



## THE LAW AND SOVEREIGNTY



### Editorial by CHRISTINE CORE

I wrote about law and sovereignty in the December 2021 edition and as there is a lot of focus on those subjects at the moment, I am returning to it. It is so important because it embodies the practical, grounded process of moving into 5 D consciousness. It demands self-awareness, acting from truth not ego, letting go of agendas driven by emotive opinions, living as equal Divine beings and holding every one and everything in Unconditional Love. Yes, common law/natural law/universal law/Divine law, all names for the same thing, are the grounding of the Divine in Action.

In order to bring this practical journey to 5D into sharp focus, the journey we have to walk, I would like to review the path over the last 30 years.

An important independent researcher over the last 30 years was Jordan Maxwell, sadly now no longer on this plain. He devoted most of his life to investigating the truth about who we are, who rules the earth and all the questions we need to ask. He was one of the first people I listed to when YouTube became popular in about 2013. I was though, 'red pill'd' in 1992 when I did my first 'Shamballa Reiki' workshop with John Armitage. John was aware of the Galactic wars and actually attended Galactic council

meetings and luckily could share his knowledge. Researching this kind of information was difficult back in the day, a very different process 6 years before Google was launched.

A big wake up moment for me was when Jordan Maxwell said in one of his videos, that everything we believed to be true was actually false. Schools and universities are not purposed to educate, drug medicine is not designed to promote health, government are not there to serve the public, food is not grown to nourish and sustain life, money is not real and the justice system is not there to uphold the law.

So, what were they there for? Who created them? Why?

It is amazing how so much of this is now, mostly because of Covid, becoming self-evident. That is a measure of how we have awakened to what is really happening on this planet and the evidence that the darkness is fading.

I just want to add that if there are any of the truths Jordan revealed that you find hard to believe I urge you to investigate and look closer.

You may have already heard me talk about Common Law but I am taking my understanding much deeper at the moment. I

have just completed the 5th lecture of a 6-part seminar run by John Smith of the Common Law Court ([commonlawcourts.com](http://commonlawcourts.com)), I am 3 weeks into a course presented by 'The Sovereigns Way' ([thesovereignsaway.com](http://thesovereignsaway.com)) and just found David Straight on Rumble.

There are many projects now investigating the truth about the Law. They have different approaches but the bottom line is the same, nobody has authority over us. We are only answerable to God/The Divine/Source.

That is how it truly is.

We have been tricked into selling our Souls, actually giving them away. The mechanism to do this was set up in the UK in 1853. It is now world-wide.

How was it done? The registration of a baby's birth and receiving the birth certificate is actually the giving of that baby over to the authorities as a corporation, a business entity. This means that as a corporation that baby, and of course you, can be traded and comes under statutory law. As a tradable corporation you will be worth over a Million Pounds, but only the dealers see that money.

The word 'capital' always refers to money. A capital city is the one where government institutions and central banks are found.

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Where ever your name is written in CAPITAL letter that document, bill, invoice, bank statement or bank card is only addressing you as a corporation and not as a living man or woman. Simply by acting and being a sovereign man or woman means that only Common Law, Natural Law, God's Law applies to you.

The events of the last 2 years have catapulted us into personal sovereignty. Standing up against fear pressure and not wearing a mask or taking the jabs was claiming our right to stand in Natural Law. A mandate does not apply to a living man or woman unless they want it to.

The central principal of Common Law is simply 'do not cause harm, loss or injury for another person'.

When living under the identity as a corporation and subject to legislation I have to:

Register the birth of my children

Get a licence to get married

Get a licence to drive a car

Pay to drive on a road

Pay Taxes

Only enter and leave a country through a port with a 'passport'

Be registered as dead if I die

Pay parking fines

Send my children through their 'education' system

Lastly to note that land, house and car that I have paid for are never actually owned by me.

I have to pay them for the privileges.

The item in the above statement that leaves me with my mouth open is that I have to pay the government to get a licence giving me permission to vow devotion and union with someone I love. My marriage to the one I love is none of their business, but if I allow them to regard me as a corporation then it literally is their business.

