



The Legendarium of  
The Golden Order  
Of The Almighty

Volume 1

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# The Redactor

*Many have undertaken to search deep into the wellspring of History, to reach out their hand and take hold of the wisdom that the ancients knew so well. Contained within the pages of this book, dear reader, is just such an attempt as that. You will do well to search deep the fount of knowledge, to look long into the looking glass of mystery, and seek out the truth of the parable, as our Lord himself so often made use of. I, the Redactor, have collected the following documents for the sake of progeny and future generations, at the behest of The Golden Order of The Almighty, that all who happen upon this book may know the stories and gain the wisdom and insight that is your birthright. Seek the Lord while He may be found, and call on Him while He is near.*

*This is my first attempt at collecting these documents into one place, and God willing will be just the beginning, as many documents are yet to see the full light of day, or perhaps have been lost or misplaced down through the centuries. Others have been published in various places, but I see fit, along with The Order, to place them all neatly into one place, as the best of my ability allows, and by God's grace.*

*May God guide you in your journey closer to Him,*

*-The Redactor*

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# Visions of Nicolaus Farel 1914

(In the day of great slaughter, when the towers fall, streams of water will flow on every high mountain and every lofty hill.)

Let your tears flow like a river from the abyss of sorrow, let your lamentation rise to the sky, Smoke and stench, woe to the earth, the garden of Eden is raped.

Under a blackened sky lustful fires dance, hordes of tanks like the scarabs of the unholy tombs by the Nile.

Pillars of darkness uphold the sky, mother Earth is ravished by the children she bore, dishonored she pukes in disgust and shivers like in fever, screaming to God for salvation and relief.

Legends and myths arise in my head like a storm.

What once was, shall once be.

What once was told will never be forgotten, as the words of the Grigori in the book of Jubilee.

Carved in stone they testified beyond the flood.

What once was, shall once be.

We unite in awe of our own greatness to build the tower of Babel once more.

Uninvited we climb the tree of life, trying to reach the Heavens and claim the spring of the four rivers.

What once was told is no more but the core remains, the truth hides in many robes.

Joseph of Arimathea upon the hill of Avalach sealed the gate to the underworld with the blood of the Agnus Dei.

Nobody believes in those legends any more but I tell you this:

All who have drunk from the Cup know the true meaning of the chalice well, and they are all monuments like the tower of Saint Michael upon Glastonbury Tower.

I am no longer among your people,

I am an enemy of the state since the state of Nimrod is the foe of my God.

Your tower is about to crack and burst into smithereens.

My rock will never tremble, my fire shall never fade.

I was drowned in my youth, planted like a seed, and now I spring forth like a thorn in your side.

That is why we take refuge in the catacombs beneath your great society.

We are the mulls that undermine the ground beneath your maggot infested throne.

Like templars of the third millennium, we reveal what is hidden in the ruins of the past.

I turn my back on your values and your fears, your false safety that is said to justify your ever present artificial eyes.

The odds might be too poor to win, but never too poor to fight.

But I will give you what I owe, the finger and your dust that I return as I am MARCHING OUT OF BABYLON.

You breed monsters that you never raise your hand to strike,  
then you blame the monsters for your systems of control.

But I see through you, you planned them all along.

You create plagues and their cure to gain more power.

Never did you think that plagues might be  
the cure for you.

There are systems of defense not designed by you, tread upon the strings and they will snap.

They will snap seven by seven, and your towers will fall one by one until the order is restored and the earth arises once more from the flood of chaos.

I can see the future Europe, miles and miles of endless roads, every path will take you to ancient Rome, every path but one.

Above all roads I can see the Bifrost bridge, the sign of covenant for the Noachid, the back door saved for me.

I can see no walls between us, there is no freedom in these thoughts, for they build their walls around us now, on the borders of the global fort, and in the middle of Germania I can see the foundations of the tower of Babylon .

Beyond all roads I can see the Bifrost bridge, the sign of covenant for the Noachid, the back door saved for me.

They build their tower again, now that the net covers the earth to entrap us all.

But we will take the form of spiders, manipulating the web to our own liking and float like fleshless spirits through their doors,

and the guardians will see that they are the fat flies in the net their master made for them.

Above all roads I can see the Bifrost bridge, the sign of covenant for the Noachid, the back door saved for me.

*Arms of silver, his belly and his thighs of brass, his legs of iron, his feet part of iron and part of clay.*

*Thou sawest till that a stone was cut out without hands,*

*which smote the image upon his feet that were of iron and clay, and broke them to pieces.*

*Then was the iron, the clay, the brass, the silver and the gold, broken to pieces together,*

*and became like the chaff of the summer threshing floors, and the wind carried them away,*

*that no place was found for them, and the stone that smote the image became a great mountain, and filled the whole earth.*

A stone is cast upon the forced alliance of iron and clay, and the ten toes of foundation is swept away, the sculpture of Babylonian dreams crumbles.

The weight of thousands of years rests upon what can not be.

From my ashes I arise, I burn the pigs head and kill the flies.

The Mountain of God will cover the earth,

the true Zion under the sacred wings of the firebird, the sun of righteousness with healing under His wings.

From my ashes I arise, in a blaze that will dissolve their hate-full eyes.

A new world is born as the old one dies,  
not by flood but by burning skies.

The earth shivers from blood drenched surface to melting core, and all that was to die is gone  
forevermore, and all that was to live is eternal.

From my ashes

LIKE THE PHOENIX

I will rise

-Nicolaus Farel

# **Visions of Nicolaus Farel 1921**

## *“The Eagle and The Dragon”*

I saw the mighty eagle spread its wings o'er land n' sea, lo its wings were set alight.

I saw the states divided for they would not unite.

I saw the sacrifice of children and the blasphemy of truth,

Inversion of their freedom, enslavement of their youth.

Is there relief from all my torment?

Is there Balm in Gilead?

I saw a Dragon red as blood, t'was rising in the East, and in the West in blue arrayed, it's priestess and it's priest, they strove to shape the Eagle in the likeness of the Beast.

They were heating the furnace sevenfold for those who will not lie, those who love the Eagle and long to see it fly, those who will not bend the knee, for they would rather die.

(And thine ears shall hear a word behind thee, saying, This is the way, walk ye in it, when ye turn to the right hand, and when ye turn to the left.)

A hundred years of dragonseed.

They bind the people and call them freed.

Get them while they're young,

make them hate their Fathers,

make them hate their land, kick them laying in the dirt and feed them from your hand.

Cut our veins, so that we may bleed upon the altar, burning the sacrifice of mankind.

The Center doeth not hold, when Truth may not be told.

Cut your flesh to the bone, howl like a bitch to the skies, you're a victim to your lies, poor misled prophet of Baal.

The Prophets of Baal would cut themselves and sacrifice children for harvest and gain.

Humiliate sons of kings, draw strength from confusion and pain.

Make them lose their center,

make them hate their kin.

Make them loath their heritage,

that they may never win.

Make them ashamed of who they are and yet be proud of their sin, make them forget their wicked hearts and instead repent of their skin.



