

## Chapter Seven

*Yeshua stood* motionless. He tried to voice a question to the one staring at him, but then realized in amazement that Moloch wasn't looking at him at all; he was staring past him and into the corridor beyond. Yeshua turned to see him locked in a gaze with someone else. Nothing was said between the two, yet he sensed volumes were being communicated.

The countenance portrayed between the two was not antagonistic; it seemed even cordial. Eventually the man from behind tipped his head, turned and walked away.

Yeshua followed.

"Excuse me. Excuse me!"

"Yes?"

"I'm sorry to trouble you, but I appear to be trapped in a nightmare." It was an odd thing to say to a complete stranger, but it was the first thing that popped into his head.

"I may be wrong, but I don't think you are in a nightmare," the man offered pleasantly. "And I don't think you believe this either."

"Perhaps," Yeshua ventured, "but whatever these experiences are, I keep coming back to them."

"I see."

The man started to move away when Yeshua added, "Are you able to help me understand what's happening to me? My wife tells me that meditating can help one put troubling thoughts in perspective. If I'm not dreaming, perhaps I'm simply in a meditative trance and don't realize it?"

“Your wife sounds like a very wise woman. What is it you wish to know?”

“It would help if I knew where we were,” Yeshua sighed with relief.

“We’re underground.”

“Who were those men? And why were they speaking about me and my family? Are we in danger?”

The man took a moment to consider the question. “I don’t believe you’re in any more danger today than you’ve been throughout your life.”

“What does that mean?”

“Well you did once travel to Egypt because your parents thought you were being targeted.”

“I *was* being targeted; Herod had issued a decree to slaughter all children of my age.”

“The decree was only for the males, but this is true.”

“How do you know this? And who are you?”

The man smiled, “Just someone who stays informed; someone who watches as circumstances develop.”

“As circumstances develop? With me?”

There was a slight hesitation. “With everyone really; although I’ll admit you are a special specimen.”

“Special specimen?” He was repeating his counterpart’s replies again. It was very unsettling.

“Let’s just say you are a person of interest.”

Yeshua decided to let the strange comment pass. Remembering his manners, he started anew. “I’m sorry, I’m being rude. My name is Yeshua Cu Cuileann.”

“Of course.”

“You know me?”

The man shrugged.

“And you are?”

He shrugged again. “I am known by many names; but if you’d like, you may call me Lucius.”

“Lucius, as in a bearer of Light?” Yeshua asked with piqued interest.

“I have at times been referred to as such; although I suspect many will choose to malign me in the future.”

“Well thank you, Lucius. I appreciate you speaking with me. Would I be correct in assuming that you are a person with knowledge on many things?”

“You would.”

“What kind of things?”

“That is a curious question.”

“Do you know everything?”

“I’m not sure that anyone knows everything,” he chuckled. “Other than perhaps the Source.”

“So you admit to knowing the Source?”

“I wouldn’t use the word admit,” Lucius replied pragmatically.

Yeshua sensed the man was being deliberately cagey. A fascinating thought came to him out of nowhere. “You said you watch as conditions develop. Is it possible that you are a Watcher?”

Lucius seemed genuinely surprised. “You’ve learned much since your schooling days with Gamaliel.”

“Yes, I have.”

“It’s a striking characterization, and not necessarily incorrect. I do watch over many things.”

Yeshua was emboldened by the extraordinary revelation. If this man was indeed a Watcher as described from the days of Creation, then maybe he knew of other ancient phenomenon. Unless of course, this Lucius possessed a far darker side. Another implausible question popped into his head.

“Might you be one of the Fallen Angels?” he asked warily.

Lucius paused briefly. “That too is both a troubling and fascinating thought; but no, I am not one of the Fallen.”

He was impressed with the way Yeshua's mind worked. He'd not previously had the opportunity to interact with him; but given others were currently making themselves known, he felt it prudent to also make himself available. Thinking on the question just posed, he decided to elaborate.

"Are you aware that the thesis of multiple renegade Angels, versus simply the original Adam, is a rather recent one?"

Yeshua was taken aback by the strange shift of the conversation.

"Your initial book I believe speaks of the disobedience of Adam," Lucius continued, "and how Yahweh punished him by casting him out, naked, onto this plane. But the oldest reading of your Tanakh speaks only of Adam, and not of the other Fallen ones now being taught by your religious leaders. One has to wonder why this might be."

Yeshua was intrigued, but chose not to challenge the point. He knew of the discrepancy and had discussed it – along with the many other inconsistencies within these writings – with his mother. She had always suspected there were those who, over time, had interfered with the written word for their own agendas. Yeshua agreed with her assumption that all versions needed to be treated as suspect, and that much older beliefs existed prior to these texts.

