

My story begins where it ends... in the land of Mulgan. But magically, all endings are only beginnings, when the choiceless invitation is on offer. I hope you will enjoy my personal real life story, the first of a series of stories that highlight my journey along the golden pathway, leading into the Land of Oz.

This 4 part story is very simple, but it offers a multidimensional exploration into our nature. If you enjoy this story, you are welcome to share it.

The photos in this story were taken on the land of Mulgan, also with my totem pets, and during my adventures on the high seas. One adventure always leads into another, if you are willing.

With love and truth, I freely offer the wisdom received.

Lois Farrington Hunt

An Invitation from White Fur



A New Dawn at Mulgan

I wonder if natural is actually super-natural, if we are still enough to receive it. Receive it? Be receptive? Receive the frequency. Be aware of the mystery hidden within nature. Nature is an amazing matrix of creativity, orchestrated by a secret intelligence. This quantum realization I had learned years earlier in the Garden Island of Hawaii.

Now living in this ancient garden called Mulgan in the Land of Oz, I am once again catapulted into a vortex of her-story, always leading to a new earth. The name "Mulgan" is an aboriginal word meaning "the new dawn." This garden exists on an ancient rock cliff on the easterly most tip of Australia, where the sun first rises for the new day.

Where does this story begin? Not in the past or in the future. The deepest presence had catalyzed the arrival of the whirlwind. This unexpected vortex of energy led me into a new realization and an invitation from White Fur.

This story begins on a beautiful translucent afternoon. I was relaxing on my bed reading Brandon Bays' book, "The Journey." I was preparing for my radio interview with her and decided to practice one of the awareness exercises in her book. As I gazed out through the large windows of my 2nd story bedroom, I was once again mesmerized by the magnificence presented to me. The crystal azure ocean below extended into an endless horizon, merging into a deep blue cloudless sky. On this very still afternoon only the comforting sound of the rolling waves and the sweet song of the butcherbird lubricated my senses.

The stillness bathed me into surrender, as I silently asked the question to myself, so I thought. "Who am I?" I asked this question over and over, deleting the appearance of who I think I am. My mind scrolled through the experiences of what I am not, in true reality. "I am not this house...I am not this body...I am not this talk radio host...I am not this person...I am not this thought. Eventually, no word could fill the vacuum, as the mind retreated into silence. I had dissolved into the black hole of non-existence. My body rested in a peaceful meditation. My final question had subsided, but then was unexpectedly replaced by an intrusive visitor.

The voice of thunder suddenly crashed above my head. The skies had been clear for miles and still were, but now coming directly at me on the cliff from the ocean were cyclonic winds. Jagged lightening strikes were landing in front of my window view, along with more powerful thunder, and then the hailstones arrived. The storm lasted for about 15 minutes. Twelve angles of floor to ceiling glass walls bulged inward and then released with the power of the whirlwind.

"Where did you come from on this most gentle day and why are you here," I whispered in shock. "Are you the answer to my question, who am I? Is this who I am!"

"I am that," the reply came from deep within, *"and only I am. Can't you see it? It's time...to wake up!"*

A mystery began to unfold within the chaos, hopefully answering my question. But there was no time for understanding, as my mind jerked back into the reasoning frequency of survival. I rushed around the house closing windows. It seemed as if the winds were chasing me from all directions as the whirlwind wrapped around my circular house. I looked out over the cliff and could see for miles, but not a cloud in the sky. This didn't make sense, but before I could ponder, the phone rang with an urgent call for help. Even though the winds had suddenly departed, I was greeted with an emotional storm of hysteria on the other end of the line.

My new friend, Danielle, had recently arrived from the United States and was now living on the other side of my 25 acre property. She was living in my terraced tree house on a forested hillside that led down into a lush rainforest. Danielle was hysterically crying. I couldn't make sense of what she was saying, other than she had been resting on her 2nd story deck, watching a little baby bird nested in the treetop. The nest fell to the ground when the whirlwind swirled around her house. The baby bird was swept away in the wind. Danielle's emotions were out of control. Her heart broke open in despair, as if catalyzed by an unconscious ancient memory.

Due to her partial Native American lineage, Danielle absolutely loved the solitude of the rainforest that graced Mulgan. Her deep visionary sensitivities allowed her to rest and heal her life in this serene nature.

I told Danielle to run over to my house immediately. Even though the illusive whirlwind had instantly disappeared, her emotions were still whirling out of control. A large bush turkey was at my glass door staring in when Danielle arrived, then immediately left. "What message do you bring me," I asked this native bird. There was no time for answers.

The only choice I had, when Danielle arrived, was to have her lie down on the couch and guide her inward into a deep space beyond the mind. This procedure was a spiritual healing gift that I did not often use, unless there was no other choice in a healing emergency. When I lived in Hawaii, I had served others as a healing facilitator. I would guide the person inward to connect with their soul frequency. It was not unusual to discover that a life threatening illness was created by an emotional trauma in a past life. Maybe these emotions were too.

