

# TEXTS

# OLIVIA

*Commentary by Jorge Bas Vall. Editor*

The Human beings have come to this world to evolve. We are immersed in a Creation populated with infinite Universes, each of them inhabited by created beings with a determined level of evolution. Interestingly, human beings are in an evolutionary position very close to the Totality. That is, we are very close to our evolutionary end. Possibly it is due to a serious mistake we made just when we were already at the end of our evolutionary process.

It was described as the Original Sin of Adam and Eve. Instead of integrating with the pure Infinitude, we prefer to give up this last step, and remain in our position as humans governed by an ego that promised to continue allowing us to do what we wanted. Undoubtedly, a serious mistake with far-reaching consequences. We regressed in our evolutionary position, and after many years of different existences we appeared as Human beings.

Our current position as humans is wonderful because we are at one step from reintegrating with the Infinitude. We can do it in a natural way, but we are not able to do so. To integrate with the pure Infinitude is to be Immortal, Eternal, Love, and Happiness. Integrate with the Absolute.

All Creation is governed by the Natural Law. All we see is ONE. The Unmanifested Absolute and the Manifested Absolute. The first Abstract Infinitude, and the second Relative Infinitude. A complete Absolute Unity. This unit is governed by the Natural Law that organizes the events in a spontaneous and natural way.

Humans have not yet integrated with this Totality, we have collapsed with our false nature, with the Ego, and with the false illusory reality of Duality. But, although we do not know the Totality, we are immersed in it. This means that every day we pay the consequences of whatever violation of the Natural Law we commit. Our laws and the Natural Law have nothing to do with each other. Ours are false, and those of the Natural Law are True.

The constant violations of the Natural Law keep the Humanity away from its infinite potential as Full-fledged Human beings. But the freedom that human beings have, distances some from their in-

finite potential, and brings them closer to others. It means that after the Death as Humans, some will reincarnate in an almost celestial world, and others will reincarnate in a much wilder world.

On the other hand, the Creation was created with many fundamental Laws, one of the main ones is that the Creation was going to be governed by the triple Law of Creation, Destruction, and Maintenance. This means that when some environment of the Created is broken due to the continuous violation of the Natural Law the lack of evolution has generated, the Natural Law will facilitate the corresponding Order.

In this novel the necessary removal of the galaxy from Earth, and its new re-construction is revealed.

In our current world we are reaching a very notorious evolutionary block. We do not advance. What we are doing is going bankrupt, accepting the circumstances, and waiting for the result.

For some an eternally resplendent life, and for others a little darker life.

All according to Natural Law.

## *Different Chapters of the book*

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### **18. Wake up, Olivia, the skies are opening**

Mara knew because Alfred told Nicole wetting her ear. Nicole told Dan at the Ayurvedic consultation. Dan told Louise in a fit of jealousy. Louise told Mara between kisses. Nicole told Phil on his birthday, and Phil already knew because Susan Darkin, his new wife, had told him. Susan knew because some unknown woman sent her an electronic message. Rachel knew because Olivia told her that she abandoned the New York Village project and was going to the end of the world. For one or other reason, Louise, Susan, Dan, and Nicole had also arrived in Montana in the afternoon. Nicole because she couldn't live without Alfred. Dan because Nicole told him that he might be healed there. Louise because Dan couldn't stand on his feet, and she had sworn to accompany him till death. Susan because she didn't believe in coincidences. All except for Mara, Phil, and Rachel. Rachel because she wanted to finish the project of New York. Phil for reasons of concept. Mara because she went to the desert of Arizona, following the instructions Andraleck had sung to her ear the night that she smothered a Louise sweetened with a thousand kisses.

There she witnessed delighted an enormous dust-cloud which overnight ended converted into a battalion of Hell's Angels who had the first hamburger of their life in a McDonald's of the outskirts of Tucson. They loved it and concluded that this was real life.

They crossed Utah and Wyoming in no time.

When they arrived in Montana, passing Livingston, many people found it the most natural thing of the world that in the America tour of the Rolling Stones there also would be the Hell's Angels.

Never a better expression— said Mara with certain irony to Andraleck, now converted into Terence Cartinova, a famous businessman of Kansas.

Quite attractive, with beard, dressed in black leather studded with plenty silver nails, looking as if he knew very well what every-

hing was about. Mara, very coquettish, put a little strawberry tattoo-sticker on top of the breast and starts speaking of honeys.

At dawn, Alfred went to have some fresh air.

–What a night– he said to himself satisfied.

