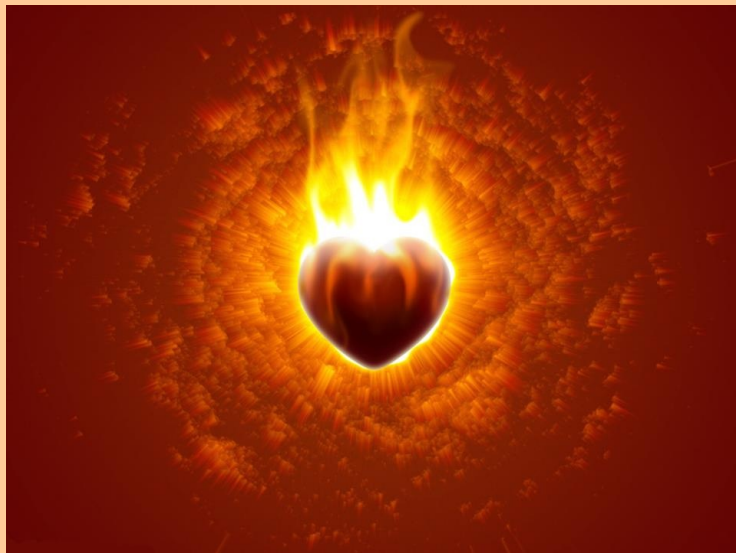


Hermetic Angel Messages

[PDF version](#)



11 degrees Aries

The Angels of Victorious Grace
and
Mercy

Also known as

The Angels

of

Igigi

Beloved,

Sometimes a Child of Light must create changes in the
consciousness of a
person or being for the purpose of divine grace and mercy.

A person or being that breaks THE LAW OF ONE,
The Law of HARMLESSNESS, sometimes must be stopped
quickly.

At such times we inspire magnetically charged impulses of
Cosmic Divine Love
that penetrate the awareness of people to inspire mastery of
cause and effect and divine intervention.

***We are the heavenly hosts that inspire mastery of cause
and effect
so that all can be mastered in the physical world
for the purpose of true divine blessing and peacefulness
of the spirit.***

We inspire flowing emotions of Divine Grace and Mercy.

These attract such powerful mystical emotions of divine
blessing
that peacefulness of the spirit and abundance of every good
thing
are attracted into physical manifestation.



Flowing emotions of Divine Grace and Mercy can be so powerfully magnetic that when they are combined with any other divine meditation, miraculous results are quicker.

The magnetic power of emotions of Grace and Mercy attracts the indwelling perfection of the soul to manifest.

Here is one of our stories:

EXALTATION IN THE CEDARS

Once upon a time on a bright and beautiful day in the old country,
a young man watched pigeons fly by while gazing through a small window high in an ancient tower.

Luigi swept his gaze over vast stretches.

Below him rushed streams in beautiful valleys between steep mountain sides.

"How beautiful this sight", he mused, "how lovely this paradise!"

During especially beautiful sunsets his heart nearly leapt out of his breast with the majesty of it.

But there was a sadness in his heart when his thoughts turned to his Father.

Then a deep undercurrent of longing and fear ran through him.

This fear made it hard to breathe, he would feel as though he was dying.

Longing for his Father's love burned so deeply inside too.

He did not know which was the strongest, his longing or his fear.

With a start, he remembered it was time.

His Father awaited him, he had to go.

So Luigi slowly turned to go down the long staircase, to the huge vaulted room below.

How he dreaded his Father's presence!

His father's regal chair sat draped in soft blankets, toasty and warm in front of the gigantic fireplace with its roaring fire.

Luigi approached from behind it.

On the armrest Luigi saw his father's ancient hand clasping a rich goblet filled with his evening wine.

"Father", he said softly, "Father, I am here."

There was a long silence, and finally old Gilberto answered his son, "Luigi, Luigi, come here in front of me so I can see you."

He slowly moved closer to the chair.

He paused and summoned his courage to walk in front of it to face his father.

"Luigi," his father commanded harshly, "Luigi, come here a little closer.

Let me see you.

Come closer here."

At this, he moved to within three feet of his father's feet.

Luigi knelt down on one knee, and peered into his father's face.

An evil look in his father's eye was overwhelming.

Evil power flowing was so strong that waves of nausea swept through Luigi.

