**17. Channeled writing form THE Pan**

Bear-Heart (the voice in our videos) has been on a long retreat seeking an audience with

one of the most, noticeable, powerful and elusive deities’ earth has even known. Pan. We

received word that late last night after days of fasting, rituals and callings Bear-Heart was

blessed with a meeting with Pan.

What transpired is exactly as we received his writings.

Half awake and half dream, alone on a windswept hill, under a lonely and leaning tree

thrusting out of a patch of datura flowers, even in the night wind their smell hung thick. A

heavy pressure came over me, my skin prickled and my hair stood on end. The electrical

current now running through my body was the old tell tale sign. A powerful spirit had

drawn close to me/ Magick in its purest, religious ecstasy, so strong did it wash over me I

wept like a widow, I laughed like a wild man, I lamented like a sage and confounded

around like a madman, before me stood he who was more than the sum of all my parts.

He who knows why I laughed, why I cried, why I lamented and why I confounded so

even when I hadn’t a clue. He who was primal before primal became primal.

He stood before, knelt down to me, sat next to me and stepped into me all at the same

time. There was no angle he did not cover, no space he did not fill, no level he did not

inhabit no spot he did not hold. I saw my face in his, amplified a million times. I there was

more of me reflected back in his deep eternal pools of amber eyes then there was of me

looking into them.

“I am Pan”, he said to me. I don’t know why he told me that, as if he could be anyone

else, as if anyone else could be him, but he just saying it sent me over whatever edge of

remaining consciousness I was teetering on and I began spiraling backwards through

myself and Pan followed.

It was like a dream in full surround sound, I was just “there” a recorder for him to speak

into.

Pan was all that Pan was supposed to be, only sharper, stronger, faster, more beautiful,

primal, compassionate and fierce.

“It’s up to them and only them Bear-Heart. You can only deliver the message and hope it

takes root. Like the stud Elk that bugles out the warning to its herd that trouble is coming,

you stand on that hill top, not as a king but a champion, humble and true to your intent of

compassionate action so that others my help defend others, others may help build better

defenses, others who are stronger and smarter than you can get to work and once you

are done with your bugle you can join them, you together, stronger than the sum of all

your parts.

I was here long before the scaled ones came. I watched them twist and corrupt your

fellows chase them through two tunnels, one red and one green, watched them implant

alien programming into their sub-atomic, near their most subtle forms of existence. I

watched them teach your fellows greed, sexual extortion, fear, humiliation, pain

compliance and psychological warfare. I watch them cull the weakest, most fearful, most

willing to submit before the scaled king and queens and elevate them to the status of

“royalty” among your fellows. Those who descend from those original humans so willing

to become traitors to their own race are now the same humans who fill positions of false

power and hold worthless titles around the world.

Their power did not come from strength or courage, but from fear and betrayal.

It will be up to your fellows to see through that crafty web of illusion these rotten and foul

few have spun.

Your fellows are like a towering hill full of fire ants, whose number is truly awe inspiring.

You all want the same things. At your core you’re all basically the same. You want love,

shelter, food and people to play your games with. It’s the rotten few of you, like a couple

diseased serpents who have slithered in and threaded to tear down your hill if you don’t

fall in line.

What you need to do is begin to march again them, like a fiery vortex of stinging and

pinching mandibles devouring, burning and eroding all the vile and tainted in your path,

like the forest fire clears away the dead and decaying to give nourishment to the soil and

clear away for fresh new life, the Illuminati is dead crusted lizards who have forgotten that

they can die and who would turn on each other like rats on a sinking ship.

There leadership is weak, pedophilic, they have surrounded themselves with only the

most groveling and lowest level pukes, they have held there positions of power for too

long, they are stale, stagnant, like a swamp filled with fecal matter, that are insane and

ripe for the cleansing fire of freedom.

Freedom is always fresh, it is always new. The fire of freedom is eternal, is eats away at

the old so seamlessly and so diligently that it is hardly noticed and barely felt.