Still immersed in the deep silence of the night, he started hearing a very soft music of organ and violins. At first he confused it with the resonance of the melodies he had heard in the intense white dawn of the Light, and kept walking without paying attention. But, walking back to the tent, he stopped and listened to it more carefully. Something certain that was growing into indescribable fascination.

–What a sweet music– he said to himself with his heart pounding.

A diaphanous sonority, like celestial, was beginning to be heard clearly in the middle of that starry silence. The music increased, an indescribable exquisiteness where gradually the crystalline voices of an angel's choir joined in. He looked up with attention and saw how the sky vaulted in moments, and the dark blue started coloring in celestial tones. The voices became a little more perceptible, and whiter the azure painted with diffuse light beams. Little by little, the light was transforming into transparent angels, soon perceptible in all their effulgence. They flew entwined in a huge luminous spiral which opened as the choir became more powerful and heard with more intensity.

Alfred entered into the tent and woke Olivia.

–Wake up, Olivia, the skies are opening.

Outside, the choral mass had taken consistency, those crystalline voices inundated the firmament and started spreading over the entire Earth. The celestial vault had been perforated. Leaving an enormous circular opening where majestic beams of light fell down forming a cylinder, where dozens of angels descended ingravid, amorously faded in that transparency. Concentric cylinders of Light forming layers of different colors in whose exterior mantle the blue of Will and Power started becoming clearly visible. More towards the interior, the golden of Wisdom, pink of Love, green of Abundance and Truth, violet of Freedom, Mercy and Pardon, golden violet of Resurrection. In the center, an effulgent endless source with the bright purest white of the Ascension.

So powerful became those choirs of angels and so intense their effulgence, that the people started coming out of their tents. They were dumbstruck, baffled before all that splendor. The emotion of the moment was so overwhelming, that the whole crowd fell on its knees sobbing: never human eyes had witnessed such grandiosity and such beauty. The angels descended by the hundred, and the intensity of the choirs grew and grew, and seemed to have no end. That intense light dazzled the entire face of the Earth with its splendor. The faces began to turn into golden and silver, and almost transparent the bodies. Little by little in the center of the luminaire, flanked by dozens of angels, majestic and splendid, the crystalline profile of the stairway that ascended to the Realm of the Light started revealing itself very clearly. When the crescendo of the voices came to their highest the drums started to roll, and that choir of angels and archangels was suddenly converted into a powerful triumphal march.

This was the sign.

Alfred rose resolutely, lifted up his arm and moved it several times watching the crowd.

–Go ahead..!!!– he yelled moved.

–Come, let’s go– he said to those next to him.

He took Dan by the waist, put his arm over his shoulder, and they started walking forward with decision.

–Come on, Dan, you are only one step away to defeat the Death– he said looking tenderly into those glassy eyes of a dying man.

Alfred and Dan started walking towards the stairway of the Light, and with them, Olivia, Louise, Nicole, Susan, and the whole packed crowd. Singing, crying, praying. The drums rolled with increasing energy, and the tones of the choirs were raising gradually amplified by the voices of those that reached the first light beams. This grandiose scenario marked the beginning of the ascent of the human beings to the infinite Realm of the Light. Everything had been transformed into a monumental solemn choir where the angelical voices couldn’t be distinguished from the human anymore. It became the powerful hymn of affirmation in the Light which accompanied the steps of that trail of people packed together in an endless procession.

They advanced resolutely looking to the heights with their eyes full of tears. Moved and dazzled, but serene. Overwhelmed by the grandeur of that huge event, decidedly singing with voices full of hope, convinced of their unshakeable determination, completely sure to be heading towards a glorious destination. As they ascended, their voices became diaphanous, and they were transforming completely. Their faces rejuvenated and became beautiful, and their bodies lost density and gained transparency. The surroundings of the Yellow Stone Park had turned into a mass clamor of joy and happiness, of voices singing the immense glory of returning to the origin. Inhabitants of every country in the world reunited in Montana entered into the Realm of the Light in an indescribable way.

The first were already out of sight deep in heaven, and the rest ascended in an endless trail where people joined from every corner. A neverending queue which zigzagged and extended itself endless over countries and continents, in the middle of a clamor that resounded everywhere covering the entire Earth. A global hymn which expressed the determination of many people that wanted to ascend to the Realm of the Light, and which others witnessed between laughter and mocking, and all sorts of scorn. Some things cannot be understood, but form part of the Fiction.

