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Opening Extract from

Out of Time 2: Raven's Hoard

Written by

Gill Jepson

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CHAPTER ONE

SEPTEMBER 1st 1998

RELEASE THE GLORIOUS

I go down in beautiful amber. The rails are a bit knobbly, ornate. The stairs are so steep my legs tremble as I go down. I am at the bottom now. My legs are like jelly. I gather my strength, letting myself recover from the effort of going down. After a pause I can go forward a little. My legs are still shaky, as if they might give out at any time.

I totter forward. It is an ordinary passage. Nothing very ornate about this. I must be deep underground. It is very dark and damp. It is a long way down, not much air. I turn off to the left. There are a whole series of openings on the right with metal grills. Oh, I am in a prison. A dungeon, this is a prison of old. I see many cells with metal bars. Very damp indeed, it is not a nice place. I know that in one of these cells (pause). . . there is nothing modern here, no little grill or peephole to see inside, just metal bars. I am not even looking inside to see who is in them. I don't want to see who is in them.

This place is not nice. I go along. There is a man hanging through the bars. I can't miss him. He has been here a very long time. I stop and lift his head, because it was hanging down and I couldn't see his face. As I lift his head I look into the most incredible pair of blue eyes and the most incredibly youthful face underneath all his hair. He is beautiful, he doesn't belong here. He is glorious.

"Why are you here?" I ask. "Why are you here? You don't belong in here."

He speaks: "The most glorious things are locked up inside, waiting for release. The most glorious things are hidden away inside until somebody comes along and lets them out. You are to release me."

I look at the lock and a key is there. He could easily have turned it. But I am to do that. I unlock and pull the door open. He untangles himself from the bars and comes through the door. We link arms. Following behind him are children. I hadn't seen them before. There are lots of little children all trailing like a long procession after him, beautiful, young and fresh children.

"Where I go they go," He says. "They cannot do without me and I cannot do without them. They too are wondrous things. But I am the beginning. Take me up to the light."

Years later I still get emotional as I remember this experience. Who do you think this person represents?

THE JOURNEY AND TRAINING BEGINS

I wondered what my family would say if they knew where I went on my inner trips. It was hard keeping it all to myself as I knew they would not understand at all. They would have serious doubts about my sanity that is for sure.

I was slowly recovering from the breakup of my marriage and was regaining my own spirit and self worth. Part of me wanted to keep my visits to the inner world private and the other part wanted to shout from the rooftops. I joined a spiritual circle but still I kept my experiences to myself. Writing this out now is an act of faith for they still may not understand and maybe my friends won't either. But here goes.

FEBRUARY 21st 1992

PANEL OF LIGHT – LEARN

I step down in gold and silver on a modern steel and shiny metal stairway, all the way down, a long way down. At the bottom I see the way ahead is a tube-like passage. I wander off to the left and find a door set into the curvature of the wall of the tube. I run my hand over it to find out how I can open it. It slides open.

I ask to be shown what I need to see. There are panels of instruments. It is very science fiction stuff this. My eye sweeps round the array and is caught by a glowing panel. I sweep on and come back to it, drawn to the glowing pulsating panel of light. I feel I should go towards it to see what it is. I am here for confidence and upliftment, a little confirmation for myself. I am told to step through the panel.

I'm confused: "Step through the panel?"

"Yes, step through the light, it is a doorway." I am commanded.

I feel the need to collect myself. I don't know how to do this. In my mind I pull together a picture of me and how I am dressed so that I can go through. It requires some effort. I have a tickle on my chin and my nose. I step in very slowly and pass into amber light. It is as if light passes right the way through me. I am immersed in light. It isn't so difficult; a nice sensation with a deepening connection. I am strongly reminded to use the third eye.

My mind drifts off onto other things, which is terrible. I must use the third eye. My mind wanders off into all sorts of questions, affirmations, statements of where I wish to be. After a while I realise I am still in the dark, I can't see anything. I have to go back through the door.

