

Introduction

In 1985, after the break up of a relationship, I sold my cottage in Scotland and travelled around the world. It was both a healing journey and a quest in that I was searching for something but I did not know exactly what it was. It became an extraordinary journey taking me to America, New Zealand and Australia. My intention was to travel for three months. I was away for a year and a half.

The first part of *The Awakening Princess* describes my journey around the world and the many clues strewn across my path although I did not recognize them at the time. Through an obscure encounter in New Zealand, I found myself in Pasadena, Southern California, studying Psychosynthesis (a transpersonal psychology) with Vivian King, a kindred spirit, whose house I shared. When I realized that I had dreamt about this house six years earlier, and my room in it, I knew it was an omen. The second part of the book is about the inner journey I took during the first year of my Psychosynthesis training and how this led me to the revelation of having taken a major initiation in the Great Pyramid during the reign of Akhenaten when my name was Sheta Nut. Within six months I had written a six-hundred-page manuscript, with illustrations. To be more precise, it wrote me!

In 1987 I returned to Scotland to build up my Psychosynthesis practice. The manuscript was placed in a closet and dismissed as a figment of my overactive imagination. It remained there until January 1989 when I received a mysterious telephone call from Egypt. A stranger, the wife of an English engineer contracted to build a new sewer under Cairo, had met a client of mine on the Giza plateau, and wanted to offer me a house overlooking the Great Pyramid. When I had recovered from the shock, I accepted her offer and travelled to Egypt at the beginning of February. The house, which her family used as a weekend retreat, did indeed overlook the Great Pyramid. It was framed in the bedroom window. I took up residence in the house, which stood in the grounds of a children's weaving school, on the 4th February 1989.

It would take another eight years for me to discover the significance of this date.

As the Great Pyramid was being cleaned, it was closed to the public. Everyone I knew, including the engineer, applied for permission for me to enter, but the authorities were adamant: absolutely NO admittance. I was disappointed for several reasons. The Nile did not run anywhere near the Giza plateau and there was no sign of a causeway under the Sphinx. However, I did see a boat similar to the one described by Sheta Nut, which had been found buried in a stone pit beside the Great Pyramid in 1954. It is now in a special museum, and when I saw the boat I cried uncontrollably as I relived Sheta Nut's final voyage along the Nile. I also met an American Egyptologist who confirmed that Sheta Nut's name in ancient Egyptian really does mean Secret of the Sky. After I found a book in which Herodotus described an underground causeway leading from the Nile to the Great Pyramid, I was even more determined to gain entry. Then I realised that I had not asked the Great Pyramid itself for permission to enter.

I arrived during the workers' tea break and indicated that I wanted to enter. They replied in Arabic which a man passing by translated for me. They were telling me to ask the Inspector of Giza and pointed to a building in the distance. To my astonishment the Inspector of Giza not only gave permission, he accompanied me and insisted on using my camera to take photographs of me inside the Queen's and King's Chambers. Normally cameras are not allowed inside any of the pyramids. He also allowed me to go down into the area beneath the Great Pyramid known as the Pit, which has been closed to the public since it was discovered that it sent people crazy. Ascending through the Grand Gallery to the King's Chamber was the most exhilarating experience of my life, enabling me to fully understand Sheta Nut's longing for initiation in the Great Pyramid, which has been described as the greatest House of Light on Earth; a record in stone of the history and development of humanity.

When I walked out afterwards into the bright Egyptian sun-

light, I was both laughing and crying. Sheta Nut had not failed her initiation. Through many lives and many deaths, she has survived, and her immortal spirit lives on through me.

In 1998 I watched the video recordings of Drunvalo Melchizedek's Flower of Life workshop, in which he talks about initiation in the Great Pyramid during the reign of Akhenaten whose mystery school prepared its students for unity consciousness. He also describes the Christ consciousness grid, which he says was completed on the 4th February 1989, the day I moved into the house overlooking the Great Pyramid. At the very end of his workshop, he says the planet's awakening will come through the children acting in unison. Everything Drunvalo describes I have experienced and written about. As he also talks about what I saw beyond the third locked door, I now had no choice but to take myself seriously and go public with what I know.

