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THE STAR AND THE ROSE LINEAGES

Nüfer Ayyanah

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At the beginning of this time cycle, a long time ago, the High Spirit descended, gathering all the people on this earth, so they say, onto an island which is now underwater. He said to humankind: "I'm going to send you in four directions and in time, I'm going to give you four colours but I'm going to give you some information that you will name 'the original teachings' and when you return to each other, you will share them so that you may live in peace on earth and a great civilization will emerge."

(Prophecy narrated by Lee Brown from the Salish tribe, at the Indigenous Council in Alaska, in 1986).

"There will come a day when people of all races, colours and creeds will put aside their differences. They will come together in love, joining hands in unity to cure the earth and all its children. They will move around the earth like a great Rainbow Whirlwind bringing peace, understanding and healing

everywhere they go. Numerous creatures that we thought had disappeared, or were just myths, will reappear at this time. The great trees that had perished will reappear from one day to the next.

All living beings will flourish and have enough to eat, fed by the breast of Mother Earth. The great spiritual teachers who were once on earth and who have taught us the basic truths of the Rainbow Prophecy will return and be amongst us one more time to share their knowledge and to allow us all to be reconciled.

We are going to learn to see and wait in a sacred manner. Men and women will be equal according to the manner in which the Creator conceived them; children will be safe everywhere, wherever they wish to go. The Aged will be respected and valued for their contributions to life and their wisdom will be cherished.

All the human race will be called 'people' and there will be no more war, sickness or hunger ever again." (Rainbow Prophecy, Hopi Navajo).

"Under the sign of the Rainbow, all the races and religions of the world will embrace life's great wisdom, in harmony, together with all creatures.

Those who carry these teachings will be called the 'warriors of the rainbow'. An ancient Yezidi prophet declared that as soon as the "blue star" Al -Qud, appears in the sky, the fifth age of the world would commence."

These will be the days of purification for all people on Earth. The Yezidi name for the the Star of the North is Al-Qud and that will appear when Melek Taus reveals himself as a halo surrounding the sun. The Yezisi believe that when Melek Taus returns to Earth in the form of a peacock, or a rainbow with six big arches, he will send messages to saintly men

throughout the entire world. They, in turn, will disseminate them throughout the world and give them to the representatives of all nations.

I am the Magician, one of my other names could be the comedian/street- performer or the alchemist. I transform. I can travel between worlds, between dimensions to the interior of my (family) tree. It is the knowledge that has been passed on to me by the ancestors.

The (family) tree in our inner being is represented by different chakras. They are the interdimensional doors across which our spirit can travel with total freedom. There is a star with eight branches that represent the Rose, the Rose of the world, and which we also call "Anima Mundi", the soul of the world- as described by Platon or "Nafs al-Kuliyya", the universal soul of Muslims.

Our old wise men say, in fact, that the Soul of the world has a more feminine nature...It is the cosmic breath, an emission of one towards many and many towards one. On each branch there are lineages which extend from the heart of the Rose of the Star. On each branch of this star, the transmissions are made orally.

Today we are at the end of of the transmission of the Golden Chain. This very ancient, spiritual chain is a feminine Golden Chain, like the Golden Chain that exists at the place of the masculine Sufis. The last of the lineages are the bearers of this knowledge passed on by the ancestors who rode up into Atlantis's mountains and even beyond. This is when we have to protect and conceal our knowledge.

The hour has now come to give back to humanity this wisdom so long hidden for it is the heritage of the divine right of women. A single lineage does not exist,

it is only the star that gives them potential; therein lies the secret which has never been revealed until this day.....

I am the Magician; in me I unite the poles, the north and the south, the earth and the sky. I am the Magician and by the powers unvested in me, I apply/use the Wicca. I'm going to tell you my story- is it a dream, a parallel dimension of existence or is it reality, no-one knows.....The narrator has different identities that express themselves, each in turn, in different dimensions of his being.

