



VISION OF THE TRIPLE GODDESS

**A selection from
The Gospel of Sophia:
Biographies of the Divine Feminine Trinity**

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VISION OF THE TRIPLE GODDESS

*No one has seen Her triple, flaming soul, so brilliant and yet subdued,
No one has known Her secret ways that labyrinth the soul,
No one can dance Her birthing song, so deep and suffering true,
Unless her names she chants again or gathers the spring morning dew.*

She was standing before me, a crone with leathery skin and a crepey neck, yet eyes that sparkled with vibrancy and youth that pierced my soul with a knowingness of ageless wisdom. So deeply did her eyes penetrate me, with such discomfort, that I glanced away.

She pointed her crooked, ancient finger back over her shoulder to hot red fields of molten lava that was pouring forth as a rich cake batter might spill in folds upon itself as it emptied from a baker's mixing bowl.

Through intense heated air, I could see massive pools of percolating magma fed by liquefied rock cascading down a mountain. From the lava pools, four bubbling, red-hot rivers curved downstream away into a distant, smoke-hazed horizon. In a silence where all is understood, the wisdom woman brought forth from her cloak an ordinary shovel and held it out to me.

With her other hand, she pointed upward to the distant falling streams of molten lava. I accepted the shovel and set off in the direction she indicated. With an intuition of knowing the destination and then floating into it with a kind of spiritual thrust, I looked behind me to see if the crone was following, but she had faded into darkness and invisibility with only the sound of her laughter lingering in the aura of fire.

As I started my ascent up the mountain, headed toward the rim of the summit, I could see a fountainhead of the thick folding, churning streams of molten rock. Tightly holding the shovel as my walking stick, I seemed to use a type of dream-will to pole vault and weightlessly propel myself over the streams and pools of liquid fire. Yet, in little time, the intense heat had melted the blade, leaving me only the handle.

But this was of no concern to me as I vision-willed myself to the top of the summit with no constraints of ordinary physics.

In a dimension of experience that was not framed in time and space, I perceived the source of the four rivers of molten rock – a huge black cube, suspended a few feet off the liquid fire ground. Gushing streams of molten magma flowed out of four sides of the black cube to the rim of the summit and cascaded down the mountainside.

What was this mysterious dark cube? How could I reach it?

Feeling the presence of someone other than myself on the precipice of the fiery threshold, I turned my head and there was the wisdom woman standing in her knowingness with a warm and loving smile.

“How could you be here?” I questioned her without words. “Without a walking stick?”

“How can I get to the black cube?”

Her silent language told me to turn to the cube and hold out the remaining shovel stick that I still grasped. Following her inner directive, I turned back to the cube, held out the shovel stick, which seemed to have become an enchanted wand, and struck the cube’s ebony side in an attempt to analyze the strange formation. Instantaneously in a whirl of mystical displacement, I found myself inside the cube, immersed in an enormous volcanic fountainhead.

And there she was. Standing motionless in the middle of the fiery fountain of magma. The wisdom woman.

Her timeworn image had been transformed into a youthful, shimmering beauty, holding an infant in her arms.

Her heavy pleated cloak that had hidden all of her features except her face and hands had become a gossamer gown of sky blue chiffon that barely made modest her naked figure underneath. Her hair fell below her shoulders like opulent strands of silky ribbons in a multitude of hues and tones. Her skin was luscious luminescence. Her face was perfect symmetry. Her eyes sparkled with vibrancy and youth.

She approached me and with a mother’s tender love placed the baby in my arms.

Holding the infant and gazing into its face, rushing imaginations flooded through me. The infant became a mirror of recognition.

“This child is me,” my soul reflected.

I saw my life stream forward in time as the four rivers of magma gushed from the cube.

I was the child growing into what I had become, quite unconscious of the guiding forces of the wisdom woman who stood before me as mother, maiden, crone, hidden Goddess.

Once hesitant to look into the eyes of the crone, I now hungered to look into her wisdom gaze to give me knowledge of myself. Our eyes met and her wordless language began to pour into my heart and soul.

“You have traveled this path of fire and heat, given only a simple shovel,” she thought into me. “By trusting forces beyond your physical experience, you willed yourself over fiery obstacles and up to the volcano summit.”