Danielle's mind immediately fell into a time before time, so it seemed. She began to reveal an experience of life on earth in a time that existed before our human history. Her emotions were starting to subside when she found herself in a past life experience as a human like being with large bird wings. She was freezing. She was lying naked in the snow. She was almost frozen to death. I put a blanket over Danielle's trembling body as she was reliving this story.

Then she found herself strapped to a table in a white sterile room surrounded by men wearing white coats. They were experimenting on her and put a rod through her temple in the head. They wanted to know where she came from. "I can't tell you," was her angry reply. In her rage she managed to jump up and run through an open door into the sunlight. Her leg was pierced. Blood dripping. They were pulling at her leg. She managed to break free and run into the giant tropical rainforest, which immediately protected her as she hid in the undergrowth.

While Danielle was reliving her story, I wondered to myself if the birth scar on her ankle had come from that lifetime. And I wondered if this is why she had joined the U.S. Air Force and helped to evacuate the wounded soldiers during the war in the Middle East. She soon became disillusioned with the military and retired early from that career. She came to Australia to emotionally heal her own war wounds.

Danielle's tears continued to flow during her experience of this ancient story of scientific research on her half bird, half human physical body. I decided to take Danielle out of this story and guide her into a deeper consciousness in an attempt to calm her. To my surprise she was suddenly in another dimension in communication with a galactic being called White Fur. She called out "White Fur... White Fur," over and over.

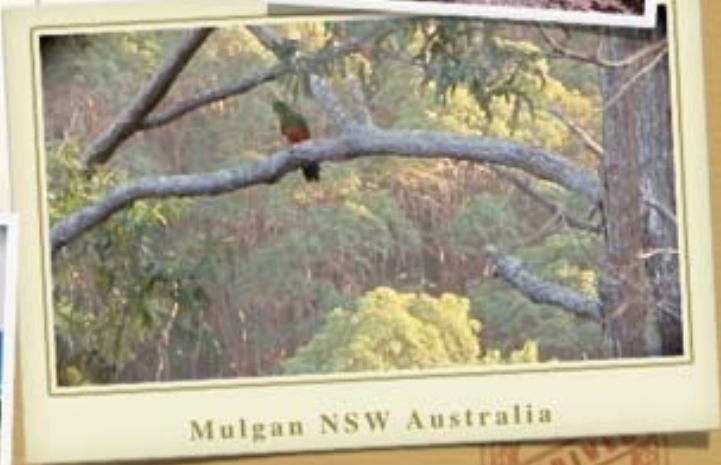
"The large beak picking in the rocks, holes in the rocks. Wings, large white wings." She described White Fur as a giant bird like being with very large white wings. This galactic being then instructed Danielle to give an important message to me, and also an apology.

As Danielle spoke, I was speechless. White Fur apologized for what the cockatoos had done to me a few months earlier. "*We are sorry we troubled you. We didn't mean to disturb you. But it was important. We were trying to get your attention,*" the voice said. Danielle did not know of my experience with the cockatoos, as she had only recently arrived in Australia. I had not told anyone about this experience, other than those who tried to help me.

What could the message from White Fur possibly be, I wondered. And what is the connection between a galactic giant bird called White Fur and the native wild white cockatoos?

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* FINO A *
23-05-20-0

Hi all,
Finally settled here in the
land of Mulgan, will try
in the near future to get
the message out.
Thankfully the birds are
friendlier now & have
stopped eating the house.
Love,
Lois.



Mulgan NSW Australia



flt-2657
January 2000



The Tribe

Destiny has many pathways. One pathway can take you down the familiar road built by personal will power. Your life story becomes a logical enfoldment of a known past, a solid groove in the record of karmic time. But what if you were to take a quantum leap into an unthinkable future, created by a supernatural force designing its own pathway for you. Would you surrender into this destiny and enter the mystery, alone?

The winds of change had unexpectedly transported me into the ancient Land of Oz in 1992. My Hawaiian Garden Island had been destroyed by one of the largest hurricanes on record, synchronizing with the powerful 1992 solar eclipse. All that survived was the frequency of love within the Aloha Spirit, emanating from this island. My beloved soul mate, Harold Hunt, took this opportunity to bring me to his Australian homeland. In this foreign land I had no history, no friends, no family, only my newly married husband. However, I was thrilled to see the familiar large white cockatoos flying freely on this new land.

The cockatoo archetype is definitely positioned on the top of my spiritual totem. It was no wonder that the cockatoo had become my animal companion and traveled with me during my magical adventures, exploring the other side of the world. In the 1970s I traveled to the Orient from Oregon, beginning a life long journey that gradually evolved into the exploration of life on the other side of the rational mind.