As a living woman I do not have to do anything in that list. I just simply say 'No' and declare that I am a living woman. Personally, I am still working on the courage and depth of my knowledge so I can action saying 'no' to everything in that list. It also takes time to set up alternatives that might be needed for example the result of a car accident. The Common Law Court has set up alternatives for all situations, I just need to do more research and then take action.

We have a lot of untangling of ourselves to do in order to live vowing allegiance only to our creator. It was all set up to create money for our controllers, we pay for our own imprisonment. We have to fearlessly break free.

Archangel Michael warrior energy is needed.

Love and Angelic Blessings

*Christine*

## NATURAL ROUTES TO HEALTH

### Emotional Freedom Technique

When seeking treatments and solutions for health issues it is such a blessing that there are so many wonderful complementary and alternative options with which to explore and experiment, as opposed to the limited conventional choices that frequently result in further problems. However, when setting out on a research journey for a particular health matter, the quantity of information can seem overwhelming as there are so many different areas in which to investigate and a great deal of conflicting advice. It can often be trial and error before settling on the treatment that is right for you as we are all unique and so what works for one person may not for another.

While searching and testing out possible solutions, a certain technique can be used to self-treat...it costs nothing, can be started immediately, and can be used for physical and emotional issues. Emotional Freedom Technique (EFT tapping) developed by Gary

Craig stimulates energy points to release blockages and restore the balance of energy.

The procedure involves tapping on various spots on the face and body while focusing on the issue you wish to heal. For example, to treat a headache, compose a set-up statement such as 'Even though I have (a really bad headache) I deeply and completely respect myself'. Say this out loud three times while tapping the karate chop point (outer edge of hand, little finger side) with 4 fingers of opposite hand. Rank the intensity of the headache 0-10.

The sequence follows where you tap 5-7 times on 8 points repeating a phrase such as 'my bad headache'.

- Top of head - crown - can use 4 fingers.
- Eyebrow - inner edge near bridge of nose - 2 fingers.
- Eye - outer side of eye near temple - 2

P.S.

Whilst doing research for this editorial I came across these quotes from Wikileaks.

Search term 'birth certificate':

"The original purpose of vital statistics was for tax purposes and for the determination of available military manpower"

"The United Nations Sustainable Development Goal 17, an integral part of the 2030 Agenda, has a target to increase the timely availability of data regarding age, gender, race, ethnicity, and other relevant characteristics which documents like a birth certificate has the capacity to provide."

A Google search 'Common Law' produced:

"Common law rules may be superseded or replaced by legislation, which is said to "trump" or take precedence over the common law."

This is absolutely untrue. World wide statutory 'laws' were born out of the British Empire which was established 1707. Since the illegitimate rule of King William and Queen Mary in 1689 to 1694, all British 'laws', and therefore laws worldwide, created by legislation have been established illegally and therefore are null and void. Only Common Law, Divine Law stands.

fingers.

- Eye - under eye on socket in line with pupil - 2 fingers.
- Under nose - on top lip - 2 fingers.
- Collarbone - just below hard ridge - 4 fingers.
- Underarm - side of body about 10cm (4") below armpit - 4 fingers.
- Top of head - crown - 4 fingers.

Rank intensity again and if higher than 2 complete another round acknowledging any change and altering or downgrading the set-up statement and phrases accordingly, for instance 'my aching head' or 'my slight headache'.

This technique can be quite calming and therapeutic in several ways and is an easy versatile process that can be utilised for virtually any personal concern. Check it out on YouTube .....Happy Tapping!

Estelle Bates



## HONOUR OF HOLDING THROUGH MY MOM'S DEATH

In October of 2000, at the age of 27, I wrote down my prayers and wishes on a piece of paper and fastened it to a "wish-fulfilling tree" in India. "I ask and intend that I am able to be at the side of my dear parents when each of them cross the veil of death" was one of those few intentions I strung up to this tree. I slowly became aware of a beautiful soul contract with my parents which I had no idea could be fulfilled but one I yearned for from that deep place in my heart - a beautiful ache of a promise that needed to be fulfilled.