–Send us a postcard from Heaven–the most considerate said with elegant sense of humor.

Regards to God on our behalf– said others laughing more sweetly aggressive.

–They are completely nuts– they said to one another with stupid gesticulations.

The vast majority crossed them nodding their heads, without even looking at them. Some with an indulgent look, of commiseration, of stupor before such inclemency of the mind. Others with eyes of intrigue, of fear, of rage, of scorn, of uncertainty. A few even with manifest envy. Not everybody aspires to the Light. Looks of tired and confused people questioning themselves with skepticism about the reality of a world whose consistency was vanishing. A world that even if nobody wanted to admit it, was falling to pieces, and everybody knew it. Immortality scares.

–We only miss the stairs to Heaven–some said terribly fed up with a life that exudes fiction.

A reality of the world so fictitious that, to wait in queue for the moment to ascend to the Realm of the Light, for many seemed another calamity they had to deal with. Like an earthquake, a hurricane, a devastating fire. Nothing that would cross the mind of a sensible person.

–A picturesque fiction said the most optimistic with certain reticence. Neither yes nor no, but please leave me in peace.

–Better this than Star Wars– said others eluding the access to the impossible.

They felt embarrassed for those who left, and even more embarrassed for themselves who stayed. In their hearts they knew that they couldn't expect anything, and on top they were unable to decide on an impossible option.

–Where are you going?– they asked in the villages.

–To merge with the Light, answered those of the queue convinced and highly excited.

–If so, many are suddenly crazing, wouldn't it perhaps be us the alienated for not seeing the same as they do– said some others to themselves.

–What if it would be true?– asks her husband Laurie Chesley, pensive washing the dishes in Mount Pleasant, Iowa.

She soaps a saucepan impregnated with the stubborn grease of the pork ribs she has cooked for lunch. With undefinable nostalgia she watches all those people leaving, without judging, thinking that she should pee.

–The cystitis again– she says to herself with resignation.

Ricky stands up, approaches her, and stands by her side, an electricity bill in his left hand, a blue ball pen in the right, and looks with curiosity at the people over the half reading glasses on the tip of his nose. The queue of humans ascending towards the Light has surprised him doing his accounts after the meal.

They get along well, but Laurie's heart would fly if they would let her. If Ricky wouldn't have contented himself so quickly with the little that the life he had chosen for both had to offer.

–Laurie, darling, do you think this of a stairway that ascends to the Light is a reasonable idea?

Laurie keeps looking through the window.

–Imagine, a sky that opens with angels flying. Would you find this reasonable, Laurie? Do you think that at this point of civilization a naive image like this would make any sense? Don't you find it, I don't know, like a First Communion prayer card, the biggest kitsch, in other words?

Laurie opens the hot water tap.

–An idea for primitive minds, grown up in the most antiquated spirituality. Arguments to satisfy immature, weak, infantile emotions. An unsustainable story even for a children's book. Nowadays Laurie, with all the progress we have, with the much that Psychology has advanced in the knowledge of the human mind, this sort of proposals seems the most inappropriate, proper of whimsical minds, eager to fly and fly they don't know where. Just to get away from the routine, from the peremptory order that allows steady progress. Go to the Light, good heavens, Laurie, what a colossal fantasy. Not even the Europeans would think of it– he says throwing his hands up.

Laurie keeps looking through the lace-curtains, every time more convinced of what she sees. She washes the saucepan with every second less determination.

–And these faces of joy, Ricky? When have you seen such a firmly established hope in any face? Can't you see that the infinite Light already shines in their eyes and has made them different? Look at these glorious faces, Ricky.

–Laurie, please.

–No, Ricky, this event is far beyond any logic you could apply to life. It is an extraordinary event, perhaps of the last Reality, maybe of the True– she says to him expressing her emotion.

Without stopping to look through the window, Laurie puts down the saucepan, dries her hands with parsimony, takes off her apron, hangs it delicately on the hook, and opens the kitchen door with determination.

–Goodbye, Ricky, I'm going to the Light– she says to him giving him the last kiss of an attentive wife she would give him in her life.

Ricky was speechless. Paralyzed on the doorstep with the bill in his hand. Watching with open mouth how his wife went completely decided toward the Light.



–Laurie, darling, come back. Laurie, my love, with the happy we have been. Laurie, I love you– was all Ricky could stammer from the kitchen door highly upset.