A recent seismic survey has revealed several unexplored tunnels and cavities beneath the Sphinx, including a large rectangular chamber beneath the monument's front paws. There is also a fresco in a temple at Abydos (see back cover) depicting an aero-plane, a space shuttle, a helicopter, and tanks facing an eagle. How else could the ancient Egyptians have known about twentieth-century technology and America's confrontation with Iraq, but through time-travel? What powerful message were they sending us over three thousand years ago?

“I was born under the sign of the Water Bearer during the reign of Amenophis III. I was born during the hours of darkness and was named Sheta Nut, which means Secret of the Sky, after the great sky goddess Nut, who gave birth to the Sun.”

“Nut gave birth to the Sun!” I exclaimed, remembering the drawing I had done of myself giving birth to the Sun with Anna and Joachim, my two inner children, looking on with ecstatic expressions on their faces. I was amazed to hear this, as I had not understood what prompted my unconscious to produce such an image.

“I was the fifth child in a family of boys. My father worked with the Pharaoh on affairs of the state. He was what you would call a diplomat, and he travelled often to other lands. I missed him when he was away from home. My mother was beautiful but aloof, paying much attention to her appearance. She wore her long black hair piled high on her head with ivory or tortoiseshell combs, and she exuded the aroma of exotic oils. She led a busy social life, but we were not close. I had my beloved nurse, Nefta, who took care of me. She oiled my body and brushed my hair until it shone like ebony. She told me stories about the gods, but the story I loved the most was about Isis and Osiris, who loved each other beyond mea-

sure. Osiris was descended from Ra, the Sun God, who had produced Shu, the god of air, and Tefnut, the goddess of mist, in one ejaculation.”

I was stunned to hear this because it reminded me of what I had written in ‘The Origin of Sin’.

“Isis was the wife of Osiris,” Sheta Nut continued. “But Osiris had a brother called Seth, who was so jealous of Osiris he tried repeatedly to kill him. Seth sent his brother a casket, which he enticed him into and then sealed the lid so that Osiris could not escape. He threw the casket into the Nile, but Isis rescued it. Seth was so outraged, he cut Osiris into fourteen pieces and scattered them throughout Egypt, but Isis travelled far and wide to recover them. She finally found the phallus at Philae, and through the Ritual of Regeneration she was able to reassemble the scattered parts. When she turned herself into a bird, Osiris came to life and sowed his seed in her. Later she gave birth to Horus, the hawk-headed god. Isis was my personal deity. I had her image on all of my personal items.”

As Sheta Nut told me about Osiris and Isis, I remembered the dreams about the casket sinking beneath the water and. I wondered if there was a connection and whether my unconscious had been sending me powerful images in my sleep.

“It is true that I was spoilt and much loved,” said Sheta Nut, continuing with her life story. “From an early age I loved to dance for my family and for the servants. I was advanced for my years and could read people’s hearts. I also remembered previous lifetimes and entertained my nurse by telling her about them. We had houses in both upper and lower Egypt, and my father had many servants who he had inherited or acquired on his travels. Our houses were spacious, but the one I loved the most had tiled mosaic floors upon which I loved to walk and dance barefoot.

“I was popular, but my sweetheart was Akara. I could not remember a time when we were not together. Although we could play with the Pharaoh’s children, we preferred to wander off on our own. Akara had a little flute, which he loved to play. He car-

ried it with him everywhere he went and accompanied me on it when I danced.

“At seven years old I was taken to the temple to train as a temple dancer. I spent the next fourteen years concentrating on my training as a temple dancing priestess. I learned to stretch and extend my body to bring more Light into my energy centres, which I then projected through my dancing. The purpose of temple dancing was to embody the gods and goddesses for the inspiration of the common people, who came to the temples for spiritual nourishment and guidance. Every day I practised holding my shoulders back, twisting my body and flattening my hands to emulate the frescoes which adorned the walls of our temples and tombs. When I was not performing in the dance dramas, I practised asanas, mudras and special breathing exercises. I learned to channel and project Light through my eyes and body language, to write and read hieroglyphs, perform rituals, release my ka, and travel beyond time and space. By the time I reached my fourteenth year, I was pouring the libation wine in the temple, as well as performing other small functions in minor rituals.

