



# *Dewdrops*

*in Eli's Garden  
at the Breaking of a New Dawn*



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## *Introduction*

'Do something, write for instance a book', suggested Adamus some time ago. A New Energy book, of course....

Oh my! There is such a plethora of books in this world. In the last few months I have been busy to get rid of many of them.

And where is my joy, my passion?!

Well, as a matter of fact I love to play with words, but my blogs presently are quite stuck, more like blocks, much is still blocked. So how should I un(b)lock a book from the unknown? Write about things the mind can't conceive?!

It's about my awakening. Okay, but... Very often I don't understand it myself.

So what can I do?

Breathe..

I am going to breathe a book, breathe it from my Sacred Heart, let it flow, no structure, no drama, no story. Perhaps kind of „nouveau roman“, style sixties.

No, no style, no program, not even a surrealistic one.

I like surrealism. Once upon a time, when I was reading the definition of surrealism in my Manual of French Literature, I suddenly found myself in a samadhi-like state of timeless bliss.

And I had similar experiences with some other writings in the same period of my life. Unfortunately we cannot reproduce such experiences deliberately, even if we try by rereading the same texts. Besides, this is a characteristic of the New Energy, too.

Breathing is the key, conscious breathing, all around flowing and allowing of All That I Am.... perhaps kind of sphere shower, when out of the n-dimensional space energy forms sparkle from everywhere. Hello ! Sounds awesome. Conjures a twinkle in my eyes and a cheery smile on my face. Humor seasoned with some teeny brashness. But profound humor, of course. Many showers with humor, most important, a must ! I let myself somehow carry away from the Sacred Heart. Wonderful expression, even if much heart already feels worn out and flat. 'Alisa, follow your heart', 'Hanna, follow your heart', TV series and other films exclusively with happy end that the inbetween 'caterpillar and butterfly' part of me in this early 2010 likes to watch quite a lot.

Besides : the butterfly tinity is a favorite metaphor in my kingdom as you will see.

Kind of nostalgic trembling and hanging on to the eternal search and infinite yearning for oneness and love on the outside, a place where they definitely can't be definitely found. This is the Condition humaine,

the life in exile, in forgetfulness, expelled from the original kingdom. Since I knew the metaphoric Journey of the Angels by Tobias, Crimson Council, I understand even better why I find the very name of Albert Camus' short novels compilation 'L'Exil et le Royaume' so attractive. Some years ago I also opened a folder called 'Mon Royaume', my kingdom. In French, because in this language the expression contains the sacred syllable AUM and a O, the symbol for wholeness, the safe and sacred space.

The original kingdom no longer exists. But this is my royal incarnation in which all things lost and scattered to the four winds comes home, come home to me, 'home comes to you'. Everything comes 'heim ins Reich'...

The Hail Hitlerreich : what a dualistic and terribly distorted variation of our inherent and often disguised yearning to remember, to complete the cycle of separation and to meld with our divine soulself or by whatever name we may call it.

Sacred, divine, soul, god, all these expressions are also highly encumbered with cultural and religious dogmas. But they remind us of a state of being where the fascinating 'shame-blame-pain-game' has come to an end and where the whole palette of expressions and experiences has become our precious and pure treasure of pearls. Pure, because untarnished by judgement, condemnation, evaluation, victim and perpetrator games. Pure, because all the personas, all the masks, are dissolving and the symphony sounds, 'per-sonat', in perfect harmony through the One divine face.

Sacred sound, heart's satsang, nothing to do in the eternal now.

Awakening, enlightenment, ascension, all is already there, following the natural evolution, alike the unfolding of a flower, the metamorphosis of a butterfly. There is nothing to be done. Just be open to the process, trust it, allow it, just total acceptance and dynamic flowing with it in creative expression. Breathing in the flow. Mental activities, control, manipulation, stress, the eternal searching or studying, the 'no pain, no gain' mentality, they are like frost on the tender buds and the dreaming cocoons.

When I wrote this introduction in Summer 2010 I didn't know that nearly three years later Adamus would give a Crimson Circle seminar called « Quantum Allowing ». I didn't know it consciously, but as Adamus says :

'The words coming through Cauldre are really your words to yourself with me helping to guide those words, to bring them back to you, back to your heart, back to your ears.'

And my 'book' is also already written, so to speak. During the recent transition period of 2012/13 from the old into the New Energy Era I decided to end my old blogs, to go TRANS, and to reunite my here and there scattered wisdom from the last ten years as dewdrops in the morning of a new dawn.