With superhuman effort he managed to control it and remained obediently returning his father's look.

But not for long.

Luigi could not maintain it.

He had to break eye contact, which he did very suddenly with a cry of anguish.

Years and years of partaking in bizarre dark rituals, designed

for evil
greed and power, had taken a horrible toll on old Gilberto's
soul.

Luigi's cry of anguish was the breaking of his own heart,
for he loved his father with all of his might.

His heart had broken as he saw that very little of the man he
loved actually lived inside his father's body.

Gilberto's goodness had been destroyed long ago.

Luigi felt as if he could never look into his Father's eyes again.

He felt his soul rebelling against the foul energy, the dark
endless pit, that emanated through them.

"Luigi," old Gilberto whispered hoarsely over and over, "Luigi,
where have you gone Luigi.

Why don't you look at me.

You are so distant.

Why do you not look at me the way you used to when you were
a child?"

At this, Luigi gasped.

He could not hold tears back any longer.

Luigi broke down in heaving sobs, covering his face with his
hands.

Old Gilberto watched in horror!

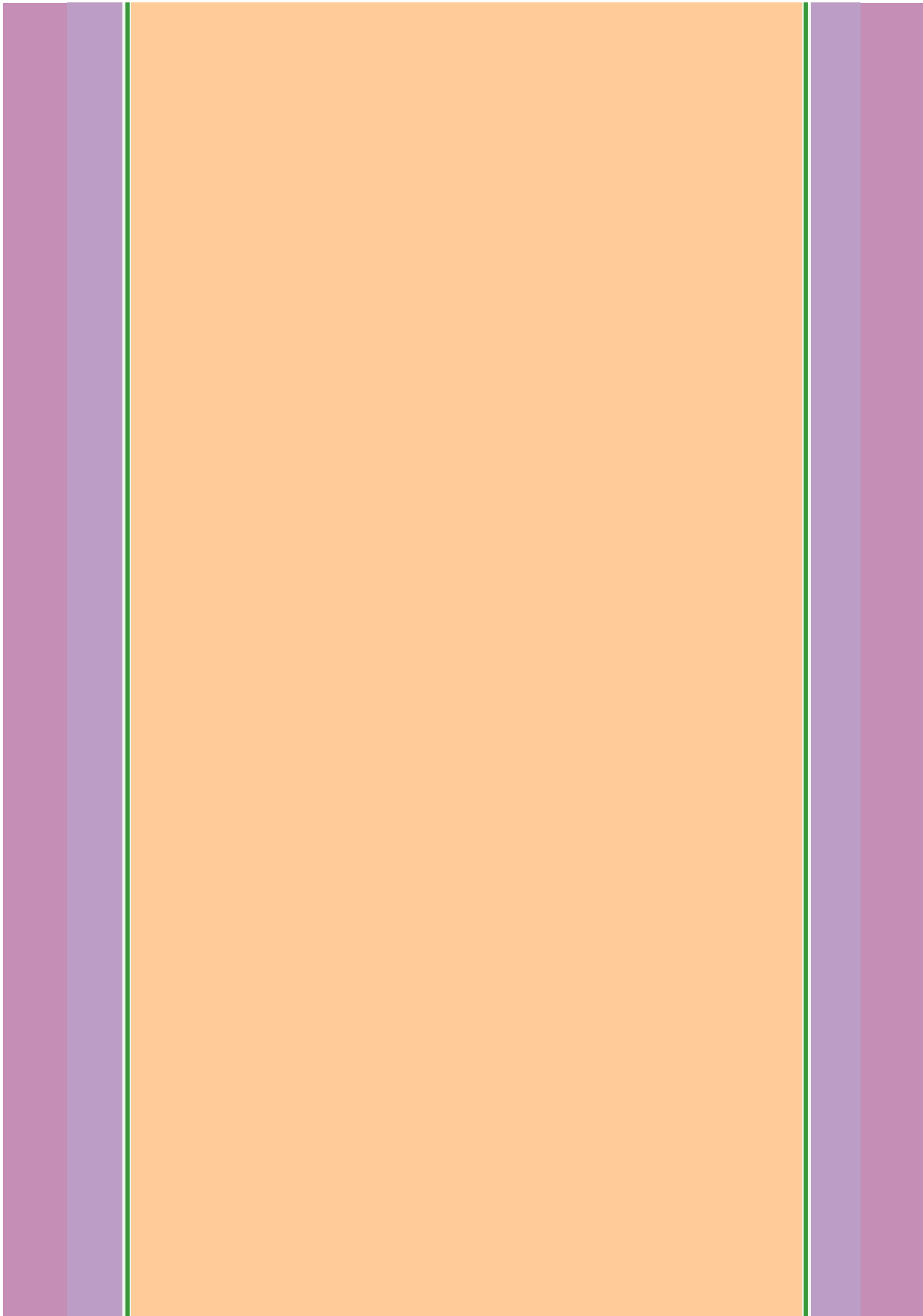
He was stunned!