"One does have to wonder," Yeshua replied cordially.

Lucius seemed genuinely pleased by the response, and decided to delve further into Yeshua's character.

"You may be interested to know that the concept of going against God, of disobeying him, will one day be a critical theme identified with you one day, or with aspects of the religion that will be associated with your name."

Yeshua couldn't believe his ears and he lashed out accordingly. "There will be no religion associated with my name!"

"So you often state," Lucius said patiently. "But as others have mentioned before me, one does not always have a say in what history decides to write once they leave this earthly plane. Trust me, I know."

Yeshua was constantly amazed that so many felt the need to relate such fanciful ideas of his future to him. But in this case he begrudgingly admitted that he was equally intrigued, given the man disseminating them was currently only in his head.

“Might I ask on the details of this theme you speak of which one day could be allied with me?”

“Certainly,” Lucius smiled. “You – or the religion associated with you – will conflate a few things from one interpretation of this story; that is, the washing away of original sin.”

“You’re referring to baptism?”

“I am, but not in the context your cousin Jon uses it. He of course denounces the idea that all Jews are entitled to everlasting life simply because they were born as sons of Abraham. And he insists that one be baptized into the understanding of the New Covenant in order to be saved.

“The baptism which will be linked with you will be seen as a means to wash away a sin of Genesis, specifically the sin of Adam and his mate, Eve.”

“And exactly what sin might that be?” Yeshua asked slowly, a bit confused.

“It will have more to do with the perceived sin of Eve. As you know, it was she who offered the fruit to Adam. This will be seen as the original sin of man, the one responsible for her and Adam being cast down; the original Fallen Angel if you will.”

Yeshua considered this critically. “You do realize that had they not been cast down as you describe it, then Gaia would not have been populated. None of us would have been here. Genesis merely tells the story of how Gaia was created and populated.”

“Does it?” Lucius intoned, raising an eyebrow to accompany the question. “You’re quite sure no one else was here prior to Adam?”

At Yeshua’s enlightened, yet cautious look, he smiled, recognizing that Yeshua was not yet going to reveal his thoughts on the veracity of the penned Word.

“It is true,” Lucius continued, “that this portion of your book explains one story of how Gaia was colonized. But the implication was that man might still have been born as

children of Eden – in its land of paradise – had Adam not eaten what was provided from the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil by Eve.”

“Yes,” Yeshua conceded reluctantly; “but I guess what I’m failing to see is what this original sin as you call it, has to do with anyone other than Adam and Eve. And what would a baptism have to do with their supposed sin?”

“Well, your religion will—”

*“I do not have a religion,”* Yeshua sighed dramatically.

“Yes, well, the religion created in your name will have at its foundation the need to be baptized into it.”

“Similar to Jon’s practice of joining the New Covenant?”

“Yes, however in your case, baptism will be used to wash away the stain of the initiate’s original sin, which will be explained to have been placed upon everyone when they are born. It will represent the cleansing of one’s mind and soul, and the beginning of their path towards God.”

“If you say so,” Yeshua replied hesitantly; “but I contend it is not a terribly sound foundation to base an initiation on. Why would someone who had nothing to do with this disobedient act be held accountable and need to gain clemency from it in order to be accepted into a new – and I assume loving – religion?”

“A valid point,” Lucius noted with appreciation.

“I mean each year during Rosh Shofar, we remember our past transgressions committed against others and seek forgiveness to atone for these acts. We bathe and start the year anew, fresh and free from the burdens of previous indiscretions. The baptism you describe atones for a deed an initiate could have had nothing to do with and will have no knowledge of. It seems like a contrived offense being washed away.”

Lucius had to agree. “I must admit that I’m unsure why those responsible will insist that entry into this new faith be predicated on washing away this original sin.”

“Well they’ll definitely have missed the mark if they choose to use such flawed logic.”

As tiresome as the idea was that someone might create a following in his name, in this case it didn't keep him from theorizing on some fundamental weaknesses of its ideologies, particularly since he was currently engaged in a fascinating exchange with an obviously learned and esoteric man.

Thinking on it more, he added, "Perhaps it will be chosen simply because a rationale is needed to institute baptism into this new order. The cleansing of one's past sins is an alluring concept; and if you're going to require the baptism of everyone – young and old – then you would need an offense which could be applied to all. Maybe in trying to determine one, the instigators will have difficulty and simply pick this peculiar interpretation of a story from Genesis. It's certainly true that very few have access to the written word, so it's possible they'll believe scrutiny won't be given to the complete illogic of their choice."

Lucius couldn't help laughing at the thesis.

