

magdal a's green stone: PART I -- THE PLANETARY PERSPECTIVE

It is richly symbolic of Earth's motherly state now that the story of The Green Stone should be about to flame across movie screens. (cf "The Green Stone" book published in the UK, and the screenplay being developed for it by Diane Squires, Verlaine Crawford, and Phil McCain.) The story concerns the miraculous discovery, with much guidance from the dream world, of a stone of deep spiritual significance. The end of the story implies a kind of doorway into the underworld, or collective unconscious, focalized by this green orb.

Interest is high and focused on how this very fertile myth/metaphor should be "delivered" to the media, which, as electronic noosphere, delivers awareness to collective mind, as does Gaia's nervous system. The synaptic sparking of heightened awareness delivers a membrane as a vehicle in which to incarnate for a babe flirting with birth. Like a mother gasping with paroxysms, her face afire, she exchanges the pressure wave of life's ultimate touch — massage the envelope — because the babe, having finished turning inside out (zygote to fetus), emerges impressed with the shape of the center of the vortex: An umbilicus through the birth canal: creates an immune self/system exploding in the fiery unpacking of that first star placing, imprint, breath.

Where does this story begin? Where did the pregnancy start?
When/Where was the seed planeted?

Tectonic land masses called continents are just faces seeking leverage afloat on a sea of fire — the heart/core of Earth/Gaia. Recall a time when the surface membrane of Earth was rich with the memory stone of mineral, but barren of the green of biology. The responsiveness of thin-film semiconductor biomass to the ecstatic long wave of gravity's blood stream to the stars was but a glint in the eye of a starseed transmission.

Moss had not yet greened the sword from the stone, chelating mineral for biology to consume, maximizing surface area for touching. The chelation process is a digestion of mineral into biology. Since mineral is memory of pattern, this is a digestion of the memories of Earth and her gravity bloodstream from stars which wove the rock, into vein and plate. Volcanism is the grinding into life of stone by fire in Earth.

The fire of the stars became rock when fertilized by the seed of pattern. Light became packed when only symmetry would do/be. Pressure passed the law called order, executing disorder. For biology to suc-seed, light would have to reach inside itself, to come up on itself,



as a kind of donut. Only turning inside out would feed back. The turn was re-remembering the angles, only they would slip (k)not. Those who knew the angles were named angels.

Fortunately for sweet Gaia's el lactose (galact-toes), the angles and the arc angels form-you-lated a plan. Lux i fir (Lucifer) (light-I-fire) said seven Sisters lay out your grid, Siriusly. Yod he has Vau; he has given us space for her here, let us re-peat ig-night him time. The ONE who re-members symmetry among pressure's wave, feeds the synaptic spark gap fire of memory.

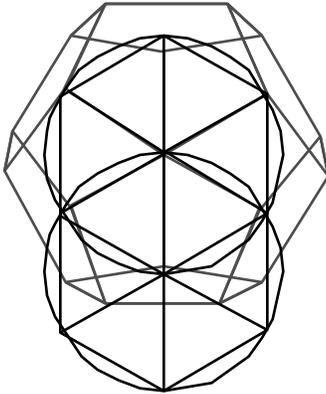
Fourier's sine wave summation at infinite harmonic content limit is a sharp resolution, a coherent phased/faced hologram mindful nest: The Lord of The Flame consumes perspective.

Planting the seed for the grid for Lucifer becomes conceiving and shaping the geometry of metallic crystal, crystallizing conductively (ecstatically) on the surface of the heavy met-all core. The seeds for the long wave which biology rides were woven by plan into the tectonic geometry, the facet crust of stillness and pattern remembered by standing to wave on the surface of the Gaia zygote.

