

# The Music of the Spheres

*by karelia*

Music. Intricately woven into the tapestry of the universe. Such immense beauty, words fail.

## I

*Chapter 1 of 5*

Music. Intricately woven into the tapestry of the universe. Such immense beauty, words fail.

Warning: Stream of Consciousness ahead.

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The name of the historical figure of my previous incarnation likely sounds more familiar to you than the name I was given in this lifetime – a name that was stolen, as was yours.

That life was about nurturing my younger brother, being on his side throughout childhood to guide him in a way my father could not. So I provided spiritual nourishment, and of course music, to help him, the child prodigy as you humans call him, access the Music of the spheres so he could bring joy to the world.

I have returned for the mission started before time began.

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## II

*Chapter 2 of 5*

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Gaia is beginning to hear it once again, and it is high time, too. She has suffered long enough from the abuse of careless, and often outright evil, humans and other beings attracted to her for her wealth in minerals and other valuable material, attracted because of the opportunity to control.

But now that the universe is offering a helping hand to one of its beloved planets, matters are changing. Gaia hears the Music, brought to her through me, and the Music heals the wounds, reinstates the planetary power that was so recklessly ripped from her.

The clearer and more audible the Music becomes, the more benevolent beings hear the call to guide Gaia along on her healing path. It becomes an upward, rippling effect: one good deed follows the other. Of course, some of you would say that whether they are good deeds or not is debatable. Others will recognise an inner knowing that assures them that everything is as it should be.

Tomorrow is another day. Time is still important here on earth. But the Music will change that, too.

Music. Such incredible beauty.

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### III

#### *Chapter 3 of 5*

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Do you ever wonder who you are? Or do you say with ease you're Petra, or Sabrina, or John? I am not the name that was given to me, then promptly stolen in the name of commerce. The Whore of Babylon, as it is known.

Humans live commercial lives from birth to "death," as you call it. The word sounds so final, fear inducing even when, in reality, it is far less traumatic an event than birth is.

Everything in this reality is about commerce. You are born, and your mother is charged a phenomenal amount of money that only exists as an electron, but when you owe it, it becomes very, very real. Next, your parents give up all rights and responsibility by registering your birth. Next come the "well-baby" visits, during which your humanity is stolen. You are roughly handled, weighed, poked, probed, then handed back to your mother, who perhaps feels uneasy now because something deep inside of her begins to stir; she knows something is not right, yet has neither the knowledge nor the courage to accept that something is indeed wrong.

You spend your life chasing after possessions, become obsessed with having the bigger TV, the better car, the more modern gadgets than your neighbour, attending the better college to gain knowledge. Or rather what you think knowledge is. Indoctrination never leads to true knowledge, but you don't know that because this is the life you were born into, and you simply continue on the path your environment laid out for you.

Except, times are changing. More and more often, you ask yourself if your life is what life should be about. More and more often, you slip into moments of increasing awareness that not all is visible. That there is more to life.

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### IV

#### *Chapter 4 of 5*

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The veil is thinning, and as it welcomes transparency, the lies are being exposed for what they are. The grid of consciousness is losing its heaviness because truth takes the weight off, and the Music encourages it wherever it sees truth peeking through the lies.

And not a moment too soon. Dolphins and whales were ready to leave; they no longer even cared about being caught in nets, falling victim to sonar waves, or washing up dead on the beaches. But then, in the last minute, the increased transparency awakened the warriors from their nap – warriors who could no longer sleep soundly because, in their hearts, they knew they were being called.

And the warriors, as one, approached the cetaceans, shared their own hearts, apologised on behalf of humanity for the tremendous terror caused, and a group of cetacean representatives emerged and agreed to maintain the connection and observe things unfold. For now, they'll stay.

More warriors come in, beings from all paths of life, even those from other dimensions, to help clean up the stupendous mess humanity caused to the oceans of the world. Their work is cut out for them: miles and miles of waste floating on the water, pollution in the water, more waste on the ocean grounds – all need careful deconstructing, transforming, removing of negative ties.

The universe plays its Music, distant, ethereal, patchy, but as the cleaning progresses, the volume increases almost imperceptibly, and then suddenly, the warriors hear it clearly, as do the cetaceans, and all is as it should be.

The dark side isn't resting either. Driven by values like deceit, lying, cheating, and anything else carrying a negative connotation, they attack the unsuspecting ones. One chink in the armour, and you're it.

But a chink in the armour does not equal victim. Thanks to the arrogance within dark creatures, we have learned to defend ourselves. It's no longer martial arts; the war has moved up a notch or two, and for many, the art has fallen by the wayside.

But only for a while, mind. For we are creators, and it is in our nature to be creative and therefore filled with art.

Perception changes; some have learned to use art as a form of protection. We know we are winning. In the grand scheme of things, this tells us we have won. All it takes is manifestation in the illusion we call reality.

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## V

### *Chapter 5 of 5*

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The Music does not differentiate between dark and light; it is the aural manifestation of the universe. It plays to the dark ones just as it plays to the children of the light, the humans, the animals, the birds, the insects, those in the dimension slightly above to the left where mostly creatures of the dark reside; the Music is present everywhere, regardless of your choice or ability to hear it or not.

The Music goes hand in hand with the collective consciousness. When the ethical stance is high, the consciousness rises, and the Music plays at its most beautiful. When the consciousness drops, it becomes patchy, distant, even dissonant, though never out of tune.

For many millennia, the Music was not heard either on or by Gaia. Dark creatures, some of them masters of genetic manipulation, tweaked all DNA, disabled entire strands, to prevent the Music from becoming audible.

But nothing can be hidden from the universe, so we saw this would happen and prepared accordingly. On an island far out in the Atlantic Ocean, before the days of Lemuria, we hid crystals we brought from the stars that would one day serve as activators for the Music. That day has now passed, and the Music began to play to all human DNA for the purpose of an awakening that is unstoppable.

I hear the crystals' soft calling. Of course I hear them; I placed them there. Their humming combines with the Music, tickling your sleeping strands towards wakefulness.

I watch in awe the wondrous things now happening in this corner of the universe. Some people wake up and see the illusion for what it is. Others find their natural abilities that slumbered within; some heal, some become clairvoyant, some find, perhaps, they have ways of communicating with the unseen. Yet others become acutely aware that life isn't what it seems. Chemtrails and other acts of evil become inconsequential for Gaia. The bees return, fires seemingly put themselves out, and weather no longer behaves as dictated by the powers that never really have been.

The changes brought by the Music are affecting the dark creatures, too. While their human servants continue to cause misery with a sadistic pleasure that is positively un-human, the dark creatures are aware of the changes coming for them. Those without a soul will simply cease to exist, for the new frequency will not allow soulless constructs. Souled beings, whether they turned dark recently or millennia ago, have choices. Some turn to the light after experiencing the joy offered by the Music and helped by its different aspects currently walking the surface of the earth, confined in a three-dimensional physical body, but oh, so aware of their mission. And with awareness comes capability. With capability comes confidence. With confidence comes an inner knowing that we have indeed become wholly resistant to any force that does not embrace absolute truth.

Truth and light are identical. And once again, everything is as it should be.

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