

Leaving Mount Sinai was not as easy as Mark had imagined. Damo's driver with the Mercedes was a no show.

She was incensed. "Give me a stubborn Greek donkey or a lazy Egyptian camel any day. Hamid probably fished up some Scandinavian scuba divers in Sharm who were willing to pay three times our price."

Alexandra mentioned she had learned that Hamid had two wives and eight children to feed, so how could they blame him. That seemed to settle Damo down. Akiva did the chivalrous thing by offering to go to the tourist village reception to track down alternate transportation. He returned to the gate outside the monastery an hour later in an ancient Peugeot, with Ibrahim at the wheel. It was a tight fit getting all the gear tied to the roof.

Ibrahim pleaded gently with Akiva, "You can rest, let me handle it."

Akiva took photos of the seven tries it took to get it all tied down, but Ibrahim was evidently a patient man and never once did he swear at his ancient Peugeot.

Mark had had a chance that morning to catch up with Damo who had decided to winter in Cyprus in a little villa not far from her friend Theophanos. Mark almost envied her, her sweet village life on Cyprus. He asked about Daskalos. The big stir that winter had to do with one of Daskalos's researchers-of-truth who was given a green light to write a book about his teachings. Mark felt that it would be a very good book and he mentioned to Damo, candidly, that he was hoping to do the same thing one-day around the teachings of their fellow traveler, Miss Yohannah. Mark did his best, in the time it took Akiva to find Ibrahim, to fill Damo in on what had transpired in the six months since they had last seen one another. It was impossible. Damo did enjoy what she heard of the Passover Seder, the Jericho retreat, the garden of Mary Magdalene and the recent vision quest with Reb Moshe. She had known all along that the gods and goddesses had arranged an exchange: she was destined to bring him and Sarah to Daskalos; he was destined to introduce her to Yohannah. Mark had wanted to connect her to Rahheli as well so that she could experience the dance of the letters. Unfortunately, Rahheli was busy that morning working out some relationship dynamics with her partner Yakub.

Once the last of a few rounds of good-byes was over, the packed Peugeot with six passengers (counting Ibrahim as a passenger as well as a driver) began its full day journey to Cairo. Mark felt like he was on a ferry once again that connected Mediterranean ports. Alexandra was an Athenian, originally from Samos, who had friends on the island of Hydra where Sam lived among all the ex-patriot poets and painters. Damo now had a kind of dual citizenship between the

islands of Lesbos and Cyprus. Akiva was certainly a citizen of the planet at large, but somehow represented Tel Aviv or Yaffo in Mark's mind. Ibrahim told them that his family came from Alexandria where Alexandra was bound to live one day.

"So what port or portal am I the guardian of in your budding cosmology?" Yohannah inquires without really expecting a reply.

"On, the Egyptian Heliopolis," Mark states matter-of-factly.

"By your own report, you are Dutch, born from the tribe of Benyamin?"

Yohannah nods. "Benyamin was initially called *Ben Oni*, son of my power, by his father Ya'akov before his name was changed to Binyamin, son of my right hand. So, *Ben Oni* was a child of *On* where the priests lived and made their journeys to the realm of the imperishable stars. You like to go star-walking, do you not? I bet you were visiting your friends in the Milky Way all last night, from Sirius at one end to Lyra at the other."

Yohannah smiles. "A scribe you're not, but as a detective in the tradition of officer Clouseau, you have great potential. I gather you've had a chance to browse through that Egyptian guidebook that Mister Jared, friend of the starwalker Enoch, gave you at the airport before he departed for Dublin.

"You bet" was Mark's reply.

It is possible to learn many things about your fellow traveling companions during the course of a twelve-hour journey by taxi through the desert. Mark learned that their impish and charming driver Ibrahim was the father of eleven children and that he had had many dental problems. Ibrahim liked to smile at his passengers often and display the eleven teeth that were left in his mouth. Damo discovered that Yohannah was much more fun and easygoing to be with on a daily basis than her beloved Daskalos. However, Yohannah was unpredictable and tended to poke and prod when she least expected it. Alexandra found out that that the prophetess was a Taurus born on May 3rd. She discovered that Mark was an astrologer like her, but there were some serious bones of contention between her astrology rooted in the pantheon at Olympus and Mark's version associated with the spheres of the kabbalistic Tree-of-Life. Alexandra knew that "*gematria*" was a Greek word that referred to a kind of number mysticism that Pythagoras had explored. But his use of it in astrology with harmonics, quintiles, septiles, noviles and the lot were "Hebrew" to her. She was interested in casting a chart for the day that Yohannah expected to disappear from the earth plane: September 26th, 1975. Akiva learned that there was more happening inside the mind of a Greek woman than he ever imagined. He immediately applied a primary Pythagorean principle to long segments of the journey: "silence is golden."

From Sinai to Saqqara

.....

Yohannah discovered that the Red Sea wasn't red at all. It was blue like most seas she knew. She learned that the isthmus or the *tzar*, the narrow road that the Hebrew people and the mixed multitude had crossed to get to the Sinai, had long since closed up. But when she went for a swim in the Red Sea or the Sea of Reeds, she swore that she could hear the voices of the Egyptians who had drowned, when the sea which had parted for the Hebrews, engulfed them. Ibrahim discovered that he had the good fortune to have found a group of new friends who really knew very little about the country he was taking them to. That pleased Ibrahim to no end.

Yohannah sensed that their chauffeur was the quiet kind of guide who would become a great treasury of wisdom and esoterica, but only if he was asked the right questions at the right time. She asked him where he would take her friends if they only had five days to explore in the environs of Cairo.

Ibrahim contemplated the assignment, massaged his bald head three or four times and replied, "Well first I must take you to Saqqara. It is the temple of healing and your group seems to have some kind of interest in healing, yes? Your friend Akiva, he has enough *baksheesh* to buy you some private time between the paws of the Sphinx. You will enjoy that, I am sure. Old Cairo is a must for the Coptic churches, the synagogue and the mosque. And no one ever leaves Cairo without placing their traveler's checks on the altar at the Khan-El-Kalili. The two places I could take you that not many find are the monastery of Macarius in wadi Natrun on the desert road and a church at Mattaria where Mary, Jesus's mother, is appearing to those who can see her. Of course, I have a friend, Hakeem, who can help you get into the pyramid in the middle of the night when no one is looking. Excuse me, Miss Yohannah, why only five days? Egypt is a fascinating country. We have feluccas and cruises on the Nile from Aswan to Abydos. I can take you home to my family in Alexandria. Who knows you just might find the lost library. Your friend Akiva made me promise to take you to as many belly dance performances as we can find. Five days is nothing. It will pass, as the Israelis say, "*chik chak*."

Yohannah gave Ibrahim a loving caress to his bald head, "Ibrahim, *you* will be our guide."

Ibrahim was the only one awake for the last three hours of the drive into Cairo. As his little Peugeot made its way towards the Giza village, one by one his passengers awoke to the jazz cacophony emanating from the Cairo traffic. Damo had asked him to take them all to the Mena House Hotel where her friend Theophanos had reserved a double room for a few nights on her behalf. Prophets have been known to go thoroughly mad when they return from the desert to

civilization. Going from Mount Sinai to the metropolis of Cairo was quite the shock for Ibrahim's passengers. When they arrived at the hotel, Damo took charge of the proceedings, got keys for the room, and gave Ibrahim the hug of his life. Yohannah asked him to come fetch them after breakfast for a day trip the next day to Saqqara. The hotel room had a balcony with what the bellhop called a "pyramid view." Yohannah was delighted and claimed the balcony for her sleeping accommodations. That still left four ragged minor prophets to figure out how to share two double beds. Once Yohannah was out of the way, the great mystery was who would sleep with whom, in what bed. Damo cut the ice by asking who in the room would like to sleep with *her*. There was no lack of interest among her friends. She made her decision the Aquarian way, by divination. Mark picked number seven and had the good fortune to sleep that night in the bed with Damo. Akiva and Alexandra went for a long walk, ostensibly to check out the restaurant situation and marvel at the architecture, the woodwork and the magnificent chandeliers of the Mena House. Yohannah jumped over the ground floor balcony that night and took a stroll by moonlight right to the Great Pyramid. She took note of a few adventurers, riding beautiful Arabian horses through the nearby desert before returning back to her balcony for a night of lucid dreaming.