In Atlantis during the fall, I was given the responsibility of keeping this knowledge till this day in order to give it back to humanity. I belong to the golden Chain, the golden chain of women. I am the last of an Eastern lineage. I was initiated into the tradition of the Khwajagan, the masters of the Sufi wisdom of Boukhara, in Ouzbekistan, but this tradition is yet

even older and gets lost in the meanderings of the corridors of time.

I have received the box containing this knowledge from the Boukhara Sufi who was part of the golden chain of the Naqshband Sufis. She was called Habiba. The mausoleums of the monuments of Boukhara have kept the mark of this knowledge in the form of animal representations- two peacocks facing each other above a monumental door. The symbol of the peacock refers to a very old tradition, that of the fallen angel, Melek Taus, worshipped again in our day by an oppressed people, the Yezedis.

We were all united in the great council hall, knowing that all was going to end in a few seconds. We were taking part in the end of the world, the end of a cycle; we were the initiated ones....We thus found ourselves again, going from cycle to cycle, to conclude the rites

of collective passage and cosmic ceremonies in the great dance of Life- an end for a new beginning.

We clearly knew that the cataclysm had to happen, that the great flood was going to take place. We had read it in the stars. That had been programmed a very long time ago in order that the humanity that evolved might be able to change its conscious perspective (mentality/mindset). We were there, reunited in the council hall, all wearing masks at the last masked ball. The final deception against this 'Atlantis' humanity had to finish, the masks that we wore being symbolic. We knew that we would all be anxious as indeed we were, but that had to be.

However, we also knew that it was the last time that we would be united. We were, in this era of Atlantis, with our twin flames. I left the Council hall and went one last time onto the Corniche which overlooked the Great Harbour. I looked one last time at this beloved

place, this sea that was mine. I felt the welcome presence of the ramparts and the walls that surrounded the royal capital of Atlantis. I stayed alone, the humid evening air a little fresh. I shivered and turned my gaze to the moon, it looked back at me in a fixed gaze.....

This moon, I would find again many years later on the balcony of my parents' apartment in Lyon even though I was only a child, never forgetting each evening going in to greet it, saying "Good evening, Madam Moon". For a split second I was there, opposite the enormity of it. A deafening sound began to sound out and I perceived the movement of waves that were growing bigger as they reached the fortifications, broke, then flowed out to sea again...

Until when? A sharp pain and an anguish gripped me even though I knew I had to leave, to embark on this fragile ship that was to lead me towards the land of

Avalon with my sisters. We had to evacuate before it was too late, leaving behind this kingdom of Atlantis. It was necessary for us to seal this space-time dimension. We had to keep in our stem cells all this knowledge that we had as guardians of the Sorority of the Rose. We knew that we would carry this knowledge in our DNA for thousands of years.

We did not know, in fact, at what moment humanity would be ready to gather it up once more and make use of it for the rhythm of Mother Earth and Father Sky respectively. We have carried this knowledge within us, day after day, year after year, season after season and incarnation after incarnation, until now.

The oral tradition was always present beyond the Circle of women where the ancestors passed on a part of the knowledge... I left the Council hall and went one last time onto the Corniche which overlooked the Great Harbour. And it was there that

we sealed a pact between our souls. Me, I had to find you again, at the right time, in this same place, so dear to my heart. I knew that during the many lives that we were now going to be separated and that we would see each other again when it would be necessary for us to conclude a cycle of time on the Great Cosmic Wheel.

This time is coming, a cycle closing and another beginning. Nothing is lost; nothing dies; everything is transformed- the rite of passage, that of our tradition of stars of which Zoroastrism or Buddhism have conserved the memory by the rites of the vultures and by their tours of silence, if decreed. But at the origin, how much hidden knowledge was pure? We were the 'Shem Su Hor', of the Horus, of the Falcons, and not, however, of the vultures...

That evening, on the Corniche where you followed me, I wore my mask and you wore yours. I was

unable to recognize you from the outside anymore, your eyes were hidden from view but the scent of your soul and your energy was that of the Shem Su Hor...

