**﻿THE DANGERS OF THE PSYCHIC & ASTRAL REALM AND HOW LOVE CONQUERS ALL**

EXCERPTS FROM: “Adventures of a Western Mystic” By Peter Mt Shasta

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When Peter asked his spiritual teacher Pearl for a message from Saint Germain, this is what she said:

“I cannot tell you what he is saying, because I do not channel the words of the Masters,” Pearl responded. “The Masters do not allow their students to channel, except on the rarest occasions, because the Masters—who are God beings—can convey their wishes directly to you through your own heart. You may not hear the words they are saying with your ears or your mind—for your mind would only argue with them and seek to interfere. Instead, they convey information to your higher body, which you access intuitively as needed, later perceiving that information to come from yourself.”

*Further excerpts from the book ‘Adventures of a Western Mystic’ By Peter Mt Shasta*

*﻿“…*I woke to the certainty that I was not alone. I felt a malevolent presence in the room, and the crack of a whip snapped me upright in bed, staring into the shadows. As my eyes adjusted to the darkness, I saw that by the door stood a figure in black armor and helmet, holding a whip in his hand. He cracked the ﻿whip again, flicking the space above my head, amid peels of defiant laughter. In a chilling voice, he said, “I know of your plans, and I am here to stop you…none of the work you and Thomas do will succeed.” “That is what you think,” I replied, then shouted at this being that exuded pure malevolence, “The Light of God Never Fails!” But he only laughed arrogantly, “Your words don’t frighten me. None of your scripts will succeed, because I will stop them.” “I challenge you in the name of the Christ, be gone!” I fired back, but he laughed again, then vanished into the darkness, and I fell back into an anxious sleep.

I awoke in the morning with my head still in the dark cloud of the night’s visitation, ﻿but didn’t tell Thomas and Rebecca. After all, maybe it was just an astral being, some disembodied soul trying to scare me, and nothing will come of it. I was confident that the Light would triumph over this specter of the night, whatever illusory thing it might be, and I didn’t want to introduce any doubts into the minds of my new associates. I used the Violet Consuming Flame to dissolve my fears, and banished the memory of the event.

During breakfast, Rebecca invited me to go with her and Thomas that evening to see a well-known psychic by the name of Grey, who channeled a being from another world by the name of Ashbar. Knowing the Masters’ warnings about staying away from channeling and psychic phenomena, I didn’t want to go, and that feeling only intensified when I heard the entity’s name. I had a bad feeling about him, but Rebecca and Thomas had been going to these channelings for months and were so enamored of him that I felt to say no would disrupt our harmonious association.

They visited many psychics, I was soon to learn, spending a major portion of their budget on finding out when various projects were supposed to succeed. Despite the fact that many of these channeled entities called themselves “Saint Germain,” none of them agreed, and little of the information proved accurate.

Yet Rebecca and Thomas’ ardor for ever-new psychic input seemed never-ending. The longer I stayed in Los Angeles, the ﻿more I saw how these psychics fed off human vanity, telling people how special they were, what famous personages they had been in past lives, or how famous, happy, and rich they would soon become. If things didn’t work out as they’d promised, the psychic would channel that the situation had changed, and that they should come back for frequent updates. **﻿This way people never developed their own inner guidance or took responsibility for their own decisions**—which precluded any growth.

Although mirroring the spiritual world, the psychic domain is only a seductive reflection, full of human thoughts, emotions, and disembodied entities, and devoid of true light.

*﻿“Tell me, my friend, do you know of two ﻿(psychics) that agree? And why, since truth is one, and that putting entirely the question of discrepancies in details aside—we do not find them agreeing even upon the most vital problems.” Master Kuthumi Lal Singh, The Mahatma Letters, 2nd ed., Letter 48.*

*‘Few realize that we dwell in a pool of psychic energy in which disembodied spirits—people who have died—as well as humanly created thought forms, seek to live off our life force. They accomplish this by attaching themselves to people who open themselves up to psychics and the energy they channel. Or they try to provoke us to strong emotion, such as fear, anger, and lust—generating ‘loosh’, the psychic force on which they sustain themselves.’* *Robert Monroe, Journeys Out of the Body.*

﻿I was fortunate during the days of darkness ahead, that I had developed the facility to dissolve this *loosh* with the Violet Consuming Flame, a transmuting activity which can be invoked at any moment. However, the energy I would soon confront did not reside on the astral plane, but came from another world. I had always thought that Earth must be the least developed planet, that residents of other worlds must be more highly evolved. I never realized that there were beings from other worlds visiting the Earth who, although more technologically advanced, had the aim of enslaving humanity and colonizing it for their own purposes.

With a sense of foreboding, I accepted Rebecca and Thomas’ invitation to attend the channeling that evening. When we entered Grey’s house in West Los Angeles I felt a tense knot in my solar plexus, and a wave of nausea swept over me. I kept looking toward the door, trying to think of some way I could excuse myself, but felt compelled to stay, in order to discover what sway this channel had over my friends.

