

## *The Hopi Prophecy: Land of No Time*

Master Guide Kirael through the mediumship of Kahu Fred Sterling  
[www.kirael.com](http://www.kirael.com)

KIRAEEL: Good Evening. What a beautiful welcome. Thank you very much. May you find the vibration within to recognize your oneness as the Creator's Light. Today we will speak of the great Hopi tribe.

I am not here to quote the Hopi tradition or to adjust their prophecy. Rather, I am here to honor their light. They are beacons of energy that this world has tossed aside. Soon, you will find them awakening in your own heart.

To those of you like my medium who may have a touch of Native American blood, you will understand why I honor this prophecy. I understand, love and honor, if you will, the Hopi elders and the tribes that came before them. The Hopi energy has been split between those who want to live in the modern world and those, the great elders, who still cherish the way of their predecessors. Tonight I will speak mostly about the elders. I ask you not to hold what I say as truth or untruth, but as a light of experience to help you come to a greater understanding.

I will advise you of some of the Hopi histories as I have seen them unfold from the seventh light, a space in time where I exist, just as you have your own space and time. I crossed the dimensions to be here and share with you how I have seen your world unfold. I do not profess to be an elder. I profess to be only a beautiful pattern of light, who comes to share the loving memory of your world as it once was.

The world belongs to your light, to your configuration of your beautiful vibration. You shall come to a greater understanding one day that you were given the greatest opportunity to make these changes in consciousness, to make them in such a way that even your Hopi elders would be proud of you. I will tell you how the Native Americans came to be known as Native, that sole energy that had its own land, its own love and its own light.

Each time the Creator sees fit to bring the energies of the world to closure, whether through an ice age or whatever vibratory system, the human light is expunged and the Creator restarts the process of evolution. In the Americas, the Native Americans were great energy forces who came as close as they could to the center of the Earth, becoming the cornerstone of all life. The Hopi were one such energy, a group of Native Americans who hoped one day to lead you back to the center of your own light.

The center people, if you will, were indigenous to Earth. When it came time for great awakenings, great shifts, the center people went beneath Mother Earth's surface, below her skirt, if you would. There, they lived through the greatest of Mother Earth's shifts and then very gently returned to the surface when the planet was ready to be inhabited again. In other words, when Mother Earth was willing to bring the forces of light particles of the God Creator back onto the surface, the Native Americans came from below her surface and lived in great communes, by the Love of the Creator.

At that time, the Native American was known as the light brothers and sisters of Creator force. When the so-called white energies crossed the oceans and saw these beautiful golden people, they called them red men, or Indians. The white men thought they had discovered India rather than the beautiful Americas. The word *Indian* is used to describe them to this day. I did not

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come here to give you a history lesson. I came to share that these beautiful people have always held the balance between the beauty of Lemuria and the extravagance of Atlantis. The Native Americans obliged and held Mother Earth to their breasts. They let Mother Earth breathe with them and they honored her by cherishing and holding her to their light. In fact, it's in the Hopi prophecy that the red man is the distinguished holder of Mother Earth and will hold all the tribes and will cajole and cuddle Mother Earth into her new beingness.

Much can be said of your Native American friends. The Hopi is only one of many who have prophecies. Tonight, I have the greatest privilege to bring to you a beautiful friend of light, the Raven. He is a shaman, a beautiful energy pattern who comes once every so often to your Earth plane, and when he does, he comes with a great message of healing.

I will awaken the Raven so that you may understand the beauty of a true shaman. You will have the opportunity to quiz him, ask him questions. I can assure you that he'll bring the prophecy back to you, for he carries a great light. He is known throughout most of the Native American tribes as the healer of healers or, to some, as the shaman of shamans. In essence, he is a great teacher and comes to share with you a gift that hopefully will awaken your world.

I call the Raven a friend because he has lived among the lights for so long. He has visited many planes besides your modest Earth plane. He has lived among your relatives of other worlds and has a great reverence for a land that is in the time of no time. It is said, even in the prophecies of the Native Americans, that if a world war happens on your Earth plane, it will be the end times, and even the Native Americans will return home. It is a great privilege to bring you one of the shamans who is steadfast in his belief that Mother Earth and all of her inhabitants can, of course, be healed. I hope that he will share that same message with you.