Many years later, in my present incarnation, I have lost the sight in my right eye, this was the beginning of my initiation, of my ascent towards myself and at the same time, towards you. The pact was: we would recognize one another by our eyes...

We have arrived on Earth in a place that actually bears the name, Portasar-Göbekli Tepe, in contemporary Turkey. We have arrived in a vessel that came from our planet, An. We were several volunteers for this mission of exploration. We were the beings with what I call One soul, both male and female. When we touched down on Earth, we proceeded to our splitting. There were some sorts of columns onto which we were pushed to carry out this operation. As time went by, a temple was built by the

people who lived in this region, in memory of our landing on this planet as testimony for future generations so that they might be reminded of their celestial origins. Göbekli Tepe is the place on this Earth where it all began.

We were placed on these pillars that we had certainly created by our way of thinking and we split into two. I clearly saw this scene during a meditation. We came from the future or from a parallel dimension of time and we had to pass certain knowledge on to humanity.

These are now the shamans who have kept this knowledge. They lived in this place with the local population and we have passed our traditions on to them and they have carried out our teaching. It was they who built this temple afterwards and engraved on the columns the testimony of what we had passed on

to them. Our symbol coming from our star is called An, and the moon and the sun.

The humans living on the earth in this era transcribed our teachings in this temple. We taught them our tradition of the Moon and our tradition of the Sun. One can't exist without the other; it is the symbol of our star, the symbol of An where the souls are One, as are husbands and wives...We are split into a masculine part and a feminine part and we have passed all this on to humanity in "creating" in an illusory manner, a dual world so that in the course of its evolution, this quest of return towards Unity might be at the heart of human genetics.

Humankind is thus constantly searching for his other half...We have also given coats to two beings who are located on earth at that moment to protect them from the cold. The symbol of our star is also that of the Rainbow, the Rainbow of a thousand colours.

I remember that. I had a coat of a thousand colors, the thousand colors of the rainbow. My animal of power that I met during meditation is the peacock, this coat of a thousand colours, of sparkling Peacock feathers. I had dreamt again that I was in this temple of Göbekli.

We also taught them the rites of Sacred Marriage, that is called the *Hieros Gamos* in Greek, the Divine Union of the Moon and the Sun. All that is inscribed on the pillars of Göbekli Tepe. We taught them the tradition of Death that is tied to the vultures and to the rights of passage. The shamans retain the purest and most original knowledge, but it was outlawed in society, disowned, pursued and hidden.

We taught them the teachings of Mother Earth, respect for water, wind, fire and ether. We taught them to respect Mother Earth and Father Sky. The

stones of Göbekli Tepe carry the engraving of a couple on one of the pillars. This couple is double, and is mounted on a symbol of our star, An. They are the cosmic twins, the original couple so that humanity might remember that at the beginning, we were an androgenous soul, both masculine and feminine.

The traditions still reflect this esoteric knowledge that is written in Sufi and Jewish writings and even in those of Plato, but it is still secret or hermetic (airtight) to the profane (lay) world. Have you noticed that all the archetypal couples of God and the Goddess are double and always evolve as a couple? Ask yourselves why, do the research....The man alone or the woman alone lose his/her power and is incomplete....but this knowledge has remained secret till now.

Several years ago, during a powerfully energetic meditation, I was told that humanity should now

evolve as a couple, the couple 7. (7 being the Sacred number of the sacred couple). The religion which has flowed down from all this is Zoroastrianism. The Yezidis still retain this wisdom in their veneration of the Peacock angel, Melek Taus, descended from the sky.

It is also in other traditions like the Sanat Kumara. Their symbol is the Peacock, as well as the Rainbow. The warriors of the rainbow have announced several times through various prophecies through the Hopis, the people of Alaska, or the legend of the people of Manataka.

