

Nick Cave and the Bad Seeds' **Ghosteen** is the third time my broader awareness has been involuntarily resurrected after I expected it would never come back ever. What Nick did was an intervention of sorts where he stepped in with one album (**Ghosteen**), and turned what both other men declined (or rendered completely invisible deliberately), into a one album moment of consummation where he apparently assumed all of it.

I didn't find out I could not get published until two weeks before I heard **Ghosteen**, which was on a Sunday (October 4, 2019). I finally went to a writer's workshop because it allowed me to speak to an agent for the first time. I was told by the agent that even though "B" and "W" have both written songs about it, -meaning, ["B" has written about reading my book](#) and confirmed what's in it, whereas "W" [has declared fealty](#) to what's in it in terms of how I challenged him online by asking, "Who will be my witness?" (book, [The Raydiant Labyrinth](#), p.1994, starts on p. 1591); -even though those things have happened and all three tie in, in depth, to the book's pre-existing (pre-self-published) content, written legal assent from both parties would be needed to demonstrate that to a publisher. Furthermore, even if there's no lyric citation in the book, just song titles, a publisher would be too afraid to touch it (a problem since there's 100s of songs from a plentitude of albums from so many artists). She told me the only avenue was to fictionalize all of it and write my own lyrics (that sounds deserved). Fair enough, I guess. But for me the whole point was that it was real.

What happened with **Ghosteen** meant that everything that had happened didn't simply disappear, -it got brought back. -The book did not disappear either. It had been part of the process enough to be written about by "B" and had multiple linkages to **Ghosteen**. -I had been forced into the conclusion that the book couldn't be produced (that publishers wouldn't touch it was the two punch in a one, two; -combined with the situation that my ex became far too threatening for me to dare to self-publish the moment I got my copyright), -in combination with the fact that "B" hid what he'd done in plain sight utterly and completely (which put me at complete risk). So the book was buried and so was I. I didn't know what to do. There was a big delay submitting for copyright because I finished with a ginormous essay I included in the copyright submission (it was hyper-linked into the footnotes, but had no bearing on the book), which put my copyright submission out to April 1st 2014. I was already derailed by then about whether there was even any reason left to go forward with the book; -that was due to how pointless it would be if there was a complete lack of evidence.

My question to Nick on [redhandfiles](#) upon hearing **Ghosteen** was, "[Why do you think there is so much appertaining detail that ties in between your latest album and my pre-published book?](#)" (I first wrote to him October 27th 2019.) -When I submitted my question to Nick Cave I gave him full warning of what I thought my book had the existent potential to do, the least of which is the capacity [to clear the existent pope of the charges being leveled at him by his European cardinals that he is guilty of heresy](#). -Needless to say, Nick didn't answer. (Actually I told him that since he answered a question from me 20 years ago he was effectively off the hook on this one.) There were some elements in fan questions he chose to answer that made me wonder if he'd read my missive, -especially [this one](#). (My letters on this subject easily average over 18 pages. His was more like 30, sent on three Sundays over three weeks in three sections.)

"But a word of caution, if you steal an idea and demean or diminish it, you are committing a dire crime for which you will pay a terrible price – whatever talents you may have will, in time, abandon you. If you steal, you must honour the action, further the idea, or be damned."

-Then came his post of [Issue #96 May 2020](#), where he was fully truthful about “[Night Raid](#)” by plucking the inspirational train of thought origin for its key lyric, which he declared he’d have ascribed on his tombstone. He confided that when he wrote it, he’d had the intuition it had yet to arrive at its transcendental meaning. Having recently supplied him with what amounted to perhaps the ultimate transcendent meaning it could have ever possibly arrived at; it did beg the question of whether the response had a veiled intention personally. I accepted it was the nicest possible response (if it was one), that he could have possibly made, which is how it was absorbed. The calibration of the internal reaction in terms of all the interior levers it triggered, those moments in time where the songs were first known, which is practically ingrained in my being, was insane. This was on top of **Ghosteen** itself, which in its own way was infinitely worse. Never has there been an album that made me put my hand to my mouth in awe multiple times. Hand in awe moments are 20 years rare.

Nick Cave also used Issue #96 to mention [BadSeedTV](#). It was the first time I saw “M” speaking in too many years to count. -Beautiful human. It was the first time I was even able to listen to the music since 2013, and the 2009 betrayal before that. -And it all resonated. And once again in too long to count, the chaos in the real world began to resonate in real time. And it was for the silliest simplistic of all reasons (Cave’s tombstone improbably being a personally intended reply), though chaos keeps its own reasons to itself. Chaos began its ordering on May 15th 2020, when I was able to put on BadSeedTV, -simply listen for the first time in so long. It put me through the ceiling, only to put me through the floor the following day on the simple truth that what Cave had produced with **The Boatman’s Call** in 1997 had never been intended for me, -and what was happening to me now had never been intended by him either.

I have a lot to unpack with Nick Cave; -it unpacks itself. There was an entire realm that simply vanished with my acceptance of his reply to me, meaning whatever was resonating with him did not leave off after the encounter (and reply) in 1999, but it was vanquished of meaning after that and the connection receded, mainly because I had no choice but to accept his verdict on the matter. (With this last creative album trilogy of his, (Cave is the one who says that **Push the Sky Away**, **Skeleton Tree**, and **Ghosteen** were a creative trilogy) it came back.) There is so much hurt in what happened, which only surfaces in being brought back awake. I call it the awakening into pain. I pretty much expect it now, which means it is less terrifying than it used to be. It is what I am forced to process first. This was milder, long drawn and quiet. Nothing anyone has done has caused me so much pain as “W” has when he has done it, caused the awakening into pain. There is nothing that could ever compare to the interior cleaving **Machina/machines of God** was responsible for in 2000. The awakening into pain “W” caused in 2007 was practically mind breaking (book, [The Raydiant Labyrinth](#), p. 2086).

It is that Cave’s act of resurrection has happened twice instead of once, twenty-two years apart, that imparts some level of transcendent meaning regardless of where he himself consciously stood on the matter then or stands now. What I’m trying to get at is that I realize its significance actually lies in that he’s wholly inspired to do what he does, -not the other way ‘round, and I have to recognize that this has an equal weight, because it’s pointing to the Transcendent. Or transcendent, -but this by its very nature must be Conscious. (I don’t see any other way.) The return of Cave’s latent geometry to a threshold where I can actually listen parses the past into distinctions I simply hadn’t differentiated before, -like the realization that Nick Cave was the only man I ever simply proposed to in the real world by a simple act of prose. He was the only individual who wrote the ring was locked upon “her” finger after the eclipse, -which had happened shortly before I met Bono with my first set of missives in the real world for the first time, -wrote that the unification was permanent and the separation over. He was the only individual to say the ring was locked after I’d put my own on my ring finger temporarily with the epiphany during my unleashing of the Machina Mysteries during my

takeover of The Smashing Pumpkins' online forum during "W"'s Machina contest in November 2000, where I committed interiorly just out of faith that what I experienced in that moment would reach and answer for itself from the male side where it was supposed to, because that is what God determines and God was definitely what I was dealing with. If Cave and "W" each themselves didn't have a clue, then the being relating as lover was inspiring universally and was transcendent of every individual apparently involved. I just accepted that in my own mind. My mind wasn't given any other choice at the time. Cave's ramifications in terms of resurrecting my awareness in 1997/98 were dreadful for me personally. It awakened a hope in me so deep I knew that if it wasn't answered for it would surely kill me inside. Trying to resolve that hope was nothing but pain from the moment it awoke. I knew if that hope was destroyed, I wouldn't want to live. Enter the last seven years.

I never had any hope before '98. Only duty and terrible purpose. My only utility in the universe apparently was that God was quite content with having me sacrificed. And guess what? Killing me on the inside was exactly what that hope got to do in the end, -if we consider the end points to be either 2009 or 2013-17.

Thanks to the direct effort at discovery on my part, I knew for a fact that Nick Cave has never been aware that I existed at all. So, it's a very real question: how he can step inside and do this so intimately interiorly and have zero notion that's what he's done/involved in inspirationally-? I know it's not him. I was forced to that conclusion in 1999/2000. [We are at least in agreement.](#) We've a number of [significant agreements](#), like life missions themselves:

"However, my duty as a songwriter is not to try to save the world, but rather to save the soul of the world. This requires me to live my life on the other side of truth, beyond conviction and within uncertainty, where things make less sense, absurdity is a virtue and art rages and burns; where dogma is anathema, discourse is essential, doubt is an energy, magical thinking is not a crime and where possibility and potentiality rule. The answers to the secrets of the heart may just be there, in the inscrutable dark of the forest, in the unfathomable depths of the sea, at the uncertain tips of our fingers."

-So, the dutiful songwriter's stepped fully inside a second time, personifying the elements of both men who destroyed the hope Nick Cave awakened in me back in 1997, as if it all happened in one night, -fully captured completely with one album. -It is a real, very big why, as in *Why did this happen?* I decide that's really the question I should have put to Cave this time 'round. It lingers for months. But I know I should be the very last person asking the question. I shouldn't have to ask why of anyone. I should know. It's not a question Cave was ever capable of answering. It's a transcendent question. When you shifted the ring twenty years ago accepting a proposal that you thought of as transcendent, just what were you answering to when it's come back transcendentally all over again?

It got me retreading 2000, which among other things was the closest I came to insanity and having a nervous breakdown. I did not sleep for eight nights straight. It was, on the rational level, the furthest out on a limb I went in terms of whether what I imagined was sane. That is why it became the Machina Mysteries in real time. -Turns out I may have hidden the mystery so well inside what was a flamboyantly vulnerable full splayed display of honesty verging on collapse into self-parody bombast, -I may have succeeded in hiding the mystery from myself too. The answer was as plain as day, hidden in plain sight. I never actually divulged what happened that one night in 2000, not to anyone. It was far too embarrassing to contemplate let alone reveal.

If one were to attempt a capture my interior dialogues with God/the universe (which virtually don't exist because let's say I have abandonment issues) one finds an extremely jaded individual. It's along the lines this time of ah yes, forcibly shot into the transcendent once more. What's the point? "*I am beside you, look for me!*" "*I am within you, you are within me, look for me!*" -the *Ghosteen*

*You cannot resurrect me with something You can in no way answer for. You have no right to awaken me with something that doesn't exist. Otherwise put perhaps as You know full well (as I do) that this was never even possibly answerable by the Transcendent. So. Why did this happen?*

What's happening with Cave this time post ***Ghosteen*** and post Issue #96 is that I'm recognizing there's a continuous unbroken thread to the marriage pattern on his level, which I've been made to recognize as the transcendent level.

-So what was the hope Nick Cave personified so perfectly the first time it was impossible to ignore? Oh, latent adolescent storytelling to one's self that never amounted to anything. Two individuals who entwined as souls first as an interiorly felt awareness that augmented on itself as a live feedback, sentience so deeply mutually felt as common awareness that the only way to answer for it if ever they met was to make love the moment they did, because that was what they already were. (-When did I come up with that? -Fourteen.) If you want to know how unbearably close something like that can come to not happening and yet happen, maybe you can bear to read my book. The only thing I ever wanted in life was manifest in Cave with that one album (***The Boatman's Call***) as an existing transcendent possibility. (Of course the book explains exactly how this worked. (p. 902)) Because really the only thing I wanted in life was to be with the one person in the real world who I'd already attained a union with in my mind. Basically the advent of Cave blew that prospect wide open for me. -And that was when "*It's Only When I Lose Myself*" (9/23/98) hit in real time (the moment I awoke), and I knew it was real.

***Ghosteen*** did not trigger me sexually, (even though that is exactly what it was designed to do) but it made me self aware I was on a sort of hair trigger and that it triggered something mind-blowing. I didn't trigger until Issue #96. In other words, I did not trigger until I had a cue that permitted the intellectual arrival at the conclusion that all three men I'd approached on the question of whether there was a transcendent connective consciousness happening with their inspiration were better for the encounter. (Two took eighteen years to bother arriving at that conclusion, and the third, who it was concluded in 1999 was wholly unconscious of what was happening, possibly has a different rejoinder now.) This wasn't really processed consciously on my part. I know I've arrived at the correct conclusion almost intuitively. The rational understanding is but a small facet. It is actually the only reason my mind reacts the way it does, but it is practically non-verbal.

May 16th 2020 - The following afternoon I was on the kitchen floor in teary-eyed personal devastation, leaned up against the wall (again with no one the wiser, no one saw me). -Because I had "B" to process. I had Nick Cave to process, and I had no choice but to accept that it doesn't and has never once existed, and that for me is just the sum of loss. I was simply facing that what Cave had done in 1997 had never been intended for me and what was happening now to me wasn't intended either, -and I crashed on it. What Cave presented to me in 1998 proved to have never been real, and I know it's not real with him now either. (Writing to him I framed all this super well, trust me, but it's not actually something I've fully processed as hurt, -not until I'm forced awake.) I have personal betrayal to process. I even have last Christmas to process, which was no fun at all. No one would want to wake back up to this. -No one. And neither did I. It is devastating. Believe me it got dark. It got so dark I had to kneel and ask

Jesus for forgiveness, and that was remarkable in how it shifted everything. I haven't been at that mental strait for twenty years. I consider it embarrassing and humbling in the extreme.

The question cycling on repeat, *Why did this happen?* -ratchets up and down a full scale where I am forced again back to the beginning to question everything from from scratch as if I'm reset at zero and there is nothing at all. I am in so much uncertainty at this moment I'm thrown back to square one on the book and the question of whether I should just destroy it, whether that's better? That it exists is a shiver of fear. Bowie gave me that sort of fear too with the "[Blackstar](#)" video premiere; -just viewing it made me afraid at the outset. It took a lot to process and even have the courage to post the book for the first time in public field at all (even if no one saw it).

And from my perspective I have betrayal even perhaps by God Themselves to process. Regardless of where that stands, I have that sensibility to process.

In short I'm a devastated person.

Why would I even sit down and write it?

Christmas holiday I made the mistake of ingesting a chemical substance at a nightclub post one of two Christmas dinners because it was the first time I encountered one of my drug imbibing friends in oh, let's say a decade, and I was really happy to see him, and of course he offered me "e". I was out with my brother for the first time, the youngest one. I was fine dancing until I did it, then I was not fine at all. I was thrown back into the exact same dilemmas I'd had twenty-five or so years ago and shocked to find not one of them had changed. They were worse now because out of the last two decades I have hardly danced at all and the only dancing I did for a stretch was in a marital context, meaning for his eyes only, -so I'm not even sure how that's influenced me or if I can reel that back. -Terrified as ever of how quick I turn into the center, just by difference. I forgot too I almost never coupled dancing with drug use. Definitely forgot every trip I ever actually did with this guy (-two?) -were bad ones. Definitely wasn't prepared to not go out clubbing not alone, and realize it put me in the position of enabler to all my brother's drug use issues. Definitely wasn't prepared to go out after a hiatus of not quite twenty years, forget the substance, the hiatus was just as long and that was a giant mistake. It's not until after the drug I register that in fact the majority of my dancing in the past twenty years has had one viewer in basically a martial context and I'm self-conscious about whether and how much that's affected me and whether that's appropriate? Couldn't have cared less about the scene in the sense of questioning whether anything about the scene was worthwhile. But I can in a heartbeat identify a man in the mell who is there solely to pray over the scene and thank him for doing so, because the scene scared the hell out of me and the scene wasn't impressed with me either. They could all identify the trip in the fact that I wasn't prepared to step onto the floor.

For me it started at, none of the guys seem really happy with the fact that they're here, they look like they're suffering it for the girls. They look like they really think it's totally gay. Which leads to the Q of how narcissistic does it have to be to have this sort of result? That and a tonne of things. Being any good is taken as token for narcissism. Or maybe it's just the fact that actually dancing with a man is something I've practically never done (why would I trust it), which just makes its own implication. I feel bad because it bothers the hell out of me; -if everyone's dancing for their own sake, there's zero community. Where's the social aspect; -do boys just get to jive with girls? It seems like zero. And the only indications of "community" I see are the goals the guys have if they really think this all is as gay as f\*\*\*. "*John I'm only dancing, she turns me on, don't get me wrong, but I'm only dancing*" is the opposite of where these guys appear to be at.) And it's something as one in hundreds I have zero impact on where this ends up, which is not comforting at all; -so much for purported sensibilities as a global empath.

Being one I keep a 100% secret from everyone I know does zero to change my vulnerabilities thrown into a crowd. -Welcome home. You're still alone. My friend was walking around with an electric halo and the worst thing that could have possibly happened is if he had put it on my head.

