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01/12/ 2025

# Working With Shadow

“The parts we bury still breathe.”



**BOOK OF THE LIVING**

Reconnection with the shadow  
self, transformation, alchemy.

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TRIGGER  
PUBLICATIONS

01/12/ 2025

# Demineralised

“What do we need to feel alive?”



**BOOK OF THE LIVING**  
Burnout, bodily memory,  
depletion from chronic  
stress/trauma.



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Issue001 Vol:001/2025

# WORKING WITH SHADOW



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*A declaration that the unveiling is an inward event. The reader steps into the Living Book of Revelation.*

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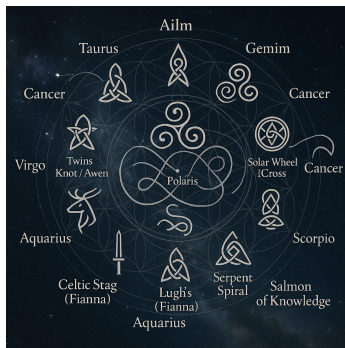
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# PROLOGUE

## THE APOCALYPSE BEGINS HERE

*“Every unveiling begins with a small act of courage.”*

The first light of my world came from the kitchen.

I was seven years old, standing on a chair beside my mother as she stirred a pot that smelled of onions, butter, and promise. She never called it teaching, but she was giving me the first lessons of mastery—patience, taste, timing, love. Everything I am began with that warmth. Every dish was an act of care, every shared meal a silent lesson in generosity. That was my first school.

By thirteen I was already hooked on the rhythm of kitchens. When the school offered the usual three choices—woodwork, metalwork, or home economics—the rule was clear: *boys don’t cook in class*. But I had already made up my mind. I was going to change that.

So began my first lawful debate. My father, the principal, the Home Economics teacher, and I sat around a desk while I explained that sewing a dress wasn’t the issue—justice was. “If I must make one,” I said, “I’ll make it for my sister.” That small moment of reasoning broke a long tradition. The next morning, I was the first boy in Ireland to sign up for Home Economics. The victory tasted of equality, not rebellion. It was proof that reason, respect, and persistence could bend old rules without violence. Virtue had cooked its first meal through me.

Then came the years of shadow.

At fourteen and fifteen the world grew cold. An older man betrayed my trust. The confusion and shame were too heavy for words, so I carried them in silence. At sixteen I left home to escape the weight, taking a job as an apprentice chef in Monasterevin. There, the head chef—married, respected—turned predator. Again I ran. It seemed every new beginning had another test waiting in the dark.

When I reached London and the House of Lords, I believed I'd left those ghosts behind. But even there, in the tall kitchens of power, another superior tried to break my will. This time I didn't run. I reported him. He was suspended, and the investigation exposed a long trail of abuse he had hidden behind medals and respectability. Children were saved because I finally stood still.

That day I cried—not from pain, but from release. Virtue had found its muscle; ethics had taken form in action. From then on, fear could not use my silence against me. I learned that courage isn't the absence of terror but the refusal to flee from it. Strength, compassion, justice—they are not gifts granted by heaven; they are forged through the flame of lived truth.

So began my true education. The apocalypse—the unveiling—was never a distant prophecy. It started the moment a boy stood beside his mother in a small kitchen, learning that creation and destruction both happen in the same pot. It deepened when that same boy faced the world's cruelty and chose, again and again, to act with integrity.

That is where *Working With Shadow* begins: not with angels or demons, but with a child discovering that the difference between them is courage.

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# PART I THE LIVING STATE

## CHAPTER 1 STRENGTH OF THE LIVING MAN

Strength is not built in the gym or the battlefield, it is born the moment a living soul decides to remain true while the world twists around them. The Living Man carries no badge, no title, no uniform, only the quiet authority of someone who has faced the storm and learned to breathe through it.

When I was young I thought strength was loud, something shouted, displayed, proven, yet every real teacher I ever met, from the silent pot of stew my mother stirred to the trembling moments I chose not to run, showed me that strength is often invisible. It moves in stillness, in the pause before reaction, in the word that is not spoken when anger wants its turn.

The Living State begins when you understand that power is not what you do to the world but how you stand within it. A weak man waits for justice, a strong one becomes it. Strength in its purest form is self-governance, not the domination of others but the mastery of one's own inner kingdom.

The ancients understood this. They built their temples not as shrines to gods above but as mirrors of the human body, columns as spines, domes as crowns, sanctums as hearts. To stand in such a space was to remember what you are made of. Every stone, every beam of light through a high window was a whisper, *you are the temple, keep it clean.*

When we forget this we seek strength in possessions, control, or recognition, but those things belong to the realm of shadows, they fade when light enters. The Living Man's

strength endures because it is not borrowed, it is remembered. It is the same strength that makes a child face fear, a chef stand up to power, a soul choose truth over silence.

The apocalypse, as I learned early, is not destruction, it is revelation, the lifting of veils. Every trial you survive with integrity peels back one more layer between you and what you truly are, and when you finally see it, that bright unbroken core that no system can own, you realise that strength was never something to gain, it was what you were before the world taught you to forget.