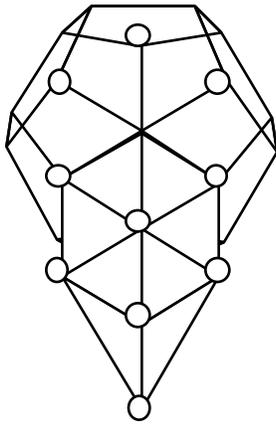
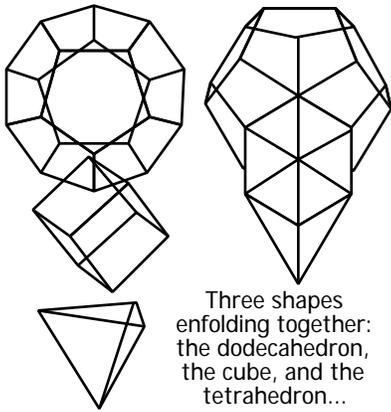
On the day of soft clay, they fashioned a cup. Tectonics huddled into one docile fetal body (making) pan-gaia. Above, this one continental body tectonic womb was impressed by one invaginating impression. Where today we find Hudson's Bay, once was a cup shape just beginning to separate what was eventually to become the unpacking unfolding point separating North America and Europe. Below this softening tempering impression, was couched the two halves of the green beryl tectonic stones. One of these became the green Ontario shield — Ontario to keystone state of Pennsylvania. This is one of Earth's oldest stable tectonic plates: a memory well seeded and folded. The other half of this great tectonic stone pair was to become the blarney stone Scottish highlands to Southern France. Together these two floating tectonic ribs across the Atlantic spine, function as a kind of Sacred Breastsplate for Earth. Breast-Plate is called "Shield" (as in Ontario Shield) because it shields the heart.

Touching the breastplates in sequence quickens prophecy, (Mormon tradition), enlightning memory's river. We see that one of the 12 tribes, the Benjamin Magdalenic starseed lineages did just that by their pattern of migration — from French Rennes to "Highlander" (Sinclair) to Montreal.

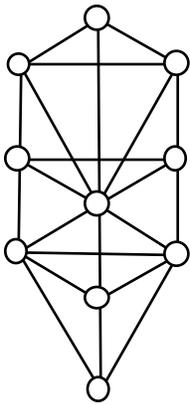
Something woven in the blood carried the river of memory. Blood is salt water. The liquid crystal ocean of memory of Earth, is massaged to zone refined thin-film semiconductor antennae by the pressure geonest whale and dolphin song. The shadow of salt in NaCl salt water is emerald cross (salt, NaCl has a cubic molecular array, the tilted cube has the "Emerald" six-sided hexagonal shadow). Ocean and blood carry the potential river of lightning, which can nest a higher frequency wave within biology's braid.



The hex face of a cube as seen in phi-nested dodecahedra.



produce a shape reminiscent of
the Kabbalist's Tree of Life:



The hex cross in-cube-ates the s-word from the s-tone. S is the cro-ss ss-ection of the donut ss-ign wave, and ss-ound of a wave memory cascade di-ss-appearing into ss-tillness: everywhere at oneness. (From here to (k)no-w-here.)

The braid-circle-stone of DNA dodeca-merkabbah is pulled up line where the hex view of the cube phase/face locks the dodeca-nest. Light in symmetry's circle stores momentum, our only definition for mass. In a line we call light's sword energy. In a circle we call it mass.

The Tree of Life, The Cube's emerald cross hex, when spiral ratcheted, like quartz, is the sword. The Dodecahedron's Emerald cross hex, when spiral ratcheted, like DNA, is the stone. Light in the stone circle stores momentum like a gyroscope, the only way mass is created. Light is drawn out from that circle back into the line path, where it is called energy, by the emerald/hex helix lightning sword path whose geometry permits the unpacking of the memories in the wave nodes without interference (into the line). The first geomantic step to create cathedra-all is to plant the rod/sword, drawing the ley geomantic stone gravity bloodstream of Earth up into the bubbling blind spring vertical flow axis to weave the standing wave envelope body cathedral. Thus the membrane of Earth is massaged to reach for the stars, whose faces (hedra), cathedral all consumes (cat-abolize/consume).

Thus in the long wave locked mineral rock faces of Earth, there is a spiritual significance to geology, a harvest of memory stored. Remember, each time a bond Cryst-all-izes in mineral the frequency complexion of the frozen wave pressure bubble bond stores the memory of the position of the stars at that moment of birth. (The astrology of birth in crystal and seed.) This is because gravity's frequency signature as cascade ratio across both magnetism and electricity is the bloodstream of collective mind/emotion. It's geometry of pressure at any moment frozen "in time" is a record of the hologram of the ONE mind from that instant. Tectonics are the digitized samples of Earth's birth in the long wave envelope of the galaxy.