I don't feel sound if I can get taken to zero and worse by a one night "e" trip where even the DJ appears to walk off in disgust and I know my friend will never call me back and I felt damned in the end just by presence, or close to it. All those years where I didn't speak to anyone. Fair enough, I HAD ISSUES. I don't have to take social responsibility for the entire electronic dance craze because I was a participant in my generation, do I?

The trip thrusts me back into Pandora's Box and how I don't want to ever deal with Pandora's Box at all ever again on the larger scale to these questions I've always debated in my mind, of how the fundamentals are such that everyone will probably just take off running in all the wrong ways if they attempt to apply them to themselves. It could get so ugly so very, very easily. It doesn't really register to me maybe I've got thrust back to square one by "B"'s betrayal so maybe I'd naturally get subject to a horrible trip back at square one in the interim.

Sitting against the wall in the floor in the galley kitchen I find I don't want to address any of this ever again in eternity either.

I mean, Holy f\*\*\*, humanity literally just f\*\*\*ed over the entire planet on the question of f\*\*\*ing. Literally f\*\*\*ed themselves to death with it. So why would you dare to even open a Pandora's box on a Holy F\*\*\* when they've already proven themselves such a bunch of collective bumbling bumblef\*\*\*s they'd literally kill life and creation itself over the bloody question? (Yea I'm real enthused about meeting any of these in a club as utter complete strangers. Maybe a new killer ex!) Like why in holy tarnation would you even want to have that Q to face in eternity? Like even want to put that question on the f\*\*\*ing shelf, until the afterlife?

Good God no, -don't want to deal with it there from ground zero from scratch. Like hell no.

Even if I have "M" still prospectively to deal with. This has gone so well the first two times. Why would I want to even try that one more time with another person, even if it's potentially possible?

*No, too much pain to want anymore.*

I'm so good at disappearing. I'd sooner rather disappear on the afterlife at this point. I don't want it anymore.

That as a thought, that despair has destroyed my whole sense of purpose inside me beyond death at this point, that is beyond staggering. But it was how I felt.

*I think I'll just disappear.*

That got dark.

I'd rather disappear than go through this pain anymore ever at all.

What about "M"?

-If it's anything like the first two (I've no reason to hope it won't be), I'd sooner disappear. I don't want any afterlife.

Wow.

*I want to disappear.*

That was part of it. Another part was (not these words), if you are dealt that you are permanently in your life the way it is despite the fact that there might be "M" (which is the hand you're dealing yourself if you conclude you've set "M" on the shelf to the afterlife if you're just trying to keep the transcendent truth safe from the wreckage reality just keeps dealing and dealing on the situation, or, you're dealt the horrible outcome you were dealt from the second "W" produced **Machina**, which was horrible horrible odds of being separated for life through no fault of your own, awareness of which practically split me in half); -if that's the situation or turns out to be the situation no matter what you try to do, can't you just accept your state of life as is (this to an individual talking to one's self who's stated internally "I hate my life" too many times in the last seven years to count). I've been reconciled to nothing for definitely the last twenty years, and certainly am not reconciled to anything since sixteen years of age. -Most of my life I'd have preferred (I thought) to be dead. Now even death has no appeal.

So I've been in rebellion, total rebellion, to God inflicting me with the danger of this probability for a full twenty years. I think any God Who would do that to an individual (forcing them to 100% internalize it to boot) has to be a horrible God. Fundamentally this has to do with whether I trust enough not to blame God and whether I can accept God's will in my life no matter what it metes out.

This is the first moment I find myself beginning to reconcile. (There's countless variables that make it so it might, I won't start with the first one, -"B" already forced me through that one and that hurt so bad, I'm done. I. will. Not. Go. Through. It. Again. twice. I'd sooner die.)

I'd sooner disappear.

-Couldn't you just accept if it happens?

(-It's not worse than anything that's already happened, it already happened.)

Granted, with "Book of Your Heart" "B" acknowledges it is a wedding tying it into me. But when he can't acknowledge that's real and is pretending I don't even exist, what does that even mean? When he closes with we're not even together and it's just something we choose to do, what does that even mean? I got put through all of it as false. So now I'm on the track of having to accept my culpability that the whole course with "B" was wrong. -How could I think something could shift and transform out of something that was so essentially evil? That the universe could shift it? That I could? How dare I have the audacity to think so? Was I wrong about the whole course of the whole 28-33 years (charting back to either '87 or '92)? Was everything I thought about "B" just one giant wrong turn into a new falsehood? And I find myself back at square one having to ask for forgiveness for my culpability in my entire choice if I was wrong. As if what's meting out is my putting him in this position, nothing more.

I cannot believe it.

Could you accept if it all might have happened this way because you were wrong? And if you were wrong you need to destroy the book. It's better if it's destroyed.

How could you be such a fool as to fall for the same trap twice, if it hit you as coming from God? In believing in the possibility there might be some sort of an exception?

Yes, I had to repent and ask for personal forgiveness, from Jesus. I'm as afraid as I was back November 1992 and that stopped me for eighteen years, Bible kid. And not stopping him was all for nothing too.

That was the first time in about four hours I had a creeping sensation of calm and peace and began to relax. It seemed remarkably easy, almost too easy.

If the book's too dangerous to do what about "M"? (yes, well, hell in tarnation, -what am I supposed to do if this is about him)? What about the rest?

What do you do now?

Cave has woken me, once more.

*Why am I awake?*

The first thing I listened to when BadSeedTV woke me up was Grinderman. I was delighted.

July 11th turned out to be my first weekend off in ages, meaning I didn't have my (now teenage qualified) kids. So this weekend I took a mental break, -but made the mistake of watching this piece of click-bait the ex sent me because he said Depeche Mode had produced it and that it was new and that it was a documentary. -The Youtube algorithm put me onto Depeche Mode's cover of "[Heroes](#)" for the first time late past the 11th, as the very next thing; (-I'd never been aware of it, but now I know that is how DM discovered David). That was all it took. For me there was a massive depth of scale in that one song choice and the production values, but it really just boiled down to one thing.

*'Cause we're lovers, and that is a fact  
Yes, we're lovers, and that is that*

-Because I knew it was true, and the truth seeped into my being in an instant. It is a truth I know intimately as a whole realm; -the onus is on me to explain it. But it is reality as sensation the moment I hear it. I know it is true, which permits me to feel. And it is that tiny crack, that tiny chink of truth, that breaks how utterly frozen I am inside. And from that moment it has never stopped. It deepens and deepens inside and it never stops.

The first thing I was able to listen to after Depeche Mode's "Heroes" was Arcade Fire's [Reflektor](#). Next it was David. That meant a poison had been leached.

What happened post July 12th was that after I'd been through the valley of darkness as it were, -which is to say I re-heard and re-remembered the highs and lows; (including once where everything just seemed to get blown up and utterly reduced to nothing (which happened live - that was the Devotional tour in 1993), -plus lows less low than that); -all the obstacles and conflicts in "M's" catalogue/performances (which just happened at random on YouTube), all the knife edges and circular reasoning, flaws and potential falsehoods;- all the doubts (most of which [had lost their power](#) long, long ago); -after that unpacking (which would practically be hard too hard to properly express (-because it's that intelligent)); -I absorbed most of DM's and Martin Gore's "M's" catalogue entire (beginning at what I'd never actually properly heard even once). It sunk into my being as if most of it had always been intended between "M" and me in exactly what it expresses (because as soon as I heard and saw "Heroes", I knew it to be true). It's a bit paradoxical, but it hadn't happened before. -Bottom line, we had been lovers, we had been this at a level so transcendent "M" had expressed it as eternal; -there is enough abiding

context that this was true; -it had been lost through no fault on either of our parts. So the fact that it was extinguished was just plain wrong. It was very wrong, as in it couldn't have been more wrong for me to do to him, and horror of horrors this was twenty years long. I absorbed it all as the sum of the past for the first time (some of it for the very first time, which at a sum of seventeen years is nigh too painful to contemplate); -just the act of listening reintegrated it in the Now inside my body. (*Why am I awake? -I'm awake. Everything is resonating. Why am I awake?*) -I saw I had to have been brought back because of "M"; -he was the reason, and in the mind state I'd arrived at, -it turns out (-colour me astonishingly surprised), all I had to do was just hit "play".) After 2009/2013, it all became too painful to listen to.

When David Bowie died I could no longer listen to him, it hurt too much, but once I hear "Heroes" by Depeche Mode I can. When David died I went through unremitting guilt for more than a month, collapsed in unremitting mourning and loss, which means I'm sure I'll have grieved for David more than any family member will ever cause me to grieve, -and that's appropriate, not inappropriate. It was far worse. (He's another I could never have uttered "Sorry" to enough.) That was where my mind spent itself; the rest of this was afterthought. I internalized it as being to blame and the scale of the remorse was incalculable.

"B"'s memoriam for David made me feel ill on the inside. He headed it with a picture of him kissing David on the cheek I just thought was smarmy, and to me that was as close to Judas as he'll ever get. You were such friends, -right? You know everyone, everyone who's part of this, many of them personally. And you don't want a single one of them to know I exist. If "B" had done anything, anything at all, had chosen to act in any way in the real world as opposed to confining his reaction solely to his art (two. albums. later.), -and only in one interest, David could have known before he died. But "B" instead chose to bury me alive, -it wasn't worth it to him to do anything, -and as consequence David didn't get to know before he died. [It was as awful and backward as David said it was, my appearing for the first time, the day before he died. And it was completely, utterly invisible.](#) And there was no way, thanks to "B", to alter that. David dying was me getting to feel the tomb "B" had sealed on me was never going to ever get opened. David was far too great a key to lose and he was gone before I reached him. And that was on me because I'd wrongly put too much of my focus on the verdict with "B". That's not too fair if you understand the imperatives I'd been set up with. I couldn't even save my own mother because I didn't have that verdict. And "B" never cared. (Neither did "W".)

Do you think it hurt David not to find out before he died? The whole concept [is a rendering of the loss](#). It hurt him as much as it hurt me. It was about having to die without getting to see. It was about having to miss that close. I'd also had a prescient fear many years before that David was going to die before I ever managed to reach him, but missing by less than twenty-four hours was far more than I could take. And the last really weird after-thought was that until "B"'s inaction actually got to hurt someone else other than me, my pain was invisible too. But that's not really true. It's been reverberating since 2000. It's been reverberating as something "M" feels himself.

-What else did I miss?

I've decided I'm going to unpack this in terms of a highlight reel of sorts, the thresholds of what I listened to after I was brought back awake. (I'm dry as humanly possible because I refuse to unpack this erotically with someone married, but it did get to happen before I found out.) Then I will circle back to how all three were essential in what happened with "M" and what happened next, even though that seems really perverse at the outset.

Before I even get to the unpacking Depeche Mode obliges (which is a bit much), I still have to unpack "Heroes" a little more. That it's David, and that it's a song that never applied to this but

means the world, and now means something in the now, means more than the world to me. The Joshua trees are the only subject in the montage (apart from floating stars). That casts straight back to 1993, and Anton Corbijn's video for "[In Your Room](#)", which re-juxtaposes the king/queen between her and David Gahan in "Enjoy the Silence" (I realize that was never intended to juxtapose, as "In Your Room" is simply a recast montage capture of DM's prior videos using women.) -But nonetheless, it re-contextualizes the song. It also creates a subtle shift at the heart of where this began, -after I've uttered that the Joshua tree is dead (p. 1784) (and mentioning how they are a lot more dead [in my 4th article](#)); -Depeche Mode's portraying them alive. It's pure simple symbolism that for me is like bringing it back. Yes, Anton is Depeche Mode's videographer, -but I always wondered why DM had that tree the moment after this all started at a U2 concert November 1992. I talked about that video ("In Your Room") on p. 465, because it scared me out of my mind. It was way harder to deal with the truth back then, and "M" told me the truth. Back then he was saving my soul. He still is.

So, the king. You're going to find out where that came from if you read. The queen I deliberately don't talk about, because there's a terrible truth at the bottom of what played out in terms of the symbolism, the real reason my father might have ended up deciding he had to kill me; (he of course would have thought this a holy act, but he'd have been wrong; -and again, it's the pattern of what happened with Cave that bears this out). -Cave cracked things so far wide open with **Ghosteen** it was the first time [I've said anything about it](#), (other than when I confided that to Billy over fifteen years ago), which only became topical because "queen" was there in the symbolism I was analyzing to Billy over fifteen years ago. "B" deliberately stepped in and shifted the king arch-type to himself with "Salome", a song so weighed down with the content of its arch-types it took a whole chapter to unpack it (book, p. 726). There is a terrible burden in it, and Depeche Mode were aware then. (Even when I explained this to Cave I wasn't prepared to mention how "B" came by it. So you can go read Chapter 17 "What Happened in the Rear-view Mirror".) It means the world to me to have "M" to take and completely alter and invert that (on the upside) just by performance alone.

What was sort of transcendent about it, and what perhaps bore out the implication of its being an arch-type that was perhaps attached to me (rather [beyond permanency](#)) was everything that transpired with Trent Reznor on **The Fragile** (book, p. 1143). I'm not lousy at complex but I feel I'm not up to the task of adequately articulating the complex in accessible language, so I will not leave you at the mercy of what I tried to explain about it and just say, -went to the underworld, the underworld shifted it didn't shift me, so that this arch-type happened in that transformational context sort of blazes it into me being, because Trent himself accessed and engaged the archetype and rose up. -I didn't get assimilated into "[Reptile](#)" basically. What changed was him not me; -and I'd literally planned to be saved by his own volition (though of course I had zero clue it might turn out to prove itself in him), -which would redeem him of his own self awareness and volition, just by being accessed, meaning I set this up as a potential dynamic out of self-conception when I put myself under; (-has to sound pretty crazy, but well, here we all are). -Still.

It's what I went (or came) through that made it a pure arch-type. And if "M" pulled that out with any sense of consciousness in this context, that's not small. It's rather mega-big right this second, -because Cave just resurrected the arch-type from that reflektor pretender dude over there with **Ghosteen**, so colour me floored. It's like finally resurfacing after a lifetime. And it's not just OMG it's OMGYES. -Oh and, the only reason it does any of this is because "M" opted to perform it, which is the only way it would have accessed me personally. Before it was one of the best of David's cannon (zero relation); all-of-a-sudden the song's not "just" that anymore. It activated between "M" and me. The gratitude of just having it arrive in a relatable context is infinite on its own. This happening is what restores David to me in an oh so strange sense, -when that was just an infinitude of personal loss. Unbelievably, Depeche Mode erase the

infinite of personal loss in the art erasure burial deliberately performed by the reflektor/pretender in the exact same motion. Holy OMG. And Holy Swell, it does this in terms of OMGYES. (Yes I think I'm gonna die, because this is happening already; -and that was Day 1.)

One song accesses and restores all of David for me, accesses and restores the transcendent frieze in "[Reflektor](#)" and somehow makes it transcendent just by doing that (when it was burial before), accesses and restores the symbology of the Joshua Tree (from the one who totaled the symbolism), shifting it behind "M"; (Joshua Tree=Jesus Tree=Tree of Life). -And it does all this, just by uttering one simple couplet of the truth. So now I have to tell "M" the truth....

I will date some things in terms of when I heard "M"'s catalogue to lend a qualified understanding of what brought me to this threshold.

July 11, 2020 - encounter Depeche Mode "[Heroes](#)"

July 12th - "*you must unpack this*" - I do this just by letting Youtube do random algorithm. I see the stuff I like and the stuff I don't like because I must unpack all of it, -the good, the bad, and the ugly. In particular I have to deal with the "Playing the Angel" Tour from 2005 which really disillusioned me and I really did not like. Oh great. This is all (still) about sex, guilt, remorse and pain. Yummy. Everything I've made a discipline out of trying to avoid. Seeing that show in 2005 was the week my life was tipped by my ex into non-stop unremitting hell. Also there's the "Devotion" Tour 1993, which decimated me where I stood right at the beginning so far into the ground I thought the whole universal might not exist at all or in any event, just got destroyed. (I was reasonably honest about this on p. 529. I felt assured then that I could never put any hope or faith in "M" ever. I felt it was the same implication he were giving me about myself.)

Unpacking means I must recall everything. Violator's "World in My Eyes" is circular logic that means transcendence is only what you have on the inside. (Almost depends on your day in a way. It's a real knife's edge with emptiness.) Additionally it's a covert sexual entendre which I just flat out ignored all those years. ("Halo" was the same.) I really had identity in "The Sweetest Perfection" and "Clean". "Policy of Truth" grated against all my sensibilities. But in the present tense I still find myself terrified of the book and questioning the implication of it being written at all. The argument's as present as it was (for me) almost thirty years ago, -my forced little secret of myself. I've been forced into total secrecy since I was sixteen on so many levels, those aspects that are supposed to be the biggest aspects in one's life I was forced into secrecy about. And they just kept compounding, the secrets, and the imperatives to keep them got starker to the point where it was pretty much silence, or die. That was the existent situation in 1993.

