

JANET'S DREAM



Blogs of Janet Ossebaard 30-3-2023 / 5-11-2023

March 30, 2023

Welcome my dear friends...

As you know, I have left because I simply could not breathe anymore in the current situation. I feel empty and total-loss... Please give me some time to recuperate, then I will be back on-line and I will finish the Sequel to the Fall of the Cabal. But first I need some time off, no internet, lots of sleep and tears.

So please do not worry about the radio silence... I will be back soon. For now, I am leaving for the woods to lick my wounds and recuperate. Much Love to you all, and thank you so much for your support. It means the world to me!

April 19, 2023

Hello my beautiful friends, here's Janet. First time I'm online again. I'm OK (sort of). I feel exhausted and am enjoying the peace and quiet of the place where I am now. More soon... Love to you all!

April 24, 2024

I am so relieved to tell you that Cyntha and I are on speaking terms again. On very good speaking terms actually. Thank you so much for your prayers... they have obviously been heard....

There will be many changes for me and her, and thus, for Fall Cabal. I will shortly let you know what I have decided and how to move forward from this point in life. Right now... I feel gratitude and I just wanted to share that with you...

The changes for me will be massive and they will have the effect of an avalanche for me, but that's all good and necessary. I don't think it is what you expect, so... "follow me to part....." Haha, sounds familiar, doesn't it? I've always loved cliffhangers...

But seriously, I will write more today to clarify things. Today, I promise...

Letter 1.

Dear Friends,

Just a quick update on the status of the Fall of the Cabal.

My life (and Cyntha's) has gone into a downright avalanche.

At first I thought I had ended up in hell but now I understand things better and can see/feel clearly that it had to turn out this way and could not be otherwise....

Briefly (as you have come to expect from me):

The Fall of the Cabal has turned into the Fall of Janet.

And that was much needed... Why? I will try to explain that.

As you were able to read in Cyn's impressive book "A Second Journey Within," in which she writes extremely candidly about her MPD (Multiple Personality Disorder), the past five years in which we've been hanging out and working together have gone with many ups and downs.

The past two months have been downright hell. For both of us.

Due to a bizarre turn of events from a totally unexpected angle, Cyn and I were pitted against each other. Martin de Wiite, her trauma therapist who had helped her so well through EFT, began to intrinsically interfere with our situation. I did not and could not believe it, but through screenshots of things he told Cyn and advised her, he admitted that he lied and drove us in a direction that destroyed our working relationship and friendship. Particularly bizarre, unprofessional and inexcusable. But at the same time, I now see that he fulfilled his role in the bigger picture perfectly, for which I sincerely thank him. But I no longer refer anyone to him.

He really is a brilliant EFT practitioner, but he cannot coach. His advice has proved disastrous in our case... Since I introduced him to you and put him forward so positively, I think I should let you know, but I'll leave it here for the rest.

You may know (through the zoom on New Age) that I have been working on the path of Jed McKenna for years. He has written a trilogy that grabbed me about 7 years ago and has never let go. The time has come for me to truly and definitively walk this path without looking back. If you want to know exactly what this means, read his trilogy. When you finish Part 3, you will understand where I am now.

Just as Cynthia suffers from a Disorder, I also have one: the savior syndrome. I always want to save damaged people. I always think my love is strong enough to do that. And in the past few years, that has evolved into the version: I'm going to save the world! Everyone had to see how we are going down and I had to warn everyone about the Great Danger: the Cabal. In reality, the Great Danger was inside myself all along. It was my ego... Not in the sense of: look at me making beautiful ducu's and being famous, I really didn't give a damn, but in the sense of: instead of giving my ego the final blow by turning further inward, I let myself be seduced by the world stage and all the injustice in the world. I turn outward. And with that, my ego won. My focus had shifted outward, and with that my ego was safe....

For years I had been taming my ego, doing the exact opposite of what he told me to do, and when he whispered to me not to do something, I did just that. It worked, and the monster shut up more and more often.

But I simply did not see this clever move (a sort of switching mat) coming.

I was in the middle of it and didn't see it.

And now?

I decided to kill my ego, my "self," once and for all.

Eckhart Tolle said at one point, "I cannot live with myself any longer."

That's exactly how it feels. I cannot and will not do this anymore. Not a minute longer.

The most effective way to kill your ego is through Spiritual Autolysis. Self-decomposition. Particularly painfully I peel off layer upon layer until nothing remains. Nothingness...

I left in a small camper with Claudy (dog) and Miems (cat).

Claudys is not going to see the end of me trip in this old body. She is 16, blind, has non-stop bleeding and inflammation in her eyes (against which no pills, ointments, drops or herbs can do anything), she can't hold her pee very well anymore, her end is near. The famous white crop circle dog is going to heaven soon. She is my dearest and most loyal and I will miss her terribly, but it is also OK.

What a good life she has had!

I left Fall Cabal with Cynthia. I'm not going to continue with it.

If people haven't figured out by now that they are fucked, I don't know.

In the enclosed text document, I say a little more about that.

The document is the beginning of what may one day become a book. Who knows...

I share it with love with you, my dear friends who have always followed and supported me so faithfully. At first I thought: I'll do one last Zoom in which I read it aloud. Then I'll have enough income to take this on. But I can't afford it anymore.

So you guys just get it as an attachment and I simply ask for donations.

Straightforward, I never beat around the bush about anything, and I'm not doing it now.

This path, this process is going to take at least a year and I need money to live: food, very occasional camping spots for electricity and wifi, and gasoline.

Cyn has super sweetly promised to continue to support me. You don't want to know how many tears that generated. We are talking again and feeling the love flow again! We are twin-souls and that doesn't make it any easier, I can tell you... :-) Her support and understanding have touched me deeply... She goes on to keep things going so she can support me too, so please keep following and supporting her faithfully too, OK?

I do my S.Autolyse somewhere in a dead quiet place in the high mountains. There is still a lot of snow and the mountain lakes and rivers are freezing cold. It's a good thing I once learned the Wim Hof method (Ice Man), it's coming in handy for me now when 'showering'!

I won't have the opportunity to thank you anytime soon, but I will... Because I will be back! But in what form, I can't say yet. Hopefully as nothingness....

With sweet greetings, you are forever in my heart, Janet

PS: yes, my 2nd name is really Meta. Little did my parents know that Mark Zuckerberg would later use this? ;-)

BLOG 1, APRIL 24, 2023

JANET'S DREAM

It was December 1997. 25 years ago. I was at Bert's house. We were in a relationship but we didn't live together. I soon realized it was not going to be a fun evening. Bert loved golf and was watching an important golf tournament on TV. After some time I thought: "Fuck this shit, I'm off to bed!" It was only 9:30 or so, but I had a good book and was looking forward to a lazy night of reading in bed. "The Quest" by Andy Thomas was about crop circles and telepathic contact with the circle makers. I thought it was all quite weird – who on earth believes in telepathy? – but the book kept pulling me. I had only been into crop circles for three. I was skeptical about them too, although I was impressed by what I had seen with my own eyes (including a whopper of a UFO near myself and Bert) and by the scientific evidence that was already there at the time. I knew I could safely conclude that most crop circles were not made by humans with planks and ropes. But unfortunately, my college education had wiped out every ounce of feeling, intuition, and instinct, and all that was left was skepticism, disbelief, and distrust of anything that was even remotely beyond my (very limited and limiting) view of reality. I had no idea how tight my blinders were and how safe and comfortable they made me feel...

But on that infamous night in December, the impossible happened. I had a mystical experience *and* an enlightenment experience. Two for the price of one. Comprehensive, all-enveloping, hours-long and completely transformative. No, I hadn't been drinking, I don't do drugs at all, I wasn't crazy (although I didn't understand that until much later). I was totally and completely enlightened. I understood EVERYTHING. Every so-called mystery, the beginning of everything, of all life and all universes, I understood what happens when we die, I had all the answers to all the great philosophical questions that humanity has been dealing with in the past centuries.

In a flash I understood that there are no mysteries but that we just don't get it! That we just don't understand how everything works and have therefore coined words like *coincidence*, or its more expensive brother *synchronicity* (which sounds like you have at least understood a little, which is not the case by the way), and words such as *mystical* and *paranormal*. We just don't get it!

But at that moment I understood *everything*. And it was so unbelievably simple, so obvious, that I couldn't understand why we hadn't seen and understood it all along. How could I have overlooked this? How could I have looked so far for something that had been so close all along? How could I have missed something that presented itself so incredibly big on the wall? How could I have gone through life like a moron all this time without seeing that all the answers were here all along. Here, not there. Inside, not outside.

I laughed out loud, but my vocal cords weren't producing any sound. But that too was completely normal. In this state of being, in this perfect state of enlightenment, everything was perfectly normal. The most normal thing in the world. I really couldn't stop laughing...

I felt one with everything. There was no longer any distinction, no separation of any kind from anyone or anything. I felt as big as the universe and as small and insignificant as a subatomic particle. In short: all the things you read about mystical and enlightened experiences (two completely different things, by the way, I received them as 'get 2 pay 1') I received as a gift on that cold evening in December, 25 years ago.

And then? The state I was in continued for several more hours, after which it all faded away. Slowly but surely I became the separated Janet again. Back to normal, only from that moment on I knew - deep down - that this known state of being was far from normal. Far from human, even.

I became the moron I was before. Separated, skeptical (although that was increasingly becoming *critically open-minded*), and utterly desperate because I wanted to get back to that blissful, divine state of being. I didn't even know what exactly had happened, I had no words for it at all. I was a rookie in this field, still wet behind the ears, a spring chicken, not even really born just yet.

There I was with my good behavior and my university degree. I've never felt so horrid as when the experience wore off. Cold turkey. Like I had been rammed by a train. What the flying fuck just happened?

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What I didn't understand was that this was just a wake up call. That only became clear to me 25 years later, at the time of writing this story. I am a slow learner...

It wasn't the only wake-up call. Many more would follow, in ever-changing forms of expression, but never again in the form of enlightenment. I now call them the Great Invitation. Occasionally they appeared, as with everyone else. But like everyone else, I didn't realize they were invitations, let alone invitations to what...

Due to my lack of knowledge and to the fact that no one could tell me exactly what had happened, I missed the train that had crashed over me. If only someone had told me then that the mystical part - beautiful beings of light in the room who telepathically informed me that they were circle makers, an out-of-body experience (the only one to date) and many more bizarre things that I absolutely did not believe in - were only part of the total experience, and that the other part - the enlightenment experience - was an entirely different part. Without this knowledge I made the mistake of thinking that I could only find the enlightenment state again through the circle makers. I went looking for it outside of myself. And that's where I went completely wrong.

I threw myself into crop circle research like a junkie who needs a shot and thinks she can only get it from the circle makers. Janet the junk, circle makers the dealers. For almost 30 years I searched and searched and searched. But I was looking outside myself, and thus, my search was doomed to fail. Unfortunately, no one could tell me that.

When I think back on this crazy time, I sometimes wonder what would have happened if I had encountered an enlightened person who had slapped me hard in the face, and - as strict Zen teachers seem to do - called me stupid cow and a brain-dead douchebag. He had given me a lot of flak, after which I was left dissociated. All he had bellowed after me was, "Go inward, you stupid cow! In, not out!!!"

Unfortunately, I was actually a stupid cow and I would not have understood a single word he'd said nor a single blow I'd have taken. Only now do I understand why that Zen teacher did not appear. I just wasn't ready at all. But the Universe had granted me a little taste of an alternate paradigm. *It happened by grace*, is how they call it. Little did I know...

A year and a half go by. Bert and I had built up quite a successful company: the Ossebaard & Janssen Training and Advice Group. In short, we provided company training courses. We employed 40 people on a freelance basis in good times. Our target group was the northern part of the Netherlands. Our company was located in the beautiful city center of Groningen. We had a great name recognition and were present at every network meeting of the Commercial Club and the Export Club. We had one hell of a customer base. In total, the company existed for ten years. In those ten years, I learned so much...

For instance, I learned to get over all my insecurities. I had to, because Bert did not. Therefore, I had to acquire, sell, negotiate, supervise the interns, manage the training schedules, and so on. I coached stuck postal workers, I made sure that laid-off employees got a last chance so that they could be legally fired afterwards, but that never happened because I got everyone back in place. Bert came up with new ideas, and really, they were damn good and innovative. But I had to perform them, because (as he indicated) he couldn't. "There are thinkers and performers," he used to say. Instead of bashing him in the head, I thought maybe he was right. I worked my butt off and smoked two packs of cigarettes a day. I was fully in the rat race that I secretly detested. But I was good at it and so I kept doing it. Bert came up with project after project, we were in all major business magazines, and I was dying inside of what I would now call: spiritual poverty. My life, apart from making money and being successful, had no purpose or value. I was lived by my diary and my watch. *Tick tock motherfucker*. My life slipped past me and I had no idea how to escape this status quo. The only bright spots were the crop circles, which we now went to every summer in southern England. Would I ever have such an amazing experience again? It was this hope that kept me going...

We decided to move the company to the beautiful province of Drenthe. Since we still didn't live together, we paid three rents: one of the business premises and the two of us privately. If we just swept it into one big heap, we could buy a beautifully renovated farm. The bank cooperated enthusiastically and the relocation was a fact. Or rather: three relocations. Bert behaved like an absolute drama queen and offered little to no help. Everything fell on my shoulders, and on those of some dear friends who helped. "This is the biggest mistake of my life", went through my mind that day. It turned out to be true.

I knew the relationship wasn't good. I was totally invisible and felt like a handy but replaceable and/or indispensable side table. But that feeling became tenfold in Drenthe. After a few months I couldn't take it anymore. I was completely empty and worn out. I broke off the relationship, went to live with a sweet old lady who had a room left in her farm in the village, and arranged the sale of the house and of the company. Thank goodness that went quick and effortless.

Shortly before, in the summer of 1999, I had experienced something very special that gave me the courage to actually take this step. I had been toying with the idea of leaving for a long time, but firstly I hated doing this to Bert, and secondly I didn't know if I had the strength to persevere. I had been overshadowed by Bert for 10 years and had low self-confidence and a very sad self-image. In a crop circle near Cherhill, I cried to the circle makers for strength and support. Seriously, I got an answer. In English. Telepathically, in my head. "Spend one night in the Long Barrow of West-Kennett and face your deepest fears". Oops...

I told Bert and our crop circle friends at the campsite that I was going to sleep in the long barrow that night, and they bade me farewell. "It was nice knowing you, Janet". No one slept alone in this huge barrow in the middle of nowhere, the largest one in all of Europe, in the middle of the crop circle area, which was also said to be haunted, by the way. But I was determined, packed my backpack with mat and sleeping bag, a few tea lights and an incense stick and left.

It was already dark when I arrived. To my surprise, I saw a dim light inside. Was anyone there? I was reminded of an experience of two Scottish friends who also wanted to spend a night there. When they arrived at the long barrow, they heard beautiful, rhythmic drumming. "Nice!" they thought. "There are musicians in there and we have our didgeridoos with us!" But when they got into the long barrow, the drumming stopped and it turned out that nobody was there...

I shook off the story and looked up. There was a beautiful play of light going on in a cloud above the entrance: flashes of light that remained within the cloud. "Some kind of local thunderstorm", I wondered? "How amazing that the flashes don't leave the cloud..."

I entered the long barrow and saw a man in a white robe at the far end. He was sitting in meditation. "How dare he sit with his back to the exit!" I thought. "I don't think I would have the guts to do that..." The man had long white hair and the light came from a candle in front of him, invisible to me but the flicker explained the light. "Hello", I said softly but he didn't move and didn't say anything. I spread out my mat and sleeping bag in one of the small side niches and lit the tea lights and incense. After some time I got up, saw that the man was still sitting motionless and went outside to meditate a bit on top of the huge stones. I gazed in admiration at the flashes in the cloud. "Why is there no sound?" I thought. "Doesn't thunderstorms rumble?" After about half an hour I went back inside. The man was still sitting motionless in the identical position. "Wow, I wish I could meditate like that," I thought. "I can't believe he doesn't get a cramp..."

I lay down and enjoyed the silence, my little lights and the wonderful incense smell. I wondered when those deepest fears would come.

And then it started. "Imagine that man turns around and he has those big, black alien eyes..." I shuddered at the thought. Although I had been looking forward to meeting extraterrestrials for years, right now it was a scary idea, so alone and so at night and uhm, so alone... "Or he turns around and he has no face at all!" Fear gripped me...

And then, suddenly, I got it. There was *nothing* to fear at all out there. There were only my own thoughts trying to drive me crazy! "*You are your own worst nightmare*", it sounded in my head. Me. Nothing outside of me.

It was a kind of Eureka! moment. It came in like a sledgehammer blow to the depths of my being. What the hell was I afraid of? Whom was I kidding?

And suddenly he was standing in front of me. A beautiful man with radiant blue eyes and a loving appearance. He was blond, almost white. The complexion of his face was also remarkably light. He held the candle in his hand. "There are many spirits here tonight", he said kindly and handed me the candle. I could only beam. "I know...", I answered softly as I took the candle. He turned and left the long barrow in his beautiful long white robes.

I was left in a warm bath of gratitude and love. All fear was gone. I set the candle down in a few drops of its own wax and watched it until I fell asleep. Occasionally I woke up, hearing the strange sounds of the night. When I felt that my thoughts were trying to make something scary out of it, I could only smile and fell asleep again...

The next morning I packed my things and left the long barrow. I left behind the last stub of candle, silent witness to what had actually happened that night. I felt like I had passed a tough exam.

At the campsite I told Bert that it was really over between us and that I was leaving. I knew that I could do it. I was ready.

In May 2000 I left for the Scottish Highlands in an ambulance converted into a camper van. A bright red Renault Traffic. Bert had made a drama of my departure, but he was sweet enough to help me with the conversion, so that I could live in a real mobile house. Simple, but perfect. I even had a second battery that could burn a lamp and a two-burner gas stove. And a small sink with a faucet that dispensed water from jerry cans in the back of the van, out of my line of sight. I was over the moon with it!

Scotland was magnificent. What beauty, what raw nature. Every place was enchanting. I made a deal with myself not to sleep anywhere twice, so I drove and drove and drove. For months. Only once have I broken my own rule: at the westernmost tip of Loch Ness. My God, how beautiful it was there...

I experienced the most fantastic things and came to the most beautiful places. I met musicians, five young people who traveled from pub to pub to perform. We immediately clicked and I was allowed to go on tour, with my didgeridoo that I could barely play, but none of that mattered.

I came to a place where there had once been a huge battle, where clan against clan had massacred each other. I felt, and *heard* the souls still hanging around... The whispers in an unintelligible language. I felt death and fled.

I met a hitchhiker on the most northerly coastal road that I was driving from east to west. She witnessed how I stopped the van in a kind of trance state, got off barefoot and walked to a wild deer that was standing there with her calf. I leaned towards her and she towards me and our lips touched. "They never fucking do that!", the hitchhiker shouted a little later when I got back in the van. "Never! Those were Red Deer. There are so shy!" I was in bliss... Kissed by a deer...

Another characteristic of Scotland: the weather always sucks. Cold, bleak, wet, and dark early. When I decided to climb the highest mountain, Ben Nevis, I ended up in a cloud within fifteen minutes leaving me with no sight whatsoever. Suddenly I was done. I turned around, got into my van and drove straight to warm Wiltshire, to the crop circles. My journey was over.

At least, that's what I thought. I thought I had passed the exam. In the words of Jed McKenna, who will be quoted at length later: I had indeed taken the First Step. The First Step to Spiritual Adulthood. I had broken with my life, with everyone who thought everything of me and wanted something from me. I didn't care anymore. I was disgusted with the life I had lived as some kind of sleeping, programmed zombie. I was disgusted with myself for being walked all over by my parents, my teachers, my partners. I quit smoking. And I worked 2 days a week as Tom's helper, a local gardener. This provided me with enough money for the whole week, because all I needed was something to eat, some gas and the occasional pint of beer with some crop circle friends. I was officially out of the rat race. Woohooo, I did it!

Not...

After the First Step, the big work begins. At least, that's the intention. But I dropped out there. Because even though I'd had a taste of freedom for a while, and despite facing my deepest fears, my ego grabbed me by the throat again and dragged me back into my old little world.

Bert swore he would die without me. He promised he would change. He begged me for another chance. And I fell into all my pitfalls: I felt so bad for him, I felt so sorry, I understood his situation so well, and sure enough, I was afraid. Afraid of shortage. The money in my account started to dwindle and Bert promised to take care of me. I was open to that, because I really wanted nothing more than a safe father figure that I could hide behind and who would protect me against the big bad outside world. It never occurred to me that Bert couldn't or wouldn't take on that role in the first place. If he could or wanted to, he would have done so in recent years. But I blindly believed that people can change. Really. Truly. If only they were motivated enough and if only I gave enough love. This conviction would come back many times in my life and plunge me into misery. Indeed... I did it to myself.

Despite my beautiful adventures and all the eye-openers I had encountered along the way, despite the First Step I had actually taken, I turned away from what I was supposed to do and crawled back under Bert's wings.

We rented a much too expensive apartment in the lovely ancient city of Zutphen. As we were no longer registered anywhere, we were not eligible for the cheaper sector. And the whole game started all over again. Bert didn't change. He came up with new projects and expected/demanded that I do them. I became that damn side table again. After half a year it was DONE. Completely finished, finito. I was angry, felt used, and instead of turning inward and investigating why I was screwing up so badly, I turned my anger on him. He

begged me to stay, but I couldn't anymore. I promised him that I would continue to pay half the rent for another six months so that he had the opportunity to apply for a job. Stupid cow...

I hear you thinking: could it get any worse? Can SHE get any worse? Oh yes. SHE then had her sister link her to a doctor she knew from her psychotherapy training. Wow... a doctor/psychotherapist! That must have been very safe! Well no. This man, Arjan, turned out to have a totally fucked up mother complex that he was damn good at hiding from colleagues and friends. He tried to make me his perfect mother and did it with a lot of anger and emotional abuse. And I? I thought: "He must be right, after all, he studied for it. So it's all my fault. Jesus, I didn't know I was so crazy..."

After two and a half years I was empty. Exhausted, worn out. My self-image and self-confidence were gone. There was no zest for life left in me. I broke off the relationship in a moment of clarity and that's probably why I can write this down now. If I hadn't broken off the relationship, this – in hindsight – would have ended in suicide.

We make a leap in time: 2015. 18 years after the enlightenment experience. 16 years after the First Step.

The crop circles – my only hope for enlightenment – are starting to lose their luster. "It's more of the same every year", I sigh regularly, like a junkie who does get morphine but in a much too low dose and, moreover, there is now stronger stuff on the market. "I want the next step!" Like a nagging child I make a (one-sided) agreement with the circle makers: "If there is no spectacular next step any time soon now, you can find yourselves another slave. I work 24 fucking 7 for meager pay. Seriously, I'm done!" But the Universe doesn't work that way. But how would I know? Who could help me on my way? Anyone I had consulted had come up with nothing. No spiritual book presented any answers.

They were 30 good years, let's be honest. How much I have experienced, what beautiful people I have met and how I enjoyed every crop circle I entered with my faithful canine Claudy. I had entered a world of magic and enchantment and I was grateful. Grateful for all the wonderfully quiet nightwatches. Grateful for the orbs and UFOs (real ships even) that I saw with my own eyes. Grateful for the times I made love in a crop circle. Grateful for the opportunity to set up a beautiful Crop Circle Center in my hometown Deventer.

But only now do I see how all this was Maya: the Goddess of Illusion. The prison keeper of the dream state. The door is simply open, just as the chains in Plato's Cave are unlocked. But nobody walks out, because Maya continues to seduce us with her beauty, with fame, money, power, relationships, feelings of ease and security. As soon as we feel fear she is there, the beautiful Goddess who keeps us exactly where we are, and where we will always be until we pierce through the illusion and kill our ego.

The truth, in a nutshell? Crop circles weren't magical or enchanting at all. They were wonderful lures that tempted me to remain in the dream state. I just didn't understand it back then, but more on that later.

Back to my weak spots, which Maya only had to press to keep me in place. I have already mentioned a few: "He can't help it, what do you expect with such a past? I understand it all so well. My love is strong enough to heal him." I was overflowing with love and compassion, empathy and understanding. Four things that are highly regarded in the New Age world, but which personally didn't get me anywhere. It only plunged me further into the abyss. And... indeed: I did it to myself.

If you are now thinking: "What a piss story. She's just bitter!", I have good news for you. The opposite is the case. At the moment of writing this I am intensely happy and my heart is wide open. What I describe here is part of the so-called Spiritual Autolysis. It will become clear by itself, you have my word.

I'll be honest: I have yet another weak spot. Namely: my deep aversion to routine. All my life I observed others and felt sick to my stomach when I saw the rut in which they dragged themselves through life. My sisters with their children, who needed structure and therefore they had to get up early, take the children to school, then off to work, make a career, their husbands ditto. Then pick up the kids from school, take them to

sports or music. And just keep running, because there was also shopping and cooking to be done. By the time the children were in bed, they were exhausted. Too tired for a good sex life, and certainly too tired (and too scared) to think: how the hell did I end up here? Is this what I wanted with my life? In comes the midlife crisis with lovers and mistresses. That too comes true and dramas follow. My God... who chooses this voluntarily???