As my parents aged, and my life took its twists and turns, this contract triggered so much in me. There were waves of stress, dismay, hope, surrender, anger, depression, life changes, life stalls, rage, lots of love, letting goes, goodbyes, tears, laughter, mini-miracles, profound synchronicities and since 2017 more ceremonial and prayerful time spent.

My Dad had transitioned in November 2019 (shared in Spring Equinox 2021 newsletter) and it is a beautiful blessing for me to have been at his bedside, asking for guidance and support from the Angelic Kingdom of Light and vividly, explicitly, all of us receiving it. The divine blueprint expresses itself so elegantly, subtly and perfectly.

My Mom had lived on her own after her husband's death. Her daughter, Karen, lived close to our Mom and was supportive and could pop around as and when, which was a help to Mom, and a relief to me. In January 2020 my Mom had her only heart attack. Gratefully, I was able to travel to South Africa to be with her and set up a small care team which provided some assistance for her which she needed, get her home and see her through some of her recovery, and for me to have some good quality time with the woman who birthed me. I remember the last moments vividly, as I didn't know whether I would return, and my prayers were for the protection, perfection, safety and care for this amazing woman. It felt like I handed her to Spirit in those last minutes of leaving her in SA for the last time. Completely. Unconditionally. Yet, my journey with this and her, of course, would continue.

I returned to the UK at the end of January, with that quiet voice wondering if I would get to see her again, be with her physically, touch her, kiss her, talk to her, hug her, massage her feet and her hands. We had planned a return trip soon, for the end of March. I just wanted to be with her again, and see whether our ideas (care home,



travel her to the UK, living with her daughter, etc.) would be something she wanted, and what was for her best and highest good. Then the world entered the strange, and ridiculous, time of lockdown.

Lockdown and all the restrictions did not stop us. We loved and laughed, cried and sent good stuff all around the world. The miracles which happened around my Mom following her husband's passing were beautiful to witness. She stayed at home with the same great care team, which I could thankfully manage from the UK with my sister's support. Lockdown was great, we bypassed all the 'rules' and she always had care at home. Mom continued dealing with life on her own and grieving in her own way.

A few months into second lockdowns, she panicked, as she was notified of end of tenancy, and she needed to move, and she would need assistance. Care homes in South Africa often live up to their reputation of being incredibly dark places, very much more so than the UK. I just knew it would be more than okay, and the three of us worked through it together - the logistics as well as all the emotional turmoil of uncertainty. There would be no concern about her safety or comfort from my point of view.

She ended up in an extremely "lucky" find of an intimate and all family run care home (a mother and daughter created the home because of their terribly traumatic experience with their father/ grandfather). The fear Mom experienced about the collective narrative of a virus was frequently far outweighed by the care and love she was shown, sent, shared and given - even without her precious family being able to see her or be with her. They were amazing people, and she was more happy there than on her own at home. It was a perfect last home for my dear Mom. A home which was based on Christian faith (perfect for Mom), people who were genuinely empathic and provided

care and assistance in a dignified and respectful manner, and a small community of elders who accepted Mom for who she was at every moment.

Precisely a year since the passing of her husband; her daughter, and her churches' priest, arranged for a personal memorial service on 16th November 2020 to inter his ashes in the garden of remembrance. It was perfect, for her, for me, for the family and for my Dad. It was where my Dad had wanted his ashes to be buried. My Mom's ashes are now there too according to her wishes. The photo is of the memorial garden's tree in full bloom, taken by my Dad from their spare bedroom overlooking this lovely garden.

When my Mom, became unwell, as a family we had an open and honest discussion with the care home owners - we were happy for her to remain in the care home regardless of what happened. Hospitals in South Africa (and the UK) were not allowing visitors in, and there were severe restrictions on communication - this was not an option for me, personally, selfishly and soulfully I would fight to remove anyone or anything which attempted to take this away from my Mom and me, or who would not communicate or allow my Mom to communicate. She was feeling okay - she usually panics slightly at being unwell, and she had her moments of anxiety, but I could hear and see she was okay.

