

LIFE AND HISTORY OF THE LORD GOD YAHWEW

In the beginning was the Word

And the Word was in God

And the Word was God



CHRIST RAUL OF YAHWEH AND ZION

CHAPTER ONE

HISTORY OF THE UNCREATION. INFANCY OF GOD

CHAPTER TWO

THE WISDOM AND SCIENCE OF CREATION.

CHAPTER THREE

THE ORIGIN OF THE GODS

CHAPTER FOUR

HISTORY OF THE KINGDOM OF GOD

These letters that you are about to read had their beginning on the Island of Crete, where in the year 1986 I found myself moved there by the wind that comes from the Spirit. One of those nights, in front of the fire, with the Bible in my hands, the Spirit took hold of me: "Son, throw the Book into the fire and write everything you see", God told me. I did so. Here is what God showed me.

I have not changed one iota, nor have I adapted to the intelligence of the times the History that God opened to me so that I could write it and give it to the people of all nations to read. This is His History, His Life: the Life and History of THE LORD GOD YAHWEH, the Creator of the New Cosmos, Father of JESUS CHRIST. This History has remained in Silence by Divine disposition for the Good of all His Creation.

No one, except those for whom it was written: "We speak among the effects a wisdom that is not of this age", has known this History. Indeed, that Wisdom was silenced so that the generations of our century, the twenty-first of the Age of Christ, might rise against the gates of Hell and conquer the gates of their enemies.

Who will judge the Wisdom of the Lord God YAHWEH? Was not His Love for Man demonstrated by choosing His Beloved Son to be the Lamb of the Redemption of the World? Who is Man to decide what is best for God's Creation, even when his future is involved in a Decision that corresponds exclusively to the Lord God Creator of the Universe? Or is there in Heaven or on Earth a living person capable of dialoguing with God face to face as one speaks between Wise Men forged in the same FIRE?

How far can the creature raise his pride before his Creator to dare even to put before the Lord God of Infinity and Eternity a new model of Universal Civilization? Was not this the Crime of that son of God who, dressing himself as an angel of light, pretending to be a messenger of the God of Gods, administrator of his Word, killing the First Man, declared War to the Kingdom of the Son of God?

How would I dare to change a single word of what God showed me when He opened His Mind to me! Under what law would I legitimize the adaptation of the Intelligence of Eternity to human times born in ignorance and cultivated by evil! Whatever men born of the blood shed by Cain think of the Life of the Creator is smoke rising from Hell. The Smoke of War of those who raised their pride to pretend to sit on the Throne of the Glory of the Son of God has intoxicated the minds of men of science.

God is dead, they said. They died, and in their dementia they took to their graves the souls that Death reaped during the two world wars of the twentieth century, which they gave birth to in the fire of their thoughts. Their heirs, begotten in the curse of their fathers, walk steadily towards the destiny engraved in their genes, to destroy the Man that God created in the image and likeness of his Son. Is this not the glory of Man: to rise to the condition of the sons of God?

I am not inventing anything. God lives, whoever wants to see with his eyes the Truth in the Origin of these letters can approach HIM and receive an answer. He who asks is answered. But to the cowardly all is denied, and making their cowardice a victory they condemn all who died on the battlefield. The courage of the coward to flee and abandon his brothers is called Science. The treachery of Judas is called Politics. Empire to the justification of the Death of Abel. The enemies of Truth have invented a new

language, forged in Crime, born to legalize the Destruction of Man whom God created in the Image and Likeness of his Son.

The act of changing, adding or subtracting a single word from what my Father in Heaven showed me would be unpardonable Treason against my own soul. The Life and History of the Lord God YAHWEH belongs to all of us just as the lives of parents belong to their children. Knowing who our parents are helps us to understand ourselves. To know our Creator is to know ourselves. And there can be no real and true knowledge of ourselves if we do not know our Creator: his Personality, his History, his Mind, his Life, his Reality, his Wisdom, his Heart.

The water that is born crystalline in the bowels of the earth retains its essence until it reaches the sea; even if during its journey men poison it, the water remains itself. So with Man, even if his essence has been poisoned by science and religions, the Soul that God engendered in Life on Earth remains alive. To be born again is to free oneself from that poison and to make emerge in the being that son of God who raises his voice to Heaven and recognizes in his Creator his Father who is in the heavens. For, indeed, we have never been abandoned; the Creator has never renounced the Creation of Man in the image and likeness of his Son. He did not give us as a Model of Being any one of his sons, he gave us his Firstborn. And in doing so, he elevates us all to his House and Family. This is the LIFE AND HISTORY OF THE LORD GOD YAHWEH.

CHAPTER ONE

HISTORY OF UNCREATION. INFANCY OF GOD

I

Eternity, Infinity and God were born together. There was no Before and After. Nor were the three members of the Uncreated Trilogy born in the way we humans understand being born.

Does Infinity have a father? What mother shall we give to Eternity? What date of birth shall we put in God's family book? What age shall we suppose for a Being who is one with Space, Time and Matter? How shall we speak of the age of the universe without referring it to a fragment of the line of God's existence in Infinity and Eternity? And how high will be the mountain of events created by a Being who lives from eternity?

An uncreated cosmos by homeland, indestructible by nature, intelligent by vocation, born adventurer, irremediable lover of Life and its worlds, his life a perpetual adventure through the incognito seas of the galaxies. With what words could we draw on the canvas of our understanding the image of that Divine Being in constant navigation through the ocean of the galaxies?

What boundaries shall we give to his universe? What properties to his space-time? How many pages would the chronicles of his adventures cover?

There He goes. The stars at his voice turn away, the constellations as they see him go by greet him. The lion of Mercury runs across the plain between fields of planets of all atypical colors, singular, slender, subtle, his Great Spirit reaches him and cries out, "fly, creature, follow me to the ends of the universe". A galaxy like a lake of caramelized light, with the dawn of Jupiter in the nucleus, encloses in its waters dolphins with infrared glasses jumping from sidereal system to sidereal system; suddenly they see the Great Spirit, He, God, approaching running together with the lion of Mercury, and they rush to chase him through the spaces where the Orto dwells.

With what eyes will God see the colors of a field of energy that with its arms embraces ten thousand constellations? With what hair loose to the wind of the galaxies will He feel the breeze that runs through the infinite spaces? With what hands and feet will His Great Spirit scale the luminous summits of the invisible, parallel, lost, ponent, fugitive universes? How will God be affected by the time it takes to reach the plain on the other side of the most remote star clusters? In what stellar directions will his heart extend its joys when he finds himself on the other side of the shores of a belt of galaxies? How does his heart react to feel the birth of life in the depths of the sea of submerged constellations?