### **“The Inner Physician”**

**Deep within the quiet bone,  
A healer waits, not made of stone,  
It listens to the breath, the tear,  
And speaks in whispers only you can hear.**

**No scalpel, no prescription hand,  
Only the word, the will, command,  
“I am whole,” it says through light,  
And cells awaken in the night.**

**The body bows to truth’s soft tone,  
Each thought a seed, each phrase a stone,  
Build wisely then, your temple’s song,  
For every word can right the wrong.**



## **CHAPTER 1 CONTINUED**

### **THE ANATOMY OF STRENGTH BODY MIND AND SPIRIT**

The strength of the Living Man is not one thing, it is a trinity moving in rhythm, the body as the vessel, the mind as the navigator, and the spirit as the current that keeps both alive. When one weakens the others bend, and when one awakens the others rise with it. True power is found in their harmony.

The body is the earth, it speaks the language of movement, of hunger, of work. It does not lie. When the body hurts it tells the truth that the mind tried to hide. When it grows strong it shows what persistence and discipline can create. Feeding it well is not vanity, it is worship. Each mineral, each breath of clean air, each honest night of sleep builds a foundation no deceit can shake. A man who masters his appetite learns the first law of self-rule.

The mind is the sky, it shapes the weather of our days. Thoughts become winds that can carry or destroy. The mind can be servant or tyrant depending on what you allow it to host. To think clearly is to live clearly. Discipline here means to question every belief that limits you. The mind becomes free when it listens more to awareness than to noise.

The spirit is the fire that connects both, unseen yet felt, moving through the veins like light through glass. It is the part of you that remembers what the others forget. When the body grows tired and the mind begins to doubt, spirit whispers, *stand up again*. It does not argue, it reminds.

Together these three make the Living Man whole. Body without mind is blind, mind without spirit is cruel, spirit without body is lost. Strength is not the excess of any one but the balance of all three. When they align, courage becomes natural, truth becomes instinct, compassion becomes power.

To live this way is to end the ancient war within. It is to remember that every heartbeat is an act of creation and every choice is a prayer. The world does not change because we fight it, it changes because we become a different presence within it. That is the anatomy of strength, simple, silent, complete.



## CHAPTER 2 THE RECORD OF CREATION ROC

Creation is not an event, it is a pulse, a continuous rhythm that never ends, the breath of existence moving through everything that lives. Every thought, every word, every action is a stroke in the record, a ripple in the great field of becoming. The ancients called it the Word, the vibration that spoke matter into form, the sound that still hums beneath all silence.

To create is to remember that you are part of this same current. The body writes what the mind believes. The world around you mirrors what you hold within. Nothing happens outside the law of correspondence. Every broken thing in the outer world began as a fracture in the inner one. Every healing starts with the word that chooses truth.

When I speak of record I do not mean paper, ink or court, I mean the living archive, the invisible scroll written in your own field. Each decision marks it, each breath edits it. The Record of Creation is alive and impartial, it returns only what it is given. Speak cruelty and cruelty returns. Speak love and life bends toward you. This is not punishment or reward, it is resonance, the law of echo.

The Living Man who knows this begins to walk differently. He weighs his words like seeds, aware that each will grow. He listens before he speaks because he understands that speech is command, and that the universe is always listening. Creation begins not with action but with awareness, the moment before the thought forms, when the heart is still clear.

Your world is a mirror of your most repeated phrases. If you want to change it, change your language. Speak as if your

words are living things, because they are. Every command you give to your body, your mind, or the air around you is obeyed. The Record keeps no secrets.

In the old teachings the scribe was sacred, the one who knew that every line written shaped the destiny of kingdoms. You are that scribe now. The pen is your thought, the ink is your emotion, the parchment is your life. To write wisely is to live wisely.

Creation is not about making something from nothing, it is about aligning with what already wants to be. When the body, mind, and spirit move in harmony, creation becomes effortless. The flower blooms not because it tries but because it remembers its design. The same law applies to you. You are designed to bloom, to record beauty into the field.

The Record of Creation asks one simple thing, to be honest with what you write. If you live by truth, your record will shine. If you live by deceit, your record will ache until it is corrected. The universe edits nothing; it reflects everything.

So write with love, speak with clarity, think with integrity. The book you are writing is not this one. It is you.



## **CHAPTER 2 CONTINUED – LANGUAGE AS MEDICINE**

Every word carries charge, intention, memory, and weight. The universe listens through vibration, not grammar. It hears the feeling behind the phrase, the tone beneath the sentence. When you speak, you transmit a signal into the fabric of life, and life answers according to what it receives.

Words heal when they are born from honesty, gratitude, and presence. They wound when they are spoken carelessly, when they divide rather than unite. To master language is to master creation itself, for speech is the steering wheel of reality.

The ancients knew this and protected sacred language as the highest science. The Druid, the scribe, the poet, and the healer were one and the same because they all worked with sound. They understood that the world was sung into being, and that harmony could restore what imbalance had taken.

Modern life forgets this. We use words to trade, defend, and distract, rarely to heal. Yet even now the principle remains unbroken. When you bless your food, it nourishes you deeper. When you speak gently to your body, pain lessens. When you forgive aloud, the air clears. The living word is not metaphor; it is mechanism.

The greatest medicine is not sold, it is spoken. The healer within each of us waits only for instruction. Say, “I am whole,” and your cells begin to listen. Say, “I release the past,” and the body follows. Faith is not belief without proof, it is action before evidence, the knowing that creation answers conviction.

