

A Letter – July 3, 2018

Hello James,

Maybe it is time to tell you a bit about my background in context to the bodyswap idea. In the course of over the last twelve years I've experienced intrusive and also heavenly psychoses. During 2013 and 2014 I got three psychoses, each leading to a stay in a mental hospital. It was incredible to experience since it was all centered around great themes like past/future, God/no God, good/evil, etc... And yes, I've even heard voices, 15-20 different persons, male and female and one very scary devilish voice. The voices never really bothered me because I was not impressed by possible sabotage acts, like do this, do that. I kept the attitude in dialogue to tell the voices, if you like me to do that, do it yourself, f*ck you! I won't go into the voices further, although later on the dialogues became really interesting. And enough reasons to think the voices are not echoes or reflections of my own mind, I really had contact with other identities. But most strikingly and profound... I met a girl/woman in the mind and in the senses. First time I saw her was like a charcoal movie of three quarters of a second in my head, while being on the train. I saw her face, a little smile on it. It was if I was struck by lightning, I immediately fell in love with her, she looked like a mixture of an angel and a goddess, eighteen years old max. but a look in her eyes like she was at least a thousand years old, such a wisdom. Instead of pupils she had black infinity signs in her bright blue eyes. Her skin colour was like she was from the middle east and her hair bluish pitch black. This divine beauty made me so lovesick instantly that I felt the urge to puke, since my stomach was so upset. My knees felt weak and for three weeks I mostly had one word in my mind, 'incomprehensible'. After a week or three (my hair was turning a little gray) I finally was able to come to rest of the sight of her and managed to think a little normal, not only about she who I had seen. The whole world was strange though, like I was halfway not on earth, steadily having 'contact' with others in the mind. And I was not the only one in the mental hospital in contact with another realm, that much I figured. Some patients were really

confused, others, like me, had the experience of being halfway earth and halfway into another reality, only confused by mixed realities, not by internal dysfunction/overload. So I had three psychoses and they are all about her who I had seen in my mind while being on the train. The first psychosis was a very confusing ride. There my personal body swap experience begins, it was all happening to me and in all my confusion I lived it, losing myself into her. What happened to me was that I got visions/flashbacks/memories of a world I didn't recognize, definitely earth, but a time long forgotten I now know. I like history but the memories of the buildings/city was in an unrecognizable, megalithic style. And I like history and I know of the ruins and how old cities (to thousands of years ago) must have looked like and I tell you, her city was nothing like I have ever seen. She lived during the now steadily more rumoured, mystical and completely vanished ice age civilization which ended with the cataclysm that made the sea level go up for 130 meters (a few hundred feet) in a timeframe of days/weeks, swallowing huge parts of land on earth, including the lands of that civilization. Remnants of flood stories even now are still known in the bible and old myths and legends from other cultures. So much I figured out now, to get a reference for what I envisioned, remembered. It was like I was her in those memories. Me, being in a megalithic building, overlooking the city, wearing a green dress, with a flask band in my/her hair. And so much more, but then this would become an even longer email when I get into more of these details, but, if interested, I could tell you more memories later on. While steadily 'remembering' more of her I began to feel my surroundings, contacts of love and interaction between people became visible golden and silver threads between them, I began to notice that what I call 'double-speak', on the one hand hearing what someone says with my ears, on the other hand hearing duck-like sounds in my head. I felt like I was receiving their thoughts but without the other one being aware of this, thus leading to random 'sounds' instead of cohesive transmission of thoughts, like in her time one did communicate on such a level. In short, I felt like she melted with me, staying in the same location of space as she did, possession if you like, but a very pleasant one. Like she was more than human and I got to experience that like I had her