The tribe awoke early enough the next morning to unpack, shower, catch a hearty buffet breakfast and prepare for their day trip to Saqqara. Ibrahim had been waiting for them patiently for at least an hour. The ride to Saqqara was magnificent. Akiva shot a whole role of photographs of polluted canals, water buffalo, goats, water wheels, carpet shops, smiling Egyptian children and fertile fields en route to Saqqara. Ibrahim made one stop for them at a site he said was older than Saqqara itself. He took them into a field of large stone sculptures of the Egyptian goddess Hathor.

Akiva freaked. "It's her!"

"Her who?" asked Alexandra.

"The goddess with cow ears that I dreamt about that first night in Sinai. This is the one that appeared out of the fire instead of the golden calf."

Yohannah did what she could to calm a somewhat hysterical Akiva down. She explained that Hathor was a goddess in Egypt who was revered with dance, music and objects of beauty.

"The jewelry that the Egyptians gave to the Hebrews when they left was most likely the property of the goddess Hathor. When Aharon had all the gold melted down, it just went back to its original owner."

Everyone laughed at Yohannah's wild theory, except Akiva.

From Sinai to Saqqara

.....

Ibrahim smiled and spoke with conviction, “This is something our Egyptologists *really* should consider.”

Ibrahim handled all the entrance passes and paperwork required at Saqqara. He told the group to take as long as they wanted. He would be waiting at the entrance for them. He apologized to them, saying that he would like to accompany them but he was not a government approved guide and it was illegal for him to do so. Saqqara was reasonably deserted that day except for one talkative French tour group. Yohannah caught a little of their tour guide’s rap and combined with Mark’s guide book, plus Damo’s oracular radar, they had all the resources they needed to explore the ancient healing academy of Saqqara. Saqqara was the home of the legendary Imhotep who was revered as Sage, Architect, High Priest, Astronomer and Doctor. Damo reported that Imhotep and the Greek founder of medicine Asclepius were one and the same.

At the entrance to Saqqara, there was a series of pylons in clusters of two and four that everyone had to walk through before entering the central courtyard. There were forty-two columns in the colonnade, thought to represent the provinces of Egypt. The columns had been reconstructed painstakingly from bits and pieces found buried in the sand by a French archeologist who was devoting his life to this work. Damo did a quick count of the pylons and counted twenty-two pair with some kind of break between the eleventh and the twelfth pair. She intuited that the pillars were guardians. She claimed she could clairaudiently hear the voices of each of the major arcana from the tarot. Then Damo moved through them as a dancer sensing energies with the palms of her hands. At the sixteenth pair of columns, she began to shake quite dramatically. Mark caught up with her to see what was happening. Damo had fallen into some kind of trance, which she came out of quickly after Mark threw water on her face. Everyone from the group tried out Damo’s energy experiment between the columns, including Yohannah. When they arrived in the courtyard, the consensus was that the experience was one of balance, with the exception of the sixteenth column. Mark suggested that if the pillars represented tarot initiations, the sixteenth would have been “The Lightning Struck Tower.” He encouraged his friends, given that they were entering a healing temple, to focus on the lover’s card or perhaps “Temperance” instead.

The group walked slowly in a kind of procession led by Damo toward the Step Pyramid of Zoser. As they approached the pyramid, a young British man, named John, introduced himself and asked if he might join their group for a bit.

“Be our guest, better we should be a six rather than a five.”

She introduced John to her friends. John explained that he was writing a book on the pyramid texts and asked Yohannah if they would like to join him for a visit to the pyramid of Unas. He explained that Unas was a king who reigned

from 2356 to 2323 B.C. At the mortuary temple before entrance to the tomb itself, John pointed out the lion headed *netjer* Sekhmet (sculpted in basalt), the goddess of death in her aspect of consuming fire, the destructive aspect of femininity often connected to mortuary temples. Damo gently corrected John, proposing her idea that the trinity of the *Ptah-Sekhmet-Nefertum* represented anabolic-catabolic-metabolic energies at work in the universe. John gave a knowing look to Damo as he lead them down a passageway, through an antechamber, past three huge granite slabs into the burial chamber of Unas. Every inch of their walls covered in hieroglyphs. He explained that the glyphs on the wall were cryptograms written in hieroglyphs that later became known as the Egyptian Book of the Dead. He said this book should really be called “The Book of the Coming Forth by Day” or “The Book of What is in the Underworld” or “The Book of Gates.” Both Yohannah and Damo had begun to scan the glyphs with their hands. Mark tested the acoustics of the chamber, which startled John. Akiva and Alexandra began to climb into the empty tomb but Yohannah stopped them with one hand gesture that let them know it was not their time. Yohannah asked the group to meditate with her for a moment. She said if they were willing, she would guide them, like Unas, to the realm of the imperishable stars.

The group emerged from the Tomb of Unas into the heat of the sun. John asked if they would like to join him at a special spot, he had discovered behind the step pyramid that is called the Sokar mound. He felt it was the most ancient energy available at Saqqara. He mentioned that no one had yet found the tomb of Imhotep at Saqqara, although every archeologist worth his salt knew that it was there. He asked his friends to attune to the energies of the earth and all that was stored beneath the Sokar mound. After about five minutes of meditation, Damo began to speak in a language that was foreign to them all. She spoke for no more than a few minutes but the power of her words shook each of them to the core. John experienced unexpected tears of joy. He told Yohannah that Imhotep himself had spoken to them through the vehicle of Damo.

John mentioned that he was staying at the Mena House for a few days and he hoped they could connect in another day or two. Damo disappeared for about an hour as everyone made their way back to the entrance where Ibrahim was waiting for them with refreshments.

“You look like a mummy who has come out from the underworld, Miss Damo.”

She smiled at Ibrahim, caressed his bald head the way Yohannah had done the day before and received a gift from him, a little circular ceramic disc with a cross and four dots on it that he had found in the sand that afternoon.