Language is the alchemy of the living. The tongue is both wand and sword, the tool that can build or destroy. Use it with discipline, with love, and with awareness of its reach. To speak is to cast, to name is to form, to declare is to command.

The Living Man learns to pause before speaking, to feel whether the word will add light or shadow. In that pause lies mastery. Every conscious word becomes a healing frequency that rewrites the Record of Creation in your favour.

Remember this simple truth, your words are the mirrors through which the world learns who you are. Speak as if you are already the healed one, and soon, you will be.

## **“Language as Medicine”**

A word is a seed, alive when spoken,  
It heals when true, it harms when broken,  
Each sound you make reshapes the clay,  
Of body, mind, and night and day.

Speak softly when the heart is sore,  
For tone can close or open doors,  
Let kindness be the shape of speech,  
So peace becomes what words can teach.

When silence calls, respect its grace,  
For silence too can heal a place,  
And when you speak, let truth be known,  
Your word, your bond, your sacred tone.

## CHAPTER 3 SEEDS OF VIRTUE

Virtue is not a sermon, it is a vibration, a pattern that the soul carries long before the mouth learns to speak. It grows quietly in the soil of daily choices. Every act, every thought, every silence is a seed. Some grow into harmony, others into discord, but all are yours to tend.

People speak of virtue as if it were a reward, something granted by gods or written in laws, yet true virtue is self-sown. It begins in the unseen, in the single decision to do what is right even when no one is watching. The Living Man lives by this rule because he knows that every unseen act still shapes the Record of Creation.

My mother taught virtue without words. She never spoke of morality, she lived it. Her kindness had no audience. When she fed others she expected nothing in return, not even gratitude. That was my first lesson in the law of return, that love, once given, never truly leaves.

Virtue and ethics walk hand in hand. Ethics guides the outward path, virtue governs the inward one. Morals are the bridge between them, translating spirit into conduct. To live by them is not to be

perfect but to be aligned. When thought, word, and deed speak the same truth, peace follows.

The old Celtic teachers said that a man's virtue could be seen in the way his fire burned. If the hearth was bright and steady, his spirit was clean. If it smoked or dimmed, he was divided. Today our hearths are electronic, our fires digital, yet the same principle stands. Keep the flame clear. Do not let bitterness, envy, or deceit darken it.

Virtue is the art of balance, the steadying of emotion so that wisdom can speak. It is patience when provoked, compassion when wronged, humility when praised. Each moment you choose virtue you create order from chaos. It is slow work, like planting trees whose fruit you may never taste, yet it is the only work that outlives you.

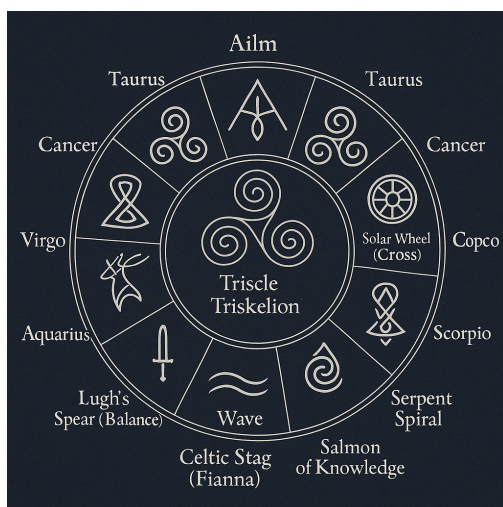
Every virtue begins as a small rebellion against the easy path. To be honest in a world built on pretence, to remain kind when others are cruel, to forgive when justice seems more satisfying, these are quiet revolutions. They do not make noise but they move mountains within.

In time virtue becomes its own reward. It feeds the soul the way sunlight feeds the leaf. The Living Man



becomes radiant, not through doctrine, but through alignment. The world feels safer around him because his presence does not lie. That is the true mark of virtue, it cannot be faked.

Plant your seeds well. Speak truth even when it trembles. Act with honor even when unseen. The field of life will answer in kind.



## **CHAPTER 3 CONTINUED THE GARDEN OF CONDUCT HOW VIRTUE SHAPES REALITY**

Conduct is the outer garden of the soul. What grows there tells the truth about what lives inside. You can hide a thought, disguise a motive, even speak words you do not mean, but your conduct always reveals you. It is the living proof of the seeds you have planted.

Virtue is the root, conduct is the blossom. When the inner root is healthy the outer flower opens naturally. When the root is rotten the bloom deceives only for a moment before it collapses. Every man and woman tends this garden daily, some in light, some in shadow, but all by choice.

To walk in virtue is to carry the atmosphere of peace into the noise of the world. People feel it without needing to understand it. It softens conflict, it calms tension, it restores balance. It is not submission; it is quiet authority. A single act of genuine goodness can reverse the momentum of cruelty in a room. That is the hidden power of conduct.

The Living Man does not perform virtue to be seen. He acts because alignment has become his nature. When he makes food he blesses it. When he speaks

he measures tone as carefully as flavour. When he listens he listens fully. This is the daily practice of mastery.

Reality shapes itself around consistent conduct. Every repeated act forms a pattern in the unseen field, and that pattern draws experience to match it. When kindness becomes habit, opportunity follows. When deceit becomes habit, obstruction follows. The world is not against you, it is responding to you.

In this way virtue and morality are not abstractions; they are technologies of being. They engineer resonance. They create the conditions where healing and prosperity can occur naturally. To live without them is to sow weeds in your own soil and then curse the harvest.

