

StarMaker

Becoming Gods ... Remaking Eden



StarMaker

by Saleira Green

The Why of This

I am fascinated by the awesome intelligence and power of the Universe, of the infinite intelligence inherent in its design, of the genius that await us in its quantum field of possibilities.

I am also fascinated by the brilliance of our beings, of our capacity for mastery, genius and innovation. I know that we are much much more than we even currently imagine ourselves to be.

I know that we are born from God'ness and to God'ness we are headed. I don't mean that in any religious sense. I mean it in the sense that I believe we are meant to become infinite creators of Creation. That we can create galaxies and worlds and implore Life to amaze us with what is yet to come.

I have written this fictional adventure novel as a journey into that quest for God'ness, for a knowing of ourselves that supersedes any previous understanding of human potential. That we are designed to be connected with all Life. That we are created to be Creators of Wonders too breathtakingly beautiful to behold. That we are Gods in the making. This novel is an expression of that journey to open up that possibility for us all to achieve. And I don't just mean for humans, but for all sentient life throughout the Universe. I know that this is its dream for us all.

Soleira Green

CHAPTER 1

The End is the Beginning

When the last light shone into this world we knew we were goners. Every horrible dark thought surged through every cell of me as the sun darkened for the last time. A teeny tiny tear gathered at the corner of my eye, holding itself back in a last hope of something, anything to take away the clawing despair.

As that tear glistened, awaiting the torrent that lay behind it, my eyes fell upon the heart shaped locket my grandmother had given me as a child. I don't know why I wore it all these years. Perhaps because she was the strange one in the family, always offering out hope with a dash of a magical spell that sometimes seemed to work.

The memories of her dancing with me through rippling streams and wandering through green forests swept through me, right along with the horror of understanding that all that would be gone now. Swept away with the extinction of the sun into oblivion with only my memories of it remaining. Memories of tiny bare feet racing over tree stumps and river rocks. Of staring up into blue skies at clouds making moving picture stories to while away a summer's day.

'No!' I shouted into the descending darkness. 'No.' It cannot all be gone like this. So much beauty. So much wonder. So much joy.

I don't know what spurred me in this moment of impending despair to grab hold of that locket and hold it to my heart. '*Gran, if you're there, HELP me!!!!*'

The locket began to vibrate in my hands, then swirled in circles as I let it go. It flew open and from inside its crusty old frame, a light shone. A light that reached out and pulled me in. There is nothing to do but surrender to its enchantment as there is nothing left here for me now. Maybe HOPE waited somewhere inside its walls of wonder. Maybe a new sun shone in a new world somewhere. Maybe there I could learn to pluck stars from the infinite skies to birth new suns and the life that would bring.

'REMEMBER ... remember ... remember', whispered a voice with the joyful cadence of my Gran.

As I felt myself sucked into the locket's swirling chasm of hope, the remembering burst through me. With my very last breath of Earth, I knew ... that I am a star maker, a god of sun making ...and I vowed that I would not fail again in my future worlds.

CHAPTER 2

Alice in Locket Land

I am captured, no maybe captivated is more like it, in this swirling mass of bright lights, as if comets and stars are whirling past me at hyper speed. Am I in a black hole, moving from one part of the universe to another? Am I like Alice in Wonderland, in a hypnotic state of despair, searching for an answer to a question which defies understanding? Or am I truly speeding through a locket portal into a new version of myself somewhere far far across the galaxies?

I wait to feel dizzy, who wouldn't with all this going on around them. But it isn't like that. It feels strangely normal to me, as if I belong here in this pathway between worlds. There's no one else here. No Gran to steady or guide me. No relatives waiting at the proverbial gate to greet me. No, I am on my own for now and that feels strangely great, especially considering the demise of the planet I'm leaving behind.

I feel myself growing grander by the moment, as if some automatic expansion is happening to me as I glide along across the galaxies. It's a remembering which holds with it an enchantment to become that which you remember. The remembering and the expansion are one and the same thing it seems. I grow and grow and evolve more and more as the seconds (?) tick by.

I am awed by the feeling of it all. Enchanted by the universe. Enthralled by the wonder. My feet seem to be dancing across stars, a lilting pathway to what I do not know. There's excitement in every cell of me, replacing the despair that just moments ago held me in its abysmal thrall.