The pearl of life in its sidereal oyster. A world, another world, a new civilization with its typical singularities, with its own particularities, another challenge of the primordial mud to the creative and destructive fire of all things. He, God, advances

through the waves of the cosmic seas discovering new worlds; from star cluster to star cluster he carries the joy of the imperishable adventurer to unknown shores. He opens the wings of his Great Spirit and launches himself at infinite speed across the cosmic plains; he feels the impulse of the wind that travels through the subtle spaces and sometimes he plays with the light to be its rider and it his brilliant steed, sometimes he turns it into a ray that he collects in his quiver from where the luminous arrows shoot out into the snowy sky, embed themselves in the heart of a Nova star and transform it into a Supernova. He has Eternity ahead of him; around him stretches Infinity. That was His world, His universe, His original paradise. It had no beginning, it would have no end. Wherever His Spirit turned the stars and their luminous seas stretched their shores.

How many star systems can be traversed in an eternity? How many pages shall we calculate to the book of His life? How many branches shall we count to the tree of His experience? How many worlds, how many races, how many civilizations did God know before revolutionizing the structure of His world and converting the cosmic reality into His own Creation? What is the volume of His memory? How many memories did His mind store before provoking in that uncreated universe of His the final transformation of which we are the fruit?

II

Indeed, the Uncreation was the Infancy of God. All that He, God, knew and had been, had always been there. The forms changed, but God, He, did not remember that there had been anything else before. And He did not remember because there had not been. That is to say, before Creation there was the Uncreation, but before the Uncreation there was nothing else. Infinity, Eternity, God, were the members of the Cosmic Trilogy. Everything passed, everything flowed, the life and death of worlds, the birth, disappearance and rebirth of galaxies. It had always been like that, the forms disappeared, but the essence remained. Death reduced to dust all that lived, but from the cosmic dust the phoenix of life was always reborn. The leaves fell from the branches of the Tree of Life when the wind of Death blew, they remained bare, fragile in their nakedness, but in the end the fire of life was reborn in the sap of the universes and was clothed again with more beautiful, splendid and generous fruits. God, how He loved His world! Infinity and Eternity held him spellbound with their Wisdom. They were for Him father and mother; and He was for them the reason why everything remained in constant movement.

How then to enter, where to enter to pass and contemplate the memory of Him who was the reason, the cause, the meaning of the existence of all things? And if we were to compare each universe with the cell of a tree, how to calculate on paper the number of the Tree of Life? Or how to guess the names by which the One was known who remained forever when all things passed away? And how to feel the divine experience of the One who wandered from universe to universe carrying with him the joy of existence to all the worlds where he went?

Where to go, where not to go? What a question! Wherever the wind blows, wherever the light of the dawn of a new universe announces its birth, to the confines on the other side of the Orto, wherever the adventure goes, wherever it has never been before. Because the most beautiful is always to come, because the most beautiful is always what has not yet been seen, go ahead, let the suns celebrate and dance the dance

of the magic bees! God flies on the wings of the eagle of the stars, He comes riding on the horse of the distant universes, at a trot He approaches, He alights on the banks of the river of Life, He gives His steed to drink, He looks at the horizon and smiles because on the high peaks of the distant cumulus He has discovered the brilliance of a snow star. Nothing stops him. His pulse never loses control. He knows no fear. Nor knows anything but the joy of adventure. He knows neither envy nor evil. He has never been in any war. He did not need to know the truth, because he did not know lies.

Truth was He, God; truth was Infinity, truth was Eternity. Truth was the colors of the rainbow shining under a fierce summer sun. Truth was a flowering field in springtime. Truth was a nascent world under a sun of polished diamonds, three moons orbiting around the mother planet, a swarm of ships departing for a stroll through the galaxy of origin, and then the silence of souls returning to the primordial mud of Life. How not to marvel, how not to laugh, how not to pass by and refuse Life's invitation to participate in its adventure! He who was uncreated became a character, he allowed himself to be inscribed in the register of the dreamed history and there he let himself be marveled by the creative genius of Wisdom.

This is how He spent His childhood. Such was the childhood of God.

III

But one day a desire awoke in Him, God, a desire. On that day God had a desire. And that desire bore in its core the whole imprint of the heart in whose breast it was born.

Let us see; Wisdom was His sister; She moved all things through Him, through Him She converted energy into matter and launched it into space illuminating distances with those fireworks at the origin of new universes; then She sowed the seed of life in the new stellar fields and the universes were filled with creatures. At the end of time Life gave way to the waves of Death. And all creatures disappeared from the universe like castles on a beach washed away by the tide. Yes! All without exception disappeared between the fingers of time like water, like desert dust. Such was the fate of all creatures during the Uncreation. It had always been so. Life and Death were part of the uncreated cosmological system. Only by God and for God did the cosmic clay take form; Wisdom breathed the breath of life into the clay of the worlds and became animate beings. But only for a time. In due time Life gave way to Death and its waves dried up that primordial mud from which all creatures had been formed. Dust returned to dust. Ashes to ashes. Only He, God, was indestructible. Then He, God, said to Himself:

Would it not be wonderful if all the creatures of His universe were born to enjoy Immortality? Would it not be great if, returning from His voyages over those remote and uncharted seas, laden His heart with fabulous adventures He should again meet, as one returning home, His beloved friends?

Yes, Immortality for all the creatures of the Universe! This was His dream. Such was His wish. A beautiful desire.

And He had it with such intensity that with awakened eyes God already saw His universe transformed into a paradise inhabited by worlds without number. Peoples of distant galaxies and planets sharing on the table of that Civilization of civilizations the same bread, the achievements and advances of their original societies. A universe full of life and color. Like swarms of little birds roaming the forests in the open sky, like crowds

of creatures riding the plains. And He was running, flying with them, opening horizons for them, tracing new routes for them through the stars. In the dream that inspired His desire, God already saw Himself plunging into the depths of the cosmic ocean in search of new pearls. And Wisdom, His sister, His friend of adventures, leaving Him clues among the stars, marveling Him with a new victory over the divine capacity to be surprised. She would make His dream come true. The daughter of Infinity and Eternity would clothe all the living with immortality.

This was the desire that grew in the heart of God. The question is: could that dream be realized?

Well, as far as He was concerned, He had no doubt about it. His Faith in the Power of Creative Wisdom to overcome the challenge placed on the table, creation of immortal life, His Faith knew no Doubt. However, the question was there, and its implication was no less vast and profound, for what consequences would such a transformation of state provoke in the Cosmic Uncreated System? Naturally God was beyond the implications and their consequences. His Faith in Creative Wisdom was so blind that at no time did it occur to Him to doubt His Power to effect such a transformation of state. He set to work. Now, where to begin to make his dream come true: through the Immortality of the species as the first stage towards the Immortality of the Individual, for example? Of course, of course. Perfect!

IV

What God lived from then on, what God did from that day on, can we imagine it, understand it, recreate it? An extraordinary Being arises in the stars; His purpose is to unite all the worlds that appear and disappear in space and time and to create a Civilization of civilizations that will overcome all the problems that the challenge of Immortality suggested to them. Together all the worlds in a Universal Whole, that Civilization of civilizations would open to the cosmos of the galaxies that extend to the Infinite. God would be at the head of that Cosmic Empire. He would lead the first worlds to meet the last, unite them all, teach them to be free, to enjoy the wonders of the universe. And there would always be more. God's experience of encountering worlds of all kinds was put at the service of His dream. And in love with His dream, Immortality for all creatures, He set to work. He opened routes among the stars and doors among the constellations, discovered new worlds and extended over their civilizations His Scepter, He gave to the kingdoms that were being formed Magna Charters. He directed their technological evolutions towards the meeting in the third phase, integrated all the kingdoms thus formed into an Empire and united to His Person the Crown. He in person was integrated into that World of worlds as the King of kings and Lord of lords in whose Word all peoples had their guarantee of growth and peaceful and free coexistence. His Word was the Word, and the Word was God.