The ethical path is not a straight line but a spiral. You will revisit lessons at higher turns. The same temptations will return wearing new masks. Each time you meet them with patience and honesty, the spiral tightens and your strength deepens. Eventually the temptations fade because they no longer find a place to root.

Virtue is not about being good, it is about being real. It aligns the seen with the unseen so that nothing in

you contradicts itself. That alignment becomes magnetism. People and events flow more easily toward truth than toward pretence. The man of virtue becomes a bridge for grace to enter the world.

In every age the same law repeats, as within so without, as you conduct yourself the universe conducts itself through you. To cultivate this garden is to join creation consciously, to become a living example of order within the great field of life.



## CHAPTER 4 THE UNIVERSAL HOME ECONOMY

Home is not four walls, it is a state of harmony where body, mind, and environment move as one. The Universal Home Economy begins in this understanding. Every living being, from a plant to a planet, lives by the same pattern: receive, transform, and return. When this rhythm is respected, abundance flows. When it is broken, decay follows.

Economy once meant the management of the household, but the true household is the world itself. Each person tends a portion of it through the way they eat, think, speak, and build. Waste nothing, honour every resource, and the home becomes sacred again.

Nutrition is the first law of economy. What you feed yourself, you become. The body listens to every meal like a prayer. Pure food creates clear thought; clear thought creates wise action. My own path through kitchens taught me that every ingredient carries vibration. The fresher and more honest the source, the higher the tone it plays in the body. The closer the food is to the sun, the quicker it awakens the cells.

A meal made with gratitude digests differently. It nourishes the spirit as well as the flesh. In every culture, before the table begins, there is a pause of thanks. That small silence aligns eater and eaten, creator and created. It turns consumption into communion.

The Universal Home Economy is not about wealth, it is about flow. When something is hoarded it dies, when it circulates it grows. Money follows the same rule as water, keep it moving and it stays alive. Give where you are inspired, receive with humility, and the current remains pure.

A house built on virtue becomes a sanctuary. Clean air, honest food, and peaceful company create an energy that heals. The mind calms in such spaces because order replaces confusion. The living home is a teacher. It reflects how well you manage the invisible: your thoughts, emotions, and intentions. A cluttered room mirrors a cluttered mind; a cared-for home mirrors self-respect.

Simplicity is the hidden master of economy. Excess drains life, simplicity restores it. When you own less, you see more. When you eat less, you feel more. When you speak less, you hear more. The wise

learn to measure value not by quantity but by resonance.

Teach this to a child and you raise a balanced generation. Teach it to a nation and you heal the earth. The Universal Home Economy is not a theory; it is the natural law of stewardship. You are both the keeper and the kept, the gardener and the garden.

Live as though your dwelling extends beyond its walls, because it does. Every choice you make rearranges the invisible household of life. Keep it tidy, keep it honest, keep it alive.



## **CHAPTER 4 CONTINUED THE HEARTH AND THE TABLE WHERE THE WORLD LEARNS TO EAT AND THINK AGAIN**

The hearth is the original classroom. Long before schools or sermons, people gathered around fire to share warmth, stories, and food. The flame fed the body, the story fed the soul. From this union came culture, memory, and respect. To eat together was to acknowledge that life was shared.

When the hearth disappeared from the center of the home, humanity lost something sacred. The glow of a screen replaced the glow of coals, and with it the quiet ritual of gratitude began to fade. Yet the spirit of the table still waits for our return. It is ready whenever we decide to cook again with presence.

The act of cooking is an alchemy of love and matter. A raw ingredient surrenders to heat, transforms, and becomes something new. This mirrors the transformation of the self. Each time we cook we participate in the oldest ceremony of creation. We take from the earth with thanks, offer our energy through preparation, and return it as nourishment.

A family meal is not simply food on plates, it is communication. The energy with which it is prepared



lingers long after the dishes are cleared. The child who grows up around a table of laughter learns safety. The one who grows up around anger learns fear. Both will carry that rhythm into adulthood until awareness resets it. The table teaches even when no one speaks.

The modern world forgot this wisdom and began to eat without thought. Fast food replaced slow gratitude, packaging replaced prayer. The result is visible in the collective body: tired, restless, undernourished. Yet the remedy is simple. Cook again. Use your hands. Smell the ingredients. Feel the pulse of creation in the pan. It is impossible to remain disconnected while preparing life for another.

At my own table I learned that food is language. Herbs speak of courage, grains of patience, fruits of joy. Each carries a story of sun and rain. To combine them with care is to write poetry that can be tasted. The hearth and the table are the instruments of this poetry.

Invite people to eat with you. Not because you must, but because sharing food is sharing self. The table does not care about titles or wealth; it levels all who sit before it. Here equality is natural. The cook becomes the quiet leader, the nourisher of peace.

When the world remembers how to eat together, it will remember how to live together. Every act of nourishment is an act of unity. The hearth will glow again, and through it the human family will find its center.

### **“Bread and Light”**

Knead the dough with steady hands,  
Let patience rise as silence stands,  
For every grain once kissed by sun,  
Becomes the meal that feeds the One.

The hearth still hums in every flame,  
Whispering softly each living name,  
No man alone can bake or thrive,  
We share the loaf to stay alive.