From Sinai to Saqqara

.....

~~~~~ 7 ~~~~~

“This is for you, Miss Damo, a gift to remember your friend, Ibrahim.”

Damo held it tightly as she read her translation of the Pyramid Texts en route back to the hotel:

*Atum, this, thy son is here, Osiris, whom thou has preserved alive-he lives!  
He is not dead, this Unas is not dead: he is not gone down, this Unas is not gone  
down. He has not been judged, this Unas has not been judged...*

*The Father of Unas, Atum, seizes the arm of Unas and assigns Unas to...the  
circumpolar stars. Thou art to purify yourself with cool water of the circumpolar  
stars.*

*Thou hast become being, thou hast become high*

*Thou hast become Spirit! Cool it is for thee in the embrace of thy father, in  
the embrace of Atum.*

*O Unas, thou art not gone dead*

*Thou art gone alive to sit on the throne of Osiris.*

Utterance 219, 269, 214, 213 from: “The Pyramid of Unas”  
by Alexandre Piankoff.

## 16.2 A Camel Ride to Atlantis

It was late afternoon by the time Ibrahim dropped his weather-beaten tour group at the doorstep of the Mena House. Yohannah felt that an afternoon nap might do everyone the world of good.

“Who knows what might surface in the dream state?” she mused with a clairvoyant twinkle in her eyes.

So each member of the Saqqara expedition fell into a coma that afternoon, with the exception of Akiva, who had decided it was time for him to dive into the Mena House swimming pool. Akiva enjoyed something like four hours of iced *karkedi*, *tahhina* and pita, Egyptian pastries and conversations with beautiful, exotic women from around the Mediterranean world. He was having a grand Gemini time of it, practicing the Arabic he had picked up from Ibrahim, his guide to “shopping, sightseeing and eating out.” Akiva had learned how to say *aiwa*, *shukran*, *dayyet tariki*, *baksheesh*, *mumkin*, and *mishmumkin*, by the time his friends had arisen and made it to the pool. The afternoon dreams were just as deep and as lucid as Yohannah had predicted. Mark reported a conversation he had with Ptah himself about the science of acoustics. He returned from his dreaming with the feeling that kabbalah had been taught in Saqqara. Mark told Alexandra he planned to write his friend Ivana when he returned to Rosh Pinah; as he had an idea for creating a deck of cards called “The Tarot of Saqqara.” Alexandra shared fragments from her dream that had taken her to both Saqqara and the Asklepion in Greece. She described a strange place where she had seen mummified bulls from the age of Taurus. Damo let her know that the place existed, but there just wasn’t time to visit it that day.

Damo humbly confessed to her friends that the experience on the Sokar mound with *Imhotep* was the deepest channeling that had ever come through her. She wanted to know what it was that *had* come through her. Yohannah let her know that her companions had very little cognitive understanding of the ancient Egyptian dialect she was speaking, but the healing vibrations that emanated from her heart as she spoke were very powerful. Damo related her dream that afternoon of being taken aboard an extraterrestrial space ship. She painted a picture of what Mark sketched as a fountain at the core of the ship that converted the energy of hydrogen into fuel for the craft.

Yohannah’s dream put her in touch with a number of healing modalities that she assumed were part of the curriculum at Saqqara. She claimed that Imhotep had taken her on a ceremonial voyage that incorporated essential oils, vibrational elixirs stored in coloured glass bottles, sonic frequencies that modulated her brainwaves and a *vri* staff like the one Moses is reported to have used for crossing

the Red Sea. Akiva didn't have any dreams to share that afternoon but he was a good listener.

The day was beginning to cool off and Damo invited her friends to an early dinner at the Felfella near the hotel. Yohannah led a stroll to enjoy sunset near the pyramids before catching a taxi to the restaurant. Damo took them to a place called the "Sun Boat" where they watched *Ra* set in the west over Libya before falling into the underworld for his nightly round in the *duat*.

Ibrahim found them on the way back from the great pyramid and took them to the Felfella restaurant where he joined them for dinner. There was live music and a great spread of appetizers, but no belly dancer that night. Akiva was heartbroken. Alexandra recommended they might still catch the sound and light show. She had a new friend, Jamil, who owned a perfume bazaar at the entrance to Nazlat-el-Samman, with a perfect view of the sphinx. Jamil's youngest daughter met them at the door and happily escorted them to the roof where they found an international gathering of esoteric types mingling and excited to catch the show in both its French and English versions. John was taking photos for friends with his British traveling companion, Robert. He said dryly that the show conjured up the ghost of Cecil B. Demille more than the ghost of Cheops.

Jamil welcomed his visitors from Greece, Israel and Chattanooga, Tennessee. The light show projected upon the sphinx and the great pyramid was majestic, even if the soundtrack was orthodox egyptologically 'tacky' according to John.

"Who knows *who* this Sphinx really is?"

Robert's query precipitated a great debate as to whether the sphinx was a he or a she. John was convinced that her profile was not the face of Chephron. Yohannah surprised them all by suggesting that she was the goddess Tefnut awaiting friends from her home galaxy to arrive on Spaceship Earth. Jamil took them down to his shop for mint tea and samples of his perfume oils. Damo asked for one called *oud*; the oud Jamil brought her was not the real oud that Damo was looking for.

"*Malesh*" said Jamil as an idea passed through him, "How would you like to take a camel ride tonight by moonlight to Atlantis?"

It was an invitation that no one dare refuse.

Jamil went to the nearby stable with his moonlight camel tribe, and secured as many camels as were available that night. It was necessary to double up on two of them. Bed companions were instantly transformed into camel mates. Alexandra hung on tight to her Tennessee cowboy and Mark hung on for his life to his wild Greek goddess, Damo, for fear that she would fall into trance once again. Jamil

confessed he was allergic to camels himself and came by horseback. Yohannah decided to join him, on his horse. Jamil took it as a compliment. John and Robert each had their own camel and filled the group in on the significance of the solar cross.

John pulls a battered map out of his shirt pocket, waves it in the moonlight and explains, “A man named Rocky was the first we know of to discover the site. He meticulously mapped out the Giza plateau to find, to his amazement, that the pyramids all lined up along a Fibonacci spiral that has its epicentre in the desert a mile or two from the great pyramid. There is a shaft that goes down into the depths of the earth at the epicentre. You will see it when we get there. There has been much speculation about the alignment of the pyramids on the spiral. Robert feels that the pyramids make a picture from deep space that would show visiting aliens the position of planets in our solar system at the time of the *Zeptepi*.”

An unsteady Robert loosens his hold on a finicky camel and manages to catch his hat just before it falls off.

“I’m looking for some seed money for a film that will require high level animation to pull it off. I’m going to need a team composed of the best psychic archeologists on the planet. The first half of the film takes place on a space station or a mother ship with a group of beings from Vega or Ma’at who have returned to free some of their friends who got left behind after an *accident* many thousands of years ago. The placement of the pyramids on the plateau is the access code for finding their friends. The animation part of the film works like a zoom lens to open up the records of a lost civilization that exists intact spreading out for two or three square miles underneath the Giza plateau. I had my first glimpse of this civilization during a meditation at the solar cross three years ago. If you see anything interesting on your inner vision screen, *do* let me know. It’s worth a dinner at the Indian restaurant in the Mena House or an evening of belly dance in the heart of Cairo.”

Akiva lets Robert know that he plans to take him up on that evening of belly dancing. He promises to introduce him to his favourite cousin in England who just happens to be a crack animator.

“Funding shouldn’t be a problem for a project like this,” Akiva muses, oozing self-confidence.

Robert acknowledges Akiva’s offers with a tip of his cowboy hat. Jamil is the first to arrive at the sinkhole, which is only visible from a sand dune above it. Yohannah beats him to the site, as Jamil has to tie up his horse by putting its lead rope securely underneath a pile of rocks. Yohannah is peering down the sinkhole as the group arrives. Once they are all there and before Jamil or John or Robert can say a word, Yohannah throws a stone down the sinkhole. Everyone listens intently, but no one ever hears it land.

*A Camel Ride to Atlantis*

.....

Akiva makes a go at Robert's prize for psychic acuity. "I can tell you exactly where that rock is landing: Antarctica. You heard me right, Antarctica. I have it on high authority that is where Plato's Atlantis really is. Not offshore Santorini, not the Azores, not Bimini, just north of the South Pole."

Robert looks at him sternly and tells Akiva to add a few grand to the film-funding project. He'll need it to arrange for Akiva's private belly dance show on his own iceberg. John chips in that Antarctica could be melting as they speak and that "the oceans may rise a few meters, just as Mr. Cayce prophesized."

Yohannah assumes a meditation posture as her way of putting an end to unnecessary banter. Damo follows suit. The silence is punctuated with the howl of the desert wind, the howl of an occasional coyote, the barking of stray dogs, the neighing of a horse and the drone of Arabic music pouring out from homes in the Giza village.

After a few minutes of meditation, Damo offers her report. "Your film project is reasonably accurate, but it could use a little fine-tuning. There are many temple structures or what you could call time capsules beneath the plateau. That group of aliens had some misfortunes with their attempt to create a colony here on earth. They knew that they were trapped and could see far enough into the future to know that our civilization could have the same fate. They left us their technology. They thought it might prove useful. One of their spacecraft, which was going as Yo here says – *nowhere fast* – is buried beneath these sands."

