherto unknown. The Genius that follows in Joy's wake has a sentience all of its own, as if the Grand Universe, in all its Glory, wishes to continuously gift us a Future flooded with Greatness.

Possibility becomes our North Star, pointing us ever forward into a quantumly evolving playground of Creation. We cherish one another and every idea that pours forth. We are Sources of a Unified World and Universe, chosen perhaps by the Greatest of Gods, the Source of Sources, to create like never before.

This is our collective story. This is my prophecy of the future to come. This is who we are all called to become ... Sources of the Forces of Wonder, Glory, Genius and Greatness, proud to be alive in a time of epic Creation.

What's Next?

An Invitation to the Next Adventure

So there you have it. The Future Remade. In this new world future, I have become a miraculous creator and a pioneering prophecizer of the Revelations that made it so.

So is my part in this story over then? Have I told you all there is to tell? The Voice tells me no. So that part of me that doesn't yet know, invites you to join me in adventuring into where we go next with it all.

But before we do, I want you to know that I never intended to make this book about me. In fact I'm not even sure it's me who has written it up till now. The Voice you see loves to flow through me with revelations galore. It seems it always wanted me to become a Creator. Its plan all along was to have me help to bring these revelations into the world and then play my part in seeing them fulfilled. I did that with great Joy and am deeply awed by what this world has become.

Only time will know if in fact this writing of our collective future is a fantasy of great imagination or perhaps a prophecy of times to come. The one thing I hope for is that readers will discover their own power to continuously reimagine a future of epic proportions.

But as I have woven myself into the story, from a small girl of 9 in 1959 to a 105 year old maestro of Creation in 2055, I am going to take you on the journey with me into where I go from here. Into who and what I have yet to become. Why would you care about that? Because perhaps my journey is a symbol of leading the way into even greater horizons for us all.

Will you go with me into this next adventure ... or is the prophetic divination of the Earth's future enough to satisfy you for now?

I will add a warning here for those who choose to ride with me into this next part of the adventure. As I become it, so might you. Read on at your own peril people of Earth. The universe just might be calling you into a role far beyond what you believe you are capable of achieving. But isn't that just the most exciting playground of evolutionary possibility ... becoming that which you never dreamed you could become.

I invite you to join me. Come with me if you dare. Be bold. Be wildly excited. Step beyond every limit you ever held about yourself and fly!

What's Next?

Stepping through the Next Doorway

As you already have seen, by 2025 I was already what many would call a master. By 2055 I am something else all together.

Here, now, in this beautiful future, I am invited to step through another doorway into something that I'm fairly certain will blow your mind. It certainly is blowing mine.

In order to take you through this doorway with me, in order to set the stage for what is to come, I need to recount another story from my past to you. This one happened in the year 2001 when I had a revelatory dream one night, a dream which made me sick all the following day.

This was one of those lucid dreams, a dream in which beautiful, white, translucent beings drifted towards me in a misty wonder. I knew these beings, even though I didn't, if you know what I mean. The first one touched my dream cheek and floated these words towards me.

"We leave you now. We are your million year future that has reached its pinnacle and must be replaced by something more epic ... a defining epoch in evolutionary history. We have come to the end of our creations and now we must go, so that a more spectacular future has a space to be fulfilled."

"Noooo!!!", I shouted out in my dream, reaching out my hands to their diminishing forms ... their pure whiteness dissolving into the mists of time. I was bereft, lost, devastated, even though I didn't understand why.

Later I realised they had been invisible friends and teachers to me in my dream state throughout my life. Later I understood that they had passed

the torch of future creation to me on that eventful day. Later the Voice helped me to understand the part I was to play ... and that you have read about in all the preceding chapters of this book.

But here I am now in 2055, being invited into yet another new doorway. I ask *'What now? Now that I have played my part. Now that the Future is remade by Revelations extraordinaire and we stand in gloriously apocalyptic times where the veil is lifted and a new beginning is begun.'*

What now? For me, standing in this doorway, it's a new revelation. It appears that those translucent, white future beings had not gone extinct, but had instead removed themselves from the physicality of time and space, venturing through quantum dimensions into a non-physical place where they reinvented the Future of Godness and a reality in which we could all live together as that.