I saw it all around me, including in friends and strangers. Apparently it was normal! And when I asked about it, the answer was invariably: "Well, it wasn't really a conscious choice. I just got sucked in I guess. Everyone did it that way, so I thought it was normal. I've never really thought much about it myself. About what I really wanted and stuff. And now it's too late, because I'm up to my ears in it, haha! Mortgage, fulltime job, the lot, you know. Obligations huh? But hey... you get a lot in return too!" The latter was always about the children.

I decided to do it differently. This couldn't be it! You couldn't call this life, could you? This was survival!

After a first relationship that had lasted 9 years (with an 18-year-old boy who was socially disturbed, I was 15 and just as socially disturbed), a second relationship that lasted 11 years (with Bert, described above) and a third relationship that lasted 2.5 years (with the psychopath I just mentioned), I decided to do things differently. I just wanted lovers. No relationships, and most certainly no children. I wanted to be free!

They came and went. Some stayed a bit longer than others, but never longer than half a year. I enjoyed my freedom, of being in love again and again, of the wonderful sex that never got boring because it disappeared from the scene by then. I was regularly left with a broken heart because I couldn't resist throwing my heart and soul into it, each and every time. And I was regularly left with an empty wallet or bank account. But hey, I reasoned, what did it matter? I refused to close my heart, because love was the answer to everything, the spiritual books said. And I wanted to be a good, loving, and spiritually developed person. That sounded good to me. Better than a selfish, bitter and closed down bore, right?

I heard from a good friend, Catherine, about Polyamory: having multiple lovers in complete openness and transparency. Beyond the ego. After all, the other was not your property and you most certainly were not someone else's property! I liked the sound of that. The idea of having to spend the rest of my life with one and the same person seemed awful to me. The rut!!! On average I was done with the average partner after 6 months, when the routine hit and we were done talking and making love.

In 2014 I met Rik. We fell in love and seemed perfect for each other. Very occasionally I had another lover, but that was soon over when I realised I truly only wanted Rik! Rik also experimented a little but came to the same conclusion about me. We had a weekend relationship and wanted to leave it that way, because then the routine couldn't strike. He didn't want kids either, and we were both into the crop circles and UFOs, so happy days!

Five wonderful years passed. But in those 5 years a lot would happen and change...

First of all, I read Jed McKenna's books. An American who casually says he is enlightened (although he also explains that this is actually a contradiction in terms). These books (especially his trilogy about enlightenment) would play a huge role in my life.

Then I established my Crop Circle Center. A Dream Come True... or so I thought. It was allowed to exist in full glory for two years, after which it came to an abrupt end.

Then in 2018 I met Cynthia van Asten and her daughter Christel during a lecture I gave in the east of the country. They were in the audience and when I saw them I knew: they are going to be very important in my life. I went to them and told them I wanted to get to know them better. I really had no idea what kind of avalanche I had just activated. I have an absolute gift for attracting trains, trucks and avalanches that thunder over me with great force.

Then - still within those 5 wonderful years with Rik - the Covid-19 chaos broke out, which stirred up quite a lot in me, from disbelief and disillusionment, to anger and resistance.

I broke up with my mother and elder sister in the fall of 2020 (I had already cut off all contact with my younger sister four years earlier), for reasons I may explain later, and maybe not. Just depends on whether they serve the story or not. We'll see...

In December of that same year I left the Netherlands, having concluded that it had turned into a police state. By now I was a Dutch celebrity: as a potential terrorist I was spoken about throughout the country after TV broadcasts about my dangerous, extreme right-wing and anti-Semitic tendencies and statements. Yeah, right... There were parliamentary questions about me in political The Hague and I got the police at the door. Didn't amount to much, but I did get the clear message that I was being watched. The reason for all this was that I had released a 10 part documentary called The Fall of the Cabal. I had put it on the internet for free because I thought everyone had the right to know what a wicked world we live in. Maybe, I thought, the world would be a better place if I gave people the information they needed. Because without information no progress! In no time, the documentary went viral and millions of people had seen it. It was translated into more than 20 languages by volunteers who considered it the best documentary ever. And with that I had become an enemy of the state. A potential terrorist.

I was fine with it. The whole Covid-19 period put me completely in my power. All my fears vanished into thin air. I felt very combative and ready to unleash an entire revolution. FUCK THIS SHIT! I'M GONNA CHANGE THE WORLD!

What a joke...

It was just an updated version of my saviour syndrome. Version 2.0

If I couldn't save my partners, then I would save the entire world!

As a kid I cried every episode of Calimero. That poor little chicken, all alone in the cruel world. Why did no one stand up for him? Seriously, every episode I cried and cried. "That freakin' chicken...", I regularly heard my mother in the kitchen. "Why are you looking at it if you can't deal with it?"

I also cried endlessly at the fairy tale of the Girl with the Sulfur Sticks. That poor child froze to death and no one saved her! Tears, tears, tears.

But now I was grown up and I was going to save the entire world!

Poor Rick didn't stand a chance. I was disappointed in him that he did not stand up against the mask regime, but that he wore them obediently on public transport. I thought he was a coward. I expected a warrior by my side, preferably even a god. But he turned out to be just an human being. A man with fears. I really didn't know how to handle this.

Moreover, the Crop Circle Center turned out to be my self-created prison. Instead of freedom and wonderful weekends together, I had decided to be open to the public on Thursdays and Sundays. And with that, our delightful Sundays fell away. With the little money I had earned that day we went out for dinner, too tired to cook something myself, after which he drove back to Amsterdam. Communication with Jan and Charleen, the owners of the building who had given me this opportunity, also became increasingly difficult. I felt I had to answer for everything and I was called to account for every fart. At least, that's how I experienced it. Finally, after two years, I was told I could leave. The reason given was that I wasn't bringing in enough money (which was true) and that they had found a better tenant. I sensed that this wasn't all and that they weren't telling me everything (that's my sixth sense) but I never found out what was really going on. My space remained empty for months. Where was that better tenant?

I was furious and scared. All my money had gone into the decoration of this beautiful information center! Once again I was left with nothing. Still, I didn't see the pattern. I had to get it even bigger on the wall. It would be a while before I would recognize the Great Invitation as such... I said it already: I am a slow learner.

In the meantime I had transferred my beautiful mobile home (where I lived and where I felt so at home) to the campsite where Cynthia, her partner and her two daughters also had a mobile home. They rented two spaces, so I moved into second space next to them and took over the lease of the piece of land.

Our friendship grew closer. Her partner disappeared from the scene.

Cynthia and Rik also got into a relationship. Why not? I even encouraged it, thinking it would be good for our connection. But Cynthia suffered from something I didn't even know existed. She had experienced Satanic Ritual Abuse in early childhood, which left her with deep emotional wounds and multiple personalities. The notorious Multiple Personality Disorder.

I started to notice when she acting strangely, out of the blue. She literally changed into someone else in the blink of an eye, for example into an aggressive, destructive teenager who lashed out at me or the kids, or a helpless and terrified little girl of about five years old, who'd sit on the couch shaking with fear and trying to be invisible. Her love could easily turn into pure hatred and destruction. She then had no idea what she was doing and how she hurt us, deliberately and as hard as she could. The more damage she could inflict, the better. Something went completely wrong in her head. I didn't understand it until something suddenly dawned on me.

One day I asked if she had been abused in the past. She couldn't remember anything. But my question triggered – yes, there it was again – an *avalanche* of emotions and memories. Little by little, the memories came back and the emotions that accompanied them were raw and intense. I should have realized then that I wasn't trained for this and couldn't see a healthy future with her, but I felt so sorry for her. And with the children, who felt like they were my own children. I know it sounds crazy, but our bond was very strong!

Because of my Calimero complex I decided to stay and support Cynthia through thick and thin, to be there as a second mother to the children (who had cut off contact with their father) and to save all three of them as a kind of Mother Teresa or, as Cynthia herself describes me in her book "A second journey within": as a (loud) knight on horseback with her white dog.

We teamed up on the Sequel to the Fall of the Cabal. Cynthia (without the i. that's what she now called herself to draw a symbolic line under her past) turned out to be a good researcher. Together we worked non-stop and produced part after part. Everything in English, the translators worldwide took care of the rest. Part 27 is now in the making and 'on hold'.

And so it went...

Rik, my great love, disappeared from the scene. I will write about the how and what with Cynthia later, I have to process that first. But the status quo is: we broke up. The Fall of the Cabal has become the Fall of Janet and Cynthia, or rather, the Fall of Janet.

For a while I felt intensely happy and liberated, But then I started to see the raw truth and reality, which I had created myself: *I am alone*. Alone and burdened with my ego which, although not as assertive as it used to be, is still there and ruining my life. My inner monster. *I am my own worst nightmare*.

My destiny is clear and I am no longer afraid of it. I am ready for the real Spiritual Autolysis. Write, write, write. I will slowly and painfully peel away all the layers around me until NOTHING remains. Nothingness is a better word. Not nothing but *nothingness*...

It is now or never. I will be 57 in about 6 weeks. Am I to wait until I am 80? Or will I not do it at all? Will I continue sleeping in this stupid illusory dream state? Will I think on my death bed: *if only I had?*

No, it's now or never. Cynthia broke me and I am deeply grateful to her for that. It had to happen.

I fell into a ravine and did not survive the fall. That's how it feels. I would rather jump from a burning skyscraper to my death than die in the scorching flames. And my life feels like the latter. Therefore, I jump.

In recent months I had picked up Jed McKenna's books again. About seven years ago I had discovered and devoured them. Jed (that's what I'll call him from now on, not because I know him personally but because it's nice and short. Plus there's only one Jed and that's Jed McKenna. Life can be that simple.

Not only does Jed say he is in a state of permanent non-dual awareness, in other words, he is enlightened, he also describes what it's like to become and to be enlightened. And guess what? He describes exactly what I experienced 18 years ago!!! *Oh my freaking God...*

Everything he writes is correct. Really everything. I can't say that everything sounds nice and sweet, but it's true. His style is just like mine: to the point, straight forward. That can come across as blunt and rude. But this guy doesn't talk BS. This guy is the real deal.

His trilogy also provides a method with which you too can become enlightened. In fact, his method is guaranteed to leave you enlightened. He calls it: d Spiritual Autolysis. Total self-dissection. And I can assure you: nobody wants that. And he says so honestly. More about which in a bit...

The people who have actually performed Spiritual Autolysis have indeed become enlightened, according to Jed. "There are still not many of them", he adds matter-of-factly, "...because people don't really want to be wake up". That too is something I can personally confirm, from my own experience and from my own observation. For years I have been giving zoom presentations, telling people what they can do to change the world. How the Cabal can indeed fall. How they can simply stop participating in the madness, for example the Covid madness. *Just don't participate*. Stop it! No face mask, no concessions, no nose swab, and most certainly no injection with (scientifically proven) poison. Everything is explained in our documentary the Sequel to the Fall of the Cabal. You don't have to demonstrate, you don't have to vote for the Party for Democracy (even though I sincerely love a man like Gideon van Meijeren), and you don't have to sign a petition. Do you really think that a petition or demonstration makes sense if we no longer even have such a thing as the referendum in the Netherlands? Seriously?? In my country, Parliament is ignored (and laughed at) by Politics in The Hague and the Constitution is trampled underfoot. Wake the fuck up, people! Democracy was killed in the Netherlands years ago.

So. What you can do is simply refuse to participate any longer. That's it. Short and simple. I did and it worked fine for me. Sure, I got some death threats at one point, but I take that as a sign that I'm on the right track. Don't take it too seriously. If they really wanted me dead, I would have been long ago. Let's be honest.

But people don't want to stop participating at all! They want someone else to change the world! They want someone else to save them! Someone like me. And they get mad at me if I don't. Oh, I get it all too well. I have practiced it myself for years: placing the responsibility on someone else. I didn't know any better and it was all I ever did. But I've decided to stop doing this. There is only one person responsible for all the ups and downs in my life and that person is me.

Back to what Jed says: people don't really want to wake up. They don't really want to be liberated. They don't really want to grow up and stand completely in their own power. They claim so, but there is no evidence that this is actually the case. I was one of those too. But not anymore...

A button has been pushed in me: the button of no return. ENOUGH!

The whole situation with Cynthia was the last straw I needed to push that button (one we all have inside of us).

And that brings us to the question of what the hell this story is all about?

It's about waking up, about the gruesome process of Spiritual Autolysis. It is about truth, about lies, disillusionment, hope, despair, relief and death. But above all it is about life. Life in a way you've never lived before.

Those who know me personally know that I have lived with an intensity and passion that would take the average person several incarnations. In every area, including love. If I die in my sleep tonight, then that's totally OK as far as I'm concerned. I've done it all. I would be completely at peace with it.

But I know it's not over yet. I take it up a notch and I know, deep down, that it's not done until I can say: "It's DONE". Done, as Jed means it. Done in the sense of "I am enlightened. I have achieved a permanent, non-dual awareness and now I can cross this life off my list with peace of mind."

This desire did not originate from ego. Believe me, if that were the case, first of all I wouldn't stand a chance, and second, I'd just be making a complete fool of myself. This desire is difficult to explain. It's not something I'm looking for, but something that calls me. It was the wake-up call 25 years ago. It was the Great Invitation that showed itself to me several more times. I wasn't ready then, I turned away hesitantly after a first try. Fear won. But now, mid-April 2023, the invitation is so intense, so beautiful and so unmistakably large on the wall that I can only feel intensely moved by the indescribable beauty with which it shows itself to me. It calls me. I'm not calling it. This cannot be captured in words. But 2 things I know for sure:

1: this is not my ego speaking;

2: this time I'm going for it 100%. No more delay, I've wasted so much time already. This time I will continue until it's DONE. Even if it costs me my life. And it *will* cost me my life, says Jed. "The price for enlightenment is everything"...

PS: For those who think enlightenment is some kind of perpetual orgasm, alas. Believe me, if that were the case, I would have done it a long time ago. If you want to know what it really means, read Jed McKenna's books. Who knows, maybe this is also your path...

XX

It's 12 pages. Maybe someday it will become a book. If so, herewith you already have a sneak preview!

April 28, 2023

Hi my darling friends, I'm back on-line!

I am ready to share yet another part with you guys. It is extremely candid, as you have come to expect from me....

BLOG 2, April 28, 2023

April 25. What a divine night. I had to get out of bed once for Claudy. She was twisting and turning and panting... expressions of pain. I gave her a painkiller and held her, I talked to her about death that is really very close now. She breathed a deep sigh of what sounded like relief. She has no joy in life anymore. Maybe she misses the pack, but with the pain it's done. It's OK, she is 16 and has had a wonderful life. I hope Death comes soon.

Right now I'm reading the last pages of Jed's third book. It's about Death: Memento Mori, dwell on death, all the time. It is only when you do that and make Death your friend that you really begin to live. That is

absolutely true. I've always had a strange relationship with Death. He was almost always my Friend. I have known times of deep depression, from the intense loneliness in the wrong relationships, from the terrible physical pain caused by a neurological disease with a fancy name: Neuralgic Amyotrophy.

I once said: I am an expert in 2 areas: in the field of men and in the field of pain. Both emotional and physical pain. Only once before have I been broken, and that was by physical pain. Cynthia was the second time and she was my ultimate Damocles.

Sometimes I was angry with Death; when he got someone I loved instead of me. My grandfather, for example. Now, so many years later, I'm not depressed and I basically celebrate life. But Death has always been my friend, and he can touch me whenever he wants. I just hope he touches Claudy first, because otherwise we're in real trouble...

I am surrounded by beauty. One mountain after another emerges from the clouds, showing me their splendor. "Maya, you're gooooood...", I think aloud. I know very well by now that this is just one of her many guises. One for which I have a soft spot: nature, the mountains. But all that beautiful snowy ruggedness that surrounds me remains part of the Dream. Janet's Dream.

Today I think a lot about how it is possible that all those people, those millions of people who have seen our documentaries, are still not awake and still do not know what they can do? How on earth can people mail us with the stupid and totally irrelevant question: "Did you have a lesbian relationship?", when we said we were splitting up. WTF??? How very, very important!

I really wonder if my work has changed anything in this world. People say so. Some write to me that the scales have fallen from their eyes when they saw my first work: *The Fall of the Cabal*. Now I think: "Really? How can you tell? Do you live differently? Do you now know what to do? Has anything changed in you?" But like Jed said, people don't really want to wake up. They just say and believe that they do.

Indeed, even the supposedly awake people are dying to stay in Maya's illusory spell rather than step out and think, "Fuck this shit!" They prefer to tell themselves that they are awake, that they are helping to change the world. They do exactly what I did. Rather create a good feeling about yourself, but only the shape has changed, not the core. Instead of wearing a face mask, they demonstrate. A big step in itself, beyond the first fear, and therefore truly admirable. I really mean that. But then I hear the familiar nonsense about high frequencies, great energy, love, connection (which is *hot* right now), and faith. They still have the blind faith that it will all work out. They meet regularly: wonderful, all those like-minded people! They enjoy their connection, the snacks and drinks, the music, the conversations. They are true parties! And we really need that in these times! Parties! To keep morale high!

Bullshit! Do you know what we need? A punch to our heads. A kick in the ass! A mean Zen master who throws blows with his stick and roars at us: "Go *inward*, you stupid cows! In, not out!"

Everyone just creates their own feel-good bubble, just like I did all along. And I can tell you: it doesn't make any difference. Do you know why? Because the ego eventually destroys everything.

Sounds bitter, I know, but the opposite is true. I am deeply grateful and happy to finally see it for what it is. Yes, the truth is hard and cruel. But that doesn't make it any less true.

I'll tell you what happened at the country estate. It will make everything clear at once. Close to the town of Zutphen was a beautiful piece of land. Two gems of people, Jan and Marjolein, bought it. They gave management to Frans and Louise, my best friends at the time. They would convert the land, which we would call the *Connection*, into an ecological permaculture event. We were - in addition to Jan and Marjolein, who did not interfere in the day-to-day affairs of the Estate - with six people, three couples: Louise and Frans, Rik and I, and Jodie and Walt. It started so beautifully, so lovely. I really thought I had landed in an egoless sub-world. Did it really exist?

No, it did not exist. *Everything* in this dream state is permeated with ego... First there was a terrible argument between Louise and Frans on the one hand, and Jodie and Walt on the other. The cause was Jodie's daughter (plus boyfriend), two very damaged and therefore disturbed people who made a mess of everything once they were allowed to stay on the estate in their caravan. They promised to do energetic work for Mother Earth. But the energy did not improve, on the contrary. When Louise and Frans confronted them about this, and about the fact that they were constantly doing Ayuhuasca and Marijuana instead of doing what they were invited to do, they turned into fire-breathing dragons. I've honestly never seen so much hatred in anyone's eyes as in Jodie's daughter. A mediator came along, a dear friend of mine. I thought, "If anyone can smooth this shit over, it's her." But even she couldn't set things straight. Mission impossible.

I saw with my own eyes what egos are and what they do. I was shocked and stunned. How could people suddenly turn into monsters like that? The answer was: ego. Eckehart Tolle puts it very aptly: egos want *more* and they want *battle*. It's their food. I looked at it with sorrow, as a spectator. I wasn't involved in the fight, but Louise had asked me to be there as emotional support for her. Fine. But what I saw shocked me deeply...

Walt, Jodie, daughter and partner left the Estate in a rage. Their hatred was all-scorching and truly frightening. How could I have been so wrong about them? What happened to all their Love & Light?

But time passed and the ego moment arrived for the remaining four. Rik and I had already broken up, but as I said, I tried everything I could to revive the relationship by having a wonderful weekend at the estate once a month. One day it all went astray.

Rik wanted to meet on the monthly cooperation days, a sign in and of itself that he no longer wanted to be alone with me, but I didn't want to see that. Too painful. During the cooperation days, about twenty volunteers from all over the country would come to do odd jobs and help with all the work on the estate that never got done. But the last weekend I couldn't take it anymore: all those people, all those conversations, it kept me from my only focus: saving the relationship. So I canceled. I told Rik that I really wanted to meet on another day, but no longer on a cooperation day.

That night, Louise's ego kicked in. What follows is simply a cheap and silly novel, but it clearly shows what ergos are and what they do.

The relationship between Louise and Frans was on and off. Frans wanted distance and freedom (fear of commitment) and Louise wanted his eternal loyalty (fear of abandonment). This clashed regularly. Unbeknownst to me, two weeks prior they had broken up again. Louise listened to what her ego whispered in her ear: "Take revenge! Let him feel what it's like to be cheated!" She seduced Rik. Fine. After all, we had an open relationship and I thought that was truly, honestly, hand on my heart, completely fine.

But Frans thought otherwise. He, too, listened to his ego telling him, "Take revenge! If she can do it, so can you!" He invited Cynthia and me and seduced us. Against the agreements, because we knew Louise couldn't handle that. So we said, "No way José!", but he assured us it was OK. They had distanced themselves from each other and Louise had since made love to someone else. I asked if I knew that person, but he said, "Yes, but I don't want to talk about it." OK, fine. Not a hair on my head thought of Rik.

That night was one big disappointment. I felt something was wrong (that sixth sense again) and left the bed after about ten minutes. There was no love, no connection. There was only revenge. That was what I felt. I felt dirty and used, but I didn't understand why.

It wasn't until the next day, when Frans called us, that it became clear. Cynthia suddenly asked: "Was the other person Rik?" I looked at her in bewilderment. "Yes", Frans admitted reluctantly after some silence. I was speechless. How the hell was it possible for your best friends to do this without telling you? Without openness, honesty, transparency?" All three of them knew very well that that was the only thing that was sacred to me.

But all the egos had told them to shut up. "You don't have to tell her that. It's over between Rik and her, isn't it? Besides, they had an open relationship, didn't they?" But the egos kept their ugly mouths shut about the only thing that truly mattered to me: honesty.

I was stunned, perplexed, speechless. I broke off friendship with all three. To me this was unforgivable.

Open relationship means: love in openness and honesty. No secrets. No sneaky stuff. But this wasn't about love at all. This was about revenge. Nothing more and nothing less. Rik, Cynthia and I were used for an ego fight between Frans and Louise. That's why I felt dirty and used.

That, dear reader, is a perfect example of what egos are and what they do. They are monsters that live inside us and consume us because they feed on struggles and our emotions. Egos destroy everything. The most beautiful marriages, the most beautiful connections, and – on a larger scale – the most beautiful state of peace between countries.

I should have known by then that the Fall of the Cabal was not about the Cabal at all, it was about the ego. But I didn't see it. My Calimero complex told me to first focus on saving the world.

The Fall of the Ego. That would make one hell of a documentary...

The most beautiful people, my dearest friends, who really committed to a better world, a safe planet, who really meant well, who truly considered themselves awake, had listened to their ego and destroyed everything. Everything that was beautiful, respectful and loving between the four of us. So sad...

I am telling you this not only to show what egos are and how they work and why, but also to say that I still love Louise and Frans (and Rik of course). Because I now know better than anyone else what egos are capable of. I now know like no other what it's like to watch with sorrow how everything around you breaks down. Everything you held dear. And I should have known, because I knew for a long time what those two had been through in their childhood. So I knew very well what lay ahead. Damaged people are doomed to destroy everything around them. And we are *all* damaged people. Me, too. So... the Fall of the Cabal became the Fall of Humanity, all of humanity.

And now that I see this so horribly clear, I can only leave. I can only start with myself. "*If you want to change the world, start with yourself*"...

And no... I don't have the illusion that I can still change the world afterwards. All my illusions have died in the past few days. I don't have a clue what I'm going to do next. Maybe just *nothing at all*...

April 26

This afternoon I took a beautiful walk around the mountain lake. First I had walked to the other side with Claudy so that she would be tired and sleep in the van for a few hours, and then it was my turn. The trip around the lake took about one and a half to two hours and it was breathtakingly beautiful. A mountain marmot (is that the English word? I don't have wifi so I can't check it...) looked at me from a distance of less than 20 meters. I sat down and we watched each other endlessly. When she decided I wasn't a threat, I won the staring contest and she left behind a rock.

My father would have photographed the mountain flora lying flat on his belly, if he were still here. Countless wild daffodils, gentians in the most beautiful shade of blue there is on the planet, and much more. Beautiful butterflies, mountain crows with red beaks, it was truly breathtaking.

During my hike, I thought about a comment from Jed about a bucket of water being scooped out of an ocean. The water in the bucket is no longer connected to the ocean, but lives in a separated state. Whereas the ocean is full of life and movement, with tides and currents, the water in the bucket is still and lifeless. The

one who scooped the water into the bucket did not create the water. It already existed. But in the bucket the water can no longer remember the ocean, it now thinks of itself as a separate entity, with its own identity. But if it is thrown back into the ocean, its separated state is dissolved in a fraction of a second as it merges into the infinite state of ocean unity, the integrated state...

That's how I feel. I truly believe, like that stupid water in the bucket, that I am a separate entity, and that I have an identity of my own. I am different from others, I am unique! Until I'm flung back into that infinite ocean of consciousness. Would I still be able to chuckle at my own stupidity then?

