

Hermetic Angel Messages

PDF version

The full moon message was sent yesterday, so today I'm sending an important message about the importance of our hair on our body.

*The science of analogy is important,
this includes the importance of outward appearance in respecting
nature,
concerning our natural hairy coverings.*



10 degrees Gemini

The Angels of Analogy

Also known as
The Angels

of

Golemi

Beloved,

***We infuse the mind with wisdom to evaluate all
people and beings accurately by shape, color, tone,
and all other aspects of outward appearance.***

We are similar to the Angels of *Golema*, 8 degrees Gemini.

The range of effectiveness of any person or being is clearly
known through the laws of analogy.

"As above, so below."

The state of being, will, mind, emotions, and sensation is
reflected in the details of appearance and energy vibration of
all beings.

***We inspire the use of analogy in all kingdoms and
worlds.***

Now Divine Providence has ordained that the Alpha and
Omega, the beginning and end of time, meet and become one
on Earth,

so that Heaven manifests upon Earth in all of its perfection.

As this happens, the sons and daughters of Divine Being
shine forth resplendent outwardly in ways that are analogous
to the splendor of their
divine wills, thoughts, emotions, and sensations .

**Their outward appearances manifest the splendor and
majesty of Divine Virtues within.**

**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 healed.

**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!**



Here is one of our stories:

Farishtas Beloved Cape

**Once upon a time a dangerous battle was being fought and a
lovely girl named Natasha had to escape that very night.
Her uncle and aunt were being held as prisoners by cruel
captors.**

**If she stayed even a few more hours in their house she
knew that she would loose her freedom and most likely her**

life.
She grabbed an old coat and scarf, stuffed a few things
and what little money she could find in a shoulder bag and
walked out the door,
never to return to th
is beloved place of her childhood.
She had never been on her own before.
She had always been controlled and protected.
Now she had only God, the heavenly hosts and her own
judgement to get her safely across the border.
Her greatest asset was also her greatest liability.
She was beautiful.

Her beauty was more than skin deep, she had always been
deeply feeling and highly spiritual,
an incarnation of flowing Purity and Love.
Her blazing heart, her sensitivity, her kindness and her
devotion to all that is noble had etched itself

in every nuance of her facial expressions and bodily
movements.

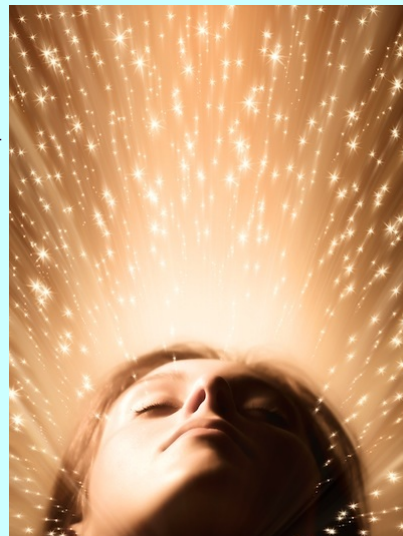
As she became older, every man who had ever seen her had
been rendered helpless and transfixed by her energy.
At first she felt utterly defenseless.

Who could she trust? She had no gun or fighting skills.
Confused and frightened people were running everywhere.
She prayed to the Angels of *Golemi*, the angels of analogy, to
help her understand who she could trust and guide her.
They answered her prayer.
Within moments of praying, her head cleared.

It felt to her like cold clear streams of water washing away
all feelings of confusion and fear.

A keen sharp penetrating
awareness glowed with her and
became stronger with each
breath.
Her emotions were filled with the
most deep and penetrating love
and gratitude to God

She took some deep breaths,
feeling absolutely safe and
excited,
glowing with
an inner assurance that her
aunt and uncle were safely in
the heart of God,
and that somehow
underneath it all were the
everlasting arms.



An inner knowing came upon her, and in her mind's eye she
saw visions of many lifetimes for everyone involved in this
conflict.

She saw how the souls of everyone were gaining much
wisdom from the events transpiring.

She saw that many many hearts that had been cold and
judgmental for lifetimes were breaking

and learning to desire unconditional love and forgiveness
over anything else.

Without the beauty of Divine Love, everything else would no
longer hold much meaning for them now.

Without this love, all else would seem empty, and true happiness only an illusion.

Neither fame, nor power, nor material possessions would matter.

She knew that after this, deep down inside of their hearts,

only pure divine unconditional love, gratitude and forgiveness would hold appeal for them.