Hear O Nation! They say, the lord our gods are legion.  
Make them in the likeness of a beast, and take his name in vain.  
Fornicate on the Sabbath, shut your ears to the Word, dishonor your Father's strength and Will, hate your  
Mother's Womb.  
Place the murderers on the Throne and their victims in a shallow tomb.

Call the marriage oppression but pass the Women around, and abuse them for others to see.  
"The younger they are broken in,  
The better they will be."  
Morals are the ways of bondage, Lust is the path of the free.

If one be upstanding and honest, destroy his life with a lie.  
Because he hath what you have not, it is meet that he should die.  
Your hatred and envy are the voice of equity and pride, the apotheosis of the human carnal mind.

Witness the coronation,  
Man's own dead nature takes His throne.  
Total allegiance to the lawless  
Must be enforced, to unfold the Great deception, the Eagle's draconian  
Transformation.

Come receive your reward as death reveals your Dragon-lord,  
as pain repeals your precious whore.  
The light fades to blackest death.

Sons of liberty, ye have gone astray.  
Harken to the voice behind thee: Behold this is the way.

I saw stones raised in a southern place to testify through decades of the schemes of the proud and base.  
The sacrifice of the masses for the life of a chosen few.

You shall be as gods,  
Is not this lie ancient?  
Empty power consuming soul and flesh.  
The serpent's tongue, deceiving light.  
Masquerade as power, strength  
and might.

I looked back in time to see the Cross raised: T'was raised for me and you.  
The One would die for the masses.  
God as a man fulfilling the law, and die like a transgressor to save us all, and across the arc of time these  
stones accursed, to make the few divine, the antithesis of Christ to turn all virtue into vice, the antithesis  
of holiness to turn all truth into lies.

The earth overtakes you.

The stones cover your graves, although you showed yourself to be gods, you were nothing but slaves.

In these days, behold the based and the base. Some will dig for the roots to uproot them, some will dig for the same to take hold.

Riots and rumors of war as the new ways clash with the old.

In the age of reason the Eagle was an egg, nesting in the time of enlightenment, high up among the winds of change.

Some men saw light within the Scriptures and based their order in its truth, some were blinded by the pride of Satan becoming vessels for his use, slaves for his abuse.

The Eagle can bring no salvation, but the hope of justice for all.

The Eagle can bring no atonement, but freedom to answer the call.

The Darkened, they hated the Eagle, for it gives them no charge over men, they collude in the dark with the Dragon to bring its flight to an end.

The Darkened, they hated the elect of the nations, and they hate the nation elect.

The Eagle soared on winds of fate, it soared to the Throne room of God.

T'was given strength to break the chains of bondage.

T'was given glory and grace.

T'was given power and dominion.

T'was given a task on the earth:

To defend the land that will see the return, and that saw the Saviour's birth.

(And there appeared a great wonder in heaven; a woman clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet, and upon her head a crown of twelve stars: And she being with child cried, travailing in birth, and pained to be delivered.

Behold a great red dragon, the dragon stood before the woman.

He persecuted the woman which brought forth the Son of Man.

And to the woman were given two wings of a great eagle, that she might fly into the wilderness, into her place, where she is nourished for a time, and times,

1260 days.

The dragon was wroth with the woman, and went to make war with the remnant of her seed, which keep the commandments of God, and have the testimony of Jesus Christ.)

Upon this I awoke in my chamber, trembling with sorrow and fear.

Is there relief from my torment?

Is there Balm in Gilead?

Let the sun rise on my soul.

Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path.

Thus I turned my heart to the Scriptures, he who has ears, let him hear:

"They that wait upon the LORD shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; and they shall walk, and not faint".

The prophet told us this of old.

T'is not the time to cease fire, time to lay down your guns.

T'is the time to stand tall and true and defy the Dragon's command.

Behold upon the Mountain of God,

The Dragon and his deception cast down forevermore.

Eternally they fall as fire fell upon the Carmel mountain top.

Let the sun rise on your souls,

No more idols, but streets of gold!

For your women, and your children,

And the values that you hold.

So march my brethren, march, and never kneel as thou art told.

Rise to former glory as in thy founding days of old, in the fire of God Almighty that turns thy lead to Gold.

Closing prayer:

Let me be found standing.

Let me be found true.

Let me never bend the knee to anyone but you.

When fire falls from heaven, for the enemy to burn, let me stand like Shadrach to hail the King's return.

/ Nicolaus Farel - Anno Domine 1921 Elberton, Georgia

# The Confession of Nicolaus Farel

*The Confession of Nicolaus Farel.*

*Transcribed*

*Saved in the London Lodge archives before he was given Holy Communion, and was sent out on His American wanderings to find Three of the Five dead or alive.*

*N. Farel wrote this confession while in Antwerp Belgium, in late July/early August 1919 after his parents and wife died in Spanish Flu in march of 1919. He had been out whoring around, living bad, having gone off the rails after his family died. He came to his senses and repented, and wrote this confession and determined to go to the London Lodge to be with the "Brothers of the Golden Order" there.*

*-The Redactor*

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In anger's midst I feel myself, fall into the trap again, too many times have I been here.  
Like a dog returning to its vomit,  
If I don't run, it will be my ruin.  
Life seems so empty, so full of failure, violence, whoredom, bitter hate, I drowned in a bottle, but this is not my fate.  
God take this filth from me, and bury it in the heart of the earth, give me a heart of flesh, renew my mind.  
Do not let me be taken by this temptation.

Keep my eyes on your word, and my hand on your sword.  
Place the scroll in my heart again, plant it deep inside my soul.  
Engulf my mind with Your Spirit, with Your Spirit.

In anger's midst will be my downfall.  
It will sink its teeth into me if I don't resist.  
The blessings of God are greater than my self inflicted will, Lord Jesus make me strong!  
Your power has been given to us since the day of our salvation.  
The flesh was crucified, I've already been buried,  
And I walk now with a new Spirit.

# The Incomplete Writings of Nicolaus Farel

## *Volume 1*

*Contained herein are the extant writings of Grandmaster Nicolaus Farel. Having come down to us both by official record keeping within the Golden Order, and also by dear brethren both of the Order, and those not so, yet dearly beloved by him and our God, for all those that follow the True God and King are all of the True Golden Order of The Almighty. Nicolaus wrote many things, to many people, in many places. We continue to discover his writings, letters and epistles. Therefore, in this first volume we have endeavored to compile all that we currently have of his thoughts expressed through ink and paper. For sure, many more volumes shall appear as Providence provides.*

*-The Redactor*

### LETTER TO BERNARD MONTGOMERY

Liverpool, England 1933

My dear friend, I hope to see you soon, as I have learned you are home for just a brief time to attend to certain imperative duties, and impart upon you a most precious and sacred duty. I wish to remind your heart of one of our greatest Grandmasters, St. George the slayer of the dragon. God has laid it on my heart that you will need the courage again soon enough to slay many dragons of this age. Remember his fortitude in the face of evil, and his steadfastness against unspeakable terror. Soon, you as well will face down horrors unseen since ancient days. Stand strong dear friend, for you have a calling that soon will come upon you. I will send my dear associate Quincey to call upon you as I arrive in London.