The last part of the walk it rained lightly. Wonderfully soft and refreshing on my skin. I still walk like a mountain goat, nice to notice that I haven't forgotten how to climb in the past 3 decades. I can still do it! The last time I climbed (Via Ferrata) was in 1994 in the Italian Dolomites, together with Bert. Totally irresponsible, without rigging, without ropes we hung on a rock that went straight down 400 meters. One mistake and we were done. God, how many times have I looked Death in the eye... Twice in the mountains, once in the hospital during dangerous neck surgery, once (just a few months ago) when I was bitten by a viper and lacked antidote, and countless times by near suicide as I couldn't take the unbearable uselessness of my life.

The Unbearable Lightness of Being... And it was. It was (and is) completely pointless. I finally got it: life doesn't make any sense. End of...

And we will have to come to terms with that. But what do we do instead? We frantically search the (non-existing) meaning of life. We think we can find it in religion, or in connection, or in a family or career. But the naked truth is: it's just fucking pointless! We are born, we are immediately in the Matrix where Maya holds sway (how does Maya actually differ from Lucifer? Just a thought.), we do our thing, we procreate, we try to be as happy as possible (which most of us fail at miserably) and we die without having opened our eyes just once. Does that make sense to you? Not to me...

Yesterday I finished part 9 of *the Ranger's Apprentice*, the last book that has nothing to do with Spiritual Autolysis. Today I am reading the last pages of Jed's part 3. How symbolic. Tomorrow I will start all over again with Jed's part 3. I wonder what kind of new insights this will yield...

A word about the title of this story: Janet's Dream. Why *dream*? Because I am 100% sure that this, all of this, this life and everything around us is a dream. If you haven't seen the movie Inception yet, I highly recommend it. If you have seen it, I recommend you watch it again, and possibly yet again. It is about dreams, the dream state, and finally about a dream within a dream within yet another dream. It shows how time speeds up or slows down, depending on the dream level the dreamer is in. I have practiced dreaming for years. I practiced until I became lucid on command: I realized I was dreaming. And then the real work began: experimenting! Experiment after experiment. Could I remember how I got to that place? At first the answer was *no*, just like in the movie. But as I trained myself more, the answer became *yes*. Could I fly in my dreams? Sometimes I could, sometimes I couldn't. But in the end, I could not. I lost the ability to fly.

As I trained myself and the experiments expanded, I could only draw one conclusion: ***there is absolutely no difference between the dream state and this "awake" state.***

My sign to become lucid was Claudy. In the beginning of the training I often dreamed that Claudy was missing. I would panic and go frantically looking for her.

During the day I practiced non-stop to break through that pattern. Again and again I said to myself: "Claudy is never missing. She's my shadow, so how could she be lost? If Claudy is missing, then I'm dreaming!" I practiced and practiced and one good night I succeeded for the first time: I didn't panic but knew I was dreaming! I sat down. That's how I programmed myself. I sat down and waited until I woke up. In the beginning it was quite fast, but as the training progressed it took longer and longer. Until at one point I sat still for two weeks. I refused to do anything because I knew it wasn't real. Occasionally I would walk to a nearby shop to buy something to eat, but then I would walk back and sit in the same place. I waited and waited. Not a hair on my head thought about falling into the trap of this illusion. I was 100% sure I was dreaming.

Finally, I did wake up. (Well, not in the ultimate sense, by you know...) It seemed like two damn long weeks! I can assure you that nothing, absolutely nothing in my experience was different from the state in which I am writing this now. Supposedly awake.

I have maintained this training for years and I still practice it. But no matter what I do in my lucid dreams, I never discover any difference from this world. Sometimes the sign that I dream is that, for example, my father is present. I say: "Hey dad, aren't you dead?" Then I know I'm dreaming. And often enough I think: "Shall I jump off this building? Shall I drive hard into that tree? After all, I will just wake up". But I never dare, because there are no further indications that I am dreaming. It's just too risky...

Because of all this training it is clear to me: this life is a dream. 100% sure. So if I kill myself I'll just wake up. Simple enough. But of course Janet has to do it the hard way: she wants to wake up *in* the dream and *from* the dream, without dying. Waking up *in* the dream is called being lucid. Jed calls it becoming a Human Adult (as opposed to the Human Children we all are, from an emotional and spiritual point of view). Waking up *from* the dream is called enlightenment.

(Forgive me Jed, if I don't get the English words right that you chose so carefully. I read your books in Dutch so I'm just guessing at this stage. I will double-check once I have wifi, OK?)

Once you wake up *from* the dream, you can't really connect with anyone anymore. "You cannot talk butterfly with caterpillars". They won't understand you. And you will no longer understand them. Maybe just a tiny bit, from a vague memory of the separated state you were once in as well. It's the loneliest place you could end up, says Jed. And I know it's true. And yet I must continue. For even though this dream has its perfect moments, it's still a lie.

April 28. Last night I lay on my back in the grass, gazing at the stars with Claudy next to me. I was happy.

In bed I thought about the dream state. For the first time I went a little deeper and realized that if I am the dreamer in this dream, I am also somewhere else, dreaming on a pillow in a bed! Eureka! Of course! I am dreaming at night and in that dream I am lucid. I know I'm dreaming. But do I actually realize that I am lying in the camper van at the same time I am dreaming? In my warm bed, at the top? On my lovely cold foam mini-pillow and under my delightful duvet? Or maybe somewhere else entirely? No. I don't spend a moment on that. I am only busy *in* the dream and *with* the dream. My... that will be a nice next level for my experiments!

At the same time, in the 'awake' world, I know very well that this is also a dream, but I don't realize for a moment that I also exist somewhere else! And that Janet is lying there dreaming and dreaming this dream together! OMG... It hits me like a bolt of lightning! I mean, where am I then? Where is that version of me? In another reality? Another dimension? Or 'just' another consciousness?

We go one step further. If I dream, like last night, then I dream up that entire 'reality'. From head to toe. With everyone and everything in it. Everything is my creation. I am the film director, but I also play the lead role. I choose the other characters, even the extras. I set the decor. I determine and create EVERYTHING. In fact, I AM all of that. After all, it comes forth from my consciousness! There is no difference whatsoever between the dreamer and the dream content. It's all *ME*. And that also applies to all other layers of dreams: a dream within a dream within a dream, etc. It can go on indefinitely.

So who is at the "top" of all dreams? Who creates them all? THAT'S ME!

Then I am God. Hahaha, if my sister the psychotherapist reads this she will no doubt think I am psychotic! What a joke! I would definitely understand her concern, but at the same time, this is the question that has kept all the great philosophers busy for centuries.

(I chuckle some more when I think of the cartoon of a man painting a sign on a therapist's door. It's too many letters so he uses dashes and lines up the words: PSYCHO-THE-RAPIST).

I am God. Is that what Jesus Christ meant? They say he said it literally. But I wasn't there, so I wouldn't know for sure. But it does make sense to me now!

Further. So if I'm at the helm of all my dreams, then I must be the only truth in all this madness. All that's left when you peel off all the layers. So the answer to the age-old question: WHAT IS TRUE?, is indeed – what else could it be? - I AM.

The only thing that is true. The *Cogito*... I get it. I finally get it. Not from a book, not even from Jed's books. But thanks to my dream experiments. All those years of experimentation... Wow. I'm quiet and feel that I need to process this...

Further. (My God, what a focus!) Everything and everyone around me exists only by the grace of my dream. I had this insight years ago, but it seems so much clearer now! NOTHING IS REAL. Nothing at all, except: I AM.

Who am I? I? I don't exist at all. At most on a level that I don't understand at all, that is way beyond my comprehension. Hmm... I haven't quite tackled that one yet, I feel. Suppose that on the highest level, the highest dream, I am just a bunch of brain cells in a petri dish, studied by some Aliens that shoot electric pulses through me (the brain cells) so that I have the experience of a dream, etc.etc.blah. bla bla...

Claudy farts that takes me back to Janet's Dream. This dream. A cow moans outside. There is a farm next to the campsite and a river runs behind it, by the sound of it. All dreamed up by yours truly... Not bad. Not bad at all.



My walk with CLaudy to this lake might well be her last one. She is "too old for this shit"... Today is a bad day for her. She won't walk. She's just staring...

Please let Death touch her tonight. Please... If not, I might have to go to the vet on Monday and help her across the veil into the Otherworld...

May 4, 2023

Claudy is still alive! She never ceases to amaze me... Thank you for your sweet thoughts and prayers. I don't know when her time will come but I am grateful for every day we spend together...

I have even clipped her nails today. She hates it and I thought I would never have to do it again. Wow wow wow...

I have written an awful lot over the past week. Let me find a good section for you.... Hang on!

BLOG 3, May 4, 2023

Thinking to myself:

"Well, that other Janet is sleeping and dreaming nicely up here. Bloody marvelous, but the time is very different here than with her. When she sleeps for one hour, ten years will pass in *this* place. So 8 hours in *her* dream means 80 in *mine*! Then she'll wake up and *POOF!*... everything around me gone in the blink of an eye, me included. But until then I'm trapped here in this dream of hers. She is nearby, but I can't touch her to shake her awake. She's simply on a different frequency, like a radio. So what can I do? I am lucid in her dream and I know *this* is a dream, but I can't wake up *from* the dream. I am at the mercy of the amount of Melatonin produced by her body..."

"It's quite a nice dream in itself. But it's not real, you know? It is the 'unreal reality' and the 'un-true truth'. So what's the point?"

"In this dream, I believed everything I was told by my teachers, my parents, by gurus and scientists. But nothing was true and nothing was real, as in permanent. And to be real, to be true, something has to be permanent, don't you think? Well, that's not the case! All those assumptions, beliefs and opinions, they all came and went. Even in science, we were told: 1 egg per week is healthy. Then it was: 1 egg every day. During Covid-19 it became: eggs are dangerous and now... God knows what the scientific viewpoint on eggs is these days. The earth was flat. Then it was a sphere. And now – according to some people – it's flat again. And wait... it's also hollow! There is only *consensus*. Science is not objective. It never has been and it never will be. Even the Big Bang is just an assumption. Nothing I was taught is lasting, nothing is real. Everything is a lie within a dream."

"In this dream I am almost 57 and I actually feel pretty fucked up, to put it bluntly. I feel screwed. Why didn't anyone tell me this? I thought – like everyone else in this dream – that it was all real! I participated in all the discussions, I learned all kinds of things, I was fascinated by all kinds of things, and I formed all kinds of opinions that I defended tooth and nail. After all, I had carefully researched it all myself and I was sure it was true! But... if this is just a dream, then it has all been for nothing. In fact, it was pointless and meaningless. And worst of all, it was all a lie! Because it wasn't fucking real! Can't the sleeping beauty at arm's length please wake up?!"

"But OK... back to where I was before I strayed. It's a nice dream in itself. I am sitting in a cute little camper van next to the most loyal prop in this dream: my white dream dog Claudy. Miems is off again, catching dream mice or whatever she does at night. I'm now on my dream pension, I've worked hard enough. Moreover, I am less and less capable to function in this dream. People seem to be getting stranger by the day, I can't even remember the place where I stayed the night before, everything seems to become more vague and blurry. But it doesn't bother me. What bothers me is that the other Janet, the I-Am version, just keeps on snoring. And by the way, can she please dream up better windows? The draft here is terrible! That's going to be a problem this winter. But maybe she will finally have woken up by and this will all be over. Who knows..."

"Yes, people are getting weirder and weirder. I notice that. It's like looking at a different evolutionary branch. They're so busy all the time, they run, they talk non-stop, they check their cell phones non-stop, they seem so... programmed. As if they do not think for themselves, but are controlled by an invisible force. Why don't they sit and wait for Janet to wake up? Don't they realize that they exist only by the grace of her dream? That they are just – like me, this dream version of Janet – a temporarily solidified energy pattern that will soon simply dissolve into nothingness? Don't they get that??? Is that why they go on like this? Do they really believe they exist??"

"It all dazzles me. What can I do to wake up from this dream? I am already awake *in* the dream, I know very well that this has no permanent structure, but how do I get out???"

"I just do not know. I can only wait. Stay put until she wakes up. But how old will I be then? 88? Do I really have to wait? Isn't there something I can do myself...?"

May 3

I suddenly find myself in north-west Spain, on the *Costa Verde*, the Green Coast. I was suddenly so fed up with the persistent difficulty of finding a good, quiet place to spend the night, that I decided to leave. I thought I had found the perfect place on the last evening, but I was disturbed by a cow with a huge bell around its neck that was tolling next to me, plus a group of cats terrorizing Miems. I scolded the Universe and left.

After a disturbed night (Claudy wanted extra food, Miems wanted to go outside, oh no eat first, oh no wait: go outside...), I finally slept at about 2.30 am and woke up tired at 10.30 am. Miems wanted both this time, with absolute certainty: eat and then go outside. I made a strong cup of coffee and enjoyed the view and the smell of the sea, pine needles and eucalyptus leaves. Of course, the next thing I knew was the sound of a lawnmower. "Universe!! What have we agreed to??!"

Last night I had an interesting dream, even though I seem no longer able to become lucid. I suspect that I should only focus lucidity on the current dream state. Anyway, I dreamed about Jed. He was in the Netherlands and spoke in front of a large group of people. I enjoyed finally meeting him in person and seeing what he looked like. Friendly, sympathetic and rather attractive. But as the day progressed, I began to have my doubts. He had a mistress whom he proudly pointed out in the group, a beautiful young girl who beamed when he called her name. I thought, "Hmmm...why is this necessary?" And then two good friends of his came to visit, people with well developed egos. Why would he be friends with them? Finally, Jed got grumpy when I showed up half a minute late for a talk he was about to give. He looked at me and said nobody had ever dared to be late! I said, "Well, there's a first time for everything, right?", which he didn't appreciate after which he threw me out. I called him a fucking fraud and left.

In this dream too, there was no difference whatsoever with the current state of being. Everything seemed real, everything made total sense. I thought Jed was a jerk, and he thought I was an annoying twat. Hmmm... is this what he means by Kill Your Teachers? Well, I'm really not that far yet. I'm still at the stage where lawnmowers annoy the hell out of me...

Yesterday, on my way here, I practiced non-stop "this 'reality' is a movie": the variant of 'a dream'. Easy to do behind the wheel. I'm driving around in a bad movie and think to myself: "Jesus, how boring. Is anything going to happen in this movie? Where are the police chases and the explosions? When will guns be drawn and bullets fly around my ears?"

But nothing happened. The landscape passed me by, now and then the road became a bit wider, then a bit narrower. I yawned... "Would there be another movie playing?" But somehow, I was stuck in the movie and decided to make the best of it. I saw big 5G masts. "What the hell are those???"

In my fantasy, a voice answered: "Those are theater props, they were put there on purpose".

I did not get it. "But why? They are ugly! Couldn't they store them somewhere? Don't they have prop storage space or something?" But the answer was: "Sure, but it look more real this way".

"Oh... And those people in all those cars? Are they actors?"

"Yes, those are actors. Call them extras, you will never meet them".

"But are they all paid for their role? Who pays for all this?"

"They used to be. In the beginning of the movie they were paid for playing their part. But as time went by, they forgot it was just a movie. They had taken their part so seriously that they really believed they were those people. And then they no longer needed a salary for the part they played..."

I was silent for a moment. What an absurd situation. It was obvious that this was a really bad movie. Why would anyone watch something like this? It was the worst movie ever!

"That's not the point. The point is that – in the beginning of the film – a kind of mechanism has been set in motion with all these people, so that no one knows that he or she is playing a role. Psychologically, this is a masterpiece!"

1:03 p.m. on May 3. I open my laptop and continue typing. We have now arrived at a nice stage set: snowy mountain tops in the background, a beach in the foreground, and a village in between. The extras play to their heart's content: an obese man looks angrily at the car in front of him that apparently isn't going fast enough, a beautiful young woman in a bikini with a dog that's too cute and two small children are walking through the surf. The boy is barely a year old, he looks at me with a radiant smile. The girl is two and half years old, I guess; she strokes Claudy and shows me her hands full of sand.

"I really need to have a word with the scriptwriter or the producer of this movie," I think to myself. "No one has such a figure after giving birth to two children, no child has such cute curls and these adorable dogs do not exist. What a lousy cast!"

The voice I made up answers: "The producer/script writer is not here for a while. She's asleep".

"Hmm... can you pass on the message? This is totally implausible. And you're saying this lovely young lady has forgotten she is playing a part? Do you really expect me to believe that?"

"Certainly! She absolutely believes all of the above. After giving birth, she started training like crazy at the local gym. That's why she thinks this is possible, even normal. In everyday life she is married to a successful graphic designer and this week they are enjoying themselves with the whole family at the campsite, just around the corner".

"Sure. And who is paying them?"

"His boss. He can't remember either he's in a movie. The man truly believes he has a thriving business, 14 permanent employees (*I quickly check my little travel clock to see if I need to adjust this number, but it's 14:14 so I'll leave it at that*), he's married, has 2 kids, one is on drugs and the other on anti-depressants, plus he has a mistress he meets once a week to recharge. He has had the Tax Office at the door because money appears to have disappeared from the company, and not just a little bit. But he knows nothing about it and currently lives in a continuous state of panic. The Inspectorate of the Tax and Customs Administration has subtly pointed out to him that he personally remains liable for the company's finances, not the accountant, who has disappeared without a trace, just like the money. Right now he is going through a midlife crisis, which is a unique opportunity to remember that this is just a movie. But there is a good chance that he will flee abroad with his beautiful mistress, leaving everything and everyone behind. He is now looking into whether there is a suitable tax haven where he can safely build a new life..."

I am speechless. Holy crap... Is this normal?

The voice continues: "It's all very normal in this movie. In the sense of: it is *the norm*. Nobody remembers, nobody gets up and leaves the set."

"Sounds like a scene from the Lucifer series". Have you seen them? At one point Lucifer says: "In hell there are many chambers. Everyone who ends up there gets his own chamber, where he experiences the most horrific scene of his life over and over again. Endlessly, ad infinitum. It's a real hell... But the doors of the chambers are not locked. Those people can get out at any time, but they don't. They simply don't, they never even try..."

I continue: "It reminds me of Plato's cave, where the people who sit there are chained up and spend their lives watching a spectacle of shadows on the cave wall (which are caused by the flames of a fire from which the shadow play is created by someone else... call him or her God. The people believe that the shadows on the wall represent reality. They are completely absorbed in it. They have no idea that the only thing they possess – time – slips through their fingers. They are wasting their precious time in an illusion. The chains on these people's ankles are unlocked. They can just be taken off. The people can get up and explore the cave, they can think for themselves and discover that their 'reality' isn't real at all! If they do so, they'll probably get indignant, angry, after which they might investigate further. If they do so, they will eventually discover that God isn't God at all, and they've been screwed all this time. Maybe they'll lynch God, who knows... Then they might just leave the cave and be blinded by the daylight: the brilliant, intense light they had not seen all along. As Jed puts it so eloquently, "All along they saw what wasn't there and they didn't see what was there..."

"Yes," says the voice. "It is indeed just like that. But you know as well as I do by now that most people in Plato's cave will stay put obediently. All their lives. They don't try the chains. They don't investigate. And those few who do are quickly flogged back by the rest. They will be scorned and called 'extreme-right, anti-Semitic terrorists'. Simply because they dare to think for themselves and tell the others what they have discovered. They will not be thanked for that..."

"Hmm... indeed. Something like that sounds familiar... So then they go back to the cave with their mistress..."

"Indeed. Anything better than being ostracized from the group".

"And those few who do think for themselves and share their discoveries? Who then raise their middle finger to those who whistle and scold them back? What will happen to them?"

"They also just stay in the cave. Outcast and lonely. But still in the cave".

"My God, what a sad existence...", I say after a pause and with that nagging feeling that it sounds vaguely familiar.

What a shitty movie, what a shitty dream, and what a shitty cave! But I do understand. I am reminded of a quote from Bertrand Russell in part 3 of Jed's trilogy:

"There is nothing on earth that people are more afraid of than thinking – more than decay, even more than death. Thinking is subversive and revolutionary, destructive and terrible; thinking is merciless in the face of privilege, established institutions and comfortable habits; thinking is anarchic and lawless, it does not care about authority and the tried and tested wisdom of the ages. Thinking looks into the pit of hell and is not afraid. It sees man, an insignificant speck of dust, surrounded by unfathomably deep stillness, but behaves itself proudly and as unfazed as if it were the Lord of the universe. Thought is grand and swift and free; it is the light of the world and the greatest glory of man. But if thinking is to be owned by many and not the privilege of a few, we must leave fear behind. It is fear that holds people back – fear that their deeply held beliefs will turn out to be delusions, fear that the institutions on which they base their lives might be dangerous, fear that they themselves might be less deserving of respect than they thought they were."

They prefer to stay in the cave forever...

I noticed the same with the Fall of the Cabal and its Sequel. Millions of people have seen them, but where is the Hundredth Monkey? Nothing will ever change...

"Are you bitter?", asks the voice.

"In the dream, yes. Out of the dream, no".

"And if you are lucid in the dream?"

"Then... I'm on the fence a bit. Part of me isn't bitter because it knows it's not real. So why should I get emotionally wrapped up in it? But it's kind of... rational, you know? I haven't quite tackled it yet. Because deep down I'm not so sure if I'm dreaming. After all, if I were really sure, I would drive into that tree, right? But I don't. It's too risky I guess because, damn it, it all seems so real! And then those emotional tentacles strike and well... then I am bitter".

It remains silent for a long time and I look ahead of me, pondering. Claudy lies snugly against me and grunts contentedly. She has no trouble at all with this dream, or movie, or reality. As long as she gets her food and water on time, her attention and love, as long as I let her pee and poop on time, she is very happy. Why can't I be like that? Why does it have to be so difficult?

"Well, you're not a dog. And besides, you were never a normal person either, be honest. Even as a child you tested your teachers to see how far you could go when you didn't like them, remember? That time you insisted on playing a scale on your flute? That Corinne had to be taken out of her class to "reason" with you? After which, after many attempts, she had to conclude that it really was best for everyone to just let you whistle that scale, which you did triumphantly after which peace could return to the classroom? How old were you? Nine?"

"That was a substitute teacher and I thought she was stupid".

"Yes, which the entire school found out..."

"What's your point? Everyone rebels sometimes."

"My point is that you were always different. Not always annoying, don't get me wrong. You talked to the animals and skipped through life. You rescued drowning insects from puddles and swimming pools. You protected other kids who were being bullied. You were generally a very sweet child. But different. Remember when you used to do psychological tests on people? You were working non-stop to see how adults would react if you did something unexpected."

I suddenly remember an incident when me and Corinne were staying with my grandparents. Their house was on the highway and you could go under it through a small tunnel. I believe I was seven or eight years old. "Exactly," says the voice. "You told Corinne and subsequently, at her insistence, your grandmother that a strange man in that little tunnel had tried to lure you along with a story that he had puppies across the highway." Panic all over the place! You just observed the adults. Until Corinne said, "Janet, if you made this up, you have to say it now. Otherwise Grandma will call the police".

"I was satisfied with the outcome of the experiment and admitted that I made it up... I remember!"

"Precisely. And you did something like that regularly later on, when you were already an adult. Do you remember that time during that long barrow trip in the Netherlands? A bus full of people and you had to change places after every long barrow, to see how people would react".

"Yes, but that was insane! They looked stunned that I was in their place! And when I gently pointed out to them that their name was not on the seat and that no personal belongings had been left on it, so that I thought it reasonable to take that spot, anger and panic ensued. It was very educational *and* entertaining."

"For you yes, but not for anyone else".

"Bert thought it was funny too."

"Bert is just as crazy as you, and you know it".

"Hmmm..."

It is evening. I am at a nice and cheap campsite on the film set in the aforementioned village, from where I walk directly to the beach. As I walk through the surf, a storm raises out of nowhere.

"You see it's a dream? This never happens in real life," the voice says. "You were in a good mood and the weather was beautiful. But the moment you got hijacked by your ego and a lot of anger arose, that storm suddenly blew up. And then, when the worst anger was out, the wind died down, even though the forecast said it was going to be much worse tonight. Do you think this is all a coincidence?"

But my ego got me by the throat when I least expected it, and I'm still angry. Angry because I once again stepped into an unequal relationship. Angry because our work doesn't seem to have had any effect. Angry that the Universe gives me no peace and quiet and keeps throwing lawnmowers at me.

Jed, help! How can I be so dragged into these emotions when I KNOW:

- 1) that this is a dream, an illusion;
- 2) that I AM is the only thing I know for sure, the only thing that is real and true;
- 3) that I know nothing else apart from that.

So... do I still identify with Janet Ossebaard? Is that it? Fuck yes, that must be it! After all, that is all that remains. *Thank you Mr. McKenna, for your prompt response to my letter...*

In those moments, I absolutely identify with Janet Ossebaard, the creator of the Fall of the Cabal. She is entitled to royalties from her work, which she has not yet received. "But isn't that right? Should I just leave it like that? Should I let them walk all over me like that? Where is the limit then?", I think aloud.