I will move my energy away from the medium to the back of the room. So, if you're back there, make room for me—I'm large. For those who have not met the Raven, I invite you to open your hearts and allow the beauty of this shaman to shine upon you. I will return when the Raven has completed what he has come to say. We have the privilege and the honor to be once again in the Light of Creator. Let the healing begin.

RAVEN: Haho. I enter as all of my clan would. I knocked four times so that you might feel the energy shift in this space. I come here at the behest of the great Master Kirael to share with you that all is not lost if you awaken your inner lights. To each of you I say, awaken, for I come to share more of the prophecy of Mother Earth.

Mother Earth has come to a great divide. On the one hand, she has let those who walk upon her think that they have a greater say than she does about how she is treated. Hence, the human population has spilled troublesome energy into her waterways. They have spewed into her air, her fire breath, energy that is no longer compatible with her love. They have shaved her of her trees and turned them into structures. They have done many things, my friends. Those who walk upon her have lost their appreciation of her greatest light, her Creator. They have chosen many ways to look for the Creator's Light, dividing themselves into many different races and then fighting over who knows more about Creator Light. It is this fighting that Mother Earth may not forgive, for it is her light upon which you live. It is with her permission that you stand upon her beautiful love. She is the one who has allowed the Native American world to be the beautiful lights who carry her energy forth to speak with the animals, to speak with the trees, to speak with nature.

When one comes the distance that I have traveled, and you pay attention, then it is proof that Mother Earth is at her greatest need. You run the dire risk, if you will, of turning Mother Earth

into ash. Yet you have come here to hear me, so hear me well. It is not too late to change. You say, “Oh, Raven, why would you speak to us so harshly?” I am not speaking harshly. I am speaking to you in truth. There is still hope that your world will once again be in alignment with all energies.

I will tell a story that was handed down by my great, great, great grandfather. Every story must be adhered to without one word changed, for to change the words is to end the prophecy. So, here is the story I have never before shared with anyone on your Earth plane.

It is the story of a beautiful young maiden Indian princess who loved a young man who was the son of a great chief. The young man was called Satchwan. He lived a very peaceful life. The great chief took Satchwan into the woods and taught him how to shoot arrows, throw spears, hunt the elk, deer and buffalo and bring them home with great pride to share with the tribe. This beautiful energy, Satchwan, would look at the great chief and say, “Let us take that huge buck, that huge deer. Let us shoot him in the heart and take him home, for his antlers will make great tools, his hide will make a great cloth and his meat will feed the tribe.” The old chief would tell him, “Look at his age. Look how strong and proud he stands. He will mate with the does and bring many new deer onto our land, for he is strong and powerful. Come, we shall walk until we find his grandfather.”

Off they walked and sure enough, they came across a huge old deer, barely capable of standing on its hooves anymore. The great chief told his son, “This one we take with a prayer to the Creator.” The old chief prayed: “Creator Force, if this is the light that you have given me, if this old friend of ours is tired of this world and is ready to join his other friends in the world of the deer land, then let my arrow fly straight and pure. Let him not flinch, let him hold still, that my arrow might penetrate him, and let his life come to a quick end so that I may do as my young son has asked me—feed the tribe, clothe the tribe and make new tools.”

The old chief closed his eyes, pulled back the string of his bow and let the arrow fly. The arrow always flew straight and true to drop the big deer to the Earth. The chief prayed over the animal again, thanking it for its life and the gift it was about to give. I stress that the chief always shot with his eyes closed because he believed in the Creator's Light that his arrow would fly fast and true, if it was the Creator's desire and in the best interest of all light. The old chief never missed as long as his eyes were closed. If his eyes remained open as he shot, he never hit his mark. He knew when it was right.

The beautiful princess I mentioned earlier had eyes for this young man, Satchwan, who was to be the chief soon enough. Satchwan had other ideas. He sneaked into the great shaman's teepee and sat as they smoked the great pipe. He listened to the elders speak back and forth. He was the chief's son, so no one questioned him, and he learned much.