Mark notices that both John and Robert are taking notes as Damo speaks. Yohannah asks her if what she sees is what has been called by channels "The Hall of Records."

Damo tunes in for a moment with a faraway look in her eyes and reports back, "Yes and no. The whole city beneath the plateau holds records that will astonish all those with a myopic view of earth history. But what you call "The Hall of Records" is much closer to the Sphinx. We may have occasion to visit it in the very near future."

Damo makes some unusual hand gestures as if she had been taking dictation from invisible guides. The coyotes are howling once again and Jamil suggests that the group should return soon. Yohannah protests, claiming that they need at least another twenty minutes of meditation. Jamil says curtly "be my guest" and wanders off to have a chat with his horse. Akiva mentions to Alexandra that in Israel, he has a donkey that he has chats with just like Jamil. There are no more channelings that evening, but every member of the group returned to Jamil's perfume palace in an altered state of consciousness. John looks at his watch and notices that it was past midnight. He invites Yohannah and whoever might arise early the next morning to join him and Robert for a sunrise meditation at the Sphinx.

*The Unicorn Messiah*

.....

Akiva found the group a local taxi to take them back to the Mena House. Alexandra and Akiva went back to the room exhausted from their camel ride to Atlantis. Yohannah, Damo and Mark stayed up for another hour in the lobby bar, discussing all that was buried in the sands beneath the Giza plateau.

*A Camel Ride to Atlantis*

.....



sinkhole the night before. There was no place to land. Damo had no words to speak. Her animated Greek repertoire of facial expressions became frozen in time, mimicking the Sphinx herself. Yohannah was tracking something. Mark could feel it. Robert and John fell into a kind of telepathic synchronization. Mark sensed they were exchanging information about measurements and dimensions of cavities beneath the paws of the Sphinx. Farag let them be for a few minutes after the sun had risen. Then with a signal, he let them know that their time was up and they needed to follow him back to the village by way of one of the horse stables. Mark managed to leave one of the smoky quartz crystals he had purchased from Mordi in the Sinai as a kind of radio receiver in a pocket that he had found on the surface of the Sphinx.

John took the group for breakfast at a little coffee shop across the way from Jamil's perfumery. He found a table nested amidst a regular clientele more interested in their morning *hooka* than food. A friend of Robert's named Abdul was there and asked if he could join them. Robert was candid.

"Perhaps later, we have some unfinished business to discuss."

The morning's business was one of the unanswered riddles of the Sphinx, the whereabouts and the contents of "The Hall of Records." John was going by the assumption that there was a chamber not far from the right paw of the Sphinx as mentioned in the channelings of Ra-Ta, an earlier incarnation of Edgar Cayce. Robert felt that it was farther away than that, perhaps underneath one of the homes in the Giza village. Yohannah gazed curiously at the Sphinx for a few moments before speaking.

"You would be wise, my friends, to look for the Hall of Records within your own being. Consider that the emerald tablets you are seeking are the left and right hemispheres of your own brain. Yes, in this physical dimension, they will one day be retrieved from the chamber of records. The time is drawing near. What is required of us as initiates is the transcendence of the world of duality. There is a change coming in the nature of the human species towards what you call "androgynous". When that takes place, your brain hemispheres will function far differently than they do today. You might call it "The Crown of Enlightenment." Ra-ta would have called it the establishment of "The Law of One."

John was a little taken aback by Yohannah's words; he had been hoping for detailed psychic archeology from his new found friends. Damo did her best to read his mind and provide him with a more nutritious breakfast.

"The time capsule you are stalking is entombed somewhere between the Sphinx and an ancient canal that led to the Nile River. It contains the records of

Atlantis right up until the final destruction. What is stored therein is a record of a dying race that chronicled their mistakes. We will find formulae and instruments for the renewing of the earth set aside in a tomb. All the smog you breathe as you drive about Cairo could be vacuumed up with one small device from the time capsule.”

Damo glances at Robert for a moment before continuing, “You have done some reading I am sure about the science of harmonics and the setting up of standing waves. The secrets of anti-gravity were known and used by the Atlanteans. If I were to go into the capsule today and bring out the prototype for a free energy device that would replace our addiction to electricity and fossil fuels, do you think you could find a people or a government that would use it?”

John shook his head reluctantly.

“Too much greed and vested interest in the planet right now, I’m afraid.”

Yohannah took a different tack, as she took note of the impact of Damo’s channeling,

“Axial wobble. Watch for the slippage of the crust of the earth. Tampering with the atmosphere will cause serious weather disturbances and the melting of the polar caps. All this is possible and more: unless humanity wakes up, and begins to treat the earth with respect. The earth’s spin is slowing down, my friends. The oxygen for our biosphere is disappearing. Akiva was not far from the truth when he said that we would find Atlantis in Antarctica. He must have been seeing the polar ice melting.”

Yohannah deftly plucks an ice cube out of her iced tea and gazes intently through the hole inside it, back at the Sphinx. Mark laughs at her symbolic gesture while John and Robert are still chuckling over the memory of Akiva’s antics from the night before.

John had had enough channeling for the time being.

“Why don’t you go back to the Mena House and check it all out in the dream state. I’ll see what I can do about setting up a visit to the *shuk* and an evening of belly dancing later tonight.”

The Prophetess was surprised to find that her prophecies were sending her friends to the marketplace for cover. Mark shook Robert’s hand formally in the grand British manner. “Sounds like a plan, old chap.”

The visits to the solar cross and the Sphinx sent Damo, Mark and Yohannah all back to the Mena House to dive under cover of deep sleep. They arrived to find Akiva and Alexandra arising from their separate beds and preparing to go to breakfast. Yohannah commended Akiva on both his newly found psychic gifts and his “good form” at keeping his libido at bay. Akiva gave a curt “thank you ma’am” before heading out the door. Yohannah and Damo decided they would

sleep and dream together that morning. Mark decided nothing; he just collapsed into a near comatose state. The dream that awaited him that morning was the most frightening one of his life. It was more like a volcanic eruption than a dream. Mark shared it with Damo later on, as he awoke, while Yohannah was taking a shower.

*“I was a child maybe fifteen, sixteen, seventeen years old. My parents had died when I was very young and I had been taken into the mystery school training. The priests and priestesses were very fond of me and encouraged me often. I was very bright. What they were training me for exactly, I did not know. I remember all the secrecy and the mystery that enveloped the Hall of Records. I knew we would be taken there at some point during our training, but I was impatient, very impatient. I wanted to know everything about the past, the history of the planet. One night, my desire to know got the best of me. I imagined that Ma’at and Zehhuti came to guide me. The moon was full and I had one candle for light. The guardian of the entrance had fallen asleep. It took extraordinary courage, daring and, in retrospect, arrogance, on my part. I entered the Hall of Records on my own, without a guide. What I saw, felt, heard, touched and remembered in the two or three rooms I explored before the guardians came to fetch me, was beyond my wildest imagination. I met beings from other times, places and races, different than what we know on earth today. I re-experienced the deluge and all the chaos and terror that took place at the time of the sinking of Atlantis. Whatever thoughts I entertained in my mind immediately manifested as visions before my eyes. I have no idea how long I stayed in that hall. All that I know is when I saw the face of Ra once again; I wept and wept and wept. The priests and priestesses were very kind and did whatever they could to restore me, to heal me and turn me back into the bright, curious child I had been before I had entered the hall.*

“Damo, I went mad, never really recovered from it all. I’m still hovering like Horus on the edge of insanity. Yohannah was the one who would have initiated me in that lifetime, and here she is again and I have failed her as a scribe and the vibrations of the Hall of Records are more than I can bear. Please, help me if you can, Damo.”

Damo embraced Mark until his sobbing subsided. She placed her left hand at the nape of his neck and alternated with her right palm, holding it first at his forehead, then over his navel, back and forth, forehead to navel, forehead to navel, forehead to navel, three times. Then, she placed her left hand on his spine, behind his heart and her right hand on his chest over his heart. Mark began to weep once again, but this time his tears were tears of healing and release.

*The Riddle of the Sphinx*

.....

Yohannah came out of the shower naked to find her young acolyte like a shaken child under Damo's care and loving attention. She wrapped herself with a towel, before speaking.

"Have you discovered some unfinished business in the dream state, my friend? Become innocent as a child, and you just might re-enter the kingdom. *Ma'at* says: When shit happens, healing often happens, lifetimes later."

