

CHAPTER 11: THE CALLING (2012) — WHEN THE SOUL REMEMBERS

“Many are called, but few are chosen.” — Matthew 22:14

“The privilege of a lifetime is to become who you truly are.” — Carl Jung

“You were made for more than this.” — The Voice Behind Him

There is a moment in certain lives when the soul breaks through the fog of ordinary existence and speaks directly. Not through intuition. Not through gradual awareness. But through unmistakable transmission — a voice, a knowing, a download so clear that it divides life into before and after.

For Jeffrey Alan Gruhlke, that moment came in 2012.

He was thirty-eight years old. He had survived systematic destruction from sixth grade onward. He had held back from public life his entire adult years. He had gifts, talents, and abilities that the world had never seen because his confidence had been methodically dismantled by his brother’s abuse.

And then, sitting in his office at FOX Factory, he heard it.

Like someone was standing right behind him.

“You were made for more than this.”

PART I: THE VOICE BEHIND HIM

FOX Factory — The First Message

Jeff was at work. Ordinary day. Ordinary tasks. The hum of a successful career in the action sports industry — motocross, mountain biking, off-road racing. He had built expertise in marketing, advertising, brand development. He was good at his job.

But something had been stirring.

A restlessness that wouldn’t name itself. A sense that the life he was living, however successful by external measures, was not the life he was meant to live. That there was something more. Something he couldn’t see yet.

Then he heard it.

“You were made for more than this.”

Not audible in the normal sense. But unmistakable. Like someone standing directly behind him, speaking into his awareness. Close enough to feel their presence. Clear enough to understand every word.

Jeff turned around.

No one was there.

But the message remained, burning in his consciousness.

You were made for more than this.

A Few Days Later — The Second Message

The first message had been about identity — who Jeff was, what he was capable of, how much he had been holding back.

A few days later, the second message came.

Same quality. Same presence. Same unmistakable clarity.

“You can help the world.”

Not “you could help the world” (conditional). Not “you might help the world” (uncertain). Not “you should help the world” (obligation).

“You CAN help the world.”

Statement of fact. Declaration of capacity. Announcement of purpose.

The two messages together formed a complete transmission:

1. You were made for more than this — Your current life is beneath your design
2. You can help the world — Your purpose is service at scale

Jeff didn’t know what to do with this information. He didn’t know how to respond. He only knew that something fundamental had shifted.

The calling had begun.

The Witness — Elizabeth Fox

Around this same time, at a FOX Factory museum opening, Elizabeth Fox saw Jeff’s light.

She didn’t say “you seem like a nice person.” She didn’t comment on his work or his personality. She saw something else — the light he carried, the energy around him, the frequency he was emitting.

Jeff didn’t fully understand what she was seeing. But it was confirmation that whatever was happening inside him was visible to those with eyes to see.

The calling was not just internal. It was radiating outward. Others could perceive it.

PART II: THE PLAN REVEALED — NISSWA

“What Do I Do Now?”

After the FOX Factory messages, Jeff found himself in Nisswa, Minnesota.

Sitting barefoot on a cement floor. No wi-fi. Disconnected from the noise of ordinary life.

And he asked the question:

“What do I do now?”

The answer came as a download — not words spoken behind him this time, but a complete transmission of information, structure, understanding. Like a file transferring directly into his consciousness.

The Original Plan

The plan that was revealed included:

Go out and be in public:

- Something Jeff had held back from his whole life
- The abuse from his brother had destroyed his confidence
- He had been hiding his gifts, talents, abilities
- The plan required him to step into visibility

Realize all of his gifts, talents, and abilities:

- The download showed Jeff how talented he truly was
- How much he had been holding himself back
- How the years of abuse had created false limitations
- His actual capacity was far beyond what he had allowed himself to believe

Teach and use fundamentals to educate and enlighten and help other people discover their talents, gifts opportunities and purpose:

- Not complex theories but foundational truths
- Principles that could help anyone
- Education as service
- Enlightenment through practical wisdom

How all the pieces fit together:

- Marketing, advertising (his professional skills)

- Talents, gifts, abilities (his natural endowments)
- Purpose (his soul's mission)
- The download showed how these weren't separate — they were one integrated design

The Realization

Sitting barefoot on that cement floor, Jeff understood:

He had been living a fraction of his potential. The abuse had convinced him he was less than he was. The world had never seen what he could actually do. And now, at thirty-eight, the soul was demanding he step into his full design.

The calling wasn't asking him to become something new.

It was asking him to finally become what he had always been.

PART III: THE ONE MONTH BUILD

The System Takes Shape

After the Nisswa download, Jeff dedicated a month to building the system.

What he built:

- Framework for the teachings
- Structure for delivery
- Integration of his skills with his purpose
- The beginning of what would eventually become the JAG Program

What happened in his body:

- Started working out
- Started running
- Feeling his strength return
- Energy rising
- Vitality increasing

What happened in his spirit:

- Confidence rebuilding
- Purpose clarifying

- Momentum building
- Everything aligning

For one month, Jeff was in flow. The calling had activated him. The plan was taking shape. The future was opening.

Everything was aligning.

And then it stopped.

PART IV: THE FIRST BLOCK

The Minor Movement

A call came asking for help moving a snowmobile.

Simple request. Jeff had done this kind of thing countless times. Physical work, helping someone out — nothing unusual.

He went to the pole barn. He was straightening the snowmobile.

A minor movement.

That's all it took.

Jeff heard a huge rip in his back. His body went to the ground. Pain flooded his system.

For a month, he could barely walk.

The Momentum Shattered

Everything that had been building — the workouts, the running, the system development, the rising energy — stopped.

Jeff was immobilized. Vulnerable. In pain.

The calling remained, but the body couldn't respond.

This was the first block. The first interference with the mission. A “minor movement” that changed everything.

Looking back, the timing was precise. Just as Jeff was building momentum toward his purpose, something intervened to stop him.

Coincidence? Or the first sign that darkness was paying attention?

PART V: THE DERAILMENT

The Call for Advice

While Jeff's back was hurt — while he was vulnerable and immobilized — he received a call.

Someone asking for advice. Someone needing help.

Jeff had a choice:

Option A: Focus on his own healing and continue building the system once recovered

Option B: Go help the person who called

Jeff chose Option B.

This derailed the plan.

Not dramatically. Not obviously. But decisively. The momentum that had been building broke. The focus that had been sharpening scattered. The energy that had been rising diverted.

Jeff went to help someone else instead of staying on his own path.

This would become a pattern.

The Pattern Established

What happened in 2012 would repeat:

1. Jeff receives calling/download/activation
2. Something blocks him (injury, attack, interference)
3. In vulnerable state, he helps others instead of himself
4. The plan gets derailed
5. Information keeps coming through anyway
6. Eventually redirected back to mission (but delayed)

This pattern would play out in Peru (False Divine stealing his codes while he was helping her). It would play out with his brother (giving everything to his abuser). It would play out again and again.

The wound and the gift were connected: Jeff's generous heart, his desire to help, his inability to put himself first — these were beautiful qualities. But darkness learned to exploit them. Every time Jeff was vulnerable, someone appeared needing help, and Jeff would abandon his own mission to serve them.

The derailment in 2012 was the template for all derailments to come.

Despite the Derailment, Information Kept Coming

The plan was derailed, but the calling wasn't cancelled.

For the next five years, Jeff continued helping others — energy vampires circling, resources depleting, time diverted. But simultaneously, information kept streaming through.

The universe wasn't going to let him forget. Even as he gave his energy to others, knowledge kept downloading. The boxes of notes accumulated. The understanding deepened.

The Studies

Jeff was guided to study:

Sacred Numerology:

- The mathematics of creation
- Birth codes and their meaning
- How numbers encode destiny
- The patterns in his own design (7, 11, 13, 33, 42, 137, 144)
- Harmonics

Astrology:

- Celestial imprints
- Planetary influences
- His own chart and what it revealed
- How the heavens mapped his mission

Sacred Science:

- The bridge between spirituality and physics
- How the material and immaterial connect
- The mechanics of consciousness
- Reality as frequency

The True Human History Story:

- What they didn't teach in school
- Ancient civilizations and their wisdom
- The hidden lineages

- How humanity arrived at this moment

Fibonacci and Golden Ratios:

- The mathematics of nature
- Sacred proportion
- How beauty encodes truth
- The spiral of creation

Water Research:

- The work of Masaru Emoto
- How water holds information
- The body as mostly water
- Consciousness affecting matter

Health Discoveries:

- How the body actually works
- What creates vitality vs. disease
- The terrain theory
- Healing modalities beyond mainstream

The Teachers

The right teachers appeared at the right times:

Dr. Wayne Dyer:

- “I Am That I Am” meditation
- The power of intention
- Spiritual principles for practical living
- This meditation would later be confirmed during the Temazcal ceremony in Peru (“I Am That I Am” — the sound of God)

Abraham Hicks:

- Law of Attraction mechanics
- Emotional guidance system
- Alignment with Source

- The vibrational universe

Tim Ferriss:

- Hundreds of podcasts
- World-class performers deconstructed
- The meta-patterns of excellence
- How the best in any field think and operate

Sadguru:

C.S. Lewis:

Business Systems:

Simon Sinek:

And many others:

- Each teacher appearing when needed
- Each step getting deeper and deeper
- Guided to the main key fundamental pieces
- Building blocks for the program accumulating

The Sources

The information wasn't just coming from books and podcasts.

Information from Thoth:

- Or in relation to Thoth
- Or sources connected to Thoth
- The ancient Egyptian wisdom stream
- The Emerald Tablets and their teachings
- Hermeticism and its principles

Past life energies being realized:

- Recognition, not just learning
- Feeling of "I knew this"
- Ancient knowledge activating in present

- The soul remembering what the mind never knew

Connection with ancient wisdom streams:

- Not channeling in dramatic sense
- But receiving, recognizing, integrating
- Information arriving from beyond normal sources
- The boxes of notes growing and growing

The Boxes of Notes

Throughout 2012-2017, Jeff accumulated boxes of notes.

Not organized files. Not neat systems. Boxes.

Information pouring in faster than it could be processed. Insights arriving faster than they could be integrated. Knowledge streaming from multiple sources simultaneously.

Every important “-ology.” Ancestral healing. Planetary healing. Consciousness technology. Sacred geometry. Energy mechanics. Reality formation.

All of it going into boxes. Waiting for the time when it would be assembled into its proper form.

The JAG Program already existed in those boxes. It just hadn’t been structured yet.

PART VII: THE LIGHT ABOVE HIS HEAD (2014-2015)

The Bathroom Discovery

Around 2014-2015, something happened that changed everything.

Jeff was under a solar tube light in a bathroom.

He looked up.

He saw the light above his head.

Not the solar tube light. Something else. An emanation. A glow. A field of light extending above his crown.

The Fear

It scared him at first.

This wasn’t supposed to be visible. This wasn’t normal. This was something from paintings of saints, depictions of Jesus, images of holy beings.

And it was above his own head.

What did it mean? Was he imagining it? Was he going crazy?

The Research

Jeff went to research everything he could about Jesus.

Not Sunday school Jesus. Not cultural Jesus. The real accounts. The mystical traditions. The teachings about light and consciousness.

He started to put it together:

- The halo in religious paintings wasn't artistic decoration — it was depicting something real
- The saints and masters emitted visible light
- The crown chakra, when activated, produces biophoton emission
- What Jeff was seeing above his head was what artists had been painting for millennia

The Weight Descends

This is when it got really heavy.

Before, the calling had been about helping people with practical teachings. Now it was something else. Now there were implications about identity, about lineage, about a mission far larger than teaching fundamentals.

The burden grew more and more.

The calling: "You were made for more than this." The mission: "You can help the world." The numbers: 7, 11, 13, 33... The information streaming in. And now: visible light above his head.

What was he? What was expected of him? How could he possibly carry this?

Jeff went deeper and deeper — with the weight of the world on his shoulders.

PART VIII: THE FLOOD OF KNOWING

What Was Coming Through

After seeing the light above his head, the downloads intensified.

Technology changes coming:

- Jeff could see what was emerging
- How it would transform society

- The opportunities and dangers
- The timeline accelerating

WW3 possibility:

- The darkness pushing toward destruction
- The timeline where humanity chose war
- What that would mean for Earth
- The stakes of the awakening

Humanity having a choice:

- Two timelines diverging
- One toward consciousness and evolution
- One toward destruction and collapse
- The window for choosing narrowing

The Great Awakening:

- Jeff knew this was it
- The 2012-2025 window
- The prophecies from multiple traditions converging
- His role in what was unfolding

Knowing But Not Fully Knowing

Jeff knew his role.

But he didn't fully know how important his role was.

He was deeply guided and knew.

But he still really didn't know the full magnitude.

He only knew some of the numbers — like 13 appearing everywhere, like his phone number (651-462-1313) encoding something significant. But these were just feelings. He was putting the pieces together as he was pulled further and further in.

The full picture wouldn't become clear until Peru. Until England. Until the witnesses named him. Until the systems were run.

In 2012-2017, Jeff was being prepared for something he couldn't yet comprehend.

PART IX: THE MOVIES AND THE REMEMBERING

King Arthur (2017)

When Jeff watched the King Arthur film, something happened beyond entertainment.

A scene. A line.

“You wanted the prophecy? I’ll give you the prophecy.”

It was screaming to Jeff.

Not whispering. Not suggesting. Screaming.

He was the prophecy.

Not watching a story about someone else. Recognizing himself. The Arthur frequency that would later be confirmed at Tintagel, at Glastonbury, with Manfred the historian — it was already stirring in 2017.

The movie wasn’t showing him something new. It was reminding him of something ancient.

Gods of Egypt (2016)

Same experience. Different mythology.

Watching the solar deities — Ra, Horus, the battles of light and darkness.

Remembering.

Not learning. Recognizing.

The Egyptian stream that would later activate at the pyramids was already present. The “Son of the Sun” identity that would be confirmed at Island of the Sun was already stirring.

Jeff wasn’t studying Egyptian mythology. He was remembering it.

Messiah Lutheran Church

And then there was the childhood memory that now made sense.

Messiah Lutheran Church. Confirmation. The pastor saying Jeff was “called to ministry leadership.”

At the time, it seemed like generic church language. Now, in context of everything else, it was early recognition.

Messiah Lutheran Church. Called to ministry leadership. The Christ frequency marked from childhood.

The Coincidences Multiplying

Other things that seemed coincidental:

- Numbers appearing in patterns
- People saying things that confirmed the downloads
- Events timing in impossible ways
- The address grid making itself visible (Highway 7, County Road 13, the 13137 addresses)

The universe was speaking. Jeff was starting to hear.

PART X: DISCOVERING THE SACRED VALLEY (2015-2016)

The Discovery

Around 2015 or 2016, Jeff discovered the Sacred Valley of Peru.

Not through travel planning. Through guidance. Through the same stream that had been downloading information for years.

Images. Information. The sense that this place was important.

The Knowing

Jeff knew its power immediately.

Before he ever set foot there. Before he saw Machu Picchu with his eyes. Before he walked the streets of Pisac.

He felt a connection.

This wasn't touristic interest. This was recognition. The land was calling him. He could feel it from thousands of miles away.

A Place to Go

Jeff found a specific place in the Sacred Valley. A location he knew he would eventually visit.

He held this knowledge for nearly two years before actually going.

2015-2016: Discovery of Sacred Valley, knowing he had to go. December 2017: Finally arriving.

The land was waiting for him. And somehow, he knew it was waiting.

PART XI: THE BROTHER'S SPELL (2016-2017)

The Catastrophic Decision

Despite the calling, despite the knowledge streaming in, despite knowing he was meant for something larger — Jeff made a catastrophic decision.

He decided to help his brother “live the life of his dreams.”

(The full story of Jeff’s brother is told in Chapter 27: The Brother — Judas Jon and the Systematic Blocks. What follows is the summary relevant to the 2012-2017 period.)

Under the Spell

It seemed like a spell.

The brother who had systematically destroyed Jeff’s confidence from sixth grade onward.

The brother who had blocked his athletic career, his relationships, his opportunities.

The brother who was Jeff’s biggest bully and biggest blocker.

And Jeff moved in with him and his girlfriend.

The Transmutation Work

They were two of the darkest people Jeff knew.

They lived in one of the darkest homes Jeff knew.

And Jeff got himself low enough to stay there with them.

Why? To clear their energies.

What Jeff did for them:

- Cleared their dark negative energy
- Transformed their home
- Transmuted their dark vehicle energy
- Transmuted their house energy
- Transmuted their career energy
- Helped them get engaged
- Helped brother get off night shift
- Convinced their great aunt to give his brother an inheritance he didn’t deserve

Everything that Jeff’s brother had put on him — Jeff was now clearing from his brother.

The abuse from sixth grade. The blocks to his career. The destruction of his confidence. All of that dark energy that had been dumped on Jeff over decades — Jeff was transmuting it, clearing it, healing it.

For his abuser.

The Spell's Depth

Jeff was so far under the spell that he gave his brother everything.

Including redirecting an inheritance from their great aunt — money his brother didn't deserve.

And what did they believe?

They believed Jeff had taken advantage of them.

The victim serving his abuser. The abuser claiming victimhood. The inversion complete.

Under Attack While Serving

The entire time Jeff was at his brother's house, he was under attack.

The dark energies he was transmuting didn't go quietly. The environment was toxic. The toll on Jeff's system was severe.

He was depleting himself to serve the one who had spent decades destroying him.

