

The Michael Knight story for RSE newsletter (© Creative Commons 2012. May be saved and passed on in entirety).



**To be blunt but truthful about it, my journey as an RSE student started in New Zealand back in the 80s with a decision to prove, one way or the other, whether Ramtha and JZ Knight were nothing but frauds.**

So here's the back-story, which will lead up to the present, and finish with some thoughts about the future.

Working in journalism in New Zealand since 1960 on newspapers and in radio and television, by the time the mid 80s arrived I was convinced I was one of the world's better investigative reporters. I now know that reporters generally have big heads and small minds, and I was no exception, but that's another story.

Fortunately I missed the draft and missed the live (and dead) action in Vietnam, and missed it again after volunteering to be a war correspondent for the New Zealand Press Association. They decided to get their news from Reuters news agency rather than send any more NZ reporters to the front lines.

Journalism back then, at least the way I was taught it, was about doing one's best to get at the truth, even if it meant upsetting politicians or the occasional spook masquerading as an ambassador or cultural attache to some foreign embassy. But once you discover that some of your fellow journalists are also working as agents, even if it is for friendly governments, you wake up to the fact that what you see on the surface is quite different from what is really happening behind the scenes.

Plus, if you have any sort of spiritual aspirations and then find that your family's religion requires you to worship a god who according to his own book has committed monstrous atrocities, well, you find yourself on a quest for "the real truth."

Such a search can involve reading many books with religious teachings, such as the Quran, the Mahabharata and the Upanishads to name just a few. You might also find yourself learning a variety of meditation techniques, and visiting so-called "psychics" - only to discover that most of them have generic questions and answers that you could have thought up for yourself.

Astrology might be of passing interest, but it seems illogical to assume that the planets are responsible for forming one's personality and guiding one's day to day life, especially if you have already questioned why God gave you free will, and then religion tells you if you make the wrong choices he'll send you to hell. In my case, I opted to indulge myself in free will with every intention of arguing with God on Judgment Day to the effect that he couldn't have it both ways - give me free will then fry me forever if I didn't do things "His" way (which I figured was really just the way of the church and all its dogmas).

Nevertheless, being one who found the teachings of Jesus to be quite fascinating, especially the bit about "the Kingdom of Heaven is within you" and "these things and greater thou shalt do also" and "seek ye first the Kingdom of Heaven and all these things will be added unto you," but finding no-one who could explain what those enigmatic statements meant, the search for answers to the meaning of life and "what's it all about Alfie" seemed to lead nowhere but into a deep black hole.

**(Thirty years later I would come across an apropos statement by Ramtha that starts with the observation that "You are living in a world of shadows and nightmares..." Back then, that was certainly true).**

As I saw it in the first 40-odd years of my life in the last century, *other* people were responsible for the fact that my life had devolved into its own deep black hole from which there was no escape. After two failed marriages (*their* fault of course), the realization that drinking and fighting and arguing with everyone about everything gets you nothing but more of the same doesn't stop you angrily feeling that life is a bitch. A real bitch. And it's everybody else's fault that your second marriage has failed....

So you might find yourself taking to the mountains on your own once again so you can sleep under the stars and wonder once more "*what's it all about Alfie?*"

Crying in public is not a manly thing to do. Crying alone on a makeshift bed of grass and bracken alongside a small fire and tinkling stream lying on your back below the Milky Way in the Southern Hemisphere is okay.

It's especially okay if you have just stupidly sliced off the end of your thumb down to the bone while cutting bracken for your bed. Somehow, the excruciating physical pain broke open the floodgates and after swigging down half a can of sweetened condensed milk to mitigate the shock and nausea, there I was, collapsed on my back on my bed and weeping like a child.



There are at least 100 billion stars in the Milky Way. Our sun is just one of them. Can you still justify thinking ours is the only inhabited planet?

*(..... "The struggle comes when the feeling inside is dissatisfied with everything you do...." - Ramtha)*

It's still a little embarrassing to admit it, but there I was, sobbing with self pity and an inner loneliness as big as space itself, the hole in my gut as deep as that huge dark endless space up there.