In my world, it's mandatory for a dying or unwell person to have whoever they want with them, period. I don't care what you say, or who you are - fuck you. You have NO right to take that away from so many, and I would NOT allow this to happen to my Mom. It was non-negotiable.

However, I am not a person of conflict or over-controlling, and was taking time in sacred space, working through the frustration, the rage and killing instinct to protect those I love most. It's interesting what lies

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behind those so-called dark feelings. What was more important too, was my Mom's own choices. Such is the beauty of working in co-creation with the Divine.

All I wanted was to be there, and I wasn't allowed to be. Yet, I was, and I was only beginning to realise it.

In June 2021, my wife, Nikki, lost her Mum, Jan. We were all in the UK. We had managed, to gain almost total unmasked access to Jan on a CCU ward! I still don't believe it, however I believe it was through my father-in-laws charming, polite and mischievous Irish nature and Jan's families intense love for her. Jan was placed in a palliative care team, and this made full 24 hour visiting possible. Someone who loved her was with her night and day for the last 4 days (nurses and doctors were negligently absent). She didn't make it home, however the time her small family had with her was amazing. While it was a quick deterioration and her struggle was really tough at times, the peace and love she dropped into the last three days was something we can't quite comprehend. Her space had been prepared, sanctified and consecrated, there was nothing else to be done except love, communicate and grieve. She was peaceful, and finally accepted she was going home - she literally transitioned as she heard the team tell her husband she could go home that very morning. She made it home home.

On the day my Mom died, 12 September 2021, 10 days after becoming unwell, my sister managed to see her in the morning and it was decided amongst them to call an ambulance. I spoke briefly with my Mom, she wanted to check with me what to do, I only asked her what she wanted to do, her choice. I didn't like her decision, but this woman I respect, and trust. All I wanted was to be there!

They took her to the same hospital where my Dad died. My Mom was still talking in the late morning, weakly but comprehensible. I spoke to my sister to ensure she would stay with Mom in hospital, and she felt she had already said her goodbyes that morning, would not be allowed to be with Mom in hospital, and as she was unconscious would not be able to hear. I felt my heart drop at the thought, I needed to be there, my Mom needed me! At first, I let it go, said my goodbyes quietly and snuck off into our sacred space to be, and to wait. I would be there with my Mom no matter.

Then, something stirred, and I felt my entire energy shift into an intense passionate, compassionate rage of something not being right. I called Karen and reminded her of our Dad's death and how many times he and I proved to many people that he could hear all the time and EVERYTHING. And that she

must trust me - Mom was not unconscious and Karen needed to be there. I left her stewing it over, resisting the idea of walking into the hospital to be with her. Karen had lost her Dad, her father and mother-in law and her stepdad in the previous 2 years too. It was time for her to step up, in my humble truth, again.

I called the hospital admissions doctor, not knowing what to say, feeling a bright rage of freneticism, a chaotic swirl of emotions and a sense of rightness and had no idea what to say. My wife asked if she should talk to them. I just shook my head, felt her hand land on my arm and everything went quiet, while a storm of injustice, grief, and rightness swirled through me as I stared out into our garden. Her touch and presence grounded me. Nik just held my arm - I didn't know what to say and how to get this invasion of human rights out of the way. And while it may not happen, I was not prepared to just let it go. I sent a quick call out to those who support us unconditionally, and connected in, again. All I focused on was my breathe, making sure I was ruthlessly honest but kind, and kept bringing his (the attending doctor's) personal accountability into it and my true feelings - the world then rearranged itself around our intent. I mean no harm, but I will kill, or die, to protect those I love.

My sister could visit and stay with her. I thanked him, hung up, and called my sister. She was in an emotional flap and only said (well, shouted) 'I have to go!' - I fueled her intensity by shouting "Karen, I love you, now go, Go, GO!" with great joy, and hung up.

Not long later Karen phoned me, feeling peaceful after her dash to the hospital and put the phone to my Mom's ear. I panicked, for about 3 seconds, grief and love hit me hard and I sprinted to sacred space. Candles were already lit, sacred space had been prepared and I didn't have to merge my consciousness with my Mom, we were always merged. (As I edit this article now, the tears flow and I feel her presence, a gentle gratitude and all-encompassing compassion - and her hug, I feel her skin and her voice on the edges of my hearing, I know what she is saying, but I just can't quite hear it, and I don't want to hear it, I just open to feeling it, feeling her).

