## The Farm

There are many boogeyman stories out there. Every culture has them. It's the devil in Christianity, Satan is Islam, the archons for the Gnostics, the many and varied monsters of HP Lovecraft, and too many more to list. They are all fundamentally true, or, a better way of saying it, is that they are contextually true. There are two gradients of truth that must line up in any investigation — details and context. If you get the details right in the wrong context the truth will not unlock for you, and if you get the right context and the wrong details you are similarly locked out of the truth. The context of our situation has always been correct. We are beset by negative, regressive, parasitic creatures which impede us, slow us, and, in the worst cases, control and dominate us. The truth is the earth is a genetics farm. The only real commodity in creation is genetics.

Our infinite source energy is the harvest. The DNA farming technology allowed them to tap into the fundamental source of the exchange system. It's manipulating the galactic commerce and exchange system. The global narrative, the disinformation stream from the control system on the planet now, simulates the galactic commerce market, but, in doing so, it mutes it to a planetary narrative. That is an imposed limitation. Our connectivity goes into all the dimensions and right back to the source of time and life itself. They created false gods. We were entrained to worship them. These false gods were the first idols of awareness. They were deliberately created to minimize our experience of reality by minimizing what we imagined to be reality. He who controls context controls the debate, the oldest maxim of debate, retaught to successive generations right to this day at Oxford, Yale, and Harvard. The first gods and religions limited our consciousness growth and entrained us to hierarchical order — *right away governor, his lordship's permission to speak*, and a million other linguistic artifacts of mental colonization. Our spiritual birthright and legacy are robbed. When someone popped into remind us — and her you can pencil in a near endless list of sages, shamans, prophets, mystics, and masters — they were dealt with swiftly and harshly, especially if the message spread too quickly. We are told it's difficult to learn how to walk — baby steps! — and never even told we can fly. Where people lived through the lies, usually in native cultures, they correctly adduced their environment was a living lesson of what human consciousness can do. Nature has an eagle, so, naturally, a human being seeing the eagle would try to imagine what the eagle might see from that vantage, then, lo and behold, they realized they could fly without wings, that their imaginations were doorways to higher consciousness, and it was good and right until the Jesuits mercilessly massacred them precisely because they were spiritually toxic and infectious, corrosive to the created gods narrative of the *civilized* peoples of the world.

To disentangle from the global narrative, we have to temporarily accept the third dimension as our infinite source-connected space, until we realize the fourth dimension is a bridge dimension to new strands of dimensional awareness. The surface world becoming more dense with light. Our Solar System is moving into into the eighth color of time, a *galactic groove* with more light. Acceptance of the third dimension means going back to natural living, back to simplicity, being present in the body, using this time now to heal, to nurture and nourish the incarnate life form. Inviting joy, bliss, and pleasure back into our lives, fulfilling part of the original purpose of coming here to earth — the grand enjoyment and creation of life, the journey from finite to infinite, death a simple marker point for the translation before entering the infinite frequency again. In order to fully engage in this experience, to spirituality understand, we have to take the mystical out of mysticism to engage mystical and magical synchronicities. Part of it is the great forgetting at birth.