“When we stayed in our summer residence, which we travelled to by boat, I would watch the solar barge carrying the initiates to final initiation on the Giza Plateau. I arose at dawn to watch them, and longed to take that journey, but Akara said hardly any of them survived being entombed alive inside the Great Pyramid.

“In his teens, Akara was sent by his family to Philae to be initiated into manhood. We did not see each other again until my sixteenth birthday. He looked so different I barely recognized him, and he was delighted with the way I had matured. He was tall and broad-shouldered with a new look in his eyes. His gift to me was a golden chain with half of a Sun-disk attached to it. I was puzzled and asked why he had given me only half of a Sun-disk.

“‘We are born of the same fire,’ he explained. ‘We are two halves of the same flame. Look, I have the other half hanging around my neck, and the two halves fit together perfectly.’

“Then he kissed me in a way which caused a fluttering sensa-

tion at the base of my spine. Later he told me of his wish to teach me what he had learned at Philae, but I was shy. I had devoted myself entirely to my training, and had paid little attention to my developing body or my awakening sexuality. I had been bleeding for three years, but did not know how to avoid being impregnated by his seed. Akara said he would teach me, but I needed time to reacquaint myself with him. When he went to Philae he was a child; now he had grown into a man.

“Akara shared his plans for the future. He had decided to train as a musician priest, and had already been accepted into my temple complex, which housed many other priests and priestesses who lived together as a community and took care of the common people. The temples were like your universities,” Sheta Nut explained. “At Thebes there were countless resident priests and priestesses trained in the arts, healing, embalming, teaching and the rites of Amun-Ra, Egypt’s official religion. Only the common people led a secular life.

“Akara and I now saw each other almost every day. I knew I was beautiful, like my mother, with many male admirers. My cheek bones were high, my mouth wide and sensual, and my eyes as deep as lotus pools. I had narrow hips and small, firm breasts. I loved to flirt and flick my long hair over my shoulder. I was vain and wilful and knew my power. Sometimes I teased Akara by pretending not to notice him, but always I could detect his energy in a crowded room. There was a magnetism between us, but sometimes his possessiveness bothered me. He became moody when I flirted with the other priests, and would follow me with his eyes. I wore the Sun-disk he had given me beneath my beaded collar, for deep within my ka I knew he was the lotus of my heart, and when he played haunting melodies for me on his flute, I knew I was being consumed by the fire of my love for him.

“We had been performing for Akhenaten and his beautiful wife Nefertiti. The celebrations had continued for days. Akara had been drinking and was very merry. We were dancing and laughing together when he suddenly took my hand and led me outside into

the moonlit night. We walked down to the Nile, where we could hear the water lapping against the bank. He suggested cooling ourselves by taking a swim. The water refreshed and soothed my aching body. I had danced almost non-stop for three days. The Moon was full and low in a star-filled sky, and I longed for the day when we would embody a star. After our swim, he held me in his arms and played my body as if it was a musical instrument, so that we could make the sweetest music together. He had been taught well at Philae, and that night we became lovers.

“Now that we had consummated our love for each other, Akara talked often about taking the sacred rite of union, but I was ambitious and thought only of becoming a High Priestess. I worked constantly towards new heights in the priesthood, fine-tuning my psychic abilities, purifying myself and taking all possible steps towards final initiation.

“Akhenaten persuaded us to join his Mystery School at the Horizon of the Sun Disk. After only three years of rulership at Thebes, he built his own city on the east bank of the Nile on a beautiful crescent-shaped plateau with a mountainous backdrop. Here he built palaces, a temple dedicated to the Aten, and pleasure gardens. The High Priests hated Akhenaten for dismantling the statues of Amun-Ra. He said they were corrupt because they sold absolution and immortality, and set themselves up as religious despots. They knew if they controlled the people’s spirituality they would have unlimited power, for religion is a more potent psychological tool than politics. Akhenaten wanted to liberate Egypt from the tyranny of the Amun priesthood. His aim was to reinstate the ancient wisdom taught in the Mystery Schools brought to Egypt by the Melchizedek priesthood, to unite his people through the worship of One God, and to change the future.