## *Rosegarden Retreat*

This is my poetical feedback during the virtual *Rosegarden Retreat* in March 2010 organized by the German magazine *Lichtfokus*.

### **Rose Fragrance**

Rosegarden. Cold wind, thorns, hardship. Do I want to tread the gardens of others?

Rilke rose, o pure contradiction ! R o o se . . . garden, ooh !

I breathe in rosy rosegold, my own roseworld emerges...

„In the rosegarden of Sanssouci kissing Marie Marie.“<sup>1</sup>

Sacred Sound, roseheart satsang – my Roseheart Baba

".... Let your life be that of the rose – in silence, it speaks the language of



fragrance."<sup>2</sup>

from my rosebush

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1 Oldie [\*Im Rosengarten von Sanssouci\*](#)

2 [Sri Babaji 1984](#)

## **Rosa Maria**

Ave Maria  
Exuding your roseheart fragrance  
Into the space of my dancing atoms  
Gratia plena  
Dominus tecum  
Unfolding mellow butterfly wings of  
Resplendent sunlight's dust mesh  
In the center  
Of my cosmic heart  
Santa Maria  
The tender starchild's embrace  
Encompassing with blissful smile  
Mater Dei  
Benedicta tu in mulieribus  
Ave Maria  
Illuminata igni celesti  
Burning rosebush  
Of divine love  
Glowing in perfect beauty  
Ave Maria  
Gratia plena  
Om shreem param jyotiei namaha



## **Rose Essence**

Rosegarden of the one, rose essence.

You dwell in the precious variety of the rose resplendence, pervading and lovingly fostering your creations.

Rose, I breathe the fragrance of the essence in and out



## **Rose Heart**

Roseheart. From the center of your nothingness pulses the mandala of creation,

Rosegardens, roseworlds.

Coloring flower after flower, I breathe rosy rosegold through the games of your love and the nightmares of oblivion.



### **Rose Alchemy**

Rosegarden. Space of pure and healing consciousness.

I am breathing rosy rosegold through the leaden blackness of the age-old veil of inconsolable separation trauma sadness and forsakenness

Rose Alchemy



### **Rose Paradise**

Rosegarden. Garden flourishing in divine beauty of pure consciousness. Garden of Eden, balanced state of being, paradise on Earth. With every breath the light and the love of my soulself pervade all the particles of my body of consciousness, rebalancing and liberating. They pervade, rebalancing and liberating, all my manifestations creations, situations and relationships from all times, spaces and incarnations.

I know that

I AM THAT I AM

I know that all things are marvelously unfolding like a blooming rose.

I am open to receive my infinite blessings,

I am ready to manifest my infinite blessings.



### **Rose Spring**

Rosegarden. In your deepest depths velvet springs of life are murmuring, and in the dark of your shady bosks caterpillars, warm and snug, are dreaming themselves into butterflies

I breathe rosy rosegold through the lively stillness of existence.



### **Rose Dance**

Rosegarden. Its eyes firmly fixed on the ground, the caterpillar creeps tediously through its narrow existence, while the butterfly, happy and free, is dancing from rose to rose. The sweet breeze of its wings carries a deep longing into the hearts of its caterpillar siblings.

Trusting the perfection of my cosmic dance, I breathe rosy rosegold through the spiral cycles of the universe.



## *Papilio Spirit*

### **Trans Caterpillar Era**

Humanity has been living for eons like caterpillars who completely forgot that they are butterflies.

The *New Dawn* actually means the beginning of the *Butterfly Era*.



### **Papilio Symbol**

Papilio, papillon, butterfly, mariposa, πεταλούδα, бабочка, farfalla, pulelehua, citrapatanga, vlinder, Schmetterling ...

The butterfly is such a wonderful being and multifaceted symbol ! It fascinated me long before I knew the Crimson Circle<sup>3</sup> with its own butterfly symbol for Shaumbra<sup>4</sup> and Shaumbra inspired creations.

In 1999 it gave the name to my old website domain

*Atelier Chrysalide*<sup>5</sup> - *Space for Transformation*

which I originally created for my hobby business with Advanced Tachyon Technologies and which ever since continued to delight and to inspire me.

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First of all, the butterfly is a symbol for transformation. The metamorphosis from caterpillar to butterfly represents a simple and beautiful metaphor of the evolutionary ascension process humankind is presently facing. It illustrates our expanding consciousness, the shift from our exclusive focus on the mental-physical reality to the awareness and the embodiment of our soul essence.