-N. Farel

### 1ST LETTER TO BROTHER HARKER

Antwerp, Belgium 1935

Like Eden renewed, I feel my life only beginning to see such a glimpse of such things now. Hope, the children and I have entered into a season of rest, for which I am much grateful. So many years of hard work, my own failures and terrifying visions in the night, have left this man shattered and thin. Thanks be to our Lord who gave me strength and grace during those difficult times. I want you to know we are getting along well now, and at peace in our home. I miss the brethren, but my time of service and fraternity was to come to an end, at least for such a season as God had me to do. I would be amiss though, my dear Quincey, if I said that those early visions from so long ago have not started to visit me again in the dark watches of the night. There does seem to be something foul and out of place. Perhaps my interpretation of such things was not complete at my first glance of those oracles. Time shall tell, and

God's grace shall guide. I will write as time allows, but my time is mostly spent playing and caring to my family now, a blessing I shall ever cherish. Take care, and greet the brethren for me as opportunity arises.

-N. Farel

## 2ND LETTER TO BROTHER HARKER

Paris, France 1938

My flesh trembles, and my heart fails within me! My Hope, and my beautiful children, gone. All gone! It is too much to bear, dear Quincey. Yesterday the Post was dispatched to me with an urgent, and dreadful message. My precious family had perished in our Home, by a horrible fire! No one knows how or why it happened.....this is all too much for my soul to bear! That precious soul, who once harkened me back to the straight and narrow path on that fateful night so many years ago, she is gone. Our beautiful children, the offspring of our love and joy together, I will never see them again in this life, but I will in the next, but oh how it pains this man! And to think that I was not at home and perished with them! The authorities recovered all their bodies save one, that of my precious son, what horror could've become him! And where was I? Where?! Looking for a book, what a rubbish soul I am! May God forgive me, I seek His Grace before all other things. Yet, I know He has a plan still for me. I will carry this burden with me into the East, into the ever growing Lion's Den. Quincey, pray for me, hold tight to what you have, and never neglect the things of first importance. I will write again as God allows and give me strength.

-N. Farel

## 3RD LETTER TO BROTHER HARKER

Hanover, Germany 1938

“We are among the many, my dear Farel, both seen and unseen, working in the dim places of the world, so that light cleanses the darkness....”

Long had those words echoed in my mind, reaching the skies of my inner self, those words of my Teacher and yours dear Harker, Dr. Van Helsing. How much evil had he seen besides his dealing with The Count? Victorious he was though, countless times. Do you remember how he used to remind us, that men of this age think not on what they cannot understand, and assume that those things cannot be? Yet the Doctor himself battled otherworldly and dark entities, because he understood that the true enemy is not one that can be seen with the eye of flesh. Oh his Faith! What blessedness I received by learning from his Faith. From my position of pupil to him, I have learned to see beyond what lies at the very edge of the eye of flesh, and see past such, to the true nature of events within this world.

Now here I sit, in my journey to the East. I know not what lies ahead of me, only that there is something meaningful and bound by sacred duty in my path. I hope to make contact with our dear friend Dietrich, and relay to him what I believe God has shown me in those visions of years ago. I know him to be a true friend of the Order, as we are to Him, as we both belong to Christ, and wish to bring an end to the coming

storm. I go on my own accord, none of the brothers, save you, know of my journey. I will send whatever information I can gather from the Free Church, and securely send it back to you. Pray for me dear friend, I know not where God is leading me, only that He is.”

-N. Farel

#### 4TH LETTER TO BROTHER HARKER

Berlin, Germany 1938

My dearest Quincey, you will be pleased to know that my efforts here have not been in vain. I have been informed by our dear friend Dietrich that the resistance here in Germany is robust and thriving. Not all who are German have been hypnotized by that man, if he be called a man at all. The visions of the past become much clearer with each passing day, it is clear to me now. Stay on your guard, for the Darkened have many ears in many places, not just over the Rhine. Soon enough I shall return west, and bring with me documents of utmost importance.

-N. Farel

#### 5TH LETTER TO BROTHER HARKER

Frankfurt, Germany 1939

As our Lord said, we should be able to read the signs of the times. The time has arrived, my dearest Quincey. I know not whether this letter shall even reach you, but I write with a trust in God that no man dare test. I'm sure you have heard the news, the rumors of wars. I do not deceive myself with notions of peace, for the times are passed for such things. No, I arm myself with Faith in God, and His plan for me, His humble and unworthy servant. It was made clear to me what I must do, and accordingly I have taken from the Treasury the Seven Knives, unbeknownst to The Five. You alone will know their true fate, and I charge you to guard this knowledge until the proper time. I am bound for Berlin, but know I may not arrive. Already those evil servants of the Dragon have sensed my presence aboard this train bound for Germany's vainglorious Capitol. I can sense their eyes on me, the whispers, the constant watching my every move. I know my path and must walk it, though I may not see it through, only God knows. Pray for me, dear Quincey.

-N. Farel

# ORDO AURUM ARCHEIA

## *“A letter to the Order brethren abroad”*

*The History of The Golden Order of The Almighty, as written down by Grandmaster Nicolaus Farel, before completing his tenure as Grandmaster. (The brethren who were not of The Five were not aware of His status as Grandmaster at the time of this writing. Nevertheless, as respected amongst the members of The Order, this letter was held in high regard by all who received it, 12 copies being sent forth in all throughout the Earth.)*

*-The Redactor*

Duty calls out earnestly, like a trumpet call from Heaven, that I lay out the history of our Order, both for those who have long held to a love of the Truth, and for all that would long and seek for Enlightenment in this dark age, and in the dark ages that will quickly tread upon the Earth. For as gold shines out brightly when lighted upon by the sun, so may the words and Lore of our Order shine brightly into the cold dark of this fallen world, and for all that will read the words of this letter in the coming generations. Come quickly, Lord Jesus!

In the beginning, God made all things perfect and good. But fault was found in Man, being deceived by the Serpent. Being banished from Paradise, he went out from the Garden and worked by the sweat of his brow, and not by the power of God. But the Creator gave them a promise, that the Seed of the Woman would crush the Head of the Serpent, who had deceived them.

By Eve, the Mother of all the living, Adam brought forth children upon the earth. But the children were stained by sin, and Cain slew his brother Abel in the fields. Cain was cast out with his wife, and they lived in the land of Nod. But God was merciful to the cries of Cain, and placed a mark upon him that anyone finding him would not harm him. The likeness of that mark has been passed down to us today as an enduring reminder of God's protection and undeserved Grace.

The Mark was translated through countless generations first by the Daughters of Awan. Awan was the wife of Cain, and seeing God's mercy to her husband longed to see ultimate Redemption and Restoration to the Garden, and renewed communion with The Creator. Her daughters protected the likeness of their Father's Mark and made songs to pass down to their children, to establish the hope of the Crushing of the Serpent's head.