“Akhenaten’s Mystery School was symbolized by a triangle with the eye of Horus at its centre.”

I was astonished when she told me this because it was exactly the image I saw at Caroline’s Coming Out Party.

“The teachings of the Melchizedek priesthood included

alchemy, astrology, sacred geometry, harmonics and astronomy. We were taught to make the unconscious conscious through breath control, meditation, chanting, dream analysis and the use of a pendulum. We learnt how to communicate with nature spirits, angels, spirit guides and our own individual Aumakhua.”

“Aumakhua?”

“Aumakhua is the name of the overlighting angelic presence who resides in the Solar Disk,” she explained.

I thought about my angel, and wondered if this was who she was referring to. “Is my angel an Aumakhua?” I asked.

“Yes. Every person in the world has an Aumakhua, who resides in the Solar Disk, and who we are destined to embody.

“When I talked to Merirye, High Priest of the Aten, he said I was not ready for final initiation. He had read the Akashic Records and told me I would not survive the karma casting in the Great Pyramid.

“‘You are young,’ he pointed out. ‘You have travelled far for one so young. Why not enjoy your life with Akara, who loves you deeply? If you take final initiation before you are ready, you will pursue what you are not ready to release through all future lives. Be warned: whatever you are not ready to release now will never again be yours if you go ahead with final initiation before you are ready.’

“He offered to give us the sacred rite of union, but I was proud and would not listen to him. My father had never refused my heart’s desire. I would not now be denied final initiation.

“Akhenaten and Merirye talked about the Aten, which was not a new god but an access code for the twelve-stranded DNA.”

“What is the twelve-stranded DNA?” I asked.

“Through the crown chakra, it reconnects us to our multidimensional reality, enabling us to time-travel, and achieve unity consciousness, which was the main aim of Akhenaten’s Mystery School. If you look at pictures of the Solar Disk from the eighteenth dynasty, you will see twelve rays, like hands reaching down to Earth. This is the twelve-stranded DNA.

“The Amun priesthood plotted for many years to rid Egypt of Akhenaten. Because of my many years of training, Akhenaten allowed me into his Mystery School before I reached the required age. I was its youngest student and the last person to be initiated in the Great Pyramid during his reign.

“Akhenaten also introduced new art forms that conflicted with the traditional stylized art practised in Egypt for many dynasties. He commissioned a lifelike statue of himself, which everyone considered to be very ugly. It bore a remarkable resemblance to him and was totally unlike previous statues of pharaohs. It was talked about throughout upper and lower Egypt, and secretly it was ridiculed.

“The High Priests of Amun-Ra deliberately spread rumours about Akhenaten, which caused the common people to hate their Pharaoh. They said he was deformed, insane, perverted, and weak for neglecting his armies.

“Shortly after my talk with Merirye I had a vision of Isis, in which she told me to go ahead with final initiation. When I told Akara he became very distressed and made me promise never to refer to it again. I no longer talked about my plans, but continued with the training which would lead to final initiation. The years passed by at Akhenaten’s Mystery School in which we were prepared for membership of the Alpha and Omega Order of Melchizedek.”

“So, that’s why Isis called Akara the Omega Man!”

“At last I was accepted for final initiation and was summoned to the Temple of the Sun at Heliopolis, to begin fasting and cleansing, and to take my vow of celibacy. I told Akara I would not be seeing him for many weeks. I would be seeing nobody but the High Priests, who would be giving me special instructions while I was in solitary confinement. Akara was so upset he lost control of himself. He begged me to stay with him, telling me I was mad to risk my life in this way. He wanted us to take the sacred rite of union, but I told him it was unnecessary. We would always be a part of each other. I loved Akara, but I knew I was the

strong one. His dependency disturbed me, and he had not learned to control his emotions. I had seen him lose control before, and it filled me with contempt. I was so excited about being accepted for final initiation, it never occurred to me that our separation would be far longer than I could ever have imagined.

“However, there was no doubt about my love for Akara. It was our last night together before I entered seclusion. We did not sleep but held each other and made love until dawn. He cried, and in my passion for him I failed to separate our seeds. I knew I had conceived, but decided it would remain a secret. I would be denied my chance of final initiation if anyone knew about it. It excited me to be carrying Akara’s child, and I did not consider the consequences. It amused me to conceal my secret from the High Priests, and I imagined I was Isis carrying the child Horus.”