abilities and gifts. Everything in my mind became music and rhyme, my bones felt like too long and peasant like for the way she was used to feel, especially when dancing the Indian Goddess dances which I now suddenly could, while understanding every gesture and meaning of the dances. And when going outside it was all the time like she was on the same place as I and she was amazed by the wonders of modern times, and so many people, she just couldn't comprehend, but was very enthusiastic. And all that time I knew who I was by looking at myself in the mirror, but what I felt was not visible, it was like I was her, her incredible perfect, by me not seen on this earth so far, beauty... Every woman I've seen since then cannot match up with her appearance, what a beauty she has been! And so gifted and talented in for us nowadays magical senses. Later on she left me, which ended my first psychosis. Then 2013 slowly passed away into 2014 and for a few months I more or less was myself again. I felt so empty and desolate after that that I asked/begged her to please come back, which she did, which led to my second psychosis. That was a very heavy psychosis, it felt terrible to project myself being her in this modern world. Everyone dies quickly these days, she'd remain with her extremely long life. It led to horror thoughts of being alone on the earth forever, being her, while no-one survives she'd be left... Won't get into all the horrifying details, but there was so much fear. Until I found out that it was all a puzzle, she, me, who is who, and here and in what time (???) and everything started to normalize again. And she left again... But even after the horrorpsychosis I longed for her with whole my heart, still not knowing who she is or was. And then springtime came and she came back again (just as she now did while writing that sentence and I feel her face like it's mine for a moment). Then came of what I now call the 'summer of love', she joined me once again, and all of her came back to be in the place I inhabit in this universe. It led to my third psychosis but it was all-in so much harmony this time. We got to know each other real good. For example, she liked driving a car very much, funny though, as a man you've got some sort of 3d mapping in your head, she made me do it her way, the female way of remembering a route from memory of one place to another. She made me feel female sexuality, I could sense and feel nerves on places

that I really don't have as a man. And so serene she is/was. Although she cried about the world, nature was really overwhelming in her days and there's not much left. And then the air to breathe, like constantly breathing in sand particles, and a strange metallic smell in the air... Desert planet earth... What I mostly remember though was the love we felt, the love I felt for myself because she was on the place I was, thus projecting my love inwards, a selflove I never knew, what a gift! So much more has happened since I met her in an unique unity kind of way I could never have imagined that existed. My life is never the same again. So did I do bodyswap? Yes, though not visible for the outside world, I've experienced to be an incredible beauty angel goddess of a girl/woman..

Best regards from the formerly atheistic but now not know what to think anymore Gert.

Btw. She's still with me, I still feel her every day and for what I know she wants to stay for the remainder of my life, which is incredible and such an act of love. For the rest I'm quite myself again :).

Hello Gert,

Wow, that is quite a tale, indeed. I can't even imagine going through something like that. It sounds terrifying, fascinating and heartbreaking, all at the same time. It would make an interesting movie. In some ways it reminds me of the movie "Your Name", where a couple of teens swap bodies, but also are in slightly different time periods. Or in some ways like the show Sense 8, but what you're describing is even more epic. Or your experience would make great source material for a book. Unfortunately, a movie that epic is way beyond my current abilities, but it is fascinating and gives me lots to think about. Thank you for sharing this with me. I've got to get back to work, but it gives me lots to think about.

Best regards, James'

Thinking back – August 10, 2018

Been thinking about her again lately, a bit more than before. She, I still don't know her name, has been met in spirit. She made contact with me, about halfway through 2013, on the train five years ago. Just for me, didn't see her as one of the fellow passengers, no, only saw her in my mind for three quarters of a second, enough to fall in love instantly and only have one word in mind: Incomprehensible! For three weeks I could not utter much more than that one word. Seeing her made me totally lose myself, only thinking of her. Who is she that I write about her like that in public?

I've got to know her in three episodes. It all started in late 2012. I, a long-time atheist, was asked by a friend to pray to God asking me to make himself known. Unbeliever as I was, I noticed a strange phenomenon, a light purple glow seemed to descend from the ceiling to more at seat height as an answer. Thought it was strange, but shook it off, in disbelief at what I was seeing. In retrospect, then, thinking back to it as in the sense of it must be, I must have fantasized the phenomenon.