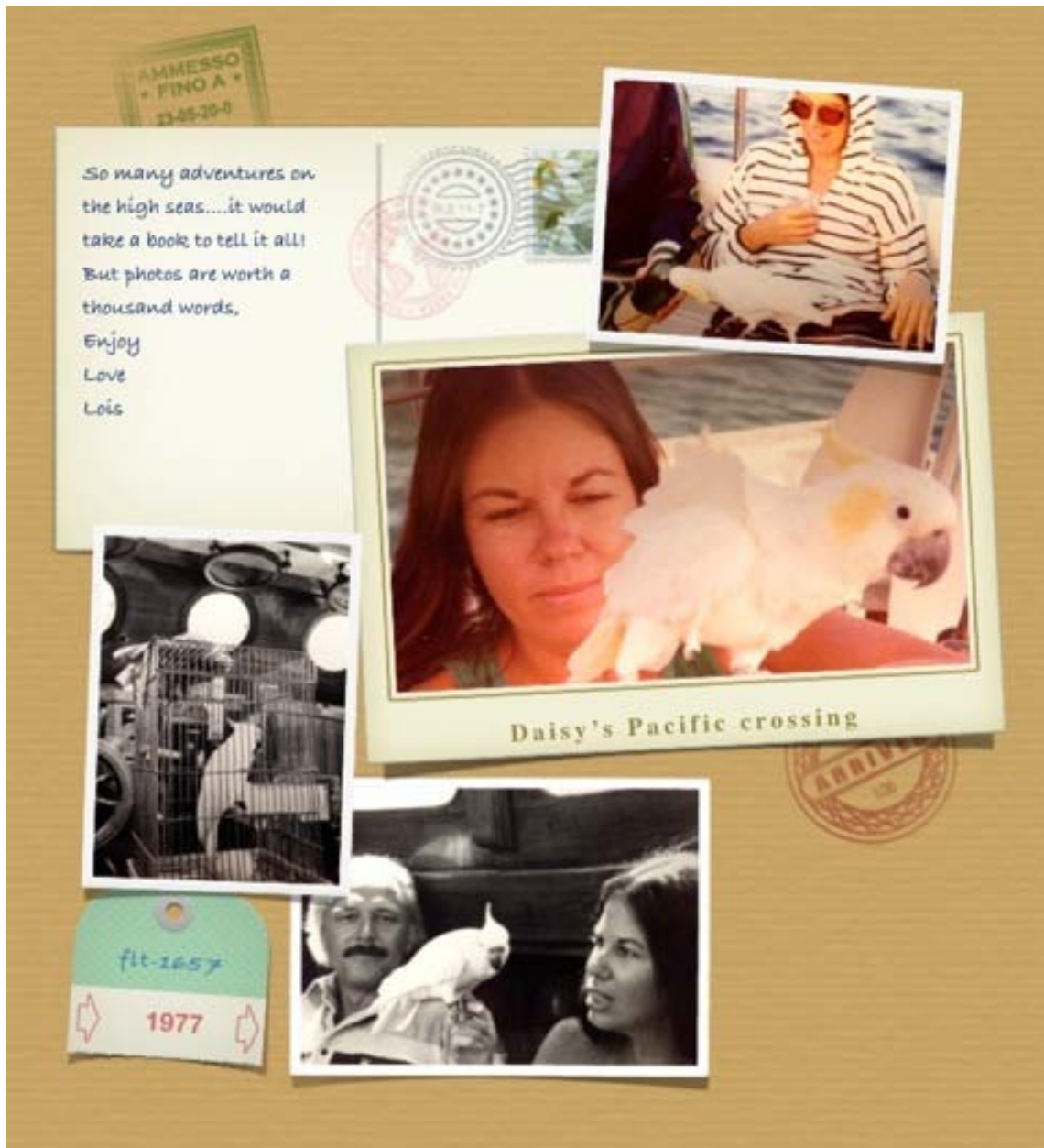
I met my first cockatoo in a cage in a pet shop while living in the small island country called Okinawa. After living in Tokyo, this peaceful rural environment just south of Japan allowed me the space to enjoy a pet. I immediately felt a strong bond with this bird, so I liberated it by clipping its wings and allowing it to live in my house and yard. However, a year later circumstances moved me to the People's Republic of China, where I was offered a high school teaching position at the U.S. military's Taipei American School in Taiwan. I reluctantly gave my bird to a friend before I moved to this new country.

After settling into the Chinese culture, I met another cockatoo in a dark dingy pet shop. So, I took her home with me and built a comfortable six foot tall bamboo cage, because I couldn't give this bird run of the house during my busy teaching schedule. She was pure white with a yellow pop up crown, so I called her Daisy.

After three years of teaching high school English and mathematics, I couldn't resist a romantic relationship with the American yacht designer and boat builder, Ron Amy. A year later we sailed away on his magnificent 39 ft. wooden sailboat and this time I brought my cockatoo with me.

Daisy endured the high seas in a small cage strapped to the dining table in the cabin below. But during our months of solitude, anchored in the discrete bays of the island countries, Daisy had the freedom to sit on the boat railings and climb around on the rigging. Our ocean journey took us south from Taiwan to Hong Kong to the Philippines and then north to Japan and finally to Hawaii.