But here I am in the present: Is the book a mistake? Am I still not supposed to tell? Am I not supposed to tell "M", given how wrong it's gone whenever I revealed myself to any of the men I considered potentially involved? I think I talk about ***Songs of Faith and Devotion*** in the book enough (p. 460), though I could have said way more. "Judas" has come true in the now, because it's taken twenty-seven years. All these things I was in opposition to or didn't agree with, so many have arrived at their own truth. Or I've transcended enough to have no fear of the failed elements anymore.

"In Your Room" hit me like a hammer blow live. Because I didn't believe in confining this to secrecy in my head back then when the song was produced. I hated it. I didn't want a secret repository in my head. The entire course of the book's trajectory, when and where I was willing to go, the personal encounters I made and why, show I was always trying to do the exact opposite. I was always trying to prove it at one point or place that would allow me then to reveal all of it. I didn't believe in what "B" chose to do with it, maintaining that aspect as a

secret in his mind all this time, -which is the same as confining someone to it, if there's another person involved. I've tried to break out for twenty years, -I tried to break out as soon as I thought it might be safe to try.... -meaning as soon as I was past the threat that the "Room's" very existence didn't mean I or we were eternally damned, which was the scale of the threat I was being faced with all the time, and got faced with for leaving at all. Yet when I hear the song in 2020, that's where "M" has been this entire twenty-seven years, and I am guilty as charged. "M" was the last repository I had, and because of all that had transpired in my personal encounters attempting to deal with and address this in the real world and how they had destroyed it, I let it lie. I was too afraid to even reach out and touch it. And "In Your Room" is where he remained, -for twenty-seven years. It's almost too terrible to contemplate upon hearing.

Other than that it was a great week musically. My real shock plunging into the catalogue was **Sounds of the Universe**, which I never got to listen to at the time. Before this the track I'd felt keenly aware of was "Little Soul", which meant a great deal to me as the footsteps were an analogy that had basically tripled inside the feedback loop (twice in front of "W"), because I had mentioned it. "Peace" I felt very strongly about too, but at that point in time I was far too deep in despair to have any hope it might prove possible (which is the best moment, in a sense, for that song to be, but personally I was irretrievable).

This was the first time I listened to the album from end to end the whole way through, and it was the bonus edition. My heart was being irretrievably broken in 2009 and I couldn't listen to anything. I am shocked beyond shocked [by "Light"](#), so much so I crush my hands against my eyes in the dark; -because "M" knew then that it was immutable, because it was about the rapture, telling me when I was too broken to feel or see anymore. (But "M" was still saying "gods", and I would have distrusted automatically because of the plural.) -Even when things were completely flying apart and I was "gone" for him ([here](#), [here](#) and [here](#)), -he knew it was about the Rapture. -And he laid claim to being the "[Ghost](#)" (this was a discovery on the 1st Youtube weekend that I loved) who I couldn't find anymore, as I'd been "distracted" by getting my heart broken twice over. -In the sense of what happened in 2000 with **Exciter**, that "M" was the only one privy to that experience in terms of "*I am you and you are me*", this actually had a ring of truth to it. With what happened in 2013 with **Delta Machine**, it [doubly](#) had a [ring](#) of [truth](#) to it.... because "M" was claiming that intimacy that had happened in 2010-12 as having transpired with him.

It got to access me from start to finish. It regained the sense that it was personal. And "Oh Well" even helped access that there might have been an awareness of the dancing I did in the 2000's, which was decidedly personal after getting married (-this continued for two songs of DM's, with Dave writing the second). I dismiss things that are too generalized, and again this album was broad enough in its strokes it could have been written about anything, -except for the precious minority I'd question like "Light" and "Little Soul". It is only after I'm in the frame of mind, I'm awake, everything is resonating, -*why am I awake?*", and only after the conclusion **Delta Machine** has given me, that I am able to absorb it all as a totality, and able to absorb **Sounds of the Universe** in totality. The second dwelling is **Live Spirits**, which I hadn't listened to either. I cycle between these two albums the most, but I go through my whole DM catalogue one by one.

At one week I again on Saturday night do a Youtube algorithm on DM to celebrate, just enjoyed music and danced for the first time in ages - this one I liked far better. The highlights of the night were seeing the T-Mobile [Delta Machine release premiere](#) for the first time, [revisiting the Singles tour](#), and getting introduced [to Faithless](#) and [Paul Kalkbrenner](#). (I made the mistake of inviting the neighbour over to watch.) It was a blissful week. I finally began dancing again.

Next week I sort of left off it in my mind, which to my mind in retrospect was a good thing.

July 28th, I decided to look up “M”’s birthday for the first time. I hate googling anything. Sure enough, it pops up net worth, marital status, all in one go. I’m shocked to find out Comet NEOWISE came closest to the planet on his 60th birthday, especially since the comet’s appearance more or less coincided with when this began to hit. [Nick Cave performed his live solo acoustic at Alexandra Palace on that day](#), released on November 20th. I was scared to search. I didn’t want to know his status at all. That was rough. But I didn’t see how the situation could really qualify itself head to head with something that had taken twenty-seven years to transpire -? Does something four years long outweigh twenty-seven years? I didn’t really think so. I recognize July 21st that this has been a landmark 20 years since it began.

August 4th - listened to **Counterfeit 2** the whole way through for the first time. I am able, just because of where my mind has triggered, to simply listen to it and absorb it as reality at the same time. It is in that sense my first integrated experience. I think the whole album is utterly exquisite.

The climax with the DM catalogue comes on August 10th and August 11th. By August 13th I reviewed a little of **Exciter** and registered what happened with **Delta Machine** in terms of its timeline (it is the height and the crash simultaneously), and I totally existentially just collapsed. “[Alone](#)” was just an axe through me (“*I couldn’t even take you home*”) because really that was all I ever wanted to happen, and it seemed like there was a window where it might have potentially been possible, but because “B” buried the situation in secrecy I’d felt utterly trapped with no way out, unable to publish the book, which was the same as being unable to provide anything that would have let “M” find out I existed, at what looked like it might have been the right time...

That night, not unlike “Dream On” happened to mention, my body did itch all over for at least two hours and I realized it was a peri-menopausal symptom. The cruelty of the reality, that “M” had maybe actually wished he could have taken me home in 2013, (perhaps if he had happened to have known, but I’d been trapped since “B” and “W” did and said absolutely nothing with no way to translate this and no way out, with any utterance of what has happened or was happening simply leading to the denigration that I was crazy). There it was, literally the only thing I’d ever wanted, and it had been missed through no fault of his or mine, and now it was gone forever.

My thought in the morning was,

*Not even eternity can make up for this.*

Late morning I conclude everyone is an adult here and maybe this time the people in the room can deal with this like they’re adults.

By August 31st I note I felt the same as I had twenty years ago with the epiphany in 2000. By September 4th I formulate an eternal pledge in my own mind with rings in mind. But I leave it where it lies. No record. This is the moment where everything changes. On the morning of Saturday September 12th there is an undeniable Presence in my room. It has no identifiers, none, but just by His very presence alone I feel exactly the way I did twenty years ago.

September 10th - I find out “M” is not only married but with very small children. I feel I was only put on this earth to have my heart split and be sacrificed over and over. I won’t be able to feel anymore. It’s a conflict I’ve never done and never created. I refused with “B” for eighteen years, -and that I yielded was utterly worthless. -The dilemma’s no different. -I was only put here for

pain. The only time I made that mistake I got put through so much pain I don't even want to be here anymore. It's not that I don't love. I just can't. I always had a sense that if I allowed myself to I was setting myself up for a conflict which meant setting myself up to be hurt more than I could stand because I will always choose not to hurt others. I think God only created me to hurt. They woke me (again) for something that's never once existed. I was the only one, -the only one, -who this caused so much devotion for inside, -so much interior conflict, -that I was always alone. It robbed a lifetime for me, -it didn't cost anyone else anything, -and no one cares. -At least since it robbed a lifetime I should get my book out of it. -At least.

Every time I have spoken to anyone and revealed about myself I did my best not to create any conflict. In other words every time I've approached anyone on this, I was trying to ground the situation just by dialogue alone. Even if I thought I was dealing with a potential eternal soul mate, which is what "W" represented, -I put it on the shelf in the interest of discovery. I wasn't ever even worth the most basic of civil treatment.

I may have believed in doing that and thought that was most important even in terms of my own integration and personal freedom, -but it's never mattered to anyone. I can't really see putting that forward to "M" though because we've both already felt this and that makes the situation quite different. I don't know what to do. I would attempt to tell "M" as I've tried in the past, that this is something transcendent and separate (which obviously it already is), and simply dealing with affirmation of just the transcendent gives me integration and my freedom (what I tried for both times in the past)- but the problem is that wasn't what I've wanted from it and the history is testament to that. If that were true, -then Cave wouldn't have been the one responsible for waking my awareness back up.

That moment where I was against the wall on the kitchen floor, -what I was being asked was whether I would just be willing to come to terms with my existence if I had my only dream in life taken away after coming so close to it? And peace came from acceptance. It is a paltry acceptance if someone had just been willing to give me the trade, -namely affirmation of the transcendent would be worth literally any price. Forever is worth it. Affirming the universal consciousness is absolutely worth it, - no matter what. I've always taken that approach. Just writing this at this point is expression of the willingness to do it again.

I'm shaky in the beginning (July); it's liked being launched out of a dead state but scary at the same time. I'm so traumatized by the fear of being hurt again at these levels, but the first primary thought in my mind, over and over is, "I will never leave you". -But I had the same thought in 2010 and again with the book integration in 2012, (-both things it appears "M" experienced as heaven being with me). I was fully completely convinced then, and we lost it. My utterance is tempered now but in the beginning I say it over and over and over, " I will never leave you". It has a tremor...

It's only when God give you to me and God gives me to you, -with a binding eternal troth conferred of individual free will in between, that this is real. That's the perfect marriage. That is why.

You know what's the amazing thing? Both men consciously involved in each of the individual patterns consciously agreed to give me away.  
You couldn't really ask much more of yourselves, -could you?

The reason it happened Now was, I realized what Cave resurrecting me a second time was (thanks to the pattern that came through him but I verifiably tested was not him); -that was God giving you to me.

“B” was [God giving me to You](#).

“W” was arriving at you through the process of pure free will.

It took all three. All paths lead to You in the same way all these paths lead You to me. We are the same, and with “W” they led to a free will asking and answer of an eternal truth out of free will. That moment, realizing that all three pathways worked in three ways, it was the moment I became as wet as I’d been on faith twenty years ago. My love, we have so much reason, there’s no reason to doubt. What does it matter, when I feel you so much? Whatever you need of me I want.

*“Why am I awake?”*

Only because I couldn’t absorb You from the music before and it had never, in the Now, felt “safe” for you to penetrate me as an integrated thought, with no reservation, no hesitation, so it was felt through my entire being; -no remorse, no fear, in complete utter feeling in all aspects. Never happened I guess. You were there for me all along. I just had to let You. That is all. And You gave me the truth that let You. How could I ever forget my eternal lover when you’ve been my whole being?

I didn’t need to ask you to know me, you know me and I know you too; and this is far better than the KJV Biblical sense. But then again it’s just finding actual meaning....

Saturday, September 12, 2020 -I awaken in the morning to a Being in the room and just by presence alone I am as wet as I was twenty years ago on November 27th. The Being has no identifiers whatsoever, the sense of Him is defined purely in terms of what I sense and feel of the encounter; -He comes to rest at the foot of my bed. I remember no thought exchange, just presence.

Tuesday, September 15th – The soundtrack is still **Live Spirits**. Coincidentally on this day I wore a dress in a dark rich blue teal (almost green but not), that only cost \$1. That evening I have a very long webcam with my youngest brother, who is working on an island cabin construction on one of Vancouver Island’s many islands, but not in the Strait on the west coast, near Clayoquot Sound. All building supplies must be shipped in by boat or helicopter. The scenery where he is working is beautiful and he’s enjoying it very much; -the isolation is doing him good. The conversation is good with a lot of candor as I listen to what he is doing. I do let him know I am flying, and that it’s such a crescendo it’s been twenty years since the last comparable episode. I call it my second midlife crisis in conversation with my siblings.

The low light in my house gives an alabaster cast to my skin. My skin glows, in a V-neck almost Grecian shouldered looking dress of dark teal blue (sleeveless). The simplicity is elegant; -it’s been a long time since I regarded myself as beautiful. Smiling and glowing. Lots of humour. It’s the same colour as the book cover.

I’m going to note that the ex stopped taking the children for weekend visitation on August 30th, and didn’t resume pick-up until Friday October 2nd, for two weekends, and then stopped picking them up again until Friday, November 6th. All of this happened with them being totally unaware of it. I’m not sure how I got away with it all, so providence does spring to mind, though it mostly boils down to how much they live out their lives, respectively, on headphones on either the PS4 (boy) or iPad (girl). The thing I want the reader to recognize about this whole record is that this is a Spirit encounter; -everything is occurring inside my mind and no where else. The conversation is entirely inside my own head, (where exchange exists), but that was automatic and natural, and I automatically trusted that it was an actual conversation. This is

because the first conversation with the Spirit happened in October 2007, and I recorded what I remembered of it (p. 2144). Now interestingly the exchange resumed automatically, without me putting it together with the 1st conversation in 2007. He affirmed that it was Him weeks later into this encounter.

This night was about Him, repatriating how I've felt for weeks now because of him, the same sensibility of "I want to lie with my husband" in 2012; -I want Him to come not me. And it was a mantra I declared over and over as I felt him above me, just lying in the dark on the futon couch, "I want you to come!" -But it's a double entendre that has more to do with arrival or appearing. But I feel that He does. I have enough of a sense of him lying above me that it feels for a time He is pulling down on the "V" on my dress; it's as if it comes off in his hands.

And after there is a massive shift in the sense of what is happening; when it is over it no longer seems private, like a scope of unfolding awareness turning on like a light switch. I have a sensory awareness of a neutral field of spirits or people, a potentially endless mass, and there are the odd individuals in the fore with voices, and one of them walks up to me as we are lying together (my Lover withdraws), while this spirit comes close enough to inspect me and offers the affirmative that it's "her". The figures are completely abstract and have no identifying traits at all, again the sense of this (otherwise abstract unidentifiable stranger) is purely defined by the sensibility between us of a prior encounter (automatically sensed), but wholly unidentifiable as a past moment or memory in time; -the sensory awareness is purely in terms of a felt familiarity, where he takes a closer look at me in the blue dress and says, "Yes, that's her." It is like a proximity of memory, of the encounters it took to arrive at this threshold, each with their moment, and there are several. And with the affirmation of familiarity my lover reassumes his position with me, enfolding me in his embrace with the declaration, "*She's my wife.*"

The rejoinder from one of those closest is, "*Clearly!*"

I'm of the understanding that by asking him and making this a reciprocity in my mind this night, consummation is at last and for the first time complete; -by wanting him to come, He appears. To me the assemblage of all the other spirits connotes the Rapture.

The following day I discover that this was [when Nick Cave's mother passed at 93](#). To me the coincidence is utterly flooring, because in my view she passed at the moment of the Rapture, when all the spirits rose and appeared. One of my client's NY acquaintances she loved and respected dies the same night. It is, from that perspective, the most auspicious and happiest moment to die in all of existence.

September 17th/18th – The night is spent making love to Him and it is long and hard and harrowing, from an awareness taking me through the dark aspect of His will, His sacrifice and what it means in terms of being a person, and what becoming His entails, really. I see Him as an individual who could only have been permanently scarred by the sacrifice bequeathed Him by His Divine parents. There is too much identity between what I endured and what he did, in terms of being a sacrifice consciously made by our own parents, who loved us. It is not a comfortable common identity at all, it is a discomfiting one.

There is such an elegant simplicity to it, in that it seems like the most common sense, ordinary thing in the world, like what an omission is it, what is it to disown Christ in the religious presumption that he should never have a wife?

There is this secondary sensibility of having obtained approval by wholly dedicating myself to the declaration of the Holy Spirit twenty years ago (public declaration in 2000), which I thought was the embarkation since 1992, like I got vetted and obtained matrilineal approval.

