Elanor Johnson, do you know what you are doing? She thought to herself. Here she was, sitting in a restaurant waiting for her dinner date to arrive. She had met him for the first time last night, had coffee with him. He was handsome, urbane, polite, interesting, the sort of guy she had been hoping to meet ever since her husband's death twenty years ago. And then, as they parted, he had dared her to meet him here for dinner tonight, and confided that his real name was Lucifer.

And then he'd disappeared. Well, she hadn't actually seen him disappear, she'd rubbed her eyes in disbelief, and when she stopped he was no longer there. He hadn't had time to run anywhere. Did she believe him? Or was he crazy? Why was she here in either case?

Because he hadn't sounded or acted crazy. Because she enjoyed talking with him. Because she felt she could trust him. Because she did believe him, at least in part. Because she wanted to see him again. There was something about him that made her feel like a girl again.

Now she had admitted that to herself, she began fretting that maybe he might not arrive. Perhaps he had just been fobbing her off. She sighed. If he really was who he said he was, then he wasn't exactly boyfriend material anyway. And if he didn't arrive, then she would be eating by herself, but she had done so last night, as she had many times since her husband died. She was used to that.

She toyed with her water, debated ordering a pre-dinner drink, when she spied him walking purposefully towards her across the restaurant.

“It is good to see you again.” He pulled out a chair and sat. “Please accept my apologies for being a little late.”

She smiled at him. “I wasn't sure you would show. Are you really who you said you are?”

The waiter was hovering. They ordered pre-dinner drinks. “I am Lucifer, but as I said last night, most of what you think you know about me is false.”

“So you aren't a prince of hell? You aren't after my soul?”

“No to both.”

“Why did you tell me who you were just before you left? And where did you go?”

He smiled that heart warming smile of his. “If I had introduced myself to you as Lucifer, purported prince of hell, I doubt very much you would have had coffee with me. You would most likely have concluded I was crazy, and avoided me. And if we were to meet again, I had to be honest enough that you had an idea who I really am. It's that freedom of choice and free will thing.”

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“You're immortal, aren't you?”

“Yes and No, in the same way that you are immortal.

Death stalks us all.

This body is human, eventually it will die. But my soul is immortal, as is yours, and when the body dies we move on, and eventually we are reborn in other bodies.

Think of a tree, and our physical bodies are like leaves. Autumn comes, and life withdraws from the leaves. They turn reds and golds, then they fall as empty husks. Come the spring the tree sends forth life again, and the leaves grow anew.

Life and death are like two sides of a coin. If you only ever look at one side of a coin, will you even recognize it as a coin? If you have seen both sides, then you know a coin has two sides, and it is ridiculous to consider only one side.”

I told you I am an exile. I was condemned or damned if you like, to spend my existence being reborn among humans.

You also know me as Prometheus, the god who stole fire from the gods and gave it to humans. Lucifer is from the Latin for Light Bearer. I have always brought knowledge to humans, taught them. As I said yesterday, free will requires that there be choices between good and evil, and that those who make choices be informed and educated so they can be aware of the consequences of their choices.

I want no worshipers. I want people to be educated, to be knowledgeable. To be able to exercise their free wills. But of course the things I say can be misinterpreted, perverted by others.

For example, I have often taught people that if it does no harm to anyone, then they can do what they like. The ignorant hear only “do what you like” They miss the important part “do no harm”.

Hmm

For example, drinking to excess harms yourself, may harm others. Think about looting, raping, pillaging. All these acts harm others. I can make an allowance for harming yourself, but not others.

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“Here we are, sitting together in a lovely restaurant. The view is interesting, I am sitting with an attractive woman, the food is enjoyable, the company is enjoyable, the conversation is enjoyable. Our being here is not harming anyone else, so what is wrong with that?”

“And I suppose if you or I were playing around behind our partners' backs, then that would in some way be harmful to them, and so wrong?”

“Precisely!

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There are many beings with god like powers, and many more with some powers. Some are friendly toward humans some are inimical. All have their own agendas. Some you can pray to and they will help, some you traffic with, and worry about the safety of your soul.