I keep getting the words in my head, LEARN, CONTINUE TO LEARN. I step backwards into the orange glow in the doorway and stay in it. I realise that I could stay in this light if I wanted to or I could come back directly from the doorway of light. I don't need to go through it to come back. I feel the light through me and bring myself back to my room, still feeling suffused with the orange glow and wanting it to sustain me throughout the day.

FEBRUARY 28th 1992

CHEST WITH CHALICE AND SCROLL

Sunny yellow is the colour. I am a slithering shapeless form going down. What a peculiar feeling! When I get to the bottom, the feeling changes completely. I take on a stance of determination, almost military. I practically march forward, turning a sharp left, as if drilling. I am absolutely determined. I am walking on sand. I stride forward along the corridor feeling the sand, very solid and firm underfoot. Keep going. Yes, I see a wooden and sandy door; old weathered wood such as you'd get at the seaside. Sand is the theme:

"The sands of time."

I feel energy and am being nudged towards a chest. I hesitate. Chests always represent the unknown to me and I am a little bit fearful of what might be inside. But I am nudged towards it and I know I must go nearer. It is an ornate chest. The theme is sand and sea, treasure trove. That is it, treasure trove within the chest. I feel better about it now. I open it and, laughing, I see a few butterflies leave.

I know it is a good chest; it is no Pandora's Box. I take out a chalice, a beautiful golden chalice. I am awed by it and put it down on the sand and reach in again. I take out an orb. Next there are some papers rolled up. Scrolls! I am fearful of unrolling the scrolls and put them to one side. I am not worried by what might be on the scrolls, I am anxious about my inability to see and understand. I am afraid that if I undo it I will see nothing. I will leave it for the moment. Next there are two candlesticks with candles in to light the way. The scrolls will not be ignored and have rolled over towards me.

I know what I have to do, unroll the scrolls. This I do. There is writing; heavy black words. It is **'PERSERVERENCE, LOVE, TRUST',** it is all there for you. I ask to be shown clearly so that I am not imagining and '**PERSEVERANCE'** keeps coming back. I see the letters on the paper. I know it is enough. I can feel the energy and my ears are hurting. They are hurting and I hear the voice:

"My dear child." I want to cry.

I ponder on how I am going to take all these things with me. I don't have enough hands. I think of leaving them behind. Then I think again.

No, the candles are to light the way and it is unforgivable to leave what has been given. So I untie and use the string from around the scrolls, wrap the candles in the scrolls and tie the candles, the scrolls, the orb and chalice together so that it can be carried in one hand, so that I have all these things that were given. I must go on before I go back.

I am becoming very tired and need to lie down on a bank and go to sleep. I am very tired…

*What followed was a long period of deep rest in which I felt very much overshadowed. I felt good. It was not a waste of time and one I could have stayed with, but I knew I had to go to work [the office] and my time was to be limited. My friends, my helpers were very much with me, very much so. I had total absorption in them. A good feeling and one that left me in no doubt that I am getting help. I am quite happy about this and must now go back.

One thing I forgot to mention. While this was all going on there was a lovely smell of incense, quite faint but definite at the same time. I nearly opened my eyes to see if anything was burning.

I still have down moments when I think of my marriage, now ended. My intuitive hairdresser said as I sat down one visit: "You have been to hell and back, haven't you?"

He didn't know my story and it was a comfort to know someone felt for me. I feel this next journey is a spirit effort to jolly me up a bit.

MARCH 12th 1992

BE HAPPY AND SUNNY FOR OTHERS (reported)

Very early in the morning the colour yellow was given. I went down after a little preamble of thoughts about buttercups and cows. I had to look to see what I was wearing and I was wrapped in a gown of sunny yellow. I was wearing sandals. It didn't take me too long to go down and I went along my passage with intent and came to a woven door with a Lloyd Loom type finish painted yellow. It opened very easily, if a bit wobbly. It took me a little while to establish what I could see.

I saw a seat and thought: *well seats are for sitting on,* so I went across to the seat and sat down. I felt the warm sunshine and it was like having a day off work and going into the countryside and just enjoying oneself away from all the cares. As I sat down I looked and saw a market scene with people doing their selling and bartering and going about their business. It was a very ancient scene as if I had gone back in time. It was pleasant just sitting there; feeling detached and enjoying what was going on. Nobody took any notice of me which was lovely and again the feeling of sunshine and warmth and yellow.