One day, Satchwan heard that it was time for the women of the tribe to come to the cycle when they rebirth their bodies. As the women came through their cycle, they were sent to a great tent where they were put in a circle. Satchwan was told by the great shaman to sit behind the tent with the other elders and listen as the women prophesied about the outcome of the world.

Satchwan was so excited. He ran as fast as he could to sit behind the tent, and sure enough, the ladies filed in. They sat in a circle, lit their fires, and chanted. One beautiful female light of raven-type energy stood to the center of the circle and said, “I wish to speak of a great powerful force that has been given to me. I have come a long distance to speak to you. I am not in my cycle as each of you is, yet I come bearing you the prophecy of the world.”

She spoke of great thunder clouds and lightening, of a time when the Earth would fall beneath the solid water, a time when great storm clouds would rise from the Earth. She spoke of how the white man—whom they knew nothing of at that time—would come to their world bearing great gifts, and how something would go wrong with the gifts and the beautiful red man would be lost in his own world.

The female raven-type energy also told stories of great times when worlds would unfold, beautiful energies would come, and things of great magnetic force would shine upon the Earth. She told of inventions they could not even comprehend, of how they would build tall stone teepees in the sky, one on top of the other. Imagine, teepees not made of deer hide, or buffalo hide, but stone.

She told of a time when a great famine would spread through the lands and the people would die. She told of a time when one more ice would cover this Earth and the people would be given their last chance. The world would be lost; it would no longer be alive, and those who walked among the people, the elders, if you would, would bring forth the answers to the questions. She spoke of a prophecy in which the world would awaken to the truth. Her prophecy was spoken in the presence of the young prince who would one day be chief.

He listened to every word, for he knew that this woman, whom he had not seen before, would one day share with him all that he must know. So he went around to the front of the teepee and sat with crossed legs and waited for all those beautiful Indian maidens to emerge. They came out one after the other, filing past him, as if they did not see him. It was as if they walked right through him. Finally, the flap was pulled back and out walked this beautiful woman he had never seen. She had the blackest hair, so black that it was blue. She squatted before him and said, “You, my friend, must carry the message to the people; you must not talk to your tribe only, but to all tribes; you must come whenever you are needed. My name is the Lady Raven. I speak of a great thing. I touch you with this feather. I hold it upon the forehead of your life, and when I remove it, you will die, and when you die, you will fly to your home and await the calling of the people.”

With that, the Lady Raven reached into the pouch upon her waist, pulled forth a beautiful raven's feather, blew on it and very gently placed it on the forehead of our young friend. He fell backwards at that moment, and you could see his spirit lift from his body as he donned great black feathers. He shook along with the whole of the world, until he burst free of the Earth plane. He flew to his home where one day he would be known as the Raven. That day came many times over. It was my human body, my flesh, that fell that day. I was reminded that I had been here so many times, but this time would be different. This time I would watch the change.

Here I am, my friends, to watch your change. I choose to share these words: You shall be the ones who decide, not the fate of Mother Earth, not the fate of humankind, but your own individual fates. You shall walk from this room, free again. You shall know who you are and why you are here.

To each who selects what God to worship, to each who chooses the words to praise your Creator, choose from your heart to know that your Creator is your love of light and your light of love. In that, you will find peace and harmony within you. I suggest that each of you who sits in counsel with us, feel your brothers and sisters beside, behind and in front of you, as they fill this beautiful place, for they come from the spirit world this night to be with you. They come to dance your dance, breathe your breath, and to tell you that all is well. If you open your hearts and feel the presence of who you are, then a light will be lit within.

Many of you with illnesses will be free of them as you walk from this space. To all who have heavy hearts, who think you have lost your way, I come to light your heart light so that you will begin a new journey. When you walk from this beautiful place, you will know that Mother Earth is safe and secure in the light of those in the world of the Native American. Each of you here has passed through that world and been touched by the light of the Raven. I have seen to that myself. Tonight I awaken you again, for peace on your Earth depends on each who hears this message.

I speak, as well, to those who are not here this night, yet will hear my voice. Close your eyes and feel, be, and hear what you have not been able to feel, be, and hear. See what you have chosen not to see. Most of all, feel what you have frozen from your heart. Let yourself feel love. Each of you, feel with me now.