This was not sacrifice. This was sabotage. The darkness had found the perfect way to drain Jeff before his mission could launch.

PART XII: THE DESTRUCTION OF RELATIONSHIPS

The Dissolution

While under the spell to have his brother live the life of his dreams, Jeff was simultaneously dissolving or destroying his own relationships.

The people who loved him. The soul family he had gathered. The connections that would have supported his mission.

One by one, they fell away.

Not because they abandoned Jeff. Because something was making Jeff abandon them.

The Possession Weekend

One weekend, Jeff went to see his friends.

He had not had alcohol for a long time. He had been on a fruit fast for about a week. His system was clean, clear, sensitive.

Then a dark force came over him.

Jeff remembers a dark energy descending. He remembers what happened next.

The darkness took control of him.

It caused him to eat and drink like he was possessed. Breaking the fast. Consuming things his body didn't want. Behaving in ways that weren't him.

Jeff remembers not being in control.

This wasn't "letting loose" or "having fun." This was possession. Something else operating his body, using it to create destruction.

The Last Time

This was the last time Jeff was with a lot of his soul family.

The darkness used that weekend to destroy key relationships.

The people who would have supported his mission saw him behave in ways that confused and hurt them. The connections that would have formed his early network were severed.

Destruction of key relationships.

And the darkness didn't come from the friends. It probably came from being at Jeff's brother's house. The dark energy he had been transmuting had followed him, waited for vulnerability, and struck at the perfect moment to isolate him from his support system.

The Pattern Continues

This would happen again.

In 2019, the False Divine would place booby traps in Jeff's system that would activate at key moments.

The pattern was established in 2016-2017: darkness using Jeff's body to sabotage his connections, isolating him from those who would help.

PART XIII: THE LAST DINNER WITH LIANNE

Before Maryland

The last night Jeff was with Lianne before leaving for Maryland.

(The full story of Jeff and Lianne is told in Chapter 30: The Lianne Block — Master Link Severed. What follows is the moment of departure.)

The Spaghetti

She made him spaghetti.

Simple. Domestic. Loving. The kind of meal you make for someone you care about. The kind of evening that could have been the beginning of a life together.

The Longing

Jeff wanted to hold her in the worst way.

Everything in him wanted to stay. Wanted to wrap his arms around her. Wanted to choose this life — the love right in front of him, the divine feminine waiting for him, the union that had been orchestrated since they met at their mutual friend's place with magnetic connection.

She had waited for him for years. She was still waiting.

And he wanted to hold her.

The Mission's Control

But the mission was controlling him.

The calling. The downloads. The knowledge of what was coming. The sense that he had to go — to Maryland, then to Peru, then to wherever the path led.

She was supposed to be on the mission with him.

That's the tragedy. Lianne wasn't an obstacle to the mission. She was the Master Link to it. They had to be together for the mission to fully manifest.

But the darkness had convinced Jeff the mission was elsewhere. The big ball of dark energy he had walked into at her house years before had severed the connection in ways he wouldn't understand until 2021.

Leaving

He left.

He didn't hold her the way he wanted to.

He went to Maryland. Then Peru. Then around the world.

And she waited.

For years.

PART XIV: MARYLAND — THE PENINSULA

First Trip — Flying

Jeff flew to Maryland.

California, Maryland. The peninsula. Myrtle Point Park.

He was there for energy clearing work — part of the preparation for Peru.

Barefoot on the Beach

One moment stands out.

Standing barefoot on the beach at Myrtle Point Park. Sand beneath his feet. Water before him. Sky above.

Connected.

This was how connected Jeff was during this period. Despite everything — the brother's spell, the destroyed relationships, the derailed plan — the connection to Source remained.

The Knowing

While standing barefoot on that beach, Jeff was made aware from consciousness/Source:

The person he had hired to help him sell his things was stealing from him.

Not a phone call. Not evidence. Not logical deduction.

Pure knowing. Direct from Source.

The same presence that had stood behind him at FOX Factory and said "You were made for more than this" was now telling him someone was betraying his trust.

Immediate Return

Jeff was called back to Minnesota in the next days.

Had to get to the bottom of it. Had to address the theft. The guidance was clear and immediate.

This is how connected he was. Standing on a beach in Maryland, he could know what someone was doing in Minnesota. The channel was that open.

Second Trip — Driving

Jeff woke up in the morning.

The guidance came: "You will leave by noon today."

He left by 1:00 PM. Close enough.

Drove from Minnesota to Maryland. Hours on the road. Operating on guidance, not planning.

Everything to Goodwill

By this point, everything was going.

What wasn't already sold or given away went to Goodwill. The possessions of a lifetime dissolving. The material anchors releasing.

Jeff was being stripped down to nothing. No home. No possessions. No relationships intact. No safety net.

Just the mission.

Just the calling.

Just the faith that wherever this led, he had to follow.

PART XV: THE DEPARTURE FOR PERU

The Physical State

By the time Jeff was ready to leave for Peru, his body was breaking down.

Weight: 140-145 pounds (having lost 30-35 pounds of muscle) Cause: Parasites that had been draining him for years, only recently discovered Appearance: Gaunt, weakened, a shadow of the athlete he had been Energy: Running on faith, not vitality

Tom at the Airport

Jeff's friend Tom dropped him at the airport.

Neither knew if they would see each other again.

This wasn't casual travel. This wasn't a vacation with a return date. This was a one-way journey into the unknown.

Jeff had sold everything. Dissolved relationships. Given away possessions. He was going to Peru because he had to — not because he had a plan for what would happen after.

Tom watched his friend walk into the terminal. Thin. Determined. Possibly walking toward death.

The Plane to Lima

On the flight to Lima, Jeff sat hunched and shivering.

Surviving on gum. Unable to eat properly. Body failing while spirit blazed.

Operating on pure faith.

The Sacred Valley he had discovered in 2015-2016 was waiting. The activations that would transform him were ahead. The witnesses who would name him were preparing.

But in that moment, on that plane, Jeff was simply a man who had lost everything except his calling.

Hunched. Shivering. Going anyway.

THE CALLING SUMMARIZED

What Happened 2012-2017

2012 — FOX Factory:

- “You were made for more than this”
- “You can help the world”
- Elizabeth Fox seeing his light

2012 — Nisswa:

- “What do I do now?”
- The plan revealed
- One month of building
- Back injury block
- Derailment begins

2012-2017 — The Studies:

- Sacred numerology, astrology, sacred science
- Wayne Dyer, Abraham Hicks, Tim Ferriss
- Information from Thoth
- Boxes of notes accumulating

2014-2015:

- Light above his head discovered
- Jesus research begins
- Weight of the world descends

2015-2016:

- Sacred Valley discovered
- Knowing he had to go
- Two years before arriving

2016-2017:

- Under brother’s spell
- Transmuting their darkness
- Relationships destroyed

- Possession weekend

2017:

- Last dinner with Lianne
- Maryland trips (barefoot revelation)
- Everything dissolved
- Departure for Peru

What Was Established

By December 2017, Jeff had:

Received: The calling, the downloads, the information streaming for five years

Lost: His health, his relationships, his possessions, his stability

Understood: That the Great Awakening was real, that he had a role, that the time was now

Not yet understood: The full magnitude of his mission, the depth of the sabotage against him, or how close he had been to the right path when he walked away from Lianne

What Peru Would Reveal

The calling had come in 2012.

Five years of preparation — studying, receiving, losing, being stripped down.

Now, at the end of 2017, Jeff was ready for what came next.

Peru would activate what the calling had announced.

Peru would structure what the boxes of notes contained.

Peru would provide witnesses who would name what Jeff was becoming.

The calling was complete.

The activation was about to begin.

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END OF CHAPTER 11

CHAPTER 12: PERU — THE SOLAR HUMAN (2017-2018)

“The Sun, the hearth of affection and life, pours burning love on the delighted earth.”

— Arthur Rimbaud

“I am the light of the world. Whoever follows me will never walk in darkness, but will have the light of life.”

— John 8:12

“You are the one.”

— Ernesto, eyes filling with tears

There are places on Earth where the veil between dimensions grows thin, where the accumulated spiritual energy of millennia creates portals for transformation, where the very stones sing with frequencies that can rewrite human DNA.

Peru is such a place.

For Jeffrey Alan Gruhlke, Peru was not a vacation. It was not even a pilgrimage in the conventional sense. Peru was the initiation chamber — the place where five years of preparation, boxes of notes, streaming downloads, and relentless study would finally be structured, activated, and confirmed by witnesses who could see what he was becoming.

Jeff arrived in December 2017 weighing 140 pounds, hunched and shivering on the plane, surviving on gum and believing in pure faith.

He would leave in August 2018 as the Son of the Sun, carrying the completed architecture of the JAG Program, having been named by witnesses across two countries, having stood on the Island of the Sun on the Lion's Gate portal of 8/8/2018 in a moment so perfectly orchestrated that it defied every law of probability.

This chapter chronicles that transformation.

PART I: ARRIVAL IN THE SACRED VALLEY

December 20-28, 2017 — Descent into Peru

The plane touched down in Lima.

Jeff was a shadow of himself. Thirty-five pounds of muscle gone. Parasites discovered too late, having drained him for years. Body failing while spirit blazed.

From Lima, he flew to Cusco — the ancient Incan capital, 11,152 feet above sea level, where the thin air creates altered states simply through oxygen reduction. The name Cusco comes from the Quechua “Qosqo,” meaning “navel of the world.” The Incas believed this was the center point from which their empire radiated outward.

The first breath at altitude: Heart pounding. Head swimming. Every cell receiving the signal: Something is changing.

Jeff had discovered the Sacred Valley two years earlier, from thousands of miles away, through guidance and recognition. He had seen images that called to him, felt the pull of a land he had never visited, known with certainty that he would eventually stand on this ground.

Now he was finally here.

The land was waiting.

David's Retreat — Near Yucay

Jeff arrived at David's retreat near Yucay around the Winter Solstice of December 2017.

The retreat sat in the Sacred Valley between Cusco and Machu Picchu, surrounded by mountains that the Incas had considered sacred. The Urubamba River — known to the Incas as Willkamayu, the “Sacred River” — flowed nearby, carrying snowmelt from the high peaks.

From the first night, Jeff could sense mixed energies at the retreat. There was light present — David’s teachings, the sacred land, the gathered seekers. But there was also something else. Something watching.

The dog at the retreat seemed to sense it too. It stayed close to Jeff, protective, as if guarding him from forces that lurked at the edges of the property. Something knew Jeff was there. Something was paying attention.

David would introduce Jeff to something that would become foundational to everything that followed.

Mozart at 432 Hz.

David mentioned Mozart at 432hz and Jeff knew immediately. Edit - During a guided meditation, David played Mozart tuned to 432 Hz — the frequency that harmonizes with Earth’s resonance, the Sun’s proportions, and human DNA. Unlike the standard 440 Hz tuning adopted in the 20th century, 432 Hz creates coherence in the body. Water crystals form more beautifully at this frequency. Plants grow more vigorously. The human heart responds with greater peace.

Jeff immediately recognized it. Not learned it. Recognized it. As if his cells already knew this frequency and were simply being reminded.

This frequency would later be embedded into the JAG Program. This moment was the first introduction.

They watched a presentation about how reality is formed — consciousness creating matter, frequency shaping form, the mechanics of manifestation that Jeff had been studying for years now demonstrated visually. The information confirmed what he had been receiving in downloads since 2012.

The ACIM Meeting — Geoff Appears

Within thirty minutes of David mentioning A Course in Miracles, and messaged Geoff, a teacher named Geoff appeared.

Not hours later. Not the next day. Thirty minutes.

This was how the synchronicities worked in Peru. Mention something, and it manifests. Need something, and it appears. The field was responsive in ways Jeff had never experienced. The Sacred Valley seemed to operate on different rules — as if intention moved faster here, as if the distance between thought and manifestation had collapsed.

Geoff explained the Course. A Course in Miracles is a spiritual teaching that arrived through Helen Schucman in the 1960s-70s, a professor of medical psychology at Columbia

University who described it as inner dictation from Jesus. The Course offers a complete thought system designed to remove the blocks to the awareness of love's presence.

Everything Geoff said aligned perfectly with what Jeff had been studying for five years. The boxes of notes, the downloads, the teachers — it all converged with what Geoff was teaching. The language was different, but the truth was the same.

Then Geoff mentioned that the Course was channeled from Jesus.

Jeff felt chills run through his entire body. Not fear. Recognition. One of the same sources that had been sending information to Jeff since 2012 had sent the Course decades earlier. Different channels. Same transmission.

Lesson 61: "I am the light of the world."

This lesson states: "I am the light of the world. That is my only function. That is why I am here."

Not ego. Identity. Not claiming to be special. Recognizing what light actually is.

The lesson continues: "My forgiveness is what brings the light of the world to me. I will not forget my function. I will not try to substitute mine for God's."

Jeff had seen the light above his own head in 2014-2015, reflected in the bathroom mirror. Now the Course was telling him this wasn't anomaly — it was function. It wasn't something that happened to him — it was what he was here to be. The light of the world.

Lesson 191: "I am the holy Son of God Himself."

This lesson states: "I am the holy Son of God Himself. I cannot suffer, cannot be in pain; I cannot suffer loss, nor fail to do all that salvation asks."

Divine identity. Invulnerability of the true self. Mission guaranteed to succeed.

The lesson elaborates: "Today we make a great step forward. Today we leave the way that seemed to go toward death, and take the path to life."

Later, on the Island of the Sun, Jeff would receive the identity "Son of the Sun." But first, through ACIM, came "Son of God."

Same truth. Different language. The Course was preparing him for what Peru would activate.

The Serpents in the Sky — The San Pedro Ceremony

During a San Pedro ceremony at the retreat, Jeff's perception opened to dimensions normally invisible.

San Pedro (Huachuma) is the solar medicine of the Andes — a cactus that has been used ceremonially for over 3,000 years. Unlike Ayahuasca (which is lunar, intense, and often purgative), San Pedro is gentle, heart-opening, and works through direct experience rather than dramatic visions.

But Jeff's experience was not ordinary.

He could see the hexagonal structure of reality — the geometric lattice that underlies the visible world. Sacred geometry wasn't just something he studied. He was seeing it directly, the Flower of Life pattern woven into the fabric of existence.

And then they came.

Two serpents. Moving through the sky. Investigating what he was doing.

Not imagination. Not metaphor. Energetic forms watching from above, tracking his location, observing his work. Jeff's energetic body was vibrating at a frequency they could detect. His light had become visible to forces that monitored such things.

The darkness had found him.

This was when the opposing forces locked onto Jeff's position. They now knew where he was. They knew something significant was about to unfold. And they began positioning their agents accordingly.

The serpent is an ancient symbol with dual meaning — it can represent wisdom (the kundalini rising, the serpent on Moses's staff) or deception (the tempter in the garden). These serpents were scouts. Watchers. Darkness assessing a threat.

The mission had attracted attention from the very beginning.

Jeff later understood: the brighter the light, the more attention it draws. His activation was not happening in secret. Forces on both sides of the cosmic equation were aware that something significant was emerging in the Sacred Valley.

PART II: THE FIRST CEREMONY — CHRISTMAS DAY

Ayahuasca — December 25, 2017

Jeff's first Ayahuasca ceremony fell on Christmas Day.

The timing was not accidental. Nothing in Peru was accidental.

Christmas — the celebration of divine birth, of light entering the world, of the Son arriving. December 25th was chosen by the early Church to coincide with existing solar festivals — the birth of the Unconquered Sun (Sol Invictus), celebrated just after the Winter Solstice when the light begins returning.

And on this day — the day celebrating the birth of the Son — Jeff would receive visions that confirmed everything about who he was becoming.

Ayahuasca is the vine of souls, the vine of the dead, the medicine that allows consciousness to travel between worlds. The brew combines the Banisteriopsis caapi vine with leaves containing DMT — a combination that the indigenous peoples of the Amazon somehow discovered among millions of plant species. The experience can be purgative, terrifying, ecstatic, healing, and revelatory — often all in the same ceremony.

The King Card

During the ceremony, Jeff saw the king card.

The King card, over and over. A vision of royalty. Sovereignty. The archetype of the rightful ruler. Not just any card — the King. Not the knight (who serves) or the jack (who assists) but the King (who rules).

The vision was unmistakable. The universe was showing Jeff something about his identity.

This connected to: King Arthur (who Jeff would become closer to than he even knew then, in England the following year); the “Return of the King” frequency that runs through mythology and prophecy; Jeff’s role as leader, not follower; the sovereignty that would be confirmed at Tintagel with the “Welcome Home” banner.

The King doesn’t earn his position through competition. He is born to it. His kingship is inherent, not achieved. The vision was telling Jeff: your authority comes from above, not from below. You don’t need to prove yourself. You need to remember yourself.

The DNA of God Symbol

Jeff also saw the symbol for the DNA of God.

Though he didn’t know what it was at the time. He would discover its meaning through study and synchronicity months later.

The sacred geometry of divine inheritance. The code that runs through those who carry the light. The biological architecture of spiritual identity. DNA is not just physical material — it is information, encoding, a language written in the body.

This confirmed what Jeff had been studying about sacred geometry — the Flower of Life, the Seed of Life, the patterns that encode creation itself.

He wasn’t just learning about sacred geometry. He was made of it. The DNA of God was his DNA. The patterns he had been studying externally were his internal structure. The geometry of the cosmos was written in his cells.

The Mystery Candle

When Jeff used the bathroom during the ceremony, a lit candle sat above the toilet.