Mark looked up at her to see a double exposure: his Initiator (wearing a golden necklace) from the time from the Hall of Records and his friend, the prophetess, Yohannah, in his present lifetime. It was all very confusing. Mark thanked Damo from the bottom of his heart and exclaimed that it was now *his* turn to take a shower.





He parked the shuttle bus with some difficulty and announced that this was as close to Khan-el-Khalili that he could get. John's trusty driver Sayeed had come along for the ride. He offered to watch over it for an hour or two or as long as the group was lost in the market.

Yohannah suggested that it might be a good idea for the group to break up in small pods and connect with one another at designated rendezvous points now and again. She decided to join up with John and Robert, sensing that they would have some savvy in the *shuk*. Mark told Yohannah he needed to be a very small pod of one for about a half an hour; he found a shopkeeper who knew the whereabouts of an ancient synagogue that he was intent upon visiting. Ibrahim decided it was time for him to learn about astrology so he chaperoned Akiva and Alexandra through the *shuk*. Akiva told Ibrahim he was offering ten percent *baksheesh* for all purchases at kiosks that their shopping guide would take them to. Akiva said that he hoped Ibrahim was getting a kickback from the shops as well. Ibrahim asked if anyone "liked real essential oils, not the fake perfumes you get in the shops out by the Sphinx." Alexandra and Damo were quite interested. Akiva tagged along. Mark returned from his side-trip with a mysterious gift for Akiva. Ibrahim took them to the shop of a friend of his named Mohammed.

Mohammed was a very charming and courteous man whom many considered the father and formulator of perfumes and aromatherapy blends in Cairo. Mohammed's slow, seductive invitations to the world of incense were interspersed with unique little phrases that he had picked up from his international clientele.

He spiced his aromatic tour with his polished poetic English:

"Take your time, *habibi* . . . open your heart as you inhale . . . always put a little time and space between fragrances . . . musk from the Sudan, the sweat glands of the gazelle . . . lotus from the Fayuom oasis to open your crown chakra . . . one drop of Turkish rose will transport you to the Garden of Eden . . . my special blend for attracting the angels."

It took but a few mint teas, some angel incense and Mohammed's alchemical genius to put his new clients into trance. He asked if they had intended to visit the Turkish Bektashi monastery built out of solid rock on the Mokattam hills.

"You might find a Dervish performance tonight in the church across the square if you are lucky. You don't want to miss it."

Mohammed looked at Damo with a sudden glance of his mischievous eyes, stroked his chin and asked her if she would let him touch her with a very special fragrance. Damo gestured with her articulate hands for Mohammed to proceed. He very slowly reached beneath her rib cage and touched her lightly for a

*There are no Accidents in Cairo*

.....

moment somewhere between her heart and her spleen. Damo burst into tears and began to weep for at least five minutes. Akiva thought that she'd sustained some kind of wound and ran out onto the street looking for Yohannah. Alexandra placed her hands on the back of her spine and sang Greek songs to her to soothe her. Mohammed disappeared into a space no bigger than a closet where he was busy blending up a new perfume. Mark waited for Damo to return from her weeping; sensing that it was his turn to be a healing presence for his friend. When Damo returned from the place Mohammed had touched within her, she shared just "an iota" of her journey.

Damo had visited Istanbul once when she was in her teens. This was something that a young Greek girl just would not do. Not on her own, without a male companion. She had fallen in love at the age of seventeen with the sound of the *ney* and the Turkish musician who played it for her. Damo recollected it as the moment when dance entered her body in her present incarnation. She hinted that she had met Mevlana Rumi himself in the midst of her spinning to the sound of the *ney*. She had longed to have a child with this young Dervish but when he emerged from his trance to realize that she was a guest from across the sea, he proclaimed that they could be lovers for one beautiful night only. Damo told Alexandra in Greek and Alexandra translated for Mark that that night was the most beautiful loving that Damo had ever experienced.

Mohammed returned with a blend that his guides had asked him to prepare for Damo. It was something very valuable as both a resin and a fragrance throughout the Islamic world. Mohammed gave Damo the gift of *oud*. Damo burst into tears a second time with laughter pouring out of her eyes. She explained that this was the aroma of her Turkish lover. She had been looking for it all her life. Mark asked if it was possible to buy a little *oud*. Mohammed shook his head.

"It's far too expensive for you, my friend. Buy my sandalwood instead. If Damo loves you, she will give you a drop or two of her *oud* to blend with your sandalwood."

Mohammed accepted what Mark offered him for the sandalwood, sold three or four sachets of his angel blend to Alexandra, kissed each of his three guest magi on both cheeks and escorted them to the door.

Ibrahim was outside the shop playing *sheshbesh* with John. Yohannah, Robert and Akiva were lost somewhere in the market. Ibrahim said there was a café for them to go to that was what Yohannah called "the designated rendezvous spot." The group made it there amidst much jostling and a thousand and one

invitations from shopkeepers inviting them in to “just look, no buy, just look.” Damo was still very much with her lover in Istanbul. Mark and Alexandra held onto her tightly, one at each arm. John managed to locate the café and soon enough, all the missing members of the group arrived. Akiva was loaded like a camel with his new acquisitions: an antelope leather knapsack, a gazillion zills for belly dancers he planned to court in the near future and a strange brass geometrical chandelier that would one day become the centerpiece of his “pyramid suite” back in Chattanooga. Alexandra had stocked up on white galabeyas, a few for the group and a few for her girlfriends back home. Ibrahim had a dozen cassettes with him of Arabic and Nubian music that he picked up from a friend of his who specialized in bootleg tapes. Robert had taken John and Yohannah to his favourite spice store, tucked away on a side street off the main artery of the *shuk*. Yohannah was delighted with the expedition, mentioning that her Dutch ancestors had pillaged Indonesia for its culinary delights centuries before. All of them had stashes of saffron, nutmeg, karkadi tea, frankincense and a strange root that Robert guessed was an hallucinogen used by the ancient Egyptians in a ceremony he called “the litany of Ra.”

Yohannah wanted to know what exactly had transpired in Mohammed’s shop. Akiva’s version of the event had Damo being molested by an unscrupulous shopkeeper with psychic powers. Damo was indignant and told Yohannah in so many broken English-spiced-with-Greek words that Akiva couldn’t have been further from the truth. She explained that Mohammed was “a Sufi in the marketplace” who had seen into the recesses of her heart and had gifted her with a healing that she had longed for, for over half her life.

“Do you think he could heal me?” said Yohannah naively.

“Heal you of *what?*” barked an astonished Akiva.

“I’m not sure, gastronomical distress, I guess.”

Yohannah was holding her belly as she spoke. Robert asked the waiter to bring her a cup of Turkish coffee with lemon juice in it. Yohannah asked Damo if there wasn’t some essential oil that she should add to her coffee as a topnote.

“Try this,” was Robert’s reply as he added one drop of fennel oil to her coffee. Yohannah quoted something she had heard Mark say en route to Mount Sinai, “Today is a good day to die.”

At that moment, a friend of John’s who was a guide for tour groups that did the boat cruise from Aswan to Abydos and back to Luxor walked in the café.

“Hhamdi, what are you doing in Cairo? I thought you had a group of newcomers from America this week.”

John was obviously delighted and surprised to bump into his friend. He gave him the loving British handshake and karate chop to the shoulder blades.

Hhamdi, who was a small but durable Egyptian with fire pouring out of his

*There are no Accidents in Cairo*

.....



Nile. I had four theatre students who were amateur Egyptologists from Phoenix, Arizona. They decided that their *raison d'être* for coming to Egypt was to chant their translation of the whole of "The Book of What is in the Duat." I made the mistake of informing them it was perfectly preserved on the walls of The Tomb of Tuthmosis the Third. It took me four hours to get them out of the tomb, they could have perished for lack of oxygen, yet they all *swore* at me later and blamed *me* because they had missed dinner."

Hhamdi was shuddering at the memory of his recent fiasco. He asked John to buy him a bottle of Arak. Hhamdi proclaimed, with tears in his eyes, that he had just handed in his resignation to *Mafiche Moushkayla* Tours and Travel.

John bought his friend a bottle of Arak. Yohannah suggested that perhaps he should just give up guiding *American* groups. She assured him that Dutch travelers would be more appreciative of his services. Mark asked for his business card or his telephone number just in case he returned to Egypt one day and had a chance to do the boat cruise on the Nile. Alexandra encouraged him to take that vacation to Alexandria as soon as possible.