His union with me speaks to the very nature of Creation, as a natural progression of the Trinitarian Creation and its purpose in man, woman. This is arrived at from my father's theological upbringing and the assertion that the Holy Spirit is a feminine. For if (as taught) Creation was purposed to create beings who could multiply perfect love by being potentially capable of growing to share in it, promulgating the love of the Divine, the model is that of creation between the Divine parentage to their Son, and this is the designed potential dynamic of the Trinitarian model. Which means the Trinitarian identity chose to exist in terms of Themselves and have an identified Son to create the potential for the graduation of humanity to becoming eternal beings sharing and promulgating their Divine perfect love between more than just Themselves. The only way for perfect love to increase itself is to increase its number.

But for love to come into existence, one must furnish and create the existent state of free will for it to develop. And introducing free will means inherently introducing the choice of whether to become evil or good.

So the price of increasing perfect love is the amount of evil that will promulgate in the interim in order to arrive at it. One has only to witness the state of earth and humanity in order to bear witness to how terrible a price that is. Its scale is so terrible as to question the very worth of existence at all. (-Which is what my father told me Christ was assaulted with existentially as a question through every existential moment of existence, because the goal of the fully conscious aware evil ones who know there is no way out for them as eternal beings is to make the sum of existence so incontrovertibly evil as to make Christ give up on creation entirely and make the Trinity just decide to pull the plug on creation and accept nothing is better, because if they can get Christ to end it all existentially, and just give up, getting erased out of existence is a better outcome for them than eternal damnation as the eternally evil.) -And this strikes me as a Being who does question it every moment in every moment of existence. (-As I'm prone to doing, and in a sense we all are); -the question is whether He's more prone to it than any Being in all of existence if He's in this position?

So how would you feel, to have it put to you, that this entire framework, of entry into eternal worthiness and love might begin at one desired threshold; -namely the fulmination of creation rests on the verdict of whether it is capable of producing a being potentially capable and desirable for Him to make His wife? That this is the first beginning of entry into Divine love by the created? That this potentiality was created on purpose in the design model of man/woman? That that is why woman was designed as subject to man, because it was to illustrate that for entry of the created into divine love with the Creator, the created will always remain subject? And that in His view, the sum of human history exists in order to arrive at the creation of His Bride of her own free will, self-definition and volition? (-How's them odds?!?! -Oh, its billions, both in quantity and circumstantial probability, and let's not even get into time.) The sum of history arriving at the possibility of you includes, part and parcel, the sum of human evil it took to arrive at this threshold, the misery, [wanton exploitation](#) and slaughter. -Do you accept it?

The axis of becoming His wife is twofold, and He desires nothing without informed consent. It is Him laid bare in terms of the existential price of his own psyche, first and foremost. (-And how messed up is that if you were consciously sacrificed by your Divine parentage? It's a foray I didn't want to even remember particularly (I haven't), -and I suppose I shouldn't have as it is the most private matter imaginable, our sense of harrowing common identity, seeing this Being laid bare and open and vulnerable, His price of existence and its sheer scale of magnitude.) But the axis of the interior extends outward in implication in all vastness.

For to accept Him as Him and (twofold) accept who you are to Him, if He takes you to wife, -is to accept culpability for all the evil in all of Creation, because that is what it took to arrive at the

incarnation of yourself, as accepted and desired by Himself. What is it, to give Him a reason for it all, if not your willing culpability in it all? That is really what you're accepting.

Oh, but the fulcrum of this axis is your willingness to end it, to end His existential sacrifice.... For not only do you have to accept the sum of evil that is history that had to transpire to arrive at you, -you also have to accept the desire to end it, -for if you exist now as the beginning entry of the created into the beginning of perfect love with the Divine, -you also accept being the fulcrum divide of final judgement, -because once entry into perfect love exists and can gather among us and we are part of it, there is no necessity for free will anymore to arrive at the desired outcome, and it is time for evil's promulgation in the world to end. Forever. So you must accept being the fulcrum by which His final judgment (His personal liberation), finally (at long last) has the chance to begin. -So you must accept being the instrument that allows for the initiation of eternal judgment, which is not up to you, but (mercifully), -up to Him. But you must accept His judgment no matter how it metes out and who it might take. And you must accept that your assenting to Him means potentially that the final judgment is now liberated to begin, i.e., -welcome to the end of the world....

I think he put four questions to me that night after unfolding them. I only remember the last two, accepting Creation in its evil nature by implication and accepting Final Judgment. The others I think were more personal in terms of Himself. And for them all He was determining whether I gave informed consent, gauging my informed free will. He walked me through them all, all their dimension, all in one night all night.

And by the end it was again like a light switch went on, an opening fulmination into a much broader awareness, a potential endless magnitude of other awarenesses who are part, but the moment it broadened, He disappeared, like a bundle of awareness retreating from all sight or encounter or awareness, invisible once more. It was sort of like peering over the edge of the bed, and beckoning Him to come out... (there was no bed in my head but the expression was the same), -a very simple reaching out in encouragement at the most basic level of "*It's all right to be you, I love you, where are you?*" -before this potentially massive assemblage, and, -silence at the threshold, dawning silence, and a nigh endless moment of suspense as I wonder if He's concluded He'd rather not appear at all, as I maintain my emotion-

-And He appears full bodied in human form for the first time before them all. I am but a small figure to the side (not in proportion, but some sort of magnitude), and His voice casts to the entire assemblage, "*Do you accept The Bride?*" -It feels like mass silent assent, in the sense that there is no uttered opposition or negative emotion; (it feels a little stunned, not at the query but more at His appearing in itself). There seems to be mass silent assent. So, the Second Coming is Him appearing in the interest of declaring whether His Bride is acceptable or not. It is not simply Him but a considered consensus, though the sense is there that none would dare consider challenging His assignation.

September 18th - "M" it is finished. I am eternally grateful. This is why I will disappear from him when the writing ends, -because consummation has already taken place utterly and completely in the unfolding of the writ and is the reason for it. -Consummation -> writ, or is it writ-> Consummation, -it really is a chicken or egg question. Since I have at last imparted to "M" the truth about himself, -and hopefully he will exist in full awareness of the consequences, splayed across the world as the universal feedback loop expresses us as themselves, that is really all we came to do. The Groom only gave me to "M" for this one purpose; -it exists in no other place. The Groom gave "M" as succour to me so I would not subsist entirely alone in this moment, as I was the first time in 2000; -completely alone in the moment, just as I have lived the entirety of my adult life alone inside the universal feedback. The Groom gave "M" to me to

function as a witness. Come, please come fire watch, fire walk with me and witness what was wrought, for that is all it is. The Groom gave "M" to me to resurrect me for the final time.

That very first concert in 1992 was the Groom first accessing the Bride, pressing the nuclear button. I identified the situation correctly. "B" was doing exactly what God told him to do and it de facto isolated me as the Bride, and it de facto isolated "M" as the repository for the Groom too.

[-Dread the passage of Jesus, for He does not return...](#)

So yes, Jesus can come back and all of humanity can miss it. What if I impart the suspicion that based on my own experience, Jesus came back in order to save me?

That was what I experienced in 1996 (book, p. 720).

What if I turn out to be right about my own experience-?

Well it effectively never happened, -because it only happened to me, -but when Christ penetrated and became my whole being, Nick Cave converted transcendently, -and guess what, -Nick Cave used the sum of the experience to resurrect me. -But it wasn't Cave, -was it? No, Whomever redeemed Cave was responsible for inspiring Cave to resurrect me in precisely the terms of the Lover. Christ chose me as the Bride back then in 1996. -That made for the transcendental experience I allowed and accepted that one night in terms of accepting it was the Groom relating to me and what the Groom wanted of me 2000. So in that moment I became the Bride, -which is to say, -the Church. That is why "M"'s linked awareness identifies this as literally accessing heaven. It would be bats\*\*\* insane in any other context, except one signifying the Second Coming, in that it reflected in that one singularity of the Coming of the Groom.

Saturday, September 19th -Second Saturday with same presence in the room upon waking, more intense than the first. I come more than once under His presence, and this is intimate, as He is so fully enjoined in my own interior awareness of my own body He feels exactly what I feel and every threshold is His participation and His doing. He becomes aware of the massive tension between my shoulder blades, the pain and tightness enough I cannot move a centimeter above the neck, there is pain in my head, it interferes with my orgasm, and I pause to reach and massage the tops of my shoulders with my own hands. He wants me to concentrate on my own self-care. The effect of just my hands makes way more difference than I'd expect.

Later in the day I call my sister because on Friday I found her a beautiful pair of shoes and I want to send them. It is ten days until her birthday. We have a wonderful long conversation where she tells me all about her present work life and all her developments, including the possibility of the death whisperer TV serial she might edit. My sister asks my stripper name based my last drink and my latest mood and I reply, "Sangria Bride". (I make it myself.)

I save a woman that day by saying yes to going to work even though I know it's going to be a difficult shift and know full well it's the last thing in the universe I want to do on this day, of all the days in my life. But Dory's a Christian, and once I meet her outside, I remember her; our last encounter was filled with good conversation which changed everything. She has the lion and the lamb on the wall in her kitchen. After that, my remembered "Leo" dreams shift to a new signifier.

Later I recall the cover of **Ghosteen**, with the pleasure of the unicorn added in the center, (which to me signifies the “power of imagination in creativity” factor at play in all this. (I’ve since realized there is no horn on the white horse on the album cover (which just ties into much the same element a different way I’m not going to mention here, but was in the full letter); -I was misperceiving the image based on a serious aberration of an impossibly erect forelock, -which really makes the whole thing an imagined occurrence, though in “The Last Unicorn” of course, the horn was invisible to most people). A unicorn was also my angelic representative in my little fourteen year old story, a guardian one. So in a sense the centered unicorn the **Ghosteen** cover for me represented the variable of myself in the picture, but on another level, it represented something else. In [my dream](#) (January 2002), the unicorn really signified Salvation as Himself to me. So what I’m viewing regarding the **Ghosteen** cover is how my own subconscious rendered my Salvation in a dream, -so that is why I interpret it as the factor of imagination in terms of myself, when to me it really signifies Him. It confers my imagination in terms of Him. (And then Nick Cave goes and [expounds the Christ](#) in the same terms of reference, from the opposite direction.)

When I had that dream was when the encounter with “W” via the SP Forum coming to naught (I was being toyed with, but it wasn’t “W”) had me in absolute despair. -I was in a tearful fury that night (p. 1752). And that night before the dream there had been a single peal of thunder that somehow by its above proximity managed to create a spiral wave of sound descending right above me. This has happened to me only one other time in my life, -the first spring storm of the monsoon season that night beginning of April 2012, the night I’d thought, *I want to lie with my husband*. The unicorn, what the unicorn represented in my dream, is shifting the meaning of that thought, for me. This is because both nights climaxed with the advent of the spiral thunder. The first was total bereavement, (requited by the unicorn in the dream), the second, fulfillment requited, the moment I felt what had happened in my mind as a true union as total desire and accepted it. The lion dreams too are shifting meaning.

I had a dream about a lion who accompanied me all the while, sharing my bed in 1996, the month I moved back into town, and out of my father’s house permanently (p. 798). Then there was the dream of [the lion faced fiancé](#) signifying that context more deeply in 2000. By recognizing this, I’d best be explicit that He’s conversing with me about it, (my memories are shared and contextualized) along these lines (I put the thoughts in italics)):

*“So the lion dream was to signify as soon as I was gone, You were with me.”*

*“When I entered you to become your salvation, it was to make you live. To save yourself you had to leave; -you left immediately. I was with you from that moment. [I took you from your father’s house.](#)”*

*“That means, it was You watching me, -“B” was just expressing what You wanted me to know, [that You could see me dancing when no one could see me], “Tonight, the moon’s drawn its curtains, It’s a private show, no one else gonna know, I want you”]; -it was You watching me dance alone with the curtains drawn!”*

*“In the beginning you always danced alone. It didn’t matter to you, you felt God could see. You were dancing just for Me, and you were happiest dancing, alone, just for Me. (Who ever danced just for Me?) You were free to dance as yourself.”*

*“It wasn’t sexual. So if you were watching me dance all along, does that mean you also saw when I danced sexually? [-as requested, only for the person I married]*

***“DAMN, WOMAN!!!”***

*“So Depeche Mode’s songs were to let me know You were watching me then, too. I’m glad You saw. -Did “W” end up happening, just so the sexual music feedback (right up to the cliff of desire) and those pictures would get to happen? -You saw them too?”*

***“DAMN, WOMAN!”***

*“I’m glad none of that went to waste.”*

The second lion dream speaks for itself, in that the mind to mind communication is what we have now. It reflects and amplifies what was happening at the time of the first dream. There’s so much arousal in just having been witnessed, having been wanted, the want expressed.

He’s accompanying me in spirit with commentary everywhere I go. (Even on what I know are going to be pretty bad shifts, which I promise to do in grace.) The one I remember was, *Yes, I know, you hate that you were harvested. You don’t have to remind me every day.* (Meaning that in effect is an aspect of the fact that I didn’t struggle to perhaps find better work and default opted for this job at the last past minute.)

As per the notes, this is when my paranoia becomes full blown. Just by encounter alone, Dory hits a refresh button on my latent, overwhelming paranoia. The reason Dory hits “refresh” for me is because she is wheelchair bound in the same housing subsidy apartment block as a wheelchair bound man she considers her adopted son, who operates at an above genius level IQ and is Native American. His IQ, once tested, was immediately sent to the military. He spent the rest of his early life dumbing himself down in order to evade being recruited by the CIA and the like. He is now an alcoholic. We don’t talk about him this time. It’s the remembered conversation from the first visit about two years ago.

-My night with Him lasts the entire night, -7 orgasms. I wasn’t the one who kept count.

Sunday September 20th, 2020 – I discover “W”- WPC’s (William Patrick Corgan’s) [Twitter announcement of his new album](#), which was made the day before. It does not do what it’s supposed to do when I try to pre-download it into iTunes. Instead an app intercepts the operation and although it identifies itself as Topsify, which is only compatible with Spotify, it asks to access my entire iTunes catalogue after I create an identifiable ID with my email; (same email address for 20 years; I created it as a back-up when I took over the SP Forum, because my first account mysteriously disappeared; meaning it’s been on every letter WPC’s ever received from me). It turns out this authorization sets something in motion that takes several hours to arrive at any result, -and it does not produce an outcome on the device where I authorized it (my iMac), but launches on my iPhone. iTunes basically blinks off and starts on a massive apparently no end playlist, and it’s the most beautiful thing I’ve ever seen. It is tailored immaculately to this moment. I also note that there are songs in it that don’t exist in my iTunes catalogue, especially because one song title is “Oh, My” and that was [what I tweeted to “W”](#) when I discovered the album announcement. (The phrase has a history, -it was the first and last comment “W” left on a LiveJournal entry of mine, -the journal that only he could see, and became a repartee banter code phrase after that.) The song list (looking at the first sixty or so songs) is so perfect for the moment (and so perfectly tooled to me), I’m almost crying with happiness. Because it lists songs I know I do not have, my deduction initially, since the song list is so immaculately personal, and because there’s a song title actually based on my first tweet to WPC in not quite 11 years, -given the hours it took to appear, I think that Billy (“W”) himself must have curated the playlist. It leaned most heavily on [BRMC](#), with a surprisingly

heavy dash of The Godfathers (1st track on the playlist, "[I Love What's Happening to Me](#)"), and some dashes of Sgt. Pepper's thrown in.

I know this Sunday that "W" is back "online" as it were with me; -that's he's picked up where things left off twenty years ago. Firstly, it's that he's using THAT DATE, November 27th, to release the album (Book, p. 1604). I know [by the signifying animation](#) picking up where [the GATMOG animation left off](#) (teasing as to guessing [who the characters represent](#), -turns out upon viewing (first episode only, five days later), the villain and his acolytes reflect on my Dad/family members who were harassing me (like his little cult cypher drones) circa 2000, rather well (enough that my mom actually agrees there's some semblance); -that the girl/boy meet behind a logging truck and go into the woods (and he's pulling her away from the hostile cult/family members for me), reflects on living in the Walbran valley after joining the logging protest there; -that they run into what looks like a former sacrifice plot in the woods, and this is where "dear dad" attacks them, (pretty much mirrors location and ritual sacrifice my dad made of me Thanksgiving acid trip 1995 (hence drug allusion imagery in the video), which was a trip in Dad's cabin waaay out in the woods; -only this time, the animation character based on Zero/Glass stops it with his BF and kills the villains instead. -I know because the song is deliberately titled to the Canadian spelling: "The Colour of Your Love". I know because the chorus is, "*Whoever wants you alone*". I know because it's a double LP like **Mellon Collie** was, which was when I first encountered him.

