

A visionary clip from the novel the 'Thirteenth Manifestation; the song of Kali Ma' By Josephine Dunne

This part of a fiction novel gives inner details regarding the beings and contacts of a sacred site of the three monotheistic religions. The information in this clip can be extracted and used in a visionary context to work with these contacts

That night Sara dreamed wild dreams. She dreamed that she was walking through a desert and an angel started to walk alongside her. They talked for a while before Sara realized that the angel was not one of the ones painted on the local church walls. She asked the angel who he was and the angel stopped and looked at Sara. He placed his hands across her eyes and told her to look through his hands.

"I am the angel of the earth upon which you walk. I am the skin across the soil, the grains of sand in the desert; I am he who lies between the stars and the underworld. I am around and within you. I am completion."

They found themselves at the gates of a large fortified city. The angel began to sing and the gates opened to reveal a modern city full of cars and people. The angel guided Sara down a street, passing through the cars, stalls, and buildings until they came to a gigantic wall. Sara watched people praying at the wall and finally, she recognized where they were. "Is this the wailing wall of Jerusalem?" she asked the angel, but he did not reply.

They passed through the wall and Sara briefly felt the agonies and fears of many people as they passed through the stone. She heard millions of whispers, which she recognized as prayers; even though she did not speak the language, she understood what was being whispered. She wanted to cry from all the appeals that reached out to touch her.

They passed through the wall and emerged in a magnificent temple with columns that seemed to reach to the stars. Each wall had a singlewide bookcase filled with many scrolls and tablets that stretched high up to the roof. Sara stood in awe until the angel distracted her and urged her forward.

Before her stood a square frame that was suspended from the roof and from it hung linen veils that had been torn. The angel wept as he held the linen and he asked Sara to repair it. Sara did not know what to do and handled the linen in panic. The angel put his hands to her shoulders and calmed her.

You know what must be done. It is deep within you and only a human can restore the holy of holies.

Sara closed her eyes and called upon the Goddess to be with her. Warmth spread within her until it became a fire. Her mind turned inward, reaching deep within herself; she found herself pulling out a length of cloth, like a spider creating a web. As it came out she hung it on the frame and the angel secured it. She worked her way around the four sides until the veils were replaced and a sanctuary had been woven. Stepping back, she looked at the square tent that she had made.

Now you must restore the inside. Go in and right what has been wronged.

Sara stepped into the tent and saw a wooden stand that had been knocked over. On the floor was an oil lamp that had spilled. She picked up the wooden stand and placed it in the center. Before she could reach for the oil lamp, a creature that she had not noticed hiding in the corner knocked the stand over again. She turned and looked at the creature, which was a thin small man with the scales of a lizard.

Her brow furrowed as she tried to understand why he did that. She reached out to pick up the stand. He knocked it over again. "Why did you do that?" asked Sara. The Being stopped and looked at her. *Because that is what I do.*

Sara thought for a moment. She wondered what Grandmother would do in such a situation, and an idea dawned on her. "Do you know they have been asking for you out there?" said Sara. She waved her hand and imagined the landscape of the moon.

"There are many things for you to knock over there and they really need you. I can help you get there if you wish." Her voice stayed calm and steady. The Being nodded enthusiastically.

For a long time people had tried to destroy him, which had only made him stronger. Here was someone who wanted to help him. He was more than happy to oblige. Sara saw the surface of the moon with her imagination and the Being leapt towards the vision and vanished. Sara slumped with the effort and the angel withdrew his hand from her shoulder before she noticed that it had been there.

She straightened up the stand and lit the oil lamp using the fire that was burning within her. The flame grew in intensity, its light spreading out to illuminate the temple beyond the veils. The light traveled, howling with the sound of a great

wind as it shot in all directions. It lit the walls and floors, before pushing beyond the boundaries of the temple to the city beyond.

Sara could see through everything as the light traveled this way and that. She watched in amazement as everything took on a new and vital form. The angel caught hold of her hand.

You must leave this place and follow me. There is more to be done.

She followed the angel as he walked around and around the perimeter of the temple before coming to rest by a heavy set of doors that she had not noticed before. They pushed the doors open and walked into a mosque that had a large rock in the center.

Many shrill lights were focused on the rock and rails surrounded it so that no one could touch it. She pushed through the rails and laid her forehead on the rock. There was a heartbeat; Sara looked up at the angel in astonishment.

This is the breast of your mother. Honor her.

Sara stroked the rock gently and felt as if she could settle down to sleep upon this ancient outcrop of stone. The angel nudged her on and pointed to a covered doorway in the corner. Sara went to the doorway and peered down a steep stairway that twisted around in to the darkness. An Imam lay sleeping in a chair by the doorway; Sara touched his feet in respect. She tiptoed past him and vanished down the dark stairs with the angel close behind her.

At the bottom was another door and Sara put her hands to the ancient carved wood. It had the mark of a red hand and Sara instinctively placed her hand upon it. She felt the presence of a woman, a woman of great spirituality and honor. She pushed the door open after whispering to the female presence and found herself in a small cave directly under the large rock. It was damp; she could hear water running but she could not see where the sound came from.