And then the satellites started to crisscross the heavens above me. I saw at least six and maybe eight as they orbited at a steady speed from east to west and north to south.

Having grown up in a small town where flocks of sheep and herds of cattle would be driven past our home every Friday by men on horseback or driving horse-drawn buggies on their way to the weekly sale, it was quite impressive to think that we humans had now made our way into space. The thought and the satellites were starting to take my mind off the pain and the tears, but I was still an angry camper. I was angry with the god I didn't believe in any more.

And then, from the edge of one of those blacknesses that separates the stars, I saw what I thought at first was yet another satellite. But this one was somewhat larger than the others, and it began to move, faster than the others, on a course that would take it directly over my head.

**And then it stopped, right above me!  
And I thought:- "Satellites do NOT do this!"**

## **It remained stationary long enough for me to review my current atheistic mindset.**

Long enough to realize that I had chosen to be an atheist, not because there is no God, but because the god of religion - any religion - was either a figment and creation of man's imagination. Or an ET. Or, and this is the stunning one, that there is no physical God at all - only a Life Force, a Consciousness, that imparts intelligence and purpose and life to all things. ALL things. Including my body, the grass I was lying on, the bubbling stream beside which I was camped, even the flames in the little fire I had built - and whoever and whatever was piloting that thing up there.

And then it reversed its course, calmly returning from whence it came and fading quietly away, leaving me alone again but now fully aware of the sound of the crackling fire, the tinkling stream and the gentle little breeze that came from nowhere to dry those unmanly tears. It felt like a touch of love.

*("....and something says "No. I am here on a mission. There is more to my life..." - Ramtha)*

I suppose you could call that experience with that space craft an epiphany - except it once again raised more of the same questions, such as the repetitive one *"what's it all about, Alfie?"* So the quest continued.

Circa 1986 I was now an independent reporter, owned my own PR company, and did regular international assignments on contract for television and magazines. I also directed, scripted and voiced a variety of documentaries, and was editor of a New Zealand magazine called Future Times.

By coincidence (?) I interviewed one of the board members, and it turned out that she had also studied many spiritual subjects, including time spent in Tibet and India. She offered me a videotape of a person who supposedly "channeled" (whatever that meant) a 35,000-year-old warrior by the name of Ramtha. I was by nature skeptical indeed.

Because I was experienced in editing film and documentaries, I was sure there must be some gimmickry involved in this presentation that was made in Hawaii featuring a woman by the name of JZ Knight (no relation by the way, just something else to pique one's interest).

Today, people can Photoshop almost anything and make it look real even when it's a hoax. But as far as I could see when watching that video, there was no chicanery or fancy editing going on when Ms Knight publicly made the transition from being herself to channeling the entity Ramtha - who then delivered one of the most sensible and profound teachings I had ever heard.

## **The skeptic gave way to the inner seeker. I wanted more.**

However, having experienced some unsavory activity from various "Christians" and having learned that important questions always elicited those "just have faith" answers, I wanted no more BS from anyone. Therefore, I applied myself to some serious research, which only got me as far as learning that JZ Knight and the Ramtha School of Enlightenment were being portrayed by the media as a cult.

That's one of the shameful things about mainstream journalism. It has more than its share of people who are nothing but gossip-mongers out to increase ratings and sales by any means possible. I have literally heard editors say "don't let the truth spoil a good story" - and that's one reason I split from the mainstream media and went independent.

They say when you're buying a horse, you should look at its teeth, not to mention its legs and hooves. In other words, listen to the seller extol its virtues, but don't buy the horse till you're convinced it's what you want. There's also that old saying about buying a pig in a poke. A "poke" was a sack that pig farmers would shove a pig into in order to carry it to market. Buying a pig in a poke was buying a pig unseen.

**Next, let us digress somewhat, although this is relevant to the over-all story.**



After seeing the video, and even though it raised more questions, my next step was to buy a book from RSE called "*Change. The Days To Come.*" Although I still had serious questions about this "channeling" thing, that book really got my attention.