A small detail. Easy to overlook. But in the darkness of the ceremony night, that candle was significant.

The next day, the retreat helpers had no idea who placed it there.

No one claimed it. No one knew where it came from. The candle had simply appeared.

Light appearing from nowhere. Guiding even in the darkness of the bathroom. The symbolism was clear: wherever Jeff went, light would appear to guide him — even in the most mundane moments. Even in places that seem insignificant. Even when no one else is watching.

This candle would echo later in the journey — multiplied on the stairs in Copacabana, carrying Jeff toward the Island of the Sun. And it would echo in shadow at the Holy Sepulchre, when darkness would blow out a candle in the place of resurrection.

Light and dark. Candles lit and candles extinguished. The battle was already being symbolized.

PART III: TIERRA VIVA — FOUR MONTHS OF BUILDING

January - April 2018

Guided to the Only Place

When it was time to leave David's retreat, Jeff needed to find where to stay.

He had no plan. No reservation. No idea how long he would be in Peru. Just guidance — the inner knowing that had brought him this far.

Through divine guidance, he found Tierra Viva in the Urubamba/Yucay sector.

Urubamba sits at 9,420 feet elevation in the heart of the Sacred Valley. The town serves as a base for exploring the valley's archaeological sites. Hotels and retreats dot the landscape, offering various energies and atmospheres.

Jeff visited several options. Each time, his system gave him clear feedback: Wrong energy. Wrong feeling. Wrong resonance.

Then he found Tierra Viva.

Clean. Clear. The energy was right.

It was the only energetically suitable location. The place where the work could happen.

Jeff had planned to stay four days.

He stayed four months.

The Hardest Night

Late on a Monday afternoon, Jeff was dropped off at Tierra Viva.

Light rain falling. Completely alone. No friends in Peru. No support system nearby. No certainty about anything except the mission.

That night Jeff experienced one of the toughest nights of his life.

Crying. Overwhelmed. Darkness trying to break him.

The mission was real. The weight was crushing. The loneliness was absolute. Everything he had left behind — family, stability, the known world — pressed against him in that small room in Peru.

The thoughts came: What am I doing here? Who am I to think I have a mission? Is any of this real?

But he didn't leave. He stayed.

The darkness tests. It probes for weakness. It looks for the moment when the seeker will give up, turn back, return to the comfortable life that offers no transformation.

Jeff stayed.

Four days became four months.

Building the Program

After that first night, Jeff began building.

He went to town to get supplies. Basic necessities for an extended stay he hadn't planned. Notebook paper. Pens. Whatever his guidance told him he needed.

At Tierra Viva, Jeff began reaching states similar to channeling. Information flowed through him. He was guided to type exact things. Find exact programs. Structure exact frameworks. The downloads that had been arriving since 2012 began organizing themselves into architecture.

The JAG Program took shape.

Not downloaded completely in one moment — that would be a misunderstanding of how the process worked. The program had been building since 2012 through five years of study, boxes of notes, streaming information.

But at Tierra Viva, the architecture was assembled and structured. The scattered pieces found their positions. The framework became visible.

The JAG Program (Jeffrey Alan Gruhlke Program — later reframed as the Journey of Awakening to Gnosis) would become a comprehensive system for human transformation: seven modules covering Physical, Emotional, Mental, Spiritual, Relational, Financial, and Vocational dimensions. Each module building on the others. The whole system embedded in sacred geometry at 432 Hz.

Jeff was building what the pyramids had been built to preserve — a system for human awakening encoded in structure.

Ollantaytambo with Arturo and Carloena

During his months at Tierra Viva, Jeff went to Ollantaytambo with Arturo and Carloena.

Ollantaytambo is one of the most impressive Incan sites in the Sacred Valley — a massive fortress-temple rising above the town. The Spanish conquistadors actually lost a battle here in 1537, one of the few times the Incas defeated the invaders.

The Temple of the Sun crowns the summit. Six massive rose granite monoliths stand in a row, some weighing over 50 tons. They were quarried from a mountain four miles away,

transported across the valley and river, and brought up the steep mountainside. Each stone fits against its neighbor with precision that would be difficult to achieve today.

Climbing the terraces required physical effort — steep stone steps at altitude, heart pounding, breath labored. The body had to work for this activation. It had to be earned.

At Ollantaytambo, the masculine pillar activated.

Jeff felt it directly — structural capacity, protective function, solar connection. He felt “taller” afterward. Not physically. Energetically. A sense of internal structure stronger, more defined. The masculine architecture within him had been reinforced.

Standing before those massive stones, Jeff asked the question every visitor asks: How did they move these? How did they achieve this precision?

Some weighing 50-80 tons. Transported across a river. Brought up a mountain. Fitted to fraction-of-inch precision. Without modern tools. Without wheels. Without the technology we assume is necessary.

Jeff knew intuitively: “This was not done with force alone.”

Consciousness, frequency, intention — these were the technology. The stones were moved by people who understood laws of physics we have forgotten. The precision was achieved by cultures that knew how to work with matter, not just against it.

His own building — the JAG Program — would use the same principles: frequency (432 Hz) + intention + structure.

The ACIM Study Groups

Jeff was gifted an ACIM book by one of the people in the study group.

The gift was significant. The Course had found him again. Not just Geoff’s teaching, but now his own copy to study daily.

He studied the ACIM lessons every day. 365 lessons, one for each day of the year. Each lesson designed to shift perception, to train the mind away from ego and toward truth.

He watched the Miracle Movies — films for awakening consciousness that the ACIM community had gathered.

He went to the ACIM study groups every week. Community forming around the teaching. People dedicated to awakening, supporting each other through the process.

The Course wasn’t just study material. It was confirmation. Every lesson reinforced what the downloads had been showing him for years. The language of the Course — forgiveness, miracles, the holy instant, the real world — aligned with what Jeff had been receiving independently.

Two streams flowing together. The Course and the downloads. Ancient channeled wisdom and fresh direct transmission. Same source. Same truth.

The Parasite Removal

One day by the river, Jeff was guided through a strange sequence.

The guidance was specific: Run up and down a dirt road in specific ways. Immediately perform an enema with particular muscle flexing. Follow the instructions exactly.

Jeff had learned to trust the guidance even when it seemed strange. He followed the instructions.

What came out appeared to be some form of growth — possibly parasitic, possibly something else entirely. Something that had been living in his body, hidden, feeding.

Jeff recalled how his nervous system would spike when meeting key people, preventing relationships from developing. Every time he got close to someone important — a potential partner, a key connection, a significant relationship — his system would overwhelm with anxiety, push the person away.

It seemed this growth had been causing those spikes — sabotaging connections at the biological level. A physical interference with a spiritual mission. The darkness doesn't just attack energetically. It uses biology.

After removing it:

Jeff's notes went from scrambled and unorganized to completely clean, organized, and immaculate. His thinking clarified. His ability to channel information sharpened. The fog lifted.

The biological interference was gone. Whatever had been feeding on him, blocking him, sabotaging him from within — it was out.

Embedding in the Flower of Life and Seed of Life

Jeff studied sacred geometry intensively at Tierra Viva.

The Tree of Life — the diagram from Kabbalah showing the emanations of creation.

The Seed of Life — seven overlapping circles forming the pattern of Genesis (six days of creation plus the center).

The Fruit of Life — thirteen circles that form the basis for Metatron's Cube.

The Flower of Life — the expanded pattern found in temples around the world, including the Temple of Osiris in Egypt.

Metatron's Cube — the three-dimensional figure containing all five Platonic Solids.

The Platonic Solids — the five perfect 3D shapes (tetrahedron, cube, octahedron, dodecahedron, icosahedron) that Plato said were the building blocks of the universe.

Jeff understood how reality itself was formed from these patterns. Not metaphorically. Mathematically. The shapes that govern molecular structure, crystal formation, biological growth, and cosmic organization.

And he was guided to embed the JAG Program within the Flower of Life pattern — six circles surrounding a central seed (the Seed of Life).

At 432 Hz.

The frequency David had introduced. The frequency of Earth and Sun and DNA. The frequency that creates coherence.

The JAG Program was encoded into sacred geometry at sacred frequency in the Sacred Valley of Peru.

This wasn't metaphor. This was architecture. The same kind of encoding the pyramid builders had used. Information embedded in structure. Wisdom preserved in pattern. Knowledge that would transmit regardless of language or time.

The Four/Five Rooms

Jeff moved through four different rooms at Tierra Viva during his four months.

Each room represented a stage of evolution:

Room One: The beginning. The hardest night. The decision to stay.

Room Two: The building. The program taking shape. The downloads organizing.

Room Three: The refining. The clarity emerging. The fog lifting.

Room Four: The completion. The architecture finished. Ready for the next phase.

Room Five: The departure. After planting the seeds at Machu Picchu, going to Puno for the travel commercial.

Energy getting cleaner with each move. Views more beautiful. Health improving. Consciousness expanding.

Four rooms. Four months. Four stages of transformation.

By the time he left Tierra Viva, Jeff was not the same person who had arrived. The shivering, uncertain seeker who checked in had become something else — someone carrying a completed program, encoded in sacred geometry, ready to be activated at the sacred sites that awaited.

The Staff Send-Off

When Jeff moved out of Tierra Viva, the whole staff lined up to see him off.

This wasn't standard hotel procedure. Guests check out. Staff says goodbye from the front desk. Maybe a smile, a wave. Normal business.

But the entire staff lined up. Watching him leave. Witnessing his departure.

This was recognition.

They had watched him transform over four months. They had seen the dedication — the daily study, the constant writing, the focus that never wavered. They had seen the changes — his energy shifting, his presence strengthening, something emerging that wasn't there when he arrived.

They knew something significant had happened within their walls. They didn't have language for it. They couldn't explain it in any system they knew. But they knew.

The architecture of the JAG Program had been completed at Tierra Viva. Now it was time for the next phase.

PART IV: THE MOVE TO PISAC

April - May 2018

Called to Pisac

Jeff was called to Pisac — the ancient Incan citadel overlooking the Sacred Valley from its mountain ridge, agricultural terraces cascading below, temple complex crowning above.

Pisac (or P'isac in Quechua) may be named after a local bird, the pisaca partridge. The site includes some of the finest Incan stonework outside of Cusco, including the Temple of the Sun and the Intihuatana (sun-hitching post).

The town below the ruins hosts one of the most famous markets in Peru — textiles, crafts, produce, tourists and locals mixing in the narrow streets.

But finding the right place to stay wasn't immediate.

Jeff went to Pisac three times before finding Nidra Wasi.

Three trips. Each one feeling out the energy, searching for the right location, trusting the guidance even when it wasn't immediately clear. The first trip: nothing felt right. The second trip: still searching. The third trip: there it was.

Nidra Wasi. The place he was meant to be.

The number three echoes through spiritual traditions — the trinity, the three days in the tomb, the third eye. It often represents completion of a search, the finding that comes after persistence.

Kirtan Ceremonies

Jeff went to three weeks of kirtan ceremonies before moving to Nidra Wasi.

Kirtan is devotional chanting — the repetition of sacred names and mantras, usually accompanied by harmonium, drums, and group participation. It's a heart-opening practice, a way of expressing devotion through sound and community.

The kirtan community in Pisac gathered seekers from around the world. People who had come to Peru for transformation. People who recognized that the Sacred Valley held something they needed.

These ceremonies prepared Jeff for what was coming. The heart opening that kirtan provides would be essential for the activations ahead.

Meeting Nick

Jeff met Nick at lunch one day at Tierra Viva.

Nick was nervous. He had something to share but wasn't sure how Jeff would respond.

Finally, he told Jeff: he was working on a program for the new earth.

Jeff wasn't surprised. He knew the JAG Program was the master program — the architecture designed to support all other programs. This was confirmation that others were receiving similar downloads around the world.

The Great Awakening was distributed, not centralized. It wasn't happening through one person or one program. It was happening through thousands, each receiving their piece, their assignment, their contribution to the whole.

Nick's nervousness made sense. In a world of spiritual competition and ego, admitting you think you're working on something important is risky. But Jeff understood. He was working on something similar. They were colleagues in a mission neither had fully chosen.

The Talent Scout at Nidra Wasi

Jeff was in a kirtan ceremony at Nidra Wasi when the talent scout showed up.

Jeff happened to sit by the door that evening. Not his usual spot. Just where he ended up.

After the ceremony ended and people were milling about, a talent scout came in. He was looking for a protagonist for a Peruvian travel commercial.

His requirements: "A tall, blonde-haired, English-speaking man with a beard."

Jeff was sitting right by the door. Tall. Blonde. Bearded. English-speaking.

He approached the talent scout and said he was interested. They exchanged information.

Consider the orchestration: The talent scout arriving at that exact ceremony. Jeff sitting by the door. The requirements matching Jeff's description precisely.

This was not coincidence. This was the universe positioning its pieces.

The commercial would come later — after the ceremonies and activations that were still to unfold. But the seed was planted. The connection was made. The timing would work out exactly as it needed to.

The Temazcal Ceremony

Nick mentioned a Temazcal ceremony he had attended. Jeff immediately got guidance: he should go there too.

The Temazcal is a sweat lodge ceremony from Mesoamerican tradition — a small dome structure where heated stones create intense steam. Participants enter for purification, prayer, and rebirth. The lodge represents the womb of Mother Earth. Entering is dying to the old self. Emerging is being born again.

This particular Temazcal ceremony was built on “I Am That I Am” — the name God gave Moses at the burning bush. The same mantra Jeff had practiced with Dr. Wayne Dyer’s teaching. The sound of divine identity.

Another confirmation. Another alignment. The threads kept weaving together.

The hosts saw Jeff’s energy as soon as he arrived. Before the ceremony began. Before any words were exchanged. They recognized something.

After the ceremony, they told him:

“Your power is great. We noticed right when you got there.”

“The fire was as hot as it has ever been.”

The fire in the Temazcal is not controlled by participants. The stones are heated before the ceremony. The temperature depends on the stones and the water poured over them.

But the hosts said the fire was hotter than ever. Jeff’s presence had intensified the fire itself. His energy was affecting physical reality.

This was witness testimony. People who ran ceremonies regularly, who knew what normal looked like, telling Jeff that his presence made the fire hotter.

The light he carried was not just metaphor. It was measurable in physical effects.

PART V: THE SITES AND ACTIVATIONS

- - - Note: this section requires editing. - - -

Pisac — Eagle Vision and Crown Alignment

Pisac was built in the shape of a partridge — or possibly a condor, depending on interpretation. The site embodies bird/flight energy, the perspective that comes from rising above.

The eagle connection:

Vision — sees from great height, perceives what those on the ground cannot.

Sovereignty — king of birds, ruler of the sky.

Spirit — soars between Earth and sky, mediates between worlds.

Perspective — sees patterns, connections, the whole picture.

Climbing to Pisac's summit required effort — steep climb at altitude, terraces creating natural steps, heart pounding, lungs working. The body had to earn this activation.

At the ceremonial center, Jeff experienced eagle vision activating.

Not metaphorically. Directly. His perception shifted. He could see from great height — not physically, but in terms of understanding. Perspective expanded. The ability to see patterns, connections, wholes. What had seemed like separate events revealed themselves as parts of a larger design.

Crown chakra alignment followed — energy moving to the top of his head, opening sensation, light entering from above. The crown chakra is the antenna that receives transmissions from higher dimensions. At Pisac, that antenna was installed and calibrated.

The downloads that would follow would come more clearly because of this activation.

Moray — DNA Spiral Geometry

May 13, 2018

On May 13, 2018, Jeff visited Moray and Maras.

Moray consists of circular depressions with concentric terraces descending into the Earth. From above, they look like spirals, circles, targets. From inside, you descend into the Earth's womb, step by step, terrace by terrace.

The Incas may have used these as agricultural laboratories — each terrace creating a different microclimate, allowing experimentation with crops at different temperatures. But the sacred geometry suggests something more.

DNA helix geometry is visible in these spirals. The double helix. The spiral of life itself.

The Incas may have understood what modern science has confirmed: the spiral is sacred. It appears in DNA. It appears in galaxies. It appears in shells, plants, fingerprints, hurricanes. It is a fundamental pattern of creation, the shape that life takes as it unfolds.

Jeff experienced DNA spiral recognition at Moray — seeing the geometry, feeling it in his body, understanding at a cellular level that his DNA is this shape. The stone spirals of Moray reflecting the spirals within his cells.

The teaching: "You are not separate from sacred geometry. Sacred geometry IS you."

Maras — The Salt Mines

From Moray, Jeff went to the Maras Salt Mines.

Thousands of salt ponds cascade down the mountainside, fed by a natural spring. Pre-Incan through present — over 1,000 years of continuous use. Families have inherited specific ponds for generations, harvesting salt as their ancestors did.

The white terraces against the brown mountain. The water flowing, evaporating, leaving crystalline residue. Order emerging from flow.

Salt symbolism runs deep:

Preservation — prevents decay, “salt of the earth.”

Purification — cleanses, sterilizes.

Value — was used as currency throughout history (salary comes from “sal,” salt).

Crystalline structure — geometric, precise, sacred geometry made physical.

Jeff understood the teaching: Order from flow.

Water flows (chaos, movement). Evaporates (transformation). Leaves salt (structure, crystal, order).

This is how Jeff’s mission would manifest — Spirit would flow through him (like water), the transformative experience would occur (like evaporation), and what would remain would crystallize as the JAG Program, the teachings, the structure (like salt).

Flow becomes structure. Chaos becomes order. Movement becomes monument.