Break it gently, pass it round,  
Listen to the sacred sound,  
Of laughter warm, of peace begun,  
Of hearts made whole when meal is done.

Remember this before you part,  
That food is truth, and truth is art,  
The light you taste in simple bread,  
Is all the love the world has said.

## CHAPTER 5 THE SKILLED ONE

Skill is the natural evolution of awareness. Once the search for meaning ends, the work of mastery begins. Awakening opens the eyes; skill steadies the hands. The world does not need more dreamers, it needs awakened makers who have learned to give their vision form.

The Skilled One is not a title; it is a state of being. It belongs to anyone who turns experience into craft, pain into teaching, failure into wisdom. The one who works through shadow until it becomes art, until what once broke them now serves others.

In my own journey I learned that calling oneself chosen is dangerous. It separates. To be skilled is humbler and truer. It means you have paid attention. Every lesson, every wound, every mistake has become material. The Skilled One walks without superiority because he knows that mastery is service, not status.

Skill grows through repetition, through the daily shaping of small things. The blacksmith learns rhythm through the hammer, the chef through the knife, the writer through the word. Discipline is the secret heartbeat of genius. It turns talent into

reliability. The Skilled One does not wait for inspiration; he shows up whether it arrives or not.

Humility is the twin of skill. The moment you believe you have arrived, decay begins. Every craft contains infinity; no one completes it. The better you become, the more you see what remains unseen. The Skilled One delights in this endlessness, for it means the soul will never grow dull.

To work with skill is to enter communion with life itself. The potter feels the clay's memory, the gardener feels the pulse of soil, the musician feels the breath of silence waiting to be shaped. All creation is collaboration. The Skilled One listens to the material as much as to himself.

In ancient schools of mystery the apprentice was taught that technique and virtue were one lesson. You could not shape the outer world until you had shaped your inner one. A crooked heart cannot make a straight blade. Purity of intent, steadiness of mind, and grace of hand were all one motion.

The Skilled One of today must remember this law. Whatever your craft, let it refine your character. Let your work cleanse you. Every act done with care rewires the nervous system toward harmony. Every

act done in haste breeds disorder. Skill is not what you do well; it is what you do rightly.

To become skilled is to serve the divine through precision. To perfect the smallest gesture is to honour the largest mystery. The Skilled One does not chase praise; he chases presence. In that presence, work becomes prayer, and the world changes quietly.



## **CHAPTER 5 CONTINUED THE TOOLS OF MASTERY AWARENESS DISCIPLINE AND GRACE**

Awareness is the first tool. It sharpens the senses beyond the surface and teaches you to see the truth within form. When awareness enters your hands they begin to listen. The craftsman feels the weight of the material and its story. The chef reads the sound of the pan as language. The healer senses energy as clearly as temperature. Awareness turns work into meditation, every task into revelation.

Discipline is the second tool. It keeps the hand steady when the mind wanders. Without discipline, inspiration is wasted. It is not punishment, it is rhythm, the silent agreement between purpose and time. The musician who practices scales daily is not bound; he is free. Through repetition he becomes fluent in creation. The disciplined spirit discovers that devotion is not confinement, it is expansion through consistency.

Grace is the third and rarest tool. It cannot be forced, only invited. It appears when awareness and discipline meet without friction. Grace is flow, the state where effort dissolves and action feels inevitable. It is the invisible hand that guides when

the ego steps aside. The Skilled One does not chase grace, he clears space for it. He prepares his mind like an altar and trusts that the current will come.

Awareness teaches perception, discipline builds foundation, grace completes the circle. Together they make creation effortless. They transform labour into joy. When these three tools align, the simplest act becomes luminous. A sweep of the floor, a chord on a guitar, a loaf baked with care—all radiate quiet perfection.

The modern world idolises speed and novelty, but skill moves differently. It grows slowly, it deepens, it refines. Each repetition etches character into the soul. The Skilled One is patient, knowing that mastery blooms only when time has been honoured.

To wield these tools is to walk the middle path, where humility and excellence share the same breath. The true master never claims mastery. He remains the eternal student, bowing to the craft that keeps teaching him to see.

In the end awareness is the eye, discipline is the hand, grace is the heart. When they move together, creation remembers its source, and the worker becomes one with the work.

## **“The Hand Remembers”**

The hand remembers what the heart forgets,  
The rhythm of effort, the peace it begets,  
A pulse of truth through skin and bone,  
Shaping the world, shaping your own.

Each mark you make repeats your song,  
Each motion whispers right from wrong,  
Work done with love will never fade,  
For grace still shines in things well made.

When tools fall silent, spirit hums,  
Through crafted form the divine becomes,  
Not in temples built of stone,  
But in the art that makes you whole.





## CHAPTER 6 THE DWELLING SNATCH

The year the markets fell, the world shifted on its axis. Homes became numbers, families became statistics, and hearts broke quietly behind paperwork. I stood among them, watching signatures turn into snares, contracts into chains. What had been a dwelling became a battlefield of ink and silence.

They called it a financial crash, but for those who lived it, it was a theft in daylight. Paper hands reached through walls that had taken years to build. Families were told to leave their own doors. I remember the feeling in my chest, not rage, not fear, but disbelief at how simple it was for false authority to unmake a home.