V

And so it was. In time that Universal Empire grew and extended its frontiers to the most remote stars of the uncreated heavens.

How to draw on the canvas of our imagination the properties and nature of that Civilization of civilizations that spread its glory over the sea of stars? What Library on the Origins and History of the Empire into which God had transformed the Uncreation came to be formed in time? With how many Particular Histories was its Universal History composed? What was the number of sciences that the sages of that Empire mastered, recorded, cultivated?

Wisdom, invisible and beautiful, loving and joyful, from her luminous and transparent throne over all her creatures extended her protection and intelligence, and in all things her marvelous soul manifested itself, moving everything with a single purpose: to discover to God the laws that govern the Universe. This, His universe, was filled with joyful and adventurous worlds with only one concern in life, to enjoy the time of existence that each individual had been given. For, although life was beautiful, magnificent, breathtaking, and the will to live was never ending, the fact was that time was limited and the passage of creatures through the world, ephemeral. Like the spring clouds that cry their last days on their May tomb before the cradle of summer, like the flow of the river that crosses the earth from East to West but approaches the ocean of unquenchable thirst, so was the life of all the beings of that Empire that God had raised with his hands and loved so much. The pain of the last embrace, the loss of the friend who disappeared while you were on a journey, the tear you did not collect from that nightingale that died with the sorrow of not having expired in your arms, oh Lord, the tender murmur of a prince whom you loved with the feeling of a brother and vanished in the mists of his innocence, giving you kisses, blessings and loves for the days you gave him, for having given him the opportunity to know you, for having made his life a story worth living even though his breath was subjected to the law of final silence. Ah, the rustle of the rose when its petals die between the fingers of the storm. The announcement of the end of perfect happiness written in blood on a future without defenses against the arrow that seeks its chest with certainty. It wounds her core, tears her thought, the spear reaches her heart.

VI

One day Death awoke from his lethargy and claimed for himself crown and scepter. I mean, if you are told that the One who claims to be God cannot make His wish come true, then what do you say to yourself?

If you are wise or simply aspire to wisdom you will answer that that divine desire, Immortality for all creatures, this desire implied a structural revolution whose consequences would have to reach God Himself. If you are one of those who always opt for the easy things and choose the option of the ignorant, you will answer that this Being cannot really be God, because for a True God nothing is impossible.

Well, that is what happened. In time God overcame the first phase of His Desire and transformed His universe into an Empire of Worlds with origins in the most diverse stars of the most remote solar systems. He was moving toward the last phase of His project - Immortality for the Individual - when the Doubt was made. I mean, the Worlds had reached Immortality and counted their years by millions that never end, but the individual remained mortal. And this is where the problem was born. As long as the individual was born to die, and Immortality did not enter into the formal structure of his logic, life did not suffer Death. But when the individual knew that the possibility of

Immortality existed and discovered that the origin of that possibility was in the King of kings and Lord of lords of that Empire of the stars, He, God, the idea of living immortally and having to die irremediably provoked in the mental structure of a part of the living a violent shock.

“For if He is True God, and to a True God nothing can be denied because for Him everything is possible, how is it that by wishing us Immortality we are subject to Death?”, asked the ignorant, for violent ignorant.

This question, so elementally logical, so rationally simple, was the breeding ground where Doubt developed. And Doubt led to the Denial of the existence of God. And in the flesh of that Denial incubated the virus of War.

Not being the King of kings and Lord of lords of the Empire of the stars God in all the theological and existential extension of the word, surely there would be some way to destroy him. The only thing to do was to find the weapon to destroy him.

VII

That Universal War took place before the creation of our Cosmos. That Apocalyptic War had its origin in Doubt, and Doubt led all to Destruction. It was a war that divided all worlds and pitted them against each other to the death. The violent part, the part that denied the existence of God and considered the King of kings dead as soon as they discovered the ultimate weapon, this part chose the fate of the ignorant, loved the madness of the foolish and undertook an evolution on crooked lines in the direction of the transformation of the being into a new species of infernal creature, addicted to Power, in love with War, its will for law, its law beyond good and evil. They discovered the Science of good and evil and took it to its ultimate consequences. The part that the wise chose, Faith, the love of Truth, though they could not comprehend it, this part loved God and refused to accept the argument of the materialistic atheism of the violent. They agreed that the argument of the ignorant opened a breach in the Universal Faith in the origin of the Empire of the Worlds, for certainly it could not be understood that Death would not bend his knees before God. And yet who were they? Exactly who were they to understand how this conflict between Life and Death which God had brought about by His desire was affecting the structure of Universal Reality? Of course not, the wise, peaceful for wise, never accepted the legality of the argument on the basis of the scientific atheism of the violent ones. What was hidden behind that irrational denial of the Existence of God but an uncontrollable passion for Power? What the apostles of atheism wanted to lead them to was a universal war, from which, against all wisdom, they hoped to emerge as victors in order to impose a demonic status quo on all. And there was to be no more talk. This was the truth and no matter how much science in twisting arguments the Fathers of Doubt invented, this was the light of truth that shone at the bottom of their systems of thought. What was the difference between Doubt and Madness? Ignorance to understand the nature of the cosmic conflict that in its innocence God had provoked: the Fathers of Doubt by Method dressed it up as science, then made science a new religion, Scientific Atheism, and then declared war on Faith. The latter, because it knew God, and although in its heart it could not understand the nature of the conflict that His desire had provoked in the Uncreation, it knew that that war would be the beginning of the end of all things. This argument of the wise, peaceful for wise, was of no avail to the Warlords.

Doubt was the truth,
Doubt was in them,
they were the Truth.

With such a logical structure, corrupting Logic to the point of twisting it and transforming it into an irrationality typical of demonic beasts, the bad guys answered the good guys.

VIII

When He, God, discovered what was happening, His eyes were paralyzed in their sockets. And they were frozen in their sockets because He did not and could not understand what was going on.

What was the War, what was its origin and what was its goal, what were the enemies of His Empire seeking, and what mysterious force dwelt in their rebellious and incorrigible hearts?

Power. The exercise of Power had become the madness of Power. Power drove the wielder mad. Ah, the madness of Power. How was it possible that a creature born to be a sigh of matter could dare to raise his voice to God? Was this madness for Power one of the effects of the Science of good and evil?

IX

At first it was like a fire that is born, you put it out and you think the problem is solved. But you turn around and see another fire growing and devouring some other part of your world. You run, you arrive, you put this one out too and again you think it will never happen again, because everyone sees that the end to which everyone who falls into the nets of the Science of good and evil leads is to return to the dust from which it was taken. There is no mercy, no destiny. No tears are enough to extinguish this fire.