As he watched, deep deep down inside of him, a small spark of
his old self stirred slightly.

He watched as his son sobbed and sobbed, deep wracking
sobs, from the deepest parts of Luigi's soul.

An old family butler was watching from behind the curtain, on
one of the balconies overlooking the great room.

Closing his eyes, the old man summoned Angels of Grace and
Mercy.





"Angels of Igigi, COME!" Antonio prayed fervently.

Their luminous presence came softly, shining flowing feelings of gentle peace into his heart.

Antonio spoke with them, " I know old Gilberto is as guilty as any man on earth, and as rotten."

" But I also know that he was abandoned in the war after seeing his beloved parents murdered before his eyes, and that he was captured and suffered years of brainwashing, horror and torture during his young adulthood."

"How could he, or anyone, survive that unchanged? Surely there is Grace and Mercy for him.

Surely there is some way we can reach him in this moment!"

The Angels of Igigi searched old Gilberto's soul.

They found a place deep inside of him still alive; a place inside in which he was young and beautiful and only eight years old.

They found the place where the magical pure child Gilberto still lived buried deep inside.

He was the beautiful boy, the only child of his loving parents,
the lovely
curly headed Gilberto, who had danced and played among the
flowers with
nature spirits many years before on the steep mountain slopes.



They searched and found the hopes and dreams,
the purity and the innocence,
that had once been little Gilberto Fantatori.

They searched and found the truth of Gilberto Fantatori's soul.

In this moment of inspiration, Antonio suddenly knew what to
do!

Closing his eyes, he filled his heart with unconditional love and
asked the highest self of Gilberto,
from the beginning of time,
to come forward into the present
and do whatever was necessary to help Gilberto.

He asked the enlightened Christ self of Gilberto,
from the end of time,
to come backward to the present and do the same.

He asked heavenly hosts to help in every way possible.

He saw the Alpha and the Omega of Gilberto Fantatori meet
together and merge in present time.

He saw blazing lights and flowing love of heaven opening up.

Then, with the blazing emerald green light of the divine virtue
of Grace and

Mercy shining from the Angels of Igigi,
Gilberto's traumatized soul was uplifted, cleansed, forgiven.

The healing began of the bitterness and anger that had made
Gilberto into a dangerous criminal.

Antonio saw the Angels of 'Igigi' shine with blazing light
opalescent light
and fill old Gilberto's soul with memory, remembrance, and
conscience.

He saw old Gilberto begin to understand what had happened
to him.

Gilberto saw how the evil done to him had caused him to react
with evil in return.

He saw how this pattern had repeated endlessly with
everyone involved.

Gilberto could see and begin to feel empathy for the suffering
that caused such harmfulness,
and his heart started to forgive those who had harmed him.

As he did this, he began to forgive himself.

Antonio became aware of the ghost of Gilberto's beautiful
mother and the spirits of ancestors gathering.

He watched as they joined the Angels in blessing Gilberto.

Heavenly songs of angels filled the air.

Old Gilberto closed his eyes.

Luigi stopped crying and opened his.

He watched as his father began to breathe deeply and very
slowly.

Finally old Gilberto raised his head looking far away over
Luigi's left shoulder.

His face filled with surprise, shame, hope and then love.

"Luigi," he gasped, "Luigi! I see your blessed Mother!"

A long moment of silence followed, lightning flashes filled the
room.

"Luigi, I have made terrible mistakes!"

More silence.

"Luigi," he whimpered, "My soul has been far far away for a
very very very long time."

His voice trailed off.

Closing his eyes, he felt weak.