Look at your own known history. Think of those who have left you behind and have gone to the great beyond. Think of their faces and imagine the most beautiful sight you can. Imagine them sitting with you, holding your hand, cherished by your light, knowing that one day you will join them. Today you have chosen the responsibility to hug Mother Earth back to life, to belie the prophecy that says all is lost. Look into the eyes of those who have gone to the great beyond. Notice a tear as they pray that you see them. You will not walk from this building saying, "I didn't see anything." They're praying hard, as we speak. You can feel their breath on your chest, as they raise their heads and look into your eyes, but you deny them. Do not deny them, my friends. Let your brethren—your aunts, your uncles, your fathers, your sisters, your brothers, your friends from the other world—be with you. Look into their eyes. See the love they bring from the other world and know in your hearts that you can feel them, hear them and see them with your eyes closed.

I ask my brethren, all of my sisters and brothers, to take this long-awaited opportunity to look into the spirit eyes of those who have gone before you. I see a young man in the back of the room who was once called John Fitzgerald Kennedy. He looks into the eyes of a young woman and speaks to her from his heart. He says, "Pen my message this day, beautiful woman. Though you may not know me in this lifetime, I served your world well. I died in the cause of awakening. I want you to give my message to the Raven. I want you to speak from your heart and tell him my message. He will know who I am; he will not cry; he will celebrate each of you."

Just for a moment, forget you are human and realize your great spiritual light. Draw before you any who will come in light, then listen for their message, for a great reverence is among us now. As the Raven, I open your world to cross the boundaries into the world of spirit, and I open the spirit world that they may come to you. Feel the breath now, as they shine upon you. Know, my friends, that you are in the presence of your elders, for they are spirit, they are the light.

Some may have already disappeared; some may still be here. It is your choice to see what you see, feel what you feel and hear what you hear. To each who chooses to say the words, "I see nothing; I hear nothing; I feel nothing," my heart sings this song for you. Let your world be open, my friends. Hear the song I sing, a song of the heart that dances with all the rhythm, all the light, of your brothers of the other world, to bring you back to this room. I ask you each to share what you have seen, felt and heard with every brother, sister, elder, and newborn baby. Share with the world that peace can reign on Mother Earth. In that is the greatest hope. The lightworker has arrived.

Those of you who have come across great cloudbanks from other worlds to be here are challenged now by the Raven's light to be the healer, be the lightworker. You are not too old,

you are not too young; you are the light. Share it with the world. Tell everyone you know that it is not too late. It is time to awaken as one light force—lightworkers united—without regard to color, age or wisdom.

I shall not sing my song twice in this lifetime, for you have heard it and it is my hope that you felt it and that it has awakened the light within you. If any of you has questions, please come forth and let us speak to each other.

Q: In 1992, the Hopi elders visited the United Nations, and there was a lunar eclipse the night after their presentation. Torrential rain and flooding occurred in New York City. The storm abated after the Hopi elders created a circle of prayer. Could you share your insights into this event?

RAVEN: In 1992, your Hopi brothers stood before the councils of the great white men and prayed that their words about what could be done to save your world would be heard. For the most part, the Hopi were ignored, but they were told not to give up, for when they knocked four times and sang three times, the world would listen. Mother Earth would hear.

They were turned away, and the circle could not form. Mother Earth, who was listening, shook in Tibet, where the Tibetan Indians raised their energy and chanted a great chant. Soon, there was a lunar eclipse and great torrential rains came. The rains would have lasted until all of New York City was under water, but your brethren circled their lights again and prayed with those from Tibet, and the torrential rains stopped.

The Tibetan language mirrors the Hopi language, and vice versa. These two tribes are brethren beyond the veil, and that day in 1992, the third dimension saw closure of the duality spectrum, if but for a short time, as the two tribes joined forces as one.

Q: I had the chance to see the prophecy inscribed upon Prophecy Rock in old Arabi and it showed two paths—the path of the people of the one heart and the path of the people of the two hearts. Human beings have been following the path of the people of the two hearts. I've read that here on Mother Earth, there are actually two vibrations which may be splitting in the same way, that they will diverge and go different ways. Would you elaborate on this?