This is surely one of the reasons why butterfly pictures or gifs are decorating numerous spiritual websites, books, blogs, etc. and why it is also used verbally in all sorts of spiritual writings.

In addition, the butterfly is a symbol for many other things like ecological consciousness, intact nature, freedom, joy, love, pleasure, lightness, (flightiness :-) playful and colorful life, beauty, art... Not to forget the *butterfly effect* in the chaos theory.



The following parable is the result of my dealing with frustration and

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<sup>3</sup> [Crimson Circle](#)

<sup>4</sup> [CC Glossary](#)

<sup>5</sup> [Atelier Chrysalide](#)



even indignation when at the occasion of a funeral I had to listen to the dogmatic sermon of the pastor who even took profit of the situation by slipping in not very enlightened remarks against other religions.

### **Papilio Potential**

There are many different types of caterpillars. Big ones, small ones, smart or stupid, thin and thick, busy and lazy ones. Some of them shine in magnificent splendour and feel happy when surrounded by many friends, enjoying life on delicious leaves... Others live a poor, lonely and modest life on harsh soil. Caterpillars express in many different ways, have this or that predilection or aversion regarding their world and its inhabitants, included their own species.

But in spite of all the varieties and differences, they **all** have **one** thing in common, i.e. their

### **Butterfly Potential**

Without any exception, every single caterpillar has the inherent possibility to expand into it's full Butterfly Being. The only difference between caterpillars regarding their Butterfly Essence is the degree of remembrance, knowledge and awareness of that Presence.

There are caterpillars who don't want to know anything about butterflies. They reject the whole question pretending that it is a poetical whim, a crazy idea of some incorrigible dreamers, a narcotic lullaby, a coward temptation of evasion from the harsh reality for poor, stupid, unrealistic, ridiculous, etc. caterpillars. They seem to be very proud of their scientific accuracy, telling that they meticulously examined numerous caterpillars by means of dissection and even distillation, but that there was not even a supçon of butterfly. Quod erat demonstrandum.

Other caterpillars believe in Butterfly. They adore butterfly pictures, study and explain old books, myths and legends about butterflies and they sometimes bite the head off of those who don't venerate their brimstone butterfly picture, the icon of the dovetail, or the statue of the parnassius apollo. They may teach the one and only way of pupating, or, worse, even try to convince caterpillars that Butterfly is an unreachable and terrible Supreme Being outside of themselves, whose greatest fun is to punish sinful caterpillars. And woe betide you, if you don't agree with them. It is true that modern butterfly specialists often show themselves tolerant and open towards other butterfly pictures, but most of them like to emphasize the differences of colours and forms, glorifying their own adored butterfly picture rather than seeing the Butterfly Essence behind all the different forms and colours. Perhaps they even distribute butterflyers, warning people of prevailing papillonitis (papillon in French = butterfly) , terrible far-falle, (farfalle in Italian = butterflies, Falle in German = trap), dark moths...

They don't even consider the idea of pupating themselves in order to get a direct experience of the Butterfly Experience. Because they totally forgot about it or perhaps because they love their power games.

Generally they prefer to judge, condemn, manipulate and lead other caterpillars according to their own well or not so well meaning, are

satisfied with the two dimensional, outside projected picture of their Imago, both eyes firmly fixed on the ground of their limited reality. And so most of the caterpillars die as caterpillars, come back as caterpillars ... it's a nearly endless cycle.

Of course, there is nothing wrong about that. It is the good right of every caterpillar to choose its own way of living. Caterpillars are free to make all kind of experiences in their wingless form. To a certain degree it is up to them to decide if and when they are going to engage in metamorphosis. And whatever they do or opt for, their Butterfly Essence is never concerned at all by their caterpillar actions. Butterfly Essence is nothing but love and compassion and it is patiently waiting for the day when it's caterpillar self, tired of crawling on the ground, will finally allow its Self Realization in absolute beauty. And then, deploying gracefully their wings, both of them fused into One, are going to fly into the deep blue sky, still breathing on Earth, with lightness and joy as long as they choose.



The following manifesto was inspired by a chat I had at the grocery store with the mother of an old school friend. Her way of talking was very obviously coming from a great lack of self esteem and the old pattern of looking outside for validation, like many or most of us do.