The violence in the opposition between Good and Evil grows in the same geometric progression as the fires it creates around it. No sooner do you extinguish one than twice as many are born. You extinguish these and the geometric progression continues. Two fires are born again further on. You run over there, put them out and they come out twice as many in the distance. When you come to realize it, the geometric progression itself has encircled you and you find yourself in Hell. Its flames are devouring everything you have raised with your hands. You oppose, you resist, you declare the final war on your enemies, because you are the enemy, the target that Hell seeks. The worlds are only pawns in a game that escapes you but is as real as the massive destruction of the worlds that were once the pride of your eyes. What have those worlds become? Into dust wandering like aimless nebulae that carry in their entrails all that was left of what you loved one day.

So it was. That Empire of Worlds that had the God of Infinity and Eternity for its Founder and King of kings perished in the war of its own apocalypse.

X

The swiftness with which I have passed through the memory of the forging and destruction of that Empire must not blind the intelligence at the hour of calculation at whose feet I have laid the limits of my thought. What was cannot be changed, only what will be has been placed in our hands, and if it is already difficult to direct the course of what is towards what will be, how dare we dare to penetrate into things that were before the birth of the first galaxy that fills our Cosmos!

The fact was that, with the taste in his mouth of someone who ate a sweet and the cake burst in his stomach, God found himself alone on the ashes of that cemetery that the Science of good and evil had left in its wake. That tree of the Science of Good and Evil offered God its fruit and God did not take it. He did not stretch out his hand. He was tempted by Death and did not allow himself to be deceived. For nothing in the world was He willing to become a God of gods, all outside the law, all immune to the arm of justice. He would rather be destroyed than see his empire become the Kingdom of Hell.

CHAPTER TWO
WISDOM AND THE SCIENCE OF CREATION

XI

In those ashes, indeed, was buried the Childhood of God. But the one who had emerged from the flames of the destruction of his Empire was now a warrior who had won his First Battle and along the way had discovered the Science of Creation. Searching for the ultimate weapon to destroy his enemies, God discovered the secrets of matter, space and time, and when he opened that door he found Wisdom.

XII

He loved her from the first day. And She did not refuse Him, She did not turn her back on Him, Wisdom did not flee from her Lord. He was for Her, from the beginningless Beginning of Uncreation, the metaphysical cause of her existence, the reason why She, the daughter of Infinity and Eternity, did everything. He was for Her, from the beginningless Beginning of Uncreation, the God who demanded more and more of her, who continually challenged her with his joy and his will to live. He was for Her, from the Beginning without beginning of the Uncreation, her source of inspiration. It was in His heart that She, the daughter of Infinity and Eternity looked to see the myriad reflections of the Future. His desire was Her muse, His capacity to dream was for Her a workshop of projects. When He broke into the structure of Reality by laying His Desire on the table for Her, She knew that from then on nothing would or could ever be the same. Before He saw the first flame, She had already seen Hell; before He smelled the first scorch, She had already seen the cemetery over which her indestructible warrior would walk barefoot. Inevitable the end of His sleep She articulated the throat of the wise to speak to God words of Science. For by the day He would walk on the ashes of His dream, by that Day, She would have already delivered to Him all the secrets of the Science of Creation. She was going to teach him how to create a galaxy. She was going to teach him how to create a swarm of stars, how to articulate them into molecular networks, how to cover whole regions of gravitational seas floating between galaxies, mountain ranges from whose summits rivers of stars run down the gorges of the sidereal abysses and flow into the shores of the constellations. She was going to teach him to cultivate the tree of species. She was going to give him her Power, she was going to give him her being.

XIII

And so it was that the Warrior gave way to the Sage.

Infinity and Eternity transformed his body, the universe, into a laboratory of learning for God, and gave Him for a Teacher His daughter, Wisdom. She guided His thought through the atoms, directed His arm to the nucleus of the stars. She taught Him how to catch a beam of cosmic rays; She discovered for Him the laws governing their motion in a field of energy; She taught Him how to manipulate that field of creative energy for the effects sought. He showed him the series of general and particular laws that govern the relationship between matter and energy. He discovered the origin of the supernovae, the causes by which the galaxies attract, reject, unite, divide, transform but never destroy themselves. God ran against the light and defeated the cosmic ray in intergalactic flight. God accelerated the pulse of the stars to the limit of their revolutions to see what would happen if he doubled the density of their gravitational field to the square. God plunged into the microcosm and on a silver trail followed the leap of energy from one dimension to another.

The more he learned about the forces that move the universe and its laws, the more God enjoyed growing in intelligence. His intelligence knew no limits, he always wanted more, and no problem escaped him. He only had to focus his eyes for his thought to find the answer. Wisdom merely placed the object before him and directed his thought to the right solution. She stimulated his knowledge and introduced him from science to science up to the limit that only God could reach, the knowledge of all sciences, the Creative Omniscience.

Then Wisdom opened to her Lord the door to the subject of the creation of life.

What systematic conditions must be created to obtain this species or the other. What are the processes of natural selection to be followed so that the vital force directs its steps in a definite direction and not in another.

From her God learned all the secrets of the creation and cultivation of the Tree of Life. Under Her guidance God created worlds by the method of experimentation. And when his mastery of all the laws and forces of the universe made him what he was, the Lord, he went on to take the step toward the unconquerable frontier: the creation of life in his image and likeness.

XIV

But during the period of the formation of his Creative Intelligence a particular idea was making its way into the mind of God. While he was engaged in the mastery of the Science of Creation, it was only a sporadic thought that crossed his mind, which he put aside without giving it any more importance.

The Idea that crept into his being is the following:

Was He the Only Member of his Family? I mean, how could He know that somewhere on the other side of the Ortho where the Infinite dwells there was not Someone like Himself, a Being of His Uncreated Nature who at that very moment might even be passing where He had passed?

This was the thought that came to Him, and, time after time, He pushed it away. Notwithstanding his constant turning away, as the Lord was born in his Being the

question gained the upper hand. It was true that God had not met His Equal and it was in that He was the Only Member of His Family. If He called anyone Father it was Infinity; if He could call anyone Mother it was Eternity; if He felt as Wife anyone it was Wisdom.

Did this spare him the truth of never having been on the other side of the Ortho of Uncreation? And if he had never been there how could he claim that this thought that had crept into his head was not the call of that Equal?

There was only one way to know. To launch himself into the infinite spaces.

That God was in Him, because He was God, was already clear. But was He the only living God?

XV

Without further thought, God left everything. There, at that moment, He ended His apprenticeship in the mastery of the Science of Creation. And He set out on an adventure, in search of the answer to the question that had settled in His chest and refused to be consigned to the recycle garbage can.

Was HE the only member of his family? Was HE the only God known to Eternity and Infinity?