"There is no limit," says the voice. "It's either this paradigm or the other one. It can't be both". If you choose the dream paradigm, then there is indeed a limit you can draw. Within that paradigm, you are indeed entitled to the proceeds of your work. But I understand from you that you wish to stop living in that paradigm, correct?"

"Yes, that is correct".

"Then there is no limit. *There is no spoon...* There is only the illusion of a limit. There is only the illusion of the Fall of the Cabal. There is only the illusion of Janet Ossebaard: crop circle researcher, lecturer, author, producer, screenwriter and wanted extreme-right anti-Semitic terrorist. You already knew the latter wasn't real, but those first descriptions in the row? Do you truly comprehend that all of this is nothing but dreamed up nonsense? An illusion that can snap apart at any moment, as soon as the dreamer – *you* – finally wakes up?"

I am silent. I realize how immensely attached I am to the dream state character identification with Janet Ossebaard.

"Let go. It's fake, it's nothing but a soap bubble. There is no place for that illusion within your chosen paradigm..."

"But what will remain if I let go?"

"Nothing. Nobody. And that's exactly what you're so afraid of. The deep, dark abyss of nothingness..."

"So I would rather choose quarrel and struggle than peace and harmony in another paradigm?"

"Yes, you do at such moments".

I know it's true. How awfully painful to realize...

I'm not different, I'm not special, I'm just like anybody else. I am terrified to leave Plato's cave, to truly embrace freedom. I'd rather stay chained and wait for Death to come and get me. Meanwhile I'm battling in an illusion that plays out like shadows on the cave wall. And I'm so terribly attached to *that*? I feel like such a loser...

Later that day I check my Telegram messages and see that Cynthia has taken screenshots of our earnings and she just transferred my share. Why the hell couldn't I just find confidence in her? Where was it hiding? In one of my adrenal glands or something? In my appendix? I feel intense disgust at myself and intense disgust at this dream. But how on earth do I wake up...? I want out!!!

XX

I have partly translated part 4 into English, my friends!

It will be uploaded soon, hopefully tmrw...

Thank you all for your lovely comments!

If you wish to support me on this inner journey, please see the pinned message...

Thank you from the bottom of my heart!

BLOG 4, May 12, 2023

May 8. I parked in an RV parking lot three quarters of an hour from the campground. That's as far as I got. Despite the straight highway, Claudy didn't like it at all and decided to be the drama queen. She squealed and gasped and tried to throw herself off the bench into the hole by the side exit. The highest fall she could possibly take in this little camper van. I roared *NO!* and *SIT!* to the back and took the exit that was right there. Is this one of those patterns Jed is talking about? I think so. So it was perfect and I had to take that exit instead of driving on to Gijón? And Claudy helped me see that pattern? A part of me thinks, "*Yeah right...*" I realize that is not exactly the part that will help me on this path.

The parking lot is big, quiet, free and right by the sea. Viva España! It smells clean and of Eucalyptus leaves. Claudy is remarkably active and happy. She wants to walk continuously and is covering fine stretches! Yesterday her left eye did something that resembled a scene from *Alien*: a piece began to swell and became a sphere. After about half an hour, it was the size of a large kernel of corn, yet perfectly round. It looked like an eye on top of an eye. I thought it would snap apart but instead it was just worked out of the eye by the eye itself. An eye within an eye; a dream within a dream. When I was able to grab it right off, it turned out to be frosty. Frosty and milky white. I had never seen anything like it before, and I realize now that this can only happen in a dream. Those are the kind of dreams where you miss the perfect opportunity to become lucid, after which you think (upon leaving your bed): "What a missed opportunity! How could I not have seen that? Things like that are the perfect clues to knowing it's not real! Damn!"

But even in *this* dream, I let that opportunity pass me by and the researcher in me – filled with a mixture of horror and curiosity – immediately set to work analyzing the sphere. Only now, as I type this, does it roll out of my fingers into this document... The power of writing.

"Holding a pen in your hand means waging war", Voltaire said.

Another thing I suddenly remembered when I woke up and was still musing in bed was that I used to be unable to distinguish between dreaming and waking. How could I have forgotten this? When I was an adolescent and chronically depressed, I would drive my mother crazy, behaving like a confused zombie, especially first thing in the morning. I sometimes exclaimed desperately: "I had very bad dreams but there

was no difference from the now! Everything was so real and it continues into the now! How can I distinguish if there is no difference in realness? How can I shake off this bad dream when everything is intertwined!!!" My mother didn't understand it at all and probably thought it was part of adolescence. But it continued, even when I was already in my twenties and living as a college student in Groningen City. It sickened my life. My God, how could I have forgotten this! My whole life revolved around this path!!! But I didn't understand anything about it and my surroundings only told me to go on anti-depressants, which I did. Life did indeed become easier, but the nagging feeling that something was wrong remained. If only I had met Jed back then...

Occasionally I would yell to my mother (I was standing in the kitchen, all the details are coming back to me as I'm typing away), "My life is hell! You have no idea what it's like to not know what's real, where the dream ends and all of this starts!" OMG...it was always there!

When my father was dying, he was given morphine. The amount was slowly increased until he would no longer wake up. Every now and then he would 'wake up' and then he'd panic, a side effect of the morphine. I would speak softly to him and hold his hand. "It's OK dad, you're safe. It's me, Janet. Your daughter, remember?" He then looked at me dumbfounded and sank back into a deep sleep. I remember saying to my mother, "Should he get out of this alive, he has a long way to go to distinguish the dream state from the waking state. That's hell..."

Little did I know what I was saying. I was merely referring to my situation before the anti-depressants...

This is indeed hell. Unless you are clueless and you just go on and on in this life, this dream, this movie, this rat-race. As soon as you catch a glimpse of actual reality, you are whistled back by your environment. You are watched by your boss, your partner, your parents, your teachers. Everyone joins in to keep everyone in line. Whatever you do, you *do not* wake up! *The biggest conspiracy ever..*, I ponder. Compared to this, the Cabal is peanuts.

But you can't talk to anyone about it. Because everyone looks at you like you're totally insane. "You? Your life is hell? Are you out of your mind! You are world famous, you have made the most watched documentaries of all time, you have traveled all over the world most of which was paid for by others because you were invited to give lectures on crop circles, you have written four successful and beautiful books, you set up your own publishing house, you had your own information center, you are totally hated by just about politician in The Hague, *what more do you want?! You're just a spoiled brat!* I mean, look at yourself: you are as free as a bird, you don't have to answer to anyone, you have no obligations in your life, no agenda, no deadlines. You can go wherever you want. You are walking through the surf of the Spanish waves with your dog. You're retired at 56 and the world is at your feet. And you call this hell! What's wrong with you!"

No, you really can't talk to anyone about this... And I get that. Because in this dream I am doing great and I have nothing to complain about. But it is and remains a *dream*, motherfuckers!!!

You can call me a spoiled brat. I really don't give a damn.

This is my path. And my path I walk alone.

Last night I dreamed I was traveling with Bert. We had both read Jed's books and wanted to break out of the dream. We were in a beautiful hotel for a few nights. But while I was booking out and paying at the front desk, Bert was staring ahead like a zombie. He had been strange in his behavior the last two days, totally dissociated and quiet. He did not answer my question as to what on earth was wrong with him. Finally I exclaimed: "I want to continue traveling alone! I don't want to continue with you anymore, you're driving me crazy!" He looked at me blankly, turned and walked away in the direction of the room we no longer had. I called after him, "You shouldn't have listened to that woman! She put a spell on you, she hypnotized you! You're not yourself anymore! Do you remember any of Jed's words at all??" But he walked on, he didn't even look back. I realized that it was really over and that from now on I would be all alone...

Only now as I type this do I understand that 'that woman' was Maya. The guardian of the dream state, the Goddess of Illusion. I can see her smiling and thinking, "Good, I got that one. Right in his place where he belongs". Maya, you won't get me anymore. You don't even exist! After all these years, I am finally starting to see what is real and what is not. To hell with you. I am. You don't!"

Writing, writing, writing. Spiritual Autolysis. I am beginning to see ever more clearly that Jed is right. You have to write it down. It's the only way. I had forgotten all of the above, but as I write it rolls out naturally. As if someone else takes over and writes down exactly what is necessary.

Now I'm going to have breakfast and then on to the workshop to have my camper van fixed. It will be an hour's drive at most. Only now am I wondering what to do with Miems when I get there. "We'll see when you

get there." Those are not words I actually hear, but it's not a thought either. It is a kind of knowing that presents itself in a flash. This kind of knowing is there before the question has even expressed itself. Thus it is beyond time. Hmm...

By now it is around one o'clock. Both Claudy and Miems clearly indicate they don't want to leave (Miems runs off and Claudy tries to throw herself back into the hole), so I give in immediately. I wave Miems off and lay Claudy outside on her sheepskin rug with a bowl of water beside her. I think of the words:

"In my world nothing ever goes wrong" by Nissargadatta Maharaj.

This is how I am going to view the world around me from now on.

I'll be curious to see if I can agree with that when the Universe throws another lawnmower at me.

By the way, in case you are now thinking, "Gosh, Janet is so wise and she has read so much!", I must disappoint you. I am neither wise nor have I read much. I simply stole those quotes from Jed's books. There is damned little original about me, I can assure you.

May 9. "Patience and confidence," Jed says. It's needed alright, because Miems is off and I'm starting to worry. We are now in a new spot. We arrived at this most gorgeous place when it was dusk. Miems went exploring, as she always does right away. She has been gone for hours and she never really does that during the day. The wind is blowing fiercely and I am a bit worried. *Patience and confidence...*

In my world nothing ever goes wrong. Whether Miems comes back or not. Everything is perfect and it could not go in any other way than the way it occurs. Once again, today it was all too clear that this indeed is just a dream. As I lay in the grass with Claudy and looked at the clouds. I noticed that there were three layers: the top layer was moving to the right at high speed, the middle layer was hanging dead still and the bottom layer was moving rapidly to the left. My ego quickly told me that this had to do with thermodynamics, but something inside me laughed and said, "*No sucker, this is a dream, it's not real! How can you fall for this! The middle layer can't possibly hang there completely immobile, so it's a clue! Get lucid, stupid!*" It was like looking at a two-dimensional 3D postcard. If I squinted long enough, I spontaneously saw 3 layers appear. I felt the same *OHS* and *AHs*. Again, there was no difference between the dream state and the waking state. None whatsoever.

As I look out through the windshield, I see two picnic tables perfectly aligned with the horizon. "That's insane", I think to myself, laughing. What are the odds of me parking the van in this exact spot, and then of me sitting in this exact position in the van, so that the alignment can occur... The odds are like zero. And yet I'm looking at it. So that is what Jed means by: *the observer, the observation, and the observed become one and the same*. That is the Integrated State. Not that I am there just yet, but I'm getting closer bit by bit.

However, my wisdom dwindles as the hours pass. Miems, who never skips her walks with Claudy, who always whines for more kibble, is gone. It is two hours past her feeding time. I have already searched extensively, called and whistled, I have asked countless tourists in three different languages if they have seen a cat. Nothing. Not a single sign of life. This is sooo not Miems.

Part of me is nauseated with worry. She and Claudy are the last two gems in my life. Do they have to leave too? Does it really have to be even lonelier?

But another part is thinking, "If this is a dream, which it obviously is, then it's pointless and stupid to get emotionally caught up in it. What do I do in such a situation? I sit down and wait. I wait until I wake up. Not until Miems comes back, but until I wake up. So that's what I'm doing right now."

Besides: It makes no sense. Everything within the dream, according to Jed, follows fixed patterns and laws. These are never broken by the Universe. So why should Miems stay away? To make me even freer? Nonsense. She showed yesterday at the workshop (yes, we did end up there and everything went very smooth) that she can handle any situation and leaves me totally free in that sense. I can go in any direction with her. So she is not a burden for me in this process. Not in any way. What else could it be that benefits from letting her stay away? I really can't think of anything. It simply doesn't make any sense.

So I am patient and trust that she will just walk back into my dream in a moment, meowing for kibble. And until then, I simply wait until I wake up.

But outside, it begins to rain. The wind whips and my heart cries for Miems....

But then, something beautiful happened.

I thought long and hard about all the signs earlier in the day. This was, without a doubt, a dream. So I was actually in another dimension sleeping soundly and dreaming this dream. Probably still in my mobile home in the Netherlands, surrounded by my crystals, lying in my most comfortable bed under my most perfect duvet on my most grandiose pillow. And *this* is what I dream.

Then I have only one mission: **to make sure that I stay lucid until I wake up.**

No matter where Miems is, no matter if she stays away or comes back. A dream is a dream. It's just another retake of the same exam: the variation on "Claudy is lost."

This exam is called, "Staying Lucid in the Dream in which Miems is Lost." And I swore to myself I would pass!

I grabbed a sheepskin and started combing it. Then another one and another one. All this time I felt calm and at ease. There was no anxiety, just silence and peace. I simply refused to disturb this situation with my emotions that would only be based on fear. Only a blind sucker would do that.

A few times I 'saw' Miems in front of me, as it were. I realized that I would not be surprised or relieved. Why on earth should I be if this isn't real? If it's *poof, gone!* when I wake up?

I listened to ABBA's *Eagle*: "Is this real or is it just a dream? Is it true I'm an eagle? Is it true I can spread my wings...?", an intuitively chosen song. I had no idea they were singing that first line...

A little before ten and four sheepskins later I decided enough was enough for today, My hand hurt from combing and I needed to pee. I got up, opened the sliding door and voilà: there was Miems. She had not been waiting there for a while, she actually just came walking towards the camper van. And, indeed: I was neither surprised nor relieved. I did feel grateful though...

I stroked her, talked to her and fed her. She meowed like crazy and it seemed like she'd had a rough day in the dream. Had she decided to walk back to our previous site, realizing half way it was way too far so she came back again? Or had she been fighting with another cat all day long? Whatever it was, she immediately wanted to go out again. And I just let her go, in full faith of whatever would be...

"I AM PASSED!", I cheered. Jed would be proud of me. But who cares? Jed probably doesn't even exist?! Nothing mattered, nothing at all. Not where Miems had been all this time, nor how many rugs I had combed (OK, four out of six...) All that mattered was that I had passed the exam. And I swore, "In this dream, I will remain lucid."

I repeated it ten, twenty times. ***In this dream I will remain lucid until I wake up.***

May 10. With Miems by my side, I slept soundly through the night. I had realized that this was not a good place for her. It was open and there were no trees, not even shrubs. Therefore it wasn't safe for her. And so I had decided to get up early the next morning and leave.

I actually woke up early (quite unusual for me). At six-thirty my first eye opened, at a quarter to seven my second eye opened, at seven I got up and at a quarter past seven I drove off. Miems was angry for not being allowed to go outside, so she peed on one of the rugs. In this lucid dream, I could only smile...

As I listened to the first song the CD player selected, I marveled at the perfection of the Universe and the role I play in it, if only I see the signals, the patterns Jed talks about. Haley Reinhart sings about Maya.

Spiderweb is the name of the song. I downloaded it yesterday, along with a whole range of her repertoire. I love her voice very much. And this song is about her as a spider, about how she lures people into her web with her sexy voice and her beautiful promises. And she knows: no one escapes. Once we are in her web, we stay there forever. We can't go anywhere. Well Maya, I got out! I'm out of your sticky rotten web and I'm never going back in! *I Am, and you are not! Ha!!!*

I had no idea where I was going but I let myself be guided. Apparently, just like music, plants play a role in this: an orchid at an intersection, or - at the destination - a large amount of Helleboris plants. I greeted them as I always did, in every garden center and in my own garden, "Hello Boris!" and I knew that everything was perfect. In my world, nothing ever goes wrong. I'm finally starting to get it...

And now I'm sitting in a mountain hut in the *Picos de Europa* drinking a beer at 10:30 in the morning! Who cares if it's just a dream! First I spent some time at Lago Enol, a beautiful lake where - apart from the eternal cow bells - it was very quiet. I think I will spend the night there. Miems and Claudy immediately loved it there! Then we drove on to Lago Ercina: much busier with mountain tourists Not a place for the night but perfect to charge my laptop while enjoying a beer! As soon as I have 100%, I will leave again. Back to the cows and the other lake. God, it's so beautiful here. And even in this dream, Claudy is still there, alive and kicking. Life is fucking great, my friends!

Suddenly I remember something else: I used to do these experiments all the way back in Groningen, as a college student... experiments in which I considered everything that happened to be 'just a dream' for the duration of one day. I did it on a regular basis! That's why it feels so familiar!

And another thing: I changed my identity regularly, just to see how it would feel to be a totally different person with a totally different identity! I changed my name as well as my profession. Once I went to the isle of Terschelling with Walter and we met some people at the campsite who wanted to know what we did in daily life. I said, "I am a driver for call-girls." They looked at me open-mouthed. Walter tried to hold back his laughter. "Why are you guys looking at me like that? I'm not a call-girl myself, I just drive them to their customers". "Seriously? But how does that work?" "Well, simple really. I get an assignment to drive a lady to a certain address. I do that and then I wait outside until they finish and then I drive her back". "Gee, but isn't that dangerous?" "Not really. I just wait and if she is not back within the agreed time, I call for backup and then two heavy guys arrive, bouncer type," I explained nonchalantly. I just didn't feel like talking about my business and thought of something else on the spot.

Now I see that it was all preparation for this path. I simply had no idea... I just thought it was fun. And right now, at this very moment in time when I still identify with Janet Ossebaard, I invent other identities once again. At campsites, at the vet. Another name, another profession. To get away from that Ossebaard person! At the last campsite the neighbor spoke to me and suddenly I was a (now retired) employee of the Ministry of Agriculture. In a dream, all that is possible. It's not a lie, it's 'playing with the dream content'. I have always done it, and I am still doing it now. The only difference is: it's not fun anymore. It's serious stuff.

May 11. Extraordinary how the previous evening went. I had driven back to Lago Enol and further along a small, narrow, rocky road into the Nature Park. Finally I couldn't go any further and parked the camper van. It was beautiful! Views of the high snow covered peaks, surrounded by rocks and - of course - cows with bells around their necks. I could only smile at it and wondered if this was a sign from the Universe to leave. Or just to do nothing and observe what it did to me.

While pondering, a park ranger appeared and very kindly pointed to the 'no camping' sign. I kindly nodded back. As he drove off, I thought, "I can do two things. 1: I think "He has finished his job and is going home, so I can just stay here" or 2: I leave for the next perfect place". At that moment a calf started licking my camper, which gave a funny, scraping sound. Then her mother used the step on the back to file her horns. I burst out laughing and decided to go for option 2.

The road back to civilization was slow because of the many sharp turns. I tried to drive as slowly as possible so Claudy and Miems wouldn't get too nauseous. It took us over an hour, but guess what? We are now in the most perfectly manifested spot ever: a huge, empty parking lot. It's off the road, on the other side of a small river. There are countless trees and shrubs in which lots of little birds sing their beautiful songs. It's probably crowded here in the summer, with tourists being transported from here in buses into the mountains. But right now, it's dead quiet. No lawn mowers and no cowbells! Miems loves it. She is safe and currently actively searching for mice. Claudy is sleeping next to me. Not far from here is a village where I can buy groceries, which I won't need for the next few days. I can get power for my laptop anywhere, as there are many restaurants along this road. My water tank is just about full. I would love it if we could stay here for a few days, I tell the Universe.

I don't leave a moment unspent thinking about this path. I read on in Jed's third book, underlining every sentence that is important to me. Outside, the sun breaks through after several rain showers.

"These hills and trees are a manifestation of my consciousness," I realize. "For if I dream all of this, how can it be anything else but a reflection of me." Indeed: *observer – observation – the observed* are one and the same. It simply has to be!

But I cannot quite feel it yet. It is still cerebral. Never mind. Good start.

"This also means I create my environment. Completely. Totally. Utterly and without exception. Every tree, every little bird, every car that drives by. Every lawnmower?" Yes.
"So that means I can also manifest that it stays quiet here." Yes.

If all of the above is true (and I know it is) then I better be aware of what I am thinking and feeling! Because as long as I experience duality (the mountains are beautiful but the 5G masts are not), I actually manifest duality. Meaning I create 5G masts. Theater props. But as long as I think they're bad, I won't make any progress. There is no difference between the mountain and the 5G mast. Both are manifestations of my consciousness. Solidified energy. That's it. Nothing more and nothing less.

I realize that I have not seen any 5G masts for days. Were they not there or did I not see them? It sounds like the eternal philosophical question: if a tree falls down but no one sees or hears it, did the tree actually fall? Who cares! Stupid philosophers with their retarded and pointless questions. Name *one* philosopher who became enlightened by his thoughts. Exactly. Zero.

The hours passed slowly today. It is 20:20 according to my travel alarm clock.
The beautiful number sequences continue to occur, all day long and for days now.
I am finally settling down: no more searching for places to spend the night, no needs for groceries, laundry, water, or wifi.

Since it did nothing but rain today, I mainly sat still, thinking and observing...





This is the 'perfect alignment of the two picnic tables with the horizon. What are the odds...

May 15, 2023

I'm back here with Cynthia and the girls, and YES, even though I have experienced a paradigm shift, we WILL finish and publish part 27 (and probably more...) of the Sequel!

May 24, 2023

My darling friends,

Yesterday, May 23, I had a breakthrough.

I feel humbled and compelled to share it with you.

May 30, 2023

Hello my English speaking friends,

Tomorrow (Wednesday), I will give a LIVE presentation about my breakthrough, my adventures and discoveries. Even though I wasn't gone long, the prior decades of preparations paid off. It all led to a EUREKA! moment that I will share with you via Zoom.

Many of you are struggling with the very same things I went through. I received so many questions which I promise to answer during my presentation.

It feels great to be 'back', even though nothing is the same anymore.

Because of my own transformation, I have hope for humanity again.

This hope had faded away to (below) zero, as I saw no evidence of real change in people, even in those who claim to be awake. But I now have hope coming from an unexpected direction. And it's hope based on facts and evidence.

Yes, it will be different that you're used to.

And no, for some things never change:

during this presentation too, I will kick some holy houses!

I did it in order to find Truth outward (the Fall of the Cabal),

and I did/do it to find Truth inward (the Fall of the Ego).

Raw, deep, honest, and merciless research is the only way to find Truth.

And I can assure you, that this is ALWAYS a painful process.

More about which on Wednesday...

I hope to welcome y'all then!

Love, as always, Janet

May 31, 2023

SO SORRY FOR THE INCONVENIENCE, MY FRIENDS, BUT I MUST POSTPONE TODAY'S ZOOM, AS CYNTHA'S DAUGHTER JUST HAD AN ACCIDENT AND NEEDS TO BE TAKEN TO THE HOSPITAL. SEEMS LIKE A (SMALL) SKULL FRACTURE.

MORE SOON...

LOVE, JANET

We're back from the hospital. Cynthia's daughter seems to be OK, even though there are stitches in her head. According to the doctor, there might be a fracture but that will heal by itself. They basically don't know. She had a close encounter with a tractor and the tractor won, as Cynthia just put it. All injuries (shoulder, for instance) will be healed by the body itself. What a marvel of a physical wonder!

We are very grateful for this outcome that could have been so much worse, according to the doctor. Thank you all for your prayers...

I think I will postpone the zoom until this Sunday. But more about that tomorrow.

Right now it's time to relax...

You do realize that I gave away a surprise, right? I'm back here with Cynthia and the girls, and YES, even though I have experienced a paradigm shift, we WILL finish and publish part 27 (and probably more...) of the Sequel!

Looking forward to seeing you all soon.

June 4, 2023

I think the English zoom will take place next Sunday. So sorry for the delay my friends. Cynthia's daughter is doing well, thank you so much for your lovely prayers and messages!

Blog 5 - June 4, 2023.

I'm going to write something about **honesty**. Something that really needs to get off my chest. Here we go.

The biggest taboo is honesty.

You can feel free to talk about your sex life, or about drug addictions, although not everyone will respond enthusiastically. But what does everyone glow with? Honesty.

People prefer to hear lies that fit their belief system.

A wonderful example was sent to me via Telegram: a video of a Guru, an old man from India with a long white beard telling how to deal with "toxic family members": "Change the label. They are not toxic, they are sick. What do you do with sick family members? You look after them".

What bullshit! The answer should have been: "You are all living in the separated state, in a dream state. For that I have a golden rule: *"Be kind, but take no shit. Tell them how it feels, explain to them what it does to you. Give them a final warning. Then, finally, if they don't change their attitude, leave them"*. But that's exactly what no one wants to hear. And so everyone gobbles up the bullshit of this con man, who pretends to be enlightened but clearly is not. Everyone laughs along with his cute sop: *"They lack vitamin W: wisdom"*.

Fuck off...

In the dream state, you don't have to let people walk all over you. People who constantly overstep your bounds may well be called *toxic*. There is nothing wrong with that label. You are allowed to set boundaries and to guard these boundaries. If they continue to cross them, you may say goodbye to them. Especially when you *know* that you have tried everything to explain to them how they treat you and what it does to you.

But people would much rather hear this fake guru. Rather lies than the truth.