The group finished their dinner, said goodbye to their friend and headed for the little Church across the square where Mohammed had told them there might be a Dervish ceremony that night. They arrived just in time to find their seats. The lights went out and the sound of the Turkish *Ney* filled the Church. Alexandra and Mark held Damo tightly, knowing that her memories of the young Turkish Dervish that she loved so dearly would likely pour through her once again. The hypnotic chanting began slowly at first to the beat of invisible dumbeks offstage. A single light illuminated the one Dervish onstage who was folded up into himself with his arms held tightly over his heart. As the pulse of the music increased, he slowly began to unwind and spin to his left. At first, he spun slowly, but the pace of the music quickened and the Dervish began to spin faster and faster and faster. His gown was multi-coloured and soon the Dervish was nothing but an expression of pure longing spinning in a pool of flames. His companions joined him onstage and began to swirl one by one with him until the whole solar system was in orbit that night in the little Church. Damo did what she could to hold back tears, but her memories overwhelmed her once again. Yohannah caught Damo's eyes for a brief glance, putting her hands over her heart to let the seeress know that she now understood what had happened to her at the perfumery. Akiva took some great photos of the event, which he developed upon returning to Israel.

Damo asked to be taken back to the Mena House after the Dervish ceremony. She claimed she just wasn't up to an evening of belly-dancing that

*There are no Accidents in Cairo*

.....

night. Yohannah bowed out as well saying that she needed to be with Damo. Alexandra wanted to stay as well but Damo wouldn't let her. She felt the boys needed her to escort them to the club. They drove back through the chaos of Cairo traffic, dropped the women off at the Mena House and proceeded to a famous restaurant not far from Giza village called "The Back of the Moon." Ibrahim introduced them to the proprietor of the establishment and announced that he had an important game of *sheshbesh* to play and that he would be waiting for them outside the club. Alexandra entered the club and found a table for her four companions as close to the stage as possible.

The show was in progress. Appetizers and drinks arrived quickly. The dancer, Omphalissa, a descendant of Cleopatra according to the program, was a Greek woman who had settled in Alexandria. She was accompanied by three musicians who were playing *oud*, *kannun* and *dumbek*. Omphalissa performed an exquisite folkloric dance called *balladee* with a cane. She balanced a candelabrum atop her head with seven lit candle flames. She danced with a sword on her head, on her chin and on her hips. Omphalissa made eye contact with Alexandra, one Greek woman catching the eyes of another. She came to their table, threw scarves and a headpiece that she wore over Robert, John and Mark respectively. She invited Akiva to dance with her, but he declined shyly as she tucked a twenty-dollar American bill not far from her belly. She took Alexandra instead and the two of them danced like sisters who had been dancing with one another for lifetimes. Akiva joked with his friends saying that he knew all along that Alexandra was not just your ordinary astrologer. Alexandra and Omphalissa came down from the stage to get Mark and Akiva up and dancing. The musicians began a slow wave of percussion that built momentum, making it much more challenging for their new dancers. Robert remarked that the really great dancers in Egypt were often male. John insisted that his buddies would need to rent a flat in Giza and do some serious practicing. During the dance, Mark had something bizarre happen to him, which he waited until the next day to discuss with Alexandra. Akiva seemed satisfied with his excursion into the world of belly dancing and offered Omphalissa an inexpensive pair of zills that he picked up in the shuk before leaving. He did manage to extract a business card from Omphalissa before leaving "The Back of the Moon".

On the road back to the Mena House, a man riding a donkey nuzzled out in front of Ibrahim's shuttle bus and three other vehicles, crossing three lanes of traffic before finding its exit ramp. The reflexes of each of the drivers were astonishing. The startled rider was initially annoyed by the sound of their horns but gave a victory smile before leaving the highway. Akiva complained that Cairo

traffic was insane. Robert and John agreed with him but told him not to worry, that spirit guides would take care of both him and any oncoming traffic that he or the donkey might happen to meet.

Ibrahim turned and looked back at Akiva with a tooth-filled grin, “You know, Mister Akiva, there are no accidents in Cairo.”

*Insert Dervish photo:*

*There are no Accidents in Cairo*

.....



Ibrahim was out in front of the Mena House hand polishing his borrowed vehicle with great pride. The tribe waited for ten or fifteen minutes before Yohannah decided that John and Robert were the latecomers. *They* were the ones she was leaving behind today. Mark did his best to get back into the flow of things by playing tour guide and letting his friends know what he had found out about the monastery at Saint Macarius from Cherubim. He had been carrying a letter in his backpack for almost four months from Cherubim to deliver to a friend of his at Macarius.

“Wadi El-Natrun is a long desert valley below sea level that is home to four Coptic monasteries built in the fourth century. Macarius, if I understood Cherubim correctly, was a renegade monk who escaped persecution and settled in the wadi to grow oranges, grapes and even corn. Cherubim led me to believe that there are secret chambers to be found somewhere on the grounds of the monastery. Perhaps our resident team of psychic archeologists might like to explore this one.” Mark offered a knowing look to both Damo and Yohannah. “My conversations with Cherubim lead me to believe that a portion of the Alexandrian library was taken by monks in secret compartments of their camel bags from Alexandria to the monasteries in Natrun but Macarius in particular. Cherubim promised me that we would not be disappointed by our visit to “his monastery.”

Damo could feel the change in vibration when they were within five miles of the monastery. She could smell jasmine flowers in the air. The monastery was virtually deserted when they arrived. The parking lot was empty. The group gave a small donation at the entrance and began to meander about the courtyard. Eventually, a young monk arrived who spoke a touch of English. He explained that he was working in the kitchen that day, disappeared for five minutes, and returned with an elder monk who had a long white beard and torchlight eyes that felt like they could gaze through the eons with ease, according to Alexandra. He asked Yohannah, whom he gathered to be the leader of the group, if they would enjoy a tour of the monastery. Mark could feel, in his manner, a resonance with the simplicity and sweetness that he had felt in Cherubim’s presence. The elder monk, Justin, was a learned and loquacious man, who spoke with the authority of the Oxford English dictionary. He gave them an orderly tour of two rooms filled with paintings and icons of Jesus and his disciples; the gardens where Damo found the most fragrant jasmine flowers on the planet and one or two chapels that were in use for daily prayers. Justin then walked with them to the perimeter of the grounds of the monastery, pointed to some caves and “burial chambers” and reported that the bones of both the prophets Elisha and John the Baptist had been

*The Bones of the Prophets, & Pyramid Prophecies*

.....

transported from Israel to be preserved at the monastery. He mentioned that Macarius had chosen the spot himself.

Father Justin spoke with an air of authority and deep humility, “There are many other scrolls and records that the world will be very happy to find when the time is right. They are stored in the desert region adjoining the monastery.”

Mark asked Father Justin if Father Nathaniel was still alive. Father Justin was startled for a moment and replied, “Yes he is alive and he is threatening us with a plan to go by camel to visit his brother in Jericho before he dies.”

Mark rummaged around in his backpack for the letter that Cherubim had asked him to deliver some months ago. He handed it to Father Justin with the knowledge that this was the reason he was sent to visit the monastery. When Father Justin saw Cherubim’s handwriting, he was moved. He asked to be excused from their presence for a few minutes. He returned with joy visibly emanating from his heart. Damo said she could see something like a golden helmet around his head, similar to the one she saw on the icons of Macarius himself. Father Justin expressed his gratitude, blessed Mark formally and the others in the group informally and offered two sachets of miniature lemons that he had just harvested from a tree in the courtyard. One was for his guests. One was for Mark to deliver or send to Cherubim when he should return to Israel.

The group wandered about for a few minutes, but then Yohannah insisted that they had accomplished their mission and needed to return to Cairo soon. In the van, on the way back to Cairo, Yohannah told Mark she found it interesting that the bones the monastery was famous for were those of the Prophet Elisha and John the Baptist. She said that according to Edgar Cayce, the latter was the reincarnation of the former. She spoke of how the early authors of the Christian texts had done their best to model the relationship between John the Baptist and Jesus, after the Hebrew story of the prophets Elijah and Elisha.

Akiva inquired if she thought that the only way Jesus would have been received as a messiah in his day was if someone believed that John the Baptist was indeed the reincarnation of the prophet Elijah.

Yohannah stroked the hairs of an imaginary beard before replying, “Your guess is as good as mine, my son. But let me ask you this one question. If John the Baptist was really the reincarnation of the prophet Elisha, as Edgar Cayce suggests, then who is Jesus the reincarnation of?”

After a moment or two of silence, Yohannah stroked her mythical beard a few more times and announced to her friends that they had until September 26 1975, to submit the answer to her riddle.

Damo asked innocently what the reward was for the correct answer. Yohannah pulled out a lemon from the bag that Justin had given her and a bottle of wine that she had purchased at the monastery. She said that whoever

understood the answer to her riddle would taste “the new wine” that had been aged for approximately 2160 years during the Age of Pisces.

When they returned to the Mena House, Akiva steered the group to take lunch by the pool and cool off. That was fine with Yohannah as long as everyone promised to stay awake for a teaching she had in mind that afternoon on what she called “pyramid prophecies.”

Mark’s ears perked up like a coyote that could smell a rabbit nearby.