I really can't say that it seems as if it's going on forever because I'm pretty sure I'm outside of time. Here I am eternally anything and all that I wish to become. That heavy yoke of human'ness has lifted from my neck. The weight of feet grounded in gravity is replaced by a lilting lightness of being that lets me flit, and even fly if I want, to any place in the universe I desire.

With that thought, the portal began to slow, if slow or fast can be applied as a concept to something totally extraordinary like this. I see a large hand (seemingly made up of sparking sea glass) reaching out from a point of light in front of me. It's beckoning me forward, inviting me to grasp that wavery watery hand so it could pull me willy nilly out of this swirling vortex of wonderment. What the heck, I thought, and reached out my hand to take his.....

CHAPTER 3

Where I was dubbed a God

and made heaven out of water & flame

I splashed hard into water. Strangely it didn't feel cold or warm, as if those sensations had vanished with my departure from Earth. But now here's the really freaky thing ... that water was talking with me!!!

"Well met my friend.", it said.

"How is it that you speak my language?" The words seemed to flow not from my mouth, but from all of me somehow.

"When I reached out to pull you from the portal, I took your hand and downloaded all your knowledge. Isn't that the way of things where you originate?"

"No, it's not." But wait, I didn't really say that. It just flowed out of me and there didn't seem to be any distance or difference between me and it.

"I'm not an it by your standards. But neither am I a he or she, or at least not yet. Perhaps you, as my God, can rectify that."

"I'm not a God.", I shouted breathlessly into the void of water that surrounded me.

"You don't need to be loud. I can hear you just fine. We are communicating. I believe that's the word you use for it. Communicating ... the sending of messages from one to another. Seems pretty natural to me that all that you know and think is available for all to know and share as well. It's the very nature of communion isn't it? And of course you must be my God. I've

been so ... bored ... alone... isolated ... these are the words in your language that fit my experiences, although I don't believe I experience the emotional feelings that you attach to those words. As for being my God, of course you are. I sent out a ... prayer ... a will ... a wish into the universe ... and you came. Therefore you are my God, my creator of heaven here with me."

What on Earth (oops not there anymore!) am I to make of all this then? I am not a God! My head was spinning with so many thoughts and so much shock and amazement at the same time.

"I sense your confusion and yet do you not come from a heavenly place where hundreds of millions of life forms thrive on a gorgeously green and blue planet? I am not a planet. I am molten in my core, whizzing through space where droplets of ice formed on my outer edges which then became water and now I am what I believe you would call a water world with a flaming core. Help me to make more of myself, to create multiple life forms, to become a thriving place where companionship may thrive and life may find a joyful home for its new creations."

"You're whizzing through space? You're not orbiting a sun? But I believe that a sun creates light and energy upon which life grows. How am I to help you achieve heaven without the very laws of nature being available here?"

"There are no laws of nature here. I think that's something that some of your scientists made up to try to rationalise, to make sense of the boundless miracle of creation. But you know differently than that. You are a StarMaker, a god of sun making, yes?"

"Yes ... and maybe. This is all new to me. I'm pretty sure we need light in some form. Can you draw your molten fire inside you up and through to the surface?"

"That would hurt me, so I guess for now the answer is no."

I then realised that nothing I knew from before, none of the laws of science and physics could apply here. I was going to have to fall into my previously submerged knowing of StarMaker'ing if I could do anything at all to help him evolve.

I reached out my awareness, my consciousness, my will, as if calling for the Light to come ... and much to my delight, five did. It took a while, but then time doesn't seem to really exist here so we didn't really mind. It gave us time to talk and really get to know one another, sharing all we know of life and how we might dream it all up anew together.

In the end, five bright, shining stars formed a five pointed star formation around water world ... all whizzing through space together, all conjoined in the creation of heaven with me and this eager new world.

"Ooooooh.", Water swooned as the stars took their place in the dark space around us. I decided that would be his(?) name for now. It doesn't feel right to call such a bright and brilliant being an 'it' any longer.

"I would love a better name please. How about Archimedes?"

Archimedes, (born c. 287 bce, Syracuse, Sicily [Italy]—died 212/211 bce, Syracuse), the most famous mathematician and inventor in ancient Greece. ... known for his formulation of a hydrostatic principle (known as **Archimedes'** principle) and a device for raising water, still used, known as the **Archimedes** screw."