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“It is time to birth
your higher self.”

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“Then, trusting your intuition in a place where no logic seemed operative,” she continued, “you awakened your consciousness to a time and space defying the act of holding yourself as a babe.’

Her parting thoughts to me resounded as I began to wake from my dream.

“It is time,” she said.

“Time for what?” I asked.

She smiled knowingly. “It is time to birth your higher self.”

Drenched in heavy sweat, I leaped out of my dream state, jumping out of my bed with my arms folded in front of me as though cradling a baby. My beating heart felt like a heavy baton beating on a tightly-stretched drumhead.

I caught a glimpse of myself in the mirror across the room. My face looked magma red.

"My God, I'm sweating blood!"

I sat down on the bed, tried to calm myself, and make sense of this strange dream.

I was living in Hawaii at the time. I had come to the Big Island to participate in a series of Tibetan Buddhist initiations and empowerments in the highest Yoga Tantra teachings on the deity Vajrayogini, the Holy Mother Consort (dakini) of all male tantric deities.

These special holy teachings are at the heart of Tibetan tantric practices. The initiations were conducted by the three leaders of the Sakyapa tradition, especially the venerable Luding Khen Rinpoche. The present embodiment of Vajrayogini, Jetsen Khusala, also helped conduct the ceremonies.

My dream was no doubt the soul unwindings of the day's intense esoteric practices.

The revelations, visions, dreams, and experiences that came to me while immersed in these teachings were, I believe, part of my initiation into the deepening awareness of the Mother aspect of spirituality. As my initiations progressed, so did the vividness of my dream life.

When a Hawaiian friend offered to lead me through miles of underground lava tubes that visitors and most residents did not know about, I did not hesitate to accept the offer. The thought of experiencing my dream on an actual volcano field stirred my adrenaline and piqued my curiosity.

Bryan was going to take me to a place called Pelee's Vagina, so named because of a natural invagination of the rock from which blood red lava had flowed.

Pelee's Vagina is a geological wonder, but also a sacred ceremonial chamber for Hawaiian women's birthing rituals. In early geological times, lava tubes were created when streams of magma hardened against the cooler sides of the tube to form a continuous and hard crust. The tube formed a roof under which molten lava oozed.

"Even though a tube appears harmless and dormant," Bryan explained to me before leaving on our excursion, "these lava tubes can be filled in an instant with hot magma any time a volcano is active.

"Just as women birth new children with the same womb, Pelee can arise as she wishes and fill these old lava tubes with new hot magma," he warned.

I was intrigued.

"Let's hike directly up Puu'oo," I challenged Bryan.

Puu'oo is an 800-foot tall cone volcano that vents a constant plume of sulfuric smoke high into the atmosphere. The hazardous climb to its rim is prohibited by law and punishable with a thousand dollar fine per person. Its lakes and rivers of molten magma deep below the cone continuously flow down the gentle slopes to the sea, making it the largest shield volcano in the world.

How I convinced Bryan to follow my crazy idea still confounds me today.

He knew that the black, cold lava crust of Puu'oo insulates the hot magma rivers that actively flow underground. In periods of strong activity, Puu'oo can vent thousand-foot-tall fountains, while the areas around her can well up into active magma lakes that rush to the sea in fiery rivers. Puu'oo's cycle of flow is extremely unpredictable, and her onslaught had already consumed three villages where friends had lost their homes to the advancing flows of lava.

We hopped into his four-wheel-drive and ascended the dangerously steep and rocky road. My anxieties were somewhat assuaged by my friend's adept driving as he maneuvered through what seemed like unending challenges of difficult terrain. Miles beyond where I thought no vehicle could travel safely, we came to a dead stop on a bed of lava gravel.

Before us lay a vast incline, a landscape of frozen black lava ornamented with huge chunks of hard glass boulders that had heaved up into bizarre and surreal sculpture-like formations.

As Bryan and I hiked out onto this volcanic wasteland that would take us to the foot of Puu'oo, I was enthralled by the musical sounds of the lava glass breaking beneath our heavy boots, like walking on thousands of crystal and glass shards or a film of freshly frozen ice, releasing sounds unlike any musical instrument I had ever heard.