XVI

To what extent can experience enable the intelligence to comprehend the story that God lived in breaking the boundaries of the Ortho of Uncreation? What kind of understanding must we possess to get an idea of the feelings of a Living God traversing plains of a space that was unknown to him in search of that other Being of his own uncreated and eternal nature? What kind of mathematics of time should we handle to calculate the millions of millennia that that adventure lasted? What literary structure should be embodied in the hands of a historian of all beautiful things, so that from his fingers flow rivers of legends and visions of landscapes beyond the fantasy of a hundred thousand universes united in the heart of a pearl? How shall we say God lived this or God lived that? How shall the imagination of the poet of joyful things dare to raise an ode to the conquest of horizons that cannot be seen, but that sound in the ears of their conqueror like arpeggios of magic blues shaking sadness? Can we say to the dawn: Become a woman and kiss me. Have we ever said to the morning star: Come and embrace me? What emotions will live the soul that enjoys the love of the Moon and on its wings sails through dreams of liquid crystal in search of the shores of perfect happiness? How can we enter the mind of a Being that moves at the speed of its thought and whose heart is strong as a sun?

XVII

Fearless, indestructible by nature, self-knowledge forged in a battle that wounded his soul with deep, tearing wounds, the Warrior awoke from his rest in the tent of Wisdom, bade Her farewell with a kiss of shining joy, and received from Her this farewell: "Thou-God, the One Thou seekest, my Beloved, is in Thee." Strong again, stronger than ever, healed of his wounds with the balm of pure love, the Warrior needed to discover the answer for himself, and so he climbed the mountain ranges of Time, and from the frontiers of his universe he finally saw the lands where the Infinite dwells. Smiling, with the wind of Eternity in his hair, his muscles firm, his legs strong as columns, his eyes shining with emotion and once again marveling at the beauty that opened at his feet, he who was God, indestructible warrior, adventurer in love with existence, the protégé of Eternity and the Infinite, there he launched himself on the wings of the eternal winds to conquer the virgin horizons.

XVIII

How long did that adventure last? Is an eternity a mathematical measure that fits in our physics textbooks? Will we dare to draw the humblest of the adventures lived by that indestructible warrior on the canvas of our most futuristic visions?

After an eternity had passed, God discovered that the world on the other side of the Ortho where the Infinite dwells was resolved into a line in the form of a great mountain, from whose summit he could contemplate with his almighty eyes the truth he was looking for: He was the Only God that Eternity and the Infinite had known and held as Lord since the Beginning without beginning of the Uncreation.

But in this truth which may sound to you as a thing known, in this formal declaration there beat a regret.

For as more and more the Immensity of His World was discovered to God, as the definition of His Being and those of Infinity and Eternity were fused into one, becoming one indivisible, inseparable, indestructible reality, as His Nature was discovered in all its supernatural, uncreated and eternal immensity, in that same measure that desire to know if there existed on the other side of the unknown horizon His Equal, His Brother, His Friend, in that same measure that knowledge of His own uncreated and eternal supernature grew in the Sage, in that same measure grew in His breast that little hidden light that at the beginning beat with the pulse of a very small idea.

And so, at the hour when the One Living God found Himself on the summit of the Mount of Infinity and Eternity, that desire for knowledge had been transformed into a stronger and stronger desire to meet Him and embrace Him, to look Him in the face and say to Him: "At last, how long I have been looking for you, my Equal, my Brother, my Friend"

XIX

He who found himself standing on the summit of the Mount of Infinity and Eternity, where he found Wisdom waiting to greet him with the same words that he had said Good-bye, that Warrior, Wise One, God, the only member of his House and Family, found that that little light was now beating in his breast with the strength of a sun that continued to grow. What he would not have given at that moment to have found His Equal, that person with whom he could laugh from You to You and together launch into the adventure of Life on the plains that unfolded at the foot of the Mount on which he stood!

But no, God was alone, He was the only member of His Family. He would never have that Someone to whom he could say: "Warrior, I'll race you". He would never enjoy the pleasure of being treated as You to You by that other divine person who needed Him as much as He needed Him. But that was enough, was He not God? Why then was He crushing His heart? He would give life to that Brother, to that Friend born to look at Him face to face, to laugh with Him as brothers laugh and talk to each other as friends talk to each other, with freedom, with affection, with independence of judgment. Was He not the Lord? Had He not forgotten how to create a universe, how to cultivate the Tree of Life? Was not Wisdom at His side whispering in His ear?

"Thou-God is in thee. My beloved, he whom thou seekest is in thee."

XX

The Divine Warrior smiled again; he put on the Cloak of Wisdom and, believing he knew what the words of the Daughter of Infinity and Eternity meant, he said to himself: "Then let us get down to work. At once God transformed the Mountain of Infinity and Eternity into a Mount of magic earth growing at the speed of its Creator's gaze to the frontiers that are never reached. As if it were a continent growing from its center, and that center a Mount growing in height at the speed of its surface in the plain, marveling whoever sees it because, no matter where you are, its summit can be seen from all the ends, God called that Mount born to be the center of his Universal Creation: "Zion". And to that continent endowed with his supernature, as if the Infinite and Eternity were born again from the Mount of God, and had shot out to reach the natural limits of their bodies, he called that Continent in the heart of the Cosmos "Heaven". He gave Wisdom his earth for a kingdom, so that in Heaven she might take root and give from her womb the Brother, the Friend for whom her Heart yearned.

CHAPTER THREE

THE ORIGIN OF THE GODS

XXI

This is the origin of the gods of Heaven. They were born at the foot of the Mount of God.

He gave them their names and He made known to them His own. Their name was Yahweh, He was God and they were His Brothers. They were the Brothers of Yahweh, the Firstborn of the gods. Born Immortal and Indestructible, Yahweh God lived with his Brothers a wonderful time. His heart was satiated with the company of his equals. His soul enjoyed his victory with the intensity of the warrior who dances the dance of heroes after the defeat of the enemy. His enemy was his Loneliness; they were His living victory over the hell He would one day see advancing from that loneliness embedded in His heart. God danced with his brothers in the fire of joy like David through the streets of Jerusalem the day after the defeat of Goliath. For his brothers Yahweh God built a city on the top of his mountain. He surrounded it with walls, each one of a whole block, each block of a color, each color of the color of a precious stone. As if they had a life of their own, or a star within them that pulsed its lights towards the frontiers that never end, from those walls suns rise that color Heaven and turn it into the Paradise of Wonders. Within those divine walls He built for Himself and His Brothers a City, and called it Jerusalem. They, the Brothers of Yahweh God, were the gods of Zion, those who live in the City of Yahweh, the Eternal Jerusalem within whose indestructible walls Yahweh God, the Firstborn of the gods, has his residence.

XXII

From its walls the Brothers of God saw grow the explosion of life that never stops or stands still and dresses the Paradise of God with enchanted forests, with mountain ranges as high as Himalayas filled with giant eagles with bones of metallic ice, weightless as feathers solid as steel.