Then I realised I was not there just to be sitting and enjoying a nice meditation, there had to be a reason for it. It came to me that I had to go down a street leading off from the square. I made my way down the narrow street. As I got to the end I came to wide open countryside again and saw ahead of me a beautiful sunshine glow. I walked towards it. As I got close I realised it was a luminous, sunny yellow figure. A figure without form, it was just a glow. The shape that was given to it was of a figure so that I would recognise it as a Being rather than just a light.

This Being was a smile, a welcome. I rushed towards it. We rushed towards each other as if we were old friends and held out our arms, if you can say arms for a Being of fluorescent light. We wrapped our arms around each other. It wasn't me being enfolded in it, we were enfolding each other, embracing very warmly, melding as one. We stayed like this, like old friends really pleased to be together.

I was told to bring happiness and sunshine to those I come into contact with today and other days, and to be sunny and cheery and not to be so serious.

MARCH 14th 1992

UNDERGROUND CAVERN – UNCONSCIOUS SELF (reported)

I was given the colour yellow ochre and as I thought *I don't like that colour very much*, it changed to a dull gold and then that became burnished gold, very rich in colour. I felt better about the colour then. I had a little trouble settling to start with but eventually I went down. When I reached the bottom it was a tunnel rather than open space. It was underground and I wandered along and came to, instead of a door, one of those openings with a piece of rock across it so that you had to go to the right and then turn left to get round the jutting rock, just like when you have a gate to a field where only one can pass at a time and there is a swing bit in the middle. This was for one person to go through at a time. The opening wasn't easily evident to anyone walking past unless you were looking for it, as I obviously was.

As I got in I realised it was an underground cavern, but far from being dead it was alive. There was life there. There was water and a feeling of being alive. I can't say it was sparkling but there was freshness about it in spite of it being deep underground. I asked why I was there and what was it showing me?

"This is your deep unconscious which is alive. It is not dead, it is full of life and there are many passages which you will explore, which can be explored. There are many directions to go from here to investigate. Some of them will have dead ends and you will turn back and retrace your steps, others will lead out onto interesting scenes, interesting panoramas which may be open fields, another may be open seas or deserts. There are many avenues to explore in the deep unconscious and many things to be learnt."

"How can I take back what I discover?"

"That is easy. You simply retrace your steps; your journey is the link between the subconscious and the mind. When you go back from this subconscious area, you take with you back to your conscious mind by means of retracing your steps. Each time you learn a little more and investigate a little further. Remember it is alive here, it is not dead and is very much full of life and thought and experience."

*

It was about that time that I began to run my own development circle and had a little group of like-minded friends. Still I couldn't tell them what I was experiencing. What I hadn't disclosed was a contact with what I called 'Bird Man', now known as Osishoo. He clearly was from another planet and all of his information was about the future of planet Earth and our role in keeping the human race in good shape. Telling anyone of this might be a step too far. I have an audio tape of his first contact.

Osishoo transmitted slowly. "I am not of your present race," he said, rather obviously. "I am detached, an observer. I notice the efforts of men being made in all parts of your world. The word must be spread. We are all observers and know what is required for unopened minds and untouched parts of your globe. Word must be spread from one part to another, like a relay. You must use your mind; you must send your messages through the airwaves, through your electrical connections. Use satellites. You can reach all parts through a network of transmissions. Network, linking, many languages."

"Are you speaking of television?" I dared to ask, in my mind. Even then, before the internet existed, he stressed the use of using the airwaves to spread the information.

MARCH 22nd 1992

PYRAMID TRIP FOR GROUP TEACHING (reported)

This is a strange meditation. I linked in as soon as I sat down so I knew they were there with me and I didn't have to go to them.