An ancient lineage must become powerful again. It is the original lineage, that which has been put under the bushel, the lost tribe of boys and girls of Is Ra El. This lineage isn't political, its power isn't demonstrated in force, it is the true line of the heart, of Graal, of the original blood that flows in the veins of those who are

taught internally by oral tradition. This lineage is passed down by women, by the oral tradition, from heart to heart. It cannot be destroyed. It has been carried by the Sisterhood of the Rose since the dawn of time....

We have kept all their teachings in our DNA since the beginning of this long cycle of time following the fall of Atlantis. Women are the only bearers who can pass on the secret. This knowledge is written in the genetic code of the sisters of the Rose. When we arrived in Atlantis, it was well after Göbekli Tepe. Atlantis was the Colony founded after the first great flood.

Malta still retains traces of its glorious capital of royal Atlantis as well as the numerous temples that were there. It was originally the administrative centre of this realm which covered, notably, the whole Mediterranean region, although colonies were gradually founded thereafter around the world.

I was the alchemist of the Atlantis tree. I carry this knowledge in the interior tree of Life, to recall our lineage and our heritage. Alone, I am unable to put this knowledge into action. We had decided to find each other at this important moment in time and in this particular time-space.

A symbol was given to me many years ago during a meditation which, despite my research, didn't make any sense- a circle, a cross and a triangle. In writing these words, it suddenly makes sense to me. The Circle is our strength; the point of the Triangle below represents our feminine force; and the Cross is the stability at the heart of the Rose with all four elements.

There are different doors to the interior of our tree, symbolised by different chakras that allow us to travel in time. I haven't yet been able to comprehend fully. I was always constrained in time, by the idea of

immortality. I am certain that this immortality is found both in Sacred Marriage, internally and externally.

This lost knowledge is inscribed on one of the pillars of the Temple of L'Amrita; Le Soma is a part of this knowledge. The strange sculptured "sacks" carry the nectar of immortality, the water of Life, the nectar of the Gods. This temple is an enormous fresco for whoever knows and reads the messages that they bear, silent testimony to our celestial origins.

In this era, I lived with Khredine whose sister lived in Cyprus. He told me that she had become a Sufi. I didn't have a great understanding of this brotherhood. He told me that she lived in a small village where an internationally reknowned saint lived. People from all over the world came to see him, mainly non Muslim Europeans who surrendered to him, drawn by his light, wisdom and infinite love. This man was a sage. I

said to myself that he must have been a kind of wise elder that people came to ask advice.

Here is what Kheredine told me: you should go and see this man. I feel that it is your path, your destiny. I didn't listen for a few months...Then, one day, I decided to look into this old man, this saintly man of whom he had spoken so often. I went on the Internet and I entered his name. He was called Sheikh Nazim. There were photos and when I saw his face and eyes, I understood in my heart that he was a very great master. In this era, I only had Amma, the Indian spiritual master as a point of reference and I said to myself "this man is like Amma!" I felt his energy, his power...

Hence, I called the sister of my friend who told me his story and who also spoke of her brother, Kheredine, saying that Sheikh Nazim had told her that

her brother belonged to the saints of Awlyia and that he was destined to accompnay the Maadi.

The Maadi is what Christians call the Saviour and Jews, the Messiah. I said to his sister that I also thought that her brother was a special being. I couldn't explain myself, but I saw a certain glow in his eyes. I also found myself, one day, thanks to him, with a book that I had been looking for, in vain, for years. 'The Secret Cottages of the Lion' told of a fraternity of beings of light who return across the ages to help assist in the evoution of humankind. Then, I thought of this saint for a while.

One day, while I was with my therapist friend having a treatment, she had a vision. She saw me in a small village in the desert and I was living near my father, who was very old. I was an adolescent. One day I saw a young Bedouin passing on on his camel. I fell in love

with him and decided to go to the nearest town to live with him. I left my father and never saw him again.

When I did decide to return to see him, he had unfortunately departed from this earth. This vision moved me enormously. Back home, I sat on the bed in my room, and, remembering the words of my friend, I suddenly burst out sobbing, realising that this man with whom I was living in the desert and whom I had left and never seen again before his death was the same Sufi who was living in Cyprus.