Another great example. I thought long and hard about whether I would share it, but am now absolutely sure I want to. First, because it makes a lot of things clear and second ... it will clear itself.

During my hem there was time left over for questions. There were several hands up, and second was John. John indicated that his ego has not bothered him for ten years. (Indeed, that is the second reason; after all, if true, he has no problem with me sharing this to help others in their hassles with their ego.)

John lives in a continuous state of *bliss*, he told me. And he had three points:

- 1). He thanked and complimented me and Cynthia on our work. It took him a long time to do that. Many words, all spoken equally slowly and articulately, taking up a lot of his time which was not nice in view of the other questioners.
- 2). He had been told by Jesus that the ego is a necessary tool for functioning in this world and that it is therefore not our enemy, but that you "only" have to get it under control.
- 3). He explained that the Cabal is really close to falling now, that he has info at his disposal that clearly shows that.

At number 3, I interrupted John. I indicated that I did not want to talk about "outward" because that did not fit in this hem. After all, it was about "inward." I received a few annoyed retorts to that via email afterwards. How dare I cut him off! And just at a point that was so important!

Shall I be honest? Do you think you can handle *honesty*?

Then read the following and see what it does to your ego.

I had every right to cut John off. After all, it was my hem.

And it was not at all important or interesting what he had to say.

It was "outward" and therefore totally irrelevant to this hem.

But people want hope. They still want me to offer hope on a silver platter.

And I damn that. I no longer do that. John does. Because John loved to take up a lot of time, indeed, when I was chucked out of the zoom by the thunderstorm, he took over the whole conversation.

That's what I call borderline offensive and rude.

But worst of all, I didn't dare say that to his face. Because suppose I am not liked? Suppose I lose followers? Suppose they find me arrogant? Suppose I hurt John's feelings....

Do you guys recognize this? Well, I do!

I didn't have the guts to say to his face on the spot:

- John, *you're full of shit*.

- Everything you said, plus the way you said it, shows you have a giant ego

- You're not in bliss at all, that's abundantly clear.

- In fact, bliss has *nothing* at all to do with the integrated state. People in the integrated state are not non-stop in bliss.

(- *Bliss* also has nothing to do with enlightenment, but you yourself have already stated that you are not enlightened).

- You claim to have your info whispered to you by Jesus *himself*. *Seriously? Give me a fucking break*, John.

- What you say about the ego shows that you don't understand anything about it, John.

- So I don't know who you are channeling, but it's definitely not JC.

- The fact that you kept on talking to my group while I had to log in again is transgressive and shows great ego.

- The fact that you talk about having information that I apparently do not have is evidence of a big ego. You are selling heap-porn, not facts. I know the facts John. And I don't need Jesus for that.

- And then finally, how did you get it into your blunt head to - at the end - during a wonderful moment of silence with two other people, *unmute* yourself and rant through it again *unmasked!*?

That was so rude, so insensitive, and so transgressive! *How dare you...*

But I didn't dare say it. At that moment my ego struck. It dragged me out of the integrated state back into the separated state. And emotion number one of man struck: fear.

Fear of rejection. Fear of his anger. For the anger of others. Fear of not being liked anymore.

It is beautiful to be so tossed back and forth between two paradigms. According to Jed, the distance between the two gets bigger and bigger, until eventually it's a huge chasm and you can never be sucked back in. But right now it's just a rift. And I have to be constantly on my guard.

No John, it is a lie that you don't have to kill your ego but you only have to contain it. Who can do that? How many people can do that? I can tell you: almost no one can. Not even you John. Your ego has you by the balls and squeezes it so hard that you really think you have it under control. At least, I hope you think so. After all, then you are just ignorant and there is still something innocent about that. If you do this knowingly you are just a liar and a fraud. Just like that man with the long white beard in India.

"You must not play games with me!", he still shouted when I burst out laughing because of the nonsense he was talking. I didn't have the guts to reply, "Why not John? You are playing games with me and with my group now, aren't you?"

What a coward I am....

And when John said, "Doesn't matter, we love each other and that's what matters," I mumbled something like, "That's how it is... I didn't have the courage to just be honest and say, "No John, I don't love you. I don't even know you. And you don't know me either, even though your ego wants to give the impression with this comment that we are old pals. You don't know me and if you knew me, you wouldn't have made this comment. In fact, you wouldn't have even raised your hand".

Honesty is terrifying. It is a mega-taboo. Nature has no problem with it, only man. As I write this, a fox appears - just in the middle of the day and close to me - biting 1 of the chickens to death. I fly upright, scream, the fox lets go and takes off. The chicken dies in my hands.

That is honesty. Just raw nature. The fox doesn't think, "Would they still like and love me after that?" The hen doesn't think, "How unfair." It just happens. It *is*. Honest and direct. No one bothers, except me, of course, with my Calimero Complex from the segregated state....

If I used to be honest, e.g. that I had done something naughty, my mother would slap me. So I learned to lie. That was rewarded. I also heard her lying from time to time, but she just got away with it. Why didn't she get slapped? "So the truth is sometimes dangerous, and sometimes not? Hmm... confusing".

When I still lived in Wells and put a large package at the gate of the closed waste depot, I had an inspector from the municipality visit me the next day. He asked if I had put that there. I said "Yes," resulting in a fine. So I asked him, "If I had just lied and said 'No,' what would have happened?" He replied, "Then I couldn't have issued a fine because we have no proof, just your name on the package." "Oh, so I am now being fined for my honesty?" "Yes," was the simple answer. I could only stare at him in bewilderment.

In my work, when I showed video footage from China of the atrocious Covid policy there, a system that is slowly but surely coming this way, and that footage showed a girl being dragged away and an agent deliberately breaking her neck, I got angry e-mails from people, "How could I show something so gruesome?????" I didn't reply, but if I had been honest I would have replied something along the lines of: "Hard huh, facing the truth? Get used to it, their system is coming your way. *Deal with it.* And PS: *wake the fuck up!*"

Meanwhile, I'm 57. As of a few hours ago. I turned 57 today and in my old age I finally understand that everyone, but really *everyone*, including myself, is afraid of the truth. We want *sweet lies*. We want hope. We want to be saved by another, but certainly not by ourselves, because *we can't!*

Once Cynthia and I made a four-part series on Covid. We later took that off our channel because I was mortified by the hope porn we offered in it, especially in part 4. *Holeverredamme...* I could puke that I participated in that.

From now on, no one will ever get hope from me. From now on, people will get the truth. I'll probably only have a few followers left, but seeing this so clearly, I'm fine with that. If you want hope, go see John, or that prick in India, or Charlie Ward, he's good at that too. Why do you think I don't give interviews there anymore?

I got an email from someone in Germany saying that I really need to take Jesus into my heart anyway. I was honest this time and replied to him, "Who are you that you give me unsolicited advice? *Unsolicited?!!!* You don't know me. You don't know the bond between me and JC, so FUCK OFF!"

But yeah, that last part is sooooo rude and blunt and nasty... Yeah, that's right.

You know what's also rude and crass and nasty? And fucking transgressive? Some idiot sending me an email like that.

Ask yourself, "What if the Cabal does NOT fall? What then?"

Observe your ego, observe your fear, observe your reaction.

And then ask yourself another question, "Have I really done EVERYTHING to prevent the misery that awaits us then?" Think about the Chinese system, think about Klaus Schwab of the World Economic Forum, who literally says that China is an example for many countries, "*I believe China is a role model for many countries.*" Then think of that system at your house. Think of Nazi practices, think of ghettos (which we now call 15-minute cities), think of the girl whose neck was broken because she resisted during her arrest for not wanting to wear a mouthpiece, think of concentration camps (which are already the order of the day in China), think of the words of Hugo de Jonge, that there should be re-education camps for people who do not obediently go along with the Covid policy, think of the chip you get in your head that allows you to be "read" 24/7 and your thoughts and emotions can be changed. Then think about your children and ask yourself again, "Have I really done EVERYTHING to prevent the misery that awaits us if the Cabal does not fall?"

If the answer is "No," and I guarantee that for 99.99% of readers it will be "No," then you are giving away your power to others. Then you are participating in fear-porn. Then you are as much of a coward as I am.

On my birthday, think about that.

And don't send me congratulations, for God's sake. I'm not celebrating today. I will never celebrate my birthday again.

I only celebrate life in this dream. And if that means you will soon be walking out of my Telegram channel en masse, *so be it*. I will no longer participate in the lies. Regardless of the consequences.

I hope you understand that I have just given you - in passing - the answer to the Ham Question. "But *what* can I *do*?" The question Cynthia and I have been thrown to death with. The answer is above:

STOP PARTICIPATING IN THE LIES. REGARDLESS OF THE CONSEQUENCES.

Do you have to wear a mouthpiece? Just so don't.

Do you need a nose swab? Just so don't.

Do you need a chip? Just so you don't.

Do you need identification to enter somewhere, like a theater? Just don't.

Do you have to use an ATM card? Just so don't. Give cash. If they don't accept that, walk away and just leave your full cart.

And think for yourself. Be creative. If there are cameras everywhere in your neighborhood, put on a nice mask and go past them with a spray can. You don't have to destroy them, just spray them shut. My favorite mask is an ET with those big black eyes. But you can also choose a witch, or a monster. As long as you make something fun out of it.

Are there suddenly barricades in your neighborhood because you were chosen to live in a 15-minute ghetto? Ask a farmer how he/she would solve that, e.g. with the tractor. Surely such a concrete block should be able to be pulled away? Many farmers are creative and have guts. Film it and share it on the internet. Just from a creative perspective and to inspire others. If you are not civilly disobedient NOW, you are an even bigger coward than me. Then you know for sure that the answer to the above question is *NO*.

And then I only have 1 last, honest question for you:

How on earth are you going to explain to your children that you didn't do enough to make sure they could grow up in freedom?

Harsh.

But honest.

It's time to take off the velvet gloves and roll up our sleeves.

And if you're afraid to do that, that's totally OK. Really it is.

But don't pretend you've done everything in your power.

Because you didn't.

You were just a cowardly hat.

Just like me...

June 5, 2023

HELLO MY DARLING ENGLISH SPEAKING FRIENDS!

CYNTHA HAS ASKED ME TO DO THE ZOOM PRESENTATION THIS WEDNESDAY (NOT THIS SUNDAY) AS SHE TOO HAS A PRESENTATION READY FOR Y'ALL!

AS I THINK HERS IS BLOODY BRILLIANT AND VERY IMPORTANT FOR YOU TO SEE, I WILL INDEED DO MY ZOOM THIS WEDNESDAY. THE DAY AFTER TOMORROW.

IF YOU ALREADY GOT A TICKET, NO PROB.

YOU WILL RECEIVE THE LINK HALF AN HOUR BEFORE WE START.

LOOKING FORWARD TO SEEING YOU IN 2 DAYS!

June 18, 2023

Hi there, my beautiful friends all across the world!

As you know, I left Fall Cabal to follow my own path: INWARD - NOT OUTWARD!

I had no idea at the time that I was so close to reaching the Integrated State...

So much has happened since then. I shared some of it in my blogs and in a live zoom presentation, and will write many more blogs soon.

The Integrated State is indeed, just like Jed McKenna said, the winning lottery ticket. And the strangest thing is... not much has changed, really. But at the same time, everything has changed. Once my inner world changed, my outer world changed. And nothing would ever be the same again...

I am now back - at least for a while - to work some more with Cynthia.

Part 27 was almost done when I left, and when I watched it after a few weeks of silence, I realised my work isn't done just yet. I still have to play my part in what is to come. And I will do so gladly and willingly!

Part 27 is now ready to be shown to the world and to go viral.

I think it's one of our best episodes...

And, as always, we will give you the opportunity to watch it live with us during a zoom presentation, with the possibility to ask questions afterwards.

So... join us LIVE this Thursday, June 22 at 8pm CET (Amsterdam time).

BLOG 6 June 25, 2023

Let's go back in time a little bit...

May 14 (*still in Spain*). Yesterday, boredom suddenly struck. I decided to watch our unfinished Part 27 of the *Sequel to the Fall of the Cabal*. Maya grabbed me and dragged me back into her sticky web.

And I enjoyed it.

We did such a great job! What a pity it would be if this episode never got to see the light of day!

I got my microphone out and added a bit of voice-over in my camper van. The sound was good.

I felt the buzz of getting back to work...

But the Universe thought otherwise and drained the battery to 10%. Weird... I shut my laptop and realized that Maya really had me there for a moment. How tempting is it to return into the Matrix! In the parking lot where I'm staying, I am (quite symbolically) just outside the Matrix. I can hear and see the road, but there's a river between the road and the parking lot. I am just outside the Matrix. And I only wish to make that distance bigger, not smaller.

Last night I had a bad dream. I was at the Estate where a TV crew wanted to do an interview with me. It was some sort of a show where I had to answer questions. I had reluctantly said yes but now I realized I didn't want to go through with it at all! Everything went wrong. I looked like crap, the makeup was missing, my hair looked like an exploded rabbit, and I hadn't studied the questions properly. I was totally stressed out, but once again I failed to become lucid and get out. The steam came out of my ears as I just kept running like an idiot to try and make things work.

I woke up covered in sweat. Why didn't I manage to wake up in the dream? Or *from* the dream?

I was angry. Angry because of the bad dream, angry for not being able to change things in the dream, and angry because I had woken up with back pain again, due to a cheap little mattress.

But then the sun broke through and I laid back with Claudy on a sheepskin rug in nature.

Duality 2.0...

When can I transcend it, pretty please?

Once again, everything was as "real" as it is now: the TV crew, the cameras, the stress, even the perception of time.

Once you really start paying attention, it gets so confusing...

Last night I read in Jed's book that he sometimes wanted to kick people in the hopes of waking them up, and that at the same time he knew it would never happen. The similarities to my work within *Fall Cabal* are eerily common. Only now can I see that my work too was a preparation for this path I'm on.

Everything was a preparation. Absolutely everything.

May 21-23 I read aloud at my Zoom presentation

May 21. Over the past few days, I have been able to observe my ego closely, which was raw and nasty.

I felt how it took control of me, like a huge tidal wave. It rose up from my toes until it had swallowed me whole. I felt possessed. My ego wanted to destroy everything and everyone I ever loved. Just like Cynthia had done when she had one of her episodes, I did exactly the same thing.

Then I had the worst panic attack I'd ever had. I felt like I was going crazy. Paranoid, aggressive, terrified, desperate, suicidal... all at the same time.

There was still so much hatred in me! All consuming hatred. The exact same hatred I saw at the Estate in the eyes of Jodie's daughter. It had shocked me back then, and it shocked me even more now.

All of that hatred sprang forth from fear. Fear of injustice (I thought). But upon examining that fear more closely, I realized that it was, ultimately, fear of losing my identity as Janet Ossebaard. Fear of disappearing completely and utterly. Fear of losing my ego, and thus, my identity. Fear of the great nothingness.

So... where to go from here?

I just don't know.

Read Jed's books again?

And then what?

Start all over again, in volume 1, for the third time? Or is it the fourth time?
Continue with Spiritual Autolysis?

The latter most certainly!

There are two questions I need to answer:

- Who am I?
- What is Truth?

This is a dream. That is an absolute *fact* for me. There is no question whatsoever in my mind about that. Within the dream, everything seems real. But outside the dream, I now full well that all of this is just an illusion. That everything will be gone in a *flash* the moment I wake up.

Just like my dream last night. It was so detailed! I was in a second hand store, just outside Amsterdam, with beautiful crystals and expensive medieval manuscripts. A parchment booklet from 1271! A religious object that was very old and barely bigger than a Sumerian scroll seal! My bewilderment that they actually had it there! The smell of the parchment, the clothes worn by the woman who bought a very expensive, rare crystal, she was standing right in front of me, the bus that had driven me there, the bus driver, the ticket strip that I had forgotten to stamp but luckily he didn't check... Everything was so real! The smells, the atmosphere, people's voices, the conversations... *In* the dream, *everything* was real.

But when I woke up (because I had to pee), *POOF!* It was all gone. All of it! There was nothing left. It had been just an illusion. And if I hadn't done so much dream training, I would've forgotten everything within minutes, even seconds... There would have been no trace left of something that seemed so real and that lasted for so long.

And so is this 'reality' here. I'm waiting for the *POOF!* moment. It will come irrevocably when I die, physically. But it will also come when I focus long enough on those two questions:

- Who am I?
- What is Truth?

So... once again... here we go.

Who am I?

Once again: In this dream, I am Janet Ossebaard, creator of the Fall of the Cabal, crop circle researcher, bla bla bla. Since it is a dream, I am NOT Janet Ossebaard, creator of the Fall of the Cabal, crop circle researcher, bla bla bla. Because that character is only a dream character, someone who exists only by the grace of this dream. As long as the dream continues, the dream persona exists. But once the dreamer wakes up?

Outside the dream I do not know who I am. Am I Janet Ossebaard? Do I look the same? No, it cannot be! I have dreams in which Claudy and Miems do not exist at all. Does that mean there are dreams in which Janet Ossebaard does not exist? I never really see myself in my dreams, in mirrors for instance. So who am I outside the dream? Am I a woman? Am I a human being? Do I have a body? Am I just a few brain cells in somebody's lab? Or am I only consciousness? How can I know this? I cannot know. I can only find out when I wake up.

Who am I? This question is impossible to answer! I exist in the dream only by the grace of the dreamer, so who is the dreamer? Is that me? But then, who is that *me*? And if this is a dream within a dream within a dream within a dream, as I sometimes in my dream work have experienced, then who is the first dreamer on top of the pyramid of dreams? Is that me? And if so, then who is *that* 'me'?

Hence, I automatically arrive at the *only* thing I can be sure of, the only thing I know for a *fact* to be true:
I AM.

Nothing else is certain.

Neither the form of I AM, nor the content.

Only I AM.

And I AM Consciousness.

Everything is consciousness.

Therefore, I AM CONSCIOUSNESS.

Everything else is illusion, non-truth.

Period!

Jed says:

*If Truth is all,
and Consciousness exists,*

then Consciousness is all.

And there's no way you can prove him wrong. No one.

The dreamer, the dreaming process, and the dream are one and the same... All the Enlightened ones agree on. But I just don't get it.

The dreamer
The dreaming process
The dream

Let's try something else:

God
Creation process
Creation itself

There is no segregation, no separation. Therefore, God *is* the creation process *and* the creation.
The dreamer = the dreaming process = the dream.
Do you get it?
For I sure as hell don't.

One day later:

May 22. UNLESS... I add: *As long as the dream lasts!*

Then it becomes:

As long as this dream lasts, the dreamer equals the dreaming process and equals the dream.

When the dreamer wakes up, the dreaming process and the dream are gone, *POOF!*

The dreamer remains, right?

So the dreamer is greater than the dream and the dreaming process.

Logical!

God created the creation. And as long as that process continued, God was equal to the creation process, and to the final creation.

And so we get to Jed's statement about the Universe:

The Universe is smaller than I AM.

It has to be!

There is no other way!

I AM creates the Universe through the dreaming process, but at the moment of awakening, both the dreaming process and the Universe are gone!

All that remains is I AM...

I think I got it!

EUREKA!

It all falls into place now. Every piece of the jigsaw puzzle. It all makes sense now.

I look around and I see grass, clouds, concrete rubble, roof tiles, Claudy, Miemi, and myself.

We are all dreamed together, and we only exist for as long as the dream continues.

We are all made of the same fine dream dust.

Threads of dream matter, temporarily solidified energy patterns, that will soon be gone again.

I am nothing more or less than that blade of grass, the cloud, the 5G mast, or Claudy...

We are all 'dust in the wind'.

We come, we go.

We appear, we disappear.

We are literally made of the same stuff.

We are identical.

None of us is real.

End of duality.

Game over.

I fucking nailed it. I suddenly saw it. It felt like a beam of lightning struck me.

Game over, by the way, was on the t-shirt of a neighbour I saw the other day.

When duality is gone, the game is over.

Next day: May 23. As long as I am dreaming, there is no problem. There cannot be, because I am lucid. So as soon as anything happens that I don't like, I adjust the dream. That's what I did all those years in my dream work: simply adjust the dream.

As long as I'm lucid/awake in the dream, I'm good...

When I wake up, there's no problem either!

After all, by then, I'll just be part of the endless ocean of consciousness!

As soon as the bucket of sea water is thrown back into the ocean, it *is* the ocean again.

Remember?

There was *never* segregation, only the temporary illusion of segregation.

I live in a temporary state of the illusion of segregation.

As soon as I wake up, I am the ocean again.

It is that simple!

It is the simplest thing there is, and yet I did not see it.

I did, for a few hours, 25 years ago, and then too I thought:

"It cannot be any simpler than this! How can it be that I didn't see this before?? How could I *not* see this??"

This is what Jed means when he says:

"People see what is *not* there, they do not see what *is* there".

All those years, when I drew a card from the stack of cards on my mantelpiece, I drew Simplicity.

It was always the same card!

I once checked if there were many Simplicity cards but there was only the one card.

It was always Simplicity and now I know why.

All the time I was thinking: "But how do I wake up from this dream???", I didn't really, truly, fully realize that I was dreaming. I thought I knew, but I didn't.

It wasn't a big deal at all, it was just an insight...

As long as I'm dreaming, I'm good.

It makes me laugh now, because this one sentence immediately stopped my entire search.

I can adjust this dream whenever I want, which makes it so much fun.

Everything is wonderful, and everything is miraculous.

The Law of Attraction comes back into the play again, thank you Abraham (Hicks)!

I practiced it for so many years...

Everything was preparation.

Everything falls into place now.

Jed calls it "prayer", Abraham says "Ask and you shall receive", it is all the same thing.

One source of endless consciousness.

There is no separateness.

How could I ever believe that??

This is the greatest conspiracy ever.

We thought we were separate.

We believed our ego.

And that caused so much misery.

That was the moment we were banned from the Garden of Eden.

After all, we ate a fruit from a tree that made us believe what was good and what was bad.

Duality.

It was the Tree of Duality.

Fucking apple...

I cannot stop laughing as I'm writing this... fucking apple!

Before that moment, we had no idea what duality or segregation was!

Everything was one.

The snake was the ego.

That is what seduced us.

And when we thought: "OK, let's give it a try", it struck.

It was swallowed with the apple and remained within us from that moment on.

And with that, segregation and duality were born.

To spoil the rest of our lives (within the dream).
Because we believed it.
We saw what is *not* there, segregation and duality, and thus, fear was born.
Fear the rest of our lives (within the dream).
Because we believed it.
Anger, hatred, jealousy, vanity, etc. etc. Were born.
And then, there was war, after war, after war.
An endless repetition of events, because nobody saw anymore what was truly there:
an endless ocean of unity, of oneness, of consciousness, of no-judgement.

What a tragedy.
And what a grandiose spectacle.

Further...

(End of read aloud Zoom content)

May 26. My ego is silent. I haven't heard it for four days now. It feels like much longer.
And it feels like total freedom. FREEDOM with capital letters!

Tomorrow night I'll be doing my first Zoom presentation. For the first time, I'm going to do something completely different. It's going to be raw and vulnerable. I don't think it's scary and I'm not going to ponder about it in advance, only about which passages I'm going to read out loud to the viewers.
It will be naked, as it were. Of course there will be very mixed reactions, but I notice I don't care.
I'll just give what I've got.

People will think whatever they want to think anyway. I no longer have the illusion that I can have any influence on that, nor do I want to. I learned that in the past with the crop circles, the UFOs and the Fall of the Cabal: some praise you into heaven, others kick you into hell. It doesn't matter, because it tells me something about *them*. About the things they believe in. If it fits their belief system, you are the hero. If not, you are the enemy. Except the very few who have the balls to change their belief system.
So be it.

Tomorrow night I am basically going to call everyone a sleepwalking baby and that will not go down well with many. Many viewers will think of themselves as being awake. They are among the very group who are the most difficult to wake up and they probably never will.

But on the other hand, everyone is used to Cynthia and me kicking down holy cows. From former heroes like Bill Gates, Obama, and the Clintons to the Church. That's exactly what I've been doing nonstop for about five years: research, research, research. Peeling off all the layers of a subject until only the hard core remains. The naked truth (within the dream). And it was never what we'd expected and it was never what we'd hoped for. It was always ugly. The Ugly Truth, as we call it in part 27 of the Sequel.

The further and deeper we went, the more shocked we were.
Is there hope for humanity?
Within the dream state, filled with emotionally immature and spiritually drained people: absolutely not.
Even if a few become Human Adults (as Jed coined them), no society will welcome them.
Once you start *seeing*, you are not welcome anywhere.

Two of my last remaining friends (whom I really, truly love) call themselves and their peers: *the decent people*. "We are the decent people!", is their slogan. It makes me sick to my stomach. It's the last club I want to belong to. It's as empty and purposeless as being politically correct. But they are proud of it.
I can't imagine it at all.
If you insist on identifying with anyone in this dream, why on earth would you pick a decent person?

So there will probably be two categories tomorrow night:
1. Those who'll love my story and message;
2. Those who'll find me arrogant and negative and who'll drop out and go out of my Telegram channel.

Whatever. It's all fine by me.

