

ONE LIGHT BY JON WHISTLER

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It was just noon when we returned to the site office on Friday. It had been another hot morning with the temperature hitting ninety six degrees Fahrenheit, and we were glad to get inside, as the small air conditioning unit on the office window made the room more bearable than the day outside.

We sat down to talk about the unknown capsule that somehow had come into our lives. We did not just want to hand it over and lose whatever gains we could realize from the discovery. I suppose we are all somewhat mercenary; but, what the heck, you have to protect your own patch.

But obviously caring nothing for our ambitions or frustrations, the object of our discussion lay on the specimen table, as mute and mysterious as the day I found it. I glanced at it briefly; its simple presence seemed to mock our futile efforts.

Hating to admit defeat, I turned away, when out of the corner of my eye I saw what I thought to be a glowing in the center of the capsule. However I put it down to the reflection of the sun casting its rays on the capsule through the window.

This was not so, for as I looked again at the capsule I felt that the light from the sun was affecting it and there was a definite alteration in the character of the surface. The capsule was glowing; something weird was occurring, I knew.

Wonder turned to sudden fear. What if this innocent looking object was a new-fangled kind of bomb? And what if it was set to go off after a certain exposure to light or heat? I said as much, and the others stared wide-eyed, first at the capsule, then at me.

Courageously Carl jumped to his feet. ' I ' ll throw it outside!'

When his hand touched the capsule he recoiled with a scream. ' It burned me! It' s boiling!'

' Let' s get out of here!'

As Rose and I got up to run to the door, the capsule radiated a brilliant light like the sun that, in fact, blinded us. It was instantaneous and totally disabling.

I fell back into my chair. The light from the capsule was so intense that my eyes began to ache. Moving my hands in front of them to shield them, I thought: My God, this damned thing has blinded us; now all that' s left is the explosion!

Before I could do or think anything else, a strange sensation began moving up my spine. It was terrifying – a fierce burning that rose like liquid fire, as if my vertebrae formed a channel of lava that surged into my skull. When it reached the crown of my head I experienced a violent pain, as though my head was about to explode. It felt like every one of my brain cells was firing high voltage electrical impulses – shooting like stars, like lightning flashes across the chasms of my synapses.

Through my pain I heard Rose scream. I was helpless. I could not move to save her or myself. All three of us were trapped inside the weirdest, most uncomfortable of happenings. But just what was happening?

Stunned and suffering, I stayed frozen for what seemed an eternity, then the pain began to diminish and the light intensity decreased. Gradually my sight began to return. It was like coming out of anesthesia, everything blurry and surreal. I could see Rose slumped in her chair. Carl was on the floor. He had never made it to the door.

' What happened?' I croaked, but no one answered. Possibly I had begun to recover before either of them. I stared at the capsule. The sun still shone on it, but it was glowing with a soft blue light. I moved toward it. As I put my fingers close I could feel a strong heat intensity radiating from it. I decided that it was best left alone. Rose seemed to be coming around and Carl was dragging himself up from the floor. I helped him to his chair and looked to see if Rose was okay.

Once he was near enough to normal, Carl asked: ' What are we going to do now? I don' t think that thing is a bomb, but it sure gives you a headache.'

We all glared somewhat resentfully at the capsule, when abruptly it began to pulsate.

' I ' m out of here!' Carl shouted. He tried to leave but somehow his feet and brain would not coordinate and he slipped back to the floor.

Very quickly a brilliant blue light filled the room. The color could best be described as an electric blue, and we stared at one another through its vividness like amazed children. My pulses were racing, yet, conversely, inside me was a deep feeling of peace. I could not explain that feeling, only some intuition told me that no harm would come to us from the capsule. At last it seemed possible to breathe and relax. I wondered if the others were feeling the same way.

We stood in that marvelous blue atmosphere, and from within the center of the capsule a bright, fiery light began to emanate.

' What next?' whispered Rose, and we all three tended to back off a little, just in case...

The fiery light danced on the space of the table just in front of the capsule until it seemed to coalesce into a small cloud of moving embers. The light then organized itself, became vaguely recognizable. A form, a shape: a human-like form two feet high, of pure light, around its ' head' was ' hair' like the corona of the sun, and beaming from the ' head' two ' eyes' glowing like orange fire.

A holographic image!

I had seen holograms before, but this one was sensational! I gaped stupidly at it. It was almost too amazing to believe!

Dear God, have we dug up an alien after all? I thought.

Then came the second shock, more staggering than the first. The hologram spoke!

And in our language! Dumbly I glanced at Rose and Carl. Was it truly speaking aloud or was this a fantasy of my embattled senses?

But clearly the thing had spoken. The others' faces were rapt in attention as they listened, and this is the substance of what we all heard:

'I am Zadore, keeper of Solar Gate. I have sent this capsule to Earth to awaken Mankind to the destruction it is causing to the Planet Earth. You, Mankind, have forgotten why you came to this planet and what your original purpose was. In your sickness you are now approaching a time in the Earth's consciousness where, if you do not awaken to your destructive habits, you and those who willfully work to destroy the planet will meet your own destruction and live in the darkness for many millennia.

