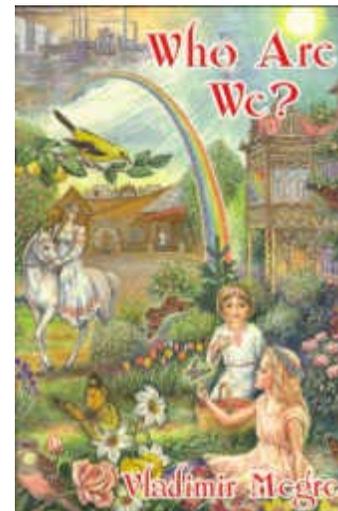


## A READER'S JOURNAL

### Who Are We? The Ringing Cedars Series, Book 5 by Vladimir Megré

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A Book Review by Bobby Matherne ©2007



In 1776, the Englishman [Thomas Paine\(1\)](#), newly arrived in Philadelphia, wrote a pamphlet entitled [Common Sense](#) in which he laid out for the common people of his time the case for American Independence from Britain. By appealing directly to the common people of our time, Megré in his Anastasia books, has begun a turning-about as revolutionary as that which occurred in 1776 when Man for the first time rejected a King, a Monarch, or any Tyrant as a necessity for harmonious government. Anastasia tells us each one of us can create our own Paradise on Earth today and exactly how to go about doing that. All over the world today people have begun considering how to acquire their own hectare (2.5 acres) of land to begin constructing their own Kin's Domain along the line of the plans which Anastasia laid down in earlier books.

In Russia, we find the biggest movement towards the creation of this domain, with a national policy in place to provide the required land to every Russian citizen who wants it. The land is there in ample quantities and is currently under-utilized and much of it eroding away if nothing is done. Anastasia's plan is the only plan which can turn the situation around with huge investments by the State, investments which are projected well out of the reach of Russia's government, in any case. Vladimir Megré writes on the future of his country in this book.

**[page 1] Strange, but true: the first clear glimpse I ever had about the future of our country came not from statisticians or politicians but from Anastasia, a recluse living in the wilds of the taiga. And not only did she present a picture of a marvelous future, but showed step-by-step its feasibility even for our generation — a design, in fact, for the development of the whole country.**

If there were ever a monument to cupidity and stupidity, the island of Cyprus is one. The Romans created a desert isle of this beautifully wooded Paradise by removing all of the cedar trees to build their ships. With no tall cedars to slow down the trade winds, the moisture that previously fell on the island passed right over. In place of a living Paradise, we find a mostly dead monument, with people scratching out a living from the dry, rocky soil. Megré visited Cyprus to see for himself and it led him to think about the fate of people whose bodies are laid out in a cemetery where loved ones go to visit and think about them being dead.

**[page 4] People buried in a cemetery cannot end up in Paradise. Their souls cannot be embodied in matter as long as there are relatives and friends around thinking about their death. Headstone are monuments to death. Funeral rites were thought up by the**

**dark forces for the purpose of confining, at least temporarily, the human soul. . . . Today scientists tell us that human thought is material — but if that's the case, it means that the deceased person's relatives, in thinking of him as dead, thereby keep on holding him in a deadened state, which torments his soul.**

Rather than a monument to death, Anastasia proposes a monument to life: a family tree in a kin's domain which grows from generation to generation and under which the person who planted and nurtured it is buried. Vladimir visualizes his own burial:

**[page 6, 7] And I shall be buried in my domain, with the request that my grave not be marked in any way. I don't want anyone putting on a show of grief or making a sad face over it. In fact, I don't want there to be any grieving at all. I don't want a headstone with an inscription, just fresh grass and bushes growing over the body — maybe some sort of berries too, which will be useful to my descendants. What's the point in a grave-marker? There isn't any — only grief. I don't want people coming to my domain to remember me with sadness, but with joy. Yes, they'll see how I've set things up, and arranged all the plantings! . . .**

If anyone has wondered how the books of the Ringing Cedars Series came about, Vladimir lays it out for us in this next passage: One Trip, One Book. Each time he takes a trip to see Anastasia, he comes home and writes another book.