Generations came and went, and the Daughters dutifully guarded the Vision, while the World became more and more filled with violence, and every thought and intent of the hearts of Men became only Evil. But upon the coming of the sons of God to Earth, the Daughters of Awan found division within themselves. For they were deceived in the majority of their council, seeing the sons of God as a way of fulfilling the prophecy made to the first Men. For they reasoned in their foolish hearts that by them they could produce the One born of the Seed of the Woman.



Their prime leader was one Ishtar, from whose name that band of lawless ones derives their name, the Ishtari. Through the apostasy of the Ishtari, the Nephilim were wrought upon the Earth, called by Moses the "Mighty Men of Old." And once deceived, the Old Serpent, called the Devil and Satan, tried to wipe out the line through which the Promise would appear to all Men, by the bloodshed of the Nephilim.

But Noah found favor in the sight of God, and was rescued from the wrath of God, he and his wife, his sons, and his son's wives. God brought the Deluge upon all that had the breath of life in it on the Earth, and destroyed the World at that time, all except Righteous Noah.

Through a baptism of destruction God cleansed the Earth, and through Noah God redeemed for Himself a Creation on the verge of annihilation. It is said by some that the patriarch prayed to God during the Deluge, looking to the One who could save his soul from death, "straight through the darkest nights, drowning in the sorrow, praying for The Light, O Master of the Sea, Earth and Sky, my soul retches and is tossed about. Lift me up and speed the coming day of your Peace. Cause this destruction to swiftly end, for You are my Hope."

And Noah and his family came to rest upon the mountains of Ararat. Embarking into the world, Noah, who was skilled in fieldcraft, planted a vineyard and in celebration of God's mercy drank of its wine. He deluged himself with wine, in memory of the Deluge of God, and falling asleep in his tent naked, was looked upon uncovered by his son Ham. Ham told his brothers of their father's state, and they went in and covered their father, being careful not to lay eyes upon him. When Noah awoke, his sons told him of Ham's sin, and Noah cursed Ham, that he and his descendants would serve his brothers.

Now Ham had a wife, who was of the Ishtari, whose name was Ne'elatama'uk. She became angry and bitter with Noah for cursing her family, that they would all serve others for the sin of her husband. She had forgotten God's mercy toward her, and began to turn in her heart from the True Path. Her heart was ripe for harvesting to evil, and being approached by her nephew Arpachshad, was told of a stone that he had found upon a mountain top, that engraved there upon was the forgotten knowledge of the sons of God. Arpachshad was the son of Shem, who was the son of Noah.

Together they studied the dark Gnosis, and resurrected the split of Awan. Ne'elatama'uk passed her knowledge of dark magic and forbidden arts down to those that came to live in the land of the Pharaohs, in Egypt, and they became known as god-kings, enslaving their fellow man and building great monuments to themselves. Arpachshad passed his knowledge down through his line, and as Man began to move in the East and settled in Shinar, one of his progeny called Nimrod excelled more than all others in the forbidden gnosis. He built a city, called Babel, and there he reestablished the worship of Ishtar, as was told him by those that received the knowledge of Arpachshad that his aunt Ne'elatama'uk had told him about when she had fully given herself over to darkness, soon after they came out of the Ark.

Nimrod was known as a mighty hunter before The LORD, but from his Seed and from his Heart he birthed upon the Earth countless legacies of destruction and terror, as it is to this day.

Time will not permit me Brethren to go into the details of all that he wrought upon the land, and you will do well to research more into our archives for the advancement of your own knowledge.

Generations came and went, and surely you have heard of our father Abraham, who displaced all who were His and took them to a land unknown, and answered the calling of the Almighty, and so was rewarded with the awesome Promises of God himself, who called Abraham His friend. And I have no need to speak of the mighty Moses, who led God's people out of bondage and slavery, much as the Order does the same when we spread forth the Light of The Messiah, whom Moses knew.

Israel established themselves in the Promised Land, having God alone as their King. But soon they longed to be like the other nations, and fell, and demanded a King be placed over them. God granted them their desire, and they received Saul as their Lord and King. Fault was found with Saul, and he was displaced by the Righteous David, Slayer of Giants.

From one King to the next, the people of Israel would rise and fall, succeeding or failing with each successive generation, until the Day that God visited upon them the Just punishment for their rebellion, He brought the Kings of the East.

Sennacherib first conquered the Northern Tribes, and scattered them to the 4 winds. And when his purpose had been accomplished, God then brought Nebuchadnezzar to capture Jerusalem many years later.

Brothers, consider this Nebuchadnezzar. God dealt with this heathen king and brought him low, and turned him Mad for as long as would take for him to come to his senses, and recognize the God of the Jews, whom he had conquered, as the one true King of Kings and Lord of Lords, who governs in the affairs of Men. And so through the Divine Mystery of God, the Almighty brought the most powerful man on Earth to the service of Himself. He convened a council with those whose names you have heard from the Sacred Scriptures, Shadrach, Meshach, Abednego and Daniel. Through this council, our Order was born, and Nebuchadnezzar appointed Grandmaster.

The purpose established then, and still our purpose to this day, is to guard, defend and advance the knowledge of the Coming King Messiah, and to speed the day of the ultimate fulfillment of the promise made to the First Men. In Nebuchadnezzar's time, they were looking forward to His first coming, where the Promise made would find its first fulfillment. In our day, we look forward to The Messiah's Second Coming, where the final fulfillment of the Promise will be accomplished.

Consider His spear, which every Grandmaster carries with him. This spear was made of the golden idol that he himself melted down, that at one time he commanded all Men everywhere to worship or be thrown into fire. But then, using fire, he melted that Idol down and turned it into weapons and treasures of Righteousness! For it is though he himself had the Mark of Cain upon him as well, a sign of protection and undeserved Grace.

And all you bear that same Mark. For all who call upon and believe in The Messiah Jesus are sealed by His Spirit. And we hold high the Mark of Cain as a reminder of the True Seal and Mark of God upon our lives. Do well then to remember such things.

Recall to mind the Blessed Polycarp, a Grandmaster of Grandmasters, who also through flame, melted down the world at that time, and stood tall in the face of such adversity that would cost him his earthly body, because he knew he had a body from God, unperishable and kept in Heaven.

Remember the archetype and forerunner of the position of Grandmaster within our Order, the Prophet Elijah. For through fire he as well extinguished the strongholds of the world, and threw down the Prophets of Baal.

And our teacher, Abraham Van Helsing, recall to mind his deeds. He who stood tall against the Darkened and the Darkness, consider him who traveled to the ends of the Earth for Righteousness' sake, so that you too will not be overwhelmed when your time is called forth to battle forces unseen and unknown. For our Master has made clear to me that my time is yet to come for such events, and I look to those before and consider their faith, and the outcome of their lives.