Four years later Ron and I sailed into Hanalei Bay, located on the Garden Island of Kauai. Another choiceless invitation inspired me to immerse myself in this mystical land. Of course I took Daisy with me when I jumped ship. Standing alone on Hanalei Bay with Daisy in the cage, I waved goodbye to my good friend and sailing partner, as he sailed onward to his California homeland. Daisy eventually liberated herself when her wings grew back and she accidentally flew into the tropical jungle of Kauai to live.



During my 13 years of dedicated spiritual development and personal karmic purification on Kauai, another cockatoo was given to me, who once again ruled my home and heart. The cockatoo archetype not only lived as my companion during my life journeys, it was also my spiritual guide. Whenever I was to go through a major crisis or unexpected change, a magnificent cockatoo would appear in my lucid dream state to comfort me or guide me or warn me. I did not fully understand how or where this mysterious relationship with the cockatoo came from. It was a physical companion, a heart connection, a spiritual guide.

When I landed in Australia, I immediately wanted a cockatoo as a pet to live in my new home. But then I came to my senses and realized the cockatoo didn't need to be caged any longer. The cockatoos fly freely in this land. Free to live by their nature in their natural environment. I would have to find another way to be their friend, other than keep one in a cage.

Once I had adjusted to living in this ancient land, which was renowned for its birds and venomous snakes, I began to attract these nature beings into my life. The snake story will come later. Universally, snakes and birds symbolize two major transformational archetypes, death and rebirth. I had already endured the heart wrenching death story soon after I arrived in the land of Oz, creating for me a life of solitude in this new world of mine. I was looking forward to the rebirth. Well, needless to say my power animal finally showed up at my house.

A single cockatoo approached me, landing on my deck railing. I was overwhelmed with gratitude as it returned day after day, looking so innocent and pure. My spiritual totem animal had returned to me and it was free. Was this a symbol of my own destiny?

I truly wanted this cockatoo to be my liberated companion. So, I left sunflower seed treats on the railing every day. One day this cockatoo arrived with its mate. I thought, "how lovely, you are not alone." The pair of birds would come every day to enjoy the seeds. But then I noticed that the couple didn't always look the same, as they began to come more than once in a day. I became a little concerned. This could become a problem, but I still left the seeds every day for them to enjoy.

Once the birds realized they were welcome, the whole tribe arrived. They all came in at once, twelve of them. I tried to send them away, but it didn't work. I decided to continue putting some seeds out in order to maintain a positive relationship with these birds.

My fantasy of having a flock of wild cockatoos as pets didn't last long. One morning I left my house for the day and didn't feed them. When I returned home, I discovered that these innocent birds had taken retribution. I was horrified when I saw a beautiful redwood window screen chewed to pieces. Eventually these birds with very large beaks began to chew on the redwood structures that held my floor to ceiling windows securely in place. This activity continued whenever I wasn't at home. I didn't know what to do, but I needed to protect my house, so I installed plastic screen barriers around all my windows in order to build a fortress of protection from the cockatoos.

I hopelessly tried to find a solution because I didn't want these ugly orange plastic barriers hanging across all my windows and doors. My magnificent glass house, sitting high on a cliff over the ocean, had recently been featured in "Home Beautiful" magazine, along with the story of a great love enshrined within the building. My husband, Harold, had designed and oversaw the building of this magnificent house, while he was dying of cancer. Now it looked like a big plastic birdcage. These wild cockatoos had imprisoned me in a birdcage, and they were trying to keep me in my cage. I came to the shocking realization that I was actually facing my own karma!

After I was securely caged in orange plastic, the birds snuck over to my guest cottage, whenever I would leave the house for the day. Hidden on the other side of my palm garden, the soft redwood trim around the doors and windows was an easy reach from the ground. When I discovered the newly created damage, I went into a rage. I had had enough of these birds, and the spiritual warrior within me burst out. My birth signature in the Mayan Calendar is Yellow Magnetic Spiritual Warrior. It was time to call forth that galactic archetype within me and do battle with this tribe of wild, but very conniving white cockatoos!

But why? The cockatoo had always been my spiritual companion and guide. It could even talk to me. "Why is my birdcage house my karma," I cried. I had liberated all of my pet cockatoos from the pet shops and let them spend time outside of their cage. At least they had a better life. Did I really deserve this treatment? Why was this unbelievable karmic crisis really happening to me?

There was no time to discover that answer. It was time to do battle. I couldn't chase these birds away, now that they had had a taste of the soft redwood around my doors and windows. That is, unless I were never to leave my house cage again. I couldn't bring myself to poison or shoot these beautiful birds. Besides guns are illegal in this country and the cockatoos are a protected species.

I researched the problem and learned that these birds are afraid of the venomous brown snake. That was the last thing I wanted to manifest on my property, so instead I purchased some rubber brown snakes at the local toyshop and placed them around my house. Needless to say, these cockatoos were a bit too intelligent and tossed these rubber toys around on my deck. I think they were insulted by my lack of respect. This was definitely pay back time.

Finally I decided to outsmart these guys. I knew their weakness. They love sunflower seeds. So, I borrowed a large rodent cage from my neighbor. It was a wire cage that had a trap door. My plan was to place the cage in my garden and put some sunflower seeds in it. The cockatoos would walk into the cage to eat the seeds, and the trap door would shut. Then I would drive the birds far away to another forest where I was sure they would love to live.