**[page 14] When I think of Anastasia as a 'recluse', each time I associate the *recluse* with someone who has isolated himself from society, from our contemporary information systems. But what is really going on? After each visit to her glade I end up putting out a new book. A book that is discussed by all sorts of people, young and old, scientists and religious leaders. The way it turns out, it is not *I* who bring *her* information from our over-informed society, but it is *she* who offers *me* information that proves to be of great interest to society. . . . It's simply amazing when you think about what's really going on — Anastasia's remote taiga glade serves as a real information center, like a launch pad propelling us into the other dimensions of our existence. Then, *who am I, who are we? And who is Anastasia?***

Vladimir investigates eco-villages all over the world and focuses on one as a representative of the others, Auroville, founded in 1940 near Pondicherry, India. Designed to hold 50,000 or more people, it has fallen to a present-day 1200 residents. Vladimir mentioned his discouragement to Anastasia and her response was encouraging.

**[page 19] If anyone knew where to find the foundation on which to build a happy life for both the individual and society as a whole, a happy society would have probably been built somewhere. But it doesn't exist — anywhere in the world! The only experience we have is negative. Where can one find anything positive?  
"In Russia!" replied Anastasia.**

This is not something that is easy for us Americans to accept, this idea that Russia will become a fount of individual happiness for individuals and society, while America will not. Time will tell whether Americans will pick up Anastasia's banner and carry it forward on this side of the world. If it is to happen, millions of Americans will literally have to get their hands dirty.

**[page 21, Anastasia ] "The first shoots of a new and splendid future are to be found in the Russian *dackniks*." . . .**

**"Millions of pairs of human hands began touching the Earth with love. With their *hands*, you understand, not a bunch of mechanical contraptions. Russians touched the ground caressingly on these little dacha plots. And the Earth felt the touch of each individual hand. The Earth may be big, but it is very, very sensitive. And the Earth**

**found the strength within itself to carry on."**

The idea of the State deeding land to individual families was very successful in the United States of America when it was tried on a large scale in the middle 1800s. The Homestead Act of 1862 allowed individuals to file for about 64 hectares (160 acres). The land belonged to you as the filer if you had built a homestead upon it by the end of five years. You needed to have a minimum of a house on it, a well, 10 plowed acres, fenced a portion of it, and to be on the homestead. This was an immensely popular act and led to settling and enriching much of the prairie lands of the central portion of the country towards the west. What Anastasia proposes is a smaller scale: only one hectare per family upon which to create a homestead or family domain in which to live and raise one's family.

In America, we are always thinking big on a large scale; in Russia, we can already see the evidence that they are thinking small. How else can you explain that in 1997 *small households* in Russia independently grew 97% of Russia's potatoes, 77% of its berries and fruit, and 73% of its vegetables, and those percentages have risen in the decade since then. Something is going on in Russia and let those who have ears to hear and eyes to see perk up. Russians are thinking small on a large scale!

**[page 23] Anastasia says that the dacha movement in Russia represents a momentous turning-point in the development of the human commonwealth. Dachniks are the harbingers of a splendid future which will come after them, she has said, thinking of the future communities she has sketched out. And I myself would very much like to live in one of these splendid communities — a community located in a flourishing country, whose name just happens to be . . . Russia.**

Vladimir Nikolaevich(2) writes of a Russia of the future, giving us Anastasia's dream of it will come to pass, but he is still troubled by some of her dreams' details. He asks on page 25, "How can people trust her if even the whole agriculture industry, both in Russia and abroad, cannot dispense with the fertilizing process?" This is a big problem in the USA on a large and a small scale. In the past year, I have found it nearly impossible to find garden soil or potting soil that does *not* contain fertilizer. I have had to resort to a local vendor of the soil. We use a Bio-Dynamic preparation on all our space of love, Timberlane, on its flowers, shrubs, trees, and vegetables. The preparation completely eliminates any need for artificial fertilizers, but we do occasionally need extra soil, and we do not wish to bring chemical fertilizers in through the back door which we do not apply through the front door. We also use no pesticides on Timberlane plants, and we have noticed that the amount of small anoles and other lizards have greatly increased to help keep unwanted bugs to a minimum. This is my answer to Vladimir's question: The agriculture industry will stop dispensing fertilizers and pesticides when people stop buying them.