**As the assurance of this insight sank in, she felt a deep peace and quiet joy,
a joy that she knew would seem illogical to anyone not understanding what she had been shown.**

And there, amidst this horrible scene of confusion, danger, and misery, Natasha glowed with serenity and strength.

**Then she realized with great excitement and relief that for the first time in her entire life, she was on her own!
Oh how she had always longed for complete freedom!
All of her life she had been restrained and secluded away by traditions and customs of her middle class society.**

**She had always had to answer to outer authority.
This was to be a truly miraculous time for her.
She pulled her plain scarf over her face, she did not want to draw attention to her beauty.
Hunching over like an old woman, she secured her bag over her back, her long plain everyday coat covering her completely,
giving her the appearance of being a hunchback.
She melted in with the crowd.**

Angels protected her.

No one could see who she was.



**She headed toward the train depot.
Soldiers were everywhere checking passengers.**

**They were tense and demanding.
She looked at their faces, their uniforms, their guns and movements,
with auras of cruelty, fanaticism, and revenge emanating.
She couldn't risk this.
They would not help her, they could only do harm.
They seemed to be on drugs.
They were not normal men at all.**

**Still filled with deep inner silence and peace, she ran away.
Inwardly she reveled in the protecting presence of the heavenly hosts as she telepathically heard beautiful clear voices**

telling her which direction to take at every turn.

**"Go left! Now duck between these buildings and take this alley!"
On and on she followed clear inner guidance, running swiftly.**

She found herself that evening in the poorest slums on the outskirts of the most humble ghettos far away from the inner city.

She had always heard terrible stories of what went on out here.

Her inner guidance told her to not be afraid.

**Here she would find sanctuary.
She wandered happily down poorly lit and crowded muddy streets lined by ragged tents and shacks.**

Surrounded by her protecting angels and guides, she flowed with loving feelings of kinship for the people she saw.

She felt curiously at home here, there was something about these people that seemed familiar.

As she looked among them, she saw a strange nobility and kindness coming from them,

instead of the dark grim evil that she had always been told she would find.



With shock she realized that severe hardship and danger had forged a society here more human, more honest and deeply spiritual than any she had ever seen in the middle classes.

The angels inwardly told her that the middle class had been more concerned with materiality and status whereas these people had been faced with daily issues of life and death.

Concerned with pure survival, they had only succeeded by trusting God and helping each other.

**Their beauty shone for all who had eyes to see.
She straightened up and walked among them in wonder.**

Her scarf fell off her beautiful face.

She was a queen of divine love among peers.
Inner guidance had served her well.
She saw courage, faith, goodwill, and intelligence.
As people saw her, they seemed to have been expecting her.
Each eye contact brought nods of recognition, respect and familiarity

A woman was cooking bread on a makeshift oven and
approached her to offer something to eat.
The woman looked at her knowingly, and with gentle love
sighed.

"Sit down my dear, I can see you just escaped from the city.
You are tired and we must quickly change the clothes that you
are wearing.

They make you stand out from the rest of us.
Just in case any soldiers come here we must make sure that
they cannot see you, and besides,

your clothes are not comfortable for you to sleep in.

You will need better protection from the rain.



An hour later, a well fed Natasha emerged from Farishta's
humble tent looking like a nomad.

She wore an old but well-made long flowing cape that was
warm, water resistant,

lined with deep hidden pockets and extremely comfortable to
sleep in.

She looked closely at Farishta, "Farishta" she said, "How can I
take this from you?

What will you use if I take this?

"Hush now," Farishta said shaking her head, "The only way
any of us make it around here is through helping
and loving

each other with deep gratitude for the privilege of doing so.
I feel in my heart that you must take this.

God will provide me with another

.
I can not count the times when people I have never known
have given me a helping hand. Farishta went on,

smiling a huge smile with a few missing teeth.
She winked, Besides, she said, We are sisters, you and I.

I feel it in my heart.

