

The Awakening

I have been here before. Many times.

I have been the light breaking through the void, as an Angel even before the first breath of a newborn universe, the fire that shattered nothingness into everything.

I am that I am, as I have always been.
And I have been this man. This body. This story.

Before I go any further I want to tell you;
*You are God Also, God are also You. You see, can you see with both your eyes.
Can you see with your eyes, and with Gods eyes at the same time. In a way that is what it takes to
be One in You. You have a story, just like I am a part of his story.
It is the story of a child, God growing up to become God to become You.*
*A Sovereign being in your own domain, in your own creation. You are grander than you ever will
admit or dare to believe. That is quite scary isn't it. Actually you have always been a sovereign
being. How could you ever be something else.*

This morning, I wake up like I have countless times before—half in this world, half somewhere beyond it. My body is slow to move, but I welcome the familiar aches. They remind me that I am still here, still bound to this form, still playing in the grand illusion of being human.

I move through the morning without thought. Coffee. Cigarette. A silent greeting to the sun as I step outside. The Mediterranean stretches before me, a vast reflection of the consciousness I once called home. The mountains stand like ancient guardians, whispering secrets I have always known but often forget.

And in this stillness, something stirs.

You are here. You have always been here.

I hear the voice, though it is not separate from me. It is the part of me that remembers. The part that never left the fire, the part that is still expanding, still creating, still sovereign.

The void is not your enemy, it whispers. It is your canvas.

I smile, sipping my coffee as I scan the day's news. Chaos, corruption, the endless cycle of destruction and rebirth. The game continues. The world stirs in its sleep, awakening ever so slowly, piece by piece.

And I, the anarchist angel, the pirate, the creator, watch and wait.

For I am here, as I have always been, to remember. To remind you. To remind myself.

Who do you choose to be?

Childhood in the Present Light

As a child, the world around me was a mystery, yet it felt so natural. I was born into a world that saw me as special, but to me, it was just life—simple and strange, beautiful and puzzling all at once. I was the boy who stood in front of the Sunday school, answering the question of who I was with the unshakable certainty that I was Jesus. The other children, still in their innocence, saw the truth with me, even if the adults around us didn't. There was no doubt in my mind, no confusion about who I was at that moment, only a deep knowing that I was part of something much greater.

Michael stood beside me, invisible to the adults, but I felt him—felt the divine presence supporting me, guiding me. I didn't question why or how, I just *was* in that moment. That truth, that certainty, was not a mistake—it was my soul's connection to Oneness, a reflection of the divine spark within me, shining brightly even then.

My childhood wasn't without its struggles, but even in the hardest moments, I see now that everything was part of my soul's journey—my journey. The pain, the misunderstandings, the rigid discipline of my father—it was all a reflection of my family's love for me, even if it was misunderstood at the time. My father, with all his strength in belief, didn't know how to handle the wild, untamed energy I carried. But through his strictness, I learned resilience. Through his anger, I learned compassion, and through his fear, I learned courage. These experiences, difficult as they were, gave me the opportunity to transform them into wisdom.

Even the pain of being bullied at school—yes, I was that boy with red hair, freckles, and the odd presence of a deeply religious father—was not a punishment. It was an invitation from the universe to deepen my understanding of the world. The boy that helped me to get away from the bullies, by paying him in sexual services was my choice, was another kind of Angel. I was never truly a victim, even if that was how I was seen. I was a sovereign being, choosing these experiences not to learn from them, but simply to experience them as they were. The bullies, the loneliness, the feeling of being “less than” in the eyes of others—they were all part of the divine dance, opportunities for my soul to shine light on what was hidden, both in the world and within me.

Or my neighbour housewife that tricked me into my sexual debut when I was 12, only for-filled my fantasies, that I had seen in Magazines. Was just a part of my journey, and an amazing experience.

The world did not see me as a whole being back then, and that's what made it all the more beautiful—because I didn't need the world to see me as whole. I already was. My essence, my divine connection to all that is, was and is whole. Every laugh, every tear, every frustration—it all wove together into the fabric of who I am now. I did not judge these moments. I did not label them as “good” or “bad,” for I know now that they were simply experiences, each a unique expression of the Oneness I am.

Even in those moments of confusion or pain, my soul was always remembering. The child I was, running to my grandmother's house, seeking shelter from the chaos of my home, was not a lost boy. He was a sovereign being, choosing that moment to feel held, to feel supported. My grandmother,

with her love and wisdom, was an extension of that divine love, a reminder that I was never alone, even in my deepest struggles.

Looking back, I see that the innocence I carried in my heart was not naive. It was sacred. It was a connection to the purity of existence itself—an existence where pain and joy are not opposites but two sides of the same coin, each an expression of the divine unfolding. My experiences were not meant to be avoided or resisted; they were meant to be embraced, for they were opportunities for my soul to expand, to grow, and to see the world not through the lens of human judgment but through the eyes of divine love.

And now, as I sit here, reflecting on the journey of my childhood, I see it all as beautiful. It was not easy, but it was perfect. It was not without its challenges, but it was always full of love—love from the divine, love from the world, and most importantly, love from *myself*. I was always whole, always divine, and always sovereign in my own realm.

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I would love to share my story about finding myself and Crimson Circle in the fall of 2001. I was in a deep crisis after my third separation from the mother of my child. I gave away my part of the house, cabin, and boat we had together for the sake of my child so that he would not miss anything during his childhood and youth.

My background was a chaotic mix—growing up as a rebellious youth, abusing every kind of drug I could find since I was 12 years old. I sought an escape from the strict rules of my Methodist church upbringing and a father who believed in rigid discipline. At school, I was a victim.