I persuaded my friends, who felt really sorry for me and for my house, to be my co-conspirators. I would take the captured bird to my friends' café in Byron Bay and place it in their car. After their café closed for the day, they would drive the cage sixty miles to their home near a forest and let the bird fly free. I would capture a different bird every day and eventually the flock could all live together in a beautiful new forest far away from my home.

I was astounded at how successful this plan turned out. I put the cage out into the garden and the next morning I found a cockatoo inside. I took it to the café and my friends liberated it that evening into the forest. Two days later, another bird entered the cage. This must be the partner, I thought, and is anxious to join her mate. I sent the cockatoo through my underground escape route, and it flew off into the forest far away from my home.

I was surprised that these wild birds were not afraid to get into the cage, after watching one of their tribe disappear in the car. But they continued allowing me to evacuate them from my property. One morning I had the empty rodent cage sitting on a table on my front deck. Before I could prepare the cage, some cockatoos landed on the table and climbed around on the cage. They were looking inside and standing on the top and side of the cage investigating it, as if it were some kind of UFO that would take them to a new land. One got inside and off it went.

I was so proud of my endeavors to save my house and safely send this cockatoo tribe to a new land where they could do all the chewing they wanted in the large mountain forest. I would have loved to have them reside on my land, if they had treated me fairly. I still couldn't come to terms with the reason why they needed to chew my house down, even though they had my entire rainforest to devour. However, they were now facing their own karma.

One day another friend was looking at a newly captured cockatoo in the cage and said, "What if this is the same bird flying back here over and over?"

"Flying back here," I cried in anger. "Why would they fly 60 miles back here and how would they find their way?" Anyway, he persuaded me to find out. So, I painted a tiny bit of red paint on the caged cockatoo's white feathers and took it to the café for transport.

Two days later, another cockatoo was captured in the cage on the ground. I knelt down and took a good look at it and to my dismay discovered the red paint on his wing. I couldn't believe it. This bird was flying back. Its mate then flew down near the cage, demanding that I release the bird. I stood up in frustration, turned around and was facing the whole tribe of cockatoos staring down at me from a nearby tree. I gave up and opened the cage door.



I was so angry and hopelessly headed towards my house. The birds landed on my front deck before I could get there. I walked in my house and slammed the door. The angry birds gathered near the glass door and just starred in at me. I told them to leave and never come back. They walked around on the deck looking in every window at me and finally took off. If looks could kill, I thought.



Fortunately, these cockatoos never bothered me again, and eventually I had the courage to defrock my house of the orange plastic barricade. Whenever this tribe would fly from the forest below and over my house, they would absolutely ignore me, as if to insult me. Sadly, I realized that I might never have a cockatoo companion again, not even a liberated one. I was being ostracized by the local cockatoos. I had insulted my totem spirit animal!



The Message

The mystery within destiny is multidimensional. Destiny has many directions, and karma has many faces. Nature harnesses the power of the archetypes and the wisdom of the Universe. My battle with the white winged ones could lead to a more important mission, because within every crisis is an opportunity for a transformational realization, if I am still enough to receive it.

During my critical time in 1999, the world was on edge facing a foreseen ominous celestial event, and I was facing a celestial cockatoo invasion. I knew that the Great Spirit works in mysterious ways, and within synchronicity and symbolism dwells a hidden message. "Look at the timing," I told myself.

The tribe of cockatoos had arrived in July and August 1999, during a significant moment in earth's time. The great mystic, Nostradamus, had revealed the exact date of a crucifixion alignment in the heavens, which would mirror future events on earth. This cosmic event in time was to dramatically affect the consciousness of humanity. *"In the year 1999 and seven months, from the sky will descend a great terrifying King..."*

The crucifixion of humanity in an apocalyptic frenzy was on offer with the added energy of both a lunar and solar eclipse. The predicted powerful Grand Cross configuration of planetary energy in July was a precursor to the solar eclipse on August 11, 1999, that would lay an ominous veil over two more Grand Cross alignments never before experienced in the heavens. Planet earth was right in the center of the planetary firing lines, focusing in from all angles of the geometric configurations.

I featured a radio program on these powerful planetary configurations, which seemed to be designed by a higher intelligence. With the science of astrology and numerology, we delved into the mystery. Over the radio waves, I encouraged spiritual preparation and purification when I told the listeners, "All you can do to ride this quantum time wave is to transform your mind through the frequency of forgiveness."

I now wonder if this August 1999 earth crucifixion, provided by the powerful cosmic energies of our solar system, was the trigger point that led to 9-11 and the infamous fall of the Twin Towers. Were the plans initiated, and did the training begin two years prior, during this celestial event? The orchestrated War on Terrorism would appear in 3D in 2001. Hidden motivations of religious fanaticism and global domination could possibly lead to the looming Biblical Judgment Day, or the end of an era.