The longer I stayed, though, the more I felt a psychic force begin to envelop the group and try to bring it under its control, and I asked myself, Why did I let Thomas and Rebecca bring me here? The line from the poem by Alexander Pope ran through my head, Fools rush in where angels fear to tread, and I had certainly rushed into this den of darkness. Now that I was stuck, I asked for protection ﻿and visualized myself surrounded by a ball of light. Sitting on cushions on the floor before the channeling began, we watched as Grey sat motionless in the chair at the front of the room. Suddenly he stiffened, as Ashbar seemingly entered his body and Grey appeared to go unconscious.

“Good evening to you all, in the name of all that is….” began the Entity, in a deep voice that made me shiver. To my surprise, despite the energy of evil that filled the room, a discourse of great intelligence and wit followed. Had it not been for the entity’s brilliant insight into human nature, the feeling of revulsion in my solar plexus was shouting only one message: Run! But since I ﻿could not leave without upsetting my friends and the rest of the group, I remained a captive.

Ashbar claimed to come from another star system in a different space/time continuum than ours and to be living on a large star cruiser from which he visited the Earth, a sort of orbiting broadcast station. I saw that what was so seductive was the intimate knowledge he had of the minds and lives of those in attendance. He had the ability to speak to people about details of their lives, private things of which even friends were not aware. This caused them to mistakenly believe If someone knows me this well, they must not only be enlightened, but also benevolent.

 Although much that he said was common sense, some of his statements were deceptive, ﻿and I thought, You can catch more flies with honey than vinegar. Only by speaking words of wisdom can the elect be caught, the brilliant ones who, despite their vast intellects, miss seeing the forest for the trees. They miss the obvious, because they are out of touch with their hearts. I knew I was in the presence of a master deceiver, sowing trust in the minds of his followers so he could later harvest their souls. Here was an otherworldly Jim Jones, the cult leader who doled out the cyanide-laced Kool-Aid to his unquestioning followers. **How sad, I thought. People want to believe in someone so badly because they do not believe in themselves**—they do not yet know of their own individualized God Presence “I AM” that is with them always, ready to pour out whatever they need.

﻿During the question and answer session that followed the channeling, someone asked Grey, “If you’re so enlightened, how come your energy is like Darth Vader (the villain from Star Wars)?” But this master deceiver gave the elusive answer, “All is in the mind of the beholder. You could only perceive in me an aspect of yourself.” Truth again, but used to dissemble. He had diverted the attention away from the obvious.

After returning home, Rebecca and Thomas asked me for my impression. I told them, hesitatingly, that I didn’t trust him, that despite his brilliance, I didn’t like his energy. When I mentioned the person who had said he felt like Darth Vader, Rebecca said that his demonic sounding voice was caused by the stress on the human vocal cords of a higher being, and that I would get used to it. That’s called “possession,” I wanted to say, but kept quiet. There was no distortion of Pearl’s voice, or of Godfre Ray King’s voice, when they spoke, despite the cosmic beings who worked through them. Nor were they taken over by anyone other than the God Self. And when the Masters had appeared to me and dictated the discourses for “I AM” the Open Door, the energy had been euphoric and benevolent. An exquisite radiation had filled the room, that anyone present would have felt.

﻿Soon Thomas and I were so engrossed in a script that I didn’t give much more thought ﻿to Ashbar. We began working on our plan to bring the Ascended Master teachings into film with a fascinating trilogy about Saint Germain’s most recent embodiments. The first film in the series would chronicle Saint Germain’s earlier life as Sir Francis Bacon, son of Queen Elizabeth I and the Earl of Leicester by a secret marriage in the Tower, and rightful heir to the throne of England. When he could no longer advance the cause of the Light in England, he feigned death, staged a mock funeral which he himself attended, and disappeared to the Continent, where he headed several occult groups. Eventually, he disappeared to the Himalayas, where he completed his Ascension.

Doing historical research at the University of California, I discovered that there was indeed a hidden code in the Shakespeare plays that revealed their true authorship, as well as the secret of Francis Bacon’s birth to the “Virgin Queen,” Elizabeth. I discovered that “Shakespeare” was a reference to Athena, the Greek goddess of truth, who shook her spear of wisdom at ignorance. It was also the name of a stable boy at the Globe Theater, who was paid for the use of his name. *Marie Bauer, Foundations Unearthed (Veritas Press, 1948) p.3:*

*“William Shakespeare, the Stratford man, most definitely could not have written them (the plays), because it has been proved time and again, beyond the shadow of a doubt, that William Shakespeare could not read or write.”*

﻿The next two films in the series would focus on Saint Germain’s later appearances, the first as an Ascended being in Europe prior to the French Revolution, who appeared as several different personages, depending on the needs of the occasion. He worked to reform the nobility and awaken them to the needs of the people, warning of the impending anarchy and Reign of Terror. The last film would tell of the Master’s secret work in founding the United States, a country whose destiny he helped shape.