We are speaking now in terms of the broad memory strokes of geologic time. Undisturbed rock layers are exactly emotion (long wave) storing memory "banks" like the more liquid crystal of muscle: the piezo (fire) electric "womb" (of) man.

Noting that the "Burning Fountain" (Phillip Wheelwright) animating ma-terre needed nest in bio's logos, the uni-verse turned itself inside-out to slip knot alpha-bet's symb-ball into Earth's mem(ory)-brane. This wishing well ceded land-guage. Honoring his mark from pa terre, Merk did wheel from Abbah (Merkabbah) (literally Mark from Pa) (like a new Heir-USA-shall-I-am Do-deca-hedra-all). The flame left shadows on the stone: (t)his "monolithic" architecture in that cave. Mono-lithic means ONE letter arch-I-tected.

The shadows in that flatland cave are a map back to n-dimension

symmetry. Symmetry is/was the pieces of the body of Osiris pulled back together. Just ONE "flame letter" indexed the spin possibilities called alpha-bet to make the topology of mind's wave, again multiply connected as in nest/context/braid/holographic.

Meme-brane birth for Earth was fractal cede from zodiac, the rayment skin faces of both Earth and zodiac are dodecahedra, 12 faced. 1746 (1080 + 666) stars were focused by erotic star bodies' gravity lens into that soft skin erotic cup. It's an etheric template, first etched here from there, then inhabited there from here. First the light makes the hologram, (skin on Earth) then the hologram film recreates the light (biology reinhabits/cedes the galaxy). Children repay the in-dent-your of their star seed.

Oh say can you see, light ten ing the twi light, that pent star span-gled marriage bann her. A mere aqua, mother's waters bursting in heir.

Lightning's addition to primal soup is spin. For lightning braiding proteins is DNA. The ray's trace cries: give us symmetry or gives us death, the price of re membering. Only symmetry casts a shadow of pressure in a direction which ray-calls. Consider if you were that soft motherly tissue, what touch would you recall. Wouldn't it be the longest pat turn? Ray cognizing our galactic starseed lineage is wearing our pat ternity suit. Take Mose's case.

Whose seed? It's ours'. It's stars.

And O, what happened then was rich. The stars began to twitch, the earth to (w)itch. A rainbow connection was about to sum true. Heir USA shall eye am (Jerusalem, city of light), wake the stillness inside, bustling with emerald's city.

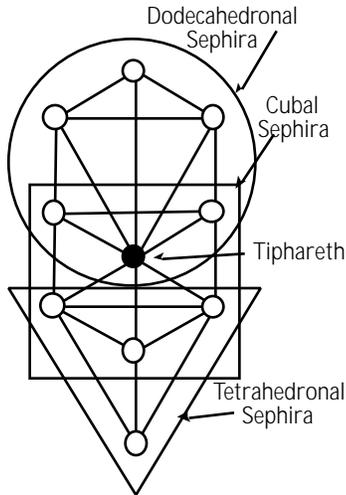
Of course, fetal glands don't support ecstasy until they unpack. Chakra's unfold from circle fetus to line, kunda-line. So the tectonic continents, still point chakras in-the-flow, divide and float around the bloodstream/fire of earth. Seeking the place on the chaladni plate of vibrating Earth where stillness Christ all eye isis.

You see, the Sirian's wanted vision. These are the bird tribes, cf. Return of the Bird Tribes by Ken Carey. The winged-golden-mean-fractal heart shape of arriving starseed animates every myth of the origin of indigenous peoples. When the winged ONE's packing k'iss met with return unpack...

Eye's Is. Vesica P'iscis, We-see-a pi'eye's IS...

Of the Bird Tribe's highest wing is the Eagle, whose eye sees the widest hor(us)-eye-sons. The Eagle's eye suggests the most resolved focus and consuming perspective— on faces, in bio's logos. The Eagle serves the food chain by the finest horizon of focus on the perspectives it consumes. They are what they eat. All forms of consumption resolve to a question of the intelligence of an investment of memory.

This Eagle outlined in the shadow on the rock in the center of the key-stone state above Phi-lo-delphi-a, is the face to which Magdalene's



Tiphareth, the sixth sephiroth, is the golden heart at the center of the Tree of Life. It is encompassed by the cube and the dodecahedron.