I felt the presence of the space change as, without thought, my whole being invoked every possible support from the invisibles, angelic and ancestors, elementals and ascended masters. Everything left both our rooms, no nurses, no doctors, no sounds, nothing but pure presence and the edge of another grief.

I began talking, just like I would talk to my

Mom when I was feeling centred, happy and full of love and I fell into the space with my Mom and Karen. My words and feelings, my sight and my hearing shifted into my Mom's beautiful and dying space.

I reminded her not to be afraid of any "woo hoo" she may be experiencing. I checked if she could hear, and there was the faintest of response (and my sister felt her hand squeeze when I asked her too do it if she can). I began hearing her, but not with my ears. I reminded her (not that I needed to), to call her chosen form of faith, Yeshua.

And I just talked, out loud, to my Mom. I had written a last WhatsApp message a few hours before, so I opened that, and it prompted some things I wanted to say - gratitude, love and reminders of the realm of Spirit and Yeshua. I can't write the words or describe the feelings, but all of them were wrapped in the presence of beauty, compassion, love, grief - those emotions that best are felt fully and openly. I cried, but gently so it didn't distress her, I went silent frequently to listen to her, I every so often reminded her to just focus on her gentle breathe (as I reminded myself to breathe to move the emotions with no resistance or stress). My Mom tried to breathe a few words, and I let her know I could hear her by finishing the sentences for her. "Just breathe Mom, slowly gently, those who love you most are right by your side on earth as well as in heaven."

I felt so present with my Mom that I began describing what I would do, the deepest of my grief was not being WITH her - I could feel it, I could feel her respond. I just wanted to be with her, and I wasn't allowed to be. I wanted to do what I did with my Dad. So, I did. And I ended up being with her.

I held her feet, gave them a gentle rub which she sometimes had difficulty with, and I said to her that even with ticklish feet she did sometimes really enjoy it when I touched them, but I wouldn't tickle her this time just a gentle calm loving rub, we shared a chuckle. I expressed my honour for being allowed to touch the feet of my Mother once again for the last time. I gave my respects and gratitude.

Then I moved up over her to hug her. I heard her breathe in that gorgeous moment of re-union with a loved one, when I hugged her. Our hearts naturally loving each other unconditionally. I was saying to her what I would do in a few words, and the actions became reality.

I kissed her forehead - a favourite of mine for my closest of my close, my inner core of people - my Mom always loved this kiss. I gave her permission that it was safe and right to let go. Her breathing changed, I

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knew she was close to being able to let go. I said I love you, I heard her say I love you on her gentle, soft breathe. The phone was taken away right then as she died, and a minute later received a text from my sister saying she has gone.

I like to believe I heard her last breathe. I was with her - and would now go with her as far as she needed me too, through anything. Not that far really, she just went into my heart, back home where she returned to Source. My sister is grateful beyond words for being at her bedside.

When I spoke to my Mom on the phone I used to resist saying I love you. Not because I didn't or couldn't or wouldn't, I said it frequently and often and at surprising moments during our life together. I didn't because my Mom would say I love you when she wanted to end the conversation, and then 'had to go' - yes, she was British. I heard my Mom end her last call with me and life, by saying I love you, and 'having to go'. This is perfection, for me.

I came downstairs, jubilant, joyful, celebratory. It was a homecoming. I shouted for my Nik, and we high 5'd each other, and the words, "We got her!" came happily and peacefully out of my mouth. We hugged and our grieving journey deepened and continues to this day.

Such is love and grieving for me is beautiful when I don't resist it. (And I do resist it, oh boy there is a lot of grief on this earth, little me cannot possibly have the capacity to hold it, surely?). I sometimes call on it, invoke it as it's because of love, that I experience grief. My love for my parents continues to grow and evolve.