He had the vision of America as a land free from the control of the international bankers who ruled the Old World from behind the scenes. The series would end showing his current role in international affairs, also as ﻿mentor of the New Age, a time when many individuals will realize their God Dominion.

﻿Because of his previous work in the film industry, Thomas had contacts in Hollywood, and we soon had interest in our work from several producers. An occult group involved with delving into the mysteries of Francis Bacon came forward and expressed their willingness to be of assistance—as they too wanted to see the Masters’ Plan for humanity made known. Throughout the series of films, we revealed how the Masters’ plans had been subverted by the international financiers, who were working behind the scenes to subjugate humanity.

We hoped that by making the truth known, these secret ﻿forces seeking to control the world would be overthrown and individual freedom once again flourish. The occult group’s members were afraid, however, that these very banking families that had worked to gain control of America, and who owned the media, would do anything to prevent our films from being produced, possibly closing them down as well.

﻿Before long we had written a synopsis for our first film, known in the movie business as a “treatment,” which I named The William Shakespeare Conspiracy. In it, we told how Francis Bacon’s secret plan for the New World, his memoirs, as well as the manuscripts of the Shakespearean plays and the original King James Bible—which he edited and which ﻿to this day has never been found—were all brought to colonial Williamsburg and hidden in a vault buried beneath Bruton Church. That vault was found in 1938 by Marie Bauer Hall, an occultist who deciphered the code of the plays and realized that the Bruton Church that was restored was not the original one where the treasure was buried. But her excavation at the site was halted, and it is theorized that during the night the copper containers that held these manuscripts were likely removed. In this repository were original manuscripts detailing the true history of England and the hidden financial forces at work behind the crown—secrets which, if revealed, would threaten the current version of history and the centuries-old control certain families and ﻿secret societies have on world power. *Marie Bauer, Foundations Unearthed, p.3.*

Such efforts to control humanity, I was soon to learn, did not originate on Earth, but were the work of certain beings from other planetary systems who wanted to enslave humanity for their own purposes. To achieve these ends, they took birth as humans, often oblivious of their origins until awakened to their purpose later in life. They worked as well on the invisible planes as a sort of Dark Brotherhood, influencing various people in positions of power for their own ends. These forces would use whatever means were at their disposal to prevent their plans from being revealed or interfered with. As this dark order was obviously already aware of ﻿our efforts to bring higher consciousness into the film business, they struck just as Thomas and I were preparing to pitch The William Shakespeare Conspiracy to an agent who had connections at a major studio.

ATTACKED

It was Halloween, when astral entities that feed on human fear and anger become empowered by the attention on demonic thought forms created by marketing and the media. It seemed as if whole neighborhoods were transformed into hell realms, populated by roving demons.

Our neighborhood in the Valley was somewhat spared due to its remoteness, so with no ghoulish “trick-or-﻿treaters” expected to knock on our door, we went to bed early. Sometime during the night, I was awakened by an evil presence in the room. Sitting up, wide awake, I was terrified to see the man in black armor who had so defiantly threatened to stop my work, but this time he held a long spear in one hand. Not alone this time, legions of warriors stood behind him. On either side of him crouched huge, red-eyed dogs, their fangs dripping, barely able to restrain themselves from rushing toward me. As I lunged to turn on the light, I felt a searing pain, and realized he had thrust his spear into my left hip. As the light came on and I whirled around, he withdrew his lance and retreated a few steps.

﻿“Mighty I AM Presence, great host of Ascended Masters, come forth!” I called out. “Jesus, Saint Germain, Archangel Michael, come forth and take command here!” I pleaded for help, but to my shock and dismay there was no response. I was alone with these demons, and I realized, No one is coming to my rescue—I am going to have to save myself. The being in black threw his head back and laughed as he had before, “Words…you think I am afraid of words?” His voice was familiar. Where have I recently heard that deep, controlling voice? Suddenly, the truth struck me in the solar plexus: Ashbar, my partners’ psychic mentor! Their own teacher was working against them, against our efforts together for the Masters.

﻿“I told you, your scripts will come to naught. I will block your work with Thomas, and there is nothing you can do to stop me!” he threatened, taking a few steps closer, as he raised his lance and prepared to jab me again. Although I saw no blood on the sheets, I was sure I was bleeding heavily, for his first thrust must have penetrated to the bone. The pain was so sharp I was unable to stand, and fearing that his next strike would hit a more vital organ, I wondered, How am I going to defend myself? Dismayed that no Master had responded to my call for help, I felt abandoned by those I had sworn to serve and who had always protected me. Alone in my fear, I turned my attention within and felt my heart pounding.