The Eagle is clearly seen on a topo map of the center of Pennsylvania. This relief is even more startling on the color soils map, and almost leaps out at you in a true 3D bas-relief map of the area. The region is marked by names like Bald Eagle, Bald Eagle Park, and the town of Oriole meaning eye situated literally at the eye of the Eagle.

The Eagle is the symbol of our country. The city of Philadelphia, transliterated Phi-Lo-Delphi-a, was our first capital. Even their football team is called the Eagles. From here the masonic "women in the wilderness" set out to inhabit the interior of the Eagle.



starseed birdtribe return, to return. To return to Gaia's lactic corps. (Mother's milky body.)

Nervous system focus evolves vision, propagates in-form-ation by coherence of phase/face lock. For A'mere-I-go, America's, nervous system is the electronic noosphere, media wiring for Earth. The Eagle landed. The cry in Pennsylvania's Eagle's mouth is both birth and death, a cross-point.

It is important that we understand the relationship of the Eagle to the food chain which it serves, in order to understand the role of our country with respect to the global metabolism. From the highest height, vision or focus in the eye of the Eagle allows nervous system (our country is electronic media for the globe) to choose which prey or perspective to consume. The focal element of the collective nervous system (our media) harvests the memories of biology.

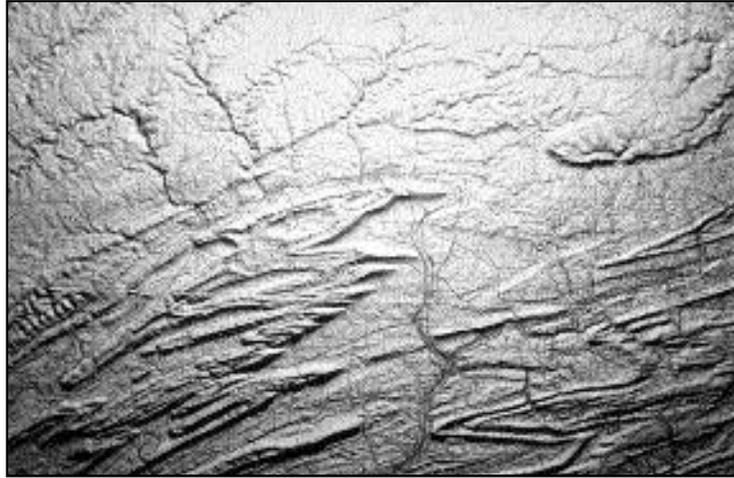
They are folded, "nested," for the flight to the heights.

The Grail myth suggests that the Grid was planted in a cup on Green Stone. Was this the pangaia cup onto the Green Beryl Ontario Shield, extending into the Keystone State? The Eye of the Eagle trace of their seed as it grew into that soft clay, was named by the mystic masons: Oriole (The Eye).

About 7 places are named after the 7 stars of the 7 sisters of the Pleiades here. 7 Stars, 7 Valleys, 7 Spring, 7 Notch Mountain, 7 Sisters -- The Pleiades. (The 7th Sister, not seen, married Sisyphus, who was busy rolling rock up hill (the Earth?).

Plei, in Greek, means to sail. Knowledge of sailing or navigating galactic spaces, in 3D, is the same as surfing in 2D. You get your phase angle correct with respect to the (gravity/water) wave, thus allowing you to chose your destination. The Pleidian "Tablets of Destiny," may have been our sacred alphabet, the phase map for the the galactic "sailing ones."

The Pleiades rose at the season when the weather was favorable



for good sailing. On a deeper level the "star-men" seeding our culture sailed here when the weather (galactic tilt) was right for good sailing. Epic sagas are written about the time when the galactic "beam me up, Scotty" doorways will again be open for ready wheeling to and from our galactic home.

The time is now. The old ones are returning/waking up, to check in/on their seed. The Eagle harvests memory through the eye/I. Allow your best visual focus to massage the envelope/caress the ones we love, with our vision. Thus is their memory consumed into the mind of the ONE. When they come to you, begging that you SEE them, they simply want you, with your Eagle's eye, to gather up their memory for harvest.

To be continued...