"What! How did you know that? I didn't know that? Or at least I don't remember knowing that."

"Well it just seemed to come along with the rest of your knowledge of Earth, like a big dictionary. I guess you call it Wikipedia?"

I swear if formless water could smile, Archimedes would have right now. I can feel it like a smile and I believe that he is beginning to experience feelings. Wow!

“OK, Archimedes it is. I dub thee Archimedes of Water World. And so you are named, which, in my reckoning, is one of the first steps of creation.”

And so we began, he and I and the five bright stars that carried us across the heathen skies. Hah! I only say heathen because we had yet to bring the Light and Life to them. For that is what a StarMaker does you know. Making heaven out of nothingness. Making God creators out of everything.

CHAPTER 4

We are Creation

We communed and played and splashed around in creation for a very long time. An eternity most likely. But it didn't occur like that there. For a certain timelessness existed in this place. As if we were captivated and enchanted in a vortex of creation that sat outside of time, outside of all that I knew to be normal from my time on Earth.

I grew to love Archimedes and he with me. I became Water. I became Creation. I became Life evolving itself with great quantum bounds across the infinite skies.

We marvelled as galaxies and super novae wrapped themselves across our understanding, sharing their miracles of birthing Life with us both.

We laughed as new creatures of our imaginings popped into existence within the sparkling blue waters of Water World.

We wrapped ourselves in delightful wonder as we watched Archimedes grow into a God-like Creator of Life like never before.

The whole time I was with him, I experienced myself without a body, outside of the normal matter that I was used to. I seemed to float on gossamer clouds of creation and knew things I had never known on Earth.

.....

But look, I'm not here to talk about all that Archimedes and I did together and how we brought his world alive. I'm here to pass on the secrets of God'ness, of what I learned and discovered about myself and my capacity

to do what I never believed I might, of how it is beyond the body and mind of a human existence to become a God Creator of Life in breathtaking new ways.

I remembered my Light. I discovered my access to unending mastery. I revelled in timeless creation. I called forth from the great universal heavens an abundance of new'ness. I invented Life as it had never been before. I experienced myself as limitless, infinite, a Maker of Creation. No echoes of my past hindered me. No emotional blips distracted me. I became pure JOY thrusting my paint brush across the palette of this new world. I shared freely with Archimedes, and with all the life forms we co-created, all that I knew of creating creation. I would not leave them encumbered with a lack of knowing as to how to continue to evolve their world.

This all happened over a long period of time and I began to know that my time here was coming to an end. I don't know how I knew, but I knew. Archimedes knew too. We had drawn so closely together, almost like one being, that it was hard to imagine leaving him. But even with that thought, no sadness emerged in either one of us. Instead there was a joy of excitement, of an adventure yet to come. We would never be truly apart for we had become creators together and that bond would never break. All that he would become, all that I would become, were fused together so as one leapt into the next iteration of evolution, so too would the other.

We basked in each other's brilliance. We shared in the wonders of our creations. And with that finally moment of connection and understanding, the vortex reappeared and drew me through, throwing me backwards in space and time to the moment of my departure, to see if I was yet ready to remake the Earth's future where Life could thrive.

CHAPTER 5

I enter the Light

In an instant I was back where I had begun. How many millions of measurements of time had passed, I did not know. I found myself back in my body, feeling the dread of the upcoming demise of planet Earth and I stood there stunned. Stunned! Not much of a God Creator then huh! Everything I had learned in my time with Archimedes seemed to have rushed from me in the moment of re-emergence into physical Earth form.

Why was I back here? What was the point to all this if I was simply back again in the same place with the same feelings of powerlessness and despair?

“Who do you think you are?”, a silken voice whispered in my ear.

I fell back, surprised, pleased, disturbed. Damn these human emotions! They really do mess a gal up!

“Who do you think you are?”, the voice repeated, this time a bit more insistently.

“Who are you?”, I shouted into the winds of destruction of this Earth that I loved so much. *“What do you want of me?”*

“I offer you a moment of greatness. A moment where your God’ness might prevail. Who do you think you are and what are you going to do about this now?”

“Do about this?”, I replied. *“You want me to do something about the destruction of the Earth?”*

“Yes.”, the voice replied.