"Although blaming Eve for the perceived sins of Adam seems rather uncharitable to me," Yeshua added, more as an afterthought.

"What do you mean?"

"Well Eve is the counterpart to Adam in this version of the story. If what you're saying is true – that she will somehow be deemed responsible for this sin – then the creators of this new faith will be showing immense bias. And I have to admit I'm not at all pleased by it, who's to say they won't promote similar prejudices in the future? Might I ask what other doctrines are purported within this religion which may be linked to me?"

"There will be many of course," Lucius answered, pleased with the discourse, "but a primary difference will be that those who adopt this faith, for the most part, will not be Jewish. Your religion will be open to all peoples, but it will settle into being principally for the Gentiles."

"Really? How extraordinary!" Yeshua exclaimed in awe. "So the teachings of Zadok and Menahem, who always believed that the Creator intended the pathway to salvation be for all men, might one day be realized?"

“Are you perhaps reconsidering your involvement in this new movement?” Lucius asked, intrigued.

“No, I am not,” Yeshua replied, but not without humor.

“I only ask because for someone totally against a following being put forth in your name, you certainly have some interesting critiques on the subject matter.”

It was Yeshua’s turn to laugh. “Well although I’ve heard of such fantasies before, this is the first time anyone has given me any details on the topic. I’m obviously against anyone depicting an alternative version of history, regardless of the reasons; it’s wrong, and dishonest. But the idea of creating a new faith and deliberately associating it with someone other than its actual founder is deceitful on every level, and there can be no justification for it.”

The enormity of such a potential transgression had always been unsettling; but as Lucius himself was not responsible for this altercation-to-be, Yeshua decided to make light of it.

“Besides,” he continued affably, “inventing a new religion without at least holding true to the principles held by the individual proclaimed to be behind it, is particularly insulting.”

“Are you sure you aren’t interested in providing more of a critique?”

“Quite sure!” Yeshua grinned. “Although it does appear that I may need to make more of an effort to ensure my core beliefs are recognized to a much wider audience, if only to safeguard my reputation and make sure it is not eternally compromised by persons seeking to imitate me without even portraying my fundamental tenets.”

Yeshua realized he was enjoying himself immensely. He was currently engaged in an engrossing conversation – at least in his own mind – with a potential Watcher, and comically discussing the ill-begotten traits of a future ideology which might be deliberately introduced in his name. Still, he felt compelled to give a more practical rationale for his objections on the issue.

“Lucius, it’s not just the outrageous idea that someone might use my name, or even the specifics of my life to perpetrate a new faith. Offensive as that might be, my thoughts

are that initiating a new religion in this day and age is counter to man's path back to the Source, and therefore to his own salvation. People needed such crutches in the past to help them cope with the mayhem as they sunk into the denseness of the waning Yuga Cycle. But we are now moving towards the waxing portion of this cycle; we are headed towards Enlightenment.

"Creating a new religion at this point will only keep man from recovering his connection with his own inner light. There's no reason to interject a pontiff – or stand-in – to promote one's path to salvation. People need to begin looking within themselves to find their own natural conduit to the Creator."

"A reasonable argument," Lucius acknowledged with growing respect, "but do you really believe they are ready for such a monumental task? We are as you well know, more than a millennium away from Enlightenment."

"True," Yeshua agreed, "but we are no longer sinking in Kali. If man does not begin to regain his connection with the Creator, nefarious souls will continue to abuse and manipulate him, causing unnecessary delays in his awakening and additional negative karma to be resolved. We owe it to mankind to foster this awakening any way that we can, and to thwart all attempts to constrain such growth."

Lucius nodded his approval on the topic, and Yeshua seemed bolstered by it. He liked Lucius and appreciated his somewhat cryptic candor. It was a far cry from the distress of his encounter with Moloch, and the troubling conversation he'd just overheard earlier with respect to his family being at risk, and the men seeking to blackmail him. He wondered at the contrast.

Moloch had offered to help him sort out the labyrinth of questions concerning the unconscionable practice of sacrificing children, but he'd put a price on the information. Lucius, on the other hand, seemed willing to discuss pretty much any topic Yeshua brought up. This man was only in his head, yet he was at ease discussing things with him, even difficult ones.

As troubling as it was to consider, it appeared that Moloch was somehow involved in the sacrificing of infants. He had nearly admitted as much. Given this fact, it was

obvious he could not be considered a reliable source for determining how best to stop these crimes against humanity. Lucius, on the other hand, just might be able to provide some needed perspective on the topic. Yeshua felt comfortable speaking to him, and thus far had no reason to distrust him. His own demeanor changed somewhat as he contemplated the troubling subject matter.