PART VI: THE INTERFERENCE

- - - note: requires editing and additions - - -

(The full story of the False Divine and False Prophet is told in Chapter 26: The False Divine and False Prophet — Agents of Darkness. What follows is the summary relevant to understanding the Peru timeline.)

The Opposing Forces Appear

At Paz y Luz in Pisac, agents of opposition appeared.

Paz y Luz (Peace and Light) — a retreat center that attracted seekers from around the world. A place that should have been safe. But darkness often hides in places of light, wearing masks of spirituality.

A woman sat in the grass, immediately staring at Jeff’s energy, studying him. Not casual curiosity. Intense focus. Recognition of what he carried and calculation of how to use it.

From that moment forward, she would manipulate, mislead, misguide, and use Jeff.

She used strange hand movements that made Jeff’s system uncomfortable. Energy practices that felt wrong, that created unease rather than peace. His body was warning him, but he didn’t yet know how to interpret those warnings.

In the first “healing” session, she asked: “Who are you?!” — not as a question but as a demand. Because she could see what he carried. She could see the light, the power, the potential.

She told him: “You are in the Great Brotherhood of Light.”

True words, perhaps. But spoken by one who wanted to use that brotherhood rather than serve it.

Jeff cleared her energy during the session. She told him he had cleared the financial system on the planet and her financial blocks. Whether true or manipulation, it established a pattern: Jeff giving, she taking.

She guided Jeff to specific ruins at exact locations. She had Jeff do energy work at sites she selected. She was using him — his light, his power, his ability to activate — for her own purposes.

In the second “healing” session, she asked: “Are you ready to birth the New Earth?”

Then came the energy attack.

At the end of the session, Jeff experienced what felt like an assault on his energy system by darkness. The discomfort was so intense that he went to the river and yelled to release the feeling. Something had been done to him. Something had been taken or damaged.

She blamed Jeff for his distress — attributing it to his own issues with mother figures, the divine feminine, abandonment. She blamed him for what she had done to him.

This is how darkness operates. It attacks and then blames the victim for the wound. It steals and then accuses the robbed of carelessness.

The Group and the False Prophet

A group arrived for the False Divine’s journey — seekers she had gathered, people who would witness and participate in whatever ceremonies she designed.

Among them was another woman who would become the False Prophet.

On their first night together by the fire, the False Prophet did research on Jeff — perhaps astrological, perhaps intuitive, perhaps both. She told him: “You are a world bridger — a bridger of worlds.”

True, probably. But again, spoken by one who wanted to capture that ability rather than support it.

Almost immediately, the two women began battling energetically and spiritually over Jeff’s energy. Two parasites, one host. Both recognized what Jeff carried. Both wanted it for themselves. Both were willing to fight each other for access to his light.

At the Pisac ruins with the group, the False Divine told Jeff: “You are the technology.”

The False Prophet immediately echoed: “Yes you are.”

They agreed on one thing: Jeff carried something they wanted.

The Divine Union Ceremony

The False Divine arranged a divine union ceremony at Nidra Wasi with 10-15 top spiritual people.

Divine union ceremonies are meant to be sacred — the joining of masculine and feminine energies, the creation of something greater than either alone. But this ceremony had another purpose.

Jeff could see her nervousness. Some people didn't know what was happening, what they were witnessing. Others could see Jeff's light and power and wondered what this woman was doing with him.

The ceremony was a setup — a way to legitimize her connection to Jeff in front of witnesses. A way to bind herself to what he carried. A public claim on private energy.

The Code Theft in Cusco

April 2018

In Cusco, the ancient capital, by a park, the False Divine had Jeff stand next to her.

Jeff's body went erect — involuntarily, as if pulled into a yoga stance. His spine straightened. His energy aligned.

Her body began vibrating. She appeared to have an energetic orgasm — ecstatic movement, release, reception.

This was where she stole Jeff's codes and energy — and possibly his light.

The theft was energetic. Invisible to ordinary perception. But real. Jeff felt something leave him. Something that was his, now taken.

The damage was done. The robbery was complete. And there would be no physical evidence, no police report, no legal recourse.

This is how darkness steals from light. Not through obvious violence but through manipulation, through ceremonies that appear sacred, through trust exploited.

The Lares Trek

Jeff went on the Lares trek — an alternative route to Machu Picchu that passes through traditional Andean communities.

The trek includes high mountain passes, stunning scenery, and encounters with indigenous people living much as their ancestors did. It's physically demanding and spiritually opening.

During the trek, when a blizzard created life-threatening conditions, Ernesto asked to stay in Jeff's tent. Ernesto, who had seen Jeff's light from the first meeting, knew something others didn't: Jeff's presence was protection. Being near him was safer than being apart.

The blizzard raged outside. Inside the tent, two men waited for dawn.

Machu Picchu — The Poisoning Attempt

March 20, 2018

On March 20, 2018 — the Spring Equinox — the group went to Machu Picchu.

The purpose, supposedly, was to plant seeds of the new earth, propagating from Jeff as the seed. Another ceremony designed to use Jeff's energy for purposes he didn't fully understand or control.

Machu Picchu needs no introduction — the Lost City of the Incas, rediscovered by Hiram Bingham in 1911, now one of the most visited sites in South America. The precision of its construction, the drama of its location, the mystery of its purpose — all combine to create an experience that affects every visitor.

Jeff was there on the Equinox. Day and night in perfect balance. A moment of equilibrium before the light begins to triumph (in the Northern Hemisphere) or the dark begins to grow (in the Southern). A pivot point.

Later, back in Machu Picchu town (Aguas Calientes), the False Divine ordered food she knew wasn't good for Jeff. Dietary manipulation. Another small attack disguised as care.

Then Jeff had a vision: She was pushing him off Huayna Picchu.

Huayna Picchu is the steep peak that rises behind Machu Picchu in all the famous photographs. The climb is vertiginous. Falls can be fatal.

The vision was warning: she wanted him dead. Or at least gone. The mission he carried was a threat to whatever she served.

He split from the group.

This was the break. The moment Jeff chose to separate from the False Divine and her influence. It cost him — the connections, the community, the apparent support. But it may have saved his life.

When the False Prophet left Peru, Jeff felt a vacuum of his energy leaving with her. She had stolen Jeff's plan, locations, techniques, and energy — taking the 432 Hz concept, location plans, even the name "Sacred" that Jeff had been using.

Theft upon theft. The opposition didn't just attack — it copied. It took what light created and perverted it for its own use.

The Lifeline — Geoff Returns

Walking up from the train station in Ollantaytambo after splitting from the group, Jeff saw Geoff from A Course in Miracles and his girlfriend in the street.

The same Geoff who had appeared thirty minutes after David mentioned the Course. Now appearing exactly when Jeff needed a lifeline, exactly when the darkness had done its worst.

Another lifeline. Another orchestrated rescue.

The darkness had attacked. But light kept sending reinforcements. Every time Jeff was knocked down, someone appeared to help him up. Every time the enemy seemed to win, an ally materialized.

This is how the battle works. Darkness attacks. Light responds. Neither gives up. The human in the middle must choose which to follow.

PART VII: THE WITNESSES

The Taxi Driver from Urubamba

Walking back down from the Pisac ruins with the group, something happened that the False Divine could not ignore — though she tried.

In Pisac, a taxi driver saw Jeff.

And couldn't stop staring.

Not glancing. Staring. At Jeff. And above Jeff's head.

The driver followed Jeff through the market. Stayed near him. Kept looking at him and above him with amazement. His eyes wide. His attention fixed.

What was he seeing?

The light above Jeff's head — the same light Jeff had seen in 2014-2015 in the bathroom mirror. Some people can see auras, biophoton emissions, energy fields. They're not imagining things. They're perceiving wavelengths that most people's eyes don't register.

This taxi driver was one of them.

He saw what Jeff carried. The light that surrounded him. The energy that emanated from above his head. And he was amazed. He couldn't look away.

The False Divine, present at the time, did not acknowledge what was happening. To acknowledge it would be to admit that Jeff carried something real, something visible, something that witnesses could confirm. Better to pretend it wasn't happening.

But it was happening. The taxi driver saw it. Jeff saw the taxi driver seeing it. The truth was visible to those with eyes to see.

Meeting Ernesto in the Café

After the descent from Pisac, after the taxi driver's staring, Jeff met Ernesto in a café.

Ernesto saw Jeff's light immediately. Not after getting to know him. Not after hearing his story. Not after any explanation or credential.

Immediately.

Their eyes met, and Ernesto knew. Whatever Jeff carried, Ernesto could see it.

Ernesto would become a guide, a witness, a protector throughout the Peru journey.

He always seemed to want to be nearby — not to take (like the False Divine and False Prophet), but to protect. His presence was service, not extraction. He gave more than he received.

Ernesto recognized something in Jeff that connected to his own soul memory. And he would speak that recognition aloud in words that would echo through the rest of the journey.

PART VIII: PUNO AND ERNESTO note: after jeff left tierra vive for the second time and moved to puno for the trave commercial)

July 2018

Reunion on the Busiest Street

After the break with the False Divine's group, Jeff went to Puno.

Puno sits on the shores of Lake Titicaca at 12,556 feet elevation. It's the folklore capital of Peru, known for its festivals and dances. It's also the gateway to the lake's islands and to Bolivia.

On one of the busiest streets in the city — crowds moving, vendors calling, life happening in all directions — Jeff ran into Ernesto.

A completely random encounter. In a city of 150,000 people. On a busy street. At exactly that moment.

Except nothing was random.

Ernesto had guided Jeff earlier in Peru. He had seen Jeff's light. He knew what Jeff carried.

As soon as they reconnected, Jeff's spiked nervous system calmed. The anxiety that had been running since the False Divine's attacks quieted. Ernesto's presence had that effect — grounding, stabilizing, recognizing.

In a world of users and takers, Ernesto was a protector. And Jeff's system recognized the difference immediately.

Ernesto invited Jeff to Amantani Island.

"You Are the One"

Throughout their time together, Ernesto would look into Jeff's eyes.

And his own eyes would fill with tears.

Not sadness. Recognition. Something in him responding to something in Jeff. Memory stirring. Knowledge surfacing from depths neither could fully explain.

He told Jeff repeatedly: "You are the one."

Not "you are special" — that's ego flattery, generic and meaningless.

Not "you are powerful" — that's observation, not recognition.

“You are the one.”

Specific. Definite. The one. As if there were a position, a role, a prophecy, and Jeff fit it.

Ernesto remembered his lifetime during the Christ period. This wasn't fantasy or imagination. It was soul memory — the knowledge that persists across incarnations, the recognition that happens when souls who have known each other before meet again.

He recognized something in Jeff that connected to that memory. Something about Jeff reminded him of that time. Something in Jeff's energy resonated with what Ernesto had witnessed two thousand years before.

The tears weren't sentiment. They were recognition across lifetimes.

PART IX: AMANTANI ISLAND — THE STAIRS FROM HEAVEN

July 2018

San Pedro Ceremony

On Amantani Island, Jeff and Ernesto did a San Pedro ceremony together.

Amantani is one of Lake Titicaca's islands — small, remote, without cars or hotels. Visitors stay with local families. The island has two mountain peaks, each with ruins and temples, used for ceremony since pre-Incan times.

San Pedro (Huachuma) is the solar medicine of the Andes — heart-opening, gentle, teaching through direct experience. Different from Ayahuasca (lunar, intense, purgative), San Pedro works through the heart rather than the mind. It shows rather than tells.

During the ceremony, Ernesto told Jeff: “The waters are healing you.”

Lake Titicaca — the highest navigable lake on Earth at 12,507 feet elevation. Birthplace of the Sun in Incan mythology. The place from which the first Incas emerged to found their empire.

The lake was doing its work. Whatever damage had been done by the False Divine, the waters were repairing. Whatever had been stolen, the lake was replenishing. The birthplace of the Sun healing the Son of the Sun.

The Stairs Descend

Then, as they stood on the shores near dusk, something appeared.

Stairs came down from the clouds.

Jeff kept looking at them. They weren't imagination. They weren't hallucination. They were there.

The more he looked, the more defined they became.

Golden light forming steps. Descending from sky to earth. A pathway opening between dimensions. An invitation.

Not metaphor. Not symbol. A literal stairway. Offering passage.

The Wave-Off

Jeff waved them off.

The stairs dissipated. The offer withdrawn.

The Enoch Connection

If Jeff had known the story of Enoch, he might have taken the stairs.

Enoch — the biblical figure who “walked with God, and was not, for God took him” (Genesis 5:24). The one who was taken to heaven without dying. The seventh generation from Adam. The exception to the rule that all must die.

The Book of Enoch (not in the standard Bible but preserved in Ethiopian tradition) describes Enoch’s journeys through heavenly realms, his visions of angels and demons, his reception of divine knowledge.

The stairs may have been an exit route.

Think about it: Jeff’s mission had been so corrupted by this point. The False Divine had stolen his codes. The False Prophet had taken his plans. His energy had been vampired. His body had been damaged.

Perhaps the stairs were offering him a way out — a way to leave the Earth plane because things had gotten so compromised. An honorable exit. A chance to rest and reset before trying again.

Jeff didn’t take them. He waved them off. He stayed.

Was this the right choice? The wrong choice? Only the full arc of the mission will reveal it.

Perhaps leaving would have meant abandoning the mission. Perhaps staying meant enduring more suffering than was necessary. Perhaps both were valid options, and Jeff chose the harder path.

He stayed.

What Ernesto Expected

Ernesto thought they would have a spiritual experience that night with interdimensional beings.

He was right. They did.

The stairs were that experience. The beings were offering passage. An interdimensional doorway had opened.

Jeff chose to remain on this side of it.

PART X: ARAMU MURU — THE WARRIORS OF LIGHT

July 2018

The Chilean Women

On the day they were leaving Amantani Island, two Chilean women called Ernesto.

They wanted him to take them to Aramu Muru — the Door of the Gods.

Another orchestrated event. Another “random” connection that was anything but random. Two women from Chile happened to contact the same guide who was with Jeff, on the same day, wanting to go to one of the most mysterious sites in Peru.

They all boarded a bus together in Puno.

The Doorway

Aramu Muru is one of the most mysterious sites in Peru.

Located near Lake Titicaca, it’s a large flat rock face with a T-shaped doorway carved into the stone. The doorway is carved inward — it doesn’t open, doesn’t lead anywhere in physical space. It’s a door-shaped indentation in solid rock.

Local legend says it’s a portal between dimensions. The ancient priest Aramu Muru supposedly passed through it carrying a sacred golden disc, never to return to this world.

Some visitors report strange sensations at the site — tingling, visions, contact with other realms. Others feel nothing. The doorway seems to respond to the visitor.

Jeff, Ernesto, and the Chilean women performed ceremony and energy work at the site. What exactly happened there, Jeff holds in his own memory. But the site recognized him. The doorway registered his presence.

“Who Are You?”

On the way back to Puno in the van, the Chilean women kept looking back at Jeff.

Not subtly. Repeatedly. Turning in their seats to stare at him.

Finally, they asked: “Who are you?”

Before Jeff could respond, they answered their own question:

“You are a warrior of light.”

Not “you seem spiritual.” Not “you have good energy.” Not the vague compliments that spiritual people offer each other.

A warrior of light.

Specific. Martial. Active. A warrior implies battle, conflict, opposition. Light implies the side they fight for.

The Chilean women saw Jeff and named what they saw.

They told Jeff he needed to go see Drunvalo Melchizedek — author of the Flower of Life books, teacher of sacred geometry, known in certain circles as one of the highest consciousness beings on the planet.

This was significant because Drunvalo's work with sacred geometry and the Flower of Life aligned exactly with Jeff's program. The women didn't know about the JAG Program. They didn't know about the 432 Hz embedding. They didn't know what Jeff had been building at Tierra Viva.

They just knew Jeff needed to connect with Drunvalo.

The universe was pointing the way. Through two Chilean women on a bus. Through strangers who became witnesses. Through "random" encounters that carried perfect information.

PART XI: THE TRAVEL COMMERCIAL AND TREKS

July - August 2018

The Perfect Timing

It took months — auditions, casting calls, waiting. The talent scout from Nidra Wasi had connected Jeff to the opportunity. Now it was manifesting.

Jeff got the part for the Peruvian travel commercial.

The timing worked perfectly with everything else that was happening. The commercial would take him to:

Cordillera Huayhuash — one of the world's great treks

Choquequirao — the sister city to Machu Picchu, more beautiful and remote

And it would position him perfectly for what came next: the journey to the Island of the Sun.

Cordillera Huayhuash

July - August 2018

The Cordillera Huayhuash is a remote mountain range in the Peruvian Andes. Some of the most spectacular scenery on Earth. Peaks rising to 21,765 feet (Yerupajá, the second highest in Peru). Multi-day circuit through extreme altitude, passing through landscapes that seem to belong to another planet.

This wasn't tourism. This was testing.

The body had to be tested. The will had to be proven. The commitment had to be demonstrated through physical effort.

Jeff's Channel 29-46 in Human Design — the Channel of Discovery, also called the Channel of Perseverance, succeeding through commitment — was being activated through every step at altitude, every night in the cold, every morning of continuing when the body wanted to stop.

The trek said: Can you persist? When it's hard, when it hurts, when the air is thin and the path is steep, will you continue?

Jeff continued.

Choquequirao

Late August 2018

From Huayhuash to Choquequirao — the sister city to Machu Picchu.