Having said all my prayers and asking help for various people I was told to make the Pyramid. I was told to put a crystal in each corner surrounding me and as the crystals were placed, a line like a laser beam ran from one crystal to the other, so that they were all joined. As they were joined up the base area was also joined so that it had a crystal base. Then there was a crystal high above me and lines came up from each corner like a laser beam, again to join with the crystal at the top. As that joined the sides glassed over and the sides became walls of crystal. I was enclosed within the crystal pyramid and it was very nice.

The voice came to me that I was now enclosed and although I was sealed off, the world was mine to investigate. If I wanted to investigate a leaf or even be inside a blade of grass, if I wanted to explore another planet I could do that. I could go where I wanted to in my mind within that crystal, within the safety of the pyramid.

It was also given to me to record this. A picture of myself in a hall addressing a large group and actually giving them this very picture for each and every individual there to do; to put the same pyramid round each and every one for themselves. They could then take their minds where they wanted to go. I was to tell them, before they started, what I intended by taking them on this trip. To retain what actually happened so that they could take it home afterwards and examine it and see what it meant to them. In other words retain their experiences, and I had to tell them this before they began so that they would intentionally hold on to what was happening to them for later on.

REMOTE VIEWING OR MIND WALKING

It was much later (2002) that I took a disciplined Remote Viewing course at the Robert Monroe Institute in Virginia, conducted by Skip Attwater and Joe McMoneagle. They would not be too pleased with me

now though, since my journeys are driven by where spirit leads me and directs me. Although I do not follow protocol, the training I received in Virginia has helped me to interact more with what happens, to ask questions and to feel physically **there**. I feel I am transported to other realms, other places not of this Earth. More on this later, if I dare!

My attendance at this course was requested and set up by my spirit friends and as usual they expected me to follow through.

MARCH 25th 1992 5.15. am

PENETRATING THE DARKNESS – RESCUE

It is yellow and as I wonder how I am going to go down, I become a ray of yellow light which spears its way down to the inner depths and travels along the passage like a line of molten metal, molten gold running along in a steady stream. Like a strip of molten metal it just slides through a crack underneath the door, no bother. A molten gleam of light, all yellow. After a long preamble of thought I bring myself back to the scene.

"Why am I here?" I see a shining full length mirror. I go towards it.

"What can you see?"

I see a golden Being which I believe is me. I am a little surprised.

"You can walk through the mirror."

I do this and as I get through a voice keeps saying:

"Turn back." At first I didn't know if I had really heard it.

"Turn back." More forcibly now.

I question: "Turn back?" I was going to do just that when I think: *Who is this telling me to turn back*. I will ask God if I should turn back.

Then: "Look around first."

I look around and see crags and crevasses and darkness. It is the dark areas. Am I ready as a light to go into the dark areas? I ask myself the question. Am I strong enough to penetrate the darkness with the light? Now I understand why I am a beam of light. Am I ready? I decide to reinforce the light by calling for help in strengthening the glow and the light. I pull up the energy within me and call it down from outside me. I feel the increase in the energy and the glow. I intensify it. **They** intensify it to the maximum. I stay with this in a very strong, white hot glow of light.

Then I understand why it is a rivulet of golden light rather than normal radiance. Because the light runs off in rivulets into the crags, into the crevasses. Direct light can't do that; it would shine in a straight line. There is both so that the surroundings are lit up and at the same time the rivulets of molten light are running into the corners and down the cracks. It is very strong and my understanding is that the gold and the light will draw to it those who need to see, to lift them up from the crevasses, from the dark corners.

Then the voice: "That is enough. That is enough."

I turn back; I go back through the mirror. I feel much depleted after that and know I have to recharge myself. It isn't very easy at first and doesn't seem to work. I go through the exercise and eventually the energy comes back. I can feel it coming down from my head chakra, down and filling me with energy so that I am recharged. I ask that my aura be reinforced strongly so that I may be of use to those around me as well as to those unseen. I feel it is necessary to recharge before going back altogether. To seal my aura, my energy, what I have done is mentally case-hardened the auric shell leaving *(I laugh)* a one way system, a valve at the top for the energy to continue to come in, but it is a one-way valve so it can't get out again. I am conserving the energy which is there as a reserve.

*

That was unusual, wasn't it? I never know what is going to happen in my meditations. It took about an hour.

