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The Awakening

For many decades psychic William Allen LePar has been nationally acclaimed for the array of psychic abilities he exhibits, particularly the Deep Catatonic Trance, a remarkable and rare phenomenon even for the realm of the paranormal.

While in the Deep Catatonic Trance, a gathering of 12 highly evolved spiritual entities known as The Council speak through Mr. LePar, providing our world with an incomparable and abundant supply of spiritual information. More than just a psychic ("a unique and distinct personality in the world of psychic phenomenon," said a professor of psychology from a major university), Mr. LePar has been referred to as a modern mystic by many of those who have encountered him.

Mr. LePar exhibited his psychic abilities quite early in life, but society's traditional reaction to such an unsettling aspect of human potential caused him to repress his gifts until adulthood. A series of unusual events triggered the state of Deep Trance, a dimension Mr. LePar had never before experienced, and he found himself catapulted back into the psychic world. For several years he conducted Deep Trance sessions privately while publicly doing psychometry, inspirational speaking, and psychic counseling.

Convinced that The Council's information held tremendous constructive potential for our troubled world, Mr. LePar in the mid-1970s invited others to share in the experience. SOL, a non-profit organization, was established to handle all aspects of preserving and disseminating the Trance Information. The organization developed a complex computer network to facilitate its duties. The Council delivered well over two million words of material. Among its many responsibilities, SOL coordinated Research Group inquiries into new topics of investigation at Trance sessions, currently operates a speakers' bureau for appearances by SOL Associates, has a membership program that provides participants with library files of verbatim Council transcripts and a frequently updated website - www.WilliamLePar.com.

Through the years, Mr. LePar's presentations on aspects of spiritual and psychic development as well as on The Council's profound information have

been enthusiastically received across the country. He was in constant demand, and lectured and led workshops at colleges and universities, and for organizations such as Spiritual Frontiers Fellowship, REST, the Western Reserve Awareness Conference, Star Stream Cosmic Experience, the Human Development Center, and various chapters of Aquarian Age Encounter. The subject of uncounted newspaper and magazine articles, Mr. LePar also appeared on many local and syndicated radio and television shows and permitted television taping of Trance sessions for broadcast.

In addition to his myriad activities, Mr. LePar worked with writers investigating The Council's material and has authored the books *Meditation: A Definitive Study*, *Controlling the Creative Process in You: Androgyny*, *Spiritual Harvest: Discourses on the Path to Fulfillment and Life After Death: A New Revelation*.

An Introduction to The Council

The Council has often referred to themselves as "spiritual beings." We must remember that this is a very elusive term and can mean something far greater than what we normally have been taught to understand as a "spiritual being."

In our finite minds we look upon spiritual beings as living beings confined in similar manners as we in the physical, and this is not the case with some levels beyond the physical. But in this expanded description of themselves (The Council), we begin to realize that there are levels that we can reach as spiritual beings that far surpass our present concepts.

Respectfully, I submit for your edification The Council's own personal description of themselves.

William Allen LePar

The Council Speaks of Themselves

"After a soul or an entity has accomplished a certain level or degree of perfection, through whatever system that is the ruling belief system of that time, then the individual or the soul or the entity is elevated to a level wherein it is not necessary for reincarnation. Once entering the spiritual realms without the need to reincarnate, a growth period is undergone. Many steps of awareness or many levels of awareness are accomplished, many degrees of elevation, many degrees of perfection; until finally the soul or the entity has evolved into a state where there are no levels, no degrees, but begins to expand in love and awareness to the point where there is a total mergence or merging with other beings, where all ideas of limitations, all awarenesses of false limitations, have been done away with. Where the person or the soul or the entity then begins to realize its true unlimitedness and in that begins to expand greater and greater and greater, interweaving more delicately and more closely with all others and all other things, and in so doing grows closer to the Divine Himself.

"Once a soul or an entity has reached this level, then they are in union with others, total union, yet completely individual, and yet completely united. This soul, this entity, has his own personality, yet delicately flows in and out and with the other souls but yet maintains its own personality, its own being. The soul, the entity, becomes more god-like in that it becomes a part of all things, yet maintains its own personality, its own being.

"Once a soul has reached this level, then there is no name, there is no body as you would recognize or understand, but a more complete and unlimited Child of God; one who is so developed that no name could ever describe him.

"That is the existence we live in, and if you wish to use confining and restricting terminologies as levels, then we would have to say that is the level we exist in. In all of mankind's history this level has never before spoken in the physical plane.

"Even though we refer to ourselves as 'spiritual beings,' we use such statements only to give all who have come to us some idea to relate to, or some concept that they can relate to."