﻿My fate is in my own hands! I realized. Yet, fighting seemed out of the question. Unable to rise, I watched the monstrous, red-eyed dogs glowering and growling as they inched closer, realizing they would soon be upon me—and Ashbar’s legions raised their lances and advanced. Fully realizing now that no Master was coming to intervene, and that I was unable to stand to protect myself, my attention dove to the center of my being and immersed itself in the wellspring of my own Divinity. There, suddenly charged with energy, and emboldened by my own God Nature, I called forth that Infinite Power before which no evil can endure:

﻿Divine Love, come forth! And from the central sun of my own being shot a fiery ray of light, piercing Ashbar’s heart, enfolding him in its all-embracing Presence. Stunned by my unexpected response, he took a step backward. **Continuing to go deeper into my heart, I tapped into a reservoir of love that I didn’t know I possessed, and I called that essence forth to bless Ashbar and his hoard, watching that light engulf every being in the room**. As the love penetrated their hearts, I saw my adversaries continue to retreat. Seeing the Power of Love, this newly-discovered, ultimate weapon, I turned my attention deeper yet, and sent out another golden ball ﻿of this miraculous substance—and this wave of energy caused the demon to cringe, and his entire entourage to retreat. Even the red-eyed dogs cringed backward, whimpering. Continuing to emanate more of this energy and consciousness, which is the power that holds together every atom in creation, I watched these demonic beings retreat like shadows before the approaching dawn. Trembling with exhaustion, I lay on my bed astonished, not only that the Masters had not responded to my call, but that I had been able to protect myself. **Who would think that love would prove the most powerful weapon of all?** Although I knew that the Masters were always watching and that nothing transpires without their awareness, it seemed that they ﻿wanted me to learn that all I need is within me—that same force they wield, I wield also. Had I not had the need to invoke it, that power would have remained dormant. **Mastery is not achieved by relying on the Masters, but in applying Mastery**. Which is perhaps the realization Krishnamurti hoped to convey by his dramatic break from the Theosophists, and his later teachings on the need to discover the true Self, which he said could only be found through self-observation.

Now that Ashbar and his hordes had withdrawn and would hopefully leave me alone for the rest of the night, I pulled back the sheet to examine my wound. Expecting to find a pool of blood, I was surprised to ﻿find that my body was unmarked, though drenched in perspiration. Exhausted by my struggle, I fell back asleep. In the morning I awoke to a piercing pain where Ashbar’s spear had struck my left hip, a reminder that my attack during the night had not been a dream, but very real.

When I hobbled downstairs to have breakfast with Thomas and Rebecca, and they asked why I was walking so strangely, I told them of my assault during the night—and that the attacker had been none other than their guru, Ashbar. “Impossible!” Rebecca exploded. “Ashbar is a being of more love and wisdom than you can possibly comprehend. He would be incapable of harming anyone. You must have ﻿just had a bad dream,” she fired, storming out of the room red-faced.

Thomas, however, was more open and wanted to hear my story again, asking why I hadn’t called out for help. I explained that I had felt that by calling for help I would have been invoking fear, and that they would have used that sign of weakness to attack. The love had thrown them completely off guard. Thomas questioned me further, and I told him about the first time Ashbar had visited me the night had I moved in, but which I had kept to myself. Just as I was telling him about Ashbar’s threat to stop our work, the phone rang. It was the agent who had been interested in The William Shakespeare Conspiracy, and who we were to meet that ﻿afternoon, now canceling our appointment. He said he had bounced the idea off some people he knew at various studios, and no one wanted to risk the wrath of the shareholders by challenging the accepted view of history supported by the establishment.

The big money families wrote history for their own ends, the control of humanity, and they were all afraid of the consequences of such a revelation. They owned the school textbook publishing companies that hid the secret role of their families in engineering a one world government under their control. Thomas looked at me in shock, the synchronicity of the phone call giving some credence to my statement that Ashbar was indeed working against us.

﻿“Please don’t tell anyone,” I begged Thomas, still traumatized by the night’s visitation, fearful that even the mention of Ashbar’s name would draw his attention and invoke another attack. Hearing the fear in my voice, Thomas was convinced of the truth of my experience. However, despite my pleas to remain silent, he felt it was his duty to warn the rest of the group that their guru was not the virtuous, humanity-loving being he pretended to be, and he reached for the phone. Most of those Thomas called were incredulous and told him that I must have simply had a bad dream. But two people told of being sent on missions by Ashbar that had almost gotten them killed. Another said that he, too, had been suspicious of Ashbar, and ﻿that he had intended to tell the group at the next meeting. But driving home from the last channeling, he had been run off the road by a car whose driver seemed to be in a trance. As Thomas repeated my story to more students, I could feel Ashbar’s increasing attention, and the knot in my solar plexus ached, and I began to feel nauseous. I could tell he was displeased.