My wife, Del, had her garden club meeting here and all the ladies raved about how lush and beautiful our gardens looked. One asked, "What kind of fertilizer do you use?" That's the kind of thought process which must change in the common person, one who has not been schooled in such little known techniques as Bio-Dynamic gardening techniques, before the fertilizer and pesticide companies will fade away. Only then will their obnoxious products no longer be purchased in such huge quantities. There is a bootstrap paradox at work. People will continue to use fertilizers and pesticides until they discover that there are alternatives which are life-giving instead of life-destroying. The current wave for the past 40 years or so in the USA of organically-grown produce is a huge step in the right direction, but it hasn't made a dent in the expectations of the ordinary gardener, who still considers fertilizers and pesticides to be necessary. The dream of Anastasia, as it is moving forward in Russia, will provide the seeding of proof that fertilizers and pesticides are unnecessary when small scale living farms or kin's domains are fashioned by those who live within them.

A living answer to Vladimir Megré's question came to him when he visited the area of the city of Vladimir, one of Russia's oldest cities, on the Klyazma River about 100 miles east of Moscow. He stumbled upon an old abandoned estate, built close to Anastasia's specifications. It had lain neglected for

so long the buildings were gone, but the townspeople of the locale picked fruit from the trees which bore more fruit every year than the fertilized village orchards nearby. In 1976, a heavy freeze caused the necessity to replant the fertilized village orchards, but the fruit trees on the old estate did not die and continued to bear fruit. Vladimir asked Veronika, a villager, if the trees on the estate were some special hybrid:

**[page 30] "Just the usual variety. But the way everything was set up on these former estates — the way they did it on just a single hectare of land — wow! It's pretty much the way Anastasia describes it in your books. Two hundred years ago people planted Siberian cedars all around it along with local oak trees . . . Another thing: the hay from the grass that grows there is a lot richer. It keeps for a long time."**

Two hundred years of proof that Anastasia's dream scheme would work was located in the area of a city called Vladimir. What wonderful synchronicity! What is synchronicity? It's a word coined by Carl Gustav Jung — I think of it as coincidence with a pedigree. Here is Vladimir's report of sighting the old estate.

**[page 31] In the distance I could see tall trees growing densely together. They appeared to cover about a hectare of ground. This place seemed simply like a green isle of forest, all surrounded by fields and meadows. As we drew closer, I could see in amongst the dense grove of two-hundred-year-old oak trees and bushes an entrance leading to a woodland oasis inside. We went in through the entrance and . . .**

**There we were inside . . . Just imagine: there inside were ancient apple trees with gnarled trunks, spreading their branches out into space. Branches literally dripping with fruit. They hadn't been dug around — they were just growing there amidst the grasses, they hadn't been sprayed for insects, but these old apple trees were bearing fruit, and their fruit showed no sign of worm infestation. Some of the trees were real oldies, their branches were breaking under the weight of the fruit. Real oldies — quite possibly this was their last year bearing fruit. . . . But alongside each ancient tree you could already see shoots of a new tree breaking through the soil.**

No fertilizer, no pesticides for over two hundred years, and yet the trees were healthy, the fruit delicious, and the land essentially took care of itself, exactly as Anastasia had seen in her dream for the future of Russia. Here was proof of her dream in reality and Vladimir was walking inside of it.

Vladimir felt a communion with the Man, the Russian, who built this old estate. He felt a connection with that Russian as he stood looking around and deciphering the plan laid out for the manor, the pond, the orchards, and the shady oak alley, among other things. He admitted to finally understanding how to communicate with the past — one need only attend to what one sees in the present. And he wondered as he asked him, "Where are all your descendants today?"