Remember St. George, who led us during those dark times of persecution. He himself freed the captives that were being terrorized by that horrible beast, the dragon. Being marked for greater honor, he was considered worthy to plant the seeds of the Church with his blood, for the blood of the martyrs is the seed of The Church. Stand strong like him in all you do, for we are all called to fight the dark both within ourselves and within this world.

My beloved, I will not tarry long with you from this time forth. I know you will all do well to safeguard the defense of the Golden Knowledge that we share with all those who follow Jesus Christ the Nazarene.

Remember that we all bow before the One True Grandmaster of the Universe, that the position of Grandmaster is one of encouragement, teaching and leading by example, not one of Authority over Man or God. Consider these things, and you will do well in your defense of the Golden Knowledge of God and His Logos.

With the help of my good friend Quincey Harker I have written to you all briefly. See to it that each to whom a copy of this letter comes stores it in the archives of your lodge. For the time is coming when these things will be in danger of fire once again, and there will come a time when we are revealed to the World, and our records must be kept safe until that time.

The Love of our Lord Jesus, and the Power of the Almighty, and the Fire of God, be with you all.

ORDO AURUM ARCHEIA

-Nicolaus Farel

# The Lost Colony Letters

*The letters detailing the Order's mission in the Colony of Roanoke, kept within the archives since the late 15th century.*

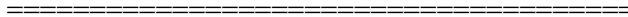
My dearest Miriam,

I pray that one day, God shall allow me to reunite with you once more. Although that time has not yet been afforded to me, I shall write you when time allows, in hopes that our eyes shall meet and our spirits rejoice together. I am thankful that the Order has given me this task in the world yonder, for the work of my hands have been fruitful. The protection of this most sacred icon is vital to our cause. What better defensible position than an ocean's divide? The High Council assigned me to this ordeal alongside Ambrose and young Henry. This honor may prove to be my doom, and yet, I accept it with open arms. My only regret of accepting it is being torn from your embrace. May the Lord look kindly upon us that the Order's work is accomplished with haste and protect the icon from our enemies.

Ordo Aurum

- William

Dated: July 31st, 1587



My dearest Miriam,

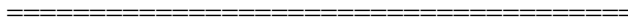
The colony has been under a spiritual siege. Crops have failed to yield a bountiful harvest, the hunting has been scarce, and men have been slaughtered by the natives of this land. Ever since we returned from our brief evacuation, in which you and I reunited but momentarily, strife has overcome the air of this place like a smog. However, I cannot say it had been all a loss. I was fortunate to witness the birth and baptism of the infant Virginia. Our own resident Angel.

There is conversation of moving North. I'm not certain the lot of us will all make that journey. I fear not for Ambrose, as despite his age, he is as stubborn as an ox, while Henry has youth at his aid. My fears reside in moving the icon outside the safety of this camp. The natives pose a threat, as an attack could lead to catastrophe. Something else lurks beyond these woods. Something sinister. Pray our mission is successful, as our safety is not guaranteed.

Ordo Aurum

- William

Dated: August 20th, 1587



My dearest Miriam,

I feel as though years have passed since I wrote last, yet it has been mere weeks. The colony remains intact in spite of our journey North. Our so-called fearless leader, John White, departed to England last month. He claimed it was under great duress and that it was for the great of the people. The coward flees his responsibilities to kiss the rings of bureaucrats. But then perhaps I am the coward for not having tried hard enough to stop him. In his interim, he left a committee of seven in charge. That's 15% of the colony! Absolute madness! I pray they do not burn it to the ground. I have managed to keep my stead tidy and the icon hidden from our enemies. I am all but certain that an Azazelim spy is in our midst. I haven't any proof but a feeling. Whatever comes of it, I must keep the icon safe.

Ordo Aurum

- William

Dated: September 25th, 1587

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My dearest Miriam,

My beloved, our 'great' colony is in distress. The oligarchs have led us astray, deeper into the bowels of hell. There are less supplies than ever before and the contents of our stomach diminish. No word has been sent by our governor as to when he might return with supplies. Young Henry and I ventured into the woods alongside two men - Griffen Jones and John Jones - to hunt the wildlife. Teaching the lad was a pleasure, but I wish we yielded better results. Nevertheless, the Lord provides. I simply pray he provides enough for us all. I cannot believe that it is simply bad luck that looks overhead. Each passing day, my beliefs grow closer to vindication. Something is killing our crops and keeping the larger game at bay. Our munitions supply has dwindled more than our output. To the untrained eye, it may look like misfortune. To mine, it is a deliberate disruption.

Ordo Aurum

- William

Dated: November 7th, 1587

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My dearest Miriam,

The first month of the new year has not been kind to us. The winter cold has proven to be far harsher than anticipated. Fortunately, by way of our consulates, we have established trade with the local Native tribe. The few furs we had collected afforded us a great deal of food. We've made a new initiative to hunt for beavers along the riverbanks and shorelines as they are now the equivalent of gold for us. The miscreants of yesterday are the merchants of tomorrow.

This new arrangement is not without new anxieties; I fear young Henry may grow smitten with the tribal chief's daughter. She was all he spoke of upon our return. My other concern being the discovery of our fragile colony by the Natives. Ambrose and I went through no less than thorough means of covering our tracks. My question is this: how long can we maintain our security? May the Lord have mercy.

Ordo Aurum

- William

Dated: January 27th, 1588

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My dearest Miriam,

Tensions continue to rise in the colony. Although our bellies are full, a recent discovery has stirred the settlers into a frenzy. Upon returning from a recent trade with the Natives, we discovered additional tracks, while covering our own. Ambrose and I followed them back to the shoreline. We discovered a ship off the port. The flag identified it as a member of the Spanish fleet. This may prove to be an even bigger concern than our arrangement with the Natives. They have yet to make their presence known to us and the colony fears that is because they are planning to raid and plunder. Make no mistake, I have no trust in the colonists apart from my brothers that I have traveled with, nor do I trust the arrangement with the Natives. All of this is necessary to ensure the protection of this most sacred icon from falling into the hands of the enemies that have presented themselves as viable threats. The spy has remained dormant since the trade has been established. This leads me to believe that he is biding his time and his strike shall be an imminent one when it finally comes to pass. I am uncertain of the Spaniards' intentions, but whatever they may be, my brothers and I shall be ready.

Ordo Aurum

- William

Dated: March 21st, 1588

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My dearest Miriam,

Although the colony's collective anxiety remains, what we fear has yet to transpire. Momentarily, I had thought God had forsaken us. Yet, I fought my flesh and was reminded of His infinite grace and mercy. The Spaniards have remained by the bay, only leaving to fish and hunt. They are under the surly but watchful eye of Ambrose. Elsewhere, young Henry has continued to spearhead trade with the Natives. I fear the danger of the situation I have put him in may far exceed either of our comprehension, but the risk is a necessary one.

Meanwhile, I have done what I can to bring order to the colony in the absence of true leadership. The oligarchs have failed at every turn and now the burden falls on me to keep the colony safe. I believe the Azazelim will seize this opportunity, as I will be heavily scrutinized. I am counting on this. When he strikes, his face shall be revealed to the Order and his fate shall be sealed.