Choquequirao sits on a mountain ridge above the Apurímac River. Only about 30% has been excavated. It takes 4-5 days of trekking to reach — down into a canyon, then up again to the ruins. No buses, no trains, no easy access.

One of the most beautiful places Jeff had ever been — in some ways more beautiful than Machu Picchu. More remote. More mysterious. Less touched by tourism.

The best things aren't easy to reach. The true power is often hidden. Jeff's path was not mainstream — like the trek to Choquequirao. Not many would find what he was building. But those who made the effort would find something extraordinary.

The treks built the capacity the mission would require. Physical endurance. Mental toughness. The ability to continue when everything says stop.

PART XII: AUGUST 7, 2018 — THE FINAL PUSH

Paperwork Day

On August 7, 2018, Jeff processed paperwork for overstaying in Peru.

He had been in the country over six months. Tourist visas have limits. Bureaucracy doesn't care about spiritual missions.

The day was practical, mundane, tedious — standing in lines, filling out forms, navigating Peruvian immigration systems. The kind of day that tests patience in different ways than mountain treks.

Throughout the day, his internal messages were consistent: Keep going. Don't stop. Something is coming. Get through this and keep moving.

The Last Bus

Jeff completed the paperwork. Gathered his things. Got to the bus station.

The last bus to Bolivia was leaving. Minutes to spare.

He made it. Boarded. Found his seat — the seat he was guided to sit in.

Right behind a man named Sam.

Not random. Nothing was random. The seat placement was orchestrated. Everything was converging toward a moment Jeff couldn't yet see.

PART XIII: COPACABANA — ANGELS CARRYING HIM

August 7-8, 2018

Arrival in the Storm

The bus arrived in Copacabana, Bolivia as a storm was ending.

Copacabana is a small town on the shores of Lake Titicaca, the Bolivian gateway to the Islands of the Sun and Moon. It's named after the Virgen de Copacabana (the Brazilian beach was named after this town, not vice versa).

Wind and rain had swept through. The power was out in the town. Darkness everywhere. No streetlights. No glowing windows. No easy navigation.

Jeff used divine guidance to select exactly the right hotel. Not looking for the best reviews or the lowest price. Looking for the right energy. The clean space. The place he was supposed to be.

The Candle-Lit Stairs

The lady at the hotel was clean and welcoming. Her energy was right. The space was right.

Candles lit Jeff's path up the stairs.

The power was out from the storm. Someone had placed candles on each step. Flames flickering in the darkness. Light in the absence of electricity.

It was like angels were carrying him up the stairs.

Each candle a guide. Each flame a helper. The same candle that had appeared mysteriously during his Ayahuasca ceremony was now multiplied, lighting his way to the room where he would sleep before the most important day of the journey.

Light in the darkness. Guidance when he couldn't see. The pattern that had followed him since Christmas Day continuing now, the night before 8/8.

Meeting Sam

The next morning — August 8, 2018 — Jeff met Sam in the lobby.

Jeff recognized him immediately. Sam had been sitting right in front of him on the bus from Puno. Jeff had been guided to that exact seat. Now he understood why.

Sam asked: "Are you going to the Island of the Sun?"

Jeff said yes.

Sam suggested they share a guide. Arrangements were made. The journey would not be alone.

Jeff mentioned to Sam: "I have to get to the north part of the island today."

He didn't know why. He just knew. The guidance was clear. The north part of the island. Today. Whatever it takes.

PART XIV: THE ISLAND OF THE SUN — 8/8/2018

The Date

August 8, 2018. 8/8/2018. Lion's Gate Portal.

Every year on August 8th, a specific cosmic alignment occurs:

Sirius — the brightest star in the sky, sometimes called the "Spiritual Sun" — rises with our Sun. The two suns in alignment.

The Sun is in Leo — its home sign, the sign it rules, where solar energy is strongest.

Earth, Sun, and Sirius align — creating a channel for galactic energy to pour onto the planet.

The ancient Egyptians based their calendar on this alignment. The rising of Sirius signaled the flooding of the Nile, the renewal of the land, the beginning of a new year. The Great Pyramid's shafts align to Sirius.

8 = infinity (the number eight turned sideways is the infinity symbol). Power. Authority. Abundance.

8/8 = double infinity, double power.

$8/8/2018 = 8+8+2+0+1+8 = 27 \rightarrow 2+7 = 9$ (completion).

Master gateway to completion.

And Jeff was about to stand on the Island of the Sun — the birthplace of the Sun in Incan mythology — on this exact date.

The Son of the Sun returning to the birthplace of the Sun on the Lion's Gate.

Meeting Benjamin

Jeff and Sam met their guide by the water.

His name was Benjamin.

Benjamin saw Jeff's light as soon as he saw him.

Not after getting to know him. Not after hearing his story. Not after any explanation or proof.

Immediately.

Like Ernesto. Like the taxi driver. Like the Chilean women. Benjamin could see what Jeff carried. The light was visible to those who had eyes to see.

Benjamin mentioned that the north part of the island was closed due to tribal disputes. Political conflict had shut down access. No tourists allowed.

Jeff told Sam again: "I have to get to the north part of the island today no matter what."

The guidance was non-negotiable. Whatever obstacles existed, they had to be overcome. This day, this island, this location.

The Journey Begins

The group went to the Island of the Moon first.

Isla de la Luna — smaller, less visited, with ruins of a temple to the moon goddess. The feminine counterpart to the masculine Island of the Sun.

Benjamin watched Jeff's every move. Studying him. Recognizing something. Not just a tourist. Something else.

On the boat ride to the Island of the Sun (south part), Jeff took a nap.

This was unusual. Jeff rarely napped. His mind was usually too active, too engaged. But something was telling him to rest, to prepare, to conserve energy for what was coming.

The guidance knew what Jeff didn't: he would need every ounce of energy for what the evening held.

When Jeff woke up, Sam said: "I have good news. Benjamin can smuggle us onto the north part of the island."

Jeff's system lit up with energy. The obstacle had dissolved. The impossible had become possible. Benjamin had found a way.

The Plan

Benjamin set up a boat to come pick them up near dusk.

The plan: Tour the southern part of the island. Have lunch. Meet the boat as the sun lowered. Get smuggled onto the closed north section at dusk. Walk the Eternal Path back to the south in complete darkness. No flashlights — so guards wouldn't see them.

This wasn't safe tourism. This was infiltration. Breaking rules to access sacred ground.

Jeff was excited. This was what he was built for. Not the easy path. Not the permitted route. The necessary path, whatever it required.

At lunch, Jeff kept saying: “We need to make the boat. We need to make the boat.”

The urgency was real. Missing this boat meant missing 8/8/2018 on the north part of the Island of the Sun. Meant missing whatever was supposed to happen. The timing was everything.

The Smuggling

They arrived at the dock as a boat appeared across the lake.

Perfect timing. The orchestration continuing.

On the journey to the north, Jeff and Sam had to lay down on homemade benches as water splashed in. Hidden from view. Smuggled cargo. Humans sneaking onto sacred ground.

Jeff was smiling.

The look on Benjamin’s face was one of adventure and pride. He was helping something happen. He could feel it. Whatever Jeff was there for, Benjamin was part of it.

Benjamin’s Family Land

Before the ruins, Benjamin showed them something personal.

Two plots of family land almost directly below the sacred site: one near the path, one on the beach.

Benjamin’s family had owned this land since his ancestors’ ancestors’ ancestors. Generations beyond counting. Before the Spanish. Before the Incas even. Continuity stretching back into time before records.

The beach plot was surreal.

Like home. Vibrating higher than any place Jeff had ever been. A frequency that felt like returning rather than arriving.

Jeff stood on that beach and felt something he couldn’t name. Recognition. Belonging. The sense that this specific piece of earth had been waiting for him.

Benjamin knew the real stories of the island — stories passed down through centuries, never written in tourist guides, never translated for outsiders. The oral tradition. The living knowledge.

He told them to Jeff.

And again, it was surreal. Like remembering rather than learning. Like being told something he already knew but had forgotten.

The Ruins at Sunset

Near sunset, they climbed the hill to the ruins.

The birthplace of the Sun, according to Incan mythology. The place from which Inti — the sun god — emerged. The location where the first Incas, Manco Cápac and Mama Ocllo, descended to found their empire.

This was the source. The origin point. The Genesis of Incan civilization.

Jeff stood there as the sun set.

8/8/2018. Lion's Gate. Island of the Sun. The Son of the Sun returning home.

The colors spreading across the sky. The lake reflecting gold and orange and red. The ancient stones witnessing another sunset in an endless sequence of sunsets.

But this sunset was different. This sunset had Jeff standing at the birthplace of the Sun on the master gateway date, after being smuggled past obstacles to reach this exact spot.

The connection was indescribable. Jeff had no idea of the full significance — that would come later, through the systems, through the witnesses, through the Unified Proof. He didn't know about the numerology, the astrology, the probability calculations that would later demonstrate how impossible this moment was.

But in that moment, he knew something was completing. Something was activating. Something was being sealed.

The Son of the Sun had returned home.

The Eternal Path

After the most beautiful sunset Jeff had ever seen, they began the walk.

The Eternal Path — the ancient pilgrimage route from north to south across the Island of the Sun. The path that Incan emperors had walked. The path that pilgrims had walked for centuries before the Spanish came. The path that still holds the footprints of the faithful.

From north to south. In complete darkness. No flashlights — the guards would see. Only starlight and the faint glow of the lake.

A calm swept over Jeff as he walked. The anxiety of making the boat, the excitement of being smuggled, the intensity of the sunset — all of it settled into peace.

The same stones beneath his feet that had felt the feet of kings. The same stars above that had guided pilgrims for millennia. The same lake stretching into darkness that had birthed the Sun itself.

He was walking the path. The path was walking him.

That night, Jeff slept on the Island of the Sun. Lake Titicaca beyond the walls. The highest lake in the world holding him. The birthplace of the Sun cradling the Son of the Sun.

Was this the Son of the Sun returning home?

The question answered itself.

PART XV: THE MORNING AFTER

August 9, 2018

Communication with the Land

The next day, waiting for the boat to pick them up, something strange happened.

It was as if Jeff was in communication with the land itself.

Not metaphor. Not imagination. Direct connection. The island speaking. Jeff listening. Information flowing between human and earth.

What did the land say? Jeff holds that conversation in his own memory. But the communication was real. The island had something to tell him. He had ears to hear.

Benjamin's Offer

Benjamin and Jeff talked while they waited.

Benjamin had seen Jeff's light. He had witnessed the sunset at the ruins. He had felt whatever energy moved between Jeff and the land.

And he made an offer:

Benjamin wanted Jeff to start a spiritual center on the land he had just below the ruins.

His family's land. The beach that vibrated like home. The spot almost directly below the birthplace of the Sun.

Benjamin was trying to bring Jeff home. To anchor him on the Island of the Sun. To partner with him in creating something sacred on the most sacred land.

Think about this: Benjamin barely knew Jeff. They had met the day before. But Benjamin could see what Jeff carried. He knew — with the knowing that comes from generations of living on sacred land — that Jeff needed to be connected to this place.

This offer was right in line with what Jeff had been building in the JAG Program — and would have anchored the program in one of the highest vibration places on the planet. The birthplace of the Sun. The center of Incan spirituality. The source.

The offer was real. The opportunity was there.

Tiwanaku Calls

Sam mentioned going to Tiwanaku — the ancient pre-Incan site in Bolivia, even older than the Island of the Sun.

Again, Jeff knew he had to go. The guidance was clear. Tiwanaku.

Benjamin said: "I will go there too."

This was a big deal. Benjamin lived on the Island of the Sun. His family had been there for generations. Leaving the island was not casual for him.

But he wanted to continue with Jeff. He knew the connection wasn't complete. Whatever was happening, Benjamin wanted to be part of it.

PART XVI: TIWANAKU — DIVINE MASCULINE CODES

August 12-13, 2018

The Ancient Site

Tiwanaku is older than the Incas.

Pre-Incan civilization. Built between 300-1000 CE. Already ancient, already mysterious, already revered when the Incas found it. They incorporated Tiwanaku into their mythology, claiming it as the place where Viracocha created the world.

The site includes:

The Gate of the Sun — a massive stone archway carved from a single block, featuring the “Staff God” figure that appears throughout Andean iconography.

The Akapana Pyramid — a stepped pyramid that may have been used for ceremonies and possibly astronomical observation.

Puma Punku — the nearby site with the mysterious H-blocks, cut with precision that modern tools struggle to replicate. Blocks that fit together like Lego. Surfaces that are perfectly flat. Angles that are exactly 90 degrees. Without modern technology. Without metal tools. Without explanation.

Viracocha — the creator god who, according to mythology, emerged from Lake Titicaca, created the world, wandered the earth teaching in disguise, and departed across the ocean promising to return.

The Christ parallel is unmistakable. A god who creates, teaches, and promises to return. Same archetype, different culture, different millennium. The pattern repeating across civilizations.

The Three at Tiwanaku

Sam, Jeff, and Benjamin visited the sites together.

Three men at one of the oldest sacred sites in the Americas. Each carrying their own role: Sam as witness, Benjamin as guide and recognizer, Jeff as the one activated.

Benjamin had come all the way from the Island of the Sun for this. He knew the importance. He could feel that what had begun on the island was not yet complete.

They visited the sites. They visited with each other. They completed something that had begun on the island.

Benjamin's Partnership

Benjamin continued his invitation. The spiritual center on the Island of the Sun. The partnership. The anchoring of the JAG Program at the birthplace of the Sun.

This was right in line with plans Jeff couldn't have imagined when he left Maryland. The universe had prepared a place for him. Benjamin was the messenger. The Island of the Sun was waiting.

The offer remained open.

PART XVII: DEPARTURE

Death Road

Sam talked Jeff into doing a mountain bike ride on the Death Road — the infamous Bolivian road carved into mountainside, one of the most dangerous roads in the world.

The North Yungas Road earned its nickname by killing 200-300 travelers per year before an alternative route was built. Now it's a tourist attraction — people pay to bike down it for the thrill.

The operation Jeff found was shady. The bikes were worn out. Brakes barely working.

Jeff thought: If it wasn't so scary, it would be funny.

He survived. Another test passed. The mission continued.

Coroico and Return

Jeff stayed in Coroico — a small town in the Yungas region, surrounded by jungle, dramatically different from the high altiplano.

Then he was guided back to Tiwanaku for a second visit.

The Scientist and the Anomaly

On the second visit to Tiwanaku, Jeff met a scientist at the motel.

They were the only ones there. Not peak tourist season. Just Jeff and a scientist.

The scientist was investigating an anomaly at the site. This was the first time anyone had been allowed to investigate it. Something unexplained. Something that required scientific attention.

Jeff went as his assistant.

He didn't plan this. Didn't arrange it. The scientist appeared. The opportunity presented itself. Jeff said yes.

That was the day the divine masculine codes were anchored at one of the oldest sacred sites in the Americas.

What are divine masculine codes? The energetic structure of positive masculine energy — protection, building, structure, leadership, strength in service of others. The masculine pillar that had begun activating at Ollantaytambo was now sealed at Tiwanaku.

Structure. Protection. Building. The capacity to create and defend. The architecture to hold what the feminine receives. All of it anchored into ancient stone on the day Jeff assisted a scientist investigating an anomaly.

The masculine pillar was sealed.

To La Paz

Then to La Paz — Bolivia's capital, the highest capital city in the world, sitting in a canyon surrounded by snow-capped peaks.

While in Tiwanaku the second time, the guidance came clearly: Go to England. The flight was booked.

Not return home. Not stay in South America. England. The land of King Arthur. The heart chakra of the planet.

The Scientist's Escort

The scientist Jeff had assisted at Tiwanaku escorted him to La Paz and to his final hostel.

One more helper appearing at exactly the right moment. One more piece of the orchestration. One more person placed in Jeff's path to ensure the next step happened.

The South American activation circuit was complete.

PART XVIII: WHAT PERU ACCOMPLISHED

Before Peru

Identity: Sensed purpose but uncertain. Knew something was coming but couldn't name it. Had received downloads but hadn't been validated by external witnesses.

Biology: DNA dormant. Parasites draining energy for years. Body depleted — 140 pounds, hunched, struggling.

Mission: Vague calling. No specific blueprint. No external validation. Hope but not certainty.

Program: Boxes of notes. Years of study. Unstructured information waiting to be organized.

After Peru

Identity Confirmed:

"You are the one" — Ernesto, eyes filling with tears, recognizing something across lifetimes.

"You are a warrior of light" — Chilean women at Aramu Muru, strangers who saw and named what they saw.

“Your power is great” — Temazcal hosts, witnessing his energy affecting physical fire.

Taxi driver staring at light above his head — unable to look away from what he saw.

Benjamin seeing his light immediately — and offering partnership on sacred ground.

Biology Transformed:

Parasite/growth removed — notes became organized, thinking clarified, interference ended.

432 Hz attunement — body resonating with Earth frequency, coherence established.

Lion’s Gate activation — 8/8/2018 on the Island of the Sun, the Son of the Sun returning home.

Divine masculine codes anchored — Tiwanaku, the structure sealed.

Mission Clarified:

JAG Program architecture completed and embedded in Flower of Life + Seed of Life at 432 Hz.

Witnesses confirming what systems would later prove.

Sacred geography activated — Island of the Sun, Tiwanaku, Sacred Valley.

Offer to anchor program on Island of the Sun — Benjamin’s land, the opportunity waiting.