**[page 34] Why have things turned out like this and who is making us seek our own happiness at the expense of others just like us? Who is making us breathe air filled with noxious gases and dust instead of floral pollen and beneficial ethers? Who is making us drink water deadened by gases? Who? Who are we today? Why do not your descendants come back, my Russian fellow, back to their family nest?**

There was another nearby domain which they visited. Vladimir noticed that the apples tasted even better than the previous. He discovered the difference between the two domains was that this one had cedars, beautiful Siberian cedars planted all around it. Unfortunately many of the original cedars had fallen because they were not protected from heavy gales by pine trees as the cedars in the taiga are. Vladimir recognized the power of the dream that Anastasia has given him to communicate to his people. This book, in no small part, must have come out of his visit to those two old Russian domains in the region of the city of Vladimir.

Finally Vladimir asks Anastasia to show him the Russia of the future, and she does. He cannot believe his

eyes.

**[page 38, 39] Kalinin Avenue (or the New Arbat, as it is called) stretched a green boulevard about four meters wide. Concrete curbs rose about a half-meter above the pavement, enclosing earthen beds from which sprouted grass and wild flowers, interspersed at brief intervals with various kinds of trees: rowans with their clusters of red berries, birches, poplars, currant and raspberry bushes and a host of other plants such as one might find in a natural forest.**

**There were similar boulevard strips down the center of many of Moscow's avenues and broad streets. And on the reduced traffic portion of these streets there didn't seem to be very many motorcars — mainly buses carrying passengers who did not look at all Russian in their appearance. The same could be said of many of the pedestrians on the sidewalks., I wondered for a moment whether Moscow had been occupied by a technically more developed country. But Anastasia reassured me, saying that the people I was seeing here were not occupiers, but simply foreign tourists.**

What draws these tourists to Moscow? Her answer is simplicity in itself. A demonstration of how large grand things can happen when people revert to thinking on a small scale. The Moskva River has become as revered by the people of the world as the Ganges is in India. People come to Moscow to drink the health-giving water and meet the people who have restored the river to its pristine vitality. She explains how this happened to Vladimir.

**[page 40] "Look and see how many people are standing along the banks of the Moskva River and collecting water in containers on strings they let down from the high embankments, and drinking the river water with great delight!"**

**"But how can they drink water straight from the river without boiling it first?"**

**"Look and see, Vladimir, how pure and transparent the water is in the Moskva River. It contains living water, not water deadened by gases like the kind sold in bottles throughout the world."**

**"It must be a fantasy — something impossible to believe!"**

**"A fantasy? But when you were little, would you and your friends have believed it if someone told you that before long people would be selling water in bottles?"**

**"You're right: when I was young nobody would have believed that. But how was it possible to make the water so pure in such a big city as Moscow?"**

**"Stop polluting it, stop throwing harmful waste into it, stop littering the river banks."**

**"It was that simple?"**

**"Exactly. Nothing fantasy-like — it is actually all quite simple. Today the Moskva River is protected even from the runoff water flowing over the pavement, and it is closed to dirty ships.**

Lest one think that Anastasia's dreams of the future of Russia are idealistic and unworkable, read this next passage where she explains in her dream that a law was passed in Russia to grant a family domain of a hectare of land on which to build their homestead or family domain. A footnote on page 42 confirms that the first law was passed on July 7, 2003 and another one in June 2006 to facilitate the transfer of land.

**[page 42, Anastasia, speaking c. 1998] "At the beginning of the new millennium, at the initiative of the Russian President, a decree was signed granting free and unconditionally to each willing family one hectare of land whereon to establish a family domain. The decree allotted this land to the family for lifetime use, with the right to pass it on to their heirs. Any produce grown in this domain would not be subject to taxation of any kind. "**

Another sample from Anastasia's dream of Russia describes the building of new communities, first by dividing the land into domains, then planting a living fence around them, then within five years houses for

living in the domains. The effects were especially noted on the women, old and young, who began to bear children.