The theme of faith continued to occupy me in the weeks that followed, but I did not pay any extra special attention to it. The attention eventually came my way, months later. That was that previously described moment in the train. Her face was burned into my mind, so incredibly beautiful, like a mix between an angel and a goddess, light blue eyes, with infinity signs instead of pupils. She had slightly tanned skin, long and jet black hair shining blueish in the sun, an unreal beauty, with a smile on her face, I still feel enthusiasm rising in my mind as I think back to her image. It got much weirder later on. A confusing period. A period in which I became more and more outside of myself, disappearing in a strange world. Visions, memories, experiences, feelings, music, rhyme, dance, magical gifts in the sense of feeling the state of mind of other living beings, seeing gold and silver threads when love and contact, feeling the energies from the environment, especially from stones of various kinds, each with its own energy, its own vibration, its own taste, its own color. I felt her curiosity, her sense of life, filled with exuberant love.

Everything was mixed up and in my misunderstanding I didn't know that she had come to be in the same place in this universe that I was. It was incredible in so many ways, she felt as if she had never been rejected, as if she had never been hurt, despite her wisdom being a naive young lady, that was a wonderful heavenly feeling to feel. And then the reach of her mind, and the memories of another time. Also just as incredible. As a history buff, know a little bit of history, good enough to have an idea of what buildings must have looked like in ancient times, but the city I remembered was different, on the water and with a strange, incomprehensible megalithic architectural style. The building I was in, in a green dress, flaxen headband with jet black hair and the memory of lying down on a wooden bed in that room. And then two hooded men approach me/her and beckon me as if I should come along, calling my name/title: Mono Ur (Loyal to Earth). This is also the only name I know of her so far. After a journey of several months, my sense of oneness with her ended and I was thrown back to myself. Bare and cold and small, that's how the world felt to me in singular form, completely sobered again from the dream I had found myself in.

And so 2013 passed into 2014, I longing, yearning for her I had met in spirit. I begged her to come back, which she did after my plea, getting stronger over the week. This became a very anxious period, in which I projected to be her on this earth. A terrible fate, she with her long, long (perhaps eternal) life, on an earth in which everything and everyone around her dies. The visions of being forever lonely on Earth were overwhelmingly extreme and led to terrible fears. This took several weeks... Until I started to understand the puzzle a little bit. She, me, who's who, who's when and who's where... Began to hope and understand that such a horrible fate is not realistic and gradually settled down, the nightmares slowly slipped out of me. With the inquisitive puzzle feeling leaving me behind, she apparently disappeared from my existence again, I was thrown back on myself again, with all the question marks and a terrible hangover from the period of fear.

After a while, the shock was great, I found that I was still thinking of her, much and in amazement, who is she and what did she come to do in my life,

why did she make contact with me, why choose this path of possession, because I don't have another name for it now. possessed? Yes, but not by a demon, but by an incomprehensible young lady, human, but at the same time more than human. An unearthly beauty with unearthly abilities, gifts, and yet, fundamentally human. So much in me longed for her again, for oneness with her. And she came back, again, this time without nightmares or ignorance. I was very aware of her presence, felt her life feeling of love and warmth, her incomprehensibly beautiful appearance, her gifts, and so much more. A way of getting acquainted that is not possible from living person to living person and that I know in absolutely no other way. So fulfilling... In retrospect I call this period the 'summer of love'.