I suddenly realized I had to go and see him before he died as he was very old. I had no doubt that he was my spiritual father and that I had known him for a very, very, long time. I plunged internally into this reunion of souls. I started to cry. The energy was intense. And suddenly I saw him. He appeared to me very vividly, very clearly, like a frame in front of my eyes. He was holding a glass of tea in his hand and I smiled. I

began crying even louder. I felt overwhelmed by an intense feeling of love and happiness at having found this beloved person. When the student is ready, the master appears.....

I answered the call, his call, and decided to go to Cyprus, having found a trip to a hotel on the Greek side of the island. I called a friend to see if she would accompany me. She accepted. We had to transit in Paris.

In Paris, a friend whom I had never told I had been to Cyprus, essentially to meet this spiritual master, said to me "I sense the presence of your grandfather with you". Then, I explained to her that it wasn't my grandfather, but a Sufi master that I had gone to see and who lived in Cyprus, in a small village on the Turkish side, called Lefkosa.

On the day of my birthday, I couldn't do anything but schedule the visit on that day, in keeping with the Cypriot timing in Paphos. I took the bus to Nicosia. I then had to cross the border on foot. It is a UN protected zone and very upsetting as on each side of the street there is barbed wire everywhere. I had my small knapsack with me and I walked about 800 or 1000 meters with the UN soldiers that protect this zone. I had the feeling of being in no man's land.

Finally, I crossed the border and found myself on the Turkish side of Nicosia, which is a town divided in two. After reaching the Lefkosa bus station, I then had to take two buses to get into Lefkosa. On the way, I felt like I was in a war zone, everywhere was desolate- houses destroyed, churches demolished and replaced with mosques. After an hour or more on the bus, I finally reached my destination.

There was absolutely no-one in the village, then, two or three people appeared on the scene and looked at me strangely. I had a brief moment of panic and wondered if I would ever be able to find again my friend's sister, Djamila, who lived in this village. I telephoned her but she didn't answer.

After a brief moment, she finally arrived and we met. After being at her home, we returned to the house where the Sheikh lived. It was a type of small cottage, with pink Bougainvillas adorning the front. I went inside the residence and I saw him. He, my spiritual father for whom I had travelled all these kilometers.

He was seated on a type of oriental couch, our eyes met in an eternal instant....I thought to myself "Oh, he is really old, it is him, I didn't think he was so old." His mischievous gaze was fixed on mine, I waited for his response- however, without any word being exchanged between us, I felt he was full of joy:

"That's it! She's here. She has arrived." (I learnt afterwards that the master Sufis are able to communicate telepathically). We then went into the interior courtyard of the house where the Master Mawlana lived, where he received his "pupils."

The garden offered a haven of peace in comparison to the heat that reigned outside, the small fountains and basins equally as pleasant. A number of women were there seated around a large table discussing among themselves. They were dressed in very colourful clothes of different colours, with long skirts and traditional tunics, their hair tied back with assorted veils.

I looked at them in wonder. I thought they were very beautiful and I had the impression I was in some ashram in India or Tibet. An atmosphere of joy and peace seemed to reign in this community of women.

The energy they gave off was very pure and very beautiful. I also sat with the women around the table. We communicated in English, the majority being Europeans.

They spoke to me about Him, as for myself, I told my story....They explained that he was the highest Sufi Spiritual Master of the Tariqua Naqshbandi brotherhood actually living on earth. He was part of the Golden Chain, the last of a spiritual chain ascending to the prophet. He is also a direct descendant of his mother, Mevlana Rumi, well known for her poetic writings.

I also learnt many years later that they were the 40th Khwajagan, the great masters of Central Asian Sufi spiritual wisdom, of which Gurdjieff had spoken in his writings, asking to keep his secrets. The women asked me if I had a question to ask Mawlana. In this era, I had the chance of being able to to speak to him

again in his garden, however, when I returned many years later, his health had deteriorated and it was no longer possible as visits were strictly supervised. I asked him my question and he gave me a mantra to say. It was one of the names of God.