Pling. Shriek. Ring. Screech.

Laying around in countless shapes and images were lava sculptures that had been created by rushing rivers of lava moving down the mountainside which had cooled over time, leaving a natural gallery of carvings and figures to be interpreted by one's imagination. Some were china thin plates of polished black

glass. Others looked like contorted faces of grotesque demons peering from the moonscape ground. The rock field was full of hardened, black ropey images of swirling forms.

Here and there we spotted black, desolate slopes where skeleton-like trees had miraculously remained erect among the rushing onslaught of fiery molten rock. Their strange starkness was punctuated against the cloudless blue sky.

The scorching sun baked the black lava, and the heat rose in ripples. Sweat on the surface of my skin mixed with the glass-like powdery residue that arose from the breaking surfaces beneath our feet. It felt as though we were walking on a different planet or in some realm of hell.

After we had climbed five miles or so, the terrain became more treacherous because we had reached the area where the hot magma rivers from past eruptions still slowly flowed beneath the surface crust of hardened lava.

As we walked, our boots broke the brittle boundary between hardened crust and the flowing, hot magma below, leaving sizable depressions as footprints. It became increasingly difficult to see where we were stepping because all around us were cloud-like streams of vaporous sulfuric "vog," or volcanic fog that rose from vents in the lava crust beneath our feet.

With each step, I began to wonder if the next might drop us into a scalding river of death. I was grateful more than once that I had decided, because of my dream, to take a walking stick. It saved me from falling on several occasions, falls which could easily have taken my life, as we threaded our way up the treacherous terrain.

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When Bryan and I arrived at the foot of Puu'oo, the home of Pelee, I was dumbstruck.

Here was the mountain I had seen in my dream. I knew at that moment that something magical would transpire from this adventure.

As I stood in awe of the bizarre and unearthly landscape, helicopters were circling above, filled with paid tourists observing the wonders of the volcano at a safe distance.

Bryan called out.

“We may be going too far. Look ahead at those people who are wearing hazmat. Maybe we should turn around.” I turned to see a group of explorers wearing heat-resistant asbestos clothing and protective face masks.

My euphoria was checked when Bryan further explained that we could be reported for trespassing, causing our trip to end and resulting in thousands of dollars in fines.

But being young and daring, we threw caution to the wind and continued our climb.

Near the top of the slopes, we came upon a series of vents, or caved-in holes. Looking into them, we could see enormous underground caverns nearly filled with boiling lakes of magma fed by rushing rivers of fire beneath our feet. The vents were encircled by thin, fragile crusts that frequently collapsed beneath our feet. As we walked around the vents, large sections would suddenly cave in and drop into the flowing magma.

I realized, with no small amount of anxiety, that my trusty walking stick would not be much help if a large section of the fragile crust suddenly fell into one of the vents.

“Bryan, look at this,” I shouted over the piercing sound of lava glass breaking under my heels.

I pointed to a particular vent that was extraordinarily large and looked like an opening to a cave rising up thirty feet in front of us. We circled all about it to find the closest place to peer inside it without crushing the lava crust under our feet.

“Here, let me use the walking stick to stabilize us so we can look into the opening,” I explained to Bryan.

I stuck my head into the smoke and ash and saw an underground cavern. Fifteen feet below, there was a surging, heaving, exploding, boiling, spinning, whirling lake of magma.

A huge river of magma off to the right rushed into the lake. The force of the river was so great that the molten lava was being pushed uphill, swirling into a roiling cauldron of white-hot liquid rock about three hundred yards in diameter. Pockets of vapor exploded onto the roof of the cavern about fifteen feet above the surface, creating spectacular underground fireworks.

Bryan picked up a chunk of hardened lava the size of a football and heaved it into the lake of magma. Before it reached the surface of the fiery lake, it vaporized. I moved closer, trying to discern the colors swirling within the searing heat which was beyond white-hot, a sea of liquid fire which was contained within a corona of clear, luminous light. Mobile and ethereal, it seemed like a consciousness was leading my attention further into the cavern. Using my stick, I leaned forward, stretching as far as I could to see what was in the middle of the lake.