The overflowing divine fantasy that for so long slept in the heart of the Warrior awoke sublime, and calling to Wisdom went with Her to paint on the celestial canvas landscapes beyond the fantasy of our most illustrious geniuses. The inspiration of the Creator rising from the pressure of the happiness He was experiencing, God conceived in His mind a New Creation. He took the gods and led them to the other side of the ortho of Heaven, beyond the ever-expanding borders of Paradise. As one who invites to take a seat and sit down to contemplate a marvelous spectacle, God opened the Creation of the New Cosmos.

XXIII

Here is the Principle of the Creation of the Field of galaxies surrounding the Universe of the Heavens, the Local Region, whose Heart is Heaven, a World born to harbor on its soil the Tree of Life, and around whose World the Heavens of the Local Region extend the ocean of its continents of stars.

Willing to proceed to the Creation of the New Cosmos, from the Divine Creative Arm rivers of energy were born, which, spreading through the outer regions of the Universe of the Heavens of the heavens transformed Space into a fireworks display where each explosion marked the end of a galaxy.

Night was followed by Day; dawn was a new explosion of fireworks in the full light of the dawn of the New Age that had opened; and each explosion marked the Beginning of a New Galaxy.

Such is the Origin of the New Cosmos. God transformed all the uncreated matter that surrounded His World into energy; then He transformed all this energy into New Matter. Such is the origin of the Galaxies that presently exist and surround the Local Region.

God created the Cosmos so that it would continue to grow eternally. This growth is comparable to a wave which, expanding through Eternity, without losing its original energy, doubles its radius by the square of the speed of light radiating into Infinity.

This river of cosmic energy flows into the field of space-time that surrounds the entire Creation; creative field in which entering the energy produced by the field of galaxies begins its journey towards the stars. Such is the origin of the stars.

When the stars are born, the beam and the ocean through which the energy sails from the microcosm to the macrocosm being invisible, the stars announce their birth with an explosion of light.

Since the birth of the stars occurs in swarms, we speak of a Big Bang; but it would be more correct to speak of the switching on and off of a light bulb, there is no destruction but creation. And more than explosion, implosion.

An even greater error is to concentrate the creation of Matter in a single moment in Time and Space. There was not one Big Bang; there were many; and there will never be lacking, since the process of transformation of cosmic energy into astrophysical matter is constant, autonomous, and extends to Infinity for Eternity, having always in God the Source from which the Ocean of space-time is fed at the origin of the Creation of the New Cosmos.

XXIV

But at the close of this Principle of the Creation of all things this movement was about to perish and be destroyed forever.

When God the Creator, Lord of Matter, Space and Time, finished setting in motion this process of creation of galaxies, happy with the joy of the artist, of the genius conscious of having astonished his audience, and mad with joy to say to his Brothers:

“Come, let us track a ray of light to the frontiers of our universe; accompany me, let us track the eagle of Andromeda through the mountain ranges of Orion”, when already his heart was beating with perfect happiness, the Day of the Origin of all things took a turn and was transformed into the hardest day of His existence.

What was found in response to His invitation on the lips of the gods, His Brothers?

On the lips of the gods hung heavy as a slab the truth they had just discovered:

“Yahweh God was the One True and Living God”

They were his Brothers because in his need of that Equal, Yahweh God had given himself so much to overcome the Loneliness that one day surrounded him with his Hell, that in overcoming the last frontier, the creation of life in His image and likeness, he believed he had found the Final Victory that had been denied him.

XXV

He treated them as true Brothers and true gods; He adopted them as Brothers with the sincerity and devotion of the one who gives everything and forgets all the bad moments and plunges into the good ones to come without any fear of being overtaken again by the storms that unloaded on their solitude their thunder and lightning. But now that they had discovered in Yahweh God the One True Living God: how could they deceive themselves into believing what they had never been?

They were Creatures. Just that, Creatures.

They were Creatures like those galaxies He was creating; like the very Heaven that gave birth to them, like the Universe that had just been born.

How could they ever look at Him again with the eyes of the one who believes himself Equal, another member of their Family? How could they prevent their knees from bending and worshipping their Lord and Creator? Did they not know that as soon as Yahweh God would set eyes on them, his soul would break as he saw in their eyes the failure of the Warrior who sought in them the Brother he never had and never would have? How could they follow the One True Living God through the cosmic spaces whose immensity they did not understand and whose forces could only be enjoyed by the One who had been born among them?

The Origin of the gods, their origin, the origin of the Brothers Of Yahweh, was this, and now they knew it. Their origin was the necessity for Him, God Uncreated, to overcome the Loneliness that had overtaken the Almighty Wise One they had just seen in action. They had been His victory; and now they were His failure. How could they raise their heads and dare to open their mouths? What were they to say to Him, "We are sorry, our Lord and Creator, but we understand You"?

XXVI

And so it was. When Yahweh God, the Firstborn of the gods, opened the Creation of the galaxies and turned His face towards His Brothers, when He went to open His mouth to invite them to navigate the Cosmos He found His Brothers on their knees, not daring to look Him in the eyes and already suffering what they knew was going to happen. And they knew it because they knew Him so well, they loved Him so much that they knew He would react as He was going to react, as He reacted, as He was reacting. "Yahweh God, Lord and Only True God!" was the declaration that flowed from His lips. In these four words was contained the whole mystery of his past, of his life, of his present, of his future: Lord Only True and Living God.

XXVII

Yahweh God looked within his Brothers and saw into their minds as you and I see through the glass. God said nothing. He let no emotion show. The broken illusion of the genius who finishes his work and waits for the joyful acclaim of his unconditional and devoted audience, became the sadness of the one who discovers absolute silence in the hall. Not knowing how to react, but only to turn around and disappear from the stage without leaving a trace of his existence, Yahweh God was lost in the distances on the other side of the newly created Cosmos. And as He withdrew from the stage of His Creation, that eternal and infinite solitude of His, against which He had raised all this marvelous spectacle, began to grow in His Being like a star sown in His soul by Hell itself. The more the fire of His Eternal Loneliness burned in Him, the faster Yahweh God moved away from all that He loved. The faster He ran fleeing from His destiny, the more that star of the abysses burned in His Being. The more his failure burned him, the more rage, anger, impotence and frustration took possession of his being. The more these uncontrollable emotions grew in him, the more his Great Spirit accelerated its race beyond the infinite spaces.

XXVIII

And as he sailed unchecked in flight from his own destiny the storm raged in his heart. Eternity, Infinity, Wisdom, why had they let him come to this situation? Why had the Day he had his first dream not been erased from his mind? What sin had he committed to have been cast out of his uncreated paradise into the hell of a creation that was a prison to him? Who or what had condemned him to this life sentence? What or who had signed his sentence to eternal solitude? What was his crime? The day he dreamed of immortality for all creatures, why was the thought not torn from his mind? Was his crime so grave that he had been expelled from his paradise and condemned in this way? What was the use of having discovered the Creator in His Being if with the discovery he had been given this sentence? Had all His victory been reduced to an illusion? What was the use of being who He was if He had no one to enjoy His Being with, and never would have? With whom would He laugh when His heart burst with joy? With

whom would He sail through the galaxies on the adventure of discovering new frontiers? To whom would He speak to You if even the gods knelt mute, incapable of addressing Him as Equal to Equal? Such a devastating and mortal anguish took hold of His Being that Yahweh God thought He had gone mad with grief.