RAVEN: I sat in great counsel so that I might answer this question, my elder friend. I know that you already know the answer but wish to share it with the people who have come together in honor of light. You will feel my answer, for it is the same prophecy told in a different tone. The prophecy says that when you come to the end of the path, you have to make a choice: two hearts or one. Mother Earth, in the beautiful light of her core, is now coming to the same choice. She has come, as you have said, to the point where she will split her path in half. She will move the poles, so that the North becomes the South and the South becomes the North. She has come with that great awareness and she'll always have that in her alignment, but the Hopi prophecy says that the choice still belongs to the human light. Hence, Mother Earth will hold back a short time longer in the hope that the human world can awaken to one heart. If the human world does not awaken to one heart, then Mother Earth will split her axis.

Q: The Hopi prophecy also speaks of two brothers who parted many moons ago. The white brother was to return to the Hopi, who have been guarding the Earth. Would you elaborate on how that unfolded?

RAVEN: The first time it unfolded with your brothers of the Hopi tribe, who saw the white man coming back from the south. The Hopi thought this white man was the one they had been waiting for, the one who would bring them the answer, the missing piece to their stone tablets.

The missing piece was the circle of the great brothers, the circle that shows no end to the beginning and no beginning to the end. As they looked upon these white energy brothers of that time, the Hopi gave their great trust to them. Most of you know that history.

Let us move to the now, where you speak of the greater unfolding of the prophecies. The white energy is willing to expend all energies to prove its inheritance of Mother Earth, who cannot be inherited. To those of you in this room, no matter your color, no matter whether you went north, south, east or west, to the four corners of the world, understand that the prophecy is that the white man shall be part of the brothers of all light. That is the Hopi prophecy unveiled, my friend. No man will be held in disregard, whether from the south, north, east or west, for man will join the colors to become one color again. That is the prophecy, my friend.

Q: The Hopi prophecy speaks of how the human has lost the balance of life. Can you share with us tonight the shaman's way of living a life in balance?

RAVEN: My friend, it is important to live life in balance. In your world, you believe that you live in a system that is referred to as a duality. Whatever you might consider your world to be, realize that to live in balance, you must live on three points at one time. As my great teacher, Kiraël, has told us so many moons past, to sit upon a stool with two legs surely means that you will fall, but to sit on one with three legs means that you will find balance. This is the balance of a trinity.

The prophecies of the Hopis, the Apaches, all the tribes lost to you, state that if you balance yourself on a stick in the water, you will fall. Even today, when you try to balance your life between being mad and being happy, or being in love and being hateful, or being greedy and being spiritual, the cost is dear, for balance does not exist when you compare opposites. Love is the only true balance. In order to have love, you must conclude that each word you speak must be truth. You must learn to have the faith of your Creator, just as the great chief did when he closed his eyes and shot the arrow. You must have the desire, the passion, to be free. You must have the light of love. So, speak not with forked tongue. Speak only in the Light of the Creator. Surround your life with that love and you will find what you seek. Look for balance in the three-sided spectrum of light, and you shall come to know your truth. Find your balance in the trinity of truth, trust and passion.

Q: Regardless of our so-called heritage, how can we tap into the Native American wisdom in our cellular consciousness to help us heal?

RAVEN: If you walk across a beautiful earthen floor and a great thirst comes upon you, you cannot reach into the trees to get a drink, and you cannot look to the animal world and drink of their life. You must let yourself fall deep into the well, where the waters of spirit live, and dip into these spiritual worlds. You will learn the way of the shaman. You will learn that in order to find your depth, you must be willing to go within. You are like the well, my friend. Look deep within and you will find that spiritual light—light that light, live that light, and the world is yours.

Hence, if you have great thirst and no water can be found, like the shaman, you will dig deep within and feel the water cross your tongue, into your throat and merge into your light so that it spreads throughout your embodiment.

Q: How are the Anasazi, the Navaho and the Hopi related?