So come with me now into that new land as that White Hand reaches out to me again, calling us into who we might yet venture to become. Take my hand as I take theirs and enter the doorway with me into the Future of Godness.

We take one simple step through that doorway and wink out of existence in the Lands of Time and Space, finding ourselves immediately in the breath-taking, glittering Lands of Godness.

Beyond Revelations

The Glittering Lands of Godness

There is a future, a reality, that is beyond any current conception of how that future might be. As if it has been made by revelatory Gods newly remaking the whole of the Universe and Life as we know it.

Is this the heaven we perceive those departing the Earth plane moving into?

Is this an ascendant version of higher dimensional reality that is currently outside our purview?

No. This is none of those things. This is the shimmering, brilliant, effervescent Land of Glittering Godness, a version of reality beyond any that we have ever contemplated.

As I move into this Land, this new possibility of Reality, I find myself shimmering, my skin shining like water glistening in the sunshine of a bright summer's day. Here there is a predominant Force that fills the Land. You can feel it brush against your skin and fill your lungs with a Force that I shall call Life. But this is Life as a sentient, powerful presence that is beyond the way we currently experience life, beyond the miraculous as we know it. For here, Life abounds with a Creative Power that could be called the Miraculous with a Capital M.

As I breathe in this Life Power & Presence, my whole body is filled with a sense of well-being that I have never experienced before. I am connected with the very core of that which creates new Life. I am ALIVE, exhilarated with the Breath, enchanted by the Beauty that captivates my eyes, organically elevated into a state beyond any I have known before. I am

dashed about willy nilly by Brilliance. I am drawn into the Dreamer's Dreaming. I am whooshed far and wide into the Universe being reborn and remade into an ever new creation of itself.

I am not a me. I am whatever I choose to explore. I can see that this is what replaces learning as we know it. Want to understand Whales? Become them. Want to explore the Universe? Soar into it. Want to know where possibility comes from? Activate the Dreamer within yourself.

But neither am I a we. Again, I am whatever I choose to create myself as. I am not a set thing, isolated within myself. I am a super creation of wonderment, enchanted by my own possibilities, limitless in my ability to reshape myself into anything I desire to become.

Matter is not dense here. Gravity does not define how move ... we fly and soar. Morphability reigns in all things as we have learned the art of becoming anything we desire. In that exploration we discover the ability to move beyond conflict as we only have to become one another inside ourselves to discover the full extent of another's passions and creations, desires and potentiality. This is not telepathy. This is a total re-unioning of Life. Any experience is ours for the asking, nothing withheld from us, no mistakes to be made, no suffering required. For we have become Creators here, god-like in our fashioning of the Dreamer's Dreaming into ever new versions of beautiful creation.

No one here is better than another. No one reigns or leads as every single one is full of kind measure and breath-taking creation.

No one is limited or seen as anything less than an expression of divine possibility.

We dwell together in full, effervescent, celebratory Creation, gasping in joyous awe at each and every moment of this power-filled Life.

Our bodies become anything we wish them to be in any moment. Thinner, wider, taller, tiny, legs and arms or flippers and gills, it matters not. We are all united in joy-filled Creation.

Here every Life form is born of Godness and filled with the power of Life in its most effervescent form.

Here walks the Land of the Dreamer's Newest Dream come alive in brand new ways.

Here LIFE surges with power like we've never known it before.

Here we celebrate every second of our experience of Life and strive to gift back joyfully and creatively to the whole Universe from which we come.

We have become a fully formed, unificent Universe. We are newly made as Gods in a Glittering New Land. We explore Creatorship together at a universal level. The Miraculous is mundane here, expectantly thrilling at every twist and turn.

We are learning the art of Dreaming at a level we never knew existed before now.

We are Sources of a next iteration of Life, the generators of a new species of a God-filled, Life Force fuelled, universal beings ... and we are bringing this New'ness to Life throughout the galaxies now. We are REVELATION!

The End

Or perhaps better said ...

The New Beginning

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