How could anyone predict so much doom and gloom I wondered!

But having been through a couple of earthquakes, my then-partner and I were aware that living in New Zealand's capital city, Wellington, was not a good idea. The harbor floor had lifted as much as 20 feet in an earthquake not too long ago and that being the case, we understood that it could do so again - or drop 20 feet - at any time.

**We didn't need a prophet to tell us that we were living on dangerous ground.**

New Zealand sits right on the junction of two tectonic plates, and earthquakes are certainly not uncommon. Common sense said living in a city on top of multiple fault lines was not sensible at all.

So, prompted further by the book and its prophecies, we made a list of what we'd like in the country.

We wanted about 150 acres of fenced pasture, a forest, a stream, sheep and cattle, perhaps even goats. A big barn (woolshed) would be nice, as well as a hay barn - but no house, because we had recently attended numerous log house building courses, written a book on the subject, and planned to build our own log home on our new property.



"Brightnook" New Zealand"- Manifested from a written list.

**This is where it gets really interesting, especially if you've been learning anything about manifesting via the quantum field through Ramtha's teachings.**

A month or so after making our list Liz surprised me by saying she wanted to go and see a property that was advertised in a small town a hundred miles away. Since I was slowly moving out of the male chauvinist persona that didn't really have much respect for women, I thought "well, she's a bit intuitive. So let's do it."

**We drove up to Hunterville to meet the Realtor, who arrived half an hour late. The property was everything we did *not* want. I told him so.**

He said "what is it you *do* want?" We reeled off the list.

"Well I was late because a client just came in this morning to list his property. It's only 20 minutes from here." And there it was - and still is. Everything exactly as we had set down on our dream list.

*("...you know you came to make known the unknown..." - Ramtha)*

As a cadet journalist I was taught that in order to ensure accuracy in your stories, you had to report verifiable information, and *"if in doubt, leave out."* I thought that had its merits, but it didn't go far enough. So I changed it to *"if in doubt, find out."* In other words, dig deeper, see for yourself, uncover everything you can. Suspend judgment. Be objective. Find out what you *don't* know.

The next move in this quest for answers to the *"why"* and *"what's it all about"* questions, was to write to JZ Knight and request an interview, without telling her my plan was to pay my own way to Yelm, attend one of her events, and if it turned out to be fakery, write an expose and make a lot of money selling articles to various magazines around the world.



Linda Evans

At the same time, I had to wonder why TV stars like Linda Evans were involved - though that looked like a good peg to hang a story on and a great hook if I were to pitch my stories to various magazines.

But, more importantly, on a personal level, it was a case of hoping, really hoping, that there just might be some validity, some truth, behind all this weird stuff about a 35,000-year-old warrior using the body of a woman to tell the world that the future of the Earth and its people was sort of hanging in the balance - but all you had to do was get your act together and prepare for *"The Days To Come."*



JZ Knight

It turned out that JZ was not available for an interview after the Yelm event. She was exhausted from channeling. For my part, I was exhausted from multiple hours of listening to teachings delivered without notes and lots of "as it were indeeds." It was also a bit of a stunner to have this "spirit" tell the audience after a lunch break that "he" (I was still trying to figure that out) had overheard some of our lunchtime chatter, and then Ramtha repeated something I had said to Liz during the break, word for word. I had to wonder, *"How could a fraud do that?"* Especially



Ramtha

when he was looking directly at me as he repeated what I had said in the privacy of our rented RV. **As they say in the Classics, *"The eyes have it."***

When the event ended, I was told if I still wanted to interview JZ she'd be available at the next event, a week away. *"Where at?"* I asked. *"Snow Mountain, Colorado."*

No big deal. I was from New Zealand. You can travel the length of the entire country in about 24 hours.

So all we had to do was jump on a train and we'd be there in no time, right?

