

Embracing the Light

The holiday trip ended up being a short one: four days -- in Disneyland, the Bowers Museum of Cultural Art and Anthropology, and then home. Despite my best attempts otherwise, I had an ominous feeling that I had to stay close to home. So I made the arrangements for Disneyland in October after cancelling my own plans to go to Egypt for 18 days.

The sun, at this solstice, in Egypt, aligned closer to the galactic center than any other in 13,000 years; even microseconds closer than that marked by the encroaching 2012 end date. In Egypt, I wanted to use the solstice to help resolve some of the universal conflicts that began and continue in the middle east; a mighty task indeed. At the Double-Headed Temple at Kom Ombo, I planned to help bridge the powers of darkness to the powers of light, to create balance, equity, and equality. This would cosmically encourage and balance our own polarized planet. I chose this site because it corresponds to Set and the ELDER Horus, who matured to where they could achieve a resolution to bridge the upper and lower Nile river and dissolve polarity. But the rising Horus also had the task of bridging the God's Milky Way Nile to Egypt's Nile.

Going to Disneyland, on the other hand, would be far from bridging anything so complicated and a far easier task than the one I'd volunteered for in Egypt. It would be fun and fantasy, based on dreams of heroes and heroines, and open to all who accept its complex balance of past and future against an existing, sometimes turbulent social structure. In the back of my mind I also knew I could return to San Fran quickly, if necessary. I chose the Crystal Cathedral in which to celebrate XMAS eve. It was close to Disneyland and I was attracted to the feel of it. I had limited clothing with me for the trip and wore a purple top with dress pants, and went to the 9:30PM service. Three thousand people filled the cathedral with just as many leaving the earlier service and just as many lining up for the later service. I sat in front of the orchestra and everyone held purple candle-like flashlights (candlelights) during the XMAS songs of celebration.

Our purple candlelights were our temporary bridge that lit the way from the earthly realms to the realms of the Gods. But the journey, and its success that night, depended on an honest look at the dark side of our soul, an understanding of the allegory that Christ was born and died for our sins. It also depended on the ability to open our hearts and let out the baggage that keeps us from seeing the Christ light. We celebrate this rebirth every year without having first experienced his death and pain, the only way to achieve resurrection and transformation. We must enter the world of the dark to bridge the dark to the light. Only a few dare choose this worthy cause.

I returned home, two nights later on Dec. 26th, anxious to see my cats and settle back into my routine without interruptions. My heart stopped for three seconds and I went from reticent mode to survival mode in the same time. The house had caught fire early that morning and the fire crew had boarded it up. According to the fire chief, it probably started smoldering at dawn but was not noticed until almost an hour and one-half later when it started to smoke externally. A renter in my in-law unit had left a note on the front door saying that my cats were okay and the keys to the padlock were in the back laundry room, which, with the two in-laws units, were untouched.

Only the downstairs portion of my own two-story home had been effected. I needed a flashlight to get in because the electricity had been turned off, the floors were a mess, I needed to find my indoor cat (who had an escape hatch on the roof on the other side of the house and had spent the entire day up there crying), and I needed to gather my most personal belongings.

I don't carry a flashlight in my car and began to panic until I remembered I had my candlelight from XMAS eve in my handbag. I grabbed my purple candlelight and its light, stronger than most lights that size, guided me through my broken-down home. My outdoor cat, who uses the escape hatch on the roof to come and go as she pleases, jumped down from the roof as I got home, while my indoor cat made it down to the front door. I grabbed some belongings and made it back downstairs treading through the debris of the front roof and ceiling. I grabbed my cat and left the burned down premises behind, including my complex conglomeration of other baggage.

The fire, which I had a premonition of, and which kept me from going to Egypt, was in itself extraordinary. It stayed contained in the downstairs rafters and the wall dividing the two-story structure, burning through the roof and ceiling, and leaving its debris on the floors, furniture, and anything else in its way. But it did not make its way upstairs or further back. To get upstairs, I had to move from downstairs through the debris that burned between both, and walk by the burnt wall dividing the two. The firefighters thought it was a miracle that everything hadn't burned up. It was, after all, a two-alarm fire. The other miracle was that when the firefighters arrived, Pacific, Gas and Electric happened to be passing my house, as did the city building inspector; all of whom got right to work to protect the house. It served as a wake-up call that jolted the surrounding neighborhood at approximately 7:30AM.