“Does this mean that you finally got around to reading the books that Jared donated to our own Alexandrian library? Or are we about to be treated to a channeling from Zehhuti or Thoth himself?”

Yohannah was curt, “Go take a shower and return to the pool in a half hour. What will be, will be.”

Akiva took care of ordering the necessary appetizers and drinks for the afternoon session of a laid back group of disciples in bathing suits. He complained that his level of concentration was going to be split that afternoon between “pyramid prophecies” and the “sacred triangles” he was discovering in the Greek bikinis.

Yohannah chided her cheeky Greek disciples that they were “risking it” by wearing a two piece bathing suit and a bikini in an Islamic country. Once everyone had settled in, she pulled out a chart of the paths and chambers inside of the great pyramid of Giza. Her friends gathered around a small circular table as Yohannah began an explanation. She pointed at the entrance to the pyramid which was dated 2623 B.C. on her chart. There were three primary pathways illustrated on it. One descended to what was called the pit, which was located, somewhere beneath the pyramid itself. One led up through the grand gallery to what was usually called the King’s Chamber. There was another path at the beginning of the grand gallery that went directly to a chamber that the guides called the Queen’s Chamber. Akiva asked her if the names of the chambers came from British or Scottish pyramidologists.

Yohannah finished her lemon juice and made a miniature pyramid out of the ice cubes at the bottom of her drink before replying, “Masons have taken an interest in the Great Pyramid of Giza for many centuries now. The locals, on the other hand, stripped the casing stones off of the pyramid and used them for other building projects. I imagine there are a few disgruntled space ships out there that have had serious navigational problems ever since the casing stones were stolen.”

She returned to the markings on the chart.

“The chamber that goes to the pit, you can call “the way of the dead.” Here, look at this chamber, the timeline goes from 1914 A.D. to 2004 A.D. The author

*The Bones of the Prophets, & Pyramid Prophecies*

.....

called it the “redemptive age,” or the age of total reincarnation and the age of “hell on earth.”

Yohannah points to the chart where the ascending passageway levels off to a straightway that eventually leads to the King’s Chamber. She chuckles to herself as she reports that the author of the book that the chart came from refers to the period from 1914 to 1999 as the “catalytic era of the Messianic Initiative.”

Mark takes a closer look at the chart and notices that the ascending passage begins with a date of 1453 B.C. He reminds Yohannah that Rutherford, in his Pyramidology treatise, gave the morning of March 30<sup>th</sup> as the exact moment for the departure from Egypt. The crossing of *Yam Suph* was symbolized by what he called the “hidden lintel”, a removable limestone block concealed at the entrance to the Ascending Passage. It represented a hidden doorway or exit for the Hebrew people out of Egypt.

Alexandra interrupted Mark, “The beginning of the grand gallery is marked at 33 A.D., obviously the timing for ‘the crucifixion’.”

Alexandra asked Yohannah if the chart showed any correspondences to Cayce’s pyramid prophecies. Yohannah invited her to let the group in on what she knew of them.

She innocently adjusted her bikini before answering.

“Cayce perceived the forty years from 1958-1998 as a period of geological upheaval leading up to the shifting of the earth’s axis. He felt that there the most critical earth changes would be heralded by a major volcanic eruption of Mount Vesuvius or Mount Etna. He predicted that during this whole period of time, many of the great souls and initiates from the time of Atlantis would reincarnate. Cayce dated the great pyramid at 10,490 B.C. He saw the rise and fall of nations and the evolution of world religious thought mirrored in the passage angles and the kind of rock used within the pyramid. So much for Cayce; what I am most interested in isn’t even on the chart. I want to know *where* the pyramidion is, and *when* that missing capstone will be returned.”

Akiva offered Alexandra an iced-karkedi tea, *tehhina*, pita and a salt shaker that is in the shape of a small pyramid.

“Why don’t you just use this for now, I believe it is a miniature alabaster capstone created by monks in Wadi Natrun to store salt until the one who dubbed them “the salt of the earth” makes his return.”

Damo gazed at Akiva with a mixture of wonder and admiration.

“You’re really getting the hang of things here, aren’t you?”

Yohannah shook her head and offered her own aside, “Akiva’s on the fast track to something, we just don’t know what it is. I fear that our boy is analyzing the New Testament for marketing purposes. He’s planning to use the disciple/testimonial model to market ankhs, icons, pyramidions and other

*chutchkas* to aspirants in North America.”

Alexandra returned to the pyramid prophecy map where the antechamber to the King’s Chamber begins in 1999. Yohannah has noted in her own handwriting, a major event booked for the year 2033. Alexandra asks Mark if he’s ever taken the time to draw up astrology charts for some of the critical dates on the chart. The Canadian astrologer teases Alexandra by asking her if she has any interest in visiting Rosh Pinah after her time in Cairo. She declines the invitation, saying that she has a growing astrological practice in Athens. She promises to send him charts for the birth of the Age of Aquarius in February of 1961, Yohannah’s mysterious September 26<sup>th</sup> date in 1975, a Mayan prophecy date for August of 1987, a Pluto at perihelion portal on Sept.4,1989, plus a few more for “Galactic Events” on December 12, 2007, 28 Oct. 2011, 21 Dec. 2012, 3 May 2017, and big cosmic surprises in 2022 and 2033.

Yohannah expressed her delight in being surrounded by a team of astrologers, magi and new age business moguls. She attempts to steer the group back to her map of pyramid prophecies, but to no avail. Robert and John have found them out and create quite a stir as they arrive at poolside. John is excited.

“My friend Hakeem can get us in to the pyramid for a private meditation at 3 am tomorrow morning. I’m in charge of logistics and protocols. We need to come up with forty or fifty dollars each for *baksheesh*. I’m assuming we have a group of eight. Are your pod of initiates ready to enter the pyramid?”

Akiva let out a howl, “Ready or not, here we come.”

Alexandra asked if the group should wear their new white galabeyas for the ceremony. Robert eyes her provocative swimwear before responding.

“Why not, as long as you don’t throw us out for wearing Levis and tee-shirts, we’re old hat at this you know.”

Yohannah asked where they are to meet Hakeem. John says that they will bring Hakeem to the Mena House lobby to meet at 2 a.m.

“The entrance is good from 3 to 5am. If we are lucky and I can track down Farag, we might be able to climb the pyramid as well. We’re going to take an early dinner, go back to our room and sleep until midnight if we can. I suggest you do the same.”

Robert and John declined Yohannah’s invitation to offer their input on “the pyramid prophecies.”

“Perhaps later, over breakfast, after we’ve been inside.”

Robert and John head for the Mena House café. Everyone at poolside is very excited by the good news. Yohannah lets all the excitement die down before sharing one more item relating to the passageways and her own dating of the

pyramid prophecies.

“One last numerological note, before we prepare to meet the guardians of the great pyramid. It is 1975, if I’m correct. Not sure if we can really rely on the Gregorian calendar, it’s been tampered with as well. Add 42 years to 1975. I suggest *you* check out that date as well. The one who is speaking with you is 42 years old. Eighty-four years is the full cycle of the planet Uranus. The ancient Egyptians held a ceremony in Abydos where the soul, at death, was required to answer 42 questions by the 42 assessors of *Maat* in the *bardo* state. Only when all 42 questions were answered was entrance allowed into the afterlife. If you look at the book of Exodus closely,” Yohannah is giving Mark an assignment with her laser beam eyes, “the Hebrew Tabernacle is set up exactly 42 times during the passage through the wilderness of Sinai. It just might be that Earth’s collective *bardo* state or solar journey through the galactic *duat* will last 42 years from the time this one before you leaves this planet.”

Yohannah gathered up her books and charts and made a dramatic exit from poolside. The excitement over the news of the private entrance to the great pyramid has transformed into a moment of anxiety and tension in the camp of the prophets.

Mark invited Damo to join him in an important meditation before dinner.

“Sure, but I wouldn’t mind going for a swim first.”

Akiva, with mischief in his Gemini eyes, invited Alexandra for a drink to celebrate “happy hour.”

He took her “why not” as a sign that happy hour has arrived, calls over the waiter and puts in his order for two “pina coladas”. The waiter asks him if he wants “virgin pina coladas” or ones with rum in them. The handsome waiter appears distracted or mesmerized by Alexandra as he takes the order. He proceeds to take a few steps backwards and falls, tray and all, right into the pool.

Damo looks on in astonishment.

She informs Akiva that Yohannah was right all along.

“It must be the power of our sacred triangles.”





where the limestone of the pyramid gives way to the granite of the King's Chamber. The group entered the chamber one at a time and it took at least five minutes for everyone to catch their breath. Yohannah and Hakeem chose to sit with their backs up against the open granite coffer. Mark and Damo sat to their right. Akiva and Alexandra sat to their left, John and Robert found a spot exactly in the middle of the chamber. John pointed out a few features of the chamber, including one ventilation shaft and the cryptocrystalline content of the granite that came from Aswan.

Hakeem offered a short invocation in Arabic before tapping on the coffer three times. A musical note was released into the chamber that John said was A according to the Pythagorean scale at 432 cycles per second. He mentioned that the chamber itself vibrated at middle C or 256 cycles per second. Damo toned the vowel Hu in middle C and the chamber was filled with the resonance of Hu for what seemed to be an eternity.