Nope...it takes a lot longer than that, and you can get a little tired of warmed-over sausage links and hard-backed seats in an Amtrak train after a couple of days watching ground hogs and barren landscapes and rail yards as you clickety-clack toward that fabled cowboy country you'd dreamed about as a kid reading cowboy comics that had helped create a cowboy-like identity as an independent thinker who took nobody's word for anything. (Now that's a long sentence methinks....just as well I left school at 16 or I might have become a Charles Dickens or something...).

As far as I was concerned, no matter what others might have written or said or muttered about JZ Knight and this "Ramtha" guy, especially the media which I knew so well and its constant reference to the movement as a cult, there was no substitute for personal experience and investigation. You had to go there to know there. You had to check the teeth. Or poke the pig.

So Liz and I went to Snow Mountain up in Colorado, and by the end of the event I was more than convinced that any reporters who thought this was fraudulent BS had to be regurgitating the ignorant opinions of their fellow yellow journals.

The thought of writing exposes went right out the window.

That was in 1988.

After commuting twice a year to required events, I was seriously thinking of moving to Yelm so I could attend more than just two a year. The farm in New Zealand was a gorgeous dream-come-true, especially for a guy who had grown up in a family of eight, mostly bare-foot and working in the summer fields or flipping burgers or driving tractors and trucks before getting into journalism and a career that would eventually lead me to Yelm.

Little did I know that applying what Ramtha taught would literally make Yelm my home, at least for a while.

Living and working in New Zealand it took all of six months to save enough to travel to a required event and back again. It also meant I could not attend intervening events and voluntary evenings or Assays. I concluded that moving to the United States, even if it meant a drop in income, would allow me to attend such gatherings, and of course put me in a safer location when Earth Changes really started to ramp up.

In August or September 1989 at what was to be the last event I would commute to, Ramtha talked about personal change in one's destiny, and the associated choices and chaos that would occur as a result. He said something about making right-angle turns into the unknown. After the event finished I was driving from the ranch toward that one stoplight in Yelm, when I had a wild thought.

*What would happen to my life if I did a left turn at the next street?*

I turned left just past the school.

A block down the road was a dumpy little house with a for sale sign out front. I checked it out. It was a fire-damaged wreck of a place. Peering through one of many broken windows, it was obvious that someone had taken the trouble to rip out all the fittings, including the toilet and hot water heater.



Chaos was about to happen, along with life-changing adventures over the next 20-odd years. I went straight to the Realtor's office to learn that the house was available on an absent-owner contract. The deal was sealed over the phone in a matter of minutes.

Full of Great Expectations (as Charles Dickens would say, in capital letters) I took up residence in January 1990. That's summer in New Zealand. But it's the dead of winter in Yelm, so sleeping in what should have been the water heater closet in a house with broken windows was quite a challenge, but definitely warmer than being lost for an hour or so in a blizzard on a volcano in New Zealand some time back.

The trip from New Zealand to Yelm was not without incident. Immigration people at Honolulu airport found it odd that a Kiwi should be bringing a saddle in a suitcase to the land of the cowboy, especially since he was going to live in Yelm, which at the time had been flagged as a "place of interest" you might say. Nor was the move made without some trepidation since America and the media at the time seemed to think that "justice" included wiping out the Branch Davidians (men women and children) and killing people at Ruby Ridge. I had to wonder what they might do to the school and its students.

Such concerns proved to be quite unfounded. JZ took the media to court and won a judgment that had the media backing off the term "cult" so fast it must have made their empty heads spin. For once, truth did spoil a "good story."

*("You must make a choice to be who you are, by birth or divinity." - Ramtha)*

Gradually, slowly, I began to understand that the path to enlightenment is an inner journey that requires personal application of what is taught. There is no savior to do the job on my behalf. This is a good thing, because I was never into worshipping anyway. If anything, I had reached a point where I felt that there was no human being on the planet who could teach me what I needed to know. Yes, they could teach me the philosophy of enlightenment, or their version of spirituality, but always, I had the nagging thought that while they talked the talk, I saw none of them truly walking the walk. That is, not until I experienced for myself what JZ Knight and Ramtha had to offer. Frauds they were not.