Only returning to the sanctity of my heart, and immersing myself in the love there, protected me from his hostility. The Masters still seemed in abeyance, as if they had said, “You can handle this on your own.” So again I visualized a golden sun around me, the center of which was my heart. And I projected a beam of that light from my heart ﻿to Ashbar, whose image I pictured before me in black armor, visualizing my light becoming a golden sun in his heart. I held that image as long as I could, intensifying it, still calling on the Masters to take complete command of this being who seemed intent on destroying me, and who was already interfering with the work the Masters had sent me to Hollywood to accomplish.

Despite the fact that I didn’t feel them around, I knew they heard every thought, and called on them to: **Turn this being to the Path of Light, and bring about the Highest Plan for his evolution and awakening to Divine Love!** During the coming days, it was this love that continued to be my protection.

﻿Whenever I would feel his sinister energy coalescing in my aura, I would stop whatever I was doing and consciously generate that feeling. And when I could not feel the love, I would at least say the words, I AM enfolding you in Divine Love. And I would ask the Masters to bless and awaken him to the Inner Christ Light. The words of Paul the Apostle came to mind, Perfect love casteth out fear, and as I focused on that love, the fear gradually decreased.

Rejoining Thomas, I found that more of the people in Ashbar’s group were beginning to believe him and were taking what Thomas told them about as a valid warning. Apparently, I was correct in feeling that ﻿this angered Ashbar and that he wanted me out of the way, for the next day after dining at a restaurant in Topanga Canyon, the Inn of the Seventh Ray, as I sped down the tortuous road, I heard a voice claiming to be Saint Germain tell me to pass the lumbering truck in front of me. I floored the accelerator and pulled out, around the truck, into the upcoming lane, where a sports car zooming up the canyon swerved to avoid me and blared its horn in anger. The voice I had heard, I realized too late, was that of Ashbar in the guise of the Master.

A SPACE TRAVELER’S WARNING

Before going to bed that night, and hoping ﻿I would catch up on the sleep I had missed during the attack of the night before, I called to the I AM Presence for protection. As I lay with my head on the pillow, I heard a high-pitched humming in one ear, which I associated with UFOs when they monitor those with whom they are working, and remembering the rendezvous I had had with Saint Germain, Semjasse, and my other space traveler friends at Lake Louise, I soon fell asleep. My sleep was shallow, interrupted by noises downstairs. I seemed to hear doors slamming and furniture being moved in the living room. Finally, I awoke to find a familiar man in a jumpsuit standing at the side of my bed, looking dispassionately at me. His ﻿form was outlined in a soft, bluish light, and I recognized my old acquaintance, the space traveler who had fetched me from my room at Chateau Lake Louise before we journeyed in his silvery craft to the Earth’s interior. Now he signaled not to talk, and began speaking telepathically. I have come to tell you that your efforts on behalf of Ashbar have not gone unnoticed. He and other inhabitants of his system have been causing us problems for many ages. As you are aware, my race and Earth’s humanity are related in that we come from the same ancestors. Ashbar and his followers are also distantly related, having migrated here after a galactic war in which we defeated them.

While we overcame our selfishness and tendency ﻿to aggression long ago, Ashbar’s race continues to regard peace as a weakness, and they pursue their desire for dominion through mind control and subterfuge, and if necessary, outright war. Ashbar himself is only an advance agent in what you would call psychological operations. They do not seek to destroy humanity, rather to enslave it through psychological manipulation, for their own selfish ends—hence their intense interest in the film and entertainment industry, which is the single most effective medium to encourage fear, anger, greed, vanity, and lust. In this way, they seek to control the subconscious, in which they subliminally implant suggestions and associations that act as mind control mechanisms.

We can protect the few who, like yourself, ﻿seek to protect themselves by turning to the Source within and invoking the light, and who avoid subjecting themselves to the negative conditioning of the media through which these entities propagate their control. But we can do little to protect the masses who willingly expose themselves to destructive input from the media. Because of our respect for free will, we cannot interfere in the lessons they themselves choose to learn; and we cannot prevent the consequences of those choices, which are a part of the lesson. There is a battle going on for control of this planet—the forces of control and suppression versus the forces of self-empowerment and liberation—and you are now right in the midst of this struggle. I have come to tell you that we will give you all the protection we can. This does ﻿not mean that you can lower your guard, for it is through your own instinct for self-preservation, your own intuition, that we and the Great Masters inspire you to be at the right place, at the right time, so that you come to no harm.

Be warned, Ashbar works not only through his influence over the human mind and his ability to implant suggestions, but also through his influence over astral entities that he controls telepathically, and who unconsciously do his bidding. Since we cannot protect you from your own desires and impulsiveness, I am telling you now—stay centered, and be on your guard! Showing no emotion after delivering his silent warning, the space traveler merely nodded to me, then turned and walked out of the room, slamming the door behind ﻿him with a loud bang.