“I don’t believe you could hide being pregnant from the High Priests,” I interrupted. “They must have known. What about when you missed your period?”

“It was common for initiates to stop bleeding when they were fasting and cleansing,” Sheta Nut explained. “We had to slow down the natural functions of our bodies to survive being entombed. It was like going into suspended animation. We were barely alive during the actual entombment, and this was to enable us to enter the celestial realms where the gods dwell. If we survived, it was like attaining immortality without dying, and we could then communicate with the gods. The initiates who survived their entombment in the Great Pyramid were taken out onto an elevated platform, so that the people could shout: “Ptah Hotep.”

“Ptah Hotep!” I exclaimed, remembering what I had heard at the Sweat Lodge. “What does Ptah Hotep mean?”

“High Priest, of course.”

“What happened if they failed?”

“Their bodies were taken to the mortuary temple to be embalmed.

“Several weeks later, Akara came to my room the night before I was to be taken in the solar barge to the Great Pyramid. At first

I begged him to go away, but he was persistent, and I was afraid we would be heard and discovered together. This part of the temple was heavily guarded, and I could not understand how he had gained admittance. Once inside my room, which was little more than a cell, he cried and implored me not to go through with it. He related a dream in which I did not survive and we were separated for thousands of years. As he sobbed, I held him in my arms, but I was still determined to go through with it. Akara did not know it was my life's ambition to take final initiation, although I experienced a dark premonition. An astrologer had predicted that we would be destroyed by the fire of our love.

“When Akara realized he could not talk me out of it, he began to make love to me. When his fingers played upon the strings of my body, made more sensitive through abstinence, I felt like a musical instrument. He knew how to please me and to extract from me the highest notes and deepest surrender. I felt I would burst into flame when he entered me, and as we moved as one body the danger I was in only served to intensify the pleasure. My desire for Akara at that moment was overpowering. I was intoxicated and mindless, ignorant of how much I would have to pay for this stolen time.”

“Akara believed if he made love to me I would not go through with the initiation. I did not realize how much he trusted my integrity or how dishonest I had become in my ambition.

“Now you cannot take final initiation,’ he told me as we rested in each other’s arms. ‘It is not permitted for you to be sexual at this time. It is too dangerous.’

“This was related to kundalini and the explosive fire of sexual union. We had a great fire in our love for each other, but this fire would kill me if it was aroused during my entombment. Even knowing that I had broken my vow of celibacy, I was still determined to go through with it. Akara was deeply shaken and began to cry again. Terrified we would be discovered, I pushed him towards the door.

“Promise me you will find me in the future if we are separated,’

he begged.

“I promise,” I whispered as I pushed him towards the door.

“Even if the mists of time have clouded my memory,’ he insisted, standing in the doorway. ‘Help me to remember.’

“I promise,” I whispered, placing my finger on his lips. “Even if the mists of time have clouded your memory, I will help you to remember.”

I remembered how the Omega Man had stood in the doorway in my dream and in the Temple of Dreams saying: “You don’t remember me, do you?” Now I knew he was prompting me to remember Sheta Nut’s promise.

“After Akara had gone, I did not sleep. There were only two or three hours before dawn, and I spent this time centring myself. I had a premonition that I would not survive, but I could not stop the process. I felt compelled to go through with it. I had led a life totally without suffering or pain. I had experienced neither grief nor disappointment. I had always been loved and desired. Whatever I wanted I could have, including final initiation. I had never been lonely or dependent upon another. I was arrogant and self-opinionated, being so sure of myself and my decisions it never occurred to me that I might be making a terrible mistake, nor did I stop to consider the tragic consequences of my deception. I wanted only to fulfil my ambition, but I also wanted Akara. I desired both and was not able to sacrifice either. The consummation of my passion for Akara was my death sentence. I underestimated the power of final initiation. My punishment was to die physically, but never to die to the knowledge of what I had done to both our lives.