Contemplation – August 11, 2018

It seems that when you have experienced something like what I have described and you try to talk about it with others, you sometimes encounter misunderstanding. I am a bit shy when I encounter understanding and confirmation. Also emailed someone else about it. The email exchange confirmed my first feeling when all this happened to me as if I had experienced it before, as if I had once been her, a very long time ago. It was passed to me as follows:

"It is the you that you have searched for all your present life, it is the you that you have summoned from your unconscious desire, or perhaps in a prayer to God, it is the you that you remember as who you are . That's also why you've been an atheist all your life, not because you don't believe in anything, but because you always knew who you are but couldn't remember until you got that picture of that beautiful girl. Was this perhaps God's answer to you? This is who you really are, then in a previous life, and now in this present life, in another physical body in order to live here on Earth and have experiences, and remember who and what you really are."

How incredible. In it I also touched on with a reply that I hope to look forward to a future life on earth, one more time, preferably not more often, because the earth does not have much time left to live, it seems. One more

time a bit of a type like I was, as I have dreamed and felt and been confirmed before, one more time a mortal girl/woman on this earth. Do you want to think about the future, to be able to experience the past one more time? 'Everything is possible', I got put in my head in 2013. If everything is possible I don't have to be surprised, and it is also possible to be her again, even if that is in the hereafter, or in a new life (on earth). Maybe never someone like her again, and this was all a long time ago. And maybe all this never was, and all I think never will be, the atheist in me whispers in my mind...

Memories – August 16, 2018

Thinking further about her life, what was given to me with memories and visions. A wonderful time. From what I understand she has seen and lived a lot. A long time ago, she was selected from a group of naked girls on a dusty dirt road. The girls, several hundred, were arranged in groups of fifty in squares. She stood between them, on the side of the road. On the dirt road itself a cart was towed by a kind of oxen, surrounded by soldiers, armed with spears and shields. I can remember the perspective that I was one of the slave soldiers on the cart, a homo sapiens sapiens man and that's how I first saw her as far as I know, love at first sight. Of all the girls, she was selected by the ruler for her appearance. Fairytale girlish pretty, bright blue eyes, red lips in a slightly tinted face, jet black eyelashes, eyebrows and hair. A perfectly in harmony, proportion, slender body. A beauty, rare... And from the moment I had those thoughts I seem to have become one with her. Don't know what happened to my original body, but the ruler must have captured my thoughts and joined my soul to hers in her body. She/I was pointed out by the ruler, a strange creature, three spinning green orbs where the head should have been. She was led into the cart and the ruler took her by the hand. She felt a fathomless cold and depth. Never before, or ever felt this way, never forgetting...

This meeting and selection leads to inclusion in the ruler's palace. Within the gardens and walls of the palace, she is trained in for us magical arts. She learns to master and control her gifts. Infinite love from the divine universe

continuous in her flowing, eternal life, a visible stark white aura of up to a meter thick. Speaking and listening in the mind became the norm. Healing people with love, being love yourself. Such was her youth, not that she ever lived past eighteen, eternally young, in the full awareness of the cosmic love energy. Her voice was like rock crystal in the mind. Thus she has lived long, lonely, secluded in strange palaces, megalithic architecture. She had many more gifts. Among other things, she felt the sense of life of others, also of animals, she felt the energies of her surroundings, even with her eyes closed she felt her surroundings, she felt the energies of life, but in another way also of stones. Each crystal has its own color, smell, taste, viscosity, vibration. Each stone has its own energy with its own energetic influence on the body and the environment. And everything was music, even the tapping of her nail against a wall was like a little bell tinkling. She also roamed the earth for a very long time, afraid of nothing or no one, in complete freedom. Where she came... we still know fairy tales as echoes of a magical past. She was magic herself. She healed people with her thought, for the gesture with the laying on of hands, or when the other meant evil she took life, with her thought, taking the other's life energy. She was love itself and at the same time dangerous. The girl with the shark teeth as a symbolism. Oh dear, you melt with her with love and admiration and adoration, but don't make her angry. That was her character, a very playful kitten. Yet she has also known her periods of civilization. A wise counselor thinking along in the mysteries of all that is. That was when she lived in the cities, in beautifully crafted clothes, in a style so ancient, yet very civilized and sophisticated. But when again she roamed through the almost endless forests of the earth at that time, she was like a magical creature to the common man. Sometimes a wood nymph out of boredom, luring mortal men from the forest path into the woods together with friends, seducing them, which was by no means difficult given her outwardly unreal unearthly beauty, her skin almost transparent living marble, as if there were an electric field around her... inhuman and incomprehensible and her sight made one fall in love forever, those who had enjoyed her no longer wanted to live, forever tormented by loss and longing... And so much more remembered. Seen.

