

“It’s quite simple.” The Teacher Paul Vallidin said, “In the age prior to patriarchy and its transcendental Sky-Gods, the Goddess dwelt not only in the body of the world. But her body WAS the world... The mountains and rocks were her bones, the forests were her long flowing hair, the rivers and oceans were her blood and the sun and moon were her shining face and eyes. The women of that age, as microcosms of the Shakti, were venerated as an inseparable part of her divine being. The Goddess was thus in every woman and every woman was a Goddess... ”

"That age was first lost when the Sky Gods like Zeus and Jupiter made themselves kings over the other gods and goddesses. And said you shall not have any other God before me... When Jehovah and Allah came along, that song changed to “Ye Shall Not have any other god at all!!!!”... ..Ever since that time Gnostic and Tantric groups all over Europe and Asia have sprung up trying to recapture the original path of the sacred marriage between Christ and Sophia and Shiva and Shakti... Let me show you... ”

Paul now stood up and took his student Joanne’s hands, staring fixedly at her, somewhere around the point of the Third Eye, located just above the bridge of the nose. As he stood there exchanging subtle astral energies with her, all her resistances melted away and the fire continued to speak with Paul’s voice - filling Joanne with wave after wave of ecstatic energy and bliss:

"The key to everything Jo is the awakening of the divine feminine in YOU. Everything that is within you... Is also without you... You are the Goddess... You are the sacred vessel of the Bride, the Sophia-Magdalena... In the early days of the Gnostic Church, Sophia-Magdalena functioned as a kind of Christian Shakti. Couples from some Gnostic sects lay together in a “spiritual marriage.”

"Here, they practised the ancient Tantric technique of “coitus reservatus,” where the man, functioning as Shiva’s surrogate, had conjugal relations with his priestess without experiencing the usual release accompanying male orgasm. Hindu schools of Tantra certainly used this technique, advising that the male initiate of yoga store up his vital fluids rather than wasting them during intercourse."

"In this way the male yogi can give greater pleasure to his partner, along with utilising the energies stored in the lingam for awakening the Kundalini Shakti, rising up the Sushumna Nadi and into the thousand petalled lotus. There it manifests for the Tantric yogi as divine Wisdom Sophia. They also say that the knights of courtly love, like Tristan and Isolde, and Lancelot and Guinevre, practised similar Tantric rites with their ladies. Of course, for the woman to awaken the Shakti fully, she needs a male partner, someone to see her as the divine manifestation of the Goddess that she is. When every woman is free to work with her divine Wisdom self, as she sees fit, and every man is able to perceive the Goddess in his beloved, then the world will be ready to enter a new age of love and unity in the Great Mother."

The Moon Moth closed its wings over Joanne's face and beat them energetically in front of her. She felt the thread of her Wisdom Self being wound around and around her body, until the Moon Moth let go and it ascended upwards in a looping spiral, until it collapsed with her on the cold damp grass.

Joanne lay there paralysed with ecstasy. She felt like a thousand stars were raining down on her body, streaming through her third eye and crown chakra and exploding upwards from her belly button and the base of her spine. Was this the awakening of Kundalini Shakti that Pernille and Paul had spoken about?

"You have seen the elf lady stirring her pot." It was Pernille. Joanne could hear the ringing of the bells on her dress like angels on a Christmas tree. Her body felt like it was still exploding in a shower of love and light that was now meeting in her heart centre.

"It's so beautiful. Everything is so blissful and magic." Joanne reached out a hand to pet Pernille's face and hair.

“Congratulations Joanne... You have just awakened the Kundalini Shakti inside you.” Pernille informed her sister and lay beside her, wrapping her arms around her.

“Paul says that the Kundalini rises up from the Muladhara chakra, the root chakra, in the form of tejas...The fiery element. At the same time it descends downwards through the crown of the thousand petalled lotus... The Sahashrara chakra... As ojas, the watery substance... Meeting in the Anahata Chakra, these two substances of water ojas and fire tejas are transformed into the life breath of the prahnayama... ...”

“That’s here sweetie.” Pernille put her hand on Joanne’s heart. And Joanne felt the red thread of her Wisdom Self weaving a cocoon of love and light around her and Pernille.

“Can you feel my angel there?” Joanne asked her dreamily. Pernille nodded.

“Yes. She is very beautiful and loving. Just like you.”

Pernille kissed Joanne on the face and neck and draped her left leg over hers. It felt warm as her knee rubbed against her thighs and Joanne felt like her entire body was about to orgasm.

“You know Pernille.” Joanne whispered breathlessly. “I used to think my angel was a girl. But for angels I don’t think there are such designations as male and female. For them... Everything... Is just a long dream of love, where all sexual identity plays in the shadows...”

Pernille smiled and gave Joanne a soft delicious kiss on the lips...

(extract from the novel Mooniana: And the Secret of the Lost Chronicles of Sophia)