And with that the voice stilled, stopped cold right then and there and did not return, leaving me to ponder on my own the invitation it was offering me. I drilled into my memories of my time with Archimedes, but nothing there prepared me for this. That was about Creation. This was about destruction. I had no idea how to proceed.

With that simple thought, the vortex returned and pulled me forth. I leapt this time with great excitement into it, thrilling at the stars and galaxies whizzing past until a bright bright Light pulled me out at super speed. My eyes were blinded by the Light here. I literally could not see. But that didn't seem to matter in this space of reality (for it could not be called a world). This was a place where Light Beings frolicked and played in the legendary Halls of Greatness. This was a place where God Beings came to be trained in the arts of God'ness.

CHAPTER 6

When the Earth stood still

As my eyes adjusted to the brightness here, I began to recognise forms weaving and dancing through these grand halls. They didn't hold bodies as humans did. Instead they were wavering creations of Light taking on whatever form suited them in the moment. The joy of that idea rushed through me and I knew I was eager to learn all there was to learn here.

A Light form wavered close to me and ran its fingers through what could only be called my soul. It tingled, this touching. But embedded in the tingling was knowledge. A whole heap load of knowledge. Things I'd never known before. Things like how to communicate with whales, although why these Light forms understood that I was yet to understand.

And then, without warning, it stepped into me. Yes! It fully and completely wove itself into my being ... and in that moment I knew THIS WAS ME!

Another version of me, one I had never touched before. A me far beyond my reckoning, far beyond my comprehension. This was me as a ghost-like god of some kind. And yet this me was not just a me. It was a we at the same time. For every Light being in this hall of greatness was woven into one another ... and all of them woven together into something even greater than themselves.

A portal could be seen at one end of this Hall of Light. It wavered, tantalising me towards it, pulling me into its thrall. I laughed as it reminded me of a clothes dryer whirling around and around. But this was no laughing thing. This, I knew without knowing how, was the Mind of God spinning new reflections, new opportunities, new dreams into the vast dreamscape of the

universe. I could have hesitated, but I didn't. I leapt and spun into the Dreams awaiting us all.

That Dreaming ran through me like wild horses in a wind swept forest fire. They lifted me high and swung me low, dropping me into vistas of horizons that waited one behind another ... waiting for someone to venture forth from the lands of Light, from the Mind of God, into the grand becoming of us all. What this had to do with stopping the destruction on Earth was inconceivable to me, for again, this was about creation. And the Earth was about to die.

“Spin”, the voice echoed over and over in my mind. “Dance the dance of destruction and weave it into a creation.”

With that single incomprehensible thought I found myself hurtling backwards once again into the moment of the Earth exploding into a million pieces and sinking into oblivion. This time, however, I was able to hold something in my mind. The fear of impending doom fell away from me and I began to dance as I had never danced before. I surrendered myself to an ecstatic union with the Light, with the Mind of God, with Archimedes and all of the Beings throughout the Universe who were co-sourcing this world's new becoming.

I allowed myself to become that which I had never known before. I became CREATION swirling and dancing, pulling particles into patterns, weaving air into ether, calling the fire from the deep Earth and captivating it into my thrall. I enchanted the molecules of matter and wove the Dreaming into the chaos of it all.

I became timeless and the Earth stood still with me in that enchantment. Destruction became Creation. Fear became forgetting. Fire became the molten lava of the new Dream. No one died because death did not occur in this Dream. No one screamed or cried out in angst or anxiety, for every single being on Earth was captivated in the creational enchantment.

We hung there, all together, lost in an enchantment of the Dreaming, captivated by the Mind of God, stirred and breath-taken by the landscape that began to emerge inside this timeless spinning. I truly do not know how long we hung together there in that enchantment. It might have been seconds or it might have been an eternity. It did not matter to any one of us, not at all. For we were being remade, refashioned into gods of unknown origin and inescapable powers. It wasn't until the spinning stopped and we all stood there together, dipped in awe and entangled by the Dream that held us tightly in its weave. We had become the Dreaming ... and in that moment, I knew that I had been chosen to bring this Dreaming into Life for us all to drown upon and be reborn all together on a new shore of Life never seen before now.