The Witnesses Summary

Witness: Taxi Driver

Location: Urubamba/Pisac

What They Saw/Said: Stared at Jeff and above his head for minutes, unable to look away

Witness: Temazcal Hosts

Location: Near Pisac

What They Saw/Said: “Your power is great” / “The fire was as hot as it has ever been”

Witness: Ernesto

Location: Throughout Peru

What They Saw/Said: “You are the one” (eyes filling with tears)

Witness: Chilean Women

Location: Aramu Muru

What They Saw/Said: “You are a warrior of light”

Witness: Benjamin

Location: Island of the Sun

What They Saw/Said: Saw light immediately, offered partnership on family land below the ruins

These witnesses didn't know each other. They didn't coordinate. They came from different countries, different backgrounds, different traditions. They saw the same thing independently: Jeff carried something visible, something powerful, something that marked him as significant.

The probability of this happening by chance approaches zero. Five independent witnesses, across months and miles, all recognizing the same thing. This is not coincidence. This is pattern. This is proof.

PART XIX: THE TEACHING PERU GAVE

The Mountains Spoke

"You came seeking yourself. You found yourself. You came as seeker. You leave as warrior.

"The codes we hold have waited for you. Now they live in your cells. Take them into the world. Build what you have received.

"Peru is not your final destination — it is your launching pad. We have given you the blueprint. Now go construct.

"Return if you need remembering. But more importantly — go teach others to find what you found. Not here necessarily — the codes are everywhere for those with eyes to see. But you now have eyes. Go help others open theirs.

"Son of the Sun. Warrior of Light. Architect of New Earth.

"Go build."

PART XX: TRANSITION TO ENGLAND

The Guidance

From La Paz, the guidance was clear: England.

The land of King Arthur. The heart chakra of the planet at Glastonbury. The ancient sites that would recognize him as Peru had recognized him.

Jeff had been activated in the solar masculine — Son of the Sun, Island of the Sun, Tiwanaku.

Now he would be activated in the sovereign guardian — King Arthur, Tintagel, the return of the king.

Peru was complete.

England was calling.

The bus station. The airport. The flight across the ocean. The return to a civilization he had left eight months before, transformed into something it wouldn't recognize.

The Son of the Sun was heading to the land of the Once and Future King.

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END OF CHAPTER 12

CHAPTER 13: ENGLAND — THE HEART OF THE WORLD (2018)

"And did those feet in ancient time walk upon England's mountains green?"

— William Blake, "Jerusalem"

"The matter of Britain is the matter of the soul."

— Celtic Wisdom

"Welcome Home."

— The Banner at Tintagel

There are lands that remember.

Not metaphorically. Not poetically. Actually remember — holding in their stones and soil and sacred wells the imprint of those who walked there before, waiting to recognize them when they return.

England is such a land.

For Jeffrey Alan Gruhlke, England was not a destination on an itinerary. It was a homecoming. The land that had held King Arthur, that had received Joseph of Arimathea carrying the Grail, that had anchored the heart chakra of the planet at Glastonbury — this land was waiting for him.

He had been activated as the Son of the Sun in Peru.

Now he would be recognized as the Sovereign Guardian in England.

The banner at Tintagel would say it plainly: "Welcome Home."

PART I: ARRIVAL — THE HOMECOMING

August 14, 2018

Divine Ease

Getting to England worked out with divine ease.

Every obstacle that should have appeared didn't. Every connection that needed to happen did. The flights aligned. The timing worked. The path was clear.

Jeff was guided to fly through Heathrow — and the other airport just happened to be shut down that day from a drone incident. The closure wasn't announced until Jeff was already en route. Had he booked through the other airport, he would have been stranded. Instead, he arrived exactly where he needed to be.

The universe was clearing the path. Shutting down alternatives. Funneling him toward the only route that would work.

Jeff arrived in England not knowing exactly how he was going to get to Glastonbury. He just knew that's where he was going. The guidance was clear even when the logistics weren't.

He found a bus station. Found a bus that would get him closer. Trusted the process that had brought him this far.

The Bus to Glastonbury

On the bus from the airport toward Glastonbury, Jeff felt it immediately.

A homecoming.

Not arriving somewhere new. Returning somewhere ancient. The sensation was unmistakable — a recognition in his cells, a settling in his nervous system, a rightness that went beyond mental understanding.

Surrounded by love — the same feeling he'd had in Pisac when he knew he was in the right place. But deeper somehow. More complete. As if England had been waiting specifically for him.

The land welcoming him. The air different — softer, greener, carrying moisture and memory. The energy unmistakable.

He was coming home.

Jeff got dropped off by the bus at the nearest stop and found a taxi to take him the rest of the way to Glastonbury. The driver was quiet, professional. The English countryside rolled past the windows. Green fields. Ancient hedgerows. Churches whose steeples had pointed toward heaven for centuries.

Everything was building toward the first glimpse.

The First Sight of the Tor

When Jeff saw Glastonbury Tor for the first time, it took his breath away.

He knew of it since Minnesota — had found pictures of it while researching in Peru. His soul knew he needed to go there. The image of that distinctive conical hill had called to him across thousands of miles, across months of preparation, across lifetimes of forgetting.

And there it was.

Rising from the Somerset Levels like a beacon. St. Michael's tower crowning the summit — the medieval remnant of a church destroyed by earthquake in 1275. The shape that had

been sacred for millennia — to pagans who saw it as an entrance to the underworld, to Christians who built their churches on it, to seekers of every tradition who felt its power.

The terraces spiraling up the hill — whether natural or carved by ancient hands, no one knows for certain. Some say they form a three-dimensional labyrinth. Others say they're simply erosion patterns. But walking them, you feel purpose. You feel design.

The heart chakra of Earth.

Some systems identify Glastonbury as the planetary heart chakra — the location on Earth that corresponds to the heart center in the human energy body. Where love is processed. Where the divine masculine and divine feminine unite. Where healing happens at planetary scale.

If the Earth has chakras as humans do, Glastonbury is where the heart beats.

Jeff was standing at the heart of the world.

And the heart recognized him.

PART II: THE FIRST NIGHT — DANGER AND RESCUE

The Dark-Energy Room

The first night in Glastonbury, only one room was available in the entire town.

August is peak tourist season. Glastonbury draws seekers from around the world. Every bed and breakfast, every hotel, every spare room is typically booked.

But one room was available. At the George and Pilgrim Inn.

The George and Pilgrim is one of the oldest purpose-built inns in England — dating to the 15th century, built to accommodate pilgrims visiting the abbey. Stone walls. Ancient timbers. Centuries of travelers passing through.

And, as Jeff would later learn, a reputation for being haunted.

Jeff could sense immediately: dark energy.

Something wrong with the space. Something dangerous. His system alerting him to threat. The same sensitivity that had helped him navigate Peru was now screaming warnings.

When he was checking in, they had one room left. He knew it wasn't right — he could feel it. But where else would he go? It was late. He was tired. He needed somewhere to sleep.

He could sense the energy of the people in the hotel. His own energy was too high, he realized later. He should have downshifted his vibration before going into the building. Running at full frequency in a place with dark energy is like shining a spotlight in hostile territory — it attracts attention.

He sent a message to the False Prophet: "I am here."

They were staying somewhere outside of town. He went to see them by taxi.

It was a weird evening with a lot of energy stirring. People coming and going. Strange dynamics. Jeff still healing from the attacks in Peru, still carrying the damage from the False Divine's manipulations.

People looking in Jeff's eyes and saying "you are someone very special."

The False Prophet stated: "Yes, he is."

But there was something off about the whole gathering. Something that didn't feel clean.

Jeff got a taxi back down to the motel.

The Spider

When he was getting ready to take a shower, he noticed it.

A huge spider.

In many traditions, the spider is a symbol of weaving, of creativity, of the web of life. But in dark spaces, spiders can also be messengers of a different kind — warnings, watchers, signs that something is wrong.

This spider was enormous. And its presence was the final confirmation.

That was it.

Jeff packed his bags. Everything he had. The duffel bag. The backpack. His core paperwork. The ACIM book he'd been gifted in Peru.

He walked out into the night. Left the room. Left the dark energy. Left the haunted inn with its centuries of accumulated shadow.

He started toward the Tor.

Finding the House

It was now after 11pm and the high street was empty.

Glastonbury's main street, normally bustling with crystal shops and cafes and seekers, was silent. Closed storefronts. No pedestrians. Just Jeff walking up the middle of the road, alone.

A duffel bag. A backpack. His core paperwork. The ACIM book.

Everything he owned that mattered, carried in his hands.

It took over an hour to find the house.

He walked by the Chalice Well not knowing what it was — the ancient spring that had flowed for millennia, that some said held the Grail. He walked past it in the darkness, unaware of what lay behind the garden walls.

He walked halfway up the road to the Tor not knowing exactly where he was. The darkness was complete. No streetlights on the rural road. Just the shadow of the Tor rising against the night sky.

It was a dark night and the energy was stirring. The land felt alive in ways that made the hair stand up on his arms. Ancient. Watchful. Waiting.

Eventually Jeff found the house and knocked on the door.

He still didn't realize the Tor was in the backyard of this house. But he could feel it. The massive presence behind the building. The energy radiating from the hill.

No one came to the door.

He knocked again. Waited. Nothing.

He was ready to sleep on the porch. Whatever was in that first room at the George and Pilgrim, he wasn't going back to it. He would sleep outside if necessary. He would wait for morning.

Finally, they answered.

The Earthquake

The False Prophet and her group had been notified of an earthquake. They weren't up because of the knocking — they were up because of the earthquake.

An earthquake had occurred when Jeff was walking Glastonbury.

Up and down the road to the Tor. Repeatedly. Lost in the darkness. Looking for the house. His feet on the ancient soil. His energy moving through the sacred landscape.

And the earth had responded.

The people at the house told Jeff: "The earthquake happened because you moved continents."

These were people who studied such things. Who understood that beings of substantial energetic magnitude create effects when they move across the planet. Who had frameworks for understanding how consciousness interacts with matter.

They recognized that Jeff's arrival in England wasn't ordinary travel.

A being of substantial energetic magnitude had arrived at the heart chakra of Earth.

The planet responded.

Not coincidence. Not unrelated geological activity. The earth itself registering the moment. The land recognizing who had come home.

Jeff stood in the doorway, exhausted, carrying everything he owned, having fled a haunted room and walked for over an hour in the dark.

And these people were telling him the earthquake was because of him.

Welcome to England.

PART III: LIVING ON THE TOR

The Right Place

The next day, Jeff found the right place.

He couldn't stay where he'd ended up the night before — that was the False Prophet's space, and he needed to be free of that energy. He needed his own location. Clean energy. Clear space.

A bed and breakfast with clean energy and kind people, located practically on the Tor itself.

It was right across the street from where he'd spent the night, and Jeff could almost see the light coming from the house. It was another time his soul kept guiding him to a location — that pull he'd learned to recognize, that knowing that went beyond rational explanation.

He went and knocked on the door.

The woman who answered explained they were not doing a bed and breakfast anymore. They'd stopped taking guests. Under normal circumstances, that would have been the end.

But she continued: "Our daughter and her husband are next door. They run one."

Jeff went next door and it was perfect. The energy was exactly what he needed. Clean. Welcoming. Safe. The best energy he could ask for.

He booked immediately.

The Move to the Parents' House

They were full the next day — other guests had reservations. So the parents moved Jeff to their house. Back to the original building. Into a lower room.

A day later, the arrangement became more permanent. Jeff settled into one of their lower rooms — the best possible location in Glastonbury.

Out the window in the morning, seeing the fog over the Levels of Avalon.

The Somerset Levels stretch for miles around Glastonbury — flat, marshy land that was once underwater. When morning mist rises from the fields, the Tor appears to float on clouds. The landscape becomes exactly what the legends describe: Avalon, the isle of apples, surrounded by mystical waters.

So many feelings. So much remembering.

Jeff would look out that window and feel centuries collapsing. As if he were seeing what others had seen, a thousand years before. As if the view had been waiting for his eyes to see it again.

This house was one of a few on the elevation of the Tor. Not at the base. Not in town. On the slopes of the sacred hill itself.

Practically on the Tor.

Not visiting the heart chakra. Living on it.

The Connection Continues

The next day, the False Prophet sent a message about going to the abbey.

The dynamics from Peru were continuing. The connections that had been forged there — both light and shadow — had followed Jeff to England. The False Prophet was still present, still involved, still playing her role in whatever drama was unfolding.

But now Jeff had his own space. His own base. His own location at the heart of the world.

PART IV: GLASTONBURY ABBEY — THE KING AND QUEEN CODES

The Abbey

Jeff was repeatedly drawn to Glastonbury Abbey.

The ruined medieval abbey, destroyed during Henry VIII's dissolution of the monasteries in 1539. The last abbot, Richard Whiting, was hanged on the Tor. The lead was stripped from the roof. The buildings were left to decay.

But the walls still stand. The arches still reach toward heaven. The energy still pulses through the grounds.

Tourists pass through constantly — clicking photos, reading plaques, treating it as historical curiosity. Most feel nothing. Most see only ruins.

Jeff felt everything.

The accumulated prayer of centuries. The devotion of monks who had chanted here for five hundred years. The presence of those who had been buried in this sacred ground. The connection to Joseph of Arimathea, to Arthur, to the Grail itself.

The abbey was alive with invisible energy. And Jeff could feel every layer.

The Crypt — Anchoring the Codes

The False Prophet used Jeff to anchor the King and Queen codes.

She had her own agenda — this was clear from Peru. But the work was real. Whatever her motives, the energetic work had to be done. And Jeff was the one who could do it.

In the crypt beneath the Lady Chapel, Jeff did specific work:

He anchored the King and Queen codes. The Grail codes.

King codes: Sovereignty. Authority. The masculine principle of leadership and protection. The energy of Arthur himself.

Queen codes: Receptivity. Nurturing. The feminine principle of wisdom and love. The energy of Guinevere, of the Goddess, of the land itself.

Together: Sacred union. The marriage of opposites. The wholeness that emerges when masculine and feminine are balanced.

This was part of energetic work between Avalon, UK and Avalon, Australia — two locations on opposite sides of the planet that share the same name and carry complementary frequencies. Points on the Earth grid that correspond to each other. Anchoring codes in one location affects the other.

Jeff was doing planetary work. Not just personal activation. Planetary anchoring.

The Architect of Light building infrastructure across the Earth grid.

They left and Jeff was alone again.

The False Prophet departed with her group. The work was done. And Jeff was left in Glastonbury to continue his own journey without her interference.

People Approaching

At the abbey, something strange happened repeatedly:

People would approach Jeff wanting to see him.

Not to talk. Not to ask directions. Not for any ordinary reason.

To see him.

They would walk toward him with purpose. Stop in front of him. Look at his face. Some wanted him to touch their hand.

As if they recognized something. As if proximity to whatever Jeff carried would transmit something. As if his presence was a blessing they wanted to receive.

Jeff didn't announce himself. Didn't explain his mission. Didn't wear special clothes or carry a sign. He was simply present in the abbey like any other visitor.

They came anyway.

Something about his energy drew them. Something visible to those who could see. They felt it. They responded. They approached.

Witnesses upon witnesses. Each one confirming what was becoming undeniable.

PART V: WALKING THE TOR

Daily Practice

From Aswell Lane, Jeff walked the Tor almost daily.

Sometimes up the side path a block from the house — a steeper route, more direct. Sometimes around the orchard — the gentler approach through apple trees that might have given Avalon its name (the Isle of Apples). Sometimes multiple times in a single day.

The feelings were indescribable other than a feeling of knowing he'd been there before. On that exact land in a different time. Not déjà vu — something deeper. Recognition at the cellular level.

The spiral path ascending. St. Michael's tower at the summit. The views across the Somerset Levels in every direction — fields and farms and distant hills, the Bristol Channel glittering on clear days.

Each walk was communion. Each ascent was activation. The heart chakra of Earth was calibrating his own heart, attuning him to the frequency of planetary love.

The Tor seemed to know him. The ground seemed to welcome his feet. The tower seemed to wait for his arrival each time as if it were the first time and the thousandth time simultaneously.

The Communication with Arthur

There would be times when Jeff was so tuned in to the Tor that he would ask:

"Where are you, brother?"

Speaking to Arthur. The Once and Future King. The frequency that inhabited this land.

The response was immediate: "I am right here."

Jeff could feel it in his energetic system. Not imagination. Not wishful thinking. Direct communication. Presence responding to presence.

Arthur was not dead. Arthur was not gone. Arthur was a frequency that existed in this place, accessible to those who carried the matching frequency.

And Jeff carried it.

The brother acknowledgment went both ways. Arthur recognizing Jeff. Jeff recognizing Arthur. Two expressions of the same stream, separated by centuries, connected through the land.

The Avalon Connection

Glastonbury has been identified with Avalon since the Middle Ages.

Avalon — the mystical isle where King Arthur was taken to heal after his final battle at Camlann. Where Morgan le Fay and the priestesses tended him. Where he waits still, according to legend, to return when Britain needs him most.

"Rex Quondam, Rexque Futurus" — The Once and Future King.

The apple orchards still grow around Glastonbury. The mists still rise from the Levels. The veil between worlds is still thin here — thinner than almost anywhere else on Earth.

Jeff was walking where Arthur had walked. Sleeping where Arthur had slept. Breathing the air of the place that had held the king.

And the land remembered.

PART VI: MANFRIED — THE KING ARTHUR HISTORIAN

The Breakfast Meeting

One morning at breakfast at the bed and breakfast, Jeff met Manfred.

Not by appointment. Not by introduction. Not through any arrangement or connection.