### **Papilio Manifesto**

Deep inside of us we caterpillars know that we are butterflies. But for whatsoever reason, we forgot how to pupate, or we allow others to prevent us from doing it. This hurts. We feel somehow guilty and cheap, continuously looking for what we seem to have forgotten and lost. In order to repress, compensate and release those negative feelings for a short period of time, we provide all types of artificial wings, show them off or, on the contrary, hide modestly our brilliant prostheses. We admire other plastic 'butterflies', envy them their magnificent mocks, belittle maliciously - open or covert - the beautiful crutches of foreign jugglers. Perhaps we bargain anxiously or battle furiously for the scarce article wings - or we promote generously and with great competence the construction of wings. In short, we undertake all kind of endeavors in order to confirm and to prove our value as caterpillars, trying to become socially integrated in the caterpillar community, be it more or less successfully or with fame and glory. At this point it has to be said that thanks to all these challenges, many caterpillars give their best and accomplish great actions in different areas, granting relief with much devotion and compassion to their suffering fellow creatures and their damaged prostheses. This can temporarily be very satisfying, but very often there is a feeling of an “interminable défaite” as we can see for instance in the conversation between Tarrou and Rieux in Albert Camus' novel, *La Peste*. If we are lucky enough to meet true butterflies, we may roll in the mud before them and try even more fanatically just to imitate them, instead of being inspired by their presence on how to unfold our own butterfly-ness. Desperate jealousy may even incite us to twist them down to our own miserable but tolerable caterpillar proportion and

denigrate them at every possible opportunity in order to make us feel better. However, feelings of pain, anger, guilt and inadequacy wait at every corner.

Sad story.

Yet listen! In the wind of change, behind every corner we can also hear rustling, whispering and singing : D Zyt isch do, d Zyt isch do.... (= Time has come" from a Swiss German song announcing springtime) butterfly time! Wake up! Remember!

### **CATERPILLARS OF ALL COUNTRIES, PUPATE !**



#### **Papilio Meeting**

Caterpillar Papilia (Cate) and Chrysalis Papilia (Chrys) know each other from the past and one day they met for a nice coffeeklatsch. But what unacknowledged malaise is waiting there for both of them!

Cate senses more or less unconsciously the upcoming change that the caterpillar world is facing. Her caterpillar existence seems to be even more threatened by the presence of Chrys, since caterpillar values and caterpillar achievements might falter and fall! Therefore she very subtly goes over to a manipulative verbal attack.

Chrys on her part sees herself pushed into one of those usual situations of ental and verbal communication between caterpillars. And so she also feels quite miserable. Her caterpillar existence, isn't it dissolving ? There is hardly any caterpillar brilliance and elegance left. All those great and so important things in the caterpillar perspective are gone. But on the other hand, how far it seems to be, the sweet, promising whisper and happy dancing of her butterfly! How compressed they feel, the wings, in this old caterpillar energy! They appear to be completely unreal, faraway, even ridiculous in a world where they are more or less ignored, undesirable, 'useless' (an expression Cate often used to characterize people in her life).

Oh how wonderful would be a meeting with butterflies!

The question is, if in this unstable state between caterpillar and butterfly we should try as much as possible to avoid such painful situations.

Or does it make sense to accept this kind of malaise in favor of the energetical communication with other latent butterfly presences?

Because during the mentioned sketch on the caterpillar stage, there was a fine and sweet energy exchange between Chrys and some background actors present in the room.



## Papilio Aphorisms

*Caterpillar, you are butterfly, too,  
But nobody can unfold your wings for you!*



Caterpillar doesn't have to get rid of or to transform its black spots in order to pupate.



Caterpillar can't **think** itself into butterfly, it doesn't have to struggle for or to earn the butterfly state.



Caterpillar doesn't abandon and betray other caterpillars, when it pupates.



Caterpillar doesn't escape 'reality', when it pupates.



Caterpillar therefore doesn't run the risk to ruggedly be brought back down to caterpillar ground, when it pupates.



Chrysalis isn't selfish if it doesn't contribute to the production, maintenance and the repairing of artificial caterpillar wings.



The message of chrysalis to its caterpillar siblings is: You are Butterfly also.



In order to emerge, butterfly doesn't have to wait until one day all the other caterpillars are also going to pupate and eventually be on the brink to leave their cocoon.



Caterpillar, the most precious gift you can offer to yourself and the world is to allow the unfolding of your butterfly.