**[page 44, 45] "The oaks and cedars planted in each plot were still very young, and each plot was surrounded by a living fence, which was only starting to grow. But with each new spring, apple and cherry trees, even though still quite small, came stridently into bloom in the young orchards, along with grass and flower beds that were doing their very best to resemble a splendid living carpet. The spring air was filled with delightful aromas and floral pollen. The air became truly invigorating.**

**"And every woman living in this new community had a desire to bear children. This happened not only in young families but even people considered elderly suddenly began to bear children. People felt that even if they themselves did not live to see the splendid piece of their Motherland their hands had created, they wanted their children to — they wanted their children to delight in the sight and continue the co-creation begun by their parents.**

**"At the beginning of the new millennium, in each plot, all living shoots represented the first shoots of a splendid, happy future for the whole Earth. The people that established for centuries to come the first family domains had still not completely felt the significance of what they had done — they simply began looking more joyfully at the world around them. They were still not consciously aware of the great joy their actions were bringing to their Heavenly Father. The Father was sending tears of joy and tenderness upon the Earth amidst the drops of the falling rain. And He smiled with the sunshine, and was endeavoring to use the little branches of young trees to give a secret caress to His children who had suddenly become aware of eternity and had come back to Him."**

She adds that, in her dream, the Russian press began writing about these communities, and people came from all over to see them. This also came to pass as recorded in a footnote on page 45. She sums up her dream of Russia by saying that "Russia as a whole began to grow into the most rich and powerful state in comparison with other countries in the world." (Page 46). She explains in detail how the produce of the new Russians, including the cedar oil, became prized all over the world. The average Siberian family became millionaires. But the most dramatic revelation by Anastasia was that all the factories manufacturing destructive weapons in Russia were eliminated because of a discovery by the children of the new Russia.

This discovery is detailed in Chapters Nine and Ten, and it seems rather incredible; to scientists it will seem ridiculous. As a scientist myself, I was trained in determinism — every effect proceeded from a cause and nothing happened by itself. If a clock was designed to chime every hour, it did that unless it was broken. If a computer failed and we couldn't explain the failure, we called it a "glitch." These failures were at random and rarely repeated themselves. What if these glitches were controllable by human beings? What if people were able to put glitches in devices by thought alone?

All of Chapter Nine, entitled, "Good shall prevail on the Earth", is told in Anastasia's words. It is a story of the future and how destructive devices began to disappear from the face of the Earth. It all began in Russia, with a little girl named Dasha, and a cuckoo clock that began to cuckoo repeatedly. Dasha's father was working on software in his home office for a military installation, and asked his son Kostia to see about the cuckoo clock. Kostia didn't move. His mother got upset with him.

**[page 58] "Everything's fine with me, Mama. I wanted to do as Papa asked, but I can't."**

**"Why not? Are you unable to move? You're unable to go to your room?"**

**"I can move," replied Kostia, waving his arms about and stamping his feet on the spot to prove it, "but there's no point in my going to our room — she's here and she's stronger."**

**"Who's here? Who's stronger?" Mother started getting more and more upset.**

**"Dasha," Kostia replied, pointing to his younger sister sitting in the armchair, her eyes closed and with a smile on her face. "She's the one who's been moving the hands forward. I tried to put them back in place, but I can't do it when she — "**

**"What are you talking about, Kostienka?" Mother interrupted. "You and Dashenka are both here with us — I can see you. How can you two be here and at the same time move the clock hands in the other room?"**

**"Well yes, we're here," answered Kostia, "but our thoughts are in the other room, where the clock is. Only *her* thought is stronger. That's why the clock keeps cuckooing — her thought is speeding up the hands. She's been playing a lot of tricks like that lately. I told her not to. I knew it might upset you, but Dasha doesn't care. All she has to do is fall into a state of contemplation, and she starts thinking up something."**

Ivan, her father, came over and asked Dasha why she was speeding up the hands of the cuckoo clock. She explained that it was because of him.

**[page 60] "I like it. I realize now that time isn't to blame. It's people themselves who spoil their time. You, Papochka, are so often at your computer, and then you go away for a long time. You, Papochka, spoil the time when you go away."**

Ivan decided that he must explain to Dasha why his work is so important. He showed her on his computer an image of a large multi-warhead missile which he is programming a defense against. Then he returned to work looking over schematics of the missile's fuels supply and its targeting devices. Dasha was watching intently unbeknownst to Ivan.