The door slammed shut and Sara jumped with fear, reaching out for the comfort of the walls as she was plunged into darkness.

Sara, my Sara, mother of our people, child of the first creation, beloved of the Goddess. Sara, who carries the seed of the future next to her heart. She who brought the universe to this place. Sara, be born. Remove thyself from the womb of your mother and go forth into the world to give death to the sons of men. Only then shall the Daughters of the Void be born. Birth their threshold. Sara, be born.

Sara drifted to some deep place within her. The sound of running water was all around her as she floated in the comfort and safety of the cave. She did not want to leave; she wanted to stay here forever, in the womb of the mother, but she knew that she must go. Her hands instinctively pushed the door open and Sara walked out into the stairwell. She did not recognize it and the thought of ascending the stairs filled her with terror, but she knew there was no other way. She must do it. She had vowed.

Her legs weighed heavy as she ascended the stairs and Sara became increasingly aware that she carried some other female presence with her. Together they moved, step by step, until she met the angel who was waiting at the top. The female presence turned within Sara and pulled away from her, whispering many words and songs as she left.

The angel touched her on the forehead and told her to take breath. She breathed in. As she exhaled, many visions passed before her. All the things that had happened in her life up to now paraded past her at high speed. She knew her life had led to this moment and yet she could not comprehend what was so important. The angel took her by the hand.

This is the womb of the Mother, the cave of Prophets, the womb from which all messengers of God must be born. You are to carry the sorrows of the Mother to the people and pave the way for what is to come. The daughters of God are to be born soon and your actions carry them from the womb of the earth to the arms of the world. Now your work here has been done. There is one last place you must see.

Sara felt herself fall. Her body twisted around and around until she hit the sand with a thump. She stood up, finding herself in a small empty cubic building. The aged walls were covered with many small rough-cut niches. The niches were empty and Sara knew she must fill them, but she was not sure what with.

She went up to one wall and ran her hands over the niches. The angel leaned against her. Power built up within her, forcing breath from her lungs until her body screamed for oxygen. Color drained from her face, the ashen white of death dancing with the nausea that assaulted her throat. She could not inhale. The angel grabbed her by the hair, pulled back her head and shouted in her ear.

Recite! Recite what the Lord thy God commands you. Recite the words that were brought to the world and uttered before the throne of God. Recite so that thy soul shall never forget. Recite from the depths of thy heart where the words of God are written upon the souls of men. Recite so that all worlds and all times

shall hear what we have given to those who would listen. The prophecy is fulfilled and the children of Fatima will be born. God is great. Recite!

Sara opened her mouth and inhaled. The oxygen hit her brain, exploding a light throughout her mind that wove its way to her lips, forcing out words that she could not understand. The words took form and traveled across the surface of the room, mingling with the angel who joined in the recitation.

The word forms became shapes and settled in the niches creating a light of their own. When the niches were full, the room danced in brilliant light and Sara finally understood. "This is truly paradise," whispered Sara as she bathed in the power and beauty that surrounded her.

They were all one power. Each word was God and she came to truly understand that God was neither male nor female but a power. That the power formed a word and the word became a form. When people worshipped the form, they could not hear the word and therefore could not find the power of God. With that understanding the angel allowed Sara to leave the room.

As she touched the door, it moved and breathed causing Sara to step back in fear. The angel stood behind her and placed a hand on her shoulder. With a wind that came from nowhere, the door transformed into a wall of light that burned. The angel held out his hand and spoke to the light.

Hail Ridwan, keeper of the doors of Paradise, threshold to the Throne of God. May this mortal pass through you and still be as one being. May she leave Paradise and hold its secrets on her lips throughout eternity. This shall be her grace, for her sacrifice in life shall be terrible.

The light dimmed and the angel pushed Sara towards a thickly studded door decorated with many carvings. She stepped out into the center of a huge courtyard that surrounded the building. Thousands of people dressed in white were walking anti-clockwise around the building that was covered in a huge embroidered cloth. As she looked up at the colossal drape, she saw the words of God imprinted upon the cloth. It was then she realized she was in the holy shrine of Mecca.

She panicked; she should not be there. She turned to the angel in fear. "What am I doing here? I should not be here disturbing the prayers of these people." Silently, the angel turned and looked at the people. At first she could not see what he was looking at. He placed his hand on her shoulder, triggering the sight of angels within her human mind.

As the people walked, they prayed. Their prayers, their words, took form above them and joined together. The joining of the forms created a pattern and through the pattern stepped many beautiful and shining beings. They spread out, creating doorways down into the earth and up into the stars. Through these doorways walked people, some going from below the earth and reaching up to ascend to the stars. And some came down from the stars to descend into the underworld. They stopped briefly on the earth's surface to listen to the prayers of the people and they smiled, reaching out to touch the faithful as they walked around the ancient sacred sanctuary of Ka'bah.

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