After this meeting and the meal eaten together with the women, they asked me to sleep in the mosque where, in an adjacent room reserved for women, there were mattresses strewn on the ground. I fell asleep in a sweet energy. The next morning, I was awakened on hearing the sound of water flowing as if I were at the side of a river in the high mountains.

Still half asleep, I perceived the pure noise of this water that flowed and I once again had the impression of having been there during the night of Shamballa in the retreat of the mothers of the White Fraternity. I felt their presence again at my side that morning. It was a sensation of pure beauty and crystalline air as if during

the night I had been transported into this other world, this other dimension.

The women explained to me the following day that this master had been endowed with powers (but that he didn't necessarily use them....) like that of a dual place, people having seen him in two places at the same time, for example. It was clear that he was endowed with these "Siddhis".... but what I felt most in his presence was this immense energy of love and compassion that emanated from his whole being.

He was constantly in touch with the Divine, he lived in Him. He was a fulfilled being. He was venerated by the whole world who bowed before him and his beautiful light. I also learnt afterwards that the master Sufi addresses his students in different ways, not necessarily directly, but often by messages delivered by other people. Indeed, I had the answers to

questions that I had asked myself, even if it wasn't in direct discussion with him.

I left with a book that Djamila gave me about a European Sufi by name of Selim Aissel who spokeof the link between Sufis and the master ascendants of the White Fraternity....

The Sufis, have a good sense of humour. I came to Lefkosa with two pairs of "flip-flops", an old pair and a new pair, in case the old ones broke. I had left my old pair in front of the mosque and when I was leaving, I searched for them in vain but couldn't find them. I had no alternative but to wear the new pair I had brought just in case.

Throughout the trip back to Greek Cyprus, I cried at having found my soul family and at having found once more my spiritual Father, but also he who had been my father during numerous incarnations and since the

beginning of time as I was able to discover him over the years due to his internal guidance. I bore him a profound respect, an admiration that is not able to be described in words. There, with my new shoes, I began a new journey which has lasted until today....

Upon my return to France, I discovered that you could ask for an "initiation" distant from this master, what is known as the "Bayat". I didn't hesitate a second in asking for one....

I started to lose the sight of my right eye some years ago, nine years ago to be exact. This loss of vision occurred several months after having found my spiritual father, this Sufi Master who lived in Cyprus. I therefore returned to see him a second time.... I took an unpaid holiday from work so I could stay longer in his presence and my stay had been planned for a month and a half. I could barely see anything from my

right eye and despite different practical examinations, doctors couldn't find the cause.

I longed very much for this stay by his side. Things didn't happen as I had hoped. After having arrived, I was informed that he only received individual people on the eve of their departure....I had been there for a month and a half in a small village with nothing to do, without a car to use,just the books I had brought with me and which I browsed through throughout my stay.

I thus took advantage of my stay to rest, meditate in the high mountains and recharge myself. As nothing was happening, I let go of my haste. I had faith in Him.

When at last I met him for the second time, on the eve of my departure, I had worn my most beautiful dress, a pale pink and silver kaftan and had my hair was tied back with a matching scarf. They made me wait

patiently downstairs in the internal courtyard. The person who took care of him came to see me to tell me to prepare my question because he couldn't entertain people for a very long time (he was 93 years old).

I explained to him my eye issue. He stared at me and said "you have the face of of those belonging to the family of the Prophet." I felt my heart explode in my chest....

Once more, I went up to be in his presence. It was very moving. I felt this infinite love overwhelm me. I explained my issue, to which he replied, it was a small thing. I had the impression he was evading the question and I didn't understand why. He spoke in English but with a Turkish accent so sometimes he was difficult to understand so the women there translated for me.

In translation, his sister said that I had a very sweet energy that did not tire him. I asked him directly for the "Bayat" initiation. He didn't reply but made me pronounce the place of the Shahada, which is the Muslim conversion. I said to myself that I musn't have been ready for the initiation.... That unfolded as in a dream. I didn't expect a conversion to the Muslim religion!