RAVEN: By the Creator. I'm sorry, my friend, that wasn't meant to be funny. It is the truth of truth that all of you are related by one source. It is only by the act of your Creator that you have

chosen different hues, different colors. When the medium tells you of the colors of your light, you can still see that you are not different, but one and the same. So, it is truth that you are each brethren of the Creator. There is but one force of light, and you are the Creator's Force of Light.

Q: The Navajos seem to have a dimmer energy than the Hopis, more anger and frustration. Would you give me some clarity on that?

RAVEN: To speak of one energy as dimmer than another is an expression of prejudice. It is as though you have deemed one race to have an energy pattern not of the highest level as another race. I suggest, my friend, if you listened to my chant, my song, in the middle I said that in all races there are those who choose not to find their balance. There are those who choose to live out karmic lives, or who choose to act not in the light. They act as dimmed energy so that you might recognize what it is like to be light. It is a way to remind you not to let your energy dim. Do not speak of the Navajo or the Hopi as tribes or cultures. Know that there are those among them both who live in the light of dimness. When all is said and done, my friend, in the purest light, you will never ask that question again, because you will know that each particle of energy that lives in the form of human is of one light and thereby will choose to find its way back to love. The great white brother, the elder brother, as I call him—who wasn't white, by the way—who was on your Earth some two thousand years ago, said, "Speak not of anything but love and you will find your world a pleasant place."

Q: I have lived my life in love, yet I still have illnesses. It seems contradictory to me, but perhaps not. Would you help me understand that?

RAVEN: I would, my sister of light. Hear me clearly, for it will be a short answer that will impact your love. Deep in your physical frame, you have carried the memory of these great illnesses. Each time you have had the opportunity in other lifetimes to make them vanish, they have not completely disappeared, and some parts of you still remember those same things. You're cleansing as I speak to you, and the cleansing is allowing those memories to surface so that you may discard them, so that they are no longer a part of you. Celebrate each one as a passing light, and know that it has no grip on you, for you are a sister of the light, practicing love. The Creator will hold you. I shine the light of the Raven upon you and ask you to have the greatest faith and let love fell the presentation of this energy. Each of these illnesses or sicknesses that emerge from your consciousness will pass through you. Do not let them become part of you, and you will quickly see that you have run out of illnesses to experience. Then you will experience the love you have shared with all the world. You will feel inner peace, the love of your light, and you will walk with your brothers and sisters of light, the lightworkers of this Earth.

Q: Would you help me understand how to awaken the oneness between the religious and the spiritual?

RAVEN: At one time, a great eagle soared through the sky. It could ride the winds forever, dive to the depths of your oceans, stand upon Mother Earth and be heard by all. It brought a great energy force just by waving its wings. It was the great eagle who almost returned to spirit, who almost lost its life, almost perished from your skies and your mountaintops, until it prayed from the perch upon which it sat. It raised its beautiful golden chest to the Creator and said in its own way, "Creator, I cannot exist without your love. I no longer find a reason to fly over this Earth of my Mother. In my heart I am lost to your words." A beautiful voice sang to him that night and said, "My eagle friend, only when you close the door and let no one enter, will you not feel the presence of love, but when you throw open both doors—front and back, left and right—to the four winds, you will feel united in your own cause." The eagle spoke unto the Creator's Light

and asked not for forgiveness or repentance or gifts, but to feel the presence of light, and for that reason, my friend, the eagle will fly no matter what the human does. The eagle has learned that no one is an island unto himself. No one can live without the light of his brother. Do not speak of religions, spiritualism, or any “isms.” Just be We the People and you will discover one Creator, one eagle, and one life to live.

Q: How would you respond to those who feel that war is the only answer to the atrocities practiced by some governments?

RAVEN: I would call the leaders of these governments to my counsel and have them sit across the table from one another. I would have great food and waters brought to them. I would then surround them with hawks, eagles, falcons and ravens, and not allow them to leave until they came to a peaceful solution. They would eat well, drink well and die well if they couldn't come to a solution. That would be my counsel. You cannot force them to come to the table. So, to each human being who hears this, I say, pray from the heart every day until peace prevails. Pray that you will be joined by another and another and another. Every day in every way you could pray to the light to find the solution. One of you will bring the solution to the table and that will be the end of the war.