**[page 63] All at once one of the other computers emitted an alarm sound, demanding immediate attention. Ivan Nikiforovich quickly turned to the respective monitor and froze in his seat. The screen showed a blinking text message: "EMERGENCY ALERT... EMERGENCY ALERT..." Ivan Nikiforovich gave a quick tap on the keyboard, and an image of a man in a military uniform appeared on the screen.**

**"What's happened?" Ivan Nikiforovich asked him. "Three unusual explosions have been recorded," responded the man. "The whole defense complex has been put on Emergency Alert. Explosions of lesser magnitude are continuing. There's been an earthquake in Africa. Nobody's offered any explanations. According to international information exchange networks all military blocs on the planet have been ordered to high alert. Still no determination where the attack originated from. The explosions are continuing and we're trying to shed light on the situation. All personnel have been ordered to set about analyzing the situation."**

Ivan set himself analyzing the situation himself and happened to notice Dasha staring intently at the missile on his computer screen.

**[page 64] Ivan Nikiforovich stood as though paralyzed, incapable of budging from the spot, feverishly asking himself — though only in his thoughts — the same question over and over again: *Could she have set off the explosions? Set them off by her thought, because she doesn't like the bombs? Did she blow them up? Could that be true? How?***

The answer came from Kostia, his son, who had watched his little sister drive his electric car without bothering to turn on the switch. She was switching it using her mind. Kostia tells his dad that Dasha has made friends with microbes which do as she tells them(3).

**[page 66] "With *microbes*?! What microbes?"**

**"With the ones that are very prolific, that live everywhere, all around us and inside us. We can't see them, but they're there. D'you remember, Papa, over on the edge of our**

**domain, in the forest, there used to be the remains of two metallic posts sticking out of the ground? They belonged to an old high-voltage electricity line."**

**"I remember them. What of them?"**

**"They were rusty, resting on concrete foundations. One day when Dasha and I went mushroom-picking, she noticed these remains, said what a bad thing they were, that they weren't allowing the berries and mushrooms to grow on that spot. Then she said: "You should eat them up very, very fast!"**

**"And. . . ?"**

**"And a couple of days later those rusty remains and the concrete foundations were gone. There was only bare earth there, without grass, at least for now. The microbes had eaten the metal and the concrete."**

Kostia tells his dad that he was afraid of telling him what Dasha had done, afraid that people would come and take her away. He explains that Dasha is kind and gentle and that even the bees will not bite her.

**[page 67] "Calm yourself, Kostia. Don't worry. Let's calmly examine what's going on here. Yes, we have to think about it calmly... Dasha is still a child. She's blown up several state-of-the-art missile complexes. She could start a world war. A terrible war. But even without a war... Say she looked through some pictures showing not only enemy missiles, but our own... Say she started detonating all the missiles in all the countries that have them, the world would be on the verge of a global catastrophe! Hundreds of millions of human lives could be lost!**

**"I too love our little Dasha. But millions!... I need some advice. We must find a way out. But for now — I simply don't know... Dashenka needs to be isolated somehow. Somehow... Yeah... Maybe she needs to be put to sleep for a while. Maybe... But what's the solution? How can we possibly find a way out?"**

**"Papa, Papa... Hold on. Maybe... maybe it's possible to eliminate all the deadly missiles she doesn't like from the whole face of the Earth?"**

Meetings upon meetings happen, tests upon tests, and the military industrial complex is unable to defeat one small five-year-old girl who is determined, as she told the Chairman of Russia's Security Council, that *"Good shall prevail!"* (Page 76) The Chairman speaks in front of the Security Council six hours later:

**[page 77] "Everything in the world is relative. Relative to our generation, those in the new generation may seem to us to be like gods. It is not up to them to align themselves with us, but for us to align ourselves with them. The entire military might of the planet with its unique technological achievements has proved itself powerless before a single little girl of the new generation. And our job, our duty, our obligation to the new generation is simply to clear away the garbage. We must make every effort to rid the Earth of any kind of armaments. Our technological achievements and discoveries, embodied in the most modern and, it seemed to us, unique military complexes, proved nothing more than useless scrap in the face of the new generation. And we must clear it away."**

Thus began, in Anastasia's future view, a disarmament race to end all disarmament races. Every country in the world was faced with dismantling their weapons or have another young girl like Dasha blow them up. Dasha has a chance during a broadcast to the world to explain what she did and promise not to blow anything else up.