XXIX

Desperate, mad with grief, He gave free rein to His tragedy, and from His almighty and omnipotent Arm shells of destructive energy spread through the spaces, reducing to rubble all matter they found in their path.

“Prison? No, graveyard,” cried Yahweh God to Eternity and Infinity as the explosion of their pain became uncontrollable.

“Do you not want my death? I will dig you my grave.”

Mad with pain, feeling defeated and sunk, unable to triumph over His Loneliness, from that same Arm that just a short while ago had come out fields of transforming energy from the ancient universe into New Heavens full of colors and sounds, like the one that transforms with its magic the desert into a paradisiacal orchard full of exotic birds and all kinds of fantastic creatures, from that same magical Arm came forth in that terrible Hour rays of destructive energy that seized the same light and twisted it until it shattered under the weight of its infinite speed.

The Warrior and the Sage, as if possessed by the insufferable pain of defeat, were devoted to destroy the indestructible, to destroy themselves, and in their destruction to bury with themselves the Infinite and Eternity, a cemetery worthy of a God, a tomb to their measure.

XXX

How to understand that Hour of liberating catharsis that God lived through screaming? How to dare to imagine the nature of the fields of antimatter energy that in His pain God spread through the ultra-cosmic spaces? How to describe that in His unimaginable pain the memory of the love so great that His Brothers had inspired in Him triumphed over His torture and the rays of His despair did not reach the World that He had built only for them and for them? With what numbers and with what kind of measures shall we calculate the time and the intensity of that Hour of liberating catharsis? How many kilos of destructive energy could God generate before falling down, as if dead at the feet of the daughter of Infinity and Eternity?

As dead, without the will to breathe, without the strength to open his eyes, without the desire to wake up again.

How much matter would have to be burned and reduced to darkness before exhaustion reached His Arm and His Being fell surrendered on the cemetery that He had raised around Him? How high would the pit reach, within whose dark walls a God would be buried? What weight shall we give to the slab for the grave of a God? How long was Yahweh God digging for Himself His tomb? When, at what moment did all His pain turn

into darkness floating in the ultra-cosmic spaces, and God fell as if dead, without strength, surrendered by the catharsis released?

XXXI

Indeed, God, that marvelous Firstborn of the gods, that warrior and king of an empire that integrated in his day worlds without number, that sage who enjoyed discovering all the secrets of the Science of Creation, that adventurer navigating the earth on the other side of the Ortho of the Infinite, that God of Eternity racing the creatures of the paradise of Uncreation, that Being lay as dead at the feet of his Beloved, Wisdom, his Wife.

She would be the first thing he would see when he opened his eyes.

XXXII

How long did He who was in His Innocence more beloved than a hundred thousand universes remain as dead? How shall we say: He lay as dead so long?

God had no strength to go on living, nor did he wish to rise! What awaited him, eternal solitude? But at last he opened his eyes. His gaze hovered over the horizon, his thoughts wandered aimlessly. Then he found her there.

God opened his eyes and found her there, the daughter of Infinity and Eternity, beside him, whispering in his ear her words of love: "Thou art, My Beloved, True God. 'Thou God, our Son, is in Thee.'"

Then from the divine lips came these words of life: "True God of True God, BORN, uncreated, UNCREATED, of the same nature as the Father..."

CHAPTER FOUR

HISTORY OF THE KINGDOM OF GOD

XXXIII

Have you never seen the white butterfly leaping joyfully from flower to flower, singing jocularly every second of its twenty-four hours of existence? Have you never loved the song of the singing bird between the bars of its cage, wondering what you would do in its place? Have you ever stopped to count the stars that fit in a corner of the harbor, when the sun sprinkles golden arrows on the waters of noon, capable of enamoring the hard stone that some of us have for a heart?

How beautiful it is to see happy again the one who found himself lost in the deserts of his unbearable solitude! Why should a man measure the immensity of the heavens with the meter of the height of his body? How many light years around covers the soul that smiles blissfully among singing birds and butterflies flying from galaxy to galaxy without fear of eternity and infinity?

It is He, He returns, the stars rise on their columns, the galaxies clap their hands, the gods sing the dance of victory at the fire of the bonfire where the Phoenix Bird was reborn from its ashes to never again be the pasture of its flames.

God said to his Brothers only these words:

“This is Jesus, my Beloved Son.”

And in these five words was contained the whole mystery of the Future of the entire Creation. The gods knelt down and lived the happiness of God the Father with the same intensity as they lived the tragedy of the departed Brother. It was enough for them to see His Happiness to know that He was their Equal, YOUR God, the Companion that He God sought in them and could not find.

XXXIV

Then after this time of happiness had passed, from the heart of the Victory of God the Father, the Spirit of the Creator awoke in Him God. God the Father took His Only Begotten Son, Jesus, left His World in the hands of His Brothers the gods, and transforming the Cosmos into a field of raw material created the Ocean of the Heavens. In this Ocean of stars the Creator Spirit sowed the seed of the Tree of Life. And somewhere in that Universe a world was born, with its Kingdom, the first of the Peoples who were to dwell forever in the Paradise that God created for His Son.

God cultivated the Civilization of the world of that First Day of the First Week of Creation, gave it for a social system a monarchical constitution, and begot in its king a

brother for his Son. Then he took the Kingdom of the First Day of the First Week of Creation and led it to its Abode in the Paradise of God.

When this First Kingdom arrived in Paradise, its People found that Heaven is a mirror reflecting all the stages of the evolution of life, from the first stages of Prehistory to the dawn of History.

The Land of Wonders was then called by the gods.

And so it was, up to five times this Event took place. Five times the Creator sowed the seed of Life in the Universe of the Heavens. Five worlds were born among the stars of the Universe, each world with its Civilization, each People with its personal ontological characteristics, each a kingdom with its own social constitution, with its king at its head. At the end of the Fifth Day of the First Week of Creation, the Paradise of God had been transformed into an Empire. God sat in the Dome of Power as his Supreme Universal Judge, and at his right hand the King of kings and Lord of lords of his Empire, his Firstborn Son, Jesus, God the Only Begotten.

During those Five Days of the First Week of Creation the government of his Empire was left by Yahweh God in the hands of his Brothers and Sons. The History of this Empire is written in the Book dealing with the Origins and History of Heaven. On the Day when it is our turn to ascend to the World from which Jesus Christ descended, we will have the opportunity to know all things about the creation of the Five Worlds that formed the Paradise Empire before the Creation of our World, the Sixth in Time. Names, evolutionary lines, astronomical constitution, social constitution, and so on. All these things are written in the books dealing with the Chronicles of the Empire of God.

XXXV

It came to pass then that on the Fourth Day of the First Week of Creation one of those Princes of the Empire of God discovered a seed.

It was the seed of the Tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil.

Its first manifestation was Doubt. Its final consequence, its fruit, War, a fruit that very soon all the kingdoms of the Empire would have time to taste.