That's when I saw Her: Pelee, the Triple Goddess.

The light had begun to coalesce into three separate forms, all hovering above the infernal lake. Three beings – three sets of eyes – came into focus, and they were all looking at me, into my eyes. And, it seemed to me, into my very soul.

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“Mobile and ethereal, it seemed like a consciousness was leading my attention further into the cavern.”
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On the left was a naked young Goddess, all red, dancing on a lotus flower, her eyes filled with compassion. She had three eyes, one in the middle of her forehead. Her third eye was looking into heaven. As flames leapt about Her, She drank Her own blood from a raised skull-cup. She had a cross over her shoulder. A bell and drum sounded loudly.

I recognized Her as a form of Vajrayogini, a Goddess whose image had been imprinted in my mind from my Tibetan studies. I realized that this holy Mother consort was the creator of fire and earth, the mysteries of birth and the past. She is the dark Goddess who is actually brilliant red, but few have ever seen Her. It was She who was sought after in underground mystery centers where the secrets of fire were taught.

In the center was a pure, beautiful Goddess of light seated on a luminous throne and clothed in a long, flowing white veil studded with stars.

Her form was white with heat, so white that I could see right through her. Another veil covered Her eyes and most of Her face. From her heart came flashes of white light that were as wispy and soft as cirrus clouds.



“Nothing I had ever before experienced prepared me for the fierceness, the explosive creativity that I witnessed that day on the mountaintop when I saw the unveiling of the Triple Goddess.”



She had many veils about Her that moved and flowed with the rhythm of the rivers of magma beneath Her, though She Herself was sitting still, hands firmly holding Her throne. She seemed to be waiting patiently and attentively.

Then, I suddenly knew Her as Eve, the mother of humanity. I saw Her great suffering as She left the garden of Eden and lived many lives, longing for creation in the purity of its beginning. She lived and died, gave birth and saw death. Her wisdom grew. She gave birth to Jesus as mother Mary.

My vision continued in what seemed like an eternity, only to be told later by Bryan that only a moment had passed.

In those brief moments, it was revealed to me that twelve years after Christ was crucified, Sophia (who was Eve, Mary, and the Spirit of Wisdom) was assumed into heaven and conquered death. She is still with us and continues to appear to the faithful who are pure of heart when they pray to Her. She is present for them at the moment of their death. She is the ruler of the present moment.

On the right was an entity of light that was not bound by one body, but seemed composed of creative swirls of energy resembling the wings of doves. Each swirl was filled with wisdom so profound that when I looked upon a specific one, any thought I had, any image formed in my mind, became an immediate picture mirrored back to me from Her creative response.

She was responding to my thoughts, filling them with the wisdom to understand this threefold being that I was beholding. The other two Goddess forms seemed to both surround and yet work through Her creative, swirling energies.

This third Being revealed Herself to me as the future, uncreated, yet continuously being created. She rules fate and destiny and is the nature of resurrection and new life born out of death. She was truly indescribable, because She could take any image and coalesce it into form, manifesting before my eyes that which I wished to know.

She seemed unlimited, constantly changing, more powerful and terrible than any other force, yet more compelling, alluring, and beautiful than my greatest imagination of feminine beauty.

When I could bear no more, I drew back from the vent and my vision. I was startled to see a look of shock on my friend's face. When I asked him what was wrong, he informed me that my eyelashes, eyebrows, and even the hair around my face had been severely singed from being so close to the intense heat.

I had been so enthralled by my vision of the Goddess that I had not even noticed that I was being scorched.

I was more astonished with the realizations that began to flood my mind. I began to understand who the Dark Goddess is and why people are afraid of Her and why some philosophers place her underground or in the obscure. I could see that She is a volcano Goddess who is fiery red hot on the inside (magma) and cold black (lava) on the outside. Her magma is hidden by the veils of heat and poisonous gases that surround Her.

She only shows Her true colors when She chooses and when an aspirant is ready. Her sister, the air, always cools her, and therefore She remains hidden from all prying eyes deep in Her concealed labyrinths. Her other sister, the ocean, rushes to extinguish Her fire with her cold, wet touch.