Well, it was certainly during the time of this feared Grand Cross that the bird tribe had arrived, creating a personal crucifixion of my own. What was the realization on offer inside my barricaded house? What was the real intention within the archetypal minds of these birds?

I knew that a solar or lunar eclipse reveals a shadow and a barricade to a hidden power, which only the light from deep within can activate. That is, if a person takes authority over the emotional shadow side and consciously chooses the right use of power.

Linear time is but an illusion. Within earth's timeline, stories can merge together out of time, but appear within time. Layers of symbolism attempt to reveal the truth. The Grand Cross in the heavens and the tribe of cockatoos on an important mission occurred simultaneously at the end of an old millennium. Six months later, with the beginning of the new millennium in January 2000, the whirlwind appears as an answer to the quantum question, "Who am I?" Then shock and confusion reigns as White Fur spontaneously shows up from a parallel reality with a message! Being still was definitely the only way to handle this scenario.

"White Fur...white fur..." Danielle whimpered as she was taken into a frequency far beyond the rational mind. "Atmosphere...can't breathe...frozen...White Fur!" Eventually, she merged into this galactic consciousness, and White Fur called out to the distant White Coats. *"You didn't learn. You will be sorry!"*

As White Fur spoke, I wondered if this galactic being was speaking into the ancient past, or into a future time on earth, or maybe both.

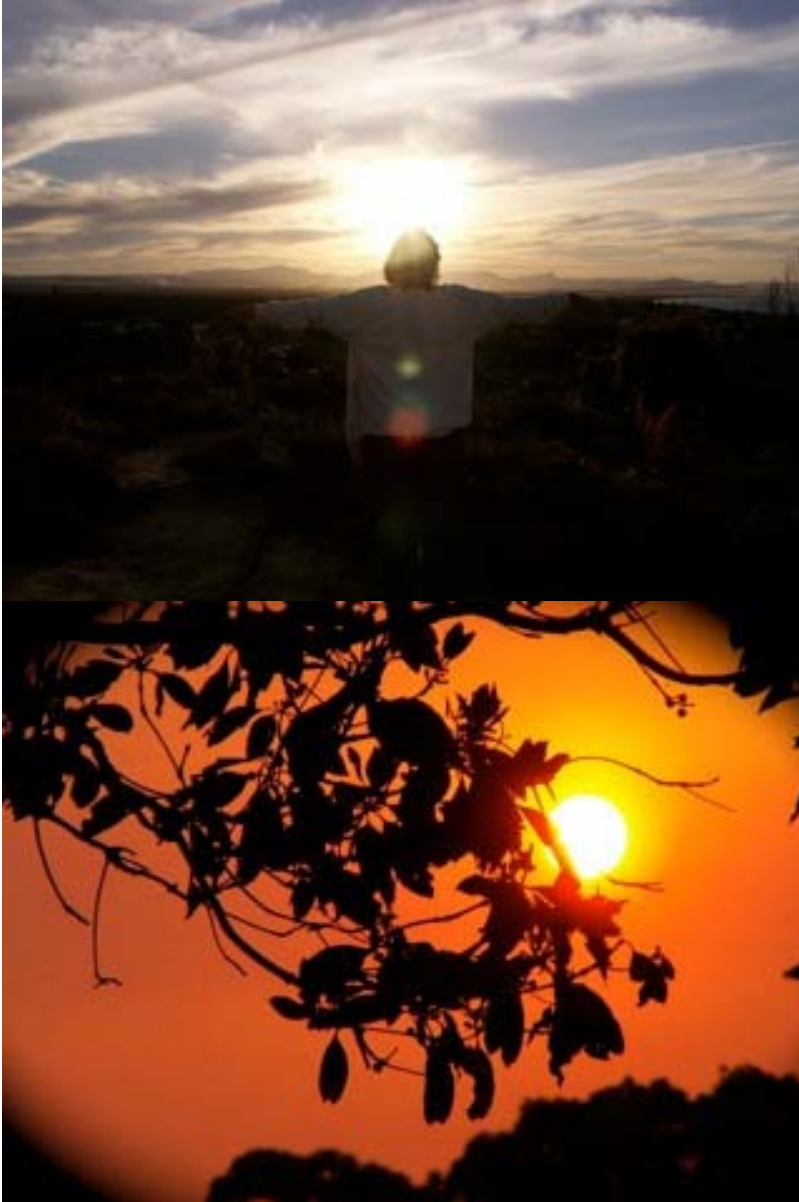
"Blood, we have enough blood now. You don't need to save your blood any longer. There is enough here. It is good here now...plants and warmth," the voice continues. *"Birds, white, communicate, earth spirit, upliftment, take you back. Your home is ready to live in again."*

Suddenly, White Fur gave a message to me, along with an apology, *“I have come to take you back...take you back. I have come to gather my family and bring them back. The new earth has been prepared and is almost ready to bring you back. It is time for humanity to prepare.”*



I finally realized that the cockatoo tribe had given me the biggest wake up call of all, to break out of my limited belief system that has caged me into this dimension of reality. White Fur had given me the message of the Return... an invitation from an angelic galactic being, offering to show the way to a new earth for those who hear the wake up call and choose.

