



Ramtha



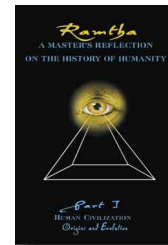
Living in the Dreamscape

Excerpt from:

*A Master's Reflection on
the History of Humanity, Part I*

“We are really strangers in a strange land. We are dream-makers in a dreamscape to which we breathed in the life of every participant that is party to either our revolution or ultimately our capture.”

— Ramtha



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Now here is what I want to tell you. Have you ever gone to a motion picture and become totally unaware of who you are and suddenly were caught up in that which is termed the drama of what was going on? Have you done that? And suddenly you walk out of the movie and you are back on your own two feet and then you can reflect; but while you were in it, you were actually a part of it. It is a sign of a successful illusion. Do you understand?

This is what I want you to understand: that that which is termed the greatest illusion has been that you were nobody, and indeed the greatest illusion has been that you were simply a product of your chemical engineering, your genes; and that if ever awakened in you, then you were the dream-maker, the dreamscape creator, and that you had the ability to create far pavilions and far ecstasies, and indeed far levels of truth. That has been happening here against a drugged consciousness that seems to be stuck in that which is termed a place.

No wonder every master who ever came from here always dictated in their script that I came from a plane of delusion who worshiped illusion. I came from a place to where so intent was the drug narcissistically administered that no one would ever believe that we — of the Gods that have lived beyond this teardrop of wonder, and yet those who live within the liquid furnishings of this life — are accosted with the belief that this is the only thing that ever was, except that the dream was always permeated with specks of

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disruptiveness, truth, that said to those who lived in the teardrop, “Did you know that you are merely an emotion of a contrived state of being?” And those who heard, followed themselves out of the tear and were able to see the whole drama.

I tell you tonight that you do not have to do anything drastic in your life; you only have to live to the point that every day you listen to your programming. And if you listen to your programming as the Observer and then have dominion over it, then you get to rejoin those of us who were wise enough to leave this place, those who never were a part of this place, and that we look upon that which is termed the caustic souls of humanity and there we say, “My God, don’t they know the truth?”

And what is the truth? Well, they are drugged. They are drugged by their emotions and their fears, to stay status quo. Now any being who suspected it and lived differently than it, who were worth their hour of deliverance, their salt, always knew truth and always transcended this. What you don’t understand is that you are a toy — a toy, living in the kingdom of toys; you don’t understand that yet — and that when you escape that kingdom, you get to see the manipulation that goes on here and what keeps great Gods, who were once rulers of domains of other dimensions — beautiful, who rode off just like those in the days of the crusades and the great wars — who left everything, wearing a cross-bearing symbol, and rode off to make right the unrighteous. You rode off to make known the unknown and you never came back.

Does it ever occur to you that you have family, lovers, and friends somewhere else? I suppose it has never really occurred to you because you have been so wrapped up in who you are with and the dream. But did any one of you ever think that perhaps that you came down here and maybe when you entered the great blue curtain that maybe you left behind someone? Well, is it just possible that there are those families of you of a higher order that wait for you to return?

I knew that. When I first experienced it, it was hard for me to stay behind. Sometimes, in the flesh, who we think we are meant to be with is not who we are meant to be with. Sometimes when we wake up in the middle of the night coming out of a cold, hard sweat, it is because we almost reached home and where our soul belongs and where someone is waiting for us, someone waiting who keeps the fires of life going for us or a candle in the window that knows that we are here and that we are lost. And they are waiting for us.

I knew that. But how could I disregard my children? And once I experienced that, another story that has never been told by I on this plane, how could I disregard what I have come from? Most of you have kindred on another level. They have always waited for you and always loved you and burned the light in the window for you, waiting for you to return home from the wars of making known the unknown. And if we return home ragged and tattered and torn and with a league of army that was not exactly what we started out with, we are always celebrated in our return.

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God knows this is just an illusion and that we, who were given the ultimate power to collapse energy into reality with the greatest necromancer we have, were to be seduced by the qualities of our emotion who, in that, kept us enslaved to principles that even though we were happy and we won, we would only question and ask who is the jester here, that we are nothing but a perpetrator. And we didn't want to hear those voices. And we put them to bed and soothed our troubled brow with perfumed handkerchiefs and ointments that smelled like roses and jasmine, and we would continue with our drama. And always there was this voice calling from somewhere else that said to us, "Why don't you come home? You are only dreaming this." And yet we say to ourselves, "No, I am dreaming you. This is real. I can taste it. I can smell it. I can feel it. I can ejaculate it. I can have the ecstasy of it. I can embrace it. I can conquer it. This has to be real." And the voice says to you, "It is not, my love. It is a dream that you are having."