Prologue

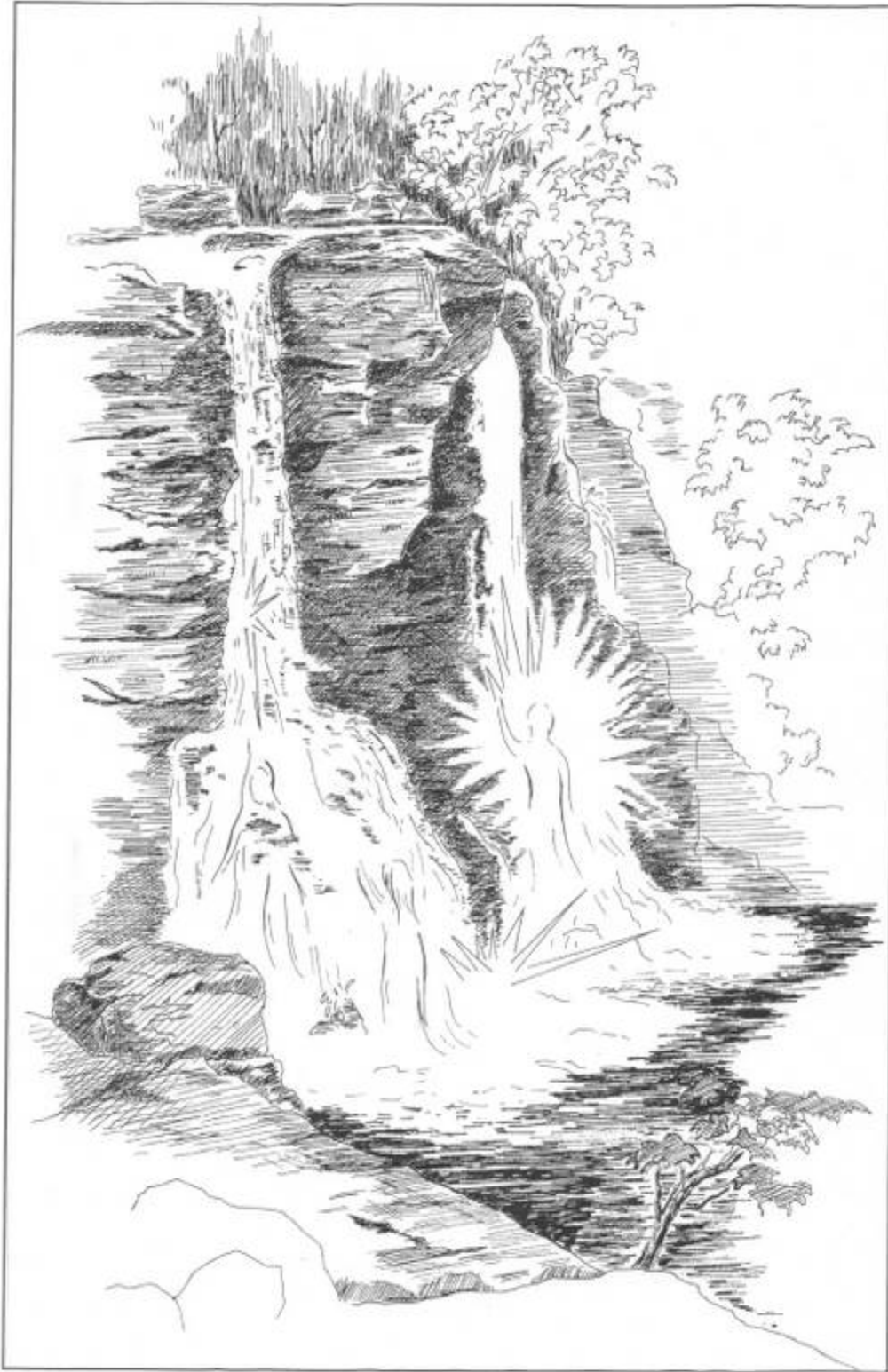
Something was different, the being thought. It had a sense, an indistinct, shallow, lingering sense...