Alexandra lit some of the angel incense that Mohammed had given her on a small piece of charcoal. The incense served to banish a stench from an unknown source that was in the air when they entered. As the vibrations from Damo's chanting of Hu subsided, and the fragrance of the angel incense filled the air, each member of the group was transported slowly but surely, into a profound meditative state. After about twenty minutes, Hakeem began to shepherd each one of his guests to the open granite coffer. He had placed a blanket, which Akiva had brought from the Mena House, in the coffer for them to lie on. Yohannah had explained to her group during the ceremonial walk to the entrance of the pyramid that the initiation in the King's Chamber could be, if they allowed it, a journey to the realm of the imperishable stars. She whispered to her crew that it was an opportunity for a profound ego death experience and a taste of one's immortality once the fear of death had been overcome. Yohannah was the first to dive into the coffer for her near death experience and subsequent reincarnation. Hakeem proceeded to tap the coffer three times to indicate when it was time for someone new to enter. The meditation grew deeper and deeper. Mark heard or imagined he could hear the voices of discarnate spirits speaking with one another at the entrance to the pyramid below. Damo kept looking up at the ventilation shaft as if it were a tunnel for her soul to travel out to the star realm and back. John and Robert continued their telepathic exchange of measurements that they had begun at the paws of the Sphinx, two mornings earlier. Alexandra was evidently receiving some kind of instructions in the midst of her meditation that she needed to write in her journal. Akiva made busied himself by lighting and re-lighting the angel incense. It took almost an hour for everyone, including Hakeem, to taste death and resurrection in the coffer. When Robert came out and sat back down, Hakeem let Mark know that it was approaching 4:41 am.

*Invitation*

.....

Mark opened the Hebrew text of the prophet Yeshayahu and began to chant the phrase *B'yom Hahu*. The acoustics in the King's Chamber were unlike anything he had ever experienced before. The chamber took the vowels of his cantillation through a profound resonance that returned in sonic waves that hinted of other dimensions. Mark learned how to allow the vowels to fill the chamber with what Damo later called "overtone harmonics".

When it came time for him to chant the Hebrew name for the "Holy One", he began to tremble like a cantor or the Hebrew High Priest might have trembled during *Yom Kippur*. He chose to chant the letters one at a time. Something extraordinary happened in the chamber during the chanting of this passage. Everyone discovered later that they had had an experience of a powerful beam of light spiraling in at the crown of the head and anchoring at the heart. A similar thing happened when he chanted the Hebrew word *moshiah* (saviour, redeemer). Toward the end of the chanting, everyone felt comfortable enough to join in. Hakeem seemed right at home with the Hebrew. The harmonics that filled the chamber were "just awesome", according to the initiate from Chattanooga. Eight voices filled the chamber completely until there was a choir of sixty-four voices blending into one harmonic synchrony. The ceremony lasted perhaps a half an hour. The energy in the room was so intense that Akiva's head started to shake uncontrollably on three or four occasions. Hakeem went over to him and helped him transform the shaking into a circling motion that resembled a Sufi *zikhron* practice. Damo found herself channeling once again. Her lips were moving but no audible sound came out of her. Alexandra was given a language of hand gestures and postures that she later called Egyptian yoga. John and Robert both saw constellational patterns appear like holograms in the centre of the chamber. Robert told the group the next day that he had seen the belt of Orion vibrating above the apex of the pyramid in the vision that came to him in the King's Chamber. Yohannah asked if anyone had seen the Eye of Horus in the moment that the audible chanting ceased and silence filled the chamber with a golden light.

Hakeem led the group out of the King's Chamber and back down the Grand Gallery, teaching them to walk backwards for the time as the passage narrowed. They made a stop for no more than ten minutes in the so-called Queen's Chamber.

Damo said something quite strange upon leaving this room. "I feel myself as a light body returning to earth once the Age of Aquarius has been anchored."

When the group exited the Great Pyramid, it was early morning and the sky

*The Unicorn Messiah*

.....

was beginning to lighten. John was ecstatic to find Farag waiting for them at the entrance.

Farag clears his throat, tosses a cigarette at Akiva's feet and announces, "Everyone coming with me to the top before *Allah* puts the capstone back on. We have less than an hour. Ra is almost up." John does a quick hand-count to find that there are a few dropouts. Hakeem smiles, thanks his neighbour for the invitation and invites him for a game of *sheshbesh* later that night. Damo says that she'd like to connect with Hakeem, maybe later in the day, but she is going back to the Mena House to take down the channeling that is waiting for her from her time in the King's Chamber. Akiva hesitates before asking Farag if seven people can actually fit at the top of the pyramid. Farag must have been asked this question before as he had a ready answer, "If a thousand angels can fit on the head of a pin, I'm sure we can squeeze seven onto the top of Cheops."

Akiva realizes that enlightenment aside he had an extraordinary photographic opportunity. He signs up and forks out a few more American twenty-dollar bills for his friends. Yohannah jokes with him, mentioning to Farag that her friend, Lazarus, was just resurrected from the coffer in the pyramid and had yet to gain his "climbing legs." Farag swears on his packet of cigarettes not to push Akiva beyond his limit.

The agile champion climber chose a kind of corkscrew spiraling path to ascend the pyramid that used two of the four faces to reach the top. Some of the blocks were as much as two and a half to three feet from one step to the other. Farag was a seasoned guide and seemed to know intuitively at what stations the group needed to rest. He even gave them a few tips on proper breathing techniques for what he called "*oxy-jinn-aysian*". Alexandra suffered a bout of vertigo about two thirds of the way up the pyramid. She said it wasn't about height, her astral body was capable of flight and she just didn't know where to fly to. When the group reached the top of the pyramid, they were surprised to find someone awaiting them there. A boyish face emerged from the chrysalis of his *keffiyah*, coming out of his meditation with a warm smile.

"Thought you'd never make it, I've been here all night waiting for you. My name is Richard. I have completed my meditation but I'm not quite ready to make the descent. Do you mind if I join you for yours?"

John said the fellow looked *very familiar*.

"You remind me of a doctor friend of mine who lives in Glastonbury."

Richard nods like a man who is well known throughout the world but enjoys going places incognito. The group of eight arranged themselves in a circle to begin their silent meditation. Farag offers to leave but Akiva asks him "where would you go?" Farag points to the Sphinx, but stays. Mark reaches into his daypack and

*Invitation*

.....

brings out a set of twenty-two quartz crystals that a channel passing through Vancouver had suggested he might want to “charge” one day at the top of the Giza Pyramid. He lays them out on a silk batik scarf that Sarah had made for him with the pattern of the Tree-of-Life upon it. Farag informs him that more and more people are bringing crystals to the top of the pyramid and that he has quite a collection himself from the tips that people give him.

The group finally settles in for a twenty-minute meditation that comes to conclusion with Mark offering a few Atlantean tonal chants, more for the benefit of his crystals than for his friends. Yohannah had obviously experienced a powerful realignment during the meditation; Alexandra said that she could see “beams of light” radiating out of Yohannah’s temples. Mark shared that he felt connected to many spiritual friends at the top of the pyramid who were living in diverse places on the earth grid. Akiva felt “charged up like a battery” and asked Farag if there were any camel races outside of Cairo that day that he could go to. Richard was silent at first, but did smile and engage in a private conversation with Yohannah as the group snaked its way back down the pyramid as the sun rose in the east over Cairo, illuminating the face of the Sphinx.

Akiva tipped Farag handsomely for his services that morning. He thanked him, explaining that it was people like Akiva that were putting his two sons through university in Germany and gave Akiva a big hug and slipped a couple of Egyptian perfume bottles into his pockets as a gesture of goodwill and friendship. Richard thanked the group for letting him join their meditation and headed towards the pyramid of Mycerinus as Yohannah, Mark, Akiva and Alexandra meandered back to the Mena House. Robert and John decided to spend a little time with Farag and visit Hakeem for breakfast before returning to the hotel.

Damo was already in a deep sleep when the rest of the group finally arrived back at their room. Everyone went comatose until noon when the heat of the day became oppressive and the phone rang with a wake-up call. Damo had written half a book by the time her friends arose. Each member of the tribe sailed through his/her own zone of silence that afternoon. Yohannah made one joke only, suggesting that Zehhuti or Thoth was with them and would keep them busy with visions to scribe down until sunset. Alexandra promised to treat the group to what she called a farewell dinner, at the Indian restaurant that night at 9 p.m. Damo and Mark took a walk over to the Sphinx to have a few words with Hakeem, Jamil, and the Sphinx herself before returning for dinner. Mark found Ibrahim playing his eternal game of *sheshbesh* outside of the Mena House and invited him to join them for dinner that night. At first, Ibrahim declined, but when he realized that the group was disbanding the next day and leaving for