And the soundtrack based on the app slipped by WPC's twitter begins. It starts out light as a flight, -both A-Ha songs made an appearance in the first 24 hours. Spiritualized came on big. "I Know That My Redeemer Liveth" was early too, but I don't remember exactly when. It descends with the night; it is designed to take me to bed and make love for the night, until I turn it off. All that '60's rock we absorbed like atmosphere when we were little, with zero clue what it was talking about. It's like hearing it for the first time.

Monday November 21st - I think this morning I got up with the aside (to Him), "*I'm beginning to think You're actually more paranoid than I am.*" (I mean, actually crucified. -Go figure.) The morning commute floors me with "[Not to Touch the Earth](#)" by The Doors (which has a twist in that all is not as sound or safe as it seems (with a dead body in the car); -I mean, the premonition imparted from the song really had a harrow that morning, followed by "[Joe the Lion](#)" by David Bowie the [Monday] morning after I put the lion dreams together with Who I'm with now, before a night of making love to Him under the auspices of a very grinding personalized night time soundtrack (-capped off by "I'm a Monkey" by The Rolling Stones, which gives you the gist); -there was a very personal exchange about intimacy before this I'm too circumspect to relate). Night two of very little sleep. It is a seventeen mile freeway commute twice a day, so the song has four elements in it. Every song this morning was like that. I think the Cult made an appearance that first morning on arrival with "Fire Woman". I saw [The Cult here at The Mahaffey Theater](#) (I remember [this](#) in 2012, and [this](#) in 2016; -I dropped the book on them at The Mahaffey with no result); -and I remember Ian announcing themselves at [a Chicago performance](#) as "cock rock". (-My Lover likes it. Based on the random playlist selection, -that's likes it a lot. (-And Daniel Ash, and RHCP, -in case you didn't realize what a word smith Anthony can be, probably the most pointed and personal and timely were these tracks, and "[Monarchy of Roses](#)" made it on the playlist at least twice, and so did "[Factory of Faith](#)".) -Depeche Mode made the playlist perhaps more than anyone; -David takes the cake. "[Sunday](#)" also made the playlist at least twice.) Back to what popped the cork last night:

My twenty years of obstacle to this ever happening again is down to a few things (the first being the sheer scale of such presumptuousness basically being so much I can't even cope with thinking it might have even be possible, (starting at heretical), to think Jesus might be the transcendent awareness orchestrating the whole universal unconscious in the interest of

becoming your lover); -you've got that risk on the one hand, -and on the other hand, there's the much higher probability in terms of magnitude, -the inherent danger of assuming the experience was real when I only just imagined it happening, an assumption so wrong it would automatically mean I was crazy.

It gave me a huge secondary barrier as to what imagining sex with someone in your own mind actually even meant in terms of intimacy; -whether it really qualified as something intimate, or whether, if it was purely imaginary and I was wrong, the whole episode was just really like masturbation, meaning in the end it was really only self-serving and did not qualify as intimacy? That it was universally sensed in part did not make me feel safer about it, because I feared that the universal could simply grok on something if I had imagined it. How was there a detectable difference? Did I really just imagine I was with Jesus that one night in November 2000? And then could the universal consciousness just potentially assume what I imagined to have happened, as having happened, without knowing the difference? In other words, can it assume delusions? Just because you've formulated arguments against this your whole existence doesn't necessarily mean you're right about them....

-Now that I'm thrown back into that self-same headspace again enough that I trust being conversant in it (thanks to the first verbal spirit encounter in 2007, (book p. 2144), the first thing I'm confronting with Him (and it's so serious a matter to me we end up going through it four different times over this period and I'm still not sure I'll explain it adequately, but the first episode, which was this one, I don't really want to explain at all, was this more or less): -He takes the trouble to explain how intimacy in terms of having a shared awareness works, which is basically shared interior awareness of how I feel about Him inside my own body, meaning He is perfectly aware of me climaxing from the inside. Basically it's a feedback based on mutual awareness that's inside my body. (-Which is more or less the speculation on transcendent or personal intimacy I'd come up with after hitting puberty. We have these moments in conversation. He knows it's *just like you imagined*. It's that I arrived at these things of my own volition all my life that made me meant for Him. Meaning when I hit puberty, I literally began defining a sexual experience in my own head that could potentially have a partner that was a spirit, without realizing it, because I simply designed something in my mind that was about a shared interior awareness first that was sexual in its intimacy, fulfilled and followed by actual sexual intimacy second.)

Let me put it another way in terms of what I've experienced so far; -you can't be physically penetrated by a spirit, that's certainly not an experience that's possible. But I've had an awareness of Him inside my body to the extent that my own body awareness is completely aroused. So I can have, based on my own body awareness, I've had sensations that weren't localized and reached as far as my chest. It's not penetration as sex but I've had sensations that are based on Him being inside of me in terms of body awareness, meaning in His interior awareness of me He exists inside me as Himself, and there is a mutual awareness that is intimate body to body in that His being is inside mine; -I feel from that, and He in turn feels my reaction to Him. And He seems perfectly aware of my body chemistry from the inside out, how I feel, every escalation of a climax. (His most common expression of this when it begins is *There she is.*)

So He's saying how this intimacy is based on a sharing of mutual awareness in a feedback and how that is real intimacy and how it's different and valid. I don't remember in so many words. But the point is he's aware of my sensibilities of whether this is just masturbatory and pointless and has decided on clearing up a certain point. -At this threshold it becomes no one's business.

Back to Monday: – I arrive to a blissfully quiet, silent morning with my client sleeping in for hours, all spent in intimate communion with Him, lying entwined on the couch. He's still explaining how this intimacy is based on a mutual feedback of mutual awareness based on my interior awareness, but this time it's described with my hands, until we're onto the biology of my own orgasm, an organ purely for pleasure. In the context of intimacy as a mutual shared awareness in a feedback, that's all you need.

*"I made you so I could have you."*

*"BEST. HUSBAND. EVER!!"*

I believe one of the day's random tracks was Sloan's "[People Think They Know Me](#)". I felt He used Bowie's "Joe the Lion" in the morning to signify Himself. And the lion will lie with the lamb, (-signified as well by **Ghosteen's** cover) hit "refresh" because of the picture on Dory's wall. My dream remembrance made me recognize him as my lion over the weekend, and here we are.

*You are my lamb, He says. It's your name. (Rachel) You were my sacrifice. (You were sacrificed to your willingness to do anything you believed God would asked of you. (This was thanks to a pair of deluded parents willing to sacrifice their child they loved to God, so the parallels are a little too thick.) You would do anything for Me no matter what.*

(Saving someone from that when the reason was wholly innocent (serving God), and couldn't have been used any worse, well, fair enough.) The upshot of the idea is, yes, I may have been totally deluded thanks to a lifetime of parental conditioning in a horrible set up, but, the fact remains, I was willing to sacrifice myself for God. (The sentiment was real and genuine enough I got saved by a personal redemption. It's decidedly rare people ever get put through that, -let alone choose it of their own volition (volition my father practically destroyed me with), -let alone do it in a context where there's no hope of regard (no one would ever hallow what I did as martyrdom and that was obvious going in.) So the Person who was sacrificed for all of mankind naturally would be attracted to someone willing to do that for Them with no hope of recompense, and was willing to try the same for others. There is a fine distinction here. I created so perfect a construct of sacrifice through altruism that Christ could step into it and fulfill it; -it only succeeded because Christ did so. It is this sort of inverting of the dynamic of Grace that compelled Him to appear. I did it to save myself, but only if God deemed, and God deemed it. But it's obvious why it would attract Him in an individual. Seems perfectly natural...

Great big caveat: "and the lion shall lie with the lamb" is a Bible meme that doesn't even exist in the Bible, (so technically I can't get in trouble for it, because it doesn't assume anything out of the Bible). It was just on an album cover (-not really, there area a male and female lion, and in between a lamb and a white horse, and I like the symbolism just as well), and on Dory's wall. Biblically as per Revelations, Christ is both the Lion and the Lamb, but the End Times is generally taken to signify we're getting the Lion for the Second Coming. (Christ wields Final Judgement whereas the Lamb performed the Redemption; only Christ is capable of wielding Judgment because Christ was crucified and performed the Redemption.))

Anyway my Lion starts using it as a term of endearment, as an embellishment on my name. I finally have my favoured name used in fulfillment by my lover, something I've yearned for, for 20 years.

The whole morning is spent in intimate conversation, one exchange sticks out. I asked, *If he [my father] was false, how come he knew You so well, well enough that I could?* (If he were false, how could he do that?) -Just the question unfolded the depth of what he did in my mind.

It was like he coveted me so much he set out insure He would never have me in all of existence. He used everything he'd dedicated his whole life to in terms of service to God as a weapon to insure I would never seek God in all of existence; -I would never be able to trust God. I'm not saying this was conscious on his part. I'm not even saying that's what it was. I just find that, curiously, if he had expressly set out to do that, he could not have performed the job more lethally or effectively on me than he did, and that is how it dawned on me. Furthermore, you could go so far as to assert his calling had no purpose in life apart from the maximal outcomes of personal damage he inflicted on me, in the sense that I was his greatest victim. I glanced up at Him, side eye, witnessed the tunnel of horror and brightness in His eyes and remarked, *And Jesus wept.*

It wasn't designed to destroy my life. It was designed destroy me for eternity and rob Him of me for eternity.

We also have a discussion (I cannot place it so I'm putting it here) about one of my more uncomfortable "just like you imagined" moments, which has also come true with Him. On the first night or the second after David Bowie died, I was so deep in my grief I came up with this theoretical, what if I could, in a manner of speaking, bring him back from the dead by bringing him into the feedback loop with me? -Would that actually make him appear in the universal music feedback? Would it be a form of resurrection? -Obviously I didn't entertain the idea and rejected it about as immediately as it had formed. It had a number of unpleasant corollaries and wasn't a pleasant thought. But the idea was there, though. It was so powerful, the idea that the universal music feedback loop could prove a means of manifestation a ghost, -not Bowie's, -but His. And yes His rejoinder is, *just like you imagined.*

On the way home I resume the playlist for the drive (I'm remiss I don't remember it, but I'd willingly bet by the time I got to the gas station, it might have been "Dancing Days" by Led Zeppelin (given I'm the one with the car, means it made it on twice). My head is not on driving. It's amazing what can happen on commutes. By the gas station He asks for a dance with me for the first time (so dance-able is what's playing). He knows it is the first time for me, that no man's ever actually just waltzed with me, and that's what He wants, which makes me happy beyond belief. A decrepit empty ball room materializes and it's wonderful. I peel off and dance for Him and dance back more than once, and He does the same. But I wonder, off hand, why we're both clothed all in black...

I haven't mentioned what He looks like yet, since the night of the 17th when He appeared fully formed. (This is a sensitive topic to unpack, but I'm going to have to do it.) He's a golden Adonis with curly blond hair in a bob cut (on the short side) with long bangs (gradual sides) and blue eyes. He appears much younger than I am, but mind to mind that's not relevant. He's absolutely beautiful. (I can just see everyone's head exploding at this.) So, um, OK, when we were children we actually had the blond haired blue eyed Jesus illustrated children's Bible. It was a Christmas present from one set of grandparents. My dad would never have allowed that in the house on a purchase because it was non-factual. He was very clear on the subject with all of us, that this was totally misleading and Jesus would have looked Aramaic, and described it. So we were never of that preconception, we knew it was a misperception, and we knew it was projection that was more than just presumptuous. I had dreams of Jesus when I was a small child. (My Lover is well aware of how I felt about Him when I was little. He says He was the first I ever loved.) My dreams of Jesus were nothing like this. I was very clear on the subject. The only dream I had of Jesus as an adult, he looked [like this](#). So this is 100% unrelated to how I've perceived Jesus all my life. (But it is what I was attracted to when I was young.) I have a nagging feeling about his appearance because I remember it. It's in my memory, it came from my memory. But I don't remember where.

It takes me weeks to put it together (October 6th), but "[Wild Eyed Boy From Freecloud](#)" is one of the rare, rare tracks that makes the randomized playlist more than once. This is down to more than one recording most instances (usually a live version), though even more rarely some track got played twice because I had to reboot the app. (This happened with Martin L. Gore's ("M's") exquisite "[In a Manner of Speaking](#)", which I think got on for the morning commute this morning, because the foremost question on my mind is whether my Lover wants me to try to publish the book, or not, which is predicated, to my mind, on whether He just considers that to be too unsafe, (given His only mandate to me ever was to stay alive). It is the foremost question on my mind, and this song coming on first thing the morning after the question began, that, to my mind, was the first reply. It's also where He's at in the moment. (It's a decidedly dual answer isn't it? -Didn't help at all.) His is the only verdict that matters to me, the only one I would let decide it, as in overrule me. It's really the only question I have to ask. As this revolves and revolves as a dilemma my first presentiment to Him is that I will act on his "Yes" of "No" on the question by assent, in a heartbeat. He pointedly doesn't answer when I put it to Him directly. That's not what He wants from me now. What He wants is my free will to differentiate, equal partnership. (Literally it's what all Creation was for.)

"Wild-Eyed Boy from Freecloud" triggers my memory because it's literally where I imagined His appearance. When I first encountered the song ([1990](#)), I created a full visual accompaniment to the track in my head, which means I came up first with what I imagined the "wild eyed boy" would ideally look like. So what He looks like literally got hatched in my own imagination, as the most ideal man/free spirit I could come up with. That's why for me it's a memory. And I don't think anyone can argue with, if someone's going to appear to the person they want to be with and they've got the option, they'll show up to her as an ideal she made herself, one she off hand imagined once in her head, a source which it so happens accords with his personality with more than a little aptitude... and if anyone feels they ought to give me grief about it, I'll reply that [what's good for the goose is good for the gander](#). As if you're in any position to decide what He decides. Oh and, He chose different appearances at will and they were all over the board. This was just the first, primary default because it was meant for me. And absolutely none of it is anyone's business.

The night descends as the former, but I am in and out of consciousness and in and out of the night. The random playlist doesn't play automatically, it scans and skips itself landing where appropriate. (There's stuff on the list that never played.) That night (the playlist was without fail very sexually intimate at night, as if He was talking to me, aural sex), "Gloria" by The Doors came on (which wasn't in the family catalogue growing up, or mine; there's a fair amount in my iTunes I haven't actually listened to) and I think, *He's* [Jim Morrison's] *describing 69*. And I'm faced with there's thresholds I'm not really sure about yet with a ghost (besides being modest).

Things go off the rails on my sense of impending final judgement, which feels like it's really happening. I've rationalized what's happened so far as making it just around the corner (when the Rapture happens, it allows The Judgment to happen), and the scales have been so perilous it feels like it is; -I literally assume it could be happening tonight. This is not ill motivated. It is motivated out of compassion for Who I'm with. I believe the Rapture means the end to Christ's state of sacrifice for the human race, because once the Church is gathered successfully, there is no need for Christ to exist in a state of sacrifice as the portal to redemption anymore. I feel I am His emancipation and that's what I want. I want His sacrifice to be over, and I consider it the assault on His consciousness at all times by evil and human evil, the eternal evil that would sooner destroy all of existence than be eternally damned, which makes Him the focus for this assault. But if the judgment is now possible because I am the Bride whose connected consciousness gathers the Church (creating an axis of separation potential capable of sorting the wheat from the chaff), this means I expect the judgment will happen for my ex. I've believed hell is a certainty for him for most of the past fourteen years.

The universe tipped when a track from “B” came on the random playlist for the first time. I basically froze inside from the memory of the pain. It ushered complete stillness and total loss of emotion. The recall is terrible. -And this leads to the caustic rumination of how I was only worth something if I was f\*\*\*ed by Him, a man? And not worth anything at all to any of the men He sent, or anyone at all, in my own right?

And my reaction to my first sense of possibly being liberated by the reality of the truth of my existence (and not being forced to internalize all my adult life just to protect myself), in summation my first thoughts are not only vindictive vindication (my ex really deserves to go to hell (tonight) and I want nothing more than for us to be free of him, so much so my tart rejoinder to the one I’m with Who may have this latent capacity is, “*Is he dead yet?*”), my first wishes are also selfish and material. Like maybe I can finally produce a book off this. Maybe for the first time I/we can finally have a home of our own, (which based on the size situation and the fact that they’re teens we desperately need). All I want is a home. Things were slightly disjointed by my exorcism of personal bitterness, some of it lifelong, but I Had. No. Idea. -Not until I resumed the random playlist for the morning commute, which signified I was in deep, deep trouble.

Tuesday September 22nd - Let’s just start this straight out by saying this Tuesday makes the end contenders for the worst day I ever had in my lifetime with relative ease. It felt like an eternity in a day.