This next anecdote is written rather reluctantly, because it is one of those dark secrets that a person would rather not talk about. However, having learned that confession is good for the soul, and since my soul journey is more important to me than my ego, I will pluck up the courage to shine a bit of light on a pre-Ramtha situation which just might help some future reader of this article.



There was a time back in New Zealand, before I'd ever heard of Ramtha or the school, that THE Dark Night of The Soul had me in its grip. The circumstances are irrelevant to this recounting.



The fact is I found myself looking in a mirror in some dingy little flat. The guy in the mirror had the business end of a .45 Webley up against his right temple. His thumb had drawn back the hammer and his finger had taken up the first pressure on the trigger. The next stop would be oblivion. But then that guy in the mirror looked me straight in the eye, and he said: *"Commit suicide and you'll just have to come back and sort it all out next time."*

**That touched a nerve. I instantly recalled that I had learned enough to know that reincarnation was a far more likely future than going to heaven or hell, wherever they might be.**

**So what was I doing, thinking that blowing my brains out in a fit of self-pity would solve anything at all?**

**The spitting image in the mirror looked me in the eye again and said  
*"Why not sort yourself out in this lifetime?"***

To this day I remember watching my image gently ease off the trigger, lower the hammer, lower the gun, take a deep breath .... and here I am, much older, and much much wiser. With no regrets at all.

Sadly, having since trained and worked as a counselor and care-giver, there has been occasion to clean up the mess after others have shot themselves, or to attend funerals of those who have taken their own lives. There's a deep sadness in that. Whatever issues they had in life have certainly not been solved by death. They've just been postponed.

When you're on your own soul journey, especially if you're seeking to conquer your demons of anger and those long dark nights of the soul, you eventually begin to understand that the only antidote to fear is pulling together the courage to make a change and make a move. It's like how your knees turn to jelly before you get in the boxing ring (boxing being a family tradition) but you go ahead anyway.

The decision to leave the farm and what little contact I had with family was not an easy one. But what was the option? Thirty years or more of shearing sheep, making hay, and fixing broken fences? Sure, the Clydesdales were a joy to work with, and it was great to have my father and his wife living in a little cottage on the property. But other than that, family contact was sporadic, and conversations predictable. One could only look forward to more of the same.

I told few people of my decision to move. But surprisingly, 30,000 feet over the Pacific in a Jumbo Jet on my way to the States, a woman passenger who was passing by stopped, look at me and said:-

"Are you Roger's brother?"

"Yes."

"I have this for you," she said, handing me an envelope.

Roger had somehow heard I was leaving. In the envelope was a string tie (cowboy style) with an arrowhead clasp depicting that lone Indian slumped on his horse, weary, alone, but determined to get wherever he was going, even if it meant jumping off a cliff.



Roger and his wife had attended an event that RSE's Vickie Cadie (RIP) presented in the small New Zealand city of Whangarei a few months previously. It was hundreds of miles from our farm, but I was there with Liz and my youngest daughter.

Vickie surprised me by asking me to join the group demonstrating the C&E technique.

Roger was the only one in the family open-minded enough to see for himself what this strange teaching was all about. He pursued spiritual matters in his own way thereafter, along with developing the 100 acres he had homesteaded and on which he built his first house around a tree. He also built his last house 30 years later from trees he'd milled himself.





Riding Mt Adams, Washington, with fond memories of past rides in New Zealand.

My last fond memory of time together is of a horse ride in the hills around his property, and a mad dash back home on barn-sour horses that acted like turtles on the way out, and like F16s going home. It's about the only time in my life I've ever been on a horse at a full gallop. (May Roger too RIP, and let's hope he was met by a guy on a Big Black Stallion on the other side).



Strider in the shade. Mt Rainer in the background.