“Are you okay?” Bryan asked.

Still reeling from my vision, I murmured a grunt of affirmation and pointed to another area that we should explore. I remained silent as the vision began to unpack itself in my brain, unfolding its truth as I continued to walk with my friend.

“Let’s walk down the slope,” Bryan said as he pointed. “We can see where the underground rivers of magma flow to the sea. It’s mind-blowing to see curtains of flowing magma meet the open air and crash into cold waves of the ocean,” he explained.

And indeed, it was breathtaking. We watched as the hot magma reached the sea, exploding in all directions into tiny pebbles, floating pumice, or a rain of volcanic glass-like hairs. Eventually all would succumb to the relentless thrashing ocean and become grains of sharp, black sand that would continue to extend the islands' beaches.

As I reflected on all that I had seen and as my vision continued to reveal more of its truth, I awakened to other understandings. I realized that the advancing, cascading rivers of red-hot magma were the Earth's blood.

Pelee is bleeding to create new land forms for her children to live upon. When Pelee's blood reaches the ocean, Her magma explodes like bright bombs of methane fireworks shooting sulfuric rockets into the sky, fragmenting lava into sand, and birthing Her child as a new black sand beach.

Nothing I had ever before experienced prepared me for the fierceness, the explosive creativity that I witnessed that day on the mountaintop when I saw the unveiling of the Triple Goddess. I realized that even though I had spent my lifetime to that point committed to the study of knowledge, my journey to wisdom had only just begun.

My Hawaiian experiences revealed to me why man has characterized woman, in the aspect of the Great Goddess, as dark, black, and even evil. The Dark Goddess in her fiery red nature is the ruler of the past, and She is so fierce and powerful that no one has ever been able to see Her inner nature, which is below the surface of the dark, black earth.

Her molten magma is much like the "Veil of Isis" which "no one can lift and live."

But this ugly, black lava that is the blood sacrifice of the Mother Goddess is composed of a perfect mixture of elements that is the richest soil in the world. Plants love it. It is Pelee's progeny, offered from her endless boiling oceans of molten magma. These oceans of magma literally carry the weight of the land we walk upon.

After seeing Pelee's many wondrous forms in the fiery lake, I came down from the mountain with the vision indelibly inscribed in my mind.

My soul was transformed by the majesty of Her presence, and my being was permanently changed by Her power and beauty.

It took months to grow back the hair and recover from the magnitude of what we had done. Few people ever go into those realms of fiery, molten creativity without proper gear or without getting arrested and fined. I thanked Pelee for sharing Herself with us and protecting us from danger.

Pelee continued to reveal herself to me while I was on the Big Island of Hawaii--in my dreams, in a spirit birth, on the road, and in signs wherever I went. Through inner promptings that were vivid and real, She led me all over the island, showing me the way to secret underground hot springs, warm ponds, steam vents, caves, and lava tubes.

She took me up Mauna Kea, the island's 14,000-foot extinct cone volcano, and her sister, Mauna Loa, a 13,000-foot active shield volcano. She led me wandering all over Her sister islands. She taught me how to swim with sea turtles, dolphins, and whales. Pelee taught me their language, the speech of the heart's true desire, the nature of harmlessness and purity.

Through Pelee's vision, I became aware of Her nature manifesting over the whole world, in the past, the present, and the future. She revealed to me that Her inner workings are found in all things.

She is the Archetypal Mother of everything.

Her precious black jewel of the Pacific is truly Her home, but Her works are found everywhere as the foundations of the earth that bring us life. No longer did I feel the need to go to Her molten fields of creativity. I could feel her under my feet everywhere.

“She is a being that is beyond time and space.”

It was then that I decided to try to verbalize and share this vision of the Goddess given to me through Pelee. It was difficult to use conversational language to describe this Being, so I began writing poetry to describe Her nature. I also gathered every poem, verse, or wisdom saying that related to what I had seen and experienced as my communion with the Triple Goddess, in the hope that this information would help others see Her more clearly.

I became a devotee of the Goddess, unaware that many before me had also had their vision of Her and became enthralled in uncovering her mysteries.