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Isaiah 14:12 "How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning! How art thou cut down to the ground, which didst weaken the nations!" But Lucifer is a latin name that appears in a hebrew text years before the latin language existed.

In the original Hebrew, the text is not about a fallen angel, but about a fallen Babylonian king, who during his lifetime had persecuted the children of Israel. It contains no mention of Satan, either by name or reference. The king was Helal, son of Shahar, which can best be translated as "Day star, son of the Dawn." In latin, Lucifer was the name given to the morning star, or venus as seen in the morning. St Jerome in the 4th century changed that Hebrew reference to Lucifer Morningstar. Then Lucifer became a fallen angel, rebelious prince of angels and ruler of hell.

If you read Revelations, Jesus refers to himself as the morning star in Revelation 22:16: "I Jesus have sent mine angel to testify unto you these things in the churches. I am the root and the offspring of David, and the bright and morning star."

The real story of the revolt against the hebrew god is in enoch – where azael (called Samhazai or heaven seizer) rebels, and he and his supporters are cast down into sheol, the underworld.

Satan was the hebrew name for the opposer or accuser. Satan, or the Satan as he is often called, is an angel in the court of God with the function of an accuser (see Job 1:6). There are also indications that along with all that is "good," all that is "evil" comes from God, not Satan. In Isaiah 45:7 God says: "I form light and create darkness, I make weal and create woe; I the Lord do all these things."

There is a creator of all things, the “ancient of days” in the hebrew scripture. There is also a god called yahweh that the hebrews worship, along with christians and moslems. This god has a court of angels and arch angels, one of whom is something like a police prosecutor – the Satan, whose job is to bring up the wrong doings of person.

In the court of another god is a being called Lucifer Morningstar, who tries to educate primitive humans to rise above the beast like state of their existence. He teaches them how to make fire, how to work wood and metal, how certain plants can heal. He is banished from that court.

I am he.

Let us not forget the nephelim – the 'fallen ones' who came to earth 7,000 years ago to start civilisation (egyptian)

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Elanor padded across to the window and looked out. It was early morning, she could not believe she had gone to bed with with Luke last night. He was a considerate lover, very good in her limited experience. They had made love several times, and she had climaxed each time. But feelings of guilt surfaced now. She had been faithful to her husband while he was alive, and had taken no lovers since then. Until now.

Was he really tempting her into sin? Or was it just that he was here when she was saying good bye to everything? How much longer did she have? Sadness tinged her, and she looked across the shadowed valley to the sunlit peaks. Stark white, tinged with early morning gold, looming over the dark valley. Light and dark, night and day, life and death. She sighed. Maybe he was here to help her?

She felt his warm presence beside her, and turned. Like her he was naked. He smiled at her. “Morning and evening are the strange times, neither night nor day, the boundaries, the edges. The ancients were afraid of these times for that reason. I trust you slept well.”

She felt herself chuckling. “When we finally stopped it was quite late. I should be exhausted, but I must have slept well. I feel rested, full of energy to be honest. I haven't felt this well in years.”

Luke cocked his head quizzically. “I would almost say you were preparing to die. You are saying goodbye to everything. May I ask why?”

Confusion and sadness welled up, but she took a deep breath, calmed herself. “You are very perceptive. I have cancer, it is already in my bones. The doctors have given me three months, they say there is nothing they can do. It is too late to operate, too late for chemotherapy.” she trailed off in consternation.

Luke eyes narrowed, and he stared at her naked body, scanning it slowly. His lips were pressed together. Then he shook his head, smiled. “I can see where it has been, but it is gone. There is just a shadow in you aura, that will fade over the next few days.”

“What are you talking about? I am going to die.” She spread her arms in exasperation.

“The human condition. You know I am not human. I can see your aura, I can see you no longer have cancer. If you go to the doctors they will call it a spontaneous remission.”

She drew a deep breath, looked at him closely. “I want to believe you, but how? When? Did you do something?”

“Last night we made love, and shared energies. You received some of my energies. That has healed you. You will die eventually, but not for a long time I think.”