Since the move, three of my five children do not speak to me. And on the one return excursion I have made, a Christian brother did his best to exorcise "the powers and principalities within you" that I had apparently been invaded by as a result of joining the RSE school. He was a bit perplexed when I laughed, but he has mellowed over the years and we do now talk from time to time.

**To be honest, life has been turbulent since the shift.**

One could write a book about the adventure that followed an evening event in which Ramtha was explaining how to manifest anything from the quantum field of unlimited potentials - gold included. No more than 24 hours later, I was in possession of a 32-ounce bar of gold, followed by seven more over time (all sold on commission) and before long the little house on the Yelm prairie was a spiffy little model of domestic bliss.

Turned out that it was stolen gold, which led to a variety of adventures and eventually an offer to sell my house to repay my share of the proceeds to the real owner of the bullion. She was good enough to decline the offer. However, there were other small matters to deal with, such as threats of assassination after I blew the whistle on the thief, a stake-out and arrest with the FBI, followed by a Grand Jury, a trial that turned into an RSE witch-hunt by both the prosecution and defense, a hung trial jury, and a post-trial meeting at high noon, with me in a white hat that I bought after the arrest.

Such things are enough to make a person a little nervous, at least until the day that the guy in the black hat (that's the other guy) was forgiven by the woman he had stolen from. They got married and he opened a coffee shop in Yelm known until its demise as The Gold Bar. Then they divorced and left.

There is no shortage of life-changing circumstances and events when it comes to this seemingly endless journey in which the goal is mastery of one's self. "Conquer yourself" is a two word invitation to what can be a very bruising series of events as one attempts to evolve beyond one's ingrained prejudices and assumptions. But with perseverance, even when one finds oneself virtually penniless and living out of an old van or alone in a trailer, or between marriages yet again, some wisdom does sink in.



Life is what you make it. It has its surprises, its ups and downs, and if gold bars are possible, anything is possible - including temporary poverty during which there is plenty of time for reflection as you haul lumber around a portable sawmill or fight off vertigo atop a pole barn you're helping to build, or hunkering beside



an open fire outside the pickup camper you and your current wife are living in while you and Pete build a small house from lumber you've been making from some blow-down trees with an Alaska chainsaw mill. Then that relationship ends, and you're on the road again. (There you have it. Ten years in one paragraph.).

Somehow, you make ends meet, even through those times when you're asking yourself "why the hell did I leave my home country and that beautiful property back there?" Then you remember you burnt all those bridges. There's no going back.

The question was once asked by Ramtha, "where would you be without these teachings?" I was sitting just a few feet away from the stage at the time. I recalled my past as a national television news correspondent, as famous in New Zealand as Walter Cronkite or Dan Rather were in America. But I had quit that scene to search for a deeper meaning to life, so I found myself reflecting on the fact that I had also been a motocross and enduro racer and had literally knocked myself out a few times. The worst of many wrecks resulted in a trip down that long dark tunnel. It was a Near Death Experience. Therefore, knowing what a crazy rider I had been, and knowing that had I not left New Zealand I would have continued in that sport, and no doubt would've killed myself, I said to my partner, "I'd be a dead dog."

**Ramtha actually looked at me from the stage and roared with laughter.**

What he didn't know was that as that bright light at the end of the tunnel got closer and closer, I was so incensed at realizing I was dead, since it was clear to me that I had no body, and that I would not complete today's 100-mile race, that I snarled at the Universe and the Light with just four words. *"I'm not F...ing finished!"*

Other folks have had wonderful conversations at the end of that tunnel and they've come back from the dead completely transformed spiritually. I came back just the same as I was - aggressive and angry - to a body with a fractured back and paralyzed arms that flopped around like a couple of fish out of water.

But I never once thought my injuries wouldn't heal and three months later I was back on the bike, and finally finished an enduro - albeit with a dislocated collar bone as the result of a show-off passing move. Riding 90 miles like that can bring a tear to the eye of the most stoic idiot.

