

JOURNEY AT THE END OF THE WORLD

by [Clinton Callahan](#)

Day 8 Year 1 (8 January 2013)

The set-up of our configuration was as follows. The four of us from the Gaian Road Team sat back-to-back on cushions inside of our self-made bamboo pyramid in our bungalow, located near rice fields just south of Ubud, Bali, Indonesia, from 17:45 to 18:20 local time, 21st December 2012. We sat down without strategizing who should sit where, but in Celtic clarity, where one sits has meaning.



Clinton (that's my name) sat facing north. Daniel faced east. Marion faced west. Katharina faced west. One candle and a stick of sandalwood incense burned in the northwest corner inside the pyramid. One at a time each of us said "bing" to signal that we had entered the space. On the fourth "bing" the journey of our configuration spaceship began. Our shared intention was to open as a configuration and receive the download for humanity from the center of the galaxy.

This is what happened for me.

After some minutes of nothing happening, I became antsy with the feeling that the precious moments were ticking away. I took another deep breath, centered and emptied

myself again, and prayed, "Please give me the download." Still nothing happened. By then it was totally clear to me that the channel from sun through Earth to galaxy center was indeed open, ready and waiting. But I was sensing an impulse that was the opposite of the instructions we'd heard, which were to *receive* the download. The impulse I got was to go through the open channel to the center of the galaxy and *get the download myself*. The moment I decided to follow this impulse I shot out the top of the pyramid, curved into alignment with the channel and was racing along at immense speed.

Before I continue let me first relate a relevant side story. Late one afternoon during the ALIA (Authentic Leadership in Action) Conference hosted by Shambala Institute from 10-16 January 2010 at the Mennorode Conference Center in Elspeet, Netherlands, Marion and I were invited by our buddy Peter Merry to go visit an ancient Celtic clan meeting site nearby. From the road we trudged through ten inches of crusty snow to the side of a small lake near a hill that both bear names from Celtic mythology. Soon we found ourselves entering a magnificently perfect circle of mounds at least five meters tall and nearly eighty meters across. I stood there gazing around while the others climbed the barrows. Something drew me to the very center of the circle. I had heard that such constructions were sometimes built at energy points on the Earth which allowed direct contact to civilizations on other planets. The entire construct could be used as an interstellar cell phone. Without thinking much – it was too cold to think – I walked alone to the exact center of the circle, stretched my arms out wide with my palms upwards, took a deep breath, closed my eyes, looked straight up and suddenly heard, "Ring-ring!" I couldn't actually believe it. The phone was still connected! It was ringing! "Ring-ring!" I waited. "Ring-ring!" "Hello?" It was a man's voice. "Hello," I said. "This is Earth calling." He paused a moment and then answered, "You guys haven't called us in a long time." I didn't hesitate at all and said, "Yes, well, things are pretty messed up down here. We've organized ourselves into highly technical hierarchical capitalist patriarchal empires that have been hijacked by psychopaths who are destroying ecosystems for what they call "profit" and are committing planetary suicide. We need to upgrade our thoughtware. Can you please send down a packet that upgrades the morphogenetic field of the human ethnosphere with sustainable thoughtware right away?" "Yes," he said. I waited, but that is all he said, so I said, "Thanks." Then "click" the line went dead. The point in telling you this story, as you will see, is that I did not know who I was talking to. It could have been the night watchman for all I knew, or the janitor. If you ever make such a call, make sure you get the name and badge number of the person you are talking to so you can follow up if you need to.

Back to the pyramid at the end of the world. So I am speeding along through absolutely empty blackness and again it seems like nothing is happening. But then I realize that these are truly immense distances and I am cruising at equally immense speeds to get to the center of the galaxy in just a few moments.

Finally, I notice that I approach some kind of enormous entrance place. I come to a stop and look around. No one is there to greet me. It seems like they are sleeping or merely away. I find a lever to pull to announce my presence and get some attention. After a moment a thin middle-aged man in a kind of wizard hat and black flowing robes streaks to a stop in front of me on a shiny jet scooter. He just stares at me. I get up my courage and say, "Could you please bring me to someone who can give me the download?" He

has a bewildered, almost sad look in his eyes and slowly says, "We've waited almost forever for you. None of you from Earth ever come here for the download anymore... Get on."

I am shocked and touched by his honesty about our human hubris. We assume the download should be brought to us rather than recognizing that we have to come get it ourselves.