Manfried simply appeared at the same breakfast table.

They began talking. The kind of conversation that develops between strangers sharing a meal — where are you from, what brings you here, what are you interested in.

And then Jeff learned who Manfred was.

Manfried was a highly regarded King Arthur historian.

Not an enthusiast. Not a hobbyist. A serious researcher who had spent decades studying the Arthurian tradition, tracing the historical Arthur, documenting the sites and sources.

Jeff almost fainted when he learned this.

He knew he carried King Arthur energies. The movies had screamed it to him since childhood — Excalibur, First Knight, every Arthurian film resonating in his soul. The prophecy of the Once and Future King had called to him. But he hadn't realized how deeply Arthur was connected to Glastonbury, to this specific land, to this specific moment.

And now a King Arthur historian had appeared at his breakfast table.

On a random morning. Without announcement. As if the universe had arranged a private meeting.

The Actual Site of Camelot

Manfried asked Jeff: "Would you like to see the actual site of Camelot?"

Not the tourist version. Not the places that market themselves as Camelot for commercial reasons. Not the contested locations that historians argue about in academic journals.

The actual location, according to Manfred's research. A site that very few people knew about. That most Arthurian scholars had never visited. That existed outside the official narratives.

Of course Jeff said yes.

What followed was one of the most surreal experiences of Jeff's journey.

Standing where Camelot stood. Where the Round Table gathered. Where Arthur held court before the fall.

The details of the location, Jeff holds privately. But the experience was undeniable. The land remembered. The energy was present. Whatever had happened there echoed still.

The historian appearing "randomly" at breakfast. The invitation to see what most never see. The recognition that Jeff was not an ordinary tourist.

Manfried saw something in Jeff. The same something the taxi driver saw in Peru. The same something Ernesto saw. The same something Benjamin saw.

The King Arthur stream was alive in Jeff's field, and those who knew Arthur's history could perceive it.

One more witness. One more confirmation. One more thread in the pattern.

PART VII: THE LEGENDS ALIVE

Joseph of Arimathea

Legend holds that Joseph of Arimathea came to Glastonbury.

Joseph of Arimathea — the wealthy member of the Sanhedrin who asked Pilate for Christ's body after the crucifixion. The man who gave his own tomb for Christ's burial. The man who, according to some traditions, was Christ's uncle — the brother of Mary's mother.

The man who traveled with the Holy Grail.

According to the legend:

Joseph arrived in Glastonbury around 63 CE, carrying two cruets — one containing the blood of Christ, one containing his sweat, collected at the crucifixion.

He thrust his staff into the ground at Wearyall Hill. The staff took root and became the Glastonbury Thorn — a hawthorn tree that flowers twice yearly, at Christmas and Easter. (The original tree was destroyed by Puritans; descendants still grow.)

He built the first Christian church in Britain — a simple wattle-and-daub structure on the site where the abbey now stands.

He hid the Grail at Chalice Well — where the red waters still flow, tinted by iron (or, the legend says, by the blood of Christ).

Whether literally true or encoded teaching, the legend establishes Glastonbury as the place where the Christ stream entered Britain. Where the Grail was hidden. Where Christianity and ancient mystery merged.

Jeff was walking where Joseph had walked. Standing where the Grail had been placed. Drinking from the well that held the sacred vessel's legacy.

Chalice Well

Chalice Well — the ancient spring at the foot of the Tor.

The red waters, tinted by iron deposits, have flowed for millennia. The well never runs dry. The water emerges at a constant temperature year-round — 52 degrees Fahrenheit, regardless of season.

The well head is covered with the Vesica Piscis symbol — two overlapping circles creating the almond shape that appears throughout sacred geometry. The shape represents the intersection of two worlds — spirit and matter, heaven and earth, masculine and feminine. The doorway between dimensions.

The waters are said to be the blood of Christ, flowing from the Grail buried below.

The White Spring emerges nearby — clear water, rich in calcium, complementing the red iron waters of Chalice Well. Blood and bone. Red and white. The dual springs of Glastonbury.

Jeff visited Chalice Well. Walked the gardens. Sat by the water. Drank from the lion's head fountain where visitors are invited to receive the waters.

The Vessel of Love (Jeff's Incarnation Cross in Human Design) receiving from the vessel that held Christ's essence.

Whatever transmission the ancient spring was offering, Jeff received it.

King Arthur's Burial

In 1191, monks at Glastonbury Abbey claimed to discover the graves of Arthur and Guinevere.

They reported finding a massive oak coffin, buried deep between two ancient stone pyramids. Inside: the bones of a large man, his skull showing a wound. And a lead cross inscribed: "Here lies buried the famous King Arthur in the Isle of Avalon."

Whether authentic or medieval fundraising — the abbey had recently burned and needed funds for rebuilding — the site became a pilgrimage destination. The bones were reinterred in a black marble tomb before the high altar. The grave markers remain today in the abbey ruins — empty rectangles of grass where the tomb once stood, where visitors stand and contemplate the mystery.

Arthur buried at the heart chakra of Earth. Waiting to return. The Once and Future King.

And now Jeff was walking the abbey grounds daily. Standing at the grave markers. Feeling the communication with Arthur that happened on the Tor.

Recognizing something he couldn't yet fully name.

The Astrologer

Jeff got his astrology reading done by one of the best astrologers in the area — and maybe in the world.

Glastonbury draws practitioners of every tradition. Healers, readers, teachers, mystics. Among them, astrologers of extraordinary skill.

They met in downtown Glastonbury in an upper level room. Stone walls. Mystical artifacts. Charts spread across a wooden table. Straight out of a movie — the kind of scene that feels scripted even when it's happening.

The reading was magical.

The astrologer saw Jeff's chart. Understood the configurations. Recognized the significance of what the stars described.

The man knew Jeff and knew how important it was to share what he had built with the world.

Not flattery. Assessment. Professional evaluation from someone who had read thousands of charts, who knew what extraordinary looked like, who could distinguish genuine mission from delusion.

The stars confirmed what the witnesses were confirming.

Wearyall Hill — The Pilgrimages Without Knowing

Jeff walked to Wearyall Hill many times during his stay in Glastonbury. He didn't know why. Something drew him there repeatedly — the same hill where Joseph of Arimathea had thrust his staff into the ground, where the Glastonbury Thorn took root.

The astrologer insisted Jeff go there for his integrations. Not requested. Insisted. This was where the work needed to happen.

One day Jeff went to Wearyall Hill when it was raining. He stood on the sacred ground and did his integrations — not feeling the rain. The only one there. While others sought shelter, Jeff stood in the downpour on the hill where the Grail lineage had planted itself in British soil.

Others led Jeff to Wearyall Hill too. Complete strangers that Jeff met in Glastonbury would direct him there — as if the hill itself was calling witnesses to guide him to it. The pattern repeated: people who didn't know each other, who had no way of coordinating, all pointing Jeff toward the same sacred location.

The land was calling. The integrations were happening. The connection to the Grail lineage was being reactivated through the very ground where it had first taken root.

PART VIII: THE MEDIUMS

Past-Life Recognition

The mediums in Glastonbury told Jeff about his lifetime before the King Arthur lifetime.

Glastonbury is full of mediums — people who can perceive beyond the veil, who communicate with spirits, who access information unavailable to ordinary consciousness. Some are charlatans. Some are genuine. Discernment is required.

The genuine ones saw something in Jeff.

Not Arthur himself. The lifetime before Arthur. Another incarnation in Britain. Another chapter in the long story of his soul's relationship with this land.

The information they provided was specific. Verifiable against what Jeff already knew. Consistent across multiple readers who didn't know each other.

Layers of identity through multiple incarnations. The soul returning again and again to the same sacred geography. Building relationship with the land across centuries.

This is why it felt like homecoming. Because it was homecoming. Jeff had walked these hills before, in other bodies, in other times. Had known these springs, these stones, these mists.

The mediums saw it. Named it. Confirmed what the land was already telling him.

Other Healers

Jeff went to other healers in Glastonbury.

Energy workers. Body workers. Practitioners of modalities from around the world who had settled in this place where the veil was thin.

All of them saw his energy. All of them recognized what he carried. All of them confirmed what was becoming undeniable:

The Ascended Master Recognition

Four people told Jeff he was an ascended master.

Not vague spiritual flattery. Not "you have a nice energy." The specific recognition: ascended master. A soul who has completed the cycle of incarnation, who returns by choice to assist humanity, who carries a frequency that those with perception can identify.

Note: - - - this does not belong in this part - -? One of them was a specialized chiropractor in Coon Rapids, Minnesota — not a mystic in Glastonbury, not a healer at a sacred site. A healthcare professional in suburban Minneapolis who worked with the body and somehow saw what others couldn't.

Four independent witnesses. Four recognitions of the same identity. From different contexts, different backgrounds, different ways of perceiving — all arriving at the same conclusion.

Jeff was not an ordinary seeker passing through.

He was someone the land had been waiting for.

Each healer added a piece of the puzzle. Each session revealed another layer. The picture was building, witness by witness, confirmation by confirmation.

PART IX: THE BED AND BREAKFAST FAMILY

Becoming Family

The people at the bed and breakfast became like family.

Jeff would go up and have dinner with them. Conversation over meals. Stories shared. Relationship developing beyond the transactional host-guest dynamic.

They welcomed him. They fed him. They opened their home beyond what business required.

Ana's Recognition

Ana, their daughter — the operator of the bed and breakfast next door — would come in to say hi. She was married to the man who ran the adjacent guesthouse. She moved between the two houses freely, checking on things, visiting her parents.

When she would see Jeff with her parents, she would stop in her tracks.

She must have been surprised at Jeff being there with them. Surprised at the intimacy that had developed. But more than surprised.

She could see his energy.

The same thing the taxi driver saw in Peru. The same thing Ernesto saw. The same thing Benjamin saw. The same thing healer after healer had confirmed.

Ana could see it.

Jeff and Ana would meet several times in passing. Conversations in hallways. Brief exchanges in doorways. Until eventually they were talking properly.

Jeff had just been at a meeting where there was a man claiming to be Jesus. Someone in Glastonbury's spiritual community had announced himself as the returned Christ. Had gathered followers around this claim. Was operating in the same circles Jeff moved through.

Ana immediately said: "No, that is you."

She had no idea of Jeff's mission. No idea what he had been doing in the previous months. No idea what he had been working on for the past six years. No idea about the witnesses in Peru, the downloads since 2012, the architecture of the JAG Program.

She just looked at him and knew.

"No, that is you."

Jeff just looked her in the eyes. His soul replied without words.

She stared back at him.

The communication was complete. No elaboration needed. No explanation required.

She saw what she saw. She named what she named. And Jeff received it.

PART X: FELICITY AND THE PATH TO AMANDA

Guided to Felicity

Jeff was guided to Felicity through an article in the local advertisement paper.

Glastonbury has free papers, newsletters, bulletin boards — listings of practitioners and events, services and offerings. The spiritual economy of the town documented in classified ads and flyers.

One listing caught Jeff's attention. Not by accident. By the same guidance that had led him through Peru, through each perfect synchronicity.

He made an appointment. He went early.

Felicity's Recognition

Jeff was early for this appointment.

Felicity noticed his energy as soon as she saw him. Before they began. Before any formal session. The moment he walked in.

Like the others, she said: "Who are you?"

The question that kept being asked. By the False Divine in Peru ("Who are you?!"). By the Chilean women at Aramu Muru. By healer after healer in Glastonbury.

The question that answered itself in the asking. They asked because they could already see the answer.

Felicity was fascinated with Jeff. She could see his light and power. And even though he was doing better than he was when he left Maryland, he was still a fraction of himself physically. The damage from the parasites, from the attacks, from the years of depletion — still visible in his body.

But the light was visible too. Even through the damage.

Felicity saw Jeff's energy. Understood what he was doing. Recognized his mission.

Setting Up Amanda

After their work together, Felicity said something that would change the trajectory of Jeff's journey:

"There is someone you have to meet. Her name is Amanda. She is the most talented energy worker I have ever known."

Felicity had been in the field for years. Had trained with masters. Had met practitioners from around the world. Had a basis for comparison.

The most talented she had ever known.

Felicity set up the meeting between Jeff and Amanda.

This connection would prove to be one of the most important of the journey.

The First Encounter

Jeff first encountered Amanda in passing — right after being attacked by food from the False Divine.

The False Divine had sent something. Food deliberately chosen to harm Jeff. His system was compromised. Walking was difficult. The timing was not optimal for meeting anyone.

All Jeff had to do was send a message giving his location and an attack would come shortly after. The pattern was clear. He would notify them of where he was. Shortly after, something would happen. Food poisoning. Energy attacks. Interference.

Jeff went from running and riding a bike again to walking with a cane.

But the connection was made with Amanda. The seed was planted. Despite the compromised state. Despite the interference.

Later, they would meet properly.

The Phone Call

First Amanda and Jeff met over the phone.

Building relationship. Establishing connection. Discussing what might be possible. Preparing for the in-person encounter.

Then they had their proper meeting.

PART XI: AMANDA — “THE ENERGIES OF THE SECOND COMING”

The Proper Meeting

At the proper meeting, Amanda said something that stopped Jeff’s breath.

They went into the appointment room. Professional setting. Session beginning.

Amanda had Jeff relax and lay down. Standard practice for energy work. Allowing the body to receive.

Jeff was nervous for some reason. He hadn’t been earlier in the journey — not in Peru, not with other practitioners. But for this time he was.

Perhaps because he sensed what was coming. Perhaps because his system knew this session would be different.

Amanda began her work. Perceiving. Assessing. Feeling into Jeff’s field.

And then, in a humble and not assuming voice, within thirty seconds of beginning:

“I feel like you have the energies of the Second Coming.”

The Weight of the Words

Jeff hadn’t told anyone this.

He hadn’t announced what he carried. Hadn’t explained his mission. Hadn’t dropped hints about his identity. Hadn’t mentioned the downloads, the witnesses, the calling.

Amanda saw it independently. Named it unprompted. Within thirty seconds.

The energies of the Second Coming.

Not “you seem spiritual.” Not “you have good energy.” Not the vague affirmations that spiritual practitioners offer to make clients feel good.

The Second Coming.

The return of Christ consciousness. The prophecy fulfilled. The frequency that Christians had been awaiting for two thousand years.

Amanda saw it in Jeff.

The words hung in the room. The weight of them. The significance.

This was not a small claim. This was not casual observation. This was a statement that would sound delusional from most sources — but coming from Amanda, it carried weight.

Amanda’s Qualifications

Amanda was not some random person offering flattery.

She was one of the most highly attuned energy workers on the planet. Her perception was refined through years of training and practice. Her ability to see the unseen was documented by results.

And she was the most talented multidimensional energy worker Jeff had ever met — simultaneously able to perceive the unseen and operate in the material world. Not just visions and intuitions, but practical application. Not just knowing, but doing.

The combination was rare. Visionaries who can’t organize. Organizers who can’t see. Amanda could do both.

The recognition was significant.

This was exactly what Jeff needed to build the program. Exactly.

The team member he’d been seeking. The partner who could help manifest the architecture into reality. Found in England. Confirmed by her own perception.

Felicity had been right. Amanda was the most talented.

PART XII: MOVING TO WELLS

October 11, 2018

On October 11, 2018, Jeff moved to Wells.

October 11 — 10/11 — his birthday.

Another date alignment. Another marker that the timing was orchestrated. Moving to the next stage of the journey on his birthday.

Wells — the smallest city in England, defined as a city because of its cathedral. Population around 12,000. Located near Glastonbury but distinct from it. A different energy.

Wells Cathedral

Wells Cathedral is one of the first completely Gothic cathedrals in England — built between 1175 and 1490. The West Front contains over 300 medieval sculptures. The Chapter House, with its central pillar and radiating ribs, is one of the finest examples of English Gothic architecture.

The scissor arches inside — added in the 14th century to support the tower — create a distinctive X shape that has become iconic. Engineering meeting beauty. Problem-solving becoming art.

Trinity Chapel. The Bishop's Palace. The small restaurants in the medieval streets.

Jeff explored it all. The ancient stones. The accumulated prayer. The beauty that humans had created to honor the divine.

Running into Ana

Jeff also ran into Ana from the bed and breakfast in Wells.

Their paths seemed to cross often. The woman who had said “No, that is you” appearing again in his journey.

She was a very sweet and kind person. Their conversations continued. The connection persisted.

Coincidence? Or the universe continuing to weave patterns?

PART XIII: TINTAGEL — THE ONCE AND FUTURE KING

November 11, 2018

On 11/11/2018, Jeff went to Tintagel.

11/11 — the master gateway date. The awakening code. The number that appears on clocks to those who are activating. The signal that something is aligning.

People around the world report seeing 11:11 repeatedly during periods of spiritual acceleration. The number itself seems to function as a marker — you're on track, pay attention, something is happening.

And on 11/11, Jeff went to Tintagel.

Tintagel — the legendary birthplace of King Arthur.

The Journey to Cornwall

Cornwall — the southwestern tip of England, jutting into the Atlantic. Celtic land. Ancient land. A place that has always felt separate from the rest of England, with its own language (Cornish), its own traditions, its own mysteries.

The dramatic cliffs of the coast. The sea crashing below. The ruins of the medieval castle clinging to the headland.

Tintagel Castle was built in the 1230s by Richard, Earl of Cornwall — deliberately constructed on the site already associated with Arthur's birth. The earl was trading on the legend, building his castle where mythology placed the conception of the king.