“At sunrise I was taken from my cell to the solar barge, which would carry me to the Great Pyramid. Initiates always sat at the back of the boat under a canopy, and as they sailed along the Nile people would stand on the banks to watch, for an initiate was to the ancient Egyptians what a movie star is to people today. As we started on our journey I saw Akara standing on the bank silently watching me. He was as motionless as a statue, and I shall never

forget the expression on his face. As I watched him, it was as if my love for him was stuck in my throat. I told myself it was too dangerous to feel. I must remember my training of non-attachment, but still I could not take my eyes off him. As I looked, every cell in my body urged me to jump into the Nile, to stay with him. This scene has haunted me through the centuries, and I still see Akara standing beside the Nile, a solitary figure, and I hear my heart begging me to stay with him. To have remained would have created a different destiny for both of us, and for the baby I carried.”

I remembered the drawing I had done of a tree, which was the love of a man and a woman for each other. In this drawing the woman was pregnant. I now knew that this tree symbolized Sheta Nut's love for Akara and his love for her.

“Long before we arrived at the Giza plateau, I saw the golden crystal capstone of the Great Pyramid shimmering in the early morning Sun. The Great Pyramid's main bulk was covered in polished limestone, which caused it to glow at sunrise, sunset and during the full Moon. The Great Pyramid attracted many visitors, but could only be entered by the High Priests and the initiates. Stories of its magnificence had spread throughout the land, and it was considered to be one of the wonders of the world.

“The solar barge stopped beneath the Sphinx, where I entered a covered causeway with polished stone columns at its entrance. It was guarded by the Sphinx, and its walls were covered in carvings depicting scenes from the underworld to prepare the initiates for their descent. The causeway ran under the Giza plateau from the Nile to the Great Pyramid. Accompanied by the High Priests, I entered a chamber beneath the Sphinx to be taken through various rituals and rites of passage. Its walls were covered in beautiful coloured frescoes, and the last one I saw before drinking Amrita, the nectar of the gods, was of Isis clothed with the Sun and poised on the globe of the World, her feet riding the Moon and her head crowned with stars.

“I was taken through the causeway to enter the Great Pyramid deep within its foundations. On an underground lake, illuminated

by oil lamps at various points around the stone walls, a small boat waited for me. A High Priest, dressed as the jackal-headed god Anubis, helped me into the boat, and I knew I was crossing the Lily Lake, which in our rituals was the lake of death crossed by the ka on its way to the underworld. It was silent except for the lapping of the water around our boat. At the far side of the lake, I was taken up a flight of steps into an underground area with tunnels and a steep passageway leading upwards into the pyramid. After my long period of fasting, my ascent through this almost vertical shaft was slow and torturous. I was relieved when we reached a horizontal passageway leading to a chamber, in which I was wrapped like a mummy and pointed towards Sirius, where Isis guards the Secrets. I was now officially dead and was carried in silence through the grand gallery. Unable to move, I gazed up in awe at the high vertical walls on either side of me. I was passed through a low opening into the Initiation Chamber and carefully lowered into the stone sarcophagus. A lid was suspended above it, attached to ropes and pulleys, and after it had been lowered onto the sarcophagus I found myself in an indescribable darkness. I imagined the High Priests walking away with their torches, passing through the grand gallery and out of the Great Pyramid, leaving me totally alone in my granite tomb.

“I knew I had to release my ka and travel through the underworld. After that, if I survived, I would enter the celestial realms where the gods reside. After communing with the gods, I would explore the borders of Egypt to gather information. If my information was correct when the High Priests interrogated me, I would achieve Ptah Hotep. I freed myself easily from the sarcophagus, even though its only exit was difficult to locate. There was only one entrance and exit through which the ka could pass. It had been constructed in such a way that if the initiates returned in haste, they died instantly. The only way to return was through the spiral of conscious choice. If an initiate experienced fear, causing the ka to return in haste, that lapse in consciousness would cause instant death. This was why so many initiates failed

and why the training concentrated on courage and consciousness. Numerous priests and priestesses were killed by their own terror. I had to know beyond doubt that nothing could harm me; that everything I encountered in the underworld was a part of me. The secret was to integrate every apparition, to acknowledge it as my creation, and to bring it home. I knew this and was confident. I was convinced I could return to the sarcophagus through the spiral of conscious choice, which would enable me to enter exactly where I had made my careful exit.