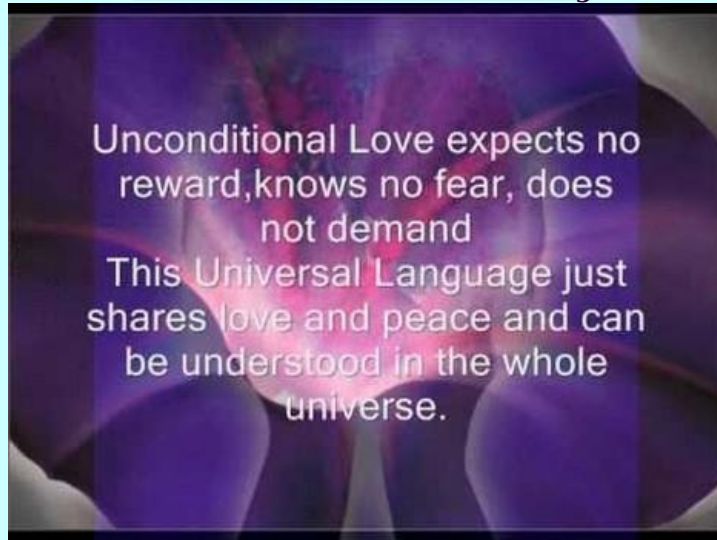
I love you as if I had known you all my life.
Natasha noticed Farishta's kind eyes, the deep wrinkles
across her forehead, her callused hands.
Farishta looked old enough to be her mother, but in truth she
was almost the same age.
Her life had been hard.

Natasha knew she was standing in the presence of a spiritual
teacher.

She remained for a few weeks, learning from Farishta and
meeting other survivors.

She spent evenings around warm fires listening to stories of
miraculous interventions and survival.

Her heart grew and grew until it felt as if it would burst with
all the love that she was feeling.



One night Natasha was smuggled across the border by a
motley crew of her new friends.

They took her down to the waters edge and packed her among
wooden crates on an old shipping barge

heading for a foreign port downriver.

She had plenty of food with her, and a large flask of water.

That night she was awakened by the plaintive mewling of a
small kitten.

The poor little thing smelled the food that she had stashed
away in one of the large pockets inside her cape.

She fed it, and together they enjoyed the long trip, hiding out
successfully

in a space under the stacks of large wooden containers.

A few weeks later Natasha and Star found themselves in
another world, standing in the bright sunlight of a foreign
city.

She was amazed at how drastically their world had changed.

She realized that the authorities that she had been taught as
a child to look up to and respect had turned out to be her
true enemies,

and the poor and downtrodden that she had been taught to
fear had turned out to be her true friends!
With the help from the Angels of *Golemi*, she and Star
wandered safely for a long time,
judging each person accurately, finding friends and staying
out of danger.

Star made his home deep inside her cape, in a special
pocket.



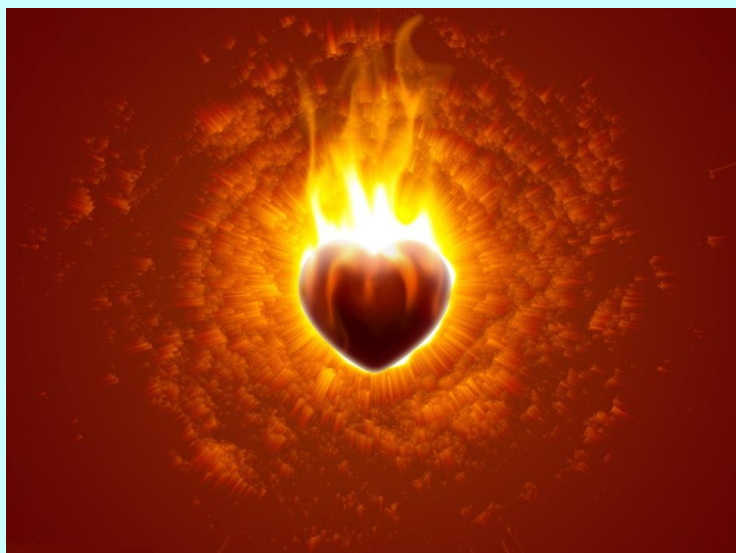
His slight weight balanced the pocket on the other side that
contained their food and supplies.

She became an important link in an underground network
that smuggled children, refugees, and animals to safety.

One day, as peace returned to the region, a strange man
appeared before Natasha and Star.



**Blazing love flamed from his heart, and this beautiful flowing
love penetrated all darkness like the sun.**



"Natasha," he said, "I am aware of you .

I have watched over you for many lifetimes.

**I come to invite you to a secret place, a high mountain
retreat far away,**

where you can study with the masters for a while.



**With the love, knowledge and illumination that you receive,
when you return to the highways and the byways of the world,
you can be of greater service to others.**

**You will be an even greater healer and you will also be in a
position to teach others
who are ready of The Ancient Wisdom of Unconditional Love
of Divine Omnipresent Being ."
He held out his hand.
Looking closely at him, Natasha saw his deep purple shirt
with a gold crest, clearly the sign of divinity.**

**She sensed immortality, and saw the beauty of enlightenment
play across his features.**

She trust

ed him.

**He was speaking the truth.
Taking his hand, she looked him deep in the eye.**

She felt home.