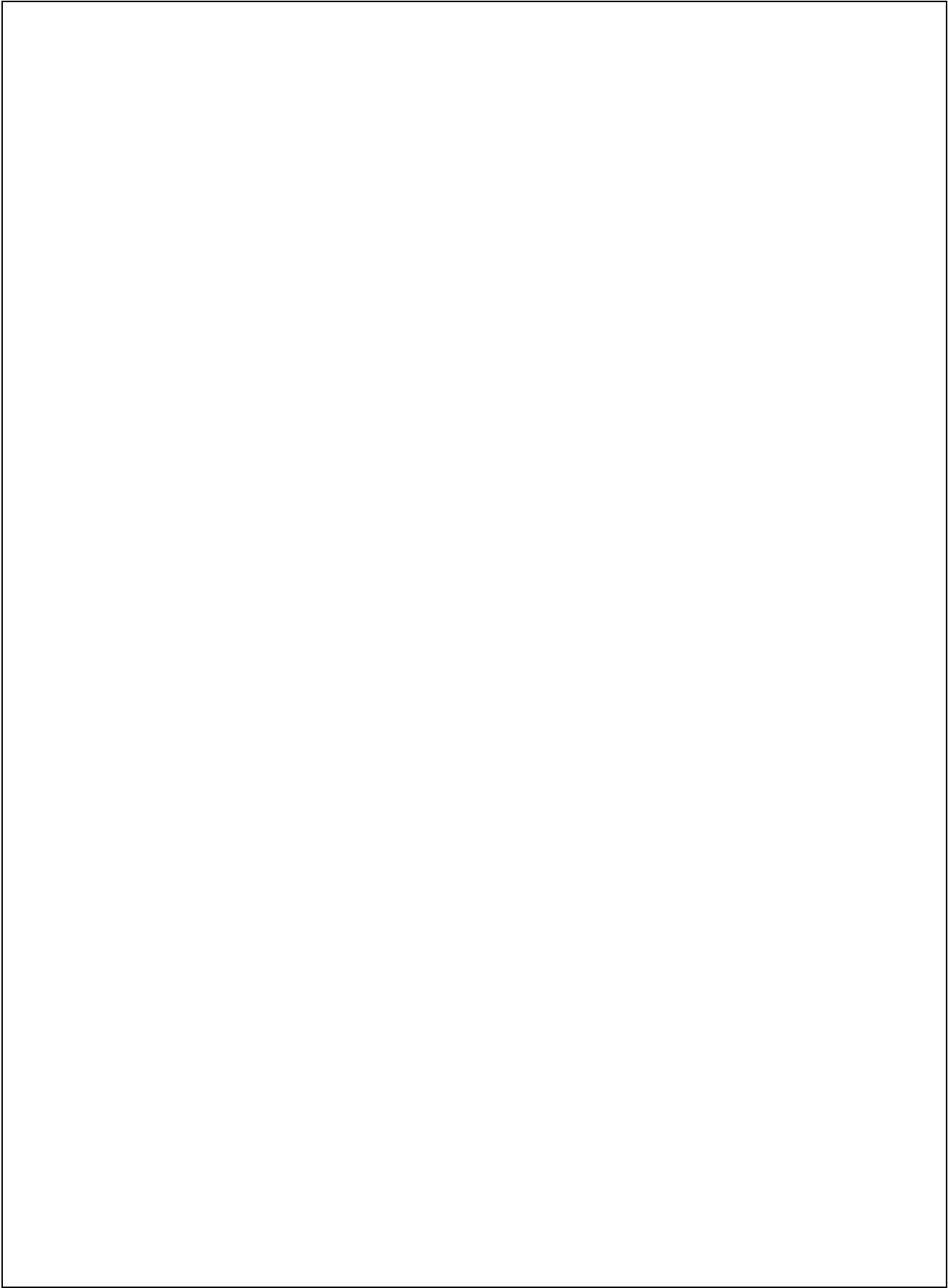
The being did not know what was different, or even if that thought was accurate, for the apparent awareness was virtually gone before it occurred, as the being moved on across the land.

The animals of the woodland knew what was different, only to them it seemed quite a natural, welcome blessing. Many of the godforce were sharing more with them, becoming an ever more fulfilling part of their existence. This was another loving presence, vaguely familiar to many of the animals but very intense in its loving relationship with some of the larger creatures, the ones that possessed a playful countenance and a dazzling speed. They would make lightning quick jaunts through the woods and over the meadows, even amazing themselves with their swiftness, and this particular godforce would be right beside them; a distinct and powerful presence, always joyous and giving, loving and inspiring. The being moved towards a pair of the swift creatures, lying together; their eyes focused in its direction while it was far off. That disturbed the being in a most curious way, but still it was such a vague turbulence that it carried no significance. After interaction with creatures, knowing their special purity and enhancing, in a careful and deliberate creation, their means to become even greater, the being left to once again explore what was understood to be the waters on this place of creativity for the countless kindred.

It was especially fond of waters, finding much pleasure in perceiving waters in all its facets. Waters was different at different stages of its service to the realm. When contained within the hollow path for so much distance, it was mostly smooth and deep and somehow soothing to perceive. And the being found that it enjoyed the manner in which waters was expressed through the light spectrum. Here, in the hollow path, it often expressed the light spectrum as did leaves and grass at the height of their splendor. At another place the being had been, where the birds and creatures were very different,

the waters in its awesome length and breadth reflected the endless space above the land.