“I left my body in its wrappings and travelled down through the grand gallery, which connected into the long passageway leading down into the Pit, where I knew I would gain entrance to the underworld through a small doorway especially constructed for the ka. It was not a physical door any more than the concealed entrance to the sarcophagus was physical. I travelled through the eleven gates of hell where demons and hideous beings confronted me, but I knew they could only harm me if I allowed them to.

“In my travels through the underworld I heard a child crying: ‘Mummy! Mummy!’ and I knew it was my task to find this child. You were the child I heard crying. I appeared to you when you were seven years old. I appeared in a vision, having travelled into the future to the incarnation where I would achieve Ptah Hotep.”

I remembered the vision. At the time I thought it was an angel. I had been crying for my mother, but after seeing the vision I stopped crying. I could not believe that Sheta Nut had travelled over three thousand years into the future, and then I burst out laughing: “You were a mummy and I was crying for my mummy.”

Sheta Nut made no comment but continued with her story:

“I faced the karma casting and knew I had to reap my karma, for I saw all the people I had harmed in previous lives. On the third day I saw a great flood approaching and knew I must ascend to escape it. I climbed a mountain and then a tower with many steps. At the very top I was met by Isis. I told her about my journey through the underworld, my encounters with all the people I had harmed, and how I heard a child crying and had trav-

elled into the future to find her. Isis asked me about my karma, and I promised to find and serve every person I had harmed. When she asked me to travel into the future to teach the children for her, I agreed. She was pleased with me and enfolded me in the divine fragrance she exudes. When once a mortal has been touched by Isis, all the gods know because of the fragrance she transmits to the one she has touched.”

“Fragrance!” I exclaimed, remembering the mysterious lady in the Temple of Dreams whose fragrance sat on the tip of my tongue. “What does Isis look like?”

“Isis is divinely beautiful,” sighed Sheta Nut. “Her skin is like ebony and she wears a gown the colour of the sky.”

“It was Isis I met in the Temple of Dreams when I was taken by Maitreya to Shamballa. She told me I had made a promise to her, but I had no idea what she was talking about.”

“It was my promise, which can now only be fulfilled through you,” Sheta Nut explained. “After Isis had embraced me, she walked away, but when I attempted to follow her the tower caught fire. I wanted to walk through the flames, but I was terrified of being consumed. I found myself jumping off the tower to escape the fire, and as I fell I remembered what I had forgotten: fire is also a part of me. It can only burn me if I separate myself from it.”

“That’s what I said when Maitreya took me to the Sun: when I am inside fire or fire is inside me, it cannot burn me.”

Sheta Nut nodded sadly. “It was too late. When my ka crashed onto the lid of the sarcophagus, my physical body died of shock. I had been destroyed by the fire of my passion for Akara, as the astrologer had predicted, and now we were separated. I had failed final initiation.

“I tried to re-enter my physical body, but it was impossible. I had severed my connecting thread. I left the pyramid and found Akara, but he could neither hear nor see me. We were each lost in a grief we could not share.

“In vain I travelled the borders of Egypt gathering information, and returned as the High Priests were removing my dead body from

the sarcophagus. When they prepared it for embalming, they found Akara's semen and the baby I had conceived, and knew I had broken my vow of celibacy. The name of Sheta Nut was disgraced.

"I watched helplessly as Akara, consumed by his grief, drank the libation wine in the temple. I saw him harden his heart to me. It was easier for him to blame me than to face his shame.

"I stayed close to him for many years, and saw him at a banquet in Thebes. Akhenaten's reign had ended abruptly after my death, and some Hittites were visiting during Tutankhamun's reign. The Hittites, who had previously been our enemies, wanted to form an alliance with Egypt. Being uncouth, and lacking in culture and spiritual knowledge, they were not respected by the Egyptians. Their men made love like donkeys. A Hittite king and his court were being fed and entertained. Akara was one of the musicians and was attracted to a young Hittite woman with long flowing hair. She did not look or behave like an Egyptian, and dissipated her energy when she danced. Akara seduced her, which was not a favourable thing to do. Although he lusted after her, he had no respect for her, but she fell in love with him and through him experienced an awakening. The Hittites had no respect for their women, whom they used sexually. Akara was well versed in the art of love and made it impossible for her to return home. She begged him to help her, but he refused. She died alone in the desert; rejected in Egypt and unable to return to her own country. Akara created karma with her and is married to her in this life, but what bound him to her then will free him now. In this way he created several karmic bonds with women he took pleasure with after my death. Akara was born again in Egypt, but I have never been able to return."