S

**he experienced the mystery of the omnipresent, omnipotent,
omniscient state of being that makes all places holy.**

**Then she gathered Farishtas beloved cape about her and they
both disappeared out of sight.**



**For years stories were reverently told around campfires and
hearths of a strange and lovely lady
with a cat
who appeared when people prayed for help.**



**Children listened breathlessly to tale after tale of people and
animals that were rescued**

when all thought of hope had left.



**Wanderers from lonely and forgotten places would arrive and
relate wondrous accounts**

**of how they were not only saved and healed,
but how they were taught the most marvelous truths about
Gods love.**



They learned about amazing powers of Divine redemption and truth from a beautiful lady named Natasha.



MIRACLES

G-O-L-E-M-I

GThe virtue of divine peace and blessing

umlaut O, eu, and O and the ability to see through the eyes of love divine and have impeccable judgement

Lbrings perfect vitality, beauty, and harmony.

EThe presence of God in all beings allows the miracle of materialization and dematerialization,

clairaudience, and the ability to transfer consciousness.

MWith the power of great emotional feeling

It the laws of cause and effect are mastered on the material plane.



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, or 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].**

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.
This book is most important for understanding present day political issues.

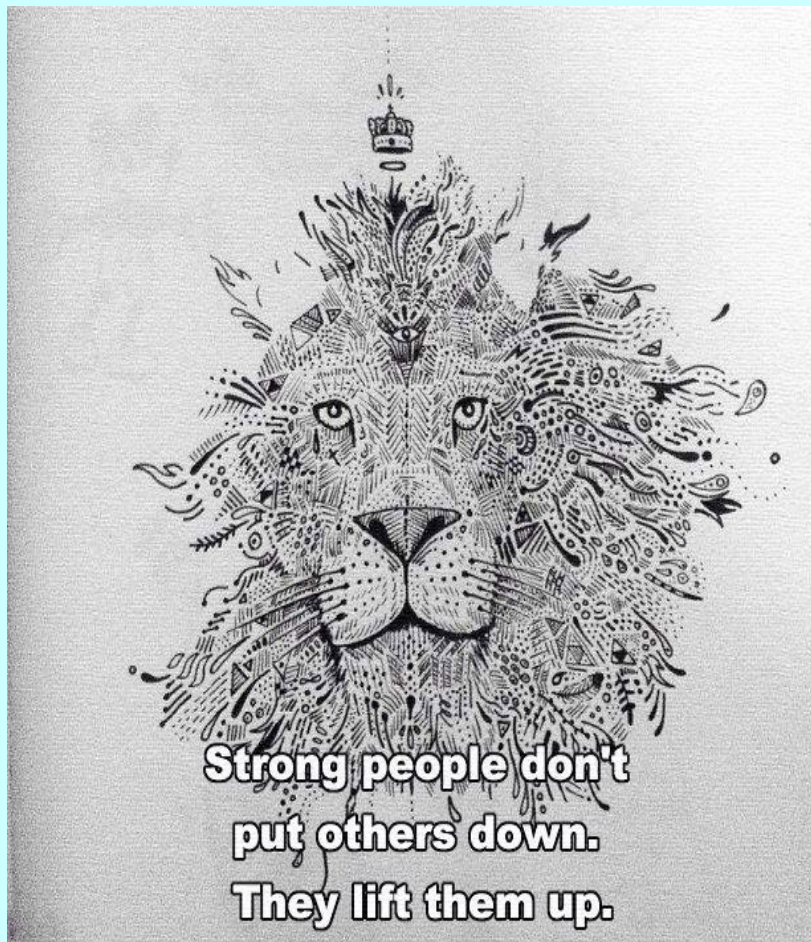
**"Believe nothing merely because you have been told it.
Do not believe what your teacher tells you merely out of respect for the teacher.
But whatever, after due examination and analysis,
you find to be kind, conducive to the good, the benefit,
the welfare of all beings - that doctrine believe and cling to,
and take it as your guide." ~Buddha**

If you have these, it may be helpful to read Frabato the Magician first,

with appendixes, and then read appendixes from the other three for background.



Feel free to share these messages.



**Strong people don't
put others down.
They lift them up.**



Please feel free to share these messages with others.

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 that I AM,
one with all;**

**I ask that ONLY THE HIGHEST GOOD OF ALL CONCERNED
happen.**

**I give thanks that this is done.
SO BE IT!**

*
* *
* *

~~~

<http://groups.yahoo.com/group/SpiritusAngelMessages/>

<http://groups.yahoo.com/group/lovingpurelove/>