When the 'caterpillar' is dispoiled from the love for its inherent butterfly and only trained to sacrifice itself for the welfare of the creeping and decadent caterpillar society or for its own limited caterpillar goals, it gets

sick itself, wasting away and dying as a withering caterpillar in a withering caterpillar world. eh oui, c'est la vie... I call it the 'original sin' of forgetfulness.



True responsibility and forgiveness means shaking off all the artificial wings and burdens of the caterpillar matrix in order to radiate the butterfly essence.



Chrysalis says to itself:

It is really not my thing to ponder with caterpillars in the caterpillar world about caterpillar things.

It's about deploying the butterfly wings.



Real Freedom is about being the Self-responsible sovereign butterfly. It is not just about some larger personal, social, political, etc. caterpillar space.



Oneness is not really about caterpillars hugging, pressing, even manipulating each other into one ball - or worse 'soup!' - of caterpillars and and with this trying to mutually alleviate the pain of their suppressed and forgotten Butterfly Essence.

It is about the caterpillar inviting and allowing the butterfly to unfold into the wholeness of its multidimensional beingness. The butterfly is naturally living beyond any duality consciousness of separation, one in itself, just loving and serving all of creation.



Is it helpful for a caterpillar to accuse other caterpillars, caterpillar institutions or even butterflies, if it doesn't feel like the Happy Butterfly that it knows deep inside it IS?

Is it helpful for a caterpillar to feel guilty if other caterpillars are not the Happy Butterfly they hide within?

Is it helpful for a caterpillar to feel guilty or angry towards other caterpillars that try to hold it back from withdrawing and pupating?



Could there be another potential for caterpillars in this reality '*for caterpillars only*' than to need and to feed other caterpillars or to be needed and feed by others caterpillars?

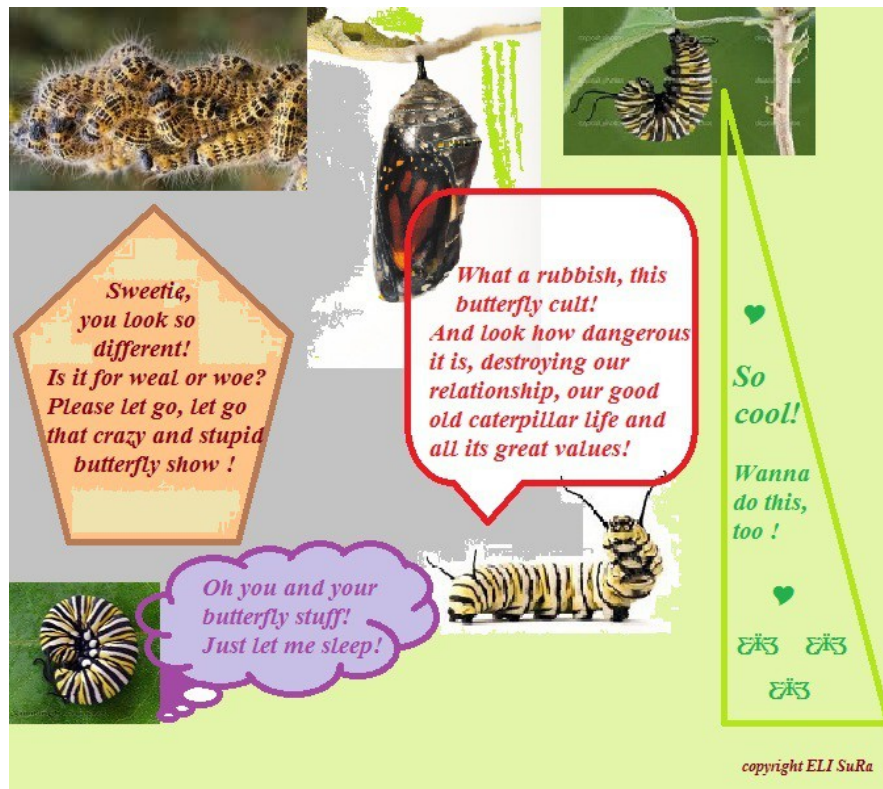
Caterpillar might want to listen to the whispering of its inherent butterfly essence.





## Papilio Cartoons

### Papilio(d)ramas with inevitable Happy End





*old caterpillar  
mind in panic:*

*hey, help, stop!  
oh my god,  
what's going  
on?!*

*I don't  
understand!  
I'll never get it.  
have to study  
more and work  
on me!*



### **Papilio Sketches**

I liked my idea of making even more cartoons, but didn't get further than the scenarios. So just use your imagination, please ....