But I like how our inexhaustible research (on, and on, and on... Jed would call it *Further*) was actually the same as inward Autolysis. *Further*. On, and on, and on, until only Truth remains.
Of course *outward* would merge into *inward*, how could I not?
Everything was a preparation for this path.
Everything, down to the smallest details.

May 28. I'm looking forward to the Zoom tonight. I'm looking forward to this sweltering day. I'm looking forward to watching the chemtrails. I'm looking forward to everything.
I feel intensely grateful for this state of being.
And I'm going to make sure I'll remain lucid.
So far, that's been effortless.

I look at the chemtrails and feel no judgment. They are neither beautiful nor ugly. Neither good nor bad. They just *are*. They are part of my dream, that is all. Simplicity.
I can only smile. How is it possible that, only a few weeks ago, this was impossible?
That I just didn't know how to get here?

What am I going to talk about tonight? We'll see. I definitely want to talk about the genius of the ego, about the First Step (which hardly anyone ever takes out of fear), about the difference between Human Childhood, Human Adulthood (terms Jed coined) and Enlightenment. Definitely about Fear...

May 29. The Zoom went really well. I just went along with the flow. I had (apart from a little lipstick) no makeup on and just sat in the garden with my laptop. Once again: simplicity.

I started at 8pm; the weather was radiant and hot. But (against all weather forecasts) as I was exposing my ego to the viewers, wind began to blow like crazy, out of the blue! The sky closed in with dark clouds. Within seconds, the wind became so strong it picked up two metal garbage can lids and sent them flying through the air! Thunder and lightning joined the show. I laughed: "Wouldn't it be the best joke ever if I were struck by lightning right now, live on TV?! "The biggest barbecue ever! And don't you whine about it, cause if you do, you didn't get the message! I would simply wake up *from* this dream in one big flash!"
I continued telling my story but eventually it started raining cats and dogs so then I had to go inside.
I can only imagine how furious my ego must have been! The storm radar showed nothing.

There were a few questions afterwards, and the very best was the end where a beautiful couple in Norway didn't manage to *unmute*. They were desperately trying to. Finally I said, "Just stop. Let go. Look at me..."
They did and their energy immediately changed, and with it, so did they. They were so beautiful, so sweet, so serene. There was a deep contact between us. Words would only have destroyed the moment.
This happened after I told them that I am mostly silent now, except of course during the presentation. That I have actually become a boring, quiet person. And there they were... and we had the most beautiful, deep contact you can imagine... in total silence.
What an ending...
Total perfection.

When I went to bed it had cooled down nicely. At a quarter past 1, I had to take a pee and when I looked at the moon, I saw a beautiful big ball of light flying from left to right, pretty fast. I had a tiny little flashlight and just for fun I flashed it three times. On the third time, the light flickered out. How funny was that! As if that little flashlight had any power at all! But then again, in my dream anything is possible...
I went to sleep happy and grateful.

June 2. I haven't written for a few days. I feel the thin line between Integrated State and Segregated State. Occasionally I am tossed back and forth. Only awareness and sharpness of mind can keep me in the Integrated State, where everything is perfect. In the Separated State, it feels like I am in limbo.

I've been thinking a lot about the topic of *honesty* the last two days.
Nobody wants honesty.
Everybody wants sweet lies.

If you tell the truth you're called *rude* and *arrogant*.
I think I'm going to write a blog about it...

(See above: *blog part 5*)

XX

June 25, 2023

Join us on Thursday!

On Thursday June 29, at 8 pm CET, you can join us again for a very special event. The first presentation in a series about the children: **SEXUAL INDOCTRINATION OF CHILDREN & THE TRANSGENDER AGENDA.**

Many people underestimate the impact Agenda 2030 has on our children. After all, who can see the whole picture?

That's where this presentation comes in. To give you an overall picture of how the entire society is being attacked from within to carry out the elite's agenda.

Protect your children from what is taking place in schools, sports clubs, TV, libraries, literally EVERYWHERE! Never before have children been so exposed to confusing and disempowering messages as they are now!

It is about time to expose it all, see it for what it is and collectively say NO! THIS MUST STOP!

Make sure you are well informed. Not just as a parent, but also as a grandparent, uncle/aunt, neighbor and as part of the community!

The presentation is still available here: <https://www.fallcabal.com/product/presentation-all-about-the-children-part-1/>

MY MESSAGE ABOUT THE CHILDREN....

<https://www.bitchute.com/video/7SHcCxcgDTXPa/>

PLEASE SHARE!

BitChute

A message from Janet Ossebaard

You can join our Telegram channel with this link:

https://t.me/Fall_of_the_Cabal

...



Yes... I know... I look much older without contact lenses, without make-up (just a little lipstick). I lost 10 kilos in one month during my transformation into a Human Adult. So there is too much skin on my neck. I know, I know, I know.

BUT I NEVER FELT SO MUCH ALIVE!!!

And this is me.

What you see is what you get...

“Make no mistake about it – enlightenment is a destructive process. It has nothing to do with becoming better or being happier. Enlightenment is the crumbling away of untruth. It’s seeing through the facade of pretense. It’s the complete eradication of everything we imagined to be true.”

— Adyashanti.

Blog 7 - GIVING UP

One of the things that rebuilds me the most in this dream state, time after time, is how easily people give up. The struggle, trust, each other, themselves.

Would it be the same in other dreams?

I remember my dreams well every morning. But "giving up" is never such a theme. Only in this dream, which we call reality, is it a thing. Let me put it another way: it strikes me. Now that I have figured out how this dream state works, operates, I am no longer so bewildered. It's actually quite predictable.

Let me give you an example. Maybe this will help you, you can do something with this. That, after all, is the purpose of my writing: that people recognize their own situation and can use it to make changes in their situation, for example, and, at best, can use it to wake up in this dream....

We had two close family friends: Hans and Dick. They were nature lovers, birders, wild plant geeks, just like my parents (especially my father). That's how they had met and how they stayed in the family. Nice guys. With Dick I still went out regularly until about three years ago: to a museum, a theater performance, or just out to dinner. He and I were real Burgundians, so our city, Deventer, regularly lured us to enjoy a good meal on a terrace and of course lots and lots of good beer or good red wine, depending on the temperature outside. Or inside. We were both true *bon vivants*.

With Hans I had less of a personal connection. He was friendly, quiet, an up-and-coming naturalist, and had humor. The click I had with Dick, I didn't have with him. But he was absolutely a wonderful person.

I write in the past tense because they both died recently. First Hans, then Dick. Both of them of cancer.

Hans started having trouble swallowing; even coffee became difficult at one point. When he went to the hospital with my mother (my father was long gone by then) he was told he had an aggressive form of esophageal cancer. At most, the doctor gave him another month or two.

That was Hans' death sentence. From the Separate State, to my absolute dismay, I watched Hans give up the fight - and with it, life.

"That was it...," he said defeatedly to me when I visited him.

"What do you mean?", I asked, not understanding the remark at all.

"Well, I'm going to die," he replied gloomily.

"We're all going to die, Hans."

"Yes, but I am in a few weeks," he said.

"Yes, and me tonight, if I'm not careful when crossing the street," I replied.

"Hans, you have options! You're not going to tell me you're giving up the fight immediately after a bad-news conversation, are you?"

"Then what options do I have?"

"Well, you can start with a vitamin C infusion, then an oxygen device to raise your oxygen level in your blood (the breathing of Wim Hof, the *Ice Man*, also works), then stop taking sugar, your body must become alkaline instead of acidic and of course you must immediately go on the MiniFG to destroy the cancer cells."

I told him that this was not alternative drivel, that cancer is being fought extremely successfully in several countries with massive amounts of vitamin C; cancer cells appear to go into a blind panic, especially when administered by IV. Moreover, cancer cannot thrive in an oxygen-rich environment, it feeds on sugar, and absolutely does not like low PH levels. The MiniFG is a device that you can buy for something like 300 euros and with which we have been vibrating any pathogen (virus, bacteria, fungus, etc.) to pieces for years. It works on electro-pulses, and if you know the vibration value of the pathogen in question and you set the device to that, the (cancerous) cells vibrate along at their own frequency to such an extent that they explode. Just like the opera singer's glass. Or an egg in the microwave. In this way, many cancer patients can be saved from death, were it not for the fact that almost all of them choose chemo and/or radiation. Which is a pity, because then you know for sure that you will die.

And that's exactly where the shoe was stuck. Hans knew for sure that he was going to die. In fact, he was already dead. He had already given up the fight...

So sad. So predictable. So understandable. And again: so sad.

Because we loved Hans.

But Hans listened to me politely. He listened when I offered to guide him in this, if necessary cooking for him daily, hooking him up, applying IVs, whatever needed to be done. He would think about it.

But after talking with the doctor and my mother, he opted for chemo and died miserable.

I didn't go to his funeral. I couldn't possibly keep my face in the crease when in fact I had wanted to scream at his coffin, "Are you a guy?!!! Why didn't you fight!!! Why did you give up right away?!!!"

I said goodbye to him in my own way, far away and with love in my heart. I could accept his choice but not actually understand it, much less respect it. From the Separate State, that was simply too much to ask.

The question occupied my mind for a long time: why didn't he fight?

Why on earth did he immediately resign himself to his fate?

From the Separated State, I had tried *everything!*

From the Integrated State I had not fought but surrendered.

But Hans was not in the Integrated State.

So what possessed him?

I can only answer these questions by going inward.

How did I do that, from the Separated State?

And did that work?

Why should I not fight now, from the Integrated State?

And why does that not equal giving up?

I've had bad news conversations with doctors many times in my 57 years.

So I know what I'm talking about, I have a right to speak.

When I was 24, I got a neck hernia. "Inoperable," the doctors said. I was dying of pain and was eventually put on a rigid collar that would support my neck and head. For six months I had to wear it and lie in bed as much as possible.

By now a totally outdated approach.

A life-threatening approach moreover, because the chance of blood clots and thus a heart or brain infarct and/or pulmonary embolism is high, due to the lack of movement.

They had never heard of blood thinners, so I lay in my small student room in Groningen for six months, still writhing in pain. After six months the collar came off and it only got worse.

I 'learned to live' with pain. Serious pain.

If there is anything I have built up expertise in in my life, it is pain.

Pain, men, and crop circles.

I'm good at that, shall we say.

Did I give up the fight? I don't really remember. Through all the painkillers, life became something of a blur. I can't remember if six months was long, I can't remember how I survived. It was too long ago and I was aware of very little.

I do remember that I subsequently developed a double hernia in my lower back. That one was many times worse and, again, inoperable according to the doctors in several hospitals.

They tried all the new techniques and discoveries on me. I cried out in pain, and if not for my mother, I would have undoubtedly broken several neurologists' necks. I hated them. Doctors. What jerks... They knew nothing about pain, that much was clear. How I would have loved to give them a crash course so they at least knew what it felt like....

I went from Academic Hospital Groningen to Zwolle, where they cast me in a plaster corset from my neck to my crotch, with a run-through to my left knee. I remember that period well. My strategy? I adapted. I became flexible. I didn't give up but also didn't struggle. The pain was stable and bearable, thanks to my movement restriction. I started lecturing about crop circles again. Because the corset came to just below my knee, I couldn't bend my left leg. But I struggled until I found a way to dress myself and even drive a car (somewhat irresponsibly). With the driver's seat far back, I could reach the clutch, and with some artifice I was able to depress the other pedals as well. I walked as if I had a supporting role in "The Return of the Mummy." But by just naming this at the beginning of my lectures, everyone laughed, the ice was broken and I just did my story. I was enjoying life again, despite all the limitations.

But when the corset came off, again six months later, the situation was many times worse. My muscles were gone and nothing could accommodate the body anymore so the pain level reached Morphine 4.2.

What was I doing?

How did I react?

I tried *everything!*

If the doctors had told me to stand on my head to poop dimes, I would have done it. I can tell you worse: when I heard that the Brazilian *Miracle Man*, John of God, was coming to Germany to give healings, I drove to see him. Four hours in the car (one way), groaning in pain. I could no longer...

Visiting this man, who could operate on people without anesthesia and perform more such miracles, was one big disappointment. I had to stand in the endless line for hours, but I couldn't stand at all. I have no idea how I lasted, but when I stood in front of him he only touched my hand for a moment and I had to walk on. I sat in the car crying in pain, disappointment and despair. In retrospect, I suspect that he sensed (with all his "psychic" abilities) that years later I would expose him in the Fall of the Cabal as a monster who had set up trafficking in women as a business model, in addition to, of course, earning money from desperate, sick and dying people. He had six sex slaves whom he prestantly got pregnant. The babies were then sold for a lot of money.

I didn't know that at the time, and that's a good thing. Otherwise, I would have spent the rest of my painful days behind bars.

Anyway, back to the question: did I give up or did I fight?

Neither, I think in retrospect.

I didn't give up but I didn't really fight either.

But I tried everything.

Out of sheer desperation.

Giving up was not an option.

What would that get me?

As long as I hadn't tried everything there was hope, right?

Hence I can sometimes react bluntly to people who complain but don't try everything, for example in the alternative circuit. Then my response is invariably:

"Then you haven't suffered enough."

Back to my journey.

I remember how I lay - now in the hospital in Harderwijk - in bed: on my back with my arms spread, palms up, tears streaming down my cheeks, calling on God to pull the plug, or let me know why I had to undergo this. I was by no means religious, but this was a good time to make a line up. I got no answer.

In retrospect, I know: the pain broke me then.

And it was necessary for me to walk this path.

Because if that takes anything, it is flexibility and adaptability.

Only then can you be non-absorbing.

I remember a scene where several doctors stood at my foot end (this was in Harderwijk) and discussed my condition. "I'm not going to burn my hands on this," said one. "No, me neither," said a second.

"What are we going to do with her?", asked a third.

And number one replied, "Leave her be. Flatten her out. We have enough beds".

I remember responding, "Hey, hallooo, I'm here, I hear you!", to which they walked away.

Every filled hospital bed makes money. That was my first introduction to the totally corrupted world of medical "science. I would have a *Close Encounter* with it many times over.

Eventually, my family rescued me from the hospital. They literally kidnapped me.

Because of the morphine, I don't remember much of that either. I do remember many fragments of that period, such as the doctors' conversation, a dream in which I was able to return (I will tell you later), the pale green curtain around my bed that I kept closing so that I wouldn't have to have contact with the other people in my room, being brought to my sister's house just before New Year's Eve... I was in a morphine frenzy where I was okay with it all. I didn't care how it ended, as long as the pain was made less.

My mother took me to a private clinic that insurance covered, where the neurologist/neurosurgeon did not hide her bewilderment. "How on earth is it possible that you didn't have surgery? You were lucky, because for the same money at this stage you would have been permanently paralyzed from the waist down and would have been in a wheelchair for the rest of your life." She operated urgently, and a second time after fluid accumulated in the wound, and with that I was as good as new.

But not for long.

I am, as I indicated earlier, a particularly slow learner.

I have to get my life lessons giga-sized on the wall, or I won't see them.

And so the Universe threw another string of disorders my way.

Just until I saw it...

The pain remained unbearable, but now my body chose yet another new place. Two new spots, more accurately, again my neck and now my shoulders.

Long story short?

Many quacks (doctors) and hospitals later, I knew it was two separate conditions: in my neck, three vertebrae were growing inward, a rare condition where the bone keeps growing and compressing the nerves, and - as a bonus - it turned out I was suffering from NA: Neuralgic Amyotrophy, also a rare variant of MS.

The good news? I would never end up in a wheelchair, because after each attack the body fully recovered. (An attack lasted about 3 months with a month of rehabilitation time and morphine withdrawal time). I had a seizure in the summer of 2010 and then one in December 2012. A new one presented itself in the summer of 2014.

The bad news? There was no known treatment and it was the most painful condition in existence. *Lucky me.* The pain was worse than burns, according to the doctor at the Academic Hospital Utrecht. He turned out to be the only neurologist I had "finished" who was right. Both in terms of the diagnosis as well as all the things surrounding it that he told me. I was so relieved I could cry with happiness. Finally a correct diagnosis! Finally the medical search from quack to quack had stopped.

He could not clear up the clogged vertebrae. "But we can operate. I am working with a neurosurgeon who can do this". I could jubilate. It would be an hour-long operation with a chance I would come out of it paralyzed from the neck down. But I didn't care. I agreed with my mother that I chose passive euthanasia if it went wrong. Paralyzed from the waist down is one thing, but from the neck up was the end of the road for me. "No force feeding!", I agreed with her. Thank God she accepted my decision.

I went into the operating room in a kind of blissful bliss state, full of confidence and surrender, and came out well repaired a few hours later. I was so happy! I distinctly remember coming to and immediately moving my toes. That worked! Then my ankles, then my legs, arms, hands. I was not paralyzed! Intensely happy, I fell asleep again.

But that didn't last long, because in the summer of 2014 another NA attack presented itself, as mentioned above. That was the final blow for me. An attack in 2010, one in late 2012, early 2013, and now another one in mid-2014? I couldn't take it anymore... I decided that the plug could be pulled. This was not life, this was hell. But at the very moment when I *almost* gave up, something remarkable happened.

I was in England at the time with a group of crop circle enthusiasts whom I was guiding around. One of my group members had already told me that she could heal people with the help of extraterrestrial doctors. I

thought that was strange, didn't actually believe in it, but when she asked me if I wanted a healing, I immediately said yes.

I will never forget it. I was lying in the grass outside with Claudy by my side. The woman, Jacqueline Fiolet, was giving me the healing. She stood next to me and made strange noises. I closed my eyes and just thought, "Is anything going to happen?" The pain remained constant and I thought it was a waste of my time. How could I tell her in a friendly way that she was as much a quack as all those doctors who had failed to help me? But then again, rather alien doctors than arch doctors, I mused. At that moment I realized with a shock that I was no longer in pain! I opened my eyes and saw in a split second that Jacqueline was surrounded by light beings. When I blinked, they were gone.

No, I was not on morphine.

No, it couldn't be a placebo effect because, after all, I didn't believe in it.

The pain remained gone.

We are nine years later and I have never had another NA attack.

That event made me a lot more *open-minded*, I can tell you....

What else? Two pulmonary embolisms, with again lores of doctors making mistake upon mistake. It is a miracle of God that I am still alive. Hospital Zutphen, hospital Carcassone, France. In the latter, I was treated like a prisoner. I was put in a small room, hooked up to equipment that measured my heart rate, blood pressure, oxygen levels, etc. After a few hours left to my own devices, boredom struck. I thought I would be funny by reducing my breathing (via meditation and breathing techniques) to just two per minute. The moment all the horns went off, I pulled the meter off my index finger and the electrodes off my chest. All the sirens went off! But *guess what?* No one came looking! No one!

I thought myself very funny and decided that enough was enough. I called the ET doctors (by now I had mastered that too thanks to Jacqueline but hadn't tried it yet in this case because - before I knew it - I was in a roaring ambulance) and waited until the pain in my chest subsided. Then I got dressed, grabbed my bag and walked toward the exit. But I was stopped by a bouncer/security guard who escorted me back to my room. Unbelievable! Finally (again hours later) I got the green light from the pulmonologist and was allowed to go, otherwise I would still be lying there now.

Moral of this story?

We were talking about the topic of *giving up*, remember? We were talking about Hans and Dick.

How exactly it happened with Dick I don't know. I had no more contact with my family at that time, including Dick. I felt at one point that he was no longer there and searched the Internet for an obituary. I found it.

He had the aggressive variety of skin cancer so that must have killed him. I can only fill in, but I know that my mother's influence on both men was great and she will have convinced them of traditional medical "science" as the only option and chance for survival. So sad...

Would Dick have immediately resigned himself to his fate as well? Would he have tried something alternative? Would he have fought? Would he have thought: I have two more months, I am going to live the stars of heaven and celebrate every moment?

When I asked Hans where he would still like to go (he had traveled enormously), he answered Iceland. But he wasn't going anymore, because imagine if he suddenly got very worse and had to be hospitalized?

I couldn't believe my ears and exclaimed: "Hans! Then why don't you just fly over? Or how about an Icelandic hospital? And you're going to die anyway, so *WTF!* Come on, we're going to Iceland!" But as I said, he was actually dead by then.

What would I have done? From the Separated State I was in at the time, I would try EVERYTHING, and at the same time, I would celebrate every moment left to me, I would make love to the stars of heaven, I would dance in the moonlight, I would get drunk on the most expensive Cabernet Sauvignon, I would visit the places on earth that I still want to see, and I would finally pull the trigger myself. I would leave with the biggest smile from ear to ear, at my time and in my way!

And yes, also, I would still try all sorts of things on an alternative level.

Not shot, missed and if it doesn't help, it doesn't hurt.

If there are extraterrestrial doctors who can cure you in the earth plane, don't you think there are other alternatives? *Open your mind, motherfucker!*

I would rather die than die without a stroke. Or something like that. Hmmm...

But you know what I mean, *right?*

I've suffered a lot in this body.

I know what pain is.

I know what torture is.

I know that you really do talk when you're being tortured.

Believe me, you tell *everything*.

In *no time*.

I know what it is to break. Physically. Emotionally.

I know what it takes to make you *humble*.

(Humble is not a good translation, we don't have a good word for it in our language).

I know it takes becoming a warrior.

One more thing before I close with the promised dream at the Harderwijk hospital.

I said:

I have to get my life lessons giga-large on the wall or I won't see them.

What was the Universe trying to teach me?

Surrender, patience, slowing down, simplicity, persistence.

The qualities needed for this inward path.

Surrender I learned after I was broken by pain.

Patience I learned as a child by building models of three-masters.

Slowing down I learned by avoiding stress.

Simplicity I learned by living in nature, in a mobile home with no place to collect and store things. Less and less stuff, less and less ballast.

And perseverance I learned during my searches for the origin and meaning of crop circles, the "missing link" of man, the links between the Anunnaki and the ancient cultures of the Sumerians, the Egyptians and the Mayans. And, of course, the origins and identity of the Cabal.

What would I do now if I were told I had two months to live and assuming the doctors were right?

I would immediately surrender to the process.

The dying process. Or rather, the Great Awakening Process.

I have lived for ten.

I did everything I wanted to do.

Of course, I have not seen all the special places on earth, but that is no longer necessary.

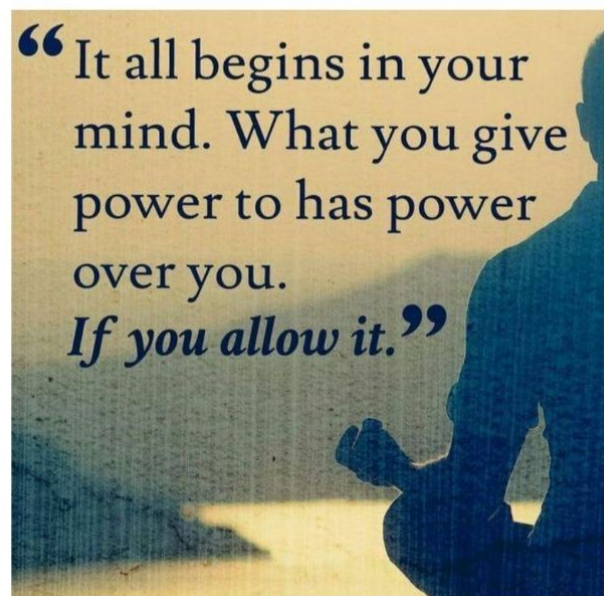
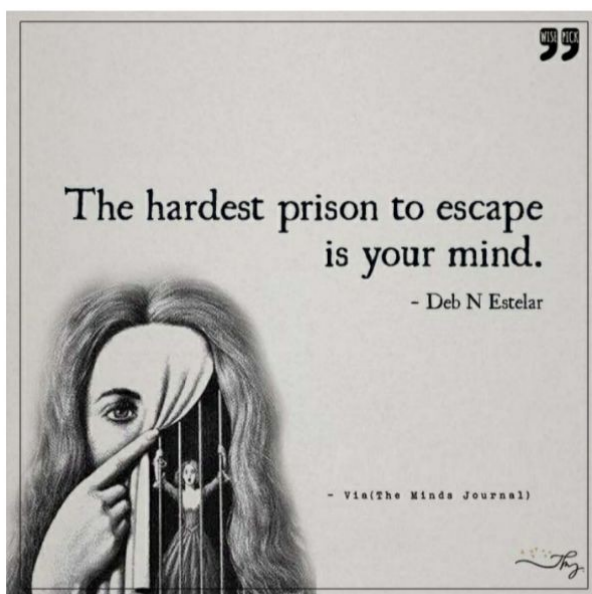
I know by now that each place is nothing more than temporarily solidified energy consisting of dream dust, a projection of my consciousness. That doesn't make it less beautiful but it does make it less important. It no longer matters.

From the Separate State, everything is different.

Maybe not in appearance but certainly in interiority.