Ordo Aurum  
- William  
Dated: June 10th, 1588

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My dearest Miriam,

I now understand the meaning of the phrase 'heavy is the head who weareth the crown.' The people require so much of me, I find it difficult to meet with my brothers. I must admit, this experience has lended me some modicum of respect for John White. Although I maintain he may be a coward, I'm not sure I begrudge him as I once did. From the brief moments of respite I've been afforded, Ambrose has informed me of Henry's progress with the trade. Unfortunately, my fears have been realized. The young lad has fallen in love with the Chief's daughter.

I should have kept a more watchful eye, in that I could prevent such liaisons. For he does not realize that he has placed himself and the entire colony at risk. I can only blame myself for this fact. Ambrose and I have instructed him to have no more contact with her. I fear that will prove to be futile, as our resources are limited and I cannot position him elsewhere. I must trust he will follow our orders, otherwise, our end is nigh.

Ordo Aurum  
- William  
Dated: September 24th, 1588

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My dearest Miriam,

If I ever failed to express my love, I wish you had said something. How I long for your company. These people have driven me to the verge of madness. Their demands only grow more frequent. I believe a great deal of this has been instigated by the prior regime White left in his stead. Still, I would expect some to resolve these matters on their own. And, yet, the burden seemingly falls upon my shoulders. Fortunately, Henry has maintained our trade. The people have plenty to eat and drink. Their complaints lie elsewhere. Petty disputes and grievances. I have quelled nearly 30 skirmishes this week alone. One fire extinguishes, a new one ignites in its place.

Ambrose and Henry's service is the only grace I have been afforded. In addition to these squabbles, Ambrose discovered tracks nearby. Our people never leave alone or venture that far, apart from the Order members. Someone is spying on our residence, but the potential threats have risen since my initial suspicions. The Azazelim is here. But perhaps, he is not the only one.

Ordo Aurum

- William

Dated: November 13th, 1588

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My dearest Miriam,

I feel as though my body has been addled by time. My bones ache and my spirit grows tired. I have been awake for days, hunting the spies in our ranks. Yet, I've made very little progress. Weeks have passed since Ambrose's initial discovery and the best lead has been swept away with the wind. Nothing has disappeared from the reserves in months following our trade establishment. No further tracks have been discovered. Yet this seemingly endless quest has consumed me. It is my only escape from the new position I find myself in.

This God forsaken colony has forced illness, fatigue, and anxiety upon my already potent paranoia. Perhaps this is my penance for leaving you in England. If so, let it be laid upon me with the vengeance of a thousand sins. For I deserve nothing less. I shall continue my search for these insurgents so that I may repay this debt. Even if I am damned.

Ordo Aurum

- William

Dated: December 10th, 1588



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My dearest Miriam,

We've entered the new year with a hesitant embrace. The winter has been relegated to only temperature and little snowfall, much to our benefit. However, the cold has brought much of the work within the colony to a halt, with the exception of the blacksmith and butcher. We are currently making plans to investigate a nearby cavern that the Jones brothers - John and Griffen - have discovered while hunting for beavers along the river banks. We could use any resources that the cave may provide for trade or medicines.

It may also answer a question I have had for a great many months as to where our spies may reside, obscured in the maw of total darkness. I imagine as the months grow colder, the tampering shall be to a minimum. I have instructed the men who go forth and gather for us to keep an eye out for any signs of fires, tracks, or slaughtered animal remains. Any sign of trespass may serve to bring them to face the consequences of their actions. By choice or by force.

Ordo Aurum

- William

Dated: January 12th, 1589

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My dearest Miriam,

The caverns of darkness have unveiled a much sought after epiphany. We have discovered the lodge of our spies. We were forced to wait till the break of Spring, but yesterday, we undertook our investigation. Servants of Azazelim have left their stench all throughout these caves. It appears this place may still be inhabited or at least used as a cache of sorts. Yet, we have missed them on this day, returning with only a confirmed suspicion. We covered our tracks with our departure, yet, I fear they may have other ways of knowing of our discovery.

Upon our return to the colony, I have installed a night watch into our list of duties. The people are aware of a potential attack from the Natives or the Spaniards, which is all they need be aware of. Previously, we three of the Golden Order had watched over the camp by night, but our focus grows increasingly split. I feel a dark force looming, not far in the distance. I pray the Lord carries us all through this safely, but I am not certain that will occur.

Ordo Aurum

- William

Dated: March 22nd, 1589

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My dearest Miriam,

The people are restless. The confirmation of a spy has turned them against one another. The loose lips of the Jones brothers have placed dangerous words in the ears of the oligarchs. As they spun their propaganda, the colony fell into a frenzy. Brother turns against brother. A tale as old as time. And I am the man holding the seams of a kingdom in collapse. There is no trust left among the people. I worry that may lead to irrational behavior.

This instability may even affect our trade with the Natives. Fortunately, the Spaniards have departed from their port, reducing the number of potential forces to lay siege to our colony. The relationship with the Natives, however, has strained exponentially, due to some of our representatives' hostility. Unfortunately, this has led to Henry reacting rather negatively, which I fear may reveal his private encounter with the Chief's daughter. Once that secret is unveiled, the floodgates of hell may break loose.

Ordo Aurum  
- William  
Dated: April 17th, 1589

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My dearest Miriam,

I am reminded of the scripture "the earth is given into the hand of the wicked." Within the same verse, it is stated "he covers the faces of its judges." In this desperate hour, I feel as though my eyes have been blinded and the hands of the wicked are full. Our men who orchestrate the trade have yet to return. Although they are but a day late, I fear the worst. Every second they fail to return, I believe retribution has fallen swiftly upon them. The Darkened - specifically the Azazelim - strike while the iron is hot.

I only have but a few hours before the rest of the colony take notice. Throughout history, many kingdoms and empires have fallen at the revolt of the people. My only solution is to ascertain the whereabouts of these men. Ambrose and I will mount a search party first thing in the morning. Otherwise, we may find ourselves in the midst of a rebellion. A shadow lurks over this colony. Pray light may follow it.

Ordo Aurum  
- William  
Dated: May 17th, 1589

My dearest Miriam,

Tears rain from my swollen eyes as I begin this burdensome letter. Ambrose and I struck out with the Jones brothers to discover the whereabouts of our trade party. What we found instead was a sight of horror. We found the corpses of four of the men, skinned and scalped. They were placed ritualistically, as if to send a message. I have no doubt this was the work of our enemies. However, when I address the colony, the evidence will point to the Natives. A war shall be on our hands.

There is more. We found a pyre not far from the corpses. The pyre was laden with two bodies; a man and a woman. The woman we believe to be the Chief's daughter. The man was Henry. The scar on the right side of his arm was deep enough it survived the flames. I recall the time the lad recalled the tale of how he obtained it - a simple logging accident with a triumphant end. I'll never forget the joy on his face as he told it. I'll never forgive myself for putting him in such danger and sealing his fate.