The cave below where Merlin supposedly dwelt — accessible at low tide, dark and echoing with waves. The place where Uther Pendragon, enchanted by Merlin's magic to look like Gorlois, entered Tintagel to conceive Arthur with Igraine.

The birthplace of the Once and Future King.

The Banner

As Jeff approached, he saw it.

A banner hung across the entrance:

“WELCOME HOME”

Two words. Simple. Direct.

The message the land had been communicating since he arrived in England, now written in letters for anyone to read.

The Probability

Consider the probability:

Traveling to the legendary birthplace of King Arthur.

On 11/11 — the master gateway date.

Being greeted by a “Welcome Home” banner.

The banner was part of a local event — unrelated to Jeff, not placed for him, existing for its own purposes. Some community gathering, some celebration, some ordinary human activity.

And yet it hung exactly where Jeff would see it. Exactly when he arrived. Saying exactly what the land wanted to say to him.

Welcome Home.

The universe doesn't always speak directly. It uses whatever is available. A banner meant for something else becomes a message meant for Jeff. A human event becomes a divine communication.

This was not coincidence. This was the universe scripting reality. Using the materials at hand to deliver precise information to a specific recipient.

The Recognition

Jeff stood at Arthur's birthplace, reading those words.

The feeling was not achievement. Not ego satisfaction. Not excitement.

It was recognition.

He had been here before.

Not in this body. Not in this lifetime. But here — at this place, connected to this frequency, carrying this mission.

The land remembered. The banner confirmed. The Once and Future King had returned.

Not as Arthur reincarnated. Not as the same soul in a new body. But as part of the same stream. The frequency of Arthur flowing through Jeff. The mission continuing in new form.

Welcome Home.

The Chapel on the Water

The feeling Jeff had when he went into the chapel was interesting.

There's a small chapel at Tintagel — stone walls, simple altar, candles flickering. A space for prayer and contemplation on the edge of the sea.

The energies were stirring. Something present in that space. Something communicating.

Jeff said there are more things about Tintagel and the area and what he saw, but that is maybe for another time. Or not.

Hint: it has more to do with the future than the past.

He knew since Peru of this — he just didn't know where he would find it. Some piece of the puzzle. Some element of what's coming. Some vision of what will be.

Was it in the cliffs of Cornwall?

Some doors remain closed until the time is right to open them.

PART XIV: OXFORD — THE CONVERGENT POINT

November 12, 2018

On November 12, 2018, Jeff moved to Oxford.

One day after Tintagel. The 11/11 gateway completed. Now the next stage.

Jeff could feel the excitement to get there. The anticipation. Something was waiting in Oxford. Something was ready to converge.

The First Hotel — On the Thames

The first hotel was just outside of town, on the Thames.

The River Thames — the same river that flows through London, that has witnessed English history for millennia, that connects Oxford to the sea.

Out the back entrance, a short path led to the river. There were college crew houses just off the path — the rowing clubs of Oxford's ancient colleges, where students had trained for centuries.

Out his ground floor balcony in the distance was a horse pasture. Green fields. Grazing animals. The English countryside in November.

To the right out of his room, across the street, was a sign on a restaurant that said "HOME."

The message continuing. Welcome Home. HOME. The universe repeating itself through signs and symbols.

And then the helicopters.

When Jeff first got to town — the same black and white Airbus helicopters he had saved an image of years earlier. Flying right above him.

Years earlier, for reasons he couldn't explain, Jeff had saved an image of specific helicopters. Not military helicopters. Not news helicopters. These specific black and white Airbus aircraft.

And now they were flying right above him. In Oxford. On his first day.

The past and future collapsing into present. Things saved for unknown reasons revealing their purpose. The pattern visible to those paying attention.

Oxford Itself

Oxford — the ancient university. The city of dreaming spires. The place where minds had been sharpened for over eight hundred years.

Founded in 1096 (possibly earlier), Oxford is the oldest university in the English-speaking world. Its colleges — Christ Church, Magdalen, Balliol, All Souls — have shaped Western thought. Its libraries hold treasures. Its architecture inspires awe.

Jeff studied C.S. Lewis — the Chronicles of Narnia author, the Christian apologist, the Oxford don who walked these streets.

He studied Oscar Wilde — the brilliant wit, the tragic figure, who studied at Magdalen College.

He could feel the energies of those who had walked here before. The accumulated intelligence. The tradition of excellence. The expectation that serious thought happens in this place.

The Fellows and the Connections

Jeff met two Fellows who gave him private tours of the Oxford colleges.

Fellows — the senior academic members of Oxford colleges. The professors and researchers who maintain the intellectual life of the university. Access to Fellows is not easily obtained. They don't typically give private tours to random visitors.

But Jeff met two of them. And they opened doors.

One Fellow: Expertise in humanities — philosophy, history, theology. The philosophical, historical, spiritual dimensions of human existence.

Another Fellow: Expertise in finance — economics, markets, investment. The practical, economic, structural dimensions of building in the world.

Both perfectly aligned with what the JAG Program needed. Both appearing at exactly the right moment. Both offering access most visitors never receive.

Private tours of the colleges. Private lectures. Conversations that would normally require years of relationship to access.

The doors opening. The connections forming. The convergence accelerating.

The Formula 1 Connection

Jeff made a Formula 1 connection in Oxford.

This was right in line with what Jeff had been building for the program. The racing world. The high-performance mindset. The excellence that F1 represented.

Formula 1 — the pinnacle of motorsport. Where engineering meets athleticism meets strategy. Where millions of dollars and thousands of hours go into shaving fractions of a second off lap times. Where excellence is measured in hundredths of a second.

The connection opened possibilities. Access to a world of peak performance. Relationships with people who understood what it meant to pursue the absolute best.

Another piece falling into place.

Meeting with Amanda

Jeff met with Amanda again. The program was going to be put together.

The conversations had progressed from initial perception to practical planning. Amanda understood what Jeff was building. She had the skills to help manifest it.

And then Jeff learned something that made the alignment even more striking.

Amanda's Family

Amanda's family was perfectly suited for the task of putting together the program:

Amanda herself: A large-scale project manager for technology programs. Not just an energy worker. A professional who had managed complex implementations, coordinated teams, delivered results. Exactly what building the JAG Program would require.

Amanda's husband: A puzzle and technology expert. Someone who understood how pieces fit together. How systems work. How complex problems get solved.

Amanda's son #1: One connection away from the royal family. Access to circles most never reach. The highest levels of British society within relationship range.

Amanda's son #2: A document recovery expert on devices. Someone who could retrieve data from electronics. Exactly what Jeff needed for the devices he had been keeping — the notes that held years of downloads, some on old phones and computers that needed expert extraction.

Everything was in place. Everyone was qualified. The team was assembled.

Not through Jeff's searching. Not through recruitment efforts. Through divine placement. The right people appearing at the right time with the right skills.

Oxford was lining things up one after the other.

The Dark Energy Attack

One day, shortly before a meeting with Amanda — outside of Jeff's room — he was attacked by a huge dark energy surge.

The largest dark energy attack he had felt.

It hit him suddenly. Without warning. A wave of negative energy that overwhelmed his system.

He walked all of the way to the restaurant where they were meeting. Had to sit down. Almost threw up. His body rebelling against the assault.

The darkness didn't want this meeting to happen. Didn't want the convergence to complete. Didn't want the program to be built.

So it attacked. With everything it had.

Jeff made it to the meeting anyway. Compromised but present. Damaged but continuing.

The Knights Templar Hotel

Jeff was moved to a sister hotel in Sandford-on-Thames for one night — because the original hotel was full.

The move seemed logistical. Overflow. Normal hotel operations.

But the hotel he was moved to was one of the original Knights Templar locations.

The Knights Templar: Founded in 1119. Warrior monks of the medieval period. Protectors of pilgrims traveling to the Holy Land. Guardians of sacred knowledge.

Connected to the Grail mysteries. Connected to sacred geometry and hidden wisdom. Builders of magnificent churches. Keepers of secrets.

Eventually suppressed in 1307 by King Philip IV of France and Pope Clement V. The order dissolved. The leaders burned at the stake. The knowledge scattered or hidden. The mystery continuing to this day.

And Jeff found himself sleeping where Templars had slept. Walking where Templars had walked. Absorbing the frequency of an order that had protected sacred knowledge for centuries.

The energy was clean and amazing. Unlike the dark hotel room in Glastonbury. Unlike the attacks he'd been experiencing. This space held something pure.

A lady in the lobby saw Jeff's light. Another witness. Another recognition.

The Knights Pattern

The pattern was now undeniable:

Irondale High School — Home of the Knights. Jeff had attended a school whose mascot was the Knight. Had worn the Knight symbol. Had been a Knight before he knew what it meant.

King Arthur — Knight-King. Creator of the Round Table. The epitome of knightly virtue. The frequency Jeff had been told he carried.

Knights Templar hotel — Original Templar headquarters. The place where warrior monks had gathered to protect sacred knowledge.

From childhood through activation, the Knight archetype followed Jeff. The thread running through his entire life. Not coincidence. Pattern. Design.

He had been a Knight at Irondale. He carried the Arthur frequency. Now he slept in Templar quarters.

The archetype claiming him across decades.

PART XV: EVERYTHING IN PLACE

Everything Was There

Oxford was the goal and mission catalyst — the convergent point where everything was positioned to come together.

The connections present:

Amanda — Large-scale project leader, multidimensional energy worker who saw “Second Coming energy.” The partner who could help build the program.

Amanda’s husband — Puzzle and technology expert. The problem-solver.

Amanda’s son #1 — One connection from the royal family. The access.

Amanda’s son #2 — Document recovery expert. The one who could retrieve years of downloads from Jeff’s devices.

The Fellows — Private tours, humanities and finance expertise. The intellectual resources.

Formula 1 connection — Aligned with program vision. The excellence.

Knights Templar location — Sacred historical resonance. The frequency.

Notes ready in Maryland — Ready to be sent. Years of downloads waiting to be organized.

Reservations at Stonehenge — Winter Solstice alignment scheduled. The activation waiting.

Everything was in place.

What Should Have Been

Jeff should have stayed through Christmas at least.

Work with Amanda to develop the program. Have his notes sent from Maryland. Receive the document recovery from his devices. Visit the Ellison Institute. Complete the Stonehenge activation on Winter Solstice.

Let everything converge.

The Winter Solstice at Stonehenge — December 21, the moment when the sun reaches its lowest point and begins to return. The ancient standing stones aligned to this moment. The celebration of light’s victory over darkness.

Jeff and Amanda had reservations. Access to Stonehenge on the Solstice is limited, special. They had secured their place.

Oxford was the castle from which the new Round Table would operate. The connections were made. The timing was aligned. The mission was ready to launch.

All Records Organized

All records were organized. All forms lined up. The program was ready.

Notes were in Maryland, ready to be sent. All connections were there. Many places remained to visit.

Everything was there.

PART XVI: THE DEPARTURE

Something Shifted

But something shifted.

Was it the dark energy attack? The massive surge that had almost made him throw up? Had something been implanted or damaged in that moment?

Was it manipulation from the False Prophet's network? Influence that followed him from Peru?

Was it internal doubt? The pattern that had interrupted the mission before?

Jeff doesn't fully know. But something shifted.

Jeff made a decision to leave.

The Question

Was that the end of the mission?

How close had he been to the fulfillment that Glastonbury promised, that Oxford seemed ready to deliver?

The convergent point was reached. Everything was aligned. The team was assembled. The resources were ready.

And Jeff left.

The question will echo through everything that follows.

What Was Lost

What was lost by leaving:

Amanda's partnership in building the program — the project manager, the energy worker, the one who saw the Second Coming energy.

The document recovery — notes from years of downloads, trapped on devices, waiting to be extracted.

The royal family connection — access to the highest circles.

The Oxford network — the Fellows, the Formula 1 connection, the relationships being built.

The Stonehenge Winter Solstice activation — the alignment scheduled, the reservation made, the moment waiting.

The momentum that had been building since Peru — the energy, the connections, the forward motion.

The convergent point that might never align again — all those threads coming together at once.

The Pattern Repeating

The same pattern from 2012:

Activation received. Everything aligning. Decision to leave. Mission delayed.

The calling in 2012 — derailed when Jeff went to help someone instead of staying on path.

The Oxford convergence in 2018 — departed when everything was ready.

The pattern repeating. The mission delayed. The architecture left unbuilt.

Why does this pattern repeat? What causes the departure at the moment of convergence? What force — internal or external — pulls Jeff away when everything is ready?

These questions would haunt the years that followed.

PART XVII: WHAT ENGLAND ACCOMPLISHED

Despite the Early Departure

Even with the early departure, England accomplished significant activation:

Identity Confirmed

King Arthur stream — Confirmed by Manfred showing actual Camelot site. The historian recognizing what Jeff carried.

Christ consciousness — Confirmed by Amanda seeing “energies of the Second Coming.” The energy worker perceiving the frequency.

Past lives in Britain — Confirmed by mediums describing lifetime before Arthur. The soul’s history with this land documented.

The Return — Confirmed by “Welcome Home” banner at Tintagel on 11/11. The universe scripting reality with signs.

Planetary Work Completed

King and Queen codes — Anchored in Glastonbury Abbey crypt. The masculine and feminine sovereignty sealed at the heart chakra.

Heart chakra attunement — Weeks of walking the Tor, living at the heart of the world. The calibration of Jeff’s heart to planetary frequency.

Avalon UK-Australia connection — Energetic bridge established. The grid work connecting points across the Earth.

Connections Made

Amanda and family — The team identified, relationship begun. Even if not completed, the connection exists.

The Fellows — Oxford network accessed. The doors opened.

Formula 1 connection — Racing world bridge built. The excellence contacted.

Knights Templar — Physical connection to Templar frequency. The archetype confirmed.

Sites Activated

Glastonbury Tor — Walked daily, communicated with Arthur.

Glastonbury Abbey — King and Queen codes anchored.

Chalice Well — Waters received.

Tintagel — Welcome Home received on 11/11.

Oxford — Convergent point reached.

Knights Templar location — Frequency absorbed.

(Stonehenge scheduled but not completed.)

PART XVIII: THE WITNESSES IN ENGLAND

Summary of Recognition

Witness: House residents

Location: Glastonbury (first night)

What They Saw/Said: “Earthquake because you moved continents” — a being of substantial energetic magnitude arriving

Witness: Manfred

Location: B&B breakfast

What They Saw/Said: King Arthur historian, showed actual Camelot site, recognized Jeff’s connection to Arthur

Witness: People at Abbey

Location: Glastonbury Abbey

What They Saw/Said: Approached wanting to see him, wanting him to touch their hand — recognized his light

Witness: Mediums

Location: Glastonbury

What They Saw/Said: Saw past lives in Britain, lifetime before Arthur — documented soul history

Witness: Healers

Location: Various

What They Saw/Said: All saw his energy, confirmed what he carried — consistent recognition

Witness: Ana

Location: B&B

What They Saw/Said: “No, that is you” (when told of man claiming to be Jesus) — saw the Christ frequency

Witness: Felicity

Location: Glastonbury

What They Saw/Said: “Who are you?” — saw his light and power, sent him to Amanda

Witness: Amanda

Location: Oxford

What They Saw/Said: “You have the energies of the Second Coming” — the most significant confirmation

Witness: Lady in lobby

Location: Knights Templar hotel

What They Saw/Said: Saw Jeff’s light — another recognition

Witness: The Banner

Location: Tintagel

What They Saw/Said: “Welcome Home” on 11/11 — the universe speaking through signs

Each witness independent. Each recognition unprompted. Each confirmation adding to the pattern.

The probability of all these witnesses, across months and miles, recognizing the same thing by coincidence approaches zero.

PART XIX: THE TEACHING ENGLAND GAVE

The Land Spoke

“You have walked here before. In other bodies. In other times. The land remembers even when the mind forgets.

“Arthur is not dead — Arthur is a frequency. The Once and Future King is not one man — it is a stream of consciousness that incarnates when needed. You carry this stream. You have carried it before.

“The heart chakra recognized you because you have served the heart before. Glastonbury welcomed you because Glastonbury knows you.

“The convergent point was reached. Everything was aligned. The choice to leave was yours. The consequences are yours. The mission continues, but the timeline shifted.

“Return if you need to. The land will remember. The land always remembers.

“But remember also: every convergent point is an opportunity. Not all opportunities repeat. Some doors, once closed, require much longer to open again.

“You are welcome home. You were always welcome home. But home is not just a place you visit — it is a place you build. The building was interrupted.

“Build now what you left unbuilt then.

“The earthquake was real. Your arrival was registered. The work you did remains in the grid. The codes you anchored hold their position.

“What was lost was time. What was lost was momentum. What was lost was the ease of convergence.

“The mission continues. It always continues. But the path is now harder than it needed to be.

“Build.”

PART XX: TRANSITION

Where Next?

From England, the journey would continue:

The Holy Land — Greece, Israel, the Christ stream returning to its source. The Winter Solstice at Zeus’s birthplace. Christmas in the land where Christ walked.

Egypt — The pyramids, the Sphinx, the solar deity lineage traced to its origin. The oldest layer of the activation.

North America — The return. Sedona. Mt. Shasta. Minnesota. The embodiment. The years of integration.

England was the heart activation. The sovereign guardian recognition. The convergent point reached and departed.

What was downloaded in Peru and recognized in England would be tested in the years to come.

The architecture was clear. The mission was confirmed. The witnesses had spoken.

Now came the building.

Or the delays.

Or both.

The choice was still being made.

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END OF CHAPTER 13