**Fortunately, old dogs, even temporarily dead dogs, *can* learn new tricks.**

It might have taken more than 20 years, which is about 10 times longer than the disciples had with Yeshua ben Joseph, but with Ramtha's incredible knowledge and teachings, I have finally started to comprehend what Yeshua meant when he said *"the Kingdom of Heaven is within you."* Or *"these things and greater thou shalt do also."* And *"seek ye first the Kingdom of Heaven and all things will be added unto you."* It's all in the brain, and the mind.

As RSE teacher Miceal Ledwith has taught so well in recent private lectures, Yeshua (Jesus) was referring to the way we use the quantum field and how it responds to our every thought to deliver that which we desire. Angry people get angry events. Therefore, *"do unto others as you would wish they would do unto you."* (Or, think about people as you would have them think about you....).

Sadly, most of Yeshua's fishermen disciples couldn't quite get the message. Happily, RSE has been around longer than Yeshua was, and I have a feeling I just might be getting the message, albeit still being rather inconsistent in its application.

When it comes to enlightenment, it seems to happen in stages. One step forward, two steps back. Three steps forward one step back. Progress is not a matter of worshiping anyone or anything. It's a matter of recognizing the power of one's own thoughts, corralling them and training them like you would a wild horse. You get bucked off from time to time, and it hurts.

**But you and the horse eventually get it together and you work as a unit. Not as a team, but as one.....one of these days.**

This essay will be over shortly, but it's worth reflecting on at least two more events that never would have occurred if I had stayed on the farm in the valley in New Zealand for the past 20 years, shearing sheep and goats, building fences, harrowing fields behind a two-horse team of Clydesdales and watching threads of steam rising on a cold spring morning from the little yellow-caked bodies of new-born lambs.

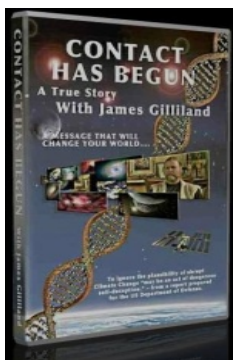
Beautiful as it was, it was not enough to overcome that gut feeling that *"there has to be more to life than this, Alfie...so what's it all about?"*

I was the sort of guy who since childhood had always wondered what was over those distant mountains, not knowing at the time that Snow Mountain would be a pivotal moment in my life.

The interview with JZ never eventuated at Snow Mountain either. But a pearl, and an anointing by Ramtha at the "pearl ceremony" that occurred there, is cherished to this day. The only words I recall Ramtha saying to me personally during that six-hour ceremony in which he spoke to hundreds of people individually, was that I was a "desperate man." Too damn right. Gratefully, I can now say that that pearl serves as a reminder that wisdom does not come without some underlying irritant - some revelation that the answer to Alfie's question is really simple. It's all about self...conquering self to the point that you might eventually be able to look in the mirror and, without cringing, say to yourself, "behold god."

*("If you know that you are the son of God, you know you came to make known the unknown." - Ramtha).*

RSE, Ramtha, and JZ have done their best to fill in the gaps - and there have been plenty of them, with more to fill in the future. Evolution is not a one-stop shop. It's a labyrinth. And it's full of surprises and challenges.



Now let me deal with two truly wonderful experiences that are a direct result of my decision to become a regular RSE student.

Those who've been to the ranch are familiar with the smokers' pit.

A "chance" meeting there one day developed into a friendship and a contract to direct a documentary, just recently re-released under the title "Contact Has Begun."

It's the story of James Gilliland who has a sanctuary near Mt Adams in Washington state. It includes footage of UFOs flying overhead, and an interview in which James talks about his own experience with Ramtha, as well as ETs and earth changes and solar flares and his own Near Death Experience and much more.

It's a documentary that was made well ahead of its time, but it carried a message of inspiration to hundreds of people around the world. The new version, just released in 2012, will do the same. It's [available here](#).with free shipping in the US.

Today, not entirely as a consequence of making a 90 degree shift or choosing to turn left in Yelm, I continue as something of a loner, an independent adventurer who still falls off emotional cliffs from time to time, but who always gets back up and carries on, frequently with the unexpected help of others on a similar path.