Along with the choice comes the need for purification and alignment of the physical, emotional, mental, and spiritual bodies of individualized consciousness. Human vehicles are needed in order for the Light to penetrate and format a new wave frequency of time, a new earth plane. But first we must listen to the urgent call from Mother Nature to Return. The Great One, the Universal Intelligence, silently speaks through our Nature.



Future Realizations

It is now 2014, and the message from White Fur promotes deeper realizations as I write this story. Facts and myth merge together through the synchronicity of cosmic and world events that occurred during the millennium shift in time, but it is ancient history that reveals this future galactic story. The Biblical Armageddon story and the mystical revelations of Nostradamus predicted this fragile time on earth. A symbolic description of a heavenly map, orchestrating a divine but ominous plan, was imprinted within the collective mind of humanity.

In the year 2000, the new frequency in time held great significance around the world. Humanity was poised on a precipice of future change. The hope within time was the promised Return in 2000 years of the Light to earth, the Christ Light.

Within the following 14 years, the hope has turned into despair as humanity realizes the sacrifice called forth in order to be saved by this Light. Either Jesus will return to save the righteous after the world wars are finished, or the Christ Light will return and penetrate through the dense layers of world mind, a collective mind frequency, which imprisons our earth's nature. In either story, the Return of the Light involves the Chosen, the ones who have chosen to receive the Light, or to be saved by the Master of the Light. It is all a matter of perspective within this multidimensional story on earth. Both belief systems require surrendering into the crucifixion death and rapture resurrection through time.

"In the year 1999 and seven months, from the sky will descend a great terrifying king. He will bring back to life the Great King Angolmois. Before and after, Mars reigns happily." The visions of Nostradamus require mirrors of inner reflection in order to access the symbolic truth.

Nostradamus then described the scene written in the cosmic clock that would bring time from the future into the present moment. Planet earth was headed for a crucifixion or, should I say, humanity was to endure the karmic purification required within the urgent need for evolution.

In 1999 and seven months, on July 28th, a total lunar eclipse occurred, highlighting the fixed Grand Cross in the heavens, as prophesized by Nostradamus. An alignment of planetary energies appeared in our solar system that made real the Biblical story of the Apocalypse. The sun in Leo (lion), the moon in Aquarius (man), Mars in Scorpio (eagle) and Jupiter in Taurus (Ox) are the creatures of the Apocalypse, who will join to create the Heavenly Sphinx. The earth's shadow will conceal the Moon within a celestial pyramid. *"From the sun will descend a terrifying King."* This Lion King (sun) descends to create the shadow with a lunar eclipse.

This crucifixion story is a two staged event. On August 11th the moon turns around and creates a total solar eclipse, symbolic of the Blood of the Lion, or the Lion of Judah and the Second Coming. This 2nd Grand Cross involves the powerful energies of Sun in Leo opposing Uranus in Aquarius, and Mars in Scorpio opposing Saturn in Taurus. Earth is in the center of the firing line of this transformational energy.

In the ancient mystery schools, much importance is given to the lunar and solar eclipse, as they forewarn of a dramatic change that will come upon the earth. These solar and lunar eclipses, shadowing these two Grand Crosses, miraculously occurred on the final year of the Biblical two thousand year waiting period. The archetypal symbolism of the cross can be viewed as karmic judgment and crucifixion. The human shadow must be penetrated with this cosmic cross fire energy.

"Before and after, Mars rules happily." Mars contains a powerful energy that affects the inner psyche of all mankind. It is an energy that stimulates the human life force, passion and power, and rules blood and war. The ignition of this flame of fire, designing the fall of the global economic Twin Towers, could have taken place in the shadows of world history at this time in 1999.

The enduring War on Terrorism is a powerful demonstration of the crucifixion story on planet Earth. Yes, Mars has been ruling happily ever since.

There was, however, hope written within the heavens during the time of this solar crucifixion event and the arrival of the cockatoo tribe. On August 11th 1999, the solar eclipse embraced a second cross, a T-cross formed by Mercury in Leo, Jupiter in Taurus and Neptune in Aquarius. This T-cross symbolized the promise of resurrection or personal rebirth. It is my interpretation that, after the individual ego crucifixion, a quantum wave of penetrating Solar Light can be received by those who have chosen (Mercury) to forgive their life story through the frequency of understanding (Jupiter) and compassion (Neptune). *"God forgive them for they do not know what they are doing,"* the Christ Light commands.

During the 2000 year millennium time shift in the Land of Oz, the galactic being, White Fur, appears out of a parallel reality with a message. This powerful angel of Mother Nature first gave a warning to the White Coats, who symbolize the patriarchal mentality, which is controlled by the rational materialistic mind. *"You didn't learn. You will be sorry!"*

I can hear these words reverberating within the karmic grooves of historical time on earth. How many civilizations have been destroyed by the White Coats? Atlantis was definitely one of them. Today we face the destruction of humanity with this new millennium War on Terrorism, fueled by archaic belief systems. We also face global warming and the destruction of our living environmental nature, supported by human greed and man's belief that he can control Mother Nature with scientific and genetic engineering.