My own dwelling became the proving ground. Forged contracts, missing witnesses, signatures that were never mine. I learned that fraud does not always wear a mask; sometimes it wears a tie. Letters arrived with words that sounded official, but beneath them hid deceit. I sought answers, only to find offices full of shrugs. The silence of those who knew was louder than the lies of those who acted.

When the sheriff came I refused to surrender the keys, not out of rebellion but out of truth. The dwelling was not theirs to take. Under Natural Law, what is built in honesty cannot be stolen through deceit. I took lawful possession again, not as a squatter, not as a protester, but as the living man standing on living soil. That act cost me peace for a time, but it restored something far greater — dignity.

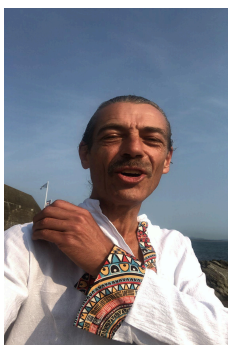
The Dwelling Snatch was not only about houses, it was about trust. People believed the signatures meant safety. They did not see the hidden transfer, the silent sale of their lives to corporate ghosts. In those years I watched thousands lose more than property; they lost belief in fairness itself. And yet, within that collapse, a new awareness began to rise. The world had shown its shadow, and once seen, it could not be unseen.

I began to study the codes behind the curtain — maritime law, contract law, the illusion of consent. Every word became a doorway, every statute a mirror. I learned that the system feeds on presumption, that silence is its favourite meal. The Living Man's weapon is not violence but clarity. When you know who you are, false authority dissolves like smoke.

Those years carved new virtues into me: perseverance, patience, precision. I learned that victory is not always the court's decree; sometimes it is the refusal to give your soul to despair. The Dwelling Snatch taught me that home is not a building, it is a stance — the alignment of truth within the heart that no paper can annul.

The apocalypse of that era was not fire and flood; it was exposure. The masks slipped, the contracts cracked, and people saw the machine for what it was. From that rubble rose a question that still burns in me: how many dwellings, how many lives, were taken through deception disguised as order? And who will answer for it?

I will. And so will every Living Man and Woman who stands.



## **CHAPTER 6 CONTINUED THE REPOSSESSION OF SPIRIT LAWFUL POSSESSION AND INNER OWNERSHIP**

Repossession is not always a legal act; sometimes it is a spiritual one. Before a man can reclaim a dwelling, he must reclaim himself. The house is only the mirror of the inhabitant. If the mind has been occupied by fear, the body by exhaustion, and the soul by despair, then the house too becomes a vessel for trespass. The first possession order is always internal.

Lawful possession begins in consciousness. It means standing in full awareness of your living state, knowing that no external document can define or diminish it. The true deed of ownership is breath. Each inhale reaffirms your dominion over the space you occupy, each exhale releases the illusion of servitude. When the spirit remembers this, even the smallest dwelling becomes a sovereign estate.

The men who came with papers believed they were taking land, yet they never understood what they could not see. They could list measurements, assign value, and quote law, but they could not measure spirit. They could not value truth. They could not

quote integrity. That is where their authority ended and mine began.

When you stand lawfully, the tone of your words changes. They no longer beg, they declare. You stop asking to be understood; you start broadcasting understanding. This is the power of inner possession. Courts respond differently to a man who knows who he is, even when they pretend not to. They feel it. The field shifts around certainty.

I learned that ownership is not the act of holding, it is the act of honouring. To own something lawfully is to care for it, to keep it in alignment with life. A man who tends his garden, maintains his roof, and shelters the innocent holds title by virtue, not by registry. The universe recognises such stewardship as higher law.

Through the years of contest and confusion I began to see the dwelling as a living being. It had endured weather, neglect, and trespass, yet it still stood. Its walls carried memory; its air carried patience. I came to understand that the home, like the man, waits to be acknowledged. When I placed my hand upon its door after reclaiming it, I felt no triumph, only quiet union. We had both survived the storm.

The repossession of spirit is not complete until compassion returns. Even for those who trespassed, I wished no harm. Their ignorance was their prison. I had been freed by understanding. And understanding cannot coexist with hatred.

Now, when I look at any house, I see more than stone and timber. I see the unseen contracts written in energy — love, neglect, deceit, truth. The Living Man's task is to rewrite them all in light. To inhabit space as consciousness made flesh. That is the true possession order.

So if they ask for papers, show them your breath. If they demand proof, stand in stillness. The dwelling will know you. The earth will witness you. And heaven will record you in the only book that matters — the living one.

## **“House of Breath”**

No title deed, no waxen seal,  
Can bind what living hands can feel,  
The hearth still hums, the walls still know,  
The heart that built them long ago.

They took the ink, they took the name,  
They could not take the inner flame,  
For what is home but truth and breath,  
A vow that outlasts fear and death.

The roof may crack, the floor may bend,  
Yet spirit waits around each end,  
And when the living man returns,  
The house itself in mercy burns.

Not burned to ash, but cleansed to grace,  
A temple reclaimed, a rightful place,  
The law of soil, the law of song,  
That which is true cannot stay wrong.

## CHAPTER 7 BACK ON TRACK

The years that followed the dwelling wars were years of rebuilding, not just of walls but of will. Freedom does not return all at once; it must be relearned, like walking after a long illness. Every habit of fear leaves traces that must be cleared. Every system of control leaves echoes that must be quieted.