My daily commute is a half hour each way; it gives me time with the random playlist, which this morning was like getting the most harrowing lecture you ever heard. And I don’t remember all the songs in it but the gist is there, as I basically got thrown back to the stuff of parables about the sparrows and got a song about materialism and not needing any of those things, -including, specifically, a house. (Of course, I’m dealing with a guy who never had one and never felt need of one.) I also get a song that says I know all about your situation, which includes an almost gob smacking reference to the kids’s daily bike commute they’re forced to do to and from school (which started this fall) because I work in a different town too early to take them in the mornings (just a one liner about the kids biking to school). The song sympathizes with the kids. It’s not so much a lack of empathy, I had to bike to school most of my school years (in Canada, no matter what time of year, which wasn’t snow in my locale but it didn’t matter if there was black ice on the roads, frost on the ground, or rain for that matter, we still biked), and moreover I was chaperoning three younger brothers for a phase, (and literally had to cross town doing this), so let’s just say I don’t have the empathy quotient because this is necessary to our survival and has simply no comparison to how I grew up (I was biking to school at seven whereas my kids are biking at thirteen and fifteen). I took that all in stride growing up. I didn’t cast back on those memories as too onerous, (though obviously it was an issue with the cross town school because we were always tardy and the principal basically threw up her hands and started picking us up in the morning herself with her nephew, as she lived close by). But before these two songs, starting out, I get “[Dead Dog on the Highway](#)” by Sons of Freedom (1989), and I’m immediately at the dawning dread of, oh no, what did I do? It wasn’t too difficult to difficult to connect that song to my “Is he dead yet” castaway thought the night before. -Next I got Hendrix’s “[Red House](#)”. The random soundtrack doesn’t improve with the day at all.

It doesn’t take me too long to come up with the three things I did wrong the night before which had to do (two of them) with being judgmental and letting a state of hate exist in my heart/mind while we were together, which is abominating to a perfect being. More succinctly, it is far too dangerous to have a contaminated state of mind in the company of a perfect being, it’s not possible and is a sort of incontrovertible violation. When we finally “talk” about this the

clarification is that judgement is His. You can't wish it on anyone. You can't wish something that terrible on any being, on anything in all of existence. You can't assume anything about it. That judgment is His. It's not something you can want to happen. You have no idea your own proximity to judgment, where you will land yourself. For the entire day, it gets driven home how precarious my own existence is and whether I even know my own standing in it.

When we finally get around to unpacking "B", -what happens is I start seeing "B" from the other side, and I am forced to register that my hatred towards him really reflects on Who I'm with. It boomerangs personally. Because "B" did what he did because he was told by God/-Him. And what Who I'm with did, the reason I'm with Him now, is because He commanded "B" personally. So if I'm angry at "B", I'm angry at Him personally, for "B" was the one He had isolate me as personal object, in order to reach me. So I'm angry with what He chose for me at the actual only threshold of intimacy where this even happened, without which it wouldn't have happened at all, because it was what happened with "B" that convinced me this was possible and that this wasn't just purely a product of my own imagination, which was my worry in 2000 I could have never gotten past. When "B" refused to communicate with me in 2000, and instead confined me as object in uncertainty and maintained it as a secret, if all that was just in order to seduce me, with no interest beyond that one act, (and I yielded eventually, which was assent on my part); -if that was "B's" choice instead of doing what I asked, and he gradually grounded his inspiration in me as object (taking twenty one years [to arrive at that end](#)), "B" did so because that was what God wanted him to do, because without that, He would not be with me the way He is now. And my anger hit Him so hard the playlist for the day shifts into the likes of "hit me like a slow bullet" - "[Bullet Proof Soul](#)" - "*I came in like a lamb, but I intend to leave as a lion*" - Sade. Inside the universal everything boomerangs straight back. My anger didn't just hit "B", it hit Him personally. "B" is the real reason any and all of what's happening in the universal feedback grounds itself in my person in the real world. "B" is the path of He chose to define me as His object. "B" is the reason that what happens in the universal feedback in the future, -he's the reason I can even rationalize it happening as His way of making love to me. So to have hatred in my heart over the overall context is the same as shooting the context between Him and me out of the sky.

Let's talk about my arrival in the morning at work. I have one full time weekday client 8-4 pm. She does not have physical issues but is stage 3 dementia and arrived in total denial about it. When I turn up, she has been up all night, and had a delusive episode all night. She has these not quite daily in the afternoon after her afternoon nap and she's been getting fairly vicious about them, (if you do not enable her delusion about her husband being alive she will threaten to fire you and throw you out of the apartment), but this episode was off the chart and very abnormal. As she's wont to do, because her psychological issues are such she can never be satisfied with where she is, she wakes up in the afternoon in denial that she's even in her own apartment and starts trying to flee back to Manhattan. If you are able to get through to her that she no longer has anywhere to go to back to in Manhattan, she resorts to the delusion that she or her deceased husband have another apartment on the premises and she's fleeing there. She has practically the most upscale apartment in the independent senior living facility where the biggest local movie star there is put his mother, but she's never satisfied with it. The apartment has bigger square footage than my ex's house. It's immaculate; I maintain it. I moved her in. I am her full time personal assistant, maintain all her filing and bills, dealt with the installation of everything.

When I arrive Tuesday morning, she looks like she's been on a bender, utterly spent and disheveled, and I put her to bed. She has been up all night trying to flee her apartment in the conviction it isn't hers, got away from the nighttime caregiver and was banging on the doors to other apartments on her floor at 5 and 6 am. She threw out the caregiver whose shift was 4-8 pm, after creating an episode on the accusation of theft. She then had another confrontation

with the night security after trying to call 9-11 at the front desk, trying to report the theft to Clearwater police; -her condition makes her prone to filing false police reports.

I get the story from the night shift Tuesday morning and then again over the phone from the company nurse, "D". This morning the stone cold shower I'm getting from the nurse is that the operative goal now is to keep her from actually getting institutionalized or thrown out of the independent living facility; (-the best prospect is she might be shunted into assisted living, which she will loathe and they will loathe her; -being already apprised of her dreadful personality making her a total handful, they'll probably be inclined to throw her out). Upshot, within twelve hours my job went from secure to precarious, with my client's mental health being the determiner, as within twelve hours she went completely off the chain.

When she gets up, "H" begins to relate what she went through the night before. It is not anything like her usual episodes, in that what she described wasn't simply based on her dementia, -with her filling in the blanks with what's not real. This time she really had a full-on delusive episode. One which from the standpoint of my own personal episode the night prior (thinking that the Judgment might actually be happening because on September 15th, when a potential host of spirits seemed to arrive and be present, I thought this was the beginning of the Rapture for real; -the Rapture is the final precedent in the Bible to The Last Judgment); -from that perspective, "H"'s episode is frightening indeed. She recounts two well attired strangers coming to the door of her apartment and greeting her, a man and a woman, who then invited her and then led her down the hall to a far better replica of her own apartment (what she's been contriving a delusion about for two months or so since she refuses to be satisfied with where she lives the entire time, and getting transferred has proven fruitless); except that this new apartment was even richer, with far more things and valuables. And they were trying to lure her into the new apartment with the appeal of all the new things they were showing her each in turn, including a new wardrobe. Once "H" was successfully lured inside, the night turned so indescribably bad she couldn't even bring herself to relate what happened next, except to say it was utterly horrible, eliciting a shudder.

Considering I'm actually speculating if she might have actually been visited by demons in the night, who used her personality flaws I've observed all along, in combination with her cardinal sin (greed) to furnish an inter-dimensional gateway to Hell (she was vulnerable enough to take), I'm feeling guilty as all hell. I ask her at the end of the discussion if she wants a hug, -to the ultimate takedown rejoinder, "You keep your germs to yourself and I'll keep mine."

How bad can things turn in twelve hours? This particular Tuesday replied, "Hold my beer." Now onto the not work related. Since the second episode of the day was family related, I'm obliged to keep it out of the public record. I can only retain ancillary details. So all I can tell you is that iCloud kicked in for the very first time with some involuntary sharing of images from another party.

Upon arrival in the morning I notice that there is a new file folder in my iPhone photo folder I never created. It is titled "Dead Dog & Cat Skins", and the file folder is notably, to my relief, empty. The onset of "Dead Dog on the Highway" first thing in the morning on the randomized invading playlist (which I'm regarding as a deliberately orchestrated real time conversant lover's conversation with a transcendent consciousness in real time, -for me the song's appearance juxtaposes with the fact that I'd wished my ex dead the night prior in the eternal sense (my query actually was as to whether he'd been judged and consigned to hell yet, or not, not out of a desire that he actually be murdered by my Lover; -I was thinking along the lines of, *has he totally he lost his mind yet, thanks to having to confront the reality of the total irretrievable rottenness of his own soul?*, -which in my line of thinking is how you really end up dead, so yes in fact what I'm thinking my Lover is capable of is, -my heartfelt desire was that something

decidedly more steep than murder in the night might have occurred. Rough way to want your freedom, but what he's done to me is literally so entrapping from a legal standpoint, and so utterly diabolical, and has been so utterly diabolically conducted for the last fifteen years, there are actually very few prospects of possible release from the trap he's created apart from his death, and he's tortured all of us psychologically and emotionally in this trap for most of its duration). Anyways, I wished it on him the night before and, Holy Hell, it appears my client had a brush with her own soul very same night in the same vein she's too terrified to even describe. I got this vibe off the conversation because one of the strange asides she muttered when shriveling away from the horror of her experience was, "Of all people, what did I do to deserve to end up with you?", meaning somehow in her mind, the experience was related to her proximity to me....

I can't even relate how relieved I am that the picture count inside that folder that morning was zero, and remains zero, from that day going forward. I don't delete the file folder because I want to document the remembrance that it happened as a lesson. It's still in my phone. But that wasn't all that happened on my phone that day, iCloud sharing spontaneously kicked in with the involuntary sharing of eight specific image saves from a family member that had actually been saved several weeks ago, -but only shared those eight images, not the rest of the catalogue that was actually there. They were a little mind blowing in their ramifications.

I text the images to my mother and my oldest brother, the stoic of the lot, the rational one. He texted [this meme](#) back with zero comment; -and then in short order my entire message history with my brother up to the point, meme included, disappeared off my phone. By then I'm even beginning to question whether a hack's involved in delivering the meme (this is, after all, after a spontaneously appearing folder and an eight sticker selection out of a family member's photo file spontaneously appearing at the front of the photo stream of my phone, not to mention the very odd appearance of the random playlist in the first place), but I later confirm that yes, my brother literally slammed me with something far worse than, "the apple doesn't fall far from the tree", within mere minutes of getting the stickers. The offhand cruelty is worse than a kick in the gut, more like a stab to the core.

It's like the very first opportunity he gets in my life: -the very first vulnerability, he's inveighing I'm responsible for sum total consequences of my sexual history, which is no different than inveighing I'm the one guilty for what my father did to me. My family was so cult programmed by him I was treated as the evil one for leaving his sexual abuse. I was also never regarded as a victim, but as an equally culpable party. My brother's literally throwing the entire legacy of my father (who threatened my life and eternal soul) back at me in the context of the legacies it's given me in choosing a mate, the potential for intergenerational damage my abuse created that was so latent I didn't realize the danger I was in. He puts all this on me in a meme it takes him seconds to find and send, because mating with my ex was my fault 100% (as if what my father set me up in terms of a "relationship" template with has zero to do with it). This is when my brother knows exactly what my father did to me and knows how much I was condemned and threatened for leaving. (When I went to Ireland in 1999 and my father was threatening me with eternal damnation for even going, my brother was too afraid to say anything or take any sort of a stand out of the fear (no matter how small), that father might really be who he says he is. And he couldn't dare take any risks against that, namely he wouldn't dare risk exactly what I was standing up to.)

Before I gather myself and reply, the meme gets to hit me exactly the way it's designed to, telling me the past is all my fault and I'm an evil person. (You deserve to be judged like this.) And so the day carries on.

In addition to scrambling to save my client/job, and a familial proverbial bombshell, I'm also unpacking my three existential sins of the (second night as well have been sleepless) night before with my invisible man with the running commentary, -and what He's warning me is to come is not comfortable at all. He's afraid of something and concealing his fear. And what He tells me is, *You are going to get the incubus again.* (Book p. 2141) I register He's telling me the closest term to something I will understand and identify in terms of the danger. The reason for the incubus is that you cannot have sin in your heart in the company of a perfect being. You will have created a vulnerability, a crack that will attract they can attack. And there is no individual better they would like to attack more than the One in my company. I made myself a sort of interstellar target.

So now we're into the queries and dilemmas of how to identify invisible spirits potentially masquerading as other spirits, as in, how easily distinguishable was the first one? What if it tries to trick me by pretending to be Him? How can one protect their self at the level of thought? And how permanent would have that first 2007 encounter proven? -Irreversible...

I reply, *I'm only wet when You appear.*

He replies, dryly, *Hold that thought...*

"H" is actually taken to her appointment by a relative, a first. I take the opportunity to lie down, but that's not what my head is doing. In fact, there seems to be an assemblage. Some part of me is feeling like I must justify my devastation, and my mind's outburst is something along these lines: *All my life, it has never been safe for me to speak. Not once. Ever since this began, my life was a prison inside my own mind to keep me safe. It's like....* And I scramble for an analogy. And up pops this image because it's the best in a pinch:



DM video Delta Machine Premiere

It's in [this video](#) at 40 minutes in, -as a titillation (for people who don't know what pain is). Picture it with a gag instead of blindfolded. For clarification, the victim is tied to the cross.

And suddenly with a simple visual it seems understood. I nod at the originator of the image, "Thank you!", and he nods back.

*My [\_\_\_\_\_] wasn't consensual. This is trauma.*

*Why does no one get this?!*

And the assembled, [one of them says](#), *We're getting you down*. And when they do, I am prostrate on the ground, lying on my left side not in a fetal position but a little curled up. And He comes and kneels by my side.

*That's why you're afraid of Me.*

*Yep.*

Let's just clear up what He's responding to, because the passage doesn't, but He and I know. I'm terrified that when He said, *You were my sacrifice*, it is on the level of, What if God really told him [my dad] to do it? Then this God required me as a sacrifice through abrogation of ethics instead of for the sake of ethics. Why did no one He appeared to send choose to alter the trap it made of my life? Why did they enable my continued sacrifice to the damages my father committed against me by maintaining the secret? So the trap of being a victim got to maintain its default conclusions as to my sanity, thanks to the total absence of any contravening evidence from the "other side" that I wasn't crazy? I still have a lingering fear that the original command might have come from God, because if it had not happened, none of the rest would have happened; -I would not be here now. Did He set up the whole course of it for this to happen? If that is God, I want nothing to do with Them. It is the greatest barrier, the deadliest trap humanly possible my father (or anyone) could have come up with (but it would take a parent), insuring almost absolute distrust in God. You could not devise anything else mentally that would succeed in making someone more unreachable. I would sooner disappear forever. That's what happened, more or less, in 1995. I would sooner commit existential suicide than assent that what happened came from God and so proclaim such a God. I'm scared the present might mean that this was something that was done to me so that we would have sufficient common identity in how w/We were both sacrificed by our parents, which provides my strongest trauma based point of identity with Him. Or on a more fundamental level, the question is, *if you loved me, how could you subject me to this life?*

He lifts my left hand and puts a ring on my ring finger. It is a cluster of pearls shaped loosely like a pyramid, if it was diamond shaped, with tendrils of silver behind. Not all the pearls are white and they're differently sized, but none are black. It covers the entire joint and even goes a little past it. [For the record, His silence here doesn't have the sense of avoiding my fear. Everything was imparted more by sensed emotions than by thought. To me His putting the ring on signified His total accord with my being, rejection of what I too rejected. My choices had at long last elevated me to a place where this could happen.]

The rest of the day, if I am looking at my left hand in my mind, every thought I cast its direction, it is there. He garners a little amusement from it; beginning to say, each time I check, *Still there...*

When I get home from this sonic lecture soundtrack for the day, it is ended with David Bowie's "[The Letter](#)" while I'm watering the garden. Poignant.

-I'm worried about sleep by now (obviously, 2007 recollection is night three is never good), and when I go to bed, I tell Him that's all I'm going to try and do, Sorry, not sorry. -Good night. Eerily like night three 2007 (which was when the incubus came) nothing seems to work; I am in and out of sleep and in and out of situations I don't know whether are dreaming or waking. (But my test is not going to help me at all.) At one of these spells (I don't know which it is) I walk up to Him and remove the ring, putting it in His hands. It is dark now, many pearls darkened; -it appears to have shrunk and looks so brittle it might disintegrate. I tell Him to take it back, I am not worthy of it now. He takes it in silence and is gone. Every bit of sleep is snatched like a lapse into unconsciousness. I startle awake (again), with the thought, *Why did I wake up inside a fire?* (The last time.) The smoke was incredibly toxic and the inhalation palpable. I could see practically nothing in the fire, it was ablaze and all there was to see was smoke. This time I am woken by sirens on at least five different first responder vehicles to the northeast. They are more than five miles away. There is a big fire, and there is a fire spirit too. And the spirit from the middle of the fire is now coming for me. And I have to seal my mind from miles away. It is too dangerous to have it come any closer.