Reflections

The Gospel of Sophia is a life offering to the Triple Goddess, otherwise known as Sophia, the Mother, Daughter, and Holy Sophia. She is the Original Deity from whom all male sun gods were born and rules the past, present, and future.

Because She is a being that is beyond time and space, one must move outside of known dimensional space in order to get a glimpse of Her. This multi-dimensional revelation is reflected, as best as the author can perceive in her own limited understanding, in *The Gospel of Sophia*.

For the casual reader this manuscript may seem overwhelming. This is a natural barrier between *here*--the safety of ordinary consciousness--and *there*--the realm of supersensible experience. The casual reader is not ready to step across the threshold of perceiving the Triple Goddess. So the deep philosophical

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nature of this manuscript becomes a spiritual boundary to keep the uninitiated from proceeding further than his or her spiritual capacities are prepared to travel.

For the reader who is prepared to cross the threshold and take up the study of *The Gospel of Sophia*, one paragraph, one poem, and one page at a time without a need to rush to the end, for there is no plot that wraps up the story in a neat and tidy way, one's life begins to change.

One's consciousness begins to expand.

One's soul begins to stir.

One's spirit begins to awaken.

There is a saying in Hawaii that "Pelee giveth and Pelee taketh away." This refers to the function of the Triple Goddess, who rules birth, death, and resurrection. She existed before and after the more well-known trinities of Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, or Brahma, Vishnu, and Shiva, or any other of the much later, male dominated, sun-centered religions and cultures.

She is the unmanifested Creatrix who has participated in all levels of existence, including the human.

She descended as a Pure Virgin Soul and lived eleven years as a human. The Holy Sophia is now growing with humanity as a sister soul.

As Queen Mother, She redeemed humanity by giving birth to the Christ.

She was with Christ through His three-year ministry and lived eleven years after His resurrection, teaching the apostles, in particular St. John the Divine at Ephesus in Turkey.

Mary (Sophia) overcame death herself after the dormition period, was assumed into heaven, and now sits on Her Throne of Wisdom next to Christ Jesus and God the Father.

Mary's apparitions have never ceased to appear to those with a pure heart. She nurtures, intercedes, and shows the way.

She is the principle of Wisdom (Sophia) that has been hidden for thousands of years, and She has now re-ascended Her lost Throne of Power, comprised of the collective wisdom of all nature.

By whatever name She is known – Eve, Mary, Sophia – She has resurrected the fall of the Virgin Soul into dark matter and has led Her through Wisdom to her higher spirit self.

We are all called to this wedding feast as brides in the great alchemical marriage.

Eve and Adam were Virgin Souls incarnating first in Eden and then on the Earth. They continued to incarnate in the many mysterious religions of antiquity

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"Sophia is the first
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until the time of Jesus of Nazareth. Eve became Mary, the mother of Jesus. Adam became John the Baptist. Together they stand next to Christ Jesus as Adam and Eve redeemed.

The forces of Sophia the Daughter inspired Mary/Eve at the time of Jesus' baptism in the Jordan by John the Baptist and lived with Her for years after the descent of the Holy Spirit, even until Her Assumption into heaven.

As the tongues of fire descended at Pentecost, the Holy Spirit that had inspired John the Baptist moved the Apostles to spread the Gospel of Peace, and Sophia the Daughter dwelt in Mary and instructed St. John the Divine. The Holy Sophia wed the Holy Spirit in this World Pentecost.

The Most Holy Trinosophia is triple in function.

She is the Mother (Creatrix), Daughter (Spirit of Wisdom), and the Holy Sophia (Collective Consciousness of Humanity).

Sophia is the first and greatest initiate to arise complete and pure.

She is the first of the Virgin Souls to return to Her spiritual home, New Jerusalem, a place which exists in the atmosphere around the Earth, much like Shamballa or Heaven.

Sophia has conquered death, resurrected, and has now returned to Her Temple of Wisdom and ascended Her mighty throne of birth, death, and resurrection.

Now the Triple Goddess calls out, not the ancient injunction of the Egyptian mysteries, "I am the past, the present, and the future; no one has lifted my veil and lived," but a new Invocation of Sophia (given by Rudolf Steiner):

"I am the past, the present, and the future; all must lift my veil to live."