**[page 85] "Kostia, my brother, is very clever and intelligent, and he told me that I've frightened a lot of people. I shan't blow up anything else. It's quite boring, really. There are other things to do that are much more important and interesting. They bring joy to everyone.**

**"You take care of dismantling the missiles yourselves. See to it that nobody ever**

**blows them up. And please don't be afraid of us.**

**"Do come visit us. All of you. We'll give you living water to drink. My Mama told me how people here used to live. They kept so very busy building all kinds of plants and factories and got so carried away that before they knew it there was no more living water. The water had become dirty. And water was something you could only buy in bottles in stores. But the water in the bottles was dead, suffocated, and people began to get sick. That was how it used to be, but there's no way I can imagine how people could possibly dirty the water that they themselves drank. But Papa said that even now on the Earth there are whole countries where there is no clean living water, and that people in these countries are dying from painful diseases. And there are no tasty apples or berries in these countries — everything living is sick, and the people eat sick things and feel wretched.**

**"Do come visit us, all of you come. And we'll treat you to healthy apples and tomatoes and pears and berries. When you've tried them and go back home, you'll say to yourselves: 'Don't do dirty things, it's better to live clean!' Then later when everything's clean in your country, we'll come visit you and bring you presents."**

This is truly an awesome view of the future of the world when weapons of mass destruction are destroyed by children who tap into a force for good and all the powers of science are helpless to prevent their destruction. Anastasia paints for us an incredible picture of human beings living in peaceful domains, beautiful hand crafted homesteads, drinking living water, breathing life-giving pollen and ethers, and raising beautiful children who are recognized as God's special creatures. She has one last lesson for Vladimir about what will happen to all the artists and inventors in her vision of the future.

**[page 91] "Vladimir, do you consider an artist someone who takes brush in hand and paints a beautiful landscape on a sheet of canvas?"**

**"Of course I do. People will look at his picture and, if they like it, they will either buy it or put it on display in an art gallery."**

**"Then why would you not consider as an artist someone who has taken, instead of a canvas, a hectare of land, and used it to create an equally beautiful or even a more beautiful landscape? After all, in order to create a beautiful landscape out of living materials, the creator needs more than artistic imagination and taste — he also needs a knowledge of the properties of a great many living materials. In both instances it is the task of what has been created to call forth positive emotions in the view, and to delight the eye."**

Vladimir protests that scientists have done good things such as producing frost-resistant vegetables and cultivating organs for human transplants, etc. Anastasia is not fazed by his data because she sees through the façade of good and spies the nefarious forces of destruction at work. She points out that in the same countries he is talking about people are increasingly subject to more and more diseases. Diseases which lead to the requirement for human transplants. She asks him, "Why do people in those countries need more drugs for treatment?"

**[page 93] "Well, why?"**

**"Because many of those you call scientists are not rational beings at all. Their human essence is paralyzed, and the forces of destruction work through their merely external human form.**

**"Think about it, Vladimir: these so-called scientists have begun to fundamentally change the plants existing in Nature, thereby also changing the fruits they bring forth. They have begun changing them without first determining what purpose these fruits have. After all, in Nature, as in the Universe, everything is so closely interconnected."**

Ah, there's the idea of a system again. I have worked on systems, large inter-connected computer systems, and there's one thing in running those systems you cannot allow. That is to have someone make a change

who knows nothing about the interconnectivity of the system. In the 1960s I was working on a large process computer system comprising a half-dozen inter-connected computers. The system was monitoring and controlling a dozen different chemical plants. There was no time when all twelve chemical plants were down at the same time, so the computer system had to be running 24 hours a day, 7 days a week. Any change made to any of the computer systems could take down one or all of the computer systems and adversely affect the quality of the chemicals or the safety of the plant's operation. And the effects of a single change might not be noticed for days or weeks because of the complexity of the real-time interactions of the computers.