Her ending was sad. In the end she was all alone. Always vigilant. After more than forty thousand years her power had become such that at the slightest startle of another who looked at her, she burned the other to ashes. She no longer wanted to live as the last of her kind, she simply didn't know what to do with life. She made her intentions clear to the people and asked if they wanted to behead her. She seems to have waited a thousand years there, in that hall, on that marble throne, slowing down her time. People who dared to look at her saw a living statue, 3d, full-colour. One look meant death. But that wasn't the case anymore... for her, day and night became like seconds passing by. A strobe of light and dark. And in that condition they finally dared to approach and behead her. What I remember afterwards is acute respiratory distress and being born again.

Retrospective – August 25, 2018

And thus I apparently remembered an earlier journey of the soul. Long ago. If I understand correctly, she did not age, one of the ancient 'gods' of Lemuria/Atlantis. A human species with an average of twenty to thirty percent more brain capacity. It is unreal how much wider consciousness is compared to homo sapiens sapiens. Time was not in a gear during their existence. Times could be reckoned in eras. Since Atlantis and our time, the wheel of time has turned halfway, half an era, the era of mortal man. The Lemurian/Atlantic civilization had a gradual, organic, development over the course of tens of thousands of years. Her birth is a little over fifty thousand years in the past, her death about ten to eleven thousand years ago.

She survived the catastrophe that marked the end of Atlantis. What she/I can remember is how the earth changed, crying for the fate of the planet, lying in the grass, looking up, seeing the metal bird. The cause of all evil. The end of megafauna, climate change, desertification, sea level rise. Everything carefully planned out by the people of the stars, bringing the earth so unbalanced that there is a global disaster, the end of Atlantis. It is not clear to me who caused the conflict, they from the stars, or we from the earth. The end result is the end of civilization, the end of the 'gods' themselves. The only species left are the former subordinate race, those who

did not possess the abilities of the "gods," the present mortal man. The conflict has been carried out with extreme precision, destroying most of the structures of Atlantis. Most of it sunk under a lot of ocean water, destroyed anyway by those who came from the stars. Not with weapons as we know them, exploding fire, but of a completely different order. So mastering the laws of nature without apparent damage that forces could split entire structures apart, as if hit by an unseen huge blow. And so the surface of the then earth has been swept clean of the structures of Atlantis. Destroying the builders, those who, with skill far beyond our own, built a civilization that has existed for several eras. They, the thinkers, the true intelligent race on our planet. All that remained was the ignorant mortal man, those who scarcely had words for the world of the 'gods', because they could not understand, could not experience. They have inherited the earth, struggling for existence, memories of the world of the 'gods'.

The few 'gods' that survived have civilized mankind. They are the users and founders of the Indo-European language, the language the "gods" used to communicate with humans. They themselves knew no spoken language in adulthood, when they had already fully developed their mind-speak. They, the survivors, have set out to civilize humanity, in the hope of one day resurrecting development and rebuilding a global civilization. Unfortunately, mortal man's short life spans leave them unable to see beyond their own short lives, placing our planet in a fate that would have been impossible under the civilization of the 'gods'. The unity in love, as is self-evident for the spirit-communicating, feeling each other, 'gods', is lacking in present-day humanity, seven billion islands in love, duality, ego, and too little brains for a complete overview. Our present global civilization is like a headless body. It looks like we too will end, not because we don't want to, but because we can't. And she weeps for the earth, her pearl of unbelievable worth.