A new global wave of awareness of the Goddess mysteries has crested with archeo-mythological research that elevates the Mother to Her rightful, primary position in both culture and religion. Once again the doors of the Temple of Wisdom have been opened, and everywhere there are signs of Sophia's resurrection.

The author believes these sacred messages, some which have been spoken and written from the beginning of human culture, should now be seen and spoken again in heralding Her good news. Some readers will need the intellectual platform of "The Review of the Literature" section or the biography of the Holy Sophia contained in the Fourth Seal in order to acknowledge the Feminine Divine. Their Imagination cannot make the leap to the Triple Goddess without a "walking stick."

Other readers will resonate immediately with the poetry that describes the unfolding of the Goddess and will pay little attention to the philosophical and theological arguments, preferring to use the book as a meditation or study group guide for their reflections on the Goddess.

To many readers, the Sixth Seal in Volume II on the practical applications of developing earthly and cosmic nutrition streams and the etherization of the

blood will seem as far reaching as a personal vision of Pelee and require deep spiritual insight to comprehend the material presented.

The reader does not have to understand each page of *The Gospel of Sophia* to receive its spiritual gifts. Each re-read of *The Gospel of Sophia* will bring you to a deeper consciousness of Her nature. Even the author re-reads the very words she has written and is in awe of new layers of understanding unpeeling in her soul at each round of reflection.

They are the outpourings of love and devotion for the Great Mother, the Triple Goddess. All great thinkers have approached and courted Her with their penultimate expressions. The depth of any thinker is defined by his or her understanding of the Triple Goddess and Her twelvefold manifestations of space in Her sevenfold realms of time. The Goddess defines space and weaves time into the tapestry of life.

Take your refuge, solace, and sustenance from the forces of the Goddess and She will ennoble you with Her qualities and virtues.

Pelee the Creator

Her ancient, boiling cauldrons of life create the firm earth beneath us,
While She vents Her plumes of sulfur high into the atmosphere above us.
Her roiling oceans of molten rock have thrust up the mighty mountains,
And have ripped open the expanding floors of the seven seas below us,
While her blood red rivers of magma rush to the surface to birth new land,
Or explode the top off a mountain leaving only volcanic rubble and dust
Or a plume of ash that can reach into outer space and blacken the sky,
While being heard by all in Her deep rumbling, the whole world round.

No one has beheld Her fiery beauty in Her hallowed halls beneath us,
No one has known Her virgin soul from times immemorial,
No one can stand upright on Earth without Her fiery hold,
No one can remember creation without sounding Her names of old.

No one has seen Her triple, flaming soul, so brilliant and yet subdued,
No one has known Her secret ways that labyrinth the soul,
No one can dance Her birthing song, so deep and suffering true,
Unless Her names she chants again or gathers the spring morning dew.

No one can feel the spinning Earth or hold the ocean's life,
No one can know the creator God without Her selfless strife;
No rock or stone or tree or cloud can exist without Her grace,
For She's the one who made it all, the features of Her face.

The rays of sun She takes and holds, and births the planet whole,
As She dances the rounds and rhythms long that tumble as we roll,
Through space She claims as Earth's own song, harmonies of the spheres,
That create the time and space we know down through the passing years.

She suffers long to bear our weight, both our bodies and souls,
Patiently awaiting the time when our spirit can hold its own
And not depend on Her unconsciously, without ever any praise,
Uniting again as One Earth, till our voices together we raise,
To exalt Her names, Her deeds of old, to know Her efforts true,
To find the way to unite again, one planet, one spirit, renewed.



This selection is the first chapter of the trilogy *The Gospel of Sophia*. Join Tyla and Douglas Gabriel in playing the Glass Bead Game.

The Gospel of Sophia: The Biographies of the Divine Feminine Trinity

The Gospel of Sophia: A Modern Path of Initiation

The Gospel of Sophia: Sophia Christos Initiation

The Eternal Ethers: A Theory of Everything

Eternal Curriculum for Wisdom Children: Intuitive Learning and the Etheric Body

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