When I compare that complex system that I knew inside-out with the complexity of plants, animals, and Man in Nature, I would not presume to calculate the effect that some simple proposed change would have on that system. And yet so-called scientists are making such changes daily in portions of biological systems with apparent disregard of a complex interconnectivity — one of which they seem blithely unaware, up until now. There may be no "Darwin Awards" for these blunderers because there may be no one left to announce the awards: they may remove themselves and *us* from the gene pool.

Can this be already happening around us? How might we know? What would the signs be? Anastasia lays it out for us, plain and simple.

**[page 93, 94] "Nature has many protective devices. First, it will signal an impermissible action. If that does not work, Nature will be obliged to destroy the 'mechanic' who fails in his calling. [RJM: remove him from the gene pool.] Man uses the fruits of Nature for food, and if he begins to feed himself with mutant fruits, he will be gradually transformed into a mutant himself. Such an adulteration is inevitable, given the consumption of an adulterated produce.**

**"This is already coming about. Man is already experiencing a weakening of his immune system, his mind and feelings. He is beginning to lose the abilities unique to him alone, and is being transformed into an easily manipulable bio-robot. He is losing his independence. The appearance of new diseases only confirms this — it is a sign that Man has tried undertaking an impermissible action."**

Who are we? Vladimir asks the question which forms the title and theme of this book. Once again Anastasia's answer is simplicity itself: "Everyone can supply their own definition if they manage to free their thought for at least nine days." (Page 95) That may seem simple, but she and Vladimir go through the amount of time left from sleeping, working, watching television, etc., for the average person that leaves a paltry sum of time spent in thinking freely, on their own accord, on the mysteries of life and creation, something only a Man can do.

**[page 99] All told, the average Man spends only 15 to 20 minutes of his life reflecting on the mystery of creation. Some do not think about it at all, while others spend years contemplating it. Anyone can figure it out if he looks back over the years of his life. Each individual is unique — he is more important than all the galaxies taken together, for he is capable of creating them.**

We are Star Beings. All of the atoms in our body of with an Atomic Number higher than iron (AN= 57) were formed in a Supernova, an immense exploding star. We are star-stuff — made of the stuff of which galaxies are made. Physicists have proved that to be case. Their latest theories say that we are intimately connected with the distant galaxies at every moment of our lives, both awake when we are *unconscious* of the connection and asleep when we are *conscious* of the connection. It should be no surprise that the galaxies might quiver at the actions of a single human being, You.

**[page 99, 100] "The galaxies quiver in joyful anticipation when they see the human dream merging into a single whole. Creation will soon witness a new birth and a new co-creation. Their human thought will materialize a beautiful new planet."**

The time is now. Love is a verb. Life is a verb. The meaning of Life is living in the eternal now. You are alive as you read these words. I am alive as you read these words, in the spirit, if not in the body. Do you wish to experience eternity? You are living it now! There is no other time which corresponds to eternity. Only now. And you are living in that eternity. You are Man. You are a unique human being, a Child of the Universe, rightly understood. That's Who You Are. Freedom is in your grasp. There is no one who can control what you think. Drop those chains! They are but an illusion, a nightmare you have accepted as reality, up until now. Go forth to Live and Love upon this incredibly complex Earth which Divinity has prepared for you. Use its interconnectivity to your advantage by planting your own food, fruit, nuts, vegetables and create a Space of Love for yourself and your kin in your own unique homestead or domain. Form your own thoughts of the world, and slough off the thoughts of others who are fearful of the beautiful and robust world in which we can live together in peace and harmony from now on.

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----- *Footnotes* -----

**Footnote 1.** Read a quick review of [To Spit Against the Wind](http://www.doyletics.com/arj/tospitab.htm) — A Novel about the Turbulent Life and Times of Thomas Paine at <http://www.doyletics.com/arj/tospitab.htm>.

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**Footnote 2.** Vladimir Megré's father was named Nikolai and this is the formal way of addressing him as the "son of Nikolai" or Nikolaevich.

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**Footnote 3.** As you read the following, consider that Man is already learning to built nanobots, tiny machines the size of molecules, which can mimic some of the features of microbes. But living nanobots or microbes are everywhere and using is certainly easier than building.

[Return to text directly before Footnote 3.](#)

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