I had spent all afternoon and all evening listening to Sheta Nut's story, and was in a state of shock.

"Now you will understand why it is important for me to keep my promise to Akara," she concluded.

Her story was incredible and would have been unbelievable if there weren't so many coincidences. I had always felt a connection

with Egypt, even as a child when I begged my father to tell me about the ancient Egyptians. There was also my experience with Isis and her fragrance, and according to Jake the only time I ever talked in my sleep was when I whispered, "I promise," in the most ghostly voice he had ever heard. There was also my recurring nightmare about falling through fire remembering what I had forgotten to remember.

"I shall assume that your story is true," I told her. "You may write to Akara, but I forbid you to use power over him. You may talk to him and write, but there is no way I will allow you to manipulate him or undermine his marriage. If your story is true, he will recognize his connection with you. If he does not resonate to being called Akara, you must release him."

Sheta Nut agreed, and the following day wrote a letter:

Dearest Akara, Lotus of my Heart, it is three thousand three hundred years since we were separated in Egypt, and I promised to find you in the future. That time is now, and my heart rejoices in the knowledge that I have found you. When I experience your ka, I know you are my beloved Akara.

I can now explain why I took final initiation. It is more powerful to take initiation and fail than not to take it at all. Isis encouraged me to go ahead with it because the gods see through the illusion of time, and she knew it would take me many rebirths for my karma to be cleared. She urged me to begin the clearing so that I would achieve Ptah Hotep at the appointed time.

This is why I allowed you to make love to me. I suspected I would not become a High Priestess in Egypt because of the karma casting in the Great Pyramid. I have wandered through the underworld for many centuries and have now found the last person I harmed in Atlantis. My karma has been cleared. I can now communicate with the gods.

Akara, you are trapped in a marriage in which you will neither grow nor express your potential. Why are you so afraid of dancing with the gods and fulfilling your destiny? We are destined

to dance as one star. Akara, it is I, Sheta Nut, calling forth the light of your Aumakhua through the mists of your forgetfulness.

Please help Marilyn to awaken and be her friend, for she feels alone. To whom can she speak of her inner experiences? She fears a full awakening for the isolation it will bring her and the responsibility of an awakened one at this time.

Please help her to write the book, for it will have an impact upon the minds of mortals. Later it will be made into a moving picture for the purpose of entering mass consciousness. Humanity must change its attitude and walk more lightly on the Earth. Time runs out. She knows this, but feels alone with her knowledge. Her writing is the fulfilment of my promise to Isis.

Akara, I search for you in your dreams, and long to lead you through the Gateway to Heaven. Eternally Yours,



Sheta Nut signed it, and I mailed it with a covering letter. I felt so extremely embarrassed about the letter, I thought I would never be able to face him again. I consoled myself with the fact that he had agreed to be my Guide Detective, and at the end of my covering letter I wrote:

“This is my burning question: am I a nut or a Nut?”

Shortly after my encounter with Sheta Nut, Sharon cried in class when she shared that another malignant growth had been found in her breast. When Vivian guided her, she explained how in Atlantis she had been operated on with living animal parts. Sharon was psychic and often talked about past lives. I was so shaken by what she was sharing I wanted to run away and hide. After class Sharon approached me with tears in her eyes:

“You were one of the surgeons in Atlantis, weren’t you?”

Without thinking, I nodded and burst into tears.

“How do you think it felt having animal parts attached to me?”

Filled with unimaginable shame, I couldn’t even apologize.

“Darn it! I knew I’d met you for a purpose,” she muttered, picking up her scattered belongings and leaving the house.

I stood shaking in the kitchen, and then dismissed it as mutual madness. Sheta Nut confirmed that after searching through the centuries for all of the people she had harmed in Atlantis, Sharon was the last one.