The putrid swamp of your world leaders has poisoned it’s self. The fish there are dead or

dying, their crocodiles have lost their bite, for all the poisons that that have sprayed on

you, they have ingested just as much if not more, they souls and spirits are no longer their

own, they limp forward like a maggot ridden Moose, once powerful trampling monster,

now so horribly crippled and staggering around like a zombie, the fear it evokes is one of

not wanting to be anywhere near it, rather than of the strength it once possessed.

It’s up to them to see that now. It’s up to them to see the Illuminati puppet masters who

hide in the cesspool that is Israel leading the American war machine around be the nose

like a blind and castrated bull. It’s up to them to finally see it.

Its time they get past the religion of the lazy, the man who sacrificed himself on the cross

was no friend of his so called followers of today. They have corrupted his memory,

violated his teaching and paired him with a God who was known as a God of desert heat,

sun stroke and rape, the hateful and despised Lord of all but the Levics. It is now he who

commands love? Love at his terms only and that is no love at all. Love at the threat of

fear is so ridiculous that only a reptilian mind could understand it.

Their book is mind poison, it’s a giant pile of dead animal shit only sweetened with the

honey of truth. Armageddon was the “boogey man” the fear used to force the original

agenda, the one “true” king Jesus to rule the world under a one world government is no

different than if it was Jesus or some Rockefeller child molester, it’s the same

enslavement, same end of near all the human population, it’s the same lose of humanity,

it’s the same shit, told by the same assholes, and they don’t care if you wave your flag for

Jesus or not, it’s the end result they care about, not how you arrive at it.

The end will be the same.

So much corruption and decay in one place will rot the ivory towers they dwell in from

the inside out, the illusion is crumbling and years before they through it would and

paradoxically years later then they had hoped the illusion would need to be supported.

Like the Emperor with no clothes, you see these sick, bent old men dancing in the streets,

the saggy fat rolls and like tits on a boar, their tits like on a boar dangle near their waist

lines and if you look really, really close you could almost make out a pathetic tiny numb of

a limp useless penis that as seen the backside of a number of young men, forced, drugged

and tortured, you and your awakened folk see them for who they really are, they rest of

your fellows unfortunately see them in fine silks and fancy ties… all lies, all deceptions

and if you want brutal truth, what they REALLY see is the gross bodies and minds of this

awful men is tiny reflections of themselves.

It’s a hard truth, but once your folk can all be strong enough to admit they we have all

been duped, all been corrupted and poisoned to some extent because you have been

trained, taught and condition by THEM to be more like them.

Then and only then will they see them as the naked and exposed evil that they really are

and then little by little, slowly at first, the true light of the inner sun will shine in all of them,

tiny specks of star fire will swirl together and begin a firestorm of change and renewal, the

old winter of trickery, of enslavement, of rape and torture and murder and forced

conversions will end and new fertile fields ready to be sowed with the seeds of freedom

and passion and wild ecstatic love of both Human and animal will be ready to be tilled.

Only then could you find me in an easy way, only then will my music be heard over the

suffering of the wounded and imprisoned, over the sound of financial exchange,

embezzlement and printing worthless money, heard over the blood fueled war machines,

heard so that you can come sing and dance, join with other humans and laugh, love and

cry together in joy, in strength and courage. To live so connected but remain fierce and

independent, like a pack of wolves rushing, hunting down a brighter future, howling,

snarling, nuzzling, and playing with one another.

Love is not surrender. Love is furious, strong and brave, it overcomes without

conquering, it defends without destroying and it fuels the heat of passion without

scorching all around it.

This is the true destiny of your fellows, this is the divine potential for humanity and when

and one when you can find me among the trees, the rocks and empty stretches of

beaches, then and only then with you see my face in the stars and when you are ready I

will lead you and your fellows up into them and there you will find me in the vacuum of

starry space and I will lead you to other worlds where you can find me in their natures as

well and you will see that humanity is the most grand and darling creation of all the Gods

and Goddesses of earth and we will not only watch over you here but travel with you no

matter where humanity decides to clear it’s next path, we love humanity that much. We

dance wild and free in your dreams and your liberation and languish in your agony in your

enslavement. We choose liberation; we are ready for you and your fellows to join us

here”.

I regained enough of my awareness a few hours later to write this down.

Please share it as it is DIRECT communication form Pan, a message not to “me” but to

all of us.

-Bear Heart (G.O.O.D.S)