Soon I will send a Vortex of Light and Healing that will allow those who are now awakening their consciousness to higher dimensions to move through the Vortex to the Light of their own being.

Listen and I will enlighten your hearts and minds so that this message will reach out to those who are ready to seek the change. The days of your continual destructiveness are numbered. Take heed of my warning!

Zadore then spoke on the consciousness of the Planet Earth:

'Your Light Essence is now trapped in your Earthly body, and you have forgotten your birthright. This capture of consciousness is a direct result of some perverse beings who came to the Earth dimension many thousands of years ago. In the passing of time these beings have succeeded in mastering the art of manipulating the energies that underlie the essence of the planet.

Your own essence or light frequency belongs to the star system, which, at the command of the Higher Dimensional Light Beings, directed that the Earth receive energies necessary to empower it with the Light and Consciousness of the Galaxy. This was to assist the Earth in its elevation to the position of a conscious star in this ever expanding Galaxy.

Thus the radiant beams of light from the various star systems were focused through the Sun and directed to the Earth, grounding the light frequencies into human organisms or bodies. So the Earth's consciousness is seeded by the light and consciousness of the Galaxy, and that light is the light which is YOU.

Once your light rays were grounded through the lowest frequency, which is termed Ego, your consciousness was directed to your new found freedom, or separation. Due to the attractive power of the physical senses of the body into which your consciousness is projected, you fell in love with the illusion of separateness, and that illusion has been woven into the DNA structure of

the Earth-body you now inhabit. You have forgotten your original purpose, and have been trapped in this illusion of power and separateness.

The perverse control beings, of which I spoke earlier, have chosen to call themselves Astral Lords, and when they move their consciousness through an Earth-body it is always to draw greater power and energy from a captive consciousness such as yours. You are constantly held captive by their web of Illusion, which is constructed in many different ways to make the Ego pleased to accept and dwell in that Illusion. All these ways are directed toward the five senses of the body, and beauty and happiness are always to be found in the fulfillment and gratification of the senses. The fascination of touch and feeling, the sight of form and color, the taste sensations of food and drink, as well as the hearing of sounds which stimulate the emotions associated with bodily experience, these have become of paramount importance and interest. The world of the senses is seen as the Third-dimension of Consciousness, whereas the Astral part of your experience is seen as the Fourth-dimension of Consciousness.

Instead of granting Light and empowerment to the Earth, you have enslaved your consciousness by turning your back on your Light. You have entered into agreement to destroy the ascension of the Earth's consciousness and create those conditions for its obliteration.

I have come to you at this time to awaken you to see your true destiny, before it is too late and the powers of darkness take your essence and Light with them. You, as well as they, will be cut off from the Light source of the star systems and will be absorbed into the eternal nothingness, to become once more prime matter for the Creator – Light; to await another time when the outflow of consciousness will allow the opportunity for you to build a Light-body in the image of Light, and co-create forever in the Light of all that is –

I AM THAT I AM. (1)

This message will resume in three days. I suggest that next time you bring some recording equipment, so that my message will be given verbatim to the mass of Humanity for their salvation.'

The image faded and the capsule was mute and featureless as before. The afternoon light had returned to the room and the sun glared in through

the dusty panes of the window. A hawk cried somewhere in the distant sky, its keening muffled somewhat by the hum of the air conditioner. There was a hot dry smell of sage. Rose looked elated but very tired, and Carl looked confused and equally exhausted. His face reflected conflicting emotions, which was unusual to see, because Carl rarely expressed any feelings. How deeply he had been touched by the message of the hologram I could not tell, but I was sure it had moved something in him.

Strange, strange and wonderful, I thought, and suddenly I realized how clear and open my mind had become. Everything washed through me – sharp sensations, sounds, smells, sights – like the sea through broken rock. The words of Zadore rang inside my hollow brain and no thought of mine intruded; but there was an echo from my heart – 'I AM that I AM. I AM that I AM!'

'Wow,' said Rose.

I looked at Rose, and she smiled. Her eyes had a light that seemed to flow right into me. My guts did a somersault – consciously I did not know why, but inwardly I felt it – we had shared something stupendous! There were no words but 'wow'.

Carl, on the other hand, had recovered his customary self, and was ready to talk. He started on about, 'What the heck was that all about?' and, 'Did you understand any of it?' to, 'Could somebody be playing a joke on us?' and so on, until I realized how exhausted I was as well. Too tired for questions and uninterested in intellectual explanations. Right then all I wanted to do was to go home, have a shower and a meal and crash. I could tell that Rose felt the same way. 'We' re all washed out by this,' I said to Carl. 'Do you think we could let it go for a while? I need some time to think about what has happened.'

Carl shrugged. I guess he was glad to give rationalizing away because he did not even try to argue. Perhaps he felt as we did. 'I'll see you on Monday then,' he said. 'Just make sure you lock that thing up safely.'