For someone who has navigated the far reaches of space to come here, he’s awfully clumsy, I thought. And how did he enter the house? We lock all the doors before going to bed—yet he seems to have free access to go wherever he wishes. Thinking I would have to ask Thomas in the morning if he had left any doors open and if he had been downstairs in the living room in the middle of the night rearranging the furniture, I fell back to sleep. When I awakened, the memory of the space traveler and his warning was still fresh in my mind. Any doubts that his visit had been a dream vanished when I saw that my table, which I always kept flush against the wall, had been rotated 45 degrees into the room, and when I went downstairs, the heavy living ﻿room sofa and love seat were both askew, several feet from their normal location. The doors and windows were all locked, as usual.

Coming downstairs, the first thing Thomas and Rebecca asked was why I had moved the furniture. They had not experienced anything unusual during the night, except Thomas had heard the slamming of a door. I kept quiet about the visitor, who had been able to enter and leave the house during the night without a key, and the warning he had delivered. I realized that his apparent clumsiness had been to awaken me to the reality of his visit, so that I would not think it had merely been a dream. After working on our script for several hours that morning, Thomas and I made ﻿sandwiches and took them into the back yard to eat in the sun on the grassy embankment overlooking the Valley.

As we ate, I noticed a strange pattern in the tall, dry grass of the terraced hill below us and put my sandwich down to investigate. Although the brown grass was several feet tall, it was matted down in a clockwise swirl, forming a circle about three feet in diameter, as though a huge dog had turned around there many times before lying down. About fifteen feet away, Thomas discovered another swirl, and equidistant from the first two, forming a triangle, was a third matted circle. We looked at each other in recognition, for we had both seen photos of identical patterns where UFOs had landed. Small shuttle craft ﻿had three metallic spheres on the bottom, which made these impressions. Observing these telltale patterns, I then felt I should tell him about my experience with the space traveler during the night. Thomas now said he recalled hearing someone walking around inside the house—but hadn’t seen anyone and thought it was me. I told him that the space traveler said we needed to be on guard—a warning that came none too soon.

Returning from buying groceries in Thomas’ run-down Datsun the next day, and just as I rounded the last bend of the road that wound uphill to the dead end street where we lived, a car lurched across the road and bore down on me. As I leaned on the horn and swerved onto the dirt shoulder, barely ﻿avoiding a head on collision, I saw the blank look on the face of the woman at the wheel as she hurtled by—and realized she was under psychic domination.

As I had been warned, Ashbar had controlled this weak-minded person, and used her car like a weapon! Grateful that I had been alert enough to avoid her, I pulled back on the road and drove the remaining few hundred yards to the house. Unwilling to give in to the fear which his threats had initially provoked, I continued to try to send love in return—still visualizing that beam of light going from my heart to his. Even if the Masters and my Pleiadian friends were ultimately giving protection, it was still up to me to deal with my own emotions and dispel the fear. To free myself from that fear, ﻿which came about through living in the ego which was separate from the Source, I also invoked the Violet Consuming Flame. And I continued to call on the Masters to raise this being out of his ignorance, for I knew that eventually all the suffering he caused others would return the same suffering to him, if not in this life, then in future ones; and as a Bodhisattva I had sworn to work for the enlightenment of all sentient beings, even ones that appeared in this life as enemies.

Although it is natural to seek out those we like and avoid those we dislike, we often advance more rapidly by seeking out our enemies, or those who oppose us, for it is from them that we learn the most. If not outwardly befriending them, we can do so in our minds, ﻿feeling that they are a part of ourselves with whom we need to make peace. We can pray for their well-being and enlightenment, which will advance their growth as well as our own. Since they will show up again, if not in this life then in a future one, we might as well deal with them now.

*The Four Immeasurables is a foundational Buddhist prayer which liberates the mind:*

May all beings have happiness and the causes of happiness.

May all beings be free of suffering and the causes of suffering.

May all beings never be separated from the happiness which is free of suffering.

May all beings be free of attachment to dear ones and aversion to others, and live in the ﻿equanimity of all that is.

In pondering how I had gotten into this battle between warring aliens and psychic forces, I wondered if perhaps I had been around Hollywood too long, with its emphasis on fantasy and use of special effects, if my imagination had morphed into paranoia. But then I felt the pain in my hip where Ashbar had jabbed me with his spear, and I realized that his attack had been very real.

ASHBAR GRANTS A BOON

Thomas and I tried to put this interference aside and went to work on another script. I found screenwriting to be an exhilarating experience, much like parenting, where the ﻿mother and father each assist, yet the child develops its own personality. No matter how inspired the writers of the story, no one contributor prevails, the final movie succeeding only if everyone involved—producers, directors, actors, photographers, agents, and editors and technicians—all surrender their attachment to their own view and learn to work together for the final vision.