He then gave me my name which is "Nilüfer" saying: you are a flower, which first name do you prefer? He gave me two choices in Turkish that I didn't understand so it was translated for me. One of the first names was Violet and the other was Lotus. I had chosen Lotus as a first name solely because the sound was prettier. Nilüfer is a very ancient Turkish name, the flower of the lotus, Nilüfer...

When I lost my sight, it was a terrible trial in the early days. I didn't suffer a loss at the visual acuteness

level, but in the visual field generally. It started with serious fatigue, then with a small spot that formed in my field of vision. Gradually, it grew bigger to the point that on my return from my holidays in Sardinia, I couldn't see my feet anymore while walking and I was afraid of falling. I consulted various doctors but no-one knew what I had. All the ophthalmologists told me that there was nothing wrong with my eyes, that it wasn't related to the optic nerve.

That's when I began a deep introspection as well, to look for and come to understand the reason. I couldn't see out of my right eye. Gradually, my sight was becoming more and more blurred. Not being able to see outside anymore, I looked deeply inward. I plunged deep into the depths of my being.

It was after several years as well that I was guided towards Cris Henderson, who taught me the secrets of the Sisterhood. I chose to begin with the initiation of

the twin flames. That was the starting point of the road with the Sisterhood of the Rose.

I used this period and am using it again to-day, the 11th of the 11th, from/of Zera Starchild, who is talking from the planet An, also from Glastonbury. I found out that day, that when I came out of my withdrawal, I was going to learn a lesson from the stars.

I had also had a consultation, by distance, with a Cypriot named Helen Demetriou, who cited precisely the name of the Sisterhood of the Rose. This consultation gave mind-boggling details about my previous incarnations that corresponded in all respects with my inner feelings. She told me that I was a member of this Sisterhood that was linked to Mary Magdeleine.

Hence, I carried out some research on the Internet and came across Chris's site. Gradually, I continued

to be interested in the sacred feminine aspect as well as the Goddess and I was ultimately taken to Malta by a cheap, 35 euro, return plane ticket. I've been there several times annually ever since. Malta is the place of my soul.

I have, in fact, travelled all the mediterranean basin, and I think that I have been guided towards different places all linked to the Goddess. So I rekindled the ancient knowledge in my cells. I simply went to these places, and these places instructed me. I have thus been in Sardinia, in Corsica, in Malta, in Cyprus, in Greece, in Crete, in Spain, in Morocco, in Egypt, in Italy, in Tunisia, and also in Turkey. The stones spoke to me.

In Crete, I met the Serpent Goddess. Several days before making this journey, I had a very significant dream. I saw only a type of jewelled tatoo that covered all my arms... It was a drawing that

represented more or less intertwined snakes but intertwined with other symbols that I could not really make out. They told me I was a sacred priestess for the energy of the twin flames and that I carried this knowledge inside me for, at that moment in time, I had completely rejected this concept of of the twin flames...

There, where I felt completely at home was in Malta. For me, Malta was the heart of the original Atlas but for me it still carries the same vibration. When I look at photos of the Port of Valetta, I have a clear conscience in acknowledging it as the town-capital of Atlantis with its corniche, its ramparts, and its port below.

In Malta, on this island of reduced area, a number of very important megalithic sites exist. There are more than thirty or thereabouts. This island has a very

feminine energy that I perceived from the first moment I arrived...

I looked for you everywhere- in the colourful souks of Tunisia, in the noisy maze and fragrant alleyways of the Medina of Marakesh, in the mosques of Istanbul, in the mausoleums and caravans from Turkey to Konya, fatherland of the Selkjoukides, in the temples and pyramids of Egypt, and in the shade of the Sycamore of Heliopolis...

From the terrace of my apartment in Cairo, I shuddered from the sound of the piercing calls to prayer echoing from minaret to minaret. I crossed deserts, surveyed towns...faced with the enormity of the beauty of certain landscapes, my soul united with the Divine.