Grief is love, a love that doesn't have a person, place or experience to land on. But while that person is in the past, and memories are fluid and unreliable, that love is real and present and fully in the moment. I get it wrong a LOT, but I have stopped caring about who I am, I don't wonder anymore about what I must do. I just try my best to do what I do, and just be in my life. I get it wrong some days, and I get it right some, it really doesn't matter anymore.

My personal journey, since placing bits of paper in a tree 22 years ago outside the ashram of a well-known "Gee-U-R-U", has been profound. I held on refusing to move forward in my life "just in case I needed to go home". At each point, I HAD to hand a bit more over to Spirit and take a step into my life. Seeing my parents as frequently as I could living in another hemisphere, I never really saw them age, I just saw how to support and manage their risk. And I felt their love for me, and they felt my love for them.

I planted seeds of ideas so they would be looked after and safe, and while it never went according to my plan, the right things, the right people, the right decisions my folks took arrived in the perfect way (just in bloody time in my opinion!) Even when my Dad fell down the stairs, his fall was perfect for him and I saw the hand of complete protection and lessons in it. Even when they had a minor car accident, it arrived because of an original intent of purity from my heart, offered to Spirit.

So as their last days came to be, it was for the best and highest good of all - and more importantly for me, they were safe, pain-free, peaceful, loved, with their loved ones, and elegantly, beautifully, let go into the arms of Spirit. Those two prayers I made that day sitting on the banks of an Indian river, have been beautifully, unbelievably, and perfectly delivered.

In honour and great love of my Mother and Father and all they taught me, and all they continue to teach me.

In gratitude to Source for holding it all in perfect structured unknowingness. Have a wonderful and fully blessed Summer Solstice.

Mark Wells

## My Reconnection Journey

I am forever grateful to Christine for asking me "Why did you let a part of you go when you took the vaccine?"

Sometimes I get lost, and I need to remember that help is available from out there, and, above all, from inside me.

I am honoured and humbled to be able to share with whomever wants to dedicate their precious time to read my story of reconnection. I am one of many who has taken, not one, but two jabs. I am one of many who disregarded their inner guidance and went along with the masses.

I am privileged. Many of my friends didn't take any jab. My partner didn't take any either... he is Greek and I am Italian. Both our countries are obsessed with vaccination and restrictions. We both got newborn nieces back home... he has been able to travel and see his family without having any jab in his body, why did I think that it was not going to be possible for me?

Every time I look back, I can't find an easy answer to "Why did I let a part of me go when I took the jab?". My body reacted very badly to the first one. I was on the sofa for

5 days. I felt like my heart was being attacked. It was horrible... and I didn't listen to my inner guidance.

Why did I allow that substance to get into my body? I got scared by the words of my mother. I had always admired her for how "scientific" she is, but I didn't realise that the media had literally brainwashed her. I didn't want to pick a fight with her and I took the jab.

Many of my dear friends, who had offered me help and shelter when I was at risk in the past, turned their judgemental eye on me when they were asking "When (not if) are you going to take the jab?". I wanted to remain loyal to these people, but since when does loyalty and love imply that I need to leave a piece of my soul behind?

"I vow to never let go of part of me in exchange for love and acceptance, because, in doing so, I embrace the idea that part of me deserves love, and part of me does not."

I think this is the profound split that the world of the media is inviting people to join. Because, truly, despite the billions

of money that media and pharma companies are investing, there is a sacred gate that they need to go through: my free will. Therefore, it makes sense that they create illusions and distortions that invite me to abandon my free will.

Now that I look back, this all seems so well orchestrated. There were huge campaigns to provide the information they wanted me to have, and many advantages were promised for what seemed to be a small price: a piece of me.

I look around and I see so many opportunities and invitations to live a life in which choices are made for me, and in which I am rewarded for switching off my mind. Every behaviour by which I adhere to the profile of a "consumer" is rewarded. As long as I consume goods and services, I am given thanks and advantages.

Every time I go out with friends and we end up in a pub, I go through the same drill. They ask me what I am drinking, even though they know I don't drink. With shock on their faces, they ask me how I can live a life without drinking... They ask if I have some condition, and they struggle to hear



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the simple truth that is I don't like alcohol. They all seem so incredibly happy that one time a year, when I take a sip of some alcoholic drink, and I rediscover that I don't like it. The pressure is relentless, and sometimes I must ask them to stop pressuring me.