That Jesus, the King of kings and Lord of lords, was God the only begotten Son, this all the citizens of the Empire of God knew.

To believe it or not to believe it was another matter. But whether or not to Doubt was something that no child of God ever thought of even considering.

The fact was that God and his Son went back and forth from the Empire to the Universe and from the Universe to the Empire, and millions of years passed between going and returning. On that Fourth Day of the First Week of Creation one of the Princes saw in the Doubt about the veracity of the Unigeniture of Jesus, the King of kings and Lord of lords, the door into which to reconfigure the structure of the Empire of Heaven according to his thinking. Why could not he, Satan, son of God, receive the regency of the Empire during the Creation Periods?

This was a thought that had never even occurred to anyone. And which, curiously enough, found ears to grow. And it did grow. So that, surprised by the Rebellion of that son of God and his allies, Paradise became a hell.

Conjured by the Rebels in what was called the Axis of the Dragon, the armies of the Dragon set out to conquer the Throne of the King of kings and Lord of lords.

It was the first World War of Heaven.

Satan at the head of the Dragon Axis his armies ravaged the borders of the neighboring kingdoms and advanced towards Zion to conquer the Throne of the King of kings.

Stunned, amazed by what they were seeing, unable to react to the surprise, the Brothers and the children of God who refused to accept even the possibility of such a reconfiguration; from the walls of the City of God the Princes of the House of Yahweh and Zion contemplated the advance of the forces of the Dragon and the stampede of the Peoples of the Empire towards the Jerusalem of the gods.

Indeed, nothing that the Brothers and the sons of God told them to lay down their arms entered Satan and his people's heads. So overcoming the first surprise the counterattack prevailed.

The gods opened the Seal of their origins and the Princes fed on their forces. The Princes Gabriel, Michael and Raphael put on the invincibility of the gods, ravaged the enemy, drove them back to their kingdoms, besieged them in their fortresses, captured them and locked them in their palaces until the Judge of Creation returned and passed sentence.

It happened then that when the Father and the Son returned from the Heavens of Creation bringing by the hand a new Kingdom to Paradise, the sons of God met them, but Satan was not among them.

One look was enough for God to discover why. But wanting to leave everything in the lesson learned and not wanting under any circumstances his Son to discover the existence of the Science of good and evil, he ordered all his children to present themselves before him for the celebration of the Welcoming Feast of the Kingdom on the Fourth Day of the First Week of Creation.

And that was that.

As was natural, the Empire dressed up for the Welcoming Feast. The Fourth Day Kingdom of the First Week of Creation took up its abode in the Empire of the Son of God; its King was presented to the Family of Gods.

Joy then.

The memory of the Dragon igniting with his breath the War became the memory of a nightmare that was gone and would never return.

Joy in forgiveness.

Thus dawn broke on the Fifth Day of the First Week of Creation. Again God and His Son left the Regency of His Empire in the hands of the Members of the House "of Yahweh and Zion".

And after thousands of years the unbelievable happened again.

Like a mule that never learns his lesson, Satan moved again in the shadows. He found allies and they conspired to awaken the Dragon.

The decision was made, the plan to conquer the Empire on the table, the new war, the Second World War of Heaven, was made.

Again the gods and princes of Heaven were taken by surprise.

Good God, how to explain that this new rebellion had blown up in their faces! Even if they won, and about the Victory they had no doubt, the inability of the House of God to keep the peace would already be demonstrated forever.

Reflection was forced upon them.

What was going on?

How was it possible that simple creatures of clay dared to question the Truthfulness of the Only Begotten Son of God?

Or did they simply dare to dream of forcing God to do their will and give the green light to the transformation of the Empire into an Olympus of gods subject to a law of immunity from the laws of Heaven?

XXXVI

And so it was, Heaven's Second World War ended the same way. The Dragon was neutralized, chained and guarded until the return of the Judge of the Empire.

But that was a bitter victory. A victory that did not taste like a triumph to the victors. They had failed for the second time the One who, during His absence, had given them the universal regency. What would happen on His return? How could they explain what they themselves could not understand?

At last God and His Son returned from the Ocean of Stars. Hand in hand they brought a new Kingdom, as always with their Prince at its head.

With that joy of the Father who has just given birth to a new son, of the Son who greets the birth of a little brother, the Father and the Son returned home.

Here the same thing happened again. For an instant the Son discovered in the tone of his Father giving the order to present all his children before Him something... something mysterious. But it did not go beyond that.

And again God forgave the Rebels.

However, He knew that there was an urgent need for revolutionary action. He could not allow a Third World War to break out during His absence from Heaven.

Either he would reconfigure the structure of his Empire or sooner or later his Creation would become an Olympus of gods playing war with the responsibility of one who has total and absolute immunity from the laws.

He could not allow that to happen. So he stopped to look for the answer that the facts demanded.

And so it was done.

God found the answer.

Events demanded that he open his Creation to all his children. So the next time the Spirit of the Creator spread his wings over the Universe all his children would accompany him.

From the Sixth Day onwards Creation would be transformed into a Spectacle open to all worlds. And what is more, all his children would participate in the process of formation of the New Worlds.

This was the first step in closing the way by which, as time went by, God's Paradise became a prison for his creatures. Wonderful and whatever you want, but a prison.

As to why the Peoples of his Creation did not just conceive their existence as a Tree of which they were its Branches, God conceived the Creation of a New People, formed by all his children, and in which, realizing the fusion of all his Civilizations in a New and Unique One, once their entrance in Paradise was realized, this New People would serve as the mortar necessary for the bricks to stick together and form a compact, solid and indestructible building.

The projection of the Five Civilizations of the existing Kingdoms on Human Life would operate, in their fusion, the Birth of this New Civilization which, spreading out over Paradise, would unite them all in the soul of this New Civilization in which each and every one of the existing ones were reflected and lived. Created not for Power but to be the body of the spirit of Wisdom in its Creation, the Human People would realize the Fusion without which Doubt, the mother of War, had been possible.

As for the Doubt as to whether the King of kings and Lord of lords of the Empire of Heaven was God the Only Begotten Son, with their eyes they were to see it.

So at the birth of the Sixth Day of the first Creation Week God took all his children and led them to the place of Origin, the Universe.

God created the Heavens and created the Earth.

He created the Earth beyond the borders of the galaxies.

And he created it there for his children to see what lay beyond the Cosmos, the Abyss covered by that Darkness to which the One True God reduced the Uncreated Cosmos in that Hour which preceded the Birth of the Father and the Son.

At the same time he cleared the mystery of what lies beyond the boundaries of the field of galaxies. With this gesture God was telling his children what would happen to anyone who dared to dig up the hatchet again. The penalty against the Rebel would be the penalty of banishment to the Darkness, from whence he would never return, and where for eternity there would be gnashing of bones and chattering of teeth.

Then, once the stage was built, all the spectators sat down. God looked at his Son, He advanced, and opening his mouth said:

“Let there be light.”

AND THE LIGHT BECAME MAN...
SO THAT EVERYONE WHO WANTS TO LIVE
MAY LIVE FOREVER