The being moved along the waters' hollow path, as it had done so often in this region, until it came to the great break. There, the land dropped away and the waters rushed over the edge in a foaming, splashing display of energy. The being moved through that waters, as it had done so often before. Then it stopped. Something was different. The waters did not react the same. The waters caused something to happen that the being did not comprehend. It was as though the waters moved almost as it always did, but at the same time brushed against something as it brushed against the land. But that something had to be, had to be the being.

It was a most curious perception to the being, as though it was there, within the rushing waters, in a different way than ever before. It could almost perceive that it was interacting with the water dimensionally, as the creatures did with all the aspects of the creative realm. It contemplated this curiosity for some period, after moving from the waters to a place where the full glory of the sun could be perceived upon the open land.

There it perceived what was different as it studied the light pattern before it. The light from the sun was not touching the land directly before the being as it did around the being. The absence of light was not nearly as great coming from behind the being as when it came from behind trees and animals, but there was a degree of absence.

The being realized. It was becoming more closely related to this realm. It had tarried to a new point, a different perspective. And much, it was now realizing, was vaguely different.

Chapter 1

Impending Storms

The explosive flash BANG! of the suddenly brewing storm startled Uhnimer, yanking him from a mood as deep and brooding as the darkened skies. The disruptions, of his focus and of the electro-magnetic attunements, caused his transport to jerk spasmodically and slow to a stop as the thunder's reverberation rolled across the lands before him.

Uhnimer began to refocus, so the sleek, small craft would again proceed. But something told him to wait. He was anxious to return to the village, to the comfort and intimacy of like souls. Investigation was a duty he accepted out of love, and he had been masterful at it for seasons uncountable, but it was a duty he never enjoyed. Through all the seasons, the ever darkening and treacherous seasons, investigation was an increasingly draining service.

Atlantis had seen darkened times before, he knew, but in these days new ground was being covered. The community's chronicler had similar conclusions, and his were built on his knowledge of the past, as well as on his senses. Uhnimer felt a twinge of weariness at those thoughts, and was even more anxious to be within the community.

Something told him to wait.

The wind whipped the tree limbs above him and threw leaves about in a frenzy. Brilliant flash and immediate BOOM began to follow one upon another in quick succession. Uhnimer allowed the travel field he created for propulsion to dissipate, so he could fully experience the beauty of the storm. His hair and robes were tossed about and he had to clench the rim of the transport's hull to keep his footing, such was the strength of the gusts. He closed his eyes and simply felt. It was refreshing, although he realized he could not enjoy it completely. The other elders awaited his observations from Bargmord, and the time had arrived for another mission to the encampment. This one would carry additional significance for Uhnimer because his twin sons, Pulon and Mahtha, would be among the young men making their initial journey as part of the Rites of Growth.

"Father of Light, please strengthen Pulon," Uhnimer prayed silently, as soon as the thought of his sons entered his mind. As he prayed, he focused

his mind on Pulon, seeing the young man united with a field of pure white energy, standing straight and noble. The storm danced wildly about him and hurled great blasts of wind upon him, but so deep was his focus that Uhnimer was untouched.

"Thus, so be it, Father," he concluded. A pulse of creation shot upward and out, so powerful it momentarily drained him of physical strength. In that moment Uhnimer regretted that all his requests of The Creator were not as intense. There was no reason except that, like most other Sons of Light, he confessed that not all concerns stirred him as greatly as they should. That fact he accepted as a facet within his being that was requiring refinement.

Pulon's welfare was something that stirred him greatly. He detected a weakness in Pulon, something undefined and something the boy's mother or other villagers did not see. He was a good boy, an obedient son, yet something about him caused concern for Uhnimer. He was not at all accustomed to such uncertainty and he found that, in itself, was a source of turbulence.

At that moment he tried to quantify, to measure, the feeling about his son — yet another effort to detect validity or error in his observations. He loved the boy so very much. The feeling was constant but vague and far in the back of his awareness, like a faded and blurred memory of some minor unpleasantness of ages ago. It was different, and not as strong, as the feeling that kept Uhnimer there...

In a snap he was back, attentive to the feeling. No rain had fallen but the mighty electrical storm intensified. What was it? Why was he waiting? He was not as accustomed to having the sensitivity as were his brothers.

Uhnimer stepped out of the transport and, with a minor focus, caused it to hum lightly and raise a few inches off the ground. He pushed gently, guiding the craft back into the trees. He had been following the edge of the forest, where long ago man cut away the growth for fields to till. The fields were abandoned years before, and were today high with wild grasses. Now that he was zeroing in on whatever caused him to stop his journey, he knew he had to conceal the transport. With the craft well inside the sanctuary of the trees, he carefully rolled it over and withdrew his focus. It settled onto its open top, so the inside would remain dry.