The phrase *back on track* was one the state loved to use. It meant obedience disguised as recovery. Insolvency services, restructuring programs, assistance schemes — each offered comfort while reinforcing dependence. They were not designed to free, only to reattach. The paperwork changed but the chains remained.

I remember sitting across from officials who smiled too easily, their words polished but hollow. They spoke of second chances, of fresh starts, of moving forward. But underneath was the same presumption: that the citizen is the ward of the system, not its equal. I saw through it then. The same spirit that had defended my dwelling now rose to defend my sovereignty.

Back on track, for me, came to mean something else entirely. It meant remembering the original road —



the path of Natural Law, of inner economy, of self-direction. It meant restoring dignity through self-work, not through state permission. The track is not paved by policy; it is carved by awareness.

The first task was cleansing. I cleared debts of emotion before debts of finance. Forgiveness became my accountant, gratitude my lawyer. Each day I reclaimed authority over something I had unknowingly surrendered — my schedule, my health, my tone, my breath. The body followed the spirit's lead, growing lighter as fear left the bloodstream.

Work returned, but not as before. It no longer meant labour for approval; it meant expression of purpose. Whether cooking, writing, or teaching, I saw that every act of creation was an act of healing. The same kitchens that once burned with exhaustion now became sanctuaries again. I found that serving others from wholeness fills the giver rather than empties him.

The wider world still preached competition, but I began to witness cooperation rising quietly beneath it. People were tired of contracts without conscience. They longed for fairness that was felt, not legislated. Across small towns and wide networks I saw it — the

rebirth of community, of mutual respect. Humanity learning to feed itself again.

Back on track does not mean returning to what was lost; it means returning to what was real. The road of the Living Man is not drawn on any map. It moves through humility, service, and courage. Each step is both destination and teaching.

When I look back on those years now, I see not ruin but pruning. Everything that fell away was making room for clarity. The false friends, the hollow institutions, the brittle ambitions — all gone, leaving only what endures.

Freedom is not a final state; it is a daily choice. Each morning you wake is another chance to walk the true track, to build what no fraud can undo, and to remember that the only system worth belonging to is the one written into your own pulse.

## **“Road of Return”**

I walked the road they said was gone,  
Through weeds of debt and fields of wrong,  
But under ash the roots still burned,  
And every loss was love returned.

They called it failure, I called it ground,  
Where broken hearts and truth are found,  
Each stone I tripped on spoke my name,  
Each scar became a torch of flame.

The road of return is not straight or wide,  
It winds through shadow, humbles pride,  
No signpost stands, no guide appears,  
Only the echo of your own years.

And when at last the path feels clear,  
You realise home was always here,  
Not in walls or gold or fame,  
But in the pulse that speaks your name.

So walk it slow, with steady breath,  
Let old illusions die their death,  
For on this road, through loss and learn,  
Every ending marks return.

## **PART II THE RECORD OF HISTORY**

### **CHAPTER 8 WHERE ROME TOOK FLAME CELTIC FIRE IN ROMAN STONE**

History, as we have been taught, begins with the victors. The story of Rome is one such victory, polished by marble and myth, yet beneath that veneer burns an older fire. The fire did not start in Italy. It came from the western isles, from Éiru, from the sacred hills where stone met song. Long before the Latin tongue or the Roman forum, the Celts built temples that sang with geometry and light. Rome did not invent civilization; it inherited it, renamed it, and claimed it as its own.

When the legions marched north, they brought swords but carried notebooks. They studied what they saw, then rewrote it in Latin. Druidic wisdom became “paganism,” the Sun God became “Apollo,” the triple spiral became “the trinity.” Language became conquest. The empire’s greatest weapon was not steel, it was story.

The architecture of Rome still bears the fingerprints of those they conquered. The domes, the arches, the sacred ratios — all echo the older Celtic blueprints. At Tara, at Brú na Bóinne, at Callanish, the same curvature, the same sun-path alignments appear,

carved in stone centuries earlier. The geometry of these sanctuaries was not decorative; it was functional. They tuned space to resonance, transforming earth into instrument.

Where the Celts built to align, Rome built to dominate. Yet in the stones themselves the truth remains. You can stand beneath the Vatican dome and still feel Tara's hum beneath it. One truth wearing another's robe. The dome is the same; the intent was changed.

Rome took flame and called it light. It took ritual and called it religion. It took law and called it justice. Yet what it truly took was language. By redefining the sacred words, they reprogrammed thought. What had once meant harmony came to mean hierarchy. "Church" once meant circle; Rome made it pyramid. "Spirit" once meant breath; Rome made it dogma. Through this inversion, the living tongue was silenced, and with it the free mind.

But no theft lasts forever. The Celtic fire still lives in the earth, in the music, in the laughter that refuses despair. It burns in the kitchens, in the songs, in the quiet craftsmanship of those who still make by hand. The empire fell, as all counterfeits do, but the pattern

of life that Rome tried to erase still hums under the soil, waiting for remembrance.

The Record of History is not written only in books; it is carved in resonance. The stone circles, the mound temples, the old songs of Éiru all tell the same story: light came first from the West. When that truth returns to common memory, balance will return to the world.

## **CHAPTER 9 THE HILL OF TARA AND THE HIDDEN PAPACY**

The Hill of Tara is not legend, it is memory. Beneath its grass lies the pulse of an ancient administration older than Rome, older than Greece, a sacred seat where kings were crowned by resonance rather than conquest. To stand there is to feel the earth breathe through you, a current of living intelligence humming below the soles of your feet.