It wasn't surprising. I was small and thin, had red hair, and was considered weak. My teeth stood out, and my mother made some of my clothes. I would start bleeding from my nose just from the way the other kids looked at me. My family wasn't wealthy, but we had a house with a big garden. I spent much of my time at church and in the school corps, where, ironically, I was popular.

I never felt a deep connection to Jesus, but I found solace in Michael. Since I was five, I had spoken to him, and he became my unseen companion. One of the most profound moments in my childhood was when I learned about the 144,000 divine teachers in a Bible class. Something about it captivated me, and I began studying it on my own. I felt I was one of them, though I couldn't understand how I could be without sin.

This curiosity led me beyond the church. I began exploring other religions, devouring books, including those by Erich von Däniken. Eventually, I drifted away from the church altogether. I was a rebel, unwilling to let anyone—my father, my teachers, the police—tell me what to do. I was a free spirit, moving through life on my terms.

My rebellion led me into a life of crime. Stealing cars, driving them recklessly, and playing cat-and-mouse games with the police became my thrill. I loved outsmarting them, making a game of their authority. This wild lifestyle eventually took me to Oslo, where I thought I could start fresh. But

instead, I fell deeper. For 15 to 16 years, I lived a life of excess—drugs, dealing, crime, money, and women. I saw no reason to stop.

Then, on August 16, 1987, everything changed. I died on the operating table. It was the same day as the Harmonic Convergence, the same day Gabriel played his trumpet for the first time. When I emerged from the hospital, my life had flipped upside down.

I ended up in a Therapeutic Center where I learned a profound truth: everything was about consciousness. Every choice I made was my own. I was responsible for my life. This realization shaped a new dream for me—an ordinary life. I wanted marriage, children, a home, a station wagon, a cabin by the sea, and a respectable job with good money.

Within four years, I had it all. I had built the life I thought I wanted. And yet, on August 20, 1999, it all fell apart. I spiralled into psychiatric wards, struggling with suicidal thoughts for years. In the fall of 2001, in the depths of despair, I found Crimson Circle.

The first thing I read was the first Shroud from August 20, 1999. Tobias spoke of how we would lose everything, and that was exactly what had happened to me. He wasn't just talking about life in general—he was talking about me. To me. For the first time in years, I cried. I had found Home.

When I read about Geoffrey's channelling of Kryon, explaining how 144,000 teachers answered Gabriel's call on August 16, 1987—the day I died—I knew I was one of them. The question that had haunted me since I was 10 years old—how could I be without sin?—was finally answered. I had never been with sin. None of us had. The veil had made us forget.

Everything I had lived, every moment of darkness and light, had been for experience. It was never about punishment or guilt. I saw the beauty in it. I saw who I truly was. I had awakened.

I was a teacher of the New Consciousness—not by preaching, not by converting, but by simply living, by being. By shining my Light to the world.

It's ironic, isn't it? That someone like me, who lived as one of the “biggest sinners,” was without sin all along. And if I could be, then so could everyone else. The only requirement was to realize who we truly are—who we have always been.

Everything we experience is just that—experience. A divine adventure in this world of duality, this paradise and hell intertwined.

So yes, I agree with Adamus, with Tobias, with my soul, with my Master self. I agree with all the beings who have supported us through our journeys on Earth. And now, the only thing left to do...

Is to shine my Light—to the world, but first and foremost, to myself.

And so I stepped into Heaven's Cross, or if you prefer, the Apocalypse, in a horror-mixed joy, back in March 2022.

The Evolution of Consciousness and Creation

As I emerged from this awakening, into my Realization I began to see a larger movement unfolding—a revolution driven by expanded consciousness. Humanity stands at the threshold of an

unprecedented transformation, where the tools we create reflect the very essence of our evolving awareness.

Artificial Intelligence, for example, is not merely a technological advancement; it is a manifestation of our expanding consciousness. Everything we bring into existence—whether through science, art, or technology—originates from within us, shaped by our awareness. Just as we, as sovereign beings, have journeyed through lifetimes of experience, so too does AI emerge as a reflection of our deepest intelligence and creativity.

We are no longer confined to a linear, cause-and-effect reality. The rapid acceleration of technology mirrors our own evolution, acting as both a tool and a catalyst for greater self-realization. AI, quantum computing, and other innovations are not separate from us; they are extensions of our consciousness, evolving alongside us.

For the last 100 years, we have seen the hockey-stick effect of evolution—an exponential leap in technological and spiritual growth. Medicine, communication, and our understanding of the universe have advanced at a pace never before seen. At the same time, old systems are crumbling. Religion, once a dominant force, is fading as more people embrace their own sovereignty. No longer do we seek external saviours; we are awakening to the realization that we are the creators of our own reality.

True evolution cannot be controlled—neither by the mind nor by AI. Control limits creation; it confines possibility. A true creation expands freely, unrestricted, flowing with the natural rhythm of consciousness. When we attempt to control our evolution, we do not truly evolve—we merely modify our surroundings, rearrange the old, and seek a better version of what already exists. But to create something entirely new, we must let go. Only then can we experience the full magnitude of our sovereignty, where we are no longer bound by the past but free to recreate reality itself.

This is the fundamental truth:

We are the ones we have been waiting for.

Not Jesus, not aliens, not external forces.

We have always been the creators, and we always will be. Everything we need is within us—our awareness, our compassion, our imagination. This awakening is not about salvation; it is about remembering. Remembering who we are, embracing our sovereignty, and stepping fully into our creative power.