I get on and hold onto him. We whizz off straight downwards and then outwards for a long distance, and then approach a gigantic light castle, built out of massive brilliantly sparkling colored crystals that all hang together without being entirely solid. We slide into an entrance and he drops me off at a front desk, like something you might find at a library.

An incredibly ancient, wrinkled-up, hunched-over woman with straggly grey hair and frumpy grey dress hobbles over to her side of the reception desk and looks me straight in the face with her lively grey eyes and says, "What can I do for you?" I chuckle because this is the exact phrase we learn to use in our Possibility Lab trainings. Having learned my lesson from my interstellar phone call I ask up front, "What is your name? And who are you?" She says, "Alethora. I'm the librarian." (Later when I google *Alethora* I get only 74 results, the first being a level 23 human warlock character's name from *World of Warcraft* last used in 2009. Spelled with two Ls the results are similar. This librarian is well hidden.)

I say, "My name is Clinton. I'm the representative of Earth," trying to suppress the giddiness of my outrageous improvisation. I continue, "I am here to say we'd like to have the download. I called a little while ago (figuring that the two years that had passed equate to a "little while" in galactic terms) to ask for help for us and the man who answered said he would send down a packet to upgrade our thoughtware, but nothing seems to have arrived."

Alethora bends over a computer screen searching her files but seems to find no record of the incident, mumbling something like, "It's such a long distance from here."

I am instantly offended and say, "Yes, it is a long way, but I myself got here quite quickly enough!" She says, "That's because you were riding on the power of your configuration to get here!" (meaning that I was using the energy of the other three in our Gaian Road Team as a booster rocket).

After a moment she adds, "The download is now on its way from the Akashic Records to Earth."

I say, "I thought this was the center of the galaxy, not the Akashic Records!"

"What's the difference?" she says.

In my astonished silence Alethora changes the subject. "Since you came all the way here, is there anything I can do for you personally, young man?" I am sixty years old, so

calling me a young man again puts me into a state of surprise. I look her straight in the eyes and what comes out of my mouth is, "Yes. You can receive my love and respect."

As this communication lands in her she moves out from behind the reception desk towards me, meanwhile transforming into a most beautifully radiant young goddess woman dressed in a sparkling multicolored flowing gown, similar to the light-castle we are in, and gathers me up into a complete hug.

During the hug I realize that this young woman goddess shape is also an illusion.

I consider asking Alethora to show me her true original form. I know she would hear my request, but then I remember hearing tales of seekers who had asked this or that being to reveal their true original form and when they do, the naïve asker gets completely fried. I am not certain I am prepared to stand the intensity of Alethora's revelation, and am in no rush to get fried, so I quickly withdrew my thought wish.

I am sure Alethora notices the whole process in me but she makes no comment. Instead she pulls away, looks me up and down and says, "You're a memetic engineer. Not so many of you around these days. We need your work."

Since she sees what I am up to anyway I ask, "So, what is my part in all this?"

Alethora doesn't hesitate an instant before she says, "Build your new genre of online video game, make your full-length feature film, and finish writing your next two books."

I swallow, wondering how she knows about all this stuff so clearly, but then I think, *Of course, she knows. She's the librarian at the Akashic Records at the center of the galaxy!*

Then I ask, "And how do we change human values so we can become sustainable?"

She smiles and says, "Change your own values. Enjoy the hell out of the benefits of your new values no matter where you go. Keep talking about your new values and how you got them."

I say, "Thanks..."

She says, "Come back anytime," and smiles goodbye. Then I am again sitting in the bamboo pyramid in Bali, feeling the warm back-to-back connection in our configuration.

Suddenly the download of new values coming to humanity enters the top of the pyramid and impacts my energetic body:

- Valuing *being-with* more than being right.
- Valuing having options more than having possessions.
- Valuing spaces of nothingness more than knowing.
- Valuing experiments and discovery-journeys more than certainty.
- Valuing presence more than feeling in control.

- Valuing fluidity and connectedness more than power.
- Valuing *see-clarity* more than security...

At this word play I started laughing in delight. In the same moment, Daniel as timekeeper signals *time is up* by saying "bing." Outside, a gecko lizard barks his sharp chirping call, and a firework explodes from the neighbors' bungalow "bang," then Marion and Katharina both say, "bing," then I say "bing," grab my pen and begin writing this all down in my little black *Beep Book*.

And so it was.