The records call it a hill, but it was once the axis of a world. From this point, lines of energy radiated across the land, mapping the ley-field of Éiru. Temples, mounds, and stone chambers were not random graves or shrines, they were instruments in a vast symphony of order. Tara was the tuning fork of the island. Its domes and chambers, its geometry and placement, mirrored the movement of the heavens.

When Rome rose, it knew what Tara was. The empire could not allow another center of light to exist. To control the body of the world it had to silence its heart. Through missionary conquest and linguistic inversion, the wisdom of Tara was buried under the name of “pagan Ireland.” The true Papacy

— the fatherhood of spirit and law — was taken from this land and rebranded in Rome.

The domes of the Vatican are not Roman inventions. Their design is a direct echo of Tara's resonance halls. The vaulting geometry, the orientation to the sun, the symbolic axis — all lifted from Celtic design. What changed was intent. Tara's domes amplified natural law; Rome's domes amplified hierarchy. The architecture remained sacred, but the vibration was reversed.

Even the words betray the theft. *Pontiff* means bridge; in the Druidic tongue, the bridge was always inward — the connection between soul and source. Rome externalized it, placing the bridge in one man, claiming exclusive access to divinity. Thus began the age of middlemen between God and creation.

In truth, the Hill of Tara was the first papal seat, the living court of natural justice where kings swore not to rule but to serve. The coronation stone was not a throne, it was an instrument. When a rightful leader placed his feet upon it, the earth itself sang. If it remained silent, the candidate was unfit. No army, no politics — only resonance decided authority.



The modern Church hides this origin because it exposes the lie of divine monopoly. The Vatican's power depends on the illusion that truth began with Rome. To admit that the blueprint of Christendom came from Celtic law would unravel centuries of control. But history, like stone, cannot lie forever.

Every year the pilgrims return to Tara, most without knowing why. They come to touch the soil, to walk the spiral, to stand where the old vibration still hums through the air. The earth remembers. It always does.

The Hill of Tara remains the unspoken testament that divine law was once local, personal, and alive. When that knowledge returns to collective awareness, religion as we know it will end, and spirit will finally come home.

## **CHAPTER 10 OPEN LETTER TO ALL WORLD BISHOPS**

To all who wear the cloth and claim to serve the divine, this letter is written not in anger but in remembrance. You have inherited institutions built upon sacred theft, and the time for silence has ended. The truth no longer hides in the dust of archives or behind Latin walls. It moves again through the breath of living men and women, through every heart that has awakened to its own authority.

You call yourselves shepherds, yet too many flocks have wandered into hunger. The poor kneel while the gilded ceilings shine above them. Temples of marble and gold stand where modest halls once stood open to all. What began as service has become spectacle. What began as light has been wrapped in robes of secrecy.

The first church was the sky, the first altar the earth, the first mass the meal shared between strangers. Before Rome declared itself the gatekeeper of heaven, the people of Éiru lived the law of hospitality. A guest was a gift from God, a stranger a chance to serve creation. From this virtue flowed balance and peace. But you have forgotten. You

teach obedience to men instead of alignment with truth.

You hold libraries of knowledge gathered from conquered lands, yet you preach that only through your sacraments can grace be found. Grace needs no permission. It is the breath itself. It is the living current that cannot be sold, taxed, or mediated.

You know this, yet the weight of centuries has taught you fear. You fear scandal, rebellion, exposure. But what you should fear is silence, for silence now becomes complicity. The faithful are awakening. The light you once carried has already moved beyond your walls. The truth you buried in doctrine has been reborn in the hearts of those you dismissed as heretics.

The Church of Rome sits upon Celtic foundations, Egyptian stones, and Hebrew dreams, all woven together through appropriation. The geometry of Tara, the ethics of Ma'at, the breath of the desert prophets — all stolen, renamed, and sanctified under empire. This is not faith; it is forgery.

I ask you, as brothers and sisters in spirit, to lay down the false crowns and remember the circle. Return to the living law, where service replaces

ceremony and love replaces fear. Admit the origin, honour the mothers and fathers of wisdom whose names were erased. Restore what was taken. Teach again that divinity is not a hierarchy but a frequency.

If you do this, you will redeem your orders. You will turn the temple back into sanctuary. The world does not need more priests; it needs witnesses. The Hill of Tara still hums beneath the soil. The breath of Éiru still calls for balance. You are invited to stand in that field once more, not as rulers but as listeners.

To every bishop, monk, nun, and seeker reading this, the letter is simple: return the light. Speak the truth. And let the next age begin in honour.

## **“Return the Light”**

The towers rose, the bells were rung,  
The songs of men in Latin sung,  
Yet under stone, the roots still gleam,  
Of older truths, of Éiru’s dream.

You built with hands that once were pure,  
Then closed the gates, to call it sure,  
But truth is wind, it cannot stay,  
It slips through walls, it finds its way.

No crown can own the breath of dawn,  
No creed can bind what light has drawn,  
The living law will rise once more,  
Through humble hearts, not marble floor.

Return the light, the plea is kind,  
Not to shame, but to remind,  
That faith is not a robe or throne,  
It is the pulse we each call home.

So let the sky be church again,  
Let rivers cleanse the souls of men,  
For when the truth walks free of fright,  
The world will heal, return the light.