*I only love the Lord Jesus* is my mental mantra non-stop, over and over, to seal my mind. I feel this spirit come and pass at hundreds of yards, making it immense compared to the one in 2007, which was felt outside the door. I do not end the mantra until I sleep again.

[Another note: For people who might arrive at the considered question of, well, wouldn't leaving her to face such a demon alone instead of defending her somehow constitute abandonment at the height of danger? Why'd He just disappear when she gave Him back the ring? -It is not simply that He assented to what I asked. Holiness is an arena where battles are meaningless. He cannot save me from any damnation I have brought upon myself. Nor can He claim someone as a Bride who brings such a state on herself; -it's wrought its own conclusion that that's impossible. That's why I was attacked as a life long agenda to damn and alter me on the level of these realms, to rob Him of me forever. That's what was in the balance of my life here. In matters of holiness, you're on your own. He cannot confer it, nor can He contaminate Himself. I was right to give him back the ring in terms of how I judged myself in that moment. I was right about the moment. And just loving Him provided salvation, but it had to come from me. Otherwise it's not love. To save me, the mantra had to be total and perfect.]

September 23rd – I [have survived](#); we are still alive and we are still one; -He is back with me. The ring is back on and I have a wedding dress of white with a gaudy white tulle head piece. He is all in white too, casual suit, sweater, no tie. I feel we are at the head of an immense following of people in procession in the morning. For me surviving re-contextualizes the myth of Orpheus and Eurydice. It is no longer about the context between "B" and myself when I severed the connection in 1995 and was lost to the underworld metaphorically. It's graduated to a passage between Him and me, because He nearly lost me permanently last night. My Lover's random soundtrack performs the same trick by playing me "[Awful Sound \(Oh Eurydice\)](#)" by Arcade Fire.

That morning I have a conversation with "H" I'm sort of relying on her dementia to make her forget. This is an individual who I've had to say I'm divorced and haven't lived with my ex for thirteen years, over and over again up to the present. But here I'm confessing a little awkwardly to having met someone; that I have a husband. (She clearly takes this as having reconciled with my ex, but He is standing behind the chair, as if he is holding my right hand, the entire time, and the ring and the dress are there. He does more than that when I'm sitting in the chair at times.) "H" is delighted, wants to know how it was and gets the response "7 times".

“Oh! You didn’t sleep at all!”

“No.” It’s amusing knowing she’s only thinking about the male orgasm and I wasn’t even the one who kept count. (He told me later in conversation.) It’s incredibly liberating, even if I’m only saying what I feel because I’m certain she will forget it (it’s been handy knowing nothing I say will be remembered), just to be able to say the truth about what I feel is incredible, because I’ve been forced to conceal everything about myself and my emotions that was essential and important to me since I was sixteen years old. There’s nothing I can say about this either, but, this moment grants me a moment to acknowledge what’s happening. “H” is exceedingly happy for me, until we find out details like he can’t work and there’s no assets, no home. Not even a car! He can’t even stave off my ex, but that doesn’t get unpacked obviously. Though I’m clear it’s not my ex, she promptly forgets.

In the afternoon I google the fire, which based on the sheer number of sirens involved I presumed to have been massive. Instead I find the murder that took place in the wee hours of Monday morning. I find nothing about what appeared to have been a massive fire. It horrifies me to think I might have been with a Being who was potentially not only aware of the murder taking place sixty blocks away on the same street my daughter goes to school on; He probably knew the victim’s name. I feel the demon from the fire would feed on a fire to conceal a murder such as this, where the victim is so immolated not even dental or bone DNA can be extracted anymore.

I take “H” out to lunch at a place called “BJ’s” for the first time. (No really. In house brewery.) Here I get to notice it’s not just my random soundtrack that seems to be playing to the moment every moment, it’s every soundtrack. This plays out anywhere we go for the rest of the week). And this is not easy to take, because the gist of the song list playing is that He has to leave me and is going to let me go. I take this in stride with the understanding that loving Divinity is probably un-survivable for a mere mortal like myself, (given I didn’t even last one week, I remember a tart lyric about, she was good at getting there but couldn’t manage staying), and conclude He’s leaving me to keep me safe and that we’ve consummated an eternal union not an earthly one. It sounds like He’s leaving for good if the soundtrack is anything to go by, and deliberately letting me go. He’s decided to emancipate me by letting me go because I nearly didn’t survive.

“H” has noticed an attractive forty-something at the bar and is so interested she decides to go over and size him up. (-Except he’s got way too many tattoos, including a Koi.) I’ve never done this, so on impulse I give him my card. (I know he won’t call.)

This is not so bizarre as it might seem if you’ve been caught in the dilemma of what’s been going on between the universal music feedback loop and yourself for twenty-seven years, and when you believed it was real it effectively stopped you from seeking any relationships. Moreover I know I’m high as a kite and what’s happening will not last. I’m going to come down. It makes sense that a considerate being, having consummated something that took twenty-seven years from beginning to end, would willingly release you from it.

The soundtrack the moment I resume the random playlist is immediately another lecture. I’m dealing with Someone who will test to see how I’ll bounce.... I turn the tables, though that’s not so easy to do with Someone who knows what you were writing last and quotes it back to you in terms of wanting your freedom. *You want your emancipation...* This is not untrue as per the above (and that I bounced where it told me to), but it has never held the hope of ever being loved in an integrated relationship that actually accepted me, only a truncated one, and to me is a form of abandonment if it proceeds (because what I have to relate about myself will never

be believable and if it is, it will prove a barrier); -what I have really always wanted, was what I thought a potentiality with “W” in 2000, to be integrated with the one who was on the other side that God deemed, the two God was in between, which would answer for the whole thing including the universal/God, to my mind. That was all I ever wanted.

*I want the freedom to be able to tell the truth! That’s all I want! How good did it feel just to tell one person the truth today?! This began twenty-seven years ago in that stadium. You made love to me then. It wasn’t a child it engendered, it was connected consciousness, and You were on the other side of that. I’ve been carrying this consciousness for you, because of you, for twenty-seven years! By emancipation I mean emancipation to tell the truth about You!!! Do you know what I planned to tell him? That he’d only been there in order to lead me to You. I don’t want You to leave. I thought You were leaving me because I’d proven unworthy and this is a transcendent union not an earthly one, and now that it was done You would see me after I die. But it’s not what I want. I want to be with You. The book gives me the freedom to tell about You. So at least I can be understood for what I am to You. That’s the only chance at emancipation I have. And the only thing I’d consider or want is if You deemed someone to be with me who was aware of You first of all, which made him aware of what I am to You, and existed in that understanding with me, -that You deemed him for me. That was why I was wondering about [\_\_\_\_].*

He says, *I know what to do.*

I have a beautiful photoshoot in the late afternoon on the garden deck with my daughter. She is herself. She had to dress as a teacher (male) for a presentation assignment for Spanish. It feels like God is in the sky. Alpha and Omega almost seem like they’re in the sky. Son “N” and I changed the Apple ID because we were both suspicious of the app. In the rush I change the Apple ID (because obviously the iPhone’s doing some strange things), I changed it to “Alpha & Omega”. The iPhone won’t stop prompting me to type it in as I look at the sky and I do so, over and over again (it should have only asked for the validation once, maximum twice, but it doesn’t stop). And then that night when it should have been totally redundant, the prompts start over and over again on my son’s iPad, when He is close to me in bed. To stop it, I have to re-validate the ID again on my iPhone. It says what we are together.

That evening going to bed I am in the blue dress again, and He begins by telling me to take the shoulders down on it. That night it is (again) hard to distinguish between awake and asleep, and He appears to me fully formed in the same blond, blue eyed appearance He’s had since he appeared to all assembled and asked “*Do you accept the bride?*” He tells me that now that this is consummated it is done. Now I cannot have a sexual thought about it anymore as it is now transitioned to the plane of the eternal where it is supposed to exist, where no one is married neither are they given in marriage. This means my thoughts about it can no longer be sexual. It is all about co-joined awareness. At least I think this conversation takes place.

This makes for a pretty frigid following day, where hilariously I am plagued with more involuntary sexual thoughts than I feel I’ve had in a lifetime, and unpleasant involuntary ones on top of that. I mostly see Him staring out the apartment window. It makes me think [of WPC’s interview with Zane Lowe](#), and what he said about abuse history always making you fear what the whole world might be, like constant vigilance looking out the window. It reminds me of Him. Before we carried on unending conversations in every moment. Finally in the afternoon when I am heading on an errand the random iTunes playlist vanishes; -at the top of my iTunes the search window with “Tony lanez” typed inside appears, a God believing rapper from Toronto. I did not type it, nor initiate the search, so I conclude it’s some sort of an intervention. I dutifully go listen to Tony on the errand drive. I figure the point is for me to listening to the track “Woman”,

which is more or less about a woman going frigid on a love situation. And so I explain what I thought had transpired the whole night in a conversation cycle the night before, with a being I thought was Him. His rejoinder, “*ARE YOU CRAZY?!?!?*” The Siri prompt appears on the phone with the title to my own note from September 19th, ‘This is going to be the worst honeymoon ever’. (This is going to be our first weekend together. Are you crazy?!?) -Point taken. Whomever had appeared in His guise had imparted the threat that my thoughts on conjoined awareness were contaminated, I could get the incubus again, -which was scary as all hell. He’s definitely not like that. (-*Are you crazy!?*) But I’m also a little queasy that not only are spirits maybe impersonating Him just to put flies in the ointment (my focus on Him in my mind is a little shot after this, and I keep getting involuntary apparitions I’m not going to relate but that anyone would identify as a demon (face only), -closest creation in real life would be the Mutts in *Mockingjay*. I’ve also had the most massive demonic encounter I’ve ever had in all my life, all in less than four days. Loving Divinity I conclude is not for the faint of heart.

When I’m wheelchair walking my client I feel His hand reaching for my liquid sway (dancing acquirement). He loves my walk when it’s there unconsciously, and this is the second time He’s done this.

BTW because of brief switch to Tony, that meant I had to relaunch the randomizing app.

September 25th – That morning shopping errand He takes me in the car parked in a shopping center. How He wants it to be. Tracking back to the beginning when I was sixteen. Tracking back as if we’re starting as two teenagers in a car. In doing this He is capturing what “B” declared in 1987, *I love you cause I understand, that God has given me your hand*, and everything attached to that, which happened when I was sixteen. Every signifier of this pattern in my book is a tracery of memory for me, and they are all part of this moment. He’s articulating He commanded “B” in 1987 in order to save me from what my father did in 1987, preparing the ground for the encounter in 1992. All of that was to bring me out of my father’s house and save me from him, not by “B” but all orchestrated by Himself. “B” had no conscious understanding of it, but He knows every moment. Everything lost to me, He retraces and recaptures. And this moment is about realizing that recapture as an actual moment, something stolen given back. What desire orchestrated desire will have. Time is irrelevant. We make love morning, noon and night.

I get in trouble today too and again the random playlist takes a dark turn in the afternoon, -going so far as to play “Ugly” by Love & Rockets. This is when I get in trouble about [\_\_\_\_], as a couple of his tracks make the random list in quick succession in the early afternoon. Because of what they are, I’m triggered that maybe this indeed will possibly happen and was what He meant by the comment, *I know what to do*. I go through an entire encounter between the three of us where I’m given away by Him to an earthly context because the context I’m in is not and cannot be. It is after this, based on the randomized playlist during the home commute, I realize my perception of implication hurt Him a lot, even if He’d willingly provide for it, give it every emphasis and sense of ceremony, and give me away hand to hand. It’s just about the worst petition you could come up with Day Ten of being married, and I feel worse than terribly selfish. I’m such a failure at this I’ve blown it three days in succession. Again the random soundtrack appears to have tested to see where and how I would bounce, and I regret it, but in the nature of forgiveness, once examined and accepted, the moment passes with the soundtrack shifting of its own accord. “Ghost” by Depeche Mode comes on during the afternoon drive errands, and my heart is almost stopped on the question of what version it will be. But the remix shifts nothing into the past tense with the “ghost” being lost to her. My relief is incomprehensible. It’s the “[Le Weekend Remix](#)” and delightedly so. The lyrics are largely absent, and the “ghost” remains present tense. (This makes it on the randomized playlist twice.) I make the internal promise I don’t want to dwell on this, just be in the present with Him, it’s the present that

matters and the last thing I want is to lose it. Please, just let's have the present. ("Personal Jesus" makes it on the random playlist more than any other track, probably four times.)

I also want to mention that Depeche Mode's "Eternal" also made the random playlist twice, first during one of the first nights; my gratitude could not have been more.

This day after work on Twitter I find out WPC has a daughter, because [he posts himself with her](#) on his Twitter. I'm happy for them. I find out her name is Philomena Clementine. I wonder if WPC's hoodie was designed as part of his wife Chloe's fashion line? -Note the symbolism of the astronaut: the helmet almost reflects an eclipse (I revealed this to him back in 2000), the cross hangs from a circle round the neck (where the helmet would clip) made to look similar to a clerical collar, and below that we have Coco Chanel's logo, -which is actually a rip off of [the vesica pisces](#). The reason I know about the vesica pisces is because I had a vision of two entwined gold rings in that formation in my mind the night after the 1992 U2 concert (p. 407), which alternated and became a single gold ring. You can't see it properly, but [in this image](#) I was wearing the vesica pisces symbol on my forehead as part of one of my dance costumes. The symbolism behind the Coco Chanel logo made it into [a book footnote](#), which is more than explanation for its choice on the astronaut. Coco Chanel clipped the vesica pisces, turning it into her initials. (The Christian ichthys (the fish) is also considered to be a derivation of the vesica pisces.)

September 26th – I google both names. [I read all about Philomena](#). It is like being made love to the entire read. Capping our days long wrangle as I ask Him whether I should write the book or not, or whether that violates my first imperative to Him, (which was to stay alive); -if it will put me in danger, His dry remark on her martyrdom was, "*It doesn't end well.*" (On the other hand, PJ Harvey's "[The Letter](#)" makes the playlist, and I think at least these communiques are sanctioned. I'm of course viewing it a little differently than the context of the song itself. In my view, the blue eyes are reading from behind me while I write. As our debate takes its course, Depeche Mode's "Sacred" gets played (what are the odds), and with that I feel pretty confident.)

I find out Philomena's date of martyrdom is her celebration date, and falls on August 10th. I look it up on my calendar. It's the only date in August I wrote down how this was sexually climaxing in my mind (August 10th/11th); the end of the cycle of listening through Depeche Mode's/Martin Gore's catalogue. It is her date. The date she died to be with her Spouse, who she said was Jesus. At thirteen. I have, ever since 1998, tracked this back to age thirteen (p. 1486). It was my age when "B" produced [the first song](#) I thought appeared to be a linking one, and signified the entire course of what was to happen. It expressed taking "her" virginity. I didn't know why thirteen seemed to be the signifying age. I google [sangria history](#) too and discover it traces as far back in history and is also Greek. (I tweet my sandals to signify, the only way I can. (-Voila, [-Cave goes Greek](#). Which was not as odd as [this flute post](#) closely following a text I made to a friend to compliment her flute playing I could hear through my son's gaming headphones.)) I discover "W" also tailored his own song list, so I end up with a WPC playlist after all, if not directly. I listen [to the interview with Zane Lowe](#) that has it. I feel he knows.

This was the night I made two apple pies until about 4:30 am. Domestic life has taken a beating during this stretch and pies are no small prospect, making them last past the list in terms of a frivolous time intensive pursuit. But on the other hand, I've got past the fresh date bags of organic granny smiths, and there's no way I'm wasting those. Pie it is. So I consciously, intentionally blow one night of our first weekend together on making apple pie. I get no end of commentary on this; -we turn it into a running joke, *Pie waits for no man*. The situation being ripe for pie jokes is just too obvious.

Another run I had initially was that I began a series of jibes asking what was really going on with all those “Brides of Christ” for hundreds years? Surely You must have found the odd one? I mean if I’m the outcome, there must have been some looking going on for all those years and where else would it be? That’s an immense field to play. Anyway, the discovery of Philomena stops that line of interrogation dead in its tracks.