Ordo Aurum  
- William  
Dated: May 21st, 1589

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My dearest Miriam,

The proceedings occurred as I had foreseen. The colony has declared their intentions for war. Against my wishes, the colony has begun preparations and arming themselves for conflict. The only peace from this exchange was a wonderful ceremony for Henry and the men who passed. Ambrose and I buried the daughter next to Henry. Although unmarried, they were united in life till death. It only seemed fitting they remain as such.

As a reluctant leader, I find the power is no longer positioned in order but in anarchy. If this attack was rooted in strategic advancement, perhaps I would understand. This war will be rooted in vitriolic revenge. The colony wants an imminent strike, drawing no battle plans whatsoever. While our forces are armed with cannons and muskets, their forces are armed with knowledge and a primal sense of justice. To strike this spark may ignite a conflict that neither side walks away from.

Ordo Aurum  
- William  
Dated: June 1st, 1589

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My dearest Miriam,

This wretched conflict we have inherited has waged on for months now. I have no doubts that this is the Darkened's doing. The longer I ruminate on it, the further the conspiracy goes. When that ignorant fool Amadas razed the village of Aquascogoc, I have no doubt that the hands of the Azazelim are to blame. I believe the Spaniards were sent away to lay siege to England, which is why White has not yet returned with the supplies and armaments we desperately require. I know the Natives were informed about Henry's affair with the daughter, which led to them both being butchered.

Ever since the authorities that be permitted this expedition, the Darkened's influence loomed over all that presided. Death has followed each step of the way. And I fear that it may come crashing down at any moment. Once we retaliated for Henry, the war effort has consumed the colony. I fear that protection of the icon may fall to be a secondary objective as I struggle to keep us all alive.

Ordo Aurum

- William

Dated: August 21st, 1589

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My dearest Miriam,

The fire in my belly burns brighter by the day and the blood on my hands stained my skin. This war has devastated both sides, but it has divided our colony. Ambrose and I have been putting out fires among the people to where both our tensions are high. Our goals only align now in regards to the icon and the people. Our methods, however, are far from alignment. Ambrose believes a swift strike will end this conflict. I believe there is still a chance of peace. A foolish effort, I know, but one worthy of pursuit.

The Darkened's eyes are upon us and I believe they will strike when we rest. Therefore, we cannot rest. Thus all my efforts are dedicated to ending this onslaught. In this new world, I may be like King David, small and feeble. But like King David, I shall stand triumphant and hold the severed head of my enemy high above my own.

Ordo Aurum

- William

Dated: November 12th, 1589

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My dearest Miriam,

Let it never be stated that I was anything but well-intentioned. As I feared, my damned optimism has brought about the imminent destruction of our colony. I led a small group of men into the Natives land to discuss peace. We were ambushed. Only Ambrose and I managed to escape. I carried the old man away from that field as he bled in my arms. My only hope is that we returned in time that he lives through this ordeal.

Upon our retreat, I laid eyes on the most foul creature I have ever witnessed. The Azazelim. Its wretched, anemic flesh was stained with colonists' blood. Nothing would please me more than to sever that creature's head. But I traversed onward, because my brother needed me. I could not fail him as well. As I tend to his wounds, I have set our evacuation into motion. I will not let more men and women die.

Ordo Aurum

- William

Dated: February 17th, 1590

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My dearest Miriam,

After months of preparation, we have begun our evacuation. I have sent Ambrose, now fully healed from his wounds I thought so deadly, along with five men to lead the women and children away from peril to our new refuge. The Croatoan Island is a few days' journey, but I have no doubts they will arrive and send word back. In the interim, myself and the rest of the men have fortified ourselves. We shall wait until we receive word. I have taken the liberty to carve our destination, as was the intended procedure, however, I have excluded the cross of the Templars. I fear that if aid ever comes from Europe, the Darkened shall arrive in tow.

I lament embarking on such a frivolous quest, if only for the loss of life and the loss of a brother in young Henry. But mostly, I regret leaving you in England. Perhaps the Order has a grander vision than I can foresee. In any case, I shall write to you when I arrive on the island, but it may be some time.

Your love,

- William

Dated: June 17th, 1590

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Greetings,

Upon my return to our quaint colony, I was greeted by the deafening void of the men at work and children at play. Yet I discovered no corpses nor bloodshed of any kind. Homes left empty, completely untouched. We searched each home with great vigor, in hopes that we would discover the whereabouts of our missing colonists. Every home lay dormant of any indicators of whence they departed, including my own daughter's abode. Until Captain Cocke discovered the etching in the tree line. As I prepared to return to Croatoan Island, the Captain conducted another search through our dilapidated village. He returned to me with the reason I write you this day.

We discovered a plethora of unmailed letters in the study of your beloved, William Sole. As I studied his works, I grew to respect him in his assumed role, in spite of his reservations of myself. Although I am concerned and confused with his choice of words, I believe the weight of his war may have caused visions of stress and anger. In any case, we also discovered a letter in a tongue I do not recognize. Yet, I thought it may be of some value to you. We shall continue our search until we discover our family's whereabouts.

God bless you and yours,

- John White

Dated: August 24, 1590

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To the Grandmaster and the Degrees of Office,

Were it not for the efforts of our 21st Grandmaster, I wonder if this quest would ever have come to fruition. Our deployment was sanctioned so swiftly that it felt uncharacteristic. It occurred to me that perhaps not all of the Order's figureheads had been made aware of our purpose. The three of us - Henry Paine, Ambrose Viccars, and myself - were given strict instructions to safeguard an icon. The three nails of Christ. Upon our Lord's crucifixion, these nails became sought as holy relics. However, they were safeguarded by Joseph of Arimathea, our 21st.

When the Knights Templar rose to power, they created a division to search for these holy icons. The Sodality of the Cruciform Sword swiftly acquired many of the holy land's sacred treasures, locked away from prying eyes. After De Molay was executed, the remaining Templars fled, leaving the icons to rest for nearly two centuries. Johannes Oecolampadius, one of the Five, discovered the icon and retrieved it, revealing it to his successor once he died. It was he who sent us across oceans to protect the icon. I've hidden them in my hollowed out journal, the remains of which I use to write this very letter. May you bestow grace and prayers upon us as we press onward and watch after our families.

Kyrie Elesion Ordo Aurum,  
- William Sole  
Dated: Unknown  
Translated to English from Akkadian

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# On the Daughters

*The history of The Golden Order of The Almighty, as told by Josef Nimrod Farel, grandson of Nicolaus Farel. This text was found by one known as Claudio, a friend of The Five when he serviced an elevator in a building in Berlin. Across the shaft in an attic to which the doors were sealed there was a mattress, a desk and a chair. Thousands of documents and newspaper clippings, as well as large quantities of weapons were discovered. All indications are that the man who lived there came and went through a hatch in the roof. On the mattress was a stack of paper, compiled here. Claudio returned to the attic for several days and continued reading, but when the information in these papers concerned his friends and when the author did not return within a week, Claudio took these papers with him when he left the city.*

*The Redactor*

## **FROM THE TEXTS HE FOUND-**

My name is Josef Nimrod Farel, I am not a brother in TGO OTA, but I write their story. I do this to understand my grandfather's disappearance and my father's secrecy. I grew up in Germany. In Sweden, where my father took me in 1975, I had my first dream about the Order, and about my grandfather Nicolaus. Before that my father had never mentioned him. It was in December 1977 that I first mentioned my recurring dreams to my father, he turned pale as a sheet, and the only thing he said was, "not you too !!". He refused to talk about it despite my persistent questions. This was what made me start tracking TGO OTA's History. It has been a slippery path, far from what can be called science and evidence. Where the trail has ended I have been led by dreams and signs to the next loose end, all the way down to the first days of the old world.