We worked almost every waking minute, often while eating or driving on the freeway, and carried notebooks with us, since we never knew when a new idea would emerge that we would want to blend into the evolving story. At least the process kept my mind off Ashbar and the ever-present anticipation of another assault. Would he attack on the freeway? He ﻿had attacked twice before while I was driving and had plenty of other opportunities, but he was strangely quiet. I wondered if my prayers were beginning to have some effect? After a ten-day respite, I was driving through the San Fernando Valley to the office supply store in Northridge at eleven in the morning to get an ink cartridge for our printer when I again felt that sickening feeling in my stomach. Not again! I thought, feeling Ashbar’s approach and becoming nauseous with fear. Will he attack in full daylight? If he had been a mere astral entity, morning would have been his weakest time, yet he was not a disembodied entity but claimed to be a visitor from another planetary system.

﻿Pulling into a parking space behind the store, alert for cars that might hurtle out of nowhere, I prepared for whatever trick Ashbar might try. Despite the nausea, I felt no imminent threat, but sat with my hands gripping the steering wheel, waiting. Then I heard his words as clearly as though with headphones: “I want to ask your forgiveness for what I have done to you,” he said, in a softer tone than I had heard him speak before, “and I want to thank you for the work you have been doing on my behalf. To express my gratitude, I wish to grant you a boon. Ask for whatever you want….” Is this a diversion to throw me off guard? I suspected as much, yet something had ﻿changed. Despite his still-unnerving energy, his attitude seemed to have shifted and become almost conciliatory. Perhaps my effort to send love and my calls to the Masters have done some good? But can I trust him? And what favor can I possibly ask that he could provide? A boon? That sounded like what genies in bottles offered to those who liberated them, or the gift granted mortals who offered their austerities to the Gods in ancient Vedic times.

I began to think, What can I possibly ask this hostile alien for, who was my sworn enemy and who had already tried to kill me three times? Is it safe to accept anything from him? Since Ashbar had claimed to know Semjasse, the female space traveler from the Pleiades who had taken me to the Inner Earth, ﻿and since I had not seen her for a long time and still had many questions to ask about our future work together, I thought it would be safe to ask him to arrange for me to see her. I wanted to meet her on the physical plane, as I had Saint Germain, and to travel with her as had the Swiss farmer Billy Meier, a visit that was well documented. It seemed no harm could come from that request.

*﻿Wendelle C. Stevens, Message From the Pleiades, Volume 1 (UFO Photo Archives, 1988). I have spent many hours talking with Wendelle, a former Lt. Colonel in the U.S. Air Force, who went to Switzerland to meet with Edward “Billy” Meier, and I know his report on the reality of those initial contacts to be accurate. Over several months Billy had ﻿numerous physical contacts, some where he was “beamed” aboard Semjasse’s craft, and during which he was informed about the Pleiadian mission to help the people of Earth. However, after Semjasse withdrew and the physical contacts ceased, he began channeling supposedly “telepathic” contacts which contain much false information, the validity of which could have been checked by simple historical research (especially with regard to the historical Saint Germain). Hence the need to question all information, regardless of the accuracy of the initial source. See the book of remarkable UFO photos in: Lee Elders, UFO: Contact From the Pleiades (Genesis III Publishing, 1979).*

After a brief pause, during which I felt his ﻿energy depart, then I again felt his presence return, which still put my nerves on edge. He said, “I regret that to grant you that boon is not within my power. Ask for a different boon.” Realizing that my request had been selfish, coming from my ego, I now asked for a boon that I was sure would benefit others. “I want you to reveal to Grey’s group who you really are!”

 Although he claimed to be an extraterrestrial visiting Earth from the future, in a triangular-shaped space ship, the channel said he has never seen this being for whom he has become a vessel. It is quite possible that he is an astral entity native to the Earth, that attached himself to the ﻿channel when he first opened his aura to learn channeling in his youth, for when one opens oneself like that, one never knows what will come to stay. “That is what you really want?” he replied, thoughtfully. “Yes, that is my request, and I hold you to your promise, for it is a wish that I know is within your power to grant.” I felt like the legendary, ancient Greek who caught the God Proteus and refused to let go, despite the frightening forms into which he changed, until Proteus had been compelled to grant him a boon. “Very well, then,” Ashbar said, “I will grant your boon. Attend the next channeling, and as you have requested, I will reveal who I am.”