There was no way of knowing where a conversation on such a dark topic might lead. Hoping for the best, he made the decision to try.

“The man you were staring at earlier in the other room; do you know him?”

“I do.”

“His name is Moloch.”

“It is.”

“And you know him?”

“Yes.”

“I’m sorry,” Yeshua stumbled apologetically. “I’m having trouble sorting things out in my mind. I swear there are times I feel that I am trapped inside of it.”

“Is it that?” Lucius asked compassionately, “or are you simply seeking information on some very difficult topics?”

Yeshua sighed, resigning himself to the conversation.

“How is it that you know Moloch?”

“I’m not entirely sure that is relevant at this time.”

Yeshua considered the strange response, but decided to push forward.

“For some time now, I’ve been seeking information concerning a troubling practice I witnessed a long time ago. In fact, I believe this pursuit may very well be responsible for my mind playing tricks on itself. I realize I’m currently in a strange trance, but it’s one I keep returning to. The rapidity of these happenings over the last few months leads me to believe that there’s a purpose to it.”

Lucius looked on encouragingly.

“You see the last time I was in a trance like this I met that man, Moloch. He said things which were extremely concerning, things which lead me to believe he may be

involved in orchestrating some very evil deeds being perpetrated by some very dark souls.”

“How so?”

Yeshua paused, suddenly wondering how safe it was to be discussing these concerns with a stranger. Yet hadn’t he already done the same just months before with Moloch?

“You can trust me,” Lucius said kindly.

The same sensed truth in these words and was comforted by them.

“When I was younger,” Yeshua began again, “I saw something. It was the deliberate sacrificing of an infant child. I know it sounds impossible, but I can assure you I know what I saw.

“At the time I was traumatized; it was horrifying beyond description. I should have gone to the authorities with what little I knew, but every fiber in my being kept me from doing so. I believed at least some of those in authority were involved in what I had witnessed, and I wasn’t sure whom I could trust.

“I visited the East after that, in search of answers. I couldn’t fathom how was it possible for anyone to participate in such a ritual. And it *was* a ritual I came to understand; one I now believe is being perpetrated all over the world, by members of the elite and even religious leaders.

“I was fortunate to meet some very learned men in my travels, and through them I’ve managed to learn more about these crimes, although the rationale of it still eludes me. They confirmed the depth of its depravity, along with various ranks of those involved. Given some of the details revealed, I now believe these rituals have been going on for far longer than anyone can imagine.”

“I see,” Lucius replied sympathetically, and with a newfound respect for the one before him.

“It has always been my intent to find a way to expose these syndicates before they manage to disappear again. I *will* stop these crimes, if it’s the last thing I do,” he declared passionately. “Deliberately sacrificing innocent children is an offense which cannot be justified under any condition. There can be no excuse!”

Yeshua exhaled loudly, pained as always by the thought of it. “As I said, I met Moloch in a trance similar to this one. He indicated that he knew specific details of these practices and that he would provide me with the information I needed, I assume to stop them. Only I would be required to—”

“To give him something in return?” Lucius interjected.

Yeshua was startled. “You know?”

“I don’t know of that meeting; but yes, it sounds like something Moloch might offer. He’s made agreements like this before, I’m afraid.”

“So you believe he has the ability to help me?”

“I’m not saying that at all, although he is in a position to provide much to those who wish to associate with him.”

“Well that’s my problem,” Yeshua sighed. “He agreed to give me answers, but insisted on my allegiance in return. Such a condition is quite clearly out of the question.”

“May I ask why that might be?”

Yeshua looked at him strangely. “Why would I offer allegiance to anyone simply to gain information about stopping such heinous crimes?”

Lucius smiled fondly, “You are wise beyond your years.”

Yeshua realized the insanity of the conversation he was currently having. He shook his head, almost hoping he would awaken and find he’d been asleep in his bed. On opening his eyes though, he simply saw Lucius staring back at him.

“I’m sorry, who are you again? And why are you in my dream?”

“As I said before, Yeshua, I don’t believe you are in a dream.”

“Yet I’m clearly speaking to you.”

“You are.”

“This is crazy. I am obviously hallucinating.”

“Moloch often has that effect on people.”

Yeshua took a deep breath. “What I was witnessing with those men around the table earlier, they suggested that someone needed to turn me. It was insanity; but then I saw

Moloch who had been watching quietly from the corner of the room. He nodded as if he was pleased with their discussion, and their attempt to blackmail me.”

“I’m sure he was.”

“But why?”

“Now that is a complicated question,” Lucius hedged.

“You know though, don’t you?”

“It’s something he’s been known to do.”