Q: In your time, were the Ten Principles of Consciously Creating part of your life?

RAVEN: The Ten Principles are my life. For you to live in this world and find all that you search for, you must use the Ten Principles the way Master Kirael has chosen to share them with you. You look at them and they frighten you. Others will oppose your use of the Principles, because the Principles are the awakening of the light. Your Creator experiences you as a human being through the Principles. I have not lived of, by, or for the Principles. Rather, the Principles are my life. I live only in the world of these Principles. The world will rock when the Principles are fully brought forth onto the Earth plane. When those with the most fear step away and let the Principles come to light, the Principles will spread like wildfire. I'm sure Master Kirael will have much to say about that.

Q: How can a lightworker live his or her daily life in a healing space from one moment to the other?

RAVEN: I offer you this statement, my young princess friend. When you arise tomorrow morning, walk out and stand upon Mother Earth. Let your foot tap, tap, tap. Say, “I have arrived. I await your answer. Please, appear within my thoughts that I may have the answer to turn my world to the space I want it to be.” You shall have just that answer.

Q: I am very sensitive to the Earth changes. When Mother Earth shakes and her winds blow, I have a hard time getting out of the bed. What advice can you give me?

RAVEN: You must know that you cannot live in your den like the great black bear, who must forage and refill its light and its love. When next you feel the emergence of Mother Earth and her shining light, when you feel that she will shake your world, come from the den. Fill yourself with so much love and light that she can no longer hold onto you. Mother Earth must be allowed to shake and you must honor her for it. When next you feel her shake, instead of shying away, celebrate. Dance with me, sing with me. Chant my song when you feel Mother Earth shake, and know that you must fulfill her love. Celebrate her. Dance with her. Be her.

Q: I have read of an event of cosmic significance to the planet, to the galaxy, an event described in different ways as the unlocking of the fifth gate or the unlocking of the seal. Would you

explain more about the significance of the unlocking of the fifth seal and how we might prepare for it?

RAVEN: It is the prophecy that this is the day many of you have waited for, the day the fish shall jump from the rivers and lie upon the banks before you. This is the day when the corn will spread by sinking into the ground and nurturing itself into the biggest stalks you have ever seen. This is the day that the moon will appear gold. If you speak truth, trust the flight of the arrow, and use the passion of the bubbling brook, then this is the day you will find your peace and your abundance. So, look closely at this day. Don't let anyone scare you from it. Stand before it and sing your highest tune. Sing the song I sang for you this night and you shall see that this day is the brightest one.

Q: Do you have a closing statement for us before we bring Master Kirael back to conclude the evening?

RAVEN: The flight you each are looking for is your flight. You shall sprout your wings again like mine and you shall fly into the skies. You are the journey; you are the light of Creator; you walk its presence on this beautiful place called Mother Earth. Without you, the Creator source would be short in its own light, but with you it is honored by your presence, for you extend its light into the world. Never let the words *I don't know* pass your lips. Let not one sentence be interrupted by the word *but* and you will find that your light is the most beautiful and brilliant you could have ever dreamed possible. This is your life, my friends. You have chosen to walk as human. Now choose to live without limits. Fly with me this night. Fly with me to the horizons and beyond.

KIRAEAL: Good evening. If you listen to the Raven's song repeatedly, one day, as with any great abundance of light, he will tell you what was in that song—prosperity, the unification of all lightworkers, the health of all experience, the awakening of your Creator's Light. If you listen carefully to the Raven's song, you will find the balance of your emotional awareness, and you will find yourself protected in the Light of Source. It's an exciting time, my friends, and I would like to close our evening by reminding you that you have been visited by a power that calls me Master. To be Master to one such as the Raven is an honor that I gift to all of you. This beautiful energy, the Raven, would never visit a plane that is doomed. He only visits planes that have the great conscious awareness to lift their wings, spread their shoulders wide, and glide on the wings of light until the Earth—your mother—and the God Creator— your father—come together as one, with you forming the third part as the passion of their light. My friends, it is in my greatest light that you have shared the beauty of who you are. May the force of light be with you each. Good evening.