From pubs to schools, I have spent a life being part of minorities: the only gay boy in school, the left-handed one, the Italian who doesn't eat garlic, the one who is too sensitive, and the one who doesn't shut his mouth when things are not right.

This time, I wanted to feel the privileges of being part of the majority.

I feared losing connections with family and friends.

I feared being treated like a stupid person by my parents.

I took the jabs while I never truly believing they would work.

I let a part of my soul go when I stopped being fully honest with me; when I went astray from my truth.

"I vow to stand in line with my truth because it is only in the path of truth, honesty and coherence that I can stay connected with the entirety of my soul"

"I forgive myself for having let myself down, and I promise to follow my Divine intuition and my guidance to never let part of myself go"

In May 2021, I was on my way to take the second jab. I was justifying my actions by saying that I would not have travel restrictions to go to Italy and see my beautiful niece. On the way to the clinic, I prayed to the angels that they nullified the effect of the jab, and I swore to myself that I would never take another one.

Like all prayers, mine was responded to. I reached out to Christine to attend Angelic Reiki training. Her coherence and her courage shocked me in a good way when we had the initial chat about the vaccine. I saw in her that strength I knew I had in me.

It took me a while to go through the cleansing protocol, but it led me to the most beautiful 4 weeks of my past two years. While the drops of vitamin C and zeolite were detoxing my body, I slowly felt a lot more energy becoming available to me. My body wanted to exercise more, to breathe more, to love more. I felt reconnected to all my senses and my inner guidance like I hadn't been before.

I started to dig into the material I had avoided during the pandemic. With admiration in my heart, I listened to these brave people who didn't kept quiet. I learnt about nanotechnologies in the vaccine, and of the potential impact of the mRNA on my DNA. I was angry at what these substances could do, and I was sad for having let myself down while all that information was out there. I

kept on digging and one of my happiest moments was when, in a video, they said that some vaccine brands were worse than others. Something in me told me that I did not want Pfizer, and I am glad that, at least, I listened to that piece of inner guidance!

I took the detox drops religiously twice a day for a month. Their unpleasant taste was overshadowed by the amazing effects on me. When I met Christine for the first session of the reconnection process, I felt like all of myself was available. On that same day, I heard my mum saying she didn't want any more jabs.

I am going to end with this anecdote.

At the airport last year, I got pulled apart for a security search.

The policeman asked me "Do you have anything sharp?",

and I said "Yes, my tongue!"

next time I will add "and my soul is even sharper!".

With blessings!

Alessio Rizzo

## Some Zen wisdom

Abraxas continues its exploration of posts from Kevin Core's blog, which he started in January 2008 and focuses on a book by Tim Freke called Zen Wisdom.

A quote from Tim's book is followed by Kevin's explanation.

Visit Kevin's blog at [shamballazen.blogspot.co.uk](http://shamballazen.blogspot.co.uk)

### 5th January

There are in Zen no sacred books of dogmatic tenets.

If I am asked, therefore, what Zen teaches, I would answer Zen teaches nothing. Whatever teachings there are in Zen, they came out of one's own mind. We teach ourselves;

Zen merely points the way.

D. T. Suzuki

The Enigma of Zen is here illustrated. Zen cannot be quantified, described or explained. It is non doing. It is everything that is not. All the books and teachings describing Zen are not Zen. They are a path to a state of non -consciousness where the books, teachings and reader disappears.

### 6th January

If you meet a wise man and you do not say anything to him nor keep silence, how would you question him?

Fa-yen.

This is a Zen koan. These texts are designed to challenge the mind and place it in a position of submission to concepts and judgements. The student would be given the quandary and asked to meditate on it until an answer arose. Thus we ask you to do the same.

Clue: Why would you need to question a wise man?

### 7th January

The student asked the master, "What is the deepest meaning of Buddhism?" The master

bowed deeply to his pupil.