Vision of a Shaman – February 21 and April 3, 2020

"How wonderful that you are sharing this. Thank you. It touches me what you write and what you have experienced. In your stories I meet her/you, Mono Ur, I feel her energy and her being. I recognize what you write. I

recognize the time of Atlantis and Lemuria, the contact with the star peoples, the love that flowed so abundantly, the enormous structures, splendor of nature, human/divine gifts, high civilization, communication in the spirit. It gives me goosebumps reading this. This is always a sign to me that something is very 'true', on a deeper level. Also the end of this... the survival of a few who then tried to pass civilization on to the mortal humans. This matches my memories.

Did you know that complicated pyramids were created at the same time in different places on earth? They have been passed on, coming from one source, who had so much more skill, knowledge and gifts with buildings than we do now. I miss that time. I miss the love that was lived in then, the connection that everyone had with each other then. I know the feeling of being alone with experiences, in a world we live in now that is many times less wise than it was then. It is nice to share these experiences and feelings with like-minded people. There are people who go through similar experiences, although they are rare to find. The beauty of time is... it's already here – time. Whenever or wherever it was, it is always possible to connect with it. And if that is what you choose as a soul, then you can experience this again, one way or the other. What is it like for you now, to think back to these experiences?”

It is still too incredible and incomprehensible to consider what I have experienced/felt as reality. I've always been a pretty rational person. But not so over-rational that I've never dreamed of worlds like ours and what ever happened here. Just look at Giza. It is clear that the Sphinx was later re-headed and that the actual builders once made the lion in the epoch of the lion look the Sphinx at the constellation Leo, thin threads from an unreal time ago that extend into and have survived into our time. And then the precision, right at the center of the Earth's mass of the Eurasian and African continents, and oh, so much more. The reference to Orion based on the position of the three pyramids, among others. † Anyway, you probably know these kinds of details too, probably even better than me. Or else South America where the Incas indicate with strange remains that it was not they

who built it, but the Gods who lived there before they (the Indians) came. Those who search will find, all over the world, including under water, relics from a distant past. So that's kind of how I feel about the historical part.

Furthermore, it has been very rewarding for me personally to be able to experience her. I come from a difficult family, a complex childhood, with a degree of physical, but especially a lot of psychological violence, which made me quite insecure in my early years. Perhaps that put me in the role of an observer. But that role felt like a fitting glove, felt like a time traveler before, without understanding it myself. In the meeting with her I have come to understand to some extent that this could also be completely true on a soul level. And then, in spite of being a man with a penchant for the opposite sex, yet in wave movements an unfulfilled desire for the feminine itself, as if that fits more with my psyche, my personality. In the context of what I have now been allowed to 'remember', that is much more understandable. How my soul will have been shaped by that one, unreal long life. With regard to the world, she will certainly have felt like an observer in the long run. While everything slips by in the course of the ages, she always remained there, observing the world. What remains is contact with the 'other' world. I don't know exactly who I'm in contact with, but I can ask anything and always get an answer. That answer is in the yes/no form. A gentle, almost absent pressure in my head indicates that the answer is 'yes', a slightly more pronounced (never even close to painful) pressure indicates that the answer is 'no'. This way I can still think/dream/fantasize/remember anything I wonder, as long as I formulate my question in such a way that the answer is a simple 'yes' or 'no' I understand the answer I always get, even now yet. The real answer is a much smoother feeling, with a lot of subtle nuances that I don't understand, but that's okay. At the same time, I am still filled with warmth and love, so along/over/through my spine... from my tailbone to my crown, a feeling I've never known in that way. I consider it a God's gift myself, and I am very grateful to those with whom I have contact for the contact. By the way, I got to know her name much later, phonetically it is approximately 'Dor-Is-Dor-El' which I understand in a very old language means as much as 'Part of God'.