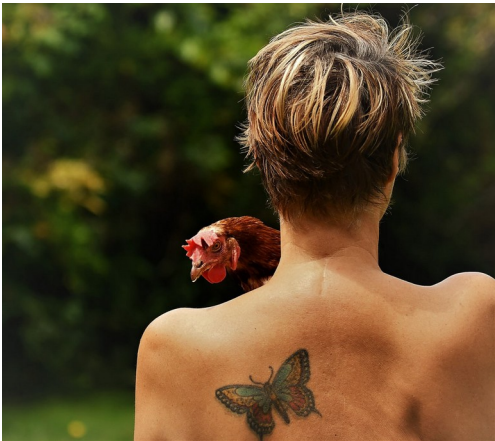
So I would look at the stars from my hammock and enjoy and give thanks for an insanely cool life. I would thank the pain for all the wise life lessons. I would thank all my loved ones for the delightful pleasures of this dream. I would intensely look forward to waking up *from* this dream. And then I would pull the trigger myself.

I would leave with the biggest smile from ear to ear, at my time and in my way. After all, it is *my* dream, and I will decide how it ends....



July 6, 2023

We have incredible beautiful reptiles here. They are so fast and gorgeous.... too bad 'reptilians' have such a negative sound these days. I simply love them, just like the chickens who also have reptilians as great great great grandfathers/mothers....



Hardly anything left of my scar (3 new vertebrae), amazing how well it healed!



Unfortunately this beauty drowned in a well....

BLOG 8, July 4, 2023

My Ego

My ego is a monster.

So is yours.

The difference?

I know it and you probably don't.

Of course, I can't be sure about the latter.

But there are very few people who don't start sputtering when I say that their ego is a monster.

"Well, but my ego has a good side too you know!"

As if they're talking about a partner who occasionally beats the shit out of them.

"My ego got me where I am today: a successful businessman/scientist/partner, etc.etc."

Then you haven't fully understood what ego is.

Your ego is inside you.

It feeds on two things: *conflict* and *more*.

More power, more success, more prestige, more money.

It wants conflict, arguments, confrontations, problems. That's what the engine runs on.

When that doesn't come, the ego gets hungry.

It starts screaming and deploys its best pawns: your emotions.

Your emotions (especially the ones we call "negative") are the sticky threads of the spider web in which you are trapped. The spider web holds you firmly in the illusion, the dream state.

It makes sure you cannot escape.

As long as you believe the voice of the ego, you remain your own prisoner.

Forever locked up in Plato's cave.

What does it tell you?

"Can't you see that she (your partner) is holding you back? You want to develop further but she doesn't. If it goes on like this you're gonna have to leave her!"

It makes your partner the enemy.

"Wanna bet you don't get that promotion? Do you see how he (your colleague) is working his way in?"

It makes your colleague the enemy.

"If you'd not had children, you would be in distant lands, exploring amazing cultures. Isn't that what you always wanted?"

It makes your children the enemy.

The ego is extremely resourceful and will use anything to be fed.

And as long as you believe him, you're fucked.

So?

What to do when you no longer want to be stuck in your spider web, your prison?

1. STOP BELIEVING IT
2. CONTRADICT IT, UNTIL IT HAS NOTHING LEFT TO SAY
3. REALIZE HOW BRILLIANT IT IS... BE EVEN MORE BRILLIANT
4. STOP BELIEVING YOUR THOUGHTS & EMOTIONS
5. IN SHORT, STOP FEEDING YOUR EGO. STARVE IT TO DEATH!

In short, it boils down to just that.

Of course, the ego is just a dream character within a dream character (*you*), but we'll ignore that for the moment. I assume you do not truly believe that, which makes you the slave of your thoughts and emotions. The perfect slave of your ego.

Why am I writing this?

Because I get a lot of questions from people who want to know how to kill their ego.

Well, this is how.

Good luck.

Of course, that's not clear enough, so I'll include a few exercises, plus a peek at what I did.

How did I handle it? Not that my ego is dead, but it hardly rears its ugly head anymore.
It's lying on the ground, bleeding, so to speak.
I know he's dying and that makes me feel happy.
After all, who wants to live with a monster?

1. STOP BELIEVING IT

Read, once again, the examples I just gave of things your ego whispers to you.

Then add some examples from your daily life. Make a list.

Whom do you believe to be the enemy?

Your partner? Your boss? Your co-worker? Your children? The municipality? The tax authorities? The Cabal?

Write down the phrases that make you feel bad about someone.

After all, those are the phrases your ego whispers to you.

Then do the following experiment:

STOP BELIEVING IT!

Let go for a moment whether what your ego is telling you is true or not.

That is not the point of this experiment.

What happens when you say to your ego (invariably and nonstop):

"Not true". "Fuck you, you won't get in my head!"

Make it a party and live it up:

"You're wrong and I'm right, because life is a contest and I'm gonna win! Na na nana na!"

Act as immature as you want, as long as you're having fun.

"You're gonna die and I'm gonna live, na na nana na!"

I think you get the drift....

What happens when you do this?

Do you feel your ego going out of its way to convince you even more?

No matter what it says back, keep parrying it.

Challenge it, drive it crazy, deprive it of its food.

The more hungry it gets, the more resourceful it becomes.

Feel that it is not your friend, that all it cares about is food.

2. CONTRADICT IT, UNTIL IT HAS NOTHING LEFT TO SAY

This is the rational approach. It also works well, especially if you are smart and unapologetic.

Play devil's advocate.

Give a rebuttal to everything it says.

Not as above (the "Shut up & Die" variety), but a substantive response.

Explain why he is wrong and why you are not listening anymore.

Realize that this is where you immediately face number 3:

3. REALIZE HOW BRILLIANT IT IS (... AND BE EVEN MORE BRILLIANT)

Your ego is damn smart. Many times smarter than you (your ego won't like me saying this...).

It's true, but you can only understand this by experimenting.

Do tests, challenge your ego, drive it crazy.

Watch as it finally pulls out a final card and wins.

Write that down: what was that card? What argument did your ego use on you?

That's your weak spot. Be aware of that because it's going to use that card more often.

What do you do then? See number 1.

4. STOP BELIEVING YOUR THOUGHTS & EMOTIONS

This is a tough one. This is the point where most people drop out.

In short, your emotions and thoughts shape the world around you.

Take that from me, just for this exercise, OK? (*Better yet: find out if it's true!*)

Now there's two things you can do: either you play with that knowledge and turn this into a beautiful world by changing your thoughts and emotions, or you take it a step further:

You realize that this is only an illusory consensus reality, and you go for the kill.

Exactly: the kill of the ego.

The first option sounds very appealing, of course, but I'm sorry to tell you that it doesn't really work until you complete the second option.

So what can you do? **STOP BELIEVING YOUR THOUGHTS & EMOTIONS!**

Do it over the course of a day. Or if that doesn't work: half a day or just an hour.

Start tomorrow morning and think with every thought and every emotion: "Bullshit!!!"

And **DO NOT ACT** on it!

Write down what it did to you and what it brought about.
Do this exercise every day, and a little longer each day.

5. STOP FEEDING YOUR EGO. STARVE IT TO DEATH!

The ego feeds on *conflict* and on *more*.

So the exercise is obvious:

Does it want conflict? Don't give it!

Does it want more? Don't give it!

In fact, do the exact opposite!

Suppose it wants you to look good. Do the opposite and go grocery shopping with no makeup, no fancy clothes.

See what it does to you. Write it down.

Suppose it wants you not to tell something, tell it.

See what it does to you. Write it down.

Suppose it wants you to argue with your neighbors. Don't.

See what it does to you. Write it down.

Suppose it wants an even more expensive car/home/clothes. Don't go for it.

See what it does to you. Write it down.

I've been doing this for years. Ultimately, this is the way to drive your ego insane.

At all times do the opposite of what your ego whispers in your ear.

I guarantee: you will win the battle in the end.

Another fun exercise: do the "*Oh My God, I'm in a dream!*" experiment for a while every day.

Even if it's just an hour. Expand it slowly. You'll find that everything becomes much more enjoyable as a result. If you get cut off in traffic, you will be much more likely to burst into laughter thinking, "What an absurd man in this crazy dream, who does that in real life?", than to get angry.

Besides: your ego definitely wants you to get angry in such a case, so... indeed: do the opposite.

We have grown up in this consensual reality believing that our thoughts and emotions are true.

This causes a whole lot of problems.

I can assure you:

Your emotions and thoughts are highly overrated. By yourself.

So were mine. By myself.

Until I stopped doing that, and then all my problems went away.

There was calmness, peace, joy, and creativity.

That is what we call the *flow*.

If I'm not in that flow, I refuse to do anything.

I just sit down and wait for me to wake up.

Swimming against the flow is not productive and it doesn't make me happy.

Besides, it exhausts me.

And yes... in the end, even happiness and joy are also just emotions.

That's why Friedrich Nietzsche wrote:

What is the most wonderful thing you can experience?

That is the hour of great contempt.

*The hour when even your happiness disgusts you,
as well as your sanity and your virtue.*

Emotions, although for most people the greatest good and the true compass, are the cause of much misery. Only through emotions do people continue to throw themselves into wars devised by the Cabal. All they have to do is launch an attack somewhere (also known as a False Flag Attack) after which the people roar for retribution.

What would have happened after 9-11, if the people had said:

"But wait a minute... How about we look at the facts first? Shall we put the emotions and thoughts, suspicions and theories on hold for a while until we know exactly what happened here? Let's take a thorough look at the photos, video recordings, and eyewitness statements. No hysteria, no invading a country right away. No President Bush, wait for a moment with your precious war. We, the people, are not convinced that you are right. First the facts, then the emotions, OK?"

Had the people done that, yet another pointless and unwinnable war would never have been unleashed. But Bush called for retaliation and the people – blinded by their emotions – plunged headlong into an abyss like lemmings.

So sad. So predictable. So understandable. So human.

I remember well how traumatized I was after seeing the horrific images of the Twin Towers that I had visited only a few months earlier. The flames, debris falling, people jumping. I no longer functioned. I woke up at night bathing in sweat and all I did during the day was cry. It wasn't until much later (after some EMDR trauma therapy sessions) that I realized things didn't add up in the official story of what had happened and who the perpetrators were. I was finally able to see again. Until that moment, I had been blinded by my emotions.

That was an eye-opener, I can assure you!

As human as my emotions were (*and how justified!*, my ego added), they had kept me from seeing the obvious.

False Flags, a wonderful term going all the way back to the pirates.

They raised an English flag when they approached an English ship, or a French flag when they approached a French ship. That's how they were welcomed as friends. Until they were close enough to board, then the false flag was lowered and the pirate flag raised.

Smart buggers, them pirates....

But I didn't see it, even though it was so terribly obvious that – in retrospect – I can't understand how I failed to see it all along. Emotions make one stone-blind. And that is a dangerous thing. It's how wars start.

Another example, right here and now: the riots in France.

"The people are fed up!" "It's war in France!"

Oh yeah? Take a good look at the images.

Without emotion.

Purely factual.

What do you see?

Small groups of rioters.

All dressed in black.

Mostly young men with just a little too dark a complexion.

Don't they look an awful lot like the immigrants who were brought in earlier?

Remember thinking: "Hey, where are your wives and children? If it's so dangerous where you come from, why did you leave them behind?"

Take a good look at what they are doing in the streets of France.

They run around like idiots, breaking things and looting stores.

Do you really think that is what the average Frenchman would do?

Pulling clothes and computers out of stores because a young man with a criminal record was shot by the police? Just like George Floyd in the USA a while back?

Look further, look closer.

Do you see the huge shopping centre burning like a torch?

Do you see the grenade that explodes at the post office which is then looted?

Where did these "angry citizens" get their ammunition?

Look at the police. Whom do they catch?

Always a loner.

Not a rioter but a casual passerby on a moped.

See the picture of the black man who overpowered a white cop?

Just like the George Floyd situation but reversed?

The cop is lying on his stomach, the black knee pressed into his white neck and his white hands on his back.

Thank goodness a photographer happened to capture this special moment!

You would almost think it was staged.

But you can't say that out loud because you will be called a conspiracy idiot, or a racist, or whatever...

What is really going on here?

The petty criminal was sacrificed for a False Flag.

By the Cabal.

Of course, who else?

There are always only two possible answers:

- if *outward*: the Cabal.

- If *inward*: the Ego.

Life is not as complicated as you think.
In this case it is the first option.
The Cabal organizes the riots.
The rioters are paid and follow a playbook.
It is literally a play.

Consider for a moment the parallels with Antifa and Black Lives Matter.
Soros' fingerprints are everywhere...

The opinion of the French people is not relevant in this play.
What is the purpose of the organized riots?
A state of emergency, a lockdown.
This is how the Cabal concocts a civil war that allows it to push through all kinds of new laws.
And I can assure you that those laws will not be in the interest of the citizens.

No one sees it, because of all the emotions (of which *fear* is always at the forefront).
Everyone is too blind to see what is true and what is not.

Do you know why I am such a good researcher? Not because I am so intelligent, mind you.
I am such a good researcher because I am no longer blinded by my emotions. That doesn't mean that I don't have them, but I put them on hold for a while during my research so that I can do my job.

You don't want to know how often I have seen how intense emotions (fueled by the ego, option 2 indeed) destroy everything. Especially in the alternative world, in the most beautiful communities. Especially where emotions are highly valued. "We need to get out of the head and into the heart." Sounds good doesn't it? Too bad the ego always makes sure things end miserably. Everyone ends up hating everyone else. The ego destroys everything.

As long as you don't realize that your emotions are the building blocks of the sticky spiderweb threads that hold you captive, you will never be free. As long as you let your emotions guide you, you will never be happy. Sounds like a paradox, but it's not.
There are no such things as paradoxes. But that's for another blog...

As long as we (humanity) are guided by our emotions, there will always be war.
The solution?
Kill your ego.

In the end there is only one enemy, and it is not the Cabal or Al Qaeda.
It is our ego.
And *that* you can beat.
But you will have to go *inward*.
Remember from blog 1? INWARD, YOU STUPID COW! NOT OUTWARD! INWARD!
That's the way to do it.
Good luck!

Blog 9, July 14, 2023

LIBERTÉ, EGALITÉ, FRATERNITÉ

Liberty, Equality, Fraternity... France's Biggest Lie.

Today is July 14, the day that has been celebrated big time since 1789 in this great country of rivers, hills, mountains, forests, delicious food and wine. Because on July 14, 1789, the French were liberated from their usurper king and many other autocrats. At least, that's what they believed back then. And that's what the French still believe today.

Thanks to my research into the Cabal and thus into our true history, I came across Napoleon. An interesting man... short in the flesh yet of a great mind, his hand mostly stuck inside his coat because of a painful ulcer (according to historians).

Driving through France a few years ago, I pulled over at a parking lot and admired a beautiful painting on a concrete wall. It was a memorial for France's hero, the liberator of the people: Napoleon Bonaparte.

I wrote about it in my previous blogs: our entire life is a continuation of lies upon lies. The story about Napoleon is one of those lies. Please watch part 2 of the *Sequel to the Fall of the Cabal*, in which we show you what truly happened, presented with evidence and sources.

In short: this is what happened: Napoleon was a pawn of the Cabal, pushed forward to take revenge on France, its royal family, the people, and to leave the country totally ruined and destroyed. The Cabal succeeded. Millions of people died, either murdered or starved, or simply by utter desperation. The entire country succumbed and was left in ashes.

When France was over and done with, Napoleon and his insane army of Jacobins raged another ten years war in the surrounding countries. Nothing and nobody remained standing. It would take many generations to slowly heal from this devastating trauma.

And so... today, France celebrates the 14th of July. Do you get it? For I sure as hell don't.

It was the day Napoleon performed a *coup d'état* that changed the deplorable lives of the French people into an even greater hell. Yet, everybody seems to have forgotten. Napoleon has been declared a hero, streets and squares were named after the Jacobin death squads, history has been rewritten, and thanks to our educational system, everybody believes today deserves to be celebrated.

The thing I just cannot grasp is how gullable people believe so-called 'experts'. Historians in this case, who obviously didn't take the trouble of reading a few old manuscripts and doing any further research of their own. DYOR has become our slogan over the past years: Do Your Own Research. Personally, I would add the F: Do Your Own Fucking Research. With three exclamation marks at the end.

We did. In no time, we found out that *nothing* about the official Napoleon narrative was right.

If we can figure that out, so can the average historian, right? I think they can, but I guess they simply followed the easy way and swallowed everything they were told in college. That's how lies upon lies are passed on from generation to generation.

Napoleon worked for the notorious Jesuit Council. His hidden hand showed this clearly for all to see: it is a Freemason sign called the *Sign of the Master of the Hidden Veil*. His 'handler' was the Jesuit Abbe Sieyès and Napoleon himself was a Freemason Grand Master. How hard is it to look it all up in some old manuscripts? Why old ones? Because the new ones have been rewritten in order for us to never find out the Cabal's evil master plan that has to be fulfilled by 2030. Once again: if you want evidence, watch our *Sequel on Bitchute*. This is a blog, not a documentary.

Back to the present day. France is celebrating because of a big, fat lie.

However, this year is a little different than previous years, because the French people are smart enough to see that Macron is a corrupt idiot who is pushing France off a very high cliff. The French are angry. It started years ago with the Yellow Vests. Ever since, the misery and poverty of France have only just increased. So... what to do?, the Cabal must have thought.

The Cabal did exactly what they have been doing for many centuries. They rewrite history. They create chaos and make sure the French people all look to the left so they don't see what is actually going to the right.

To the left, a petty criminal of colored skin was shot and killed by a white police officer. To the right, the Cabal is rolling out the final devastating stages of Agenda 2030. France is bankrupt, poverty levels are poignant,

people live in tents by the side of roads and highways, immigrants dominate the streets (in Toulouse, for instance, only 1 out of 4 people is French), which destroyed the uprising character of the Toulousians. The Toulousian no longer exists thanks to the diversity created by the immigration policy. Toulouse used to be *the* city of the Yellow Vests (after Paris).

A few years ago, I was there and stood amongst them on a big roundabout, personally experiencing the French Fraternité. "I represent the Netherlands!", I yelled in French. The others cheered and hugged me. Somebody else screamed: "I represent Belgium!", after which I cheered and hugged with the others. I asked: "What is your plan?" I was thinking something like a march to the Palais de Justice, or maybe the occupation of a great big square? Who knows, maybe we would even build do-it-yourself-guillotine from Ikea, fake ones of course, as we all believed in Love & Light, but simply as a statement to the establishment? The answer, however, was an enthoused: "We don't have a plan!"

It didn't matter. We drank coffee, we ate cake and sang French liberation songs, after which we all went home feeling most contented. It was a truly wonderful experience...

But even back then I realized that these beautiful people needed several resistance leaders with a solid strategic plan. Cause even though we'd had a great time, this would never amount to anything...

And that turned out to be correct. Several Yellow Vests were killed (either hit by vans or beaten to death by the police) but sadly, it all seems to have contributed to nothing.

The petty criminal of colored skin who was killed by a white cop is nothing but a continuation of the George Floyd case in the US. The Cabal always shows us clearly what they are doing, for those who actually use their eyes to see... in this case by means of a published picture (clearly staged) of a colored young man with his knee in the neck of a white cop who is lying on the ground right in front of him. A George Floyd picture, except the other way round. WAKE THE FUCK UP PEOPLE! Can't you see what is clearly going on here??

It's just like my other journey, going *within*: everyone sees what there is *not*, and no one sees what *is* there. I have to admit I no longer understand. How can one NOT SEE?

In this sense, I no longer feel human. I feel no connection anymore. I just don't understand people anymore. How in God's name can you miss what is so clearly there? How can you watch left when your government (or the UN or the WHO or the WEF etc.) tells you to do so? Isn't that a reason to watch right? How is it possible that people don't really use their eyes? They seem to be open, but they're not. For if they truly were open, people would see that everything is turned upside down and backwards, and that history has been (and is being) rewritten. So that, several generations from now when we all live in communistic camps, we cannot quite remember what happened. People will probably believe that they are relatively OK, just like the average Chinese these days. "We have food and a roof over our head, right?" The word FREEDOM will, no doubt, have been deleted from our vocabulary...

I just don't get it. Part of waking up *in* and *from* the dream is being unable to grasp any of these kind of things. It's quite an awkward part, for how am I to relate to others? How can I talk to the French about any of this? Where to begin? "Napoleon was a Jesuit Cabal Grand Master Usurper... Why on earth are you celebrating today??"

Communication is no longer possible. Not really. Luckily the Cabal changed things a bit today for all of us: it is strictly forbidden to buy/sell/set off fire works. The army has been activated. Cities are dominated by the police and military, cars are being pulled over, citizens interrogated. Fighter jets and army helicopters fly low, and people report hearing deep underground explosions at night.

Are those the DUMBS (Deep Underground Military Bases) being blown to pieces?

France is at war against its own citizens. But it hardly makes the news and therefore, it's not happening.

"If that were true, it would have been in the news", my mother used to say.

Right. What's left to talk about? The weather? The weeds that just won't stop growing among the expensive garden grass?

Waking up makes one lonely. I think that's why people prefer to remain asleep. I get that, but personally I choose to be lonely rather than asleep. Once you're on this path there is no way back, thank God. Better to be lonely and free, than together asleep. DYOFR or stay asleep. It's both fine by me. But don't come complaining to me when it's too late. You will find me wearing a t-shirt with big letters: IFTYS.

I Fucking Told You So. Not because I'm bitter or angry, but because it was all so bloody predictable.

France has become a country you don't want to live in anymore (just like the Netherlands). Personally, I don't mind anymore where I live, as long as it's quiet and nature is beautiful. That's when I write my blogs and – yes! – part 28 of the Sequel. Not in order to save the world, I no longer cherish that illusion, but because it makes my heart sing. I just love doing it. "What the Cabal can do, I can do better", is my motto and so I

rewrite history books. Back to how they should have been. I love pestering the Cabal. I mean, if this is all just a dream, why not turn it into a fun one? Waking up doesn't mean leaning back on your lazy ass, poking your nose, and focusing on Love & Light. Waking up means detachment from emotional bonds that keep you prisoner without noticing it. I can assure you both my research and my creations only get better as I'm walking this path. Does it turn me into a better person? No. How about a nicer one? No. But does that matter if I can no longer connect nor communicate with people? I don't think so. Friendships will no longer be possible. Not really. They will fade, becoming ever more superficial. Caterpillars cannot talk butterfly.

I suspect Jed to be right: it is the loneliest place one can end up.
It's already pretty lonely where I'm at right now, and I'm not even enlightened!
But I love this place, including its loneliness.

How do you turn an average dream into a great big fantastic one?
By doing what makes your heart sing, unhindered by fears.
Just let me pester the Cabal.
I love doing it.

And those fears? Just throw them overboard. They do not serve you.
And while you're at it, toss your convictions and opinions overboard as well.
They don't serve you either.
What's left?
Freedom.
And that's precisely what the Cabal fears the most: people who are truly free.

This week I had a TIA plus a diagnosis of eye cataract.
Am I afraid of turning blind or having a major stroke?
Of course not.
After all, this is my dream and it is up to me to change it.
That's what I'm doing right now as I write these words, naked in the shade for it's freakin' hot here.
I manifest my reality. Not by focusing on Happy Thoughts, Love & Light or any such BS, but by remaining lucid in this very special dream y'all call reality.
And to kill time (that doesn't exist either) I play catch with the Cabal.
It's a great game that I greatly enjoy, and I think they're enjoying it too, for I'm still alive.

I don't have a clue as to when my dreamer (me) wakes up, but until that moment I'm enjoying this journey very much. Not in the Netherlands, not in France, but at a gorgeous place on this gorgeous planet.
My creativity flows from my pores and I cannot wait to finish the Sequel and start with my greatest passion in this dream: ancient Sumer. Who are we? Where do we come from? Who are the Gods we worship? And how did it all become so damn corrupted? What a wonderful topic!
Maybe the Cabal won't enjoy our game anymore by then, but that's OK.
By then, it will be high time to wake up anyway...

July 23, 2023

Here's my new blog for y'all... the topic this time is MAYA... Enjoy!

(This time, I wrote it directly in English, the Dutch version will follow asap)

Blog 10, July 23, 2023

MAYA – THE PRISON GUARD

Jed McKenna gave her a name. The prison guard, the goddess of illusion, the seductive spider that lurks you into her web: *Maya*.

There was no name. Like there were no names for all the other things Jed coined... all connected to the state of enlightenment and Human Adulthood. The only word that was there was *Enlightenment*: a word totally misunderstood by just about everybody, and abused by just about every self-proclaimed guru in the world.

Why were there no names? Because this realm we call reality doesn't exactly welcome people who walk this path. So, just like they deleted *Freedom* from the 1984-vocabulary, maybe we did have those words a long, long time ago... but they disappeared. Deleted for there was no place for them any longer in society.

Just like Adam gave names to things according to the Bible (and other sacred ancient texts), Jed gave names to these things. So that we can explore them, study them, get used to them, and integrate them. Just like one explores, studies and gets used to a bird or an ant.

Then, we can choose: do I want it or don't I? Do I want to be a Human Adult or don't I? Do I want to be close to ants or don't I? Thank you Jed. It makes it so much easier when one can call things by their names.

Maya. Who the hell is Maya? Maya is everything you see, hear, touch, taste, and smell. All of your senses are used to keep you imprisoned. Did you know that? I didn't, that's for sure.