It may be inferred from this passage that the master is bowing to the student. However, the meaning of this text for me is that the master is bowing in humility before everything around him including the student because everything in the world is Buddha. Remember Buddha is a realisation not a person or being. The deepest meaning of Buddhism for me therefore is to be humble in the world.

### 29th January

Student: "Is there anything more miraculous than the wonders of nature?"

Master: "Yes, your appreciation of these wonders."

No comment needed.

## Connection

By Sara Neves de Sousa\*

**N**ever have we been so connected and so disconnected at the same time.

In just a few minutes we can be talking to someone on the other side of the world, but there is a lack of direct, closer contact, family, love, and there is a constant search for all this through the online community.

We take for granted a virtual friend and disregard what is right next to us, very close, be it family, friends or companions. There is a search for what we think is lacking in our real life in the virtual one, but after a while, sometimes too long, we realize that it is not the same thing, it is not even real.

There is a tendency to live life online, an abstraction from real life to the detriment of an online life, where there's a feeling that we have to show everything to the world, in order to be recognized, there is an urge for external recognition, even if this recognition isn't real, because most of the time it's not, online supporters don't care, not really, it's just a persona that was created to exist online and after a while we live a false life based on a persona that we create to show others, we forget things like love, friendship and family and end up replacing all of them for followers that don't even know you, not the real you, they only get to know your online persona and if you haven't realised this yet, you should do it now. Because there's still time for you to get back to your real self and be authentic.

The shares, the likes, the virtual pats on the back become so important that when someone "real" talks to you and really says what they think and feel, there is a kind of numbness.

People live in a fictitious way and are increasingly distancing from their real selves, they are constantly clinging to cell phones,



computers, tablets and forgetting about life beyond the virtual screen, they are so entangled in what others share, that they end up comparing themselves with fragmented parts of the lives of others, thinking that this is how life should be, this is how one should live. And this is when the persona takes over and starts to disconnect you from the real you.

There's a feel of constant pressure to post on social media, to show everything that happens in our life (some people take this to the limit) makes us feel the need to share everything, including our daily routine, from waking up in the morning to going to bed at night.

There's a need to be better, to do better, to show better skills, better food, better pets, better cars, better houses, I could go on, that the real life is happening and when something considered "bad" happens the fault always falls on others, it's always someone else's fault or something else, it just must be, we didn't do anything for this to happen! How could this be our responsibility? And here it begins, the lack of responsibility for our lives, for everything that we do and happens in our lives.

**The disconnection is real!**

I'm writing this article after being more disconnected from online in the last months,

apart from the contacts with family, friends and patients, the rest doesn't have that much weight, social media can be seen as a tool for work and connection with those that are far from you or it can enslave you into thinking that it's very important that you are connected 24/7, that is not real, it's an illusion a very good one.

I hope that this article may help who reads it to reconnect again, in a more truthful way, especially with yourself.

The cleansing and clarity that came from this is something that would not have arisen otherwise.

That said, I truly believe that today we have the ability to use the tools that we have to our advantage and not let ourselves get controlled by the social media trap.

I know for a fact, because I use it every day for work, that we can use social media like a tool, but just that. It is a good thing that we have, which can help us to be in contact with people that you couldn't otherwise but be smart about it.

We couldn't deliver this Newsletter in such an easy way if it wasn't for the possibilities that internet provides us. So, as you can see, it can be a good thing!

Sending you all Love Blessings

Sara Neves de Sousa  
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*We hope you've enjoyed the newsletter and we'll be back for the autumn equinox edition. In the meantime, to get in touch about any of the articles or share any AR experiences, email [sara.nsousa@reikiangelico.pt](mailto:sara.nsousa@reikiangelico.pt)*

### New Website Important Links

In the new Angelic Reiki website you can be up to date to everything important that Christine's doing, click on the link below and you have access to a lot of precious information!  
<https://angelicreikiinternational.com/articles/>

### Disclaimer

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### International Facebook Group

For those interested this is the link to the closed Facebook group, but please answer the questions asked when joining, because without them we can not let you join, if you have any problems please send Sara or Hannah a message.  
<https://www.facebook.com/groups/angelicreikiworldwidefamily>