I followed this call; I listened to my feelings; I waited for the call of Mawlana, the Master Sufi of Cyprus...I

understood that emotions and anger should be overcome and that the best way is always to take the middle ground.

In the temple of Malta, of Ephesus, of Aphrodite and of Knossos, I trod in the footsteps of the Goddess. I looked for you and you looked for me. You were everywhere and nowhere at the same time, in the laughter of children, in the looks of passersby and on the terraces of cafes. I looked for you everywhere... I laughed, cried, confronted my demons and my fears. I cried out in despair, faced with black magic. I learnt to like myself, to like love. I collapsed many times, but a force lifted me up, all the while bringing me towards you, always...

The power of love always guided me more towards the inner me. And one day I realized that you were looking at my exterior. I was, however, listening to my soul. I had gone to the depths of my inner being but

there was always something missing... There was a solitude, even if I continued to play the game, perhaps trying to fool myself.

I went yet again more deeply into my inner being, refusing to compromise pretty much false pretenses. I made peace with myself. I defined my needs and my goals and I confided them to the Universe. By letting go, I opened the space which was going to allow me to meet you, to find you again...

This daily plunge into my inner being allowed me to come to really know myself and each day led me closer to the centre of my being. I feel your presence at my side. You help me to welcome the intimate Fusion within myself. With your love, I welcome the demons within me and I accept them...under the Master's gaze (you have the same eyes and the same pure face. I find his light again when I look at you...).

You are my Beloved in the most sacred sense of the term. You are the one capable of leading me towards the Alchemical Union, the Fusion of feminine and masculine polarities within me, within us all and within our United soul.

I thought the work was finished...I was mistaken. There were separations, then the definitive separation...brutal, unexpected ...The initiation commenced...during 40 days and 40 nights I fell into my depths ...and found myself plunged into total darkness. The suffering was terrible. I felt like thousands of scorpions had stung me all over...

Before my eyes, the initiation by fire commenced and I found myself emptied of my substance, somewhere in the middle of nowhere...everything was reduced to ashes...I was nothing...crushed, I looked at this disaster. I continued the work, going even further into the depths of my being into the heart of my

being ...Nothing seemed to be able to stop this throbbing pain that seemed to be gradually increasing day by day...Signs finally arrived on my way, the Sorority was manifesting itself...but I wasn't immediately conscious of it...Mary, the gypsy, who had come to my work and spoken to me of Sara, the Black Virgin; others sent me messages and links and I acknowledged the support and heeded it. The initiation to the Sorority of the Rose...

I do not know how to describe this whole journey to the center of myself. A small glow stayed alight, even though it was shining faintly, that of hope... of finding you, my Twin Flame, that I lost so long ago. And one day, the process finally reversed itself. I started to listen once again but even more to my heart....Before my eyes, I survived the final test, that of the crucifixion, the test of the Golgotha... At the foot of the cross, I understood then that we had to change the

nodes of time and space in order to set up a new timeline.

And I realized that the essential things in life are not visible through the eyes – one only sees well with the heart... I gave virtually the pendant with the leather heart that the master had sent me to Cyprus.

I left afterwards, looking for the fragmented parts in me and faced with all that, I attempted to make peace with my share of shadows and light. I realized that everyone outside of me was just the expression of my other selves.

The Heart is the way, the Heart is the Unique path which can be traced back to the Source... and there, right at the the Centre, is the Flame of Eternity, that which you have always sought on the outside but which shines with all its glow within you...The Rose of

Eternity, the heart of the Rose which is at the centre of the cross.

Everything is written in the sky; we only have to raise our head: everything that is on high is like what is here on earth.... and that which leads us towards this Eternal Alliance, that of a new world...and the sign of this new world is the Rainbow...

To you, my beloved, I dedicate these words

Nilufer Aliyanah

***Translated from the original French into English
by Gail Maree Ramirez***