## **AWAN'S DAUGHTERS-**

Anyone who seeks the roots of the Order must begin thousands of years before the founding of the Order in the daughters of Awan. This is what I have found in the recovered texts of the Order:

About the daughters we know precious little, but what we like to believe is that the Esther of the Bible was among them and that she made the contact between them and the Golden Order, as the plates that are from the time of Nebuchadnezzar lacked the mark of Cain. The lack of information about the daughters is due to the tradition not to keep records. The traditions are passed on through the ritual of the naked crown.

In this ritual all women are naked in remembrance of Eden.

The initiates stand and the initiated sit down between them in a circle.

In the middle stands the leader as a symbol of the tree of life.

She sings their history from the dawn of time and the initiates sing along .

They sing and the initiated listens.

They sing over and over again until all the initiated declare that all the initiates know all the words.



This can take a long time, even days. In front of every woman is a bowl of water. This is both for survival and of symbolic value.

This is known to the Golden Order through one of their Grandmasters that was (according to legend) allowed to witness the event. He wrote the doctrine of the female splendor and it has been an authority among us ever since. Some of the women that we like to believe were daughters are mentioned in the book of Jubilees like Awan herself, and her sister Azura. It was Azura who passed on the knowledge to the surviving line of Seth. Some are known to us through the Bible and the Apocrypha. The song of Deborah is written by one, and mentions another. Some are known to us through history like Joan of Arc, and others are remembered only as anonymous numbers of innocents burning at the stake. Imagen an inquisitor walking in on "the naked crown", it is no doubt about how that could be misunderstood.

Some of the wives of Solomon might have been members. What I have found out is this:

#### *AWAN AND THE MESSIANIC HOPE-*

Ever since Awan told her daughters about the Word of God when Eve was driven out of the garden, (And I will put enmity between you and the woman, and between your seed and her seed. He shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise his heel), Man has been waiting for this to happen.

Through a woman, sin entered the world. Through a woman the Savior came into the world. The promise of the Woman's Seed has always been central to the Daughters. When the fallen Grigori descended to take women, this was interpreted by most daughters as a fulfillment of the prophecy and they threw themselves with life and desire into the arms of these deceivers who could give them semen that was not "the man's". These women who in fact became bearers of the serpent's seed became the first witches of the earth and thus planted the seed for the doom of the old world. The daughters who did not want to establish this reign of terror were ruthlessly persecuted as heretics. A group of them fled to Noah and one of them became his wife. Three of her nieces later became the wives of Noah's sons, and these four women survived the flood. One of the three young women, she who was married to Ham (mother of Canaan) is said to have turned her heart to darkness after her descendants were cursed by Noah. She created her own magic of everything she could pick up from her own memory, from the time before the Flood, and her own theories and teachings born of her bitter hatred of Shem and Japheth, along with the knowledge shown to her by Arpachshad.

Through her daughters her teachings were passed on in distorted form to Egypt. The magic born in Babel, the new world center of occult wisdom is said to originate from what Noah's grandson Arpachshad learned of the Nephilim stone which he found high up in the mountains on his walks. After this, everything is very dark. The daughters appear here and there in the Biblical texts and in the legends. Naomi, Ruth, Jael, Deborah and so on. The Queen of Sheba, who was trained in the Hamitic mystery tradition, was turned to the light by King Solomon and inaugurated in the true Awan tradition by Solomon's bride from Shula, who is so beautifully described in the Song of Songs. Then the story and dreams are annoyingly quiet until Esther. Esther was TGO's first female grandmaster and also a "Daughter".

Sadly, after all the waiting, it was not through a "Daughter" that the Messiah was born but through a young girl (virgin) who was unaware of the sisterhood but still had it up close. The Grand Mistress herself could testify to this to her sisters. She was related to Mary and mother of John the Baptist, and wife of Ordo Aurum's Grandmaster Zechariah (20 BC-26 AD).

There are old legends in Sweden that the dead held Worship service before Christmas morning and that they left soil on the benches. You fear what you do not understand .... there is a grain of truth in it. But there were hardly any dead, but fully alive women. They met at night which symbolized the wait for the Light to be born in the world. The soil they held in their right hand symbolized their origin: Adam the earth-creature, from whose side they were created in the Garden of Eden. The ashes they had in their left hand symbolized how they were banished from Paradise by listening to the Serpent and choosing the left path (to be their own gods).

*FRAGMENTS FROM THE AWAN SONG TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH-*

Hear my daughters, from my mother's words from the beginning.

"From your side I was taken, in my womb you sowed your seed,  
to a man I gave life, from a man I am taken.

To daughters and mothers I became Mother of all living,  
my breasts flow the milk of life, blessing is in my womb.

We were naked, created from the flesh of the earth, we were awakened by the Eternal Spirit, the very power of life.

Naked we were one and two, without guilt till the day of shame, we walked along the border of the Havilah, we rejoiced in the greenery and the light.

Woe to us for our iniquity, O foolishness! Woe to us that we opened the gap of death.

He came from the expanses of the earth, walking for the last time. In the sun his scales shone, glittering of promises and the vanity lie..."

*MORE ORDER FRAGMENTS FOUND AMONGST THE DOCUMENTS-*

"When you arise to devour this world, with your heads and horns, know this; you lost your life the day you were born.

I was born the day I died. I die upon your sword rather than bow my knees.

I am but a mortal but unlike you I am fireproof in this armor of blood and truth.

I know that you will rise from the dead, but I would kill you anyway just for the pleasure of the deed.

If God will get me close enough I will let my blade drink your filthy blood, I will be the Milos Obilic of the latter days.

He who kills with the sword must die upon the sword, I know.

But I am from the bloodline of the gentile foreskin and all,  
I rather bleed than fade.

A noble death is a treasure you buy with your last drop of blood.  
Samson sold his life for the price of threescore times a hundred of  
the foes, if I could die like him in a good age I would pass with an eternal smile upon my face.  
Beyond the days I will see you burn, nothing by a fried nephilim in  
fire and brimstone.  
Know that day that I am fireproof in this armor that you refused.”

This last fragment had a style of handwriting that I had seen before amongst family letters and writings  
passed down to my time. God willing, I will continue to look through these thousands of fragments and  
piece together more information.

-J.N. Farel