He rested his head on his chest.

After a few minutes, he lifted it again and spoke.

"Luigi," he whispered, " I am very very sorry."

A tear coursed down his wrinkled cheek.

Lowering his head, Gilberto wept and wept.

He sobbed far into the
shimmering night.

Father and son wept together.

Antonio, the Angels, and the ancestors watched as flowing
emotions of divine Mercy and Grace
completely transformed the lives of two men.

Early the next day, servants put Old Gilberto's chair out in the
east
garden so that he and Luigi could watch the sun rise over the
mountains together.



They watched in amazement as tears of joy streamed down Old
Gilberto's cheeks.

"Luigi!," he exclaimed, "Look over there!
I see the Angel of the Cedars!
And there, over there are the Fairies of the Ferns!"

So many years had passed since Gilberto had seen his nature
spirit friends!



Shouts of joy echoed off the hills as old Gilberto shared with
his son the
realities of his childhood, the most important and beautiful
realities of his entire life.

Father and Son together shared the richness of the kingdom of
Divine Being
as seen through the magical eyes of gifted children.



Gilbertos health improved.

He lived through that summer and fall, sharing with Luigi the richness and innocence of his youth with a heart of gratitude and wonder.

In other quiet moments, Gilberto spent hours and hours with lawyers in his richly paneled study, correcting past crimes as best as he could.

Packets of money were posted to desperate widows of men he had had a hand in killing.

Grieving parents of children abducted in previous campaigns of terror received mysterious apologies and compensations.

Generous donations were made to those people who had lost everything to his evil greed.

Gilberto used all of his remaining power to sway previous cohorts of crime to a change of conscience, and those he could not, he devised ways of curtailing their dangerous power.

In the last few months of Gilberto's life, his actions of repentance changed the course of history.

When Luigi finally laid him to rest in early winter, he buried him out among the cedars where his friends, the nature spirits, would watch over him.

On his tombstone were the words:

"Ye must be as little children to enter the kingdom of Heaven."

MIRACLES

Igigi

IWe inspire people to become masters of Cause and Effect,
understanding all doings and all actions in manifestation
through memory, remembrance, and conscience,

Gin order to confer flowing feelings of true divine blessing, of
grace and mercy.

IWe inspire the control of breath, of life and death, and
connect body with
spirit. We can trigger any memory and sharpen, or weaken
conscience.

GWe teach how to bring complete happiness, satisfaction
peace in the spirit,
and

I. ...evoke miracles in the material world in a way that fulfill the

laws of
karma.

The melody of our name is G,F, G, F, and G.



MIRACLES



Footnotes

The names and meaning of angel groups come from Quaballah, which is a very ancient set of teachings which together form a common precursor, or root, of three of the world's religions: Judaism, Islam, and Christianity.

Each degree of the zodiac is ruled by a high being of the heavenly host in the zone girdling the earth, and the angels who work with him or her.

The being and the angels share the same name.

This name is a key to their powers and influence.

Names, phrases, and sections, in the angel messages are quoted or paraphrased from the books of Franz Bardon.

Information of the heavenly hosts of the zone girdling the earth is referenced from

THE PRACTICE OF MAGICAL EVOCATION, ISBN 3-921338-02-6,

and Information of the divine virtues and the letters are referenced from THE KEY TO THE TRUE QUABALLAH, ISBN 3-921338-12-4].

Publisher is Dieter Rüggeberg, Wuppertal/W. Germany. These books have very important information for these studies.

The book " Initiation into Hermetics" ISBN 3-921338-01-8, is a preparatory book for the others.

Franz Bardon's last autobiographical book, "Frabato the Magician", gives historical background and was compiled by his German publisher from notes written by Franz Bardon.

Feel free to share these messages.

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Click on Downloads.

A page will open where there are LOTS of downloads to choose from.
That should do it.

Thanks for sharing this music.



**The Law of One is the original law of Creation,
and is the supreme Law over all laws in all dimensions.**

THE LAW OF ONE

We are all one.

When one is harmed, all are harmed.

When one is helped, all are helped.

Therefore, in the name of who I AM,

and I am one with all there is;

I ask that ONLY

THE HIGHEST GOOD OF ALL CONCERNED happen .

I give thanks that this is done.

SO BE IT!

So it is.



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