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With Love from ...

More than ever, the changes we have been awaiting for so long are about to begin in earnest. The deliverance of the extended parts of ourselves is about to happen on such a huge scale, never before seen in this dimension. To get there, taking the planet and all its people will not be easy. Everyone must face their own internal nastiness. Your conscience, rising up out of the depths of wherever you have hidden it, will be acknowledged and listened to.

Even the smallest things will become huge mountains. Every judgement you have ever had will be glaring in your face, giving you no choice but to look at it and taste of the fruit of your own making. I know this may sound harsh, but unfortunately it is the only way.

How else are we all supposed to see the depth of our own destroyer? What we have done to this planet and ourselves is nothing short of evil. When

you think about it seriously, what do we do except consume, consume and then die? Many of us think of nothing else except where to get our next "fix".

When you look at the world and the depth of it, it is hard to see a world without it. What will the world be like? What will we be like?

Imagine if the world had no television for a week. Maybe then we might find out who lives next door? Or maybe we would just lock ourselves away and sulk until it came back on. What is it that is going to get us off our bums, out of our indifference and into the world to truly start

talking about what we can do to stop our destruction before it really is too late?

We have all tried guessing when this is going to happen. The end of the Mayan calendar? 2010? Somehow I don't think that pollution is going to wait until then – do you? I think it has already started. The other thing we have tried to guess is how to get away with it. Perhaps if you meditate more, give more to charity, go to Church more

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often, then you will be able to escape the oncoming tide of the planets consumption of itself. I think the truth is more than likely not in any of those places either. In fact, the last place I would want to be if the world was ending was in a meditation group, a charity organization or a church. If all of a sudden everyone's dark was obvious, you could see it, then most of those places are truly black.

What about the people who have extracted themselves from society altogether? Brought in heaps of water, have their own petrol tank, solar power, and even rows of corn, carrots and hydroponic lettuce? Are they safe? I don't think so. Not much good being self-sufficient if all your carrots get eaten by grubs, the sun doesn't shine for a few days and your build-it-yourself yurt falls down around your ears because you used nails bought from Wal-Mart for \$1.95 thinking yourself more clever than most for building your own bomb-shelter. Somehow I don't think you area going to be so happy about that either.

There is truly no escape from yourself. It doesn't matter whether you live in a Bedouin tent in the middle of the Sahara, on the 2nd floor of a trendy apartment in Paris, or a safe, private inner city house somewhere in America—pretending to be happy with your weekly pay packet and a psychotic boyfriend screaming obscenities to be noticed. What will it take for us to see how much we really hate ourselves? How we have refused to be wrong, ignored pollution, both planetary and emotionally and carried on regardless thinking it's all about us and refusing to see the bigger picture?

Some people might call me a pessimist. Others have called me an asshole. Others love me only long enough to have their questions answered, ooohing and aaahhhing with brilliance, and then they go away and tear me to shreds. Whatever your

particular brand of nastiness is, the time is coming where you will have to face it. Maybe it might be a good idea to develop some courage and look at yourself honestly in the mirror now. Is it me that is the cause of all of your inner rancour? Or am I just the way you choose to avoid your own struggle and pain? Who knows? But one thing is for certain.

The planet will be asking you the same and even tougher questions when the time comes to have to prove that the Earth should continue its existence.

Will Love prevail? I don't know whether even love is enough anymore. After all, it's so tainted with manipulation, control, seduction and demands. What about hope? There doesn't seem to be any of that either. Just a kind of sick resignation to living in a disappointed state and wishing it were different.

There is no way around our own negativity, unless—and it is a faint glimmer of a spark of light within a hugely apathetic sea—we take all of our darkness, negativity, judgement, hatred, rage, pain, blame, shame, disgust, sickness and disease, and use it against itself. Go inside of yourself, be a Master, pick up your sword and kill it all. Maybe then, when you have used the fullness of your internal power to see yourself obliterate the internal shadow can we stop it from manifesting any more in the world around us. Maybe then we will come out with a greater, truer, more honest version of ourselves and our World. "I am so sorry," will actually mean something. It will mean that the spirit of who we are, humanity in general and this incredible place that we live in will have re-gained something that has been lost so deeply inside the darkness of our own making. It's called Compassion. Remember that word? Probably not, but you will, very soon. Its re-entrance will be so glorious we will wonder how we forgot. It will also bring with it other forgotten things like belonging. Now there's a blast

from the past. And mercy, even more lost.

The future is going to be very bright, brilliant in fact. I'm looking forward to it, without fear of what I might have to face. I am not a horrible person though, oh yeah, I can make you feel like shit and I suppose that is not a very nice quality. But at least I haven't sacrificed my soul to consumption, greed and selfishness. How about you? Or are you running late for work? Being payday you better go now, lest your boss refuses to pay you, you end up with nothing and that will definitely not make for a happy weekend with the boyfriend from hell demanding more of your soul to eat and you having nothing more to give.

Think about it. Please. I'm begging you. Go inside. Look at what you are doing to yourselves in your life and destroy the cancerous thing that has attached itself to your goodness and heart. Kill it. God will not judge you. You will have saved her some time and she may even give you a promotion from being a barely functioning example of life on Earth to a fully fledged grown up soul, complete with your own set of divine birthrights—freedom, true love and the realisation of your full power and magnificence.

I love you.