CHAPTER 7

Breathing Creation

“Breathe!”, I heard echo through my mind. *“Breathe!”*

I took that breath and breathed in everything around me. Truly time had stopped and everything had changed, although ‘changed’ is such a small word for the revelations that rushed into and through me with that breath. I shuddered with the beauty of it all, my brain struggling to hold this miracle of Creation.

“Breathe!”, the voice echoed once again.

Do you have any idea what it’s like to make that quantum leap from human to Creator in a single bound? Yet as I watched that thought pulse through me, I knew it had no true presence in me. I had become the Miracle of Creation and could never go back to human again.

I have to say that I’m not sorry to see my human go, although I truly have enjoyed my time on Earth. But it all feels kind of irrelevant to me now in the face of this revelatory experience. Gosh, don’t words just feel too small to hold the enormity of this becoming. Who am I? Why me? What now? A million questions rushed through my mind ... and again the Voice spoke *“Breathe! And take in your creation.”*

But in true me fashion I wished to ponder these questions. To understand and comprehend that which seemed incomprehensible. To not rush willy nilly into the realms of god’ship. The knowing rushed through me that I could now seek understanding and continue to power up the Creation that was unfolding in the world around me.

I watched in awe as Nature burst into a Glory never seen on Earth before. I saw the waves and weaves of dancing realities, sparking bursts of Life everywhere my eyes could see. I felt a Joy run through me, calling every cell into this new becoming. It was effortless being a god of Creation. Perhaps that is what amazed me the most ... the simple ease of it all!

But back to my questions. Who am I? Why me? What now? ... The Voice began to answer ...

“Why you? You were chosen not because of some special gift or because you yourself stuck up your hand for this. You were chosen because you rode the wave into god’ness. Yes, we know you did not know that’s what you were doing when you gripped the locket so tightly to remember older times. You were not unique or unusual in that regard. You simply rode the wave when others fell deeply into despair. You see, we awaited just one who would give us but a moment’s inkling of awakening. Just a second of open invitation that your memories offered us. So we rushed to you, poured everything we had into you and gave you to Archimedes to learn of Creation before calling you back to the moment of need. We merged with you. We breathed god’ness into you. We gave you everything you would need to remake the future of this world.

Who are you now? Well you are a god of Creation now. A source of Life in the radiant lanes. A breather of Creation. A dancer of the Dream.

What’s next? You are now your own Creation and you can make of yourself ... and this world ... anything you desire yourself and it to be.”

Such simple answers to such radical questions, but I knew they would have to suffice. I knew their knowledge was inside me, their masteries mine for the making. I felt them surge through me one last time. The rush of ecstatic union was breath-taking. Then I felt them go and I was left standing, breathing this new Creation for all to behold.

CHAPTER 8

Breath

I was the Universe. I was God'ness. I was Creation. However, using the word 'I' for this felt strangely inappropriate for in truth there seemed to be no I there experiencing any of this.

I was enthralled, enraptured even, in the bliss of inter-connection, in the power of Creation bursting through into Life everywhere. I became the oceans, the forests, the mountains, the very Earth herself. I knew the whale song and the birds' migrations. I felt the forest floors bursting wildly into bloom like never before. I knew the oceans' depths and beauty. I felt the magic of the stars in the night sky. And I saw the Sun rise once again to shine her warmth upon the Earth ... a golden sunrise wrapped in pinks and oranges and even shades of lavender here and there with it touched the waters of Earth.

I realised that I was not looking through my eyes. I was seeing through the eyes of the Universe, awed by the beauty that captivated us here. I could see the whole of the Earth, turning, rotating, shimmering in the grasp of god'ness as every piece of Life surged into new shapes and colours and beauty like never before.

I gasped and all of Life gasped with me. For we were united, not just as one, but interwoven in a new becoming that opened the door to new powers, new masteries, new Creation as a new Dreaming of us wove its way into our beings.

And in that moment, the Earth was remade. Reborn. Made into an Edenic Haven for all that would nurture and thrive here. All who dwelled upon the Earth now were transformed into godness, each one sourcing in their own ways, the magnitude of wonders available to us all here in this place.

Earth. Eden. Heaven. A new becoming for us all. And you my mighty friend, having read this writing to this point, what wonders shall you gift into the new Earth for us all to thrive upon now?