"Have you suffered enough?" is the timeless question. White Fur was in a frenzy with "his large beak pecking holes into the rocks," trying to penetrate through the hardened layers of collective world mind.

White Fur also gave out the call to wake up and prepare. A new earth is almost ready for the Returning. Those, who have chosen and have purified their minds from the programmed belief systems within our matrix of reality, will lift up into a higher consciousness that is ruled by the Light of galactic intelligence. They will no longer blindly follow the collective shadow that lurks within man's limited fearful mind.

Nostradamus, during his futuristic visions, saw two separate earths evolve out of the one, as did the great visionary, Rudolph Steiner. One choice divides the path of destiny and creates two outcomes or two planes of consciousness. The choice is to decide which plane of consciousness you will reside in. One pathway offers the solid foundation of a new earth. The call from White Fur concludes with, "I have come to take you back."

Living in the Light begins with serving Mother Nature and becoming aware of the pathway opening through the celestial language of symbolism and synchronicity. The new earth is waiting within a new time frequency where the futile karmic record of past judgments and future fears no longer exist. The Presence is ruled by the unthinkable master consciousness that dwells silently within the center of the human heart. Only love is the frequency of the new time. The creator consciousness dwells in the potent present moment, while spontaneously creating a timeline of living stories.

The eternal human question can now be answered for me. "Who am I?"
I am the center and the power within the whirlwind. I am that which is revealed within the Presence. I dwell in a point beyond time that creates through time. I am the center point of all and the center of me. I am the nuclear point within the spiral of Light that creates life. "I am and only I am that."

Now within the new time of the parallel new earth, Her-story begins. The Heart of Humanity will rise with those who have chosen.

The new earth is waiting for the Returning...



In January 2000, the day after White Fur appeared, I sat in the garden of Mulgan still in shock, but wanting to contemplate this supernatural experience. I would like to end this story with the message I received from Mother Nature.

“You are beautiful. You are gentle and good. But I cannot feed you. You are part of the flock. The others come and they are emotional. They destroy, they demand, they take retribution for their own will. So I must turn away from you all!”

These are the words of Mother Nature to us humans. We are good. We strive for the Light, but we are part of the masses, the human tribe that destroys Her gift and condemns His life of goodness... the Earth Mother and the Earth Spirit. The words continue...

“You all will be judged and starved of love...because you are part of the flock. There is only one hope. You humans hold the channel, the path to spiritual consciousness. Your Divine Being can save you. But you must separate your self from the flock. You must come to Me...enter within, alone.

You must find peace and stillness within and listen. The way is narrow. You come alone or you come as One. If you remain separated by trying to get from another what you think you don't have, such as love, support, friendship, you will remain part of the flock. I will not be able to reach you. You will not seek me for your sustenance. A bond between inner and outer will not be formed because your vision is seeking in the multiplicity of forms.

I am Spirit. I am One. I am Within. I am the Light, the Love, the Truth. I will provide for all needs. But you must dare to stand alone... turn within, ask and be still. Then follow me. I will show the way. The Light from within will go before you and make the way clear through gifts of synchronistic events and miracles that are natural. You will be fed in the now. Turn your vision inward and choose.



Forty-five years ago, I made this choice even though I didn't realize it. When I graduated from University in Portland, Oregon, I made the difficult decision to leave my familiar secure world behind and enter the unknown. I had a great desire to learn what was on the other side of the world. Due to my Aries pioneering spirit, I chose to explore a part of the world that was not yet familiar to the Western culture. I traveled to the Orient for one year and stayed for nine.

My curiosity and adventurous spirit was supported only by a trust, a trust in an intelligent Universe that I did not yet believe in. Yet it would magically and spontaneously appear. Each time I faced a fork in the path, I would be taken deeper into the mystery.

My chosen life of exploring the world led me down a pathway where I found myself pioneering life on the other side of the mind. My pathway evolved into a spiritual exploration, which would then merge into the material world as confirmation. I discovered many dimensions to a mind, which opens into a universe that cannot be believed, only experienced through surrender.

Throughout the years many people have asked me to write my stories. Only now do I feel the passion to do so. It is only now that I have arrived at a place within where I can look back in innocence and understand.

This is my first story, but it begins at the end of a series of life stories that have taken me to the precipice of time. My life adventures have guided me to the Land of Mulgan and the preparation for the New Earth. My stories reveal what I have learned along this pathway of surrender and trust.

My question, "who am I?" merges into the question, "who are you" that gives me the wings to fly over the rainbow into the Land of Oz and beyond?





all good here, lets see if we can find some humans~

As a spiritual healer, numerologist and astrologer, Lois Hunt hosted Byron Bay's leading metaphysical radio program for 9 years. She has interviewed many of the world's great spiritual leaders, philosophers and thinkers of our time. Lois is Kin 196, Yellow Magnetic Warrior that begins with the affirmation: "I unify in order to question."