And how many times have we buried the dream? So many times. We are really strangers in a strange land. We are dream-makers in a dreamscape to which we breathed in the life of every participant that is party to either our revolution or ultimately our capture, and that we really can in our mind — Did you know how easy this is? Did you know in our mind tomorrow morning we can eliminate all the warlords in our life and indeed we can even eliminate all the councils of war? We can eliminate them. Did you know we can do that with one mental stroke?

And tomorrow morning did you know what else we can do? And in one stroke we who are wise can say, "Did you know I have all these people in my life because they keep me asleep, because I am afraid to wake up?" And did you know in one stroke we could eliminate them? And did you know what makes us really afraid? That at the bottom of all of our lies, of what we think is truth, we know we don't feel that way. In other words, we are really afraid to listen to something deep in the well that our grandparents always said: "Don't look in the well and don't play by the well because the devil lives at the end of the waterway." But maybe the devil that lives there represents a deep well within our Spirit.

Did you know that it is possible to wake up from this dream? And all the people who played such an intimate part with us, did you know that maybe they were just bit players? How do we tell them that? We can't because first we have to tell ourself that. And maybe really we are Gods, because there is not then the message of the teaching that we are, that we have fallen into a flesh of genetics that we are playing parts by. And maybe every part that we so ferociously cling to, that forbids, is really a part that we created.

We created something to have chains and bindings to us, chained to some ferocious stone wall. We would struggle to break free, that the heart of the valiant servant would break free from the bindings of servitude. Don't you know that we placed the chains on ourself in order to somehow in our dream create a mind space in which we create an escape

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scenario and then ultimately we are always the hero? Some of us never break free of it because the chains are so real, and the pain is so intense, and the hardship is so difficult, and the sufferance is such anguish that we say to ourself, “I cannot believe this is a dream. Well, I never had a dream that felt more real than this. I can’t be dreaming.”

Which is it? Well, the masters who were always able in the past to free their chains literally were those who understood they placed them there. And the moment it wasn’t the chains of that which is termed Rome or Greece or Mesopotamia — once they understood it wasn’t they who put them there — but themselves, and when they really realized it, that is when the chains fell off of their wrists and legs because it was they who put them there. A master doesn’t have magic to make real tungsten steel give way. The only way they will give way is when they know they put them there. It is a lesson for all of you.

So it is not who is in our life — there is one person or nations — we put them there. They are part of the props of the play. They sort of antagonize us to be greater, to make decisions that are greater than the homogenized sense of our own illusions. We make them make us make decisions. And sometimes we don’t hear it in poetry, and then sometimes we don’t hear it in song, and sometimes, in our coronation of eloquence, we don’t hear it either, no matter how much ermine we wear.

And maybe it takes real suffering before we hear it, that we are cast into the tower or into the dungeon, and we are kept by everything. Our sides are pierced. Our backs are whipped with the cat-o’-nine-tails. And we have steel and chains to a wall. And we lay down there urinating and losing our bowels in our saliva. And our hair, once glorious in the reflection of its color in the sun and in the moon, now is dampened and fouled into the sweat of our brow, and it sticks to our back in an uncomfortable mode. And we sit there in suffering. And can I really say to such a person, “Did you know that you yourself are your only game-player here? It is you who put yourself there, therefore you who have manipulated the players of this entire schism. There is only you who can release them.”

Every master, including Apollonius of Tyana — who did it in the court of Cicero, to the senate, and to Caesar himself in front of the whole senate of Rome — dropped his chains and disappeared. It is recorded in their logs. They don’t know what happened to him. He realized he created the entire illusion. It was a dream. And if he did it, then it was he who could drop the chains. That is why he is a Christ.

You still suffer and still wallow and still wonder about your own murk and mire. And instead of being masters of it, you take privilege in it. I don’t want you to take privilege in it. I am here to tell you that if you are God, you cannot be chained to a wall. Well, you can say, “O Father, O Father, I have committed this all for the glory of this moment and thereby the chains are released from me forever and ever and ever.” That is how we release them. And then what happens when they are released? We get to rush home to those who burned the

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candles in the windows for us, who love us from afar, who adore us from afar, or we get to rush to that which is playing the same game and salvage them from their torment. But we are free. We get to wake up again and, when we do, we no longer have to die and be reborn again. That is the glory of knowing who and what you are.

“This is what I want you to understand: that that which is termed the greatest illusion has been that you were nobody, and indeed the greatest illusion has been that you were simply a product of your chemical engineering, your genes; and that if ever awakened in you, then you were the dream-maker, the dreamscape creator, and that you had the ability to create far pavilions and far ecstasies, and indeed far levels of truth.”

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For information on Ramtha and Ramtha’s School of Enlightenment, please contact:
Ramtha’s School of Enlightenment, P. O. Box 1210, Yelm, WA 98597,
or call 1.800.347.0439, 1.360.458.5201.
Visit us online at www.ramtha.com or www.jzcpublishing.com