“The man named Kamran suggested that their ancestors had also been controlled.”

Lucius nodded. “Technically that’s correct. In many ways, all that they do, they do for him.”

“What? For Moloch?”

Lucius considered the question, but wasn’t entirely sure how to answer it. “He has been around for a very long time, Yeshua. During his most recent tenure, Moloch has been successful in manipulating many individuals to do his bidding. It’s been a mutually beneficial arrangement that has included certain offerings. There’s no need for us to get into details at this point.”

“Are you suggesting that those men regularly offer things up to him?” Yeshua’s mind again went to the scene of horror in his past. *An offering.*

“Yes,” Lucius replied matter-of-factly. “And for this, many have been given great power, wealth, and stunningly long life.”

“You’re saying he’s a god?”

“Of course not; although there are some who have described him as such.”

“He told me that others also paid him homage. He took me to one group located in Tibet. He implied that one of the ways they paid this homage was through these types of sacrifices. Is this true?”

“Moloch is a troubled soul, Yeshua; one who’s been frustrated because he’s unable to attain that which he believes he’s entitled to here. Because of this, he often uses others to achieve his goals.”

“I don’t understand.”

“As I said, it’s complicated.”

“He uses them in a bad way?”

“Is there any other when one is being used?”

Yeshua shrugged. “True, but uses them to do what?”

“Many things, most of which are not very pleasant.”

“But he was amiable towards me.”

“I suspect he was.”

“So are you saying that he is the one responsible for these horrific crimes?”

“Responsible?” Lucius paused before answering; “Let’s just say that he benefits greatly from them.”

“What does that mean?”

“Yeshua, you said it yourself, this goes back a very long time.”

“But you know of these sacrifices I’ve described?”

“I do.”

“And yet you yourself have done nothing to stop them.” He was suddenly disappointed with this new acquaintance.

“Unfortunately, I’m not in a position to change things.”

“Who are you!”

“I told you, my name is Lucius.”

“I don’t mean your name. Who are you and how is it that you know these things?”

“As I’ve already explained, I’m here to watch over certain happenings; but not to interfere in them.”

Yeshua was genuinely annoyed. “I don’t understand; if you know what’s been going on, then why haven’t you stopped it? Why haven’t you put an end to it?”

“Free Will, Yeshua,” Lucius replied calmly. “It’s a powerful tug. All men are given Free Will by the Creator. They are free to make their own choices.”

“That is a ridiculously arrogant thing to say given what is happening to innocent children!”

“I understand it is difficult to accept, but there’s a certain amount of non-interference that must be upheld.”

“Non-interference?” Yeshua repeated incredulously.

“Yes.”

“There needs to be non-interference from you, but not from Moloch?”

“Actually, he is not interfering. He may appear to be guiding, cajoling, even enticing men to do things that I’ll admit are quite difficult to accept. But he is not participating in them.”

“Then what is he getting out of these crimes?”

“Power,” Lucius replied solemnly. “He can achieve enormous amounts of power depending on the level of sacrifice; but not necessarily on this plane.”

“Are you serious? There are men deliberately sacrificing children so that this man can gain power?”

“Enormous amounts of it.”

“And what exactly is he doing with this power?”

“That is something you’ll need to take up with him; it’s not something I can answer. Again, Free Will.”

“That’s insane! On every level! You’re saying that the lives of these children are somehow dispensable because the Free Will of one man cannot be interfered with?”

Lucius looked at the clearly agitated man before him, confirming in his own mind the prophecies concerning him. Yeshua Cu Cuileann was an extraordinary individual and a very old soul who was here to serve mankind.

“How long has this been going on?” he demanded.

“You stumbled upon something that is hardly new as you suspected, but quite established. There was a time however, millennium ago, when things were very different; where peace and fellowship were the norm amongst all. Of the specific practices you speak of, they have been in existence for some 4000 years. Prior to that, these types of ritual offerings did not occur.”

Yeshua was dumbfounded. “So what happened 4000 years ago to prompt such malicious behavior?”

“Now that is an interesting question,” Lucius opined.

“It is far more than an interesting question!” Yeshua repeated sarcastically. “You know, don’t you? If you know when it started, then you must know what precipitated it. Please tell me.”

Lucius looked over with sympathizing compassion. How much could, or should, he reveal? Was it right to shatter what this young man believed to be the past? Yet he was here, in this critical place and time for a deliberate purpose. Given this fact, was it fair *not* to reveal what was now known to only a few? Yeshua was standing before him asking an explicit question. His heart was pure, and he was seeking knowledge; Lucius would be breaking no covenant by answering a direct question. He decided to tread lightly on the somewhat alien topic.