﻿Then he was gone. Excited by this surprise contact with the hostile alien and his promised boon, I rushed back to the house and told Thomas of Ashbar’s visitation and his promised revelation. He was incredulous—perhaps jaded by the false prophesies and unfulfilled promises he had heard from the psychics he and Rebecca visited every month. Now, when I told him of my conversation with the false guru who had declared war on us, he treated my encounter with skepticism. To test the truth of Ashbar’s promise, however, we would not have long to wait, for the next meeting at Grey’s was the following night. Neither of us had been to a channeling since my last encounter, but we now planned to attend ﻿without fail to see what would happen. The awaited night arrived, and although Rebecca sat in her usual place on the floor directly at Grey’s feet, Thomas and I sat at the back of the room, which was filled to capacity. The night unfolded no differently than usual. After a minute of silence, Ashbar entered Grey’s unconscious body, and a discourse ensued. We waited as the voice droned on, but the revelation I was promised did not come, and Thomas looked at me, doubt clearly in his eyes.

Finally came the concluding period of questions and answers, where Ashbar gave personal guidance to his followers, not just in spiritual matters, but about relationship, finance, health, and whatever anyone ﻿wanted to ask. Again, his insightful answers impressed on everyone there how clearly he knew the details of their lives—yet they seemed oblivious of the sinister energy filling the room, which his teachings could not dispel. Just when I thought I had been duped, and that Ashbar was going to break his promise, a great, winged Cosmic being descended into the room, one whose vast power I had felt from a distance when invoking him in meditation, yet whose awesome form I had never beheld: the living presence of Archangel Michael. I knew that it was a body of projected thought, for had he approached in his true energy body, no one could have withstood that energy. Nonetheless, his presence was ﻿breathtaking, and I watched in shock as he pointed a Sword of Blue Flame at Grey’s head. “Now you must keep your promise!” the Archangel commanded. In obedience to the Mighty Presence, whose blazing sword hummed like a high voltage power transformer, Ashbar’s words slowed, and he began to speak meekly, in carefully chosen phrases. His followers, who were used to his booming voice, now had to lean forward to hear their guru’s softly spoken words. “And now, I would like to acknowledge the assistance that one in this room has been giving me, which has touched my heart, and that has helped me to advance in my own spiritual growth…. In gratitude for that assistance, I would like to keep a promise I ﻿made to that person by telling you a little story that will reveal to you who I am…who and what I am…and who and what those from my world are who are now visiting your planet.

“Just as every nation has a symbol, an image of what that nation represents, such as the Eagle or the American flag, so, too, do we on my planet have a symbol that represents who we are. On my planet, we have animals that are very similar to your sheep. They are very docile creatures that do not question authority and expect to be taken care of by others. Then there are other beings that resemble your wolves. They put on a disguise that makes them resemble the sheep-like creatures, and they pass among them. When ﻿the wolf-like creatures choose, they harvest the docile creatures with such guile, the sheep do not even realize what has happened—not seeing that one of their number is missing. And so, our symbol resembles a wolf in sheep’s clothing.”

As he finished, Grey’s head fell forward on his chest, something no one could remember having seen happen before, and when he raised his face, tears were rolling down his cheeks. Grey shuddered as Ashbar withdrew from his body, and when he opened his eyes, he put his hands to his face. Feeling the wetness, he said, “I feel as though I have been crying.” “You have been crying,” a few in front said, amazed, for they had never seen the channel ﻿show any emotion before. Thomas leapt to his feet and began going to those he had warned over the phone, “Did you hear what he said! What could be more obvious than saying he was a wolf in sheep’s clothing? Didn’t I tell you he was evil?” “Oh, he must mean something different,” they replied, “You can’t take what he says literally. Someday we’ll find out what he really means….” We looked at each other in disbelief, concluding that people will believe what they want, despite evidence to the contrary. With Rebecca at the wheel, we started home. Although she was puzzled by Ashbar’s words, she refused to surrender her adoration of her beloved teacher, who gave her so much special ﻿attention. This difference of opinion about their teacher soon opened a rift between these two, and months later they separated. It also caused Rebecca to turn against me, which she expressed by demanding I do more work for her without compensation. Feeling that my time in Los Angeles was over, I moved out of the house and returned to Mount Shasta.

None of our scripts, as Ashbar had threatened, had been produced. At least I felt I had been victorious in my confrontation with this evil entity and had succeeded in beginning to transform an enemy of humanity into a being of light. It had been a powerful lesson, not only in further developing self-reliance, but in understanding the protective power of Love.

﻿**I had gone through an initiation during which I seemed to have been abandoned by the Masters, and had been forced to turn once more to the Master within—a process that continued the unending transformation of ignorance into wisdom**. Some people feel that as they progress spiritually, the path should get easier and their life more comfortable. That is not usually the case, for growth has no end, and in order for growth to take place, there have to be challenges. However, once one has dissolved attachments and aversions and is rooted in the equanimity of the True Self, those challenges are seen not as misfortunes but as adventures, opportunities for manifesting ever-greater Mastery.”

*NOTE: Thank you Beloved Peter for sharing your experiences so others may learn discernment and that the True Source of all our Love, Wisdom and Power, comes from the Great “I AM” within us all.*

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