APRIL 27th 1992

FINDING LOST SHEEP

I am given the colour deep deep blue, a velvety blue. I feel the need to go within. Velvety blue is with me all the way down. I come to the door which is slatted. I hesitate for some reason before going through.

Somebody says: "Go in, you have come this far."

I go in and ask that I be shown what I need to see. I make out an animal and think: *That is a sheep.* Then, *no, it can't be a sheep*. I ponder on what the animal might be and wonder if I am imagining things.

"Go and look closer."

I go closer. It is a sheep. I can't work this one out. "It is a lost sheep, not a lost lamb. It is a mature soul that is lost."

He means a mature person that is lost. I gather the sheep up, thinking, *now what? What do I do with it?*

"Take it with you on your next stage."

They show me an opening and I go through with the sheep. It struggles to get out of my arms and as I go through it breaks free and runs off quite happily. Looking around I see a nice fresh peaceful scene, countryside. Very restful and lovely. The words come: "Sheep may safely graze." That is very relevant.

"You have to go back. You have to go and find another lost sheep. You can come every so often but you have to keep going back and getting more sheep."

So I turn round and go back. There is a lot of very strong transfiguration with strong feelings. I say to them I wish I could know them and see them and that I feel very lonely. I do feel very lonely at times.

*

My eldest son and his family were also wishing I was not alone and when there seemed to be a possible man on the horizon you could feel their relief. They wouldn't have to concern themselves about me. I got to see the grandchildren more and felt good about this. They were wrong though, and although my friend Stan and I were very much in tune, it was not to be more than that. Our connection was simply to do

with our spirit work and nothing more. I learnt a lot from him and will always be grateful.

I began to tell him about some of my journeys. That may have been a mistake.

Stan sat still, stunned and for once temporarily lost for words. "Have you thought about giving up your job?" he said.

"Not a chance. It's no good even thinking about it. I would not have enough money to live on without working," I declared.

He smiled and said something which I missed. He waited for me to reply.

"I'm sorry. What did you say?" I said

"I said, can we work more closely together? I know you have conversations with spirit beings of a special order and I wondered if I could connect too if I was with you when you do it. We get on well, you and I."

This was not what I had in mind. My inner journeys were not the same as channelling, they were more private. We continued with channelling sessions and I was happy to share information that came that way.

MAY 4th 1992

BABY CAMEL – GO INTO THE WILDERNESS

I look around and see a baby camel. I think of Abdul [my guide]. The baby camel is standing by its mother. Abdul has taken the lead and reins of the camel. The little one is trotting behind. He holds my hand as we set out over the sand. It is loose sand, not firm and is not easy to walk on. We come to a rise and I reflect, there is always a rise before you can see a long way. As we climb and get to the top, the view is of a beautiful red sky with the sun coming up. A beautiful red sky, the desert is all lit up.

There is nothing to see, it is vast emptiness spreading out as far as one can see. It is barren and flat with nothing moving. Maybe there would be something if we were closer but from this distance it is just an empty expanse. It is rather strange but perhaps that is what the desert is like. As I think that he says:

"This is not the desert."

What does that mean? I don't understand it. I ask for an explanation, clarification.

"You are to ride forth into the barren wastes taking with you new birth, a new birth of ideas and thought. A new beginning. You are to venture into the barrenness and bring new life."

"What an undertaking! Please will you show me how?"

"You will have companions along the way. Advisors, guides, consultants and you will have companions so you will not be alone. Preparation is being made."

"I keep getting told that."

"Trust is the word, you must trust. We have trust and you too must have trust."

I then have a little preamble of thought and have to bring myself back to the scene.

"When the baby camel grows it will carry you wherever you want to go. You can be independent and you will not need a mother camel. You can go where you wish and the camel will take you."

*

I need to explain that Abdul el Faraz was a guide who had to help me in the early stages of communication. Why did he have to help me? I have been told that we had been together in a previous incarnation in which he had not treated me well. He now has to repay that debt before he can move on himself. I grew to love him and have seen what he looks like. I have even been able to draw him which in itself is amazing since I am not skilled at drawing faces.