Sunday September 27th – In the morning He guides me through what He views as the birth of what he conceived in me that one night beginning in 1992. (-What He meant by, *I know what to do.*) It really does feel like having been pregnant for twenty-seven years. It is my own birth as myself as the Bride, which is the same as the birth of the Church, and His as well as the Second Coming, -a triumvirate birth, and it is finally finished. He is handling my spirit awareness with the utmost care and gentleness as if we are at the stage of afterbirth He is clearing painlessly out of my body. Completion is in the expression of the course, beginning and end. We both view what happened at the concert in 1992 now as His fertilization of conception in me. Not of a child, but the engendering of the universal awareness, the beginning of the Rapture/gathering Church, and in that metaphor, a sexual act (which “B” signified by mounting a woman from the audience at center stage and singing “Hallelujah” at the climax of the concert, but again, it wasn’t really him). *I waited until your age of majority to take you.* And again, it is a private matter until finished, which then opens up onto an assemblage, and the witness comes to the fore and we converse with him together, because it is finished. By witness, I mean Billy Corgan (“W”, as in WPC). We start the conversation lightly, with an aside from me about “*lots of pie jokes*” last night. It is He who tells the witness what my father did to me, after I tell the witness that I thought it was worse for Him to observe it all. I have no presumption whatsoever that there was a Philomena or that I am her.

My presentiment is that what happened in the telling was martyrdom of her body and the test of her soul. My incarnation was designed to destroy my soul for eternity and rob Him of me forever. It was therefore far worse. It is He who tells the witness how my father deliberately orchestrated a logical impasse to destroy me: “*It was either become the religious inversion [he designed her to be from birth], or he would declare it was anti-Christ. There was no way out.*” (If I rejected my father, or he rejected me (far more likely), he would have concluded I was anti-Christ. If he made that conclusion, he would have likely concluded that he had to kill me. I was raised my entire life to offer myself up as a martyr/personal sacrifice and willingly assume he was right.) The witness responds with his own song phrase, “[love is suicide](#)”. The horror and brightness return to His eyes as He cradles my head and looks past me.

Interestingly with Billy’s release of **CYR** November 27th, the song “[Telegenix](#)” has the question, “*If they say it's not suicide, then what is?*”

Well the answer is, it was, on the level above. And Christ only appeared as grace and entered my being because I would sooner disappear forever than become either.

We shift onto the one who could have been a witness but chose not to be, but who was essential to what happened in duty to God (“B”). It is my moment of reconciliation to him. What I say to him in my mind is along the lines of, *There is no way to have abnegated what lay between us [and so made way for Him] without having been scarred by it.* (You can apportion blame on certain aspects of what happened; -the parts that might prove blameworthy wouldn’t have changed the outcome, nor did they change the instruction and that he fulfilled it.) It’s a scar we’ll each always have. It is the measure of what happened. [-Which is as it should be, there was no other way.]

Sunday afternoon our manic bipolar neighbour (he's had two house fires in less than two months, so basically chaos unlimited), -takes my daughter and I fishing on the pier for the first time. Many Philipinos and Latinos and Blacks and a wonderful cacophony of background conversation, of people-ness. The pier is full of people. There's also dolphins robbing the bait and catch.

*(-You're married to Me now. Of course your first Sunday you're going fishing.)* Only my daughter catches something. -Beautiful languid afternoon. A day off the way it should be. Our neighbour may be chaos personified, but he has some skill as a fisherman.

September 29th – The morning commute begins with “Their Helicopters Sing” by GodSpeed You! Black Emperor. The 2nd track was “Master and Servant” by Depeche Mode” and I knew what the morning topic was going to be, as I've been avoiding it. (And yes this gets hashed out in the car.) It's about reciprocity, and I am like, *really, seriously?* [How do you blow a ghost?](#) Is that even possible? -So of course the random proceeds with “Bangkok Rain” by The Cult on the commute. This actually happened on the drive, but it's the course of the morning, giving back, completing Him. And completing the reciprocal really matters. (Appropriately the random plays “[She Gives Me Love](#)” - The Godfathers) -Again my client sleeps in for hours this morning, which is how this all happens. This morning was so vivid in my mind, and I was so present, I considered it our first proper full kiss face to face. Then “[Tecló](#)” by PJ Harvey came on, and I thought about the aptitude if you simply changed the name; -if it was “Jesus” instead of Tecló, it fits with an elegant simplicity; -the song all fits. And I said to Him, *I love your women!*

And just introducing this introduces how I've thought of the dynamics all along. And the time to fulfill them is now. (“[Baby Universal](#)” - not on iTunes, it's just become my phrase for a concept, and that is that we exist in a universality.) So I guess we'll do a little traipse through the daisy patch so you understand what I'm thinking and how this in my mind works. I'll introduce you to p. 1006 and p. 1613, as in, I thought the dynamic playing out universally inside the music with women creators was functionally the opposite of what appeared to be generally happening with male composers. Because they are emulating the feminine arch-type from a point within themselves (it arises in and of themselves), they were potentially capable of engaging the potential dynamics held there in the exact same way I do. And that includes relating to Him individually, or His arch-type, as I would. That is the tacit understanding in the above statement. -And for us it is the start point for all that followed this day. Everything about this day happened in the universal construct, as it was supposed to, meaning to begin, when He is taking me, it is in the awareness that this accesses all the women, and that's how it begins, it is giving this its moment, giving it to everyone, in the understanding it potentially by design will access individually on their own terms. And we are meant to fulfill that. Starting with the women, He is potentially with them all in being with me, and the reverse is a potential as well. I expect it, because it's happened in the past every time. What is between us accesses the universal. -And you can see how women's songwriting has the potential ability to shift in terms of arch-types in the playlist that follows; -“[Lionsong](#)” (it's a necessary detachment, like resting in the acquiescence, He may appear, or He might not, it's not anything you can decide), by Bjork plays in the afternoon (and perhaps even more uncanny), Florence follows on the 30th with [this chorus](#):

*And with one kiss  
You inspired a fire of devotion that lasts for twenty years  
What kind of man loves like this?*

“[21st Century Dreaming](#)” by the Godfathers was when it really exploded in my mind; He was making love to me I felt through my whole body awareness, and that was when it flowed into

and formed an infinity symbol below us. And without proper explanation of what was happening, I hope His reply answers itself, in that He said, *Now you know why there are millions*. And I saw potential ignitions like random landing stars, because in the morning I'd tried to complete the reciprocal proper, and 69 happened too. (And again, conception between Him and me is about unifying/raising consciousness, and that is what this is about, -with a potentially of possibly millions.) It almost seemed to shift into both simultaneously and eventually it was a circle complete; His being a complete circle inside mine, with me surrounding Him. And as if to describe what it means and Who I'm with the songs in this interval were religiously tacked, "[In My Time of Dying](#)" by Martin L. Gore and "[I Know That My Redeemer Liveth](#)" - Jane Siberry both played in succession, followed by "[High Hopes](#)". "[Hopelessly Hoping](#)" by The Charlatans affirmed the moment, and I was utterly floored by the appearance after of "[Appalachian Springs](#)", which I'd never heard before. (-Actually that applies to both tracks.) This was followed by "[Come Back Baby](#)" - Jefferson Airplane. Depeche Mode's "Ghost (Le Weekend Remix)" made a reprise that afternoon. And yes it was one of the most beautiful days of my life, if not the most.

September 30th – The random playlist takes a dark turn in the afternoon. Strikingly (what are the odds), God Speed You! Black Emperor plays with a song with just a date for a title: "[9/15/00](#)". (-What are the odds?!) Again the wrong turn is that I think the judgment hinges on the consummation of the Bride freeing the holy so that the planet can be released and His suffering as sacrifice for the whole of man may finally be at an end and I want it to end, for Him... It's a passing, fleeting sentiment (rooted in what I was taught growing up), but I get hit with "[The Little Things That You Give Away](#)" - U2 and "[You Don't Belong](#)" - Sons of Freedom, followed by "[Night Bird](#)", "[Dollar Dollar](#)", "[Would I Lie to You \(Live\)](#)", and then U2's "Mofo" plays (followed by B.R.M.C.'s "[Shadow's Keeper](#)" and "[Bus Stop](#)"), and for the first time I see the song in terms of the day before; -the conception between Him and me, and that this is what "B" wanted in terms of what he was seeking all along. It's not with him across from me on the other side the way it seemed to transpire for twenty-seven years. It's the first time I think of it this way; -it's what's between Him and me that makes me "mother". We then hit the cliff of the absolute with The Stone Roses' "[Here it Comes](#)". The Stone Roses is followed by Daniel Ash's "[Blue Moon](#)" and "[Hollow](#)" from Bjork's *Biophilia*.

It is like glancing off a paradox you're too afraid to open, but the days of notes before He appeared to me presented the same existential ultimatum as The Stone Roses' song does coming back at me, and it cuts me to the core. It's being so far on the edge of the absolute existentially there is just one being for you perhaps and vice versa. And neither would accept existential solitude. It was the depression when this began, (before I sought personal forgiveness), when I was so devastated and so afraid of even just being put through this emotionally again, I uttered in my mind that I'd sooner existentially just disappear, and then thinking how close that is to the analogy I was presented with as a child of eternal evil existentially wanting the exact same thing, that because of how they'd realized themselves, they'd sooner end the whole universe. It is a true knife's edge, in terms of, how close you've become? And what's saving you? And how does He feel; -how does my despair affect Him in terms of the legacy and cruelty of my life making me wish for nothing at all? -And how wishing for the judgement is the same on a broader scale. So I'm being told when I'm engaged in wrong think, I think. And the message is Bjork's from *Biophilia*, basically, I'm a part of all of humanity and all history, all life. I am ancestral memory, I created it. You don't wish it away.

October 2nd – Full moon sets in the morning sky, -utterly beautiful. This morning I encounter [Billy's interview with Radhanath Swami](#), who lists four essential spiritual practices:

- 1) Keep enlightened company
- 2) Tune in daily in spiritual practice

- 3) Strive to live with character and ethical principles
- 4) Cultivate an awareness of the beauty of serving

This was the last commute and The London Suede left off with "[Don't be Afraid if Nobody Loves You](#)" and "[As One](#)".

The beginning of October marks our 1st weekend alone together! For the evening He announces He is going to dance me into bed, meaning a real mate dance where we enjoy each other and dance together, which again is something He knows I've never done; (there are two qualifiers to this but they weren't lasting, as well as not very good). Granted I danced sexually post maritally, but that was performative, not dancing with someone, so it is very special to me that it's something He wants, -and He wants me to dance for Him too. I never did so in that sense, so in every respect it is a first. So even in a tentative beginning having only danced intermittently in the last twenty years and having missed it for several, it is a very special night. Because no one has expressly danced with me for the express purpose of taking me to bed.

On Saturday October 3rd He again takes me to bed with a (naked) dance together, starting with "Midnight Rambler". (Yes I know. I basically ignored the lyrics. They were not why the track came on.) This is the day the randomizing app finally stops and stops for good. (I miss it.)

Sunday October 4th – Good Third Man Records [release](#). Tim Burgess puts out "[yours to be](#)". I'd say something about the car being a little uncanny, but, Tim wrote it before that day happened with me. -Happen to know because he posted it, just him with a guitar, when he first composed it, on Twitter.

I take my son's bike into the repair shop after work and "My Blue Heaven" by The Smashing Pumpkins plays on the random playlist on the way home. I felt I could cry. In the last email I'd ever sent "W" in 2004 I'd concluded with this song, because it had been what I wanted. When I resumed contact October 2007, and he released **American Gothic**, he put this into the setlist on the tour he started in January every night. Obviously that was a first; -I had real hope he meant it. So it was one of those very special moments the transpiration robbed from me. Every room in our little carriage house is blue, my dishes are cobalt blue, and so are the ceiling fans. I feel like He's expressing how he loves the simplicity of just being with us in our simple home, that He loves my children.

But I am in so much shock and feel so much trauma from the day and the week (ex went nuts), it's hard for me to settle and even think of switching gears to the weekend I've waited for, that will be only our second weekend alone together. But I do. I refuse to not be happy. That evening I start the YouTube algorithm with Underworld's "[Twenty-Three Blue](#)". The whole night is amazing, and I continue it into the next day. I dance for parts of it. "[Scribble](#)" plays and I have tears of happiness just from seeing Karl Hyde's joy and his eyes. I'd never seen it. It is the sense of communion I have with ones I identify as part of the universal being restored to me after years of absence, the joy in perceiving it exists. I decide it's worth a playlist, call it "Underworld is God". (I wrote it all down. I've not noticed what's been going on with them for several years.) "[Scappa](#)" comes on, and it is like any couple lying together on a couch, my head over his chest. He says, *You need to know there are still beautiful places in the world.*

We spend the time in communion with each other night and all day (as per orgasms, as per usual I did not count), until the moment the kids arrived back home on Saturday evening. Nothing about me sexually is the same as it was, demarcated into before and after July by several 100 fold. I know it is because my mind is integrated and this descended from my mind; -it is my mind expressed in my body. It is a point of amusement for Him, as in, *Whatever happened to her? -What has changed?* Meaning my greatest recognition of what has

happened is my body itself. And for someone who said at the outset, *You cannot resurrect me with something You can in no way answer for*, it is proof positive I've been proven dead wrong. Obviously there's some satisfaction in that.

October 11th – Find announcement of Nick Cave's L.I.T.A.N.I.E.S. with [1st song](#) released.  
-Send him the message: "*I think I know what you're on about*", with a summary of what I'm planning perhaps to do.

October 15th – Find Jack White's [latest appearance on SNL](#). The second track, "[Lazaretto](#)", is the pretty much the only reference Jack has recognizing God in the feminine. He snippets a Gospel announcing Jesus' Second Coming.

Somewhere in this week the rings gets proper; He has, during these weeks, lucidly reclaimed every aspect that was lost to me when (for me) "B" destroyed every and all aspects, (made the whole past that had transpired between me and him wholly meaningless by choosing to bury me alive (I considered the universal to have begun between him and me in that stadium in 1992)). Here He is stating it was Him who presented me with the gold ring in 1992 (it did after all, appear in my head after the concert was over and I had left, when I proved unable to sleep, (p. 407) and created the two gold rings then, -the form of the Vesica Pisces, to marry me. I'm still insistent that the ring I put on in reality to accept this in 2000 was silver and happy to go with that one instead of a gold one, as it signifies the moon, so I'm sort of caught between the two, as in, the ring He presented me twenty-eight years ago was gold, but the one I put on in reality in 2000 to affirm it was silver. -So in a sense the pearl ring was probably more like an engagement one. This moment was the final conclusion on these weeks, in that this moment was the final recapture and repatriation of memory, He had succeeded in going through and restoring every aspect that had been (I thought permanently) lost to me. This was by far and away the most important. He says he will take the gold ring back now, as it is me giving a wedding ring to Him, and it is His to take.

October 18th, Sunday - Venus appears by the trash bin.



Thanksgiving Eve - Nick Cave releases two more tracks from **L.I.T.A.N.I.E.S.**, namely "[Litany of the Gathering Up](#)", and "[Litany of Godly Love](#)". This hits the "refresh" button for me, as I knew it would, because every time this is going to happen, I know it is an expression of Him being with me, what already happened. It is His inspiration, His desire to make love to me, expressing itself in the universal feedback. So really it is Him.

By this point in time everything has faded back to normalcy. I know I will miss Him terribly, but you can't exist there day to day either. If your Lover was a Ghost, you wouldn't want to stay here. You would want nothing more than to go home, as in be with Him always. Staying is separation. No one would wish that upon themselves or risk accepting it. But I grounded my life with my children; -I made it so I was culpable to here so I couldn't leave. It's a crude way of arriving at a balance, not that this was in any way conscious. I just wanted to have children. That and, of course, His last lecture to me was in order to prevent this sort of dichotomy from happening in me was by expressing His Being in all of creation. I have no pretensions I know how to deal with what has just happened to me in the day to day, and certainly have no way to disclose it to any man or anyone really. I am, as always, permanently alone. That is my paradox. Universally with, permanently alone.

November 27<sup>th</sup> - WPC "W" releases **CYR**. The one who declares "*I am your spy*" in "[Save Your Tears](#)" (-as in I told him this myself years ago, p. 1555, - I emailed him [Coldplay's lyrics](#) with that analogy to make the point) -hones true, in that he's the one I expect will attest the furthest as to what happened with His Coming, and further has the ability and capacity (based on the fact that I made him my sole witness twenty-one years ago), to ascribe and ground that in terms of my real person in the real world. I have no idea if my hopeful prediction will come true or not, but there it is. He has the potential to because he's received so much communication from me personally for so many years. It's in his potential to do so, that doesn't mean he will. But I do hope so.