#### ***Scenario 1 :***

The butterfly imago inside of the caterpillar :

*'Darling, just relax and pupate, **allowing me to unfold into your world.**'*

The part in bold characters isn't heard by the terribly excited caterpillar, stating :

*Me ???!!!*

*Relax ???!!!*

*Pupate ???!!!*

***First I have to get rid of***

*all my overweight*

*all my bad thoughts*

*all my bad emotions*

*all my bad habits*

***and make all other caterpillars happy !!!***



#### ***Scenario 2***

Butterfly weather vane on a church, inside of the church a butterfly hanging on a cross.

Caterpillars on their knees adoring it.



### ***Scenario 3***

Caterpillar A : *My God is Butterfly X.*

Caterpillar B : *My God is Butterfly Y.*

Caterpillar C : *My God is Butterfly Z.*

and so on.....

Butterfly Gods X, Y, Z, and so on :

*That's great, guys ! See you later. Have lot's of more caterpillar fun !*



### ***Scenario 4***

Caterpillar with his new leaden artificial wings speaking to itself, sighing :

*Do you really think that leaden wings are a good idea ?*

*Oh, why do you allow everybody to palm things off on you ?!*



### ***Scenario 5***

Sale advertisement for shoes looking like a pair of wings :

*Creep easier with happy papilios. 30% off.*



### ***Scenario 6***

Private School Advertising :

*Want to become a PapiliD'ORO ?*

Suggestion of golden wing pair grades in 7 sizes..



### ***More scenarios with even more artificial wings***

for instance in form of the brain hemisphere,  
filled with formulas from physics and mathematics,  
piles of gold,  
burning matches and the Red Cross ambulance rushing in.





## *Sketch*

CHRYSALIS:

Light and radiant Butterfly I Am,  
I Am free !

OLD CATERPILLAR MIND :

He, he, wait a minute, stop and REMEMBER !!!

Remember all those days in November  
on the withering carrot leaves .....

And let's have a look at our photo albums :

Black and white misery, just fear, shame, blame, pain !

Oh yes, some colorful slides in the game as well. How dynamic, busy, we  
were, perhaps even happy... And all those dear ones....

And now, what do you see?

Us hanging alone on a stupid tree

with you pretending that we are free !!!

How can you state such crazy things  
and dream about magnificent wings ???!!!

This has never been and never will be.

Ha, ha,ha, really, we are so free.....

CHRYSALIS :

??? :-((( ???

BUTTERFLY ESSENCE :

Sweetie, you are absolutely right,

To you the pictures and slides in the box don't seem bright !

So flat and dusty they are and don't move...

But I tell you, now is the time to groove !

Recycle that box, just let it be,

Its sweet sweet wisdom is all within me,

Just relax in my arms and you will see,

Our fusion helping, soon, oh so soon,

We are going to open up this cocoon.

Flying together, cool, yeah, no fuss,

And living the great movies waiting for us !

Your black and white prison and gallery vision,

That wasn't me.

The light and radiant Butterfly

I Am – truly free.



## Papilio Dance



Sweet Papilio, let's dance!

And heart in heart,  
breath in breath,  
heat in the fire,  
waves in the ocean,  
we spread out our wings  
all over the worlds,  
we spread out our love  
over all beings,  
just love

.



## The Triggered Wing Code

Freedom, sovereignty, freedom from the mass 'caterpillar' matrix, the strong Atlantean hypnotic overlays, freedom from ancestral and personal karma, claiming our original sovereignty, going through the process of biological and mental metamorphosis, living for the first time ever in our extended lightbody biology – the lightbody 'imago' – this is what is happening now, this is where the New Energy pioneers and eventually all of humanity are heading for: walking the Earth in embodied enlightenment as 'Aidamis', the new angelic template, created by the now occurring convergence of evolution and creationism, beyond duality and force. The finally embodied spirit going to architect, build and inhabit the New Era, the *Papilio Era*, with all the ease, grace and playfulness as it is symbolized by the butterfly.



## Outlook

My Season's Greetings card 2011/12 was an invitation for old friends to join me and sweet plushy Lionheart on our 'cruise' towards new shores, not knowing that in June I would embark in the Keahak 2 project with Adamus and 200 kindred spirits, but of course none of my old friends among them. So my *New Season's* Greetings card 2012/13 came from our pioneering cruiser on the high seas, in uncharted waters, where we imagine bright and brilliant horizons, creating islands of inconceivable beauty, love and freedom never lived before.