**Those dark nights have become perhaps dark days, or hours and sometimes no more than dark minutes. It's all about being the observer of one's emotions, and making the choice to either accept or reject....or stay addicted.**

Two years ago (2010) I had the opportunity, with the help of RSE contacts and an unexpected inheritance, to open a bricks and mortar business in Portland, Oregon. It's the Portland Preparedness Center, with a web presence at [www.getreadyportland.com](http://www.getreadyportland.com).



**Ramtha has often said that challenges don't come up unless you're capable of handling them. That is very true.**

He has also said we're not here to save the world.

No we're not.

But some of us do what we can to help others while we're working on changing ourselves, and as a result, our world changes. Peripherally, there are changes to the lives of others - but I believe it is imperative to remember that others, all of them, are also gods and souls on a journey, and their choices must be allowed and respected.

**After all, we all have free will, and each of us is responsible for creating our own future destiny. It's not set in stone. Nor is it set in quicksand.**

Initially, if we choose this path for ourselves, it might seem we've stepped out of the frying pan into the stable droppings. But, as experience has shown since I proved to my own satisfaction that there is nothing but truth, as hard-hitting as it might be, and as profound as it is, in what JZ and Ramtha have dedicated the last 30 years to, there is definitely a gold-plated pony underneath it all.

Or, to put that a better way, and more truthfully, without these teachings, I'd be a dead dog.

But since I'm not, and since I have seen many of Ramtha's prophecies come to fruition, it's now a matter of doing what must be done in terms of safely getting through whatever is coming in the next few months (the rest of 2012 and into 2013) and being here to make some sort of meaningful contribution to what one expects to be a golden age.

Years ago, in the mid-90s, I had a vision, if that's the right word, of Yelm being a great center of learning, where men and women would teach and learn new sciences of benefit to all. Where children would be taught from their earliest years exactly what they need to know to blossom as geniuses in their own right. Where our species might interact with those from other planets and civilizations.

**I envisioned a community where absolute love prevails as home to a new crop of human beings who have mastered *themselves* and are therefore capable of broadcasting that love and knowledge to a world that at present is sadly in need of chaos and change.**

That future world is what I intend to belong to. And it begins with what I have learned through RSE and above all, what I think and how I think *now*. Which means there's still some conquering to do.

Lastly, if I might say something to the collective, that being the student body that includes thousands of people spread around the globe, it would be this. Yeshua's disciples had two years and nine months to "get it."

Most of them didn't. That means Yeshua's mission was, in some senses, a failure. He certainly achieved his personal ambitions, but failed to fulfill that part of the mission which was intended to enlighten the collective.

Some of *us* have had almost 30 years learning the same things, but in much greater depth, backed by irrefutable personal and scientific evidence. But if we don't "get it" and actually apply it and personally become "graduates" of these teachings, Masters if you will, then much of this grand mission by JZ and Ramtha would also be a failure. And who knows when such an opportunity might come again? Perhaps 25,000 years in the future?



"To Life..."

**Frankly, I do not count myself as any sort of shining example of what "getting it" is about.**

I'm just saying that if we can (and we can) create and hold on to a gut feeling of being here in the calm *beyond* the storm, then the work of JZ, Ramtha, and the school staff at all levels, all of which has been done for *our* benefit, will blossom into something truly remarkable; something that Yeshua and his brother and all the hidden Masters who have gone before might see as the fulfillment of their mission, and their dreams.

**That's a future worth applying one's thoughts to.**

*Best wishes*

*Michael Knight*

**PS- The Ramtha quotes used above come from a card in the "Lofty Thoughts" series. It reads, in full:-**



**"You are living in a world of shadows and nightmares. If you know you are the Son of God, you know you came to make known the unknown.**

**"The senses govern your life, and something says 'No, I am here on a mission. There is more to my life.'**

**"The struggle comes when the feeling inside is dissatisfied with everything you do.**

**"You must make a choice to be who you are, by birth - or divinity." - Ramtha.**