Yet another miracle is that I was on my way home the day it occurred and it might have occurred earlier in my four-day trip without my knowing it. Also, had I been there, I may not have made it downstairs through the flames. But I did make it upstairs upon my return, through the dark, dank debris and smell of the smoke. And I was spared the flames of destruction as the flames were very selective. My personal items were untouched although smokey, while the areas and items in the home that I was unhappy with or ready to trade in were damaged enough to have to be replaced. The last miracle is that the house, which is old, needed some work to make it stable, and the fire, which bridged the two floors, brought these safety hazards to light, which will need to be brought up to new codes.

What was this wakeup call about? It hit me immediately that I and my belongings were protected through the whole thing. It occurred to me that on a universal level it had to do with the burning of old, outdated, outmoded foundations and internal structures that lack integrity. Also, it epitomized the blind belief that just because we have a roof over our heads doesn't mean that we are protected from the powers above or need not deal with our own false values, issues and fears, coming from our dark selves, that we cover up so well. For me it was an internal call to clean out old dysfunctional structures both in the house and in my own being. I cannot change, loosen my load, or transform without first burning away the old to make way for the new.

The pain of the spirit is as strong as the pain of the physical being. But the spirit lives on and resurrects after it dies. To resurrect and transform oneself, one must face one's fears and doubts squarely in the face, look honestly at one's values (in the face of adversity), release one's poisoned baggage, and courageously move forward through the dark and dank corners. And when one is ready to face that dark side with courage and integrity, the guiding light of grace takes you by the hand and walks you through that river of fear: from the lower to upper Nile, from the downstairs to the upstairs, from the dark to the light, and from death to resurrection.

On yet one more significant level, both the sun and ascendant were in Capricorn when the fire occurred. Pluto was in Sagittarius in the second half of its twelve-year cycle toward Capricorn. Capricorn is responsible for foundations, structures, laws, regulations, codes, etc. The sun was combust my natal Chiron when the fire broke out; Chiron symbolizing the healing of the wounded healer. Christ was a wounded healer. His death was an allegory to show others that to reach the light one must die and release the baggage of earthly poison before one can resurrect. The allegory is that he died for our sins. Those manifest in the form of ideas or materialism and as a byproduct of existing social, political, financial, and personal belief structures. While Christ's true birthdate was in the spring, the story of a Capricorn birthdate shows that on the path to light one must first let go of the old structures and precepts that one carries, breaking the codes if need be. But the old must make way for the new. My home (and my personal being) will be redesigned to new codes, the new structures will be sound and have integrity, and regulations that are old and outdated, such as our societal and self-imposed beliefs, will be forced to change, one way or another.

As Pluto moves toward a 12-year Capricorn cycle, and during the upcoming shift when Pluto is in Capricorn, all outmoded and nonfunctional structures that lack integrity will crumble (such as government, utilities, etc). My foundation did not crumble, but some of the internal integrity was challenged. I faced it and came out with more intact than lost. It gave me the opportunity to clean house both externally and internally.

I was guided all the way, and my most personal and important belongings, such as my metaphysical books and sacred Mayan and Native American tools, were untouched. These were not the most expensive items but they were the most important items. The integrity of most of the house was sound. There was no poison in the temple below, just a few lingering hang-ups between the heart and head chakras. What needed to be cleared, to make way for the light, was burned. To get beyond the dark, one must clear the heart and open up the portals to the light. To bring balance and harmony into being, one must know in one's heart what's important and what is not. To bridge the dark to the light and the lower Nile to the upper Nile, one must have wisdom as did the Elder Horus and the Christ, to release the baggage that we all carry, and move beyond darkness and polarity.

In finality, purple candlelights were given as gifts for the XMAS Eve, 2000 AD, Candlelight Services at the Crystal Cathedral. On the eve of December 26th, the gift was there to guide me from the downstairs of my physical foundation, past the scorched dividing wall, to the upstairs, and then back. Having walked through the river of darkness, I returned, having bridged the darkness to the light, with a new foundation on life.

Egypt and the saga of the Double-Headed Temple at Kom Ombro are only a microcosm of the universe. Personal tragedies are meant to teach us to deal with our own dark side and in my case, the tragedy was a microcosm of the rift that was finally healed at the Double-Headed Temple at Kom Ombro. And unlike the gods, we as mortals, have only to face the dark, follow the light, and climb the stairs.

Written on the purple XMAS candlelight, which guided me through the dark that night, are the words of Jesus the Christ: "I am the light of the world. Those who follow Me shall not walk in darkness, but have the light of life!" JOHN8:12.