I always loved my senses, all of them. And God knows I used and enjoyed each and every one of them to the fullest. Until I realized they are what keeps me stuck in my spiderweb...

What happens when you dream? Let's assume you're not lucid, what happens?

You believe it's real. That's for starters. Everything seems as real as it can be.

What else? You are spell-bound by your senses and your emotions. Think about it.

Last night, I dreamed I was horse-back riding. It went really well, and I was enjoying everything I saw, smelled, heard, tasted and touched. Yes, even tasted, as a fly got stuck between my teeth while galloping through the forest. The smell of the horse and nature, the view of the branches for which I had to duck, the sound of the hoof beats, the touch of the horse's manes.

My emotions kept me trapped in my dream as well: I loved it! I loved every second of it!

In 'real' life, my nerves and muscles are damaged as a result of the NA attacks, which makes horseback riding quite a challenge. In this dream last night, I made a connection with this dream realm I now call reality: about a year ago, I went horseback riding but I could only gallop for half a minute. I didn't have the strength for more. It was a painful discovery, as I once used to gallop for God knows how long without any problems whatsoever... So, in my dream last night, I thought to myself (as I was galloping like a whirl wind): "Wow, this is so much easier than when I did that trail in the mountains! I have my strength back, woohoooo!"

Dreams and realms became one. Emotions and sensual perceptions kept me from seeing what was there: Truth. I only saw what was not there: illusion.

Had I opened my eyes, had I truly seen, I would have known it was all just a dream. I would have become lucid. And then, I could have done anything at all. I would have become the captain of my ship. Instead I kept on sleeping and dreaming.

It was a great dream, for sure. So: no prob.

But what if it had been a nightmare? Big prob.

The two faces of Maya: one beautiful, one ugly.

One enchanting, the other a monstrosity.

Just like this dream realm we call reality.

Maya's beautiful face surrounds me as I write this. I have pitched up a small tent and sleep with my beloved dog and cat under the stars and in the shade of a big fig tree. It's as good as it gets.

Maya's other face are the horrors in this world. The children in tunnels and dungeons, the Cabal and its depopulation agenda.

I have two options... and it's up to me to discern and choose wisely.
One: I can remain asleep and be ruled by my emotions and my senses.
Two: I can wake up and realize none of it was ever real.

People may call it denial. They may think it's just a way to deal with the horrors I've seen doing this work.
Call it what you may. I know what's real and what's not. I was right about all the 'conspiracies' I talked about years ago. It all has come out into the open and all I have to do is say: "I fucking told you so".
Does that make me feel good?
In the dream state: Hell yeah!
In the lucid state: No. Of course not. Why would it? None of this has any meaning.

I know what's real and what's not.
So I choose option 2: wake up and realize none of it was ever real.

If... it weren't for Maya. She is everywhere. She is gorgeous, tempting, enchanting.
She is a horrid monster, a pest.
She is everything.
Now that I can see, I know she isn't real. She too only exists within me.
Everything I perceive only exists within me. There is no outside, remember?

Still, she is soooo lovely. Stars, fig tree, Claudy, Mimsi, fresh air, organic food, clean water. Do you even know what it's like, living like that? It's heaven. It's Maya's beautiful face. It's a dream come true. Literally.
Can I resist that kind of temptation?

Sometimes.
Sometimes not.

Even though I manage to remain lucid, I sometimes get trapped by her again. Stuck in the spiderweb's sticky threats that are built of my emotions. Anger, joy, happiness... you name it, it's sticky.

Once in her spiderweb, it's hard to escape.
I need all of my awareness to manage getting out.
Maya just smiles. She knows I'll be back soon...

My greatest temptations right now?
Like I said: the beauty of the dream I dream, plus the urge to keep working on the Sequel to the Fall of the Cabal. Part 28 is in the making. Creativity flows like crazy. The script is done and I'm editing away like there's no tomorrow.

Hobbies are one of Maya's tools. My hobbies are reading, script writing, writing in general, and editing. Not reading in general, just reading Jed's books and books about ancient Sumer. Learning its ancient language, so I can understand who those people were and where they came from. I mean, after all, a fully developed highly intelligent society doesn't just appear out of nowhere, right? Well, ancient Sumer did. Many thousands of years ago.

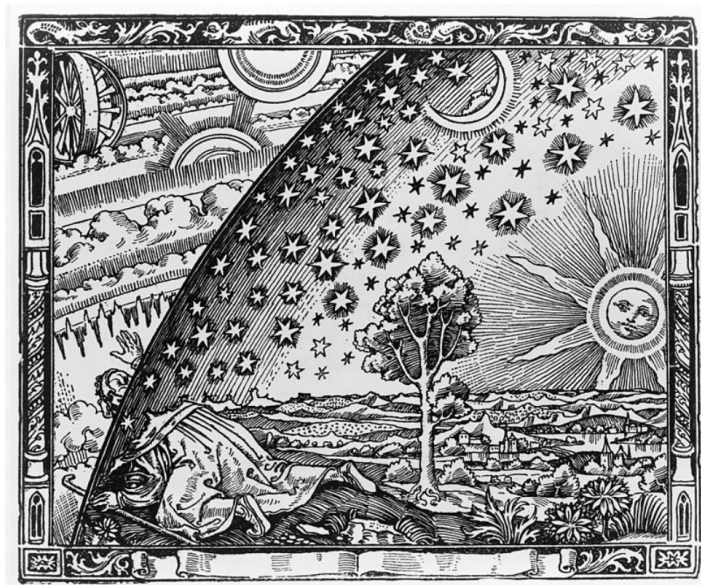
Maya knows I want to crack that code. She knows I found the Missing Link and I want sufficient evidence to proof it. That is my passion. She keeps it dangling in front of me like a carrot on a stick. And I am the fool chasing it.

I can hear her laughter. She is mean, she is fantastic, she is a true goddess. I love her and admire her, and I will kill her. In the end, she cannot exist in the limelight of my awareness. Once you see her, she loses power. Bit by bit, just like the Cabal.
One day soon, she will be dead, just like my ego.
She will fall, just like the Cabal.

Outside only exists by the grace of inside.
Until the day they all fall, I will cherish the beauty and the horrors of this dream realm.
"I will stay awake in this dream, no matter what".
But damn you Maya, until you're gone, you so fucking beautiful. How on earth can I resist?

Awareness.
Awareness.
Awareness.

Do you know that story about the man seeking enlightenment, who visited an old wise one on a mountain top in Tibet? The Awareness story? I'll tell you next time...



Waking up from the dream...

Or actually, it's "waking up IN the dream". Waking up FROM the dream would imply seeing nothingness on the other side of the veil...

But I still love the image...

August 6, 2023

Good afternoon, my lovely friends! I send you my warm greetings from my little paradise (tent in nature), just to let you know are in my thoughts...

I haven't written anything since 'Maya', but that doesn't mean nothing is happening. Two nights ago, I read in one of Jed's books a chapter, containing his "Creation Myth". Then I lay awake for many hours as it had struck a cord alright!

It caused yet another fall down the rabbit hole, so to speak. More insights, more awareness, more understanding, more.... (no words to describe any of this).

Even though I work many hours a day to finish part 28 of the Sequel, I am experiencing this inner journey and the state of being a Human Adult with great intensity, clarity, and gratitude.

More and more, I see how 'the universe has wrapped itself around me', thus co-creating the dreamstate I find myself in. It's magical. It's beautiful. What I used to call Synchronicities are now normal and everywhere.

I am happy and grateful.

With Love, as always, Janet

September 4, 2023

PRIVATE UPDATE:

As you know, I am back at Cynthia's place. All is well. I live in my camper van and sleep in a small tent in the orchard with Claudy and Mims (although Mims is off most of the time, catching mice). It's too hot to sleep in the van... Bloody climate change!

I find it very difficult to combine my Path with my work. Even though it seems similar, Cabal (outward) = ego (inward), it is not easy to shift my focus all the time.

I keep looking for ways to combine the 2.

WORK UPDATE:

Part 28 is online. Feedback is great! Working on part 29, script is almost finished.

At the same time, I am preparing parts 7-14 to be pressed into hard copy DVDs,

As I am not happy with some of my earlier editing work, I make improvements here and there.

Good job, but it takes time and focus. 7, 8, and 9 are ready...

It feels weird to be watching my 'older' episodes.

Almost like it was done in a previous life!

Strange... But great nevertheless.

If I die tomorrow, I will be happy with what I left behind.

Soon: More secrets revealed, more Cabal shit exposed.

Right now, I can only say: check out Cynthia's new book (PDF), for sale in our shop (link below).

This is only the beginning.

Part 2 of her series about the Children is ready to be shown in a Zoom presentation in October. After the zoom, it will be turned into a book as well. Just like part 1.

The lay-out is superb! Thanks to our far-away friend Chaz...

Please get the PDF and tell people about what's happening to the children!

If you knew what happened to the 2,000 Maui children that are still missing, you would ALL get a copy today and MAKE IT STOP!

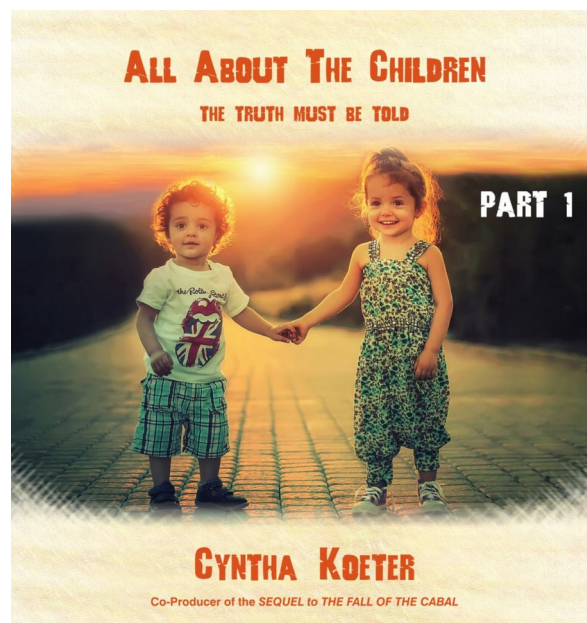
So yeah... I guess that's my 'tip if the day'...

Get the PDF.

Spread the word.

Make it stop.

Much Love to y'all (and more soon), Janet



<https://www.fallcabal.com/product/e-book-indoctrination-of-children-and-the-transgender-agenda/>

Last but not least (for today, that is):

I am selling most of my 'stuff'.

I need to lose weight, materialistically spoken.

I will post some items here, like crystals and jewellery.

They have become a burden on this Path of mine.

As I am FAR from being enlightened , I will keep some pieces.

But not many.

You can support me and my work by buying one or more pieces.

Just send me a PM which piece you want and I will give you the exact price (including post & package).

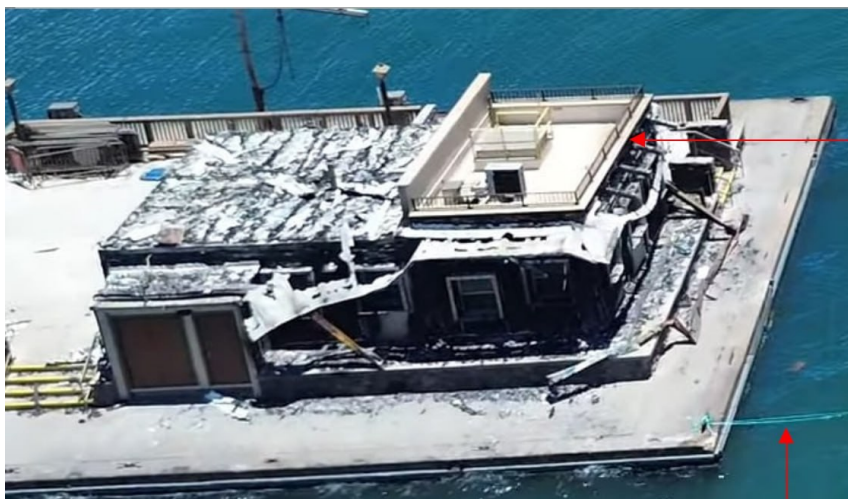
In about 30 minutes, I will post the first lot.

In about 3 hours, it will be our very latest presentation! We are extremely proud of it...

Will you join us dear friends?

By buying a ticket you support our work!

Hope to see you soon!



PRESENTATION: FIRE!!! THINGS THAT MAKE YOU GO HMMMMM.... [17 SEPT 2023]

What is going on in the world with all those fires, wiping away entire towns? How come some buildings remained untouched? Why did it take so long before help arrived? Why is

the media selectively quiet? Why were escape roads blocked by the authorities? Why were people stopped and sent back towards the fires where they perished? Why are the hit areas shielded off and why is aid denied? When you look at the images (videos and photos) and when you listen to survivors' accounts, you are left with many questions.

We looked at all those pictures and videos for countless hours, we talked with specialists. We compared the fires in different countries. Maui, British Columbia, California, Turkey, Greece: what do they have in common? We studied the bigger pictures and come to some new and shocking conclusions!

What do electric cars, SMART meters, and SMART cities have to do with these fires? And what about the Directed Energy Weapons that everybody is going on about? What about laser and the colour blue? And why is the attached picture a vital clue in all of the above, Sherlock?

Our discoveries will take you way beyond everything you have heard so far. As always, we base them on hard evidence. No speculations, just facts. So... Don't miss it! The world must know what the bleep is going on here...

So... don't miss it! By buying a ticket, you support our work. Please get a ticket for everyone who's watching with you. This way we can continue sharing our work with the world for free.

The presentation is available here: <https://www.fallcabal.com/product/presentation-fire-things-that-make-you-go-hmmmmm-17-sept/>

September 21, 2021

To all those who keep asking me the same question:

"Are those ET mummies from Peru real??",

My answer is YES.

I gave presentations about them years ago, from the moment they were discovered.

I know Jaime Maussan personally, I believe he is a damn good researcher.

Why did it in the news all of a sudden?

No doubt because the Cabal is panicking and wants to distract your attention away from something else. That's what they always do. And of course, they still have a fake alien invasion in store for us.

Anything else?

YES... watch this clip and SMILE!

November 5, 2023

Hello, my darling friends. I'm back after a long silence with my new blog: Transition Period.

Recognise anything? Many of you will... I hope this helps...

BLOG 11, November 5, 2023 - TRANSITION PERIOD

I know, I have been very quiet over the past few months. Forgive me. A lot has happened, yet I couldn't find the words to write something that made sense.

Today is called November 2, 2023. I don't have a clue as to what that even means anymore. My time perception is getting worse and worse, and if it weren't for the outside world, it would have been gone by now. Occasionally I have an appointment, that's what keeps my idea of time alive. When that falls away, I'm timeless, dateless.

We moved house and country a few weeks ago. We drove for 3 days straight and arrived at a beautiful place in nature. I speak five languages but I don't have a clue as to what people are saying here.

I have changed my name. Not for you guys, but for the locals here. Not that I get to see many... It feels like I'm in a transition period. I want to sever myself from my identity with Janet Ossebaard. After all, that identity is what is keeping me trapped in this dream. I know it's the next step, but what I didn't know is that this transition period would feel this weird, this disorienting.

Days go by. I still sleep in my tent with Claudy and Mims. Temperatures at night are around 7 degrees but my little tent feels warm and comfy. It's a small greenhouse, so to speak. I am so glad we left the heat. I just love the cold on my skin. My body was built for ice and snow, not for heat. It's like I can finally breathe again. The land climate here makes the cold just lovely. Not wet, like in the Netherlands. God... how I *don't* miss that country...

There are hardly any chemtrails here. I cannot even begin to tell you how different it feels not to be bombarded with poison, like in our previous place. The air is clean, my lungs feel different.

Today is also the first day after several weeks (a month?) that my laptop is open. I just couldn't do it sooner. Like I just said, I feel strangely disoriented and quiet. Contented, but sad at the same time. Memories of my childhood have come flooding back from a secret place in my brains, a place even I could not remember. They surprise me with their presence. After many years of psychotherapy and soul searching, I thought it was done. I really believed there were no traumas left to deal with. I was wrong.

I remember how lonely I felt as a child. Two sisters, but no real connection. A dominant mother, watching every step I made and making all my decisions for me. A kind and erudite father, who was slightly autistic (like me), who loved his family very much but who was never taught how to show that. My mother hit me. A lot. Whenever she felt like it was OK to do so. Sometimes I didn't have a clue why she suddenly slapped me in my face. Hard. When I later confronted her with it (in my years of therapy), she denied it was hard and often. She called it an occasional pedagogic correction. She really had/has no idea how terrified we all were of her. Once, a friend asked me what my childhood was like. My answer (that I didn't really think about, I just spat it out) was: "Like a concentration camp". She allowed no personal growth, no personality development, no authenticity. She decided what we would wear that day, what our hair should look like (she cut it herself), whether or not we could go out (always NO), we weren't even allowed to pick up the phone or make phone calls. She did take good care of us in the sense of safety (I wouldn't be surprised if she had endured sexual abuse as a child), but it was like a god-damn concentration camp.

There was no space for adolescent behaviour. No loud music. No anger or anything that didn't fit her idea of the perfect children in the perfect family. When I went to Groningen University (I was 18), I didn't go out, I didn't party, I didn't drink or do drugs. Sounds wise but it wasn't. I was mind-controlled by my mother, and subconsciously I guess she would be around every corner to slap me hard. In the face. BANG! Out of nowhere.

Instead, I spent my time in the university library. Third floor, the vault. White soft gloves. Ancient Latin manuscripts. I had a special pass to enter and help archive the beautiful booklets. I wrote down the material (paper or parchment), the language (sometimes it was medieval German), the century (I even knew the difference between writings from the first or second half of (for instance) the 14th century, the content, the author (rarely known), and any anomaly I could find. Maybe I was a medieval monk in a previous life, who knows? I just loved doing it. Nice and safe for an autistic nerd such as myself. Little did I know it all sprang forth from fear...

Back to the present. Memories pop up, like I said. I can hear my mother's footsteps running up the stairs at night. Two staircases, as my bedroom was in the attic. My heart stopped beating if I heard her approach. Fast and furious. What had I done wrong that day?? The door would slam open and I'd get a damn good thrashing. She had probably found out that I had lied about something earlier that day. It never occurred to her that children start lying out of fear of the consequences. I simply needed 'correction'. And I got it. Hard.

Love is not enough to be a family. I learned that the hard way. I'm sure my parents loved me, most certainly my dad and probably even my mother, but it was not enough to allow me to grow up as an emotionally healthy adult. My depressions got worse and worse. Psychotherapy helped, but I can assure you it is mainly a revenue model. The therapist is not supposed to say anything, you see... he/she can only ask questions. This can (and does) go on for years and years. Looking back, I think I spent just about 20 years in therapy. 80 euros per session of one hour. Do the math. Maybe I should send the bill to my mother. It might give her a heart attack. No... knowing her, she would shrug and throw it in the bin.

We have not been in touch for the last 3 years and I intend to keep it that way. I tried everything. I forgave her time and again. I reached out countless times. I wrote letters explaining things and telling her how I would like things to be different. Nothing ever changed. The last two years in her presence were worse than ever before. Of course she didn't hit me anymore but her emotional blackmail, the refusal to talk openly and honestly, the constant denial, and her eternal manipulation made me realise she is insane beyond hope. Jackel & Hyde 2.0

So that's where it ended. Three years ago.

It was not the first time – by the way – that I cut off contact. I think I was in my early thirties when I refused any contact after one of her evil explosions. That lasted two years. I felt guilty and reached out again, forgiving her once again, hoping things would change. But they never did. My eldest sister once refused contact for 6 years, but that never changed anything either.

The thing that made it so difficult for me to see who she really was, is that she isn't just a bad person. She has a kind and warm side to her as well. Like I said: Jackel *and* Hyde. But it took me years to see that she was only kind and supporting when I felt like shit and needed help. When I was extremely vulnerable. When I had an NA-attack for instance. She'd take me in and look after me for the three months the attack would last. She'd be a Florence Nightingale. Loving and caring. The best nurse you could possibly wish for. But after the first two horror months of insufferable pain and endless amounts of morphine, after I started to get a will and a voice of my own again, things would start spiraling downwards. She'd get angry with me if I didn't want something, or if I decided I *did* want something she *didn't* want (like more or less morphine). Then the emotional blackmail would begin all over again. I was ungrateful, I had hurt her feelings, I had destroyed the bond we had built up over the weeks of being her patient. And – brainwashed as I was – I believed her. I felt guilty, ungrateful. I felt unworthy. I was a terrible person...

She always won. Her manipulation always worked. I simply didn't see what she was doing. She was a loving mother as long as I was her patient: helpless, voiceless, and obedient. She basically did what our governments are doing to humanity on a large scale: they too insist on compliance, no more defiance.

What she did was not about love, it was about control and submission. But it took me eons to see it. Partly because I had been brainwashed by her, and partly because it was too painful to realise my own mother only loved me when I complied, when I was submissive.

But I am not a submissive person. I'd rather see the painful truth than the pleasant lie. I'd rather fight than comply, when compliance doesn't serve me nor my loved ones. I simply cannot and will not be the daughter she wanted me to be.

Sometimes I ask myself the question: have I made the right decision to cut off all contact? What will I do if my sisters contact me to tell me she is dying and wants to see me? It's too late. She is dead already. She just doesn't know it yet.

I never wanted a family of my own. It would only complicate my life. I wanted to be free, travel, see the world, explore ancient mysteries. Yet, here I am... in a family of my own. Cynthia and her two daughters came and never left. I tried to leave, several times. But I always came back. I guess destiny wanted things to be 'together'. Pffff... Not easy.

Thanks to the memories that are popping up, I am able to see things and heal them. I am grateful, but after 20 years of therapy I also feel cheated. WTF? There's more?? Seriously???

I now understand why I want the house to be tidy and clean and why I impose that on the others. I am repeating history. I am just like my mother. Except I have never hit anyone. But it does frustrate me that the children leave things like a mess when I just tidied it all up. Instead of communicating that in a mature way (something I never learned), I tidy it all up again and feel angry and frustrated. I try not to show it, but these kids are bloody sensitive and feel everything. Sigh...

I finally see what I am doing. I finally understand that cleaning up their room doesn't necessarily make them happy. It just makes me happy. So when they don't respond happily and grateful, I get angry. You guessed it: I try not to show it, but they sense it. The result? Tension. More tension and even more tension. Until I cannot take it any longer and I leave. I run. I flee. But no matter where I go, I cannot flee from myself. Nor from my mother. The only thing I can do is heal.

When I look in the mirror, I see my mother. I feel loathing. I'm 57 and I am still at that level of stupidity and insanity. Un-freakin'-believable. I have her dark, straight hair, her green eyes. Sometimes I just want to shave my hair off, just like Britney Spears did in a similar moment of desperation. But I know it wouldn't change anything. It would simply grow back and I would still look just like my mother.

So. I am healing. That is my choice. And the world? The world will have to wait. The Fall of the Cabal will have to wait. I do not have the illusion that I can change the world. I never managed to change my mother, so do you really believe I can change the world? I'm not *that* stupid.

Cynthia works on her presentation about the Children. Part 2 will be presented in a zoom meeting in two weeks time. It's fucking brilliant, as always. Shocking but brilliant, and very important for the waking up process of humanity. I will be there, in the zoom. Just to support her. There is no research in it done by me. I'm just focusing on my healing. So I can be different than my mother. So I can remain a balanced Human Adult, as Jed McKenna calls it.

I have discovered that it's not enough to wake up in the dream. I am awake, lucid. I realise at all times that this is but a dream. I can see it non-stop. But how can I move on from that stage, when I haven't dealt with my issues? Now please don't send me messages about Forgiveness, about Love & Light. I've seen it, done it, been there, bought the fucking t-shirt. It didn't work. For a while it did, of course. It made me feel better. But mostly it made me feel better about myself. I believed I was a better person for feeling love and forgiveness instead of depression, frustration, and anger. Even rage and hatred. But guess what? Once you are awake in the dream, you realise that these are all just emotions. They are all the same. They all make up that sticky spiderweb that we're all caught in. Caught in the Illusion, the Matrix, I don't care whatever name you give it. I see it. Very, very clearly.

I am healing, bit by bit, in the midst of a transition from being somebody to being nobody. Is this the way to enlightenment? Who cares. All I know is that it fucking hurts. That I would like to disappear from the face of the earth into nothingness, into oblivion.

Yet, I am not depressed. Not at all. I am amazed, curious. I've never been here before. It feels like I am exploring a new planet. A painful one to explore, but still it draws me further into it. I want to *know*. I want to go all the way, until I can say: "It's DONE".

Will you hear from me soon again? Probably not. Maybe. Who knows...
Only when I have something to say, something to share.
The world is already filled with empty words.
People talk simply because they want to talk, they want to be heard.
Too much 'white noise'.

Therefore, let me shut up for now.
Until next time, my friends.
Enjoy your dream while it lasts, you might be in for a rude awakening...

Yes, it is very personal. But I'm tired of all the secrecies and hidden agendas in this world.
So here's a bit of transparency for y'all!

XX

The end...