Laurie already couldn't hear him. Her voice had joined the impressive clamor of the multitude that didn't stop singing. For the first time in her life, true joy began to fill her heart, and she didn't remember any happiness that would be of this world anymore. She completely had forgotten them all. Her face already shone with the lights of Immortality. Her eyes gleamed with the effulgence of the Infinite. Her heart dissolved into the very Love.

In Zürich, at noon, standing eating a Frankfurter sausage on a terrace, an executive asked another whether that queue across the city was to buy tickets for the theatre or to pay taxes. The other answered with false serenity that it was to ascend toward the Realm of the Light.

–It must be the end of the world– said the first one.

–No, the end of the world already came with the eclipse– said the other.

–Shit, I've stained my tie.

–I always buy my lingerie too tight–the secretary who accompanied them said to herself.

Whether it occurred despite the Time, whether it took more or less to happen, or if it never actually happened, is something many will try to find out and probably will never be able to tell with certainty. However, despite its reality, it wasn't seen in any of the news bulletins. Not a single television network could retransmit how the human species ascended to the Realm of the Light. That's why nobody of those who stayed knew for certain whether it really happened, or it only happened in the mind of a few. There were no television cameras, but it wasn't any secret either: everybody could see the trail that led to the Light.

Everybody could take a stance on the matter.

If they didn't ascend it was because they didn't want to. They never understood that they were the very Light themselves and had forgotten it due to a regrettable error. They didn't judge it of any interest and preferred to continue with their business on the Earth. Anyway, the reality, the authentic reality was, that while some gave themselves a thousand and one reasons to stay, others were instantly

becoming the Light they had always been. They stopped being humans and started being Infinite.

Never on Earth was seen anything alike.

The recently arrived became ecstatic seeing hundreds of angels coming down from the heights to welcome them with reverence. They walked absorbed and fascinated, amazed to see how they turned into beings of Light. Faces of a hopeful child seeing an impossible dream come true. Tears of joy of who returns between splendors to his forgotten primitive condition. The infinite nature may be ignored, but one will always have it. The Infinite exists regardless of who recognizes it. It is Everything.

Alfred and Olivia already walked in the center of that immensity, flanked on both sides by celestial beings that welcomed them and increased the choir with their voices. Majestic personages dressed in generous gowns, whose faces revealed dignity, wisdom, and the character that to belong to the structure of a lasting Order imprints. Satisfied they celebrated the return of the humans that had transcended the limitation. An announced final, no matter how forgotten by the humanity, written in golden characters in the annals of its History. A history that never existed because it has always existed.

—Deep and serene Hymns of welcome that emerge from the deepest of the infinitude. Embellished with the frame of the Perfect—said Olivia to herself feeling that she had recovered her celestial nature.

Big brothers that were born as humans and reached the Realm of the Light. Masters who helped others to realize their destiny. Alfred recognized many he had seen before: the kings Melchior, Caspar and Balthazar who came from Persia. Akbar the greatest Mogul emperor, Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, the masters Kuthumi and Djwal Kul, lord Lanto, Light of the ancient China, and his brilliant contemporaries Confucius, Gautama Buddha, and lord Mitrea. Lao Tzu inspirer of the Tao, and Sanat Kumara, Amenhotep III of the ancient Egypt, who built the temple of Luxor, Leonidas Son of the Lion, king of Sparta or Lacedemon, who fought the Persians in the pass of Thermopylae. Enoch, the prophet Elias, and Melchizedek, King of Salem. Zarathustra and Paul of Tarsus, Hilarion, the healers Hermes Trimegistus, Hippocrates, and Paracelsus. Morya El and Count Saint

Germain, many of the Order of the Templars, the Sufi mythicists Shibab Al-Din Suhrawardi and Al Hallay. Joan of Arc, Ben Arabi, Kutumi, The Virgin Mary, Saint Joseph and all the Saints, Kuang Ying, Narayana, Vashista, Shakti, Parashara, Viasa, Valmiki, Shukadeva, Gauda Pada, Shankara, Govinda, Brahmananda Saraswati, Patanjali, Aurobindo, Yogananda, Krishnamurti, Jesus Christ, and many, many saints, virgins, Popes of Rome, Shankaracharyas of India, carriers of light who opened the roads for the many that entered and joined the choirs of the Light. Masters, satisfied to see their task was done.

Walking surrounded by their true family, Alfred and Olivia started to forget that they were humans. The last they witnessed being humans is that the celestial ambit is the most natural thing of the world. While the thinking vanished in that luminous torrent, Alfred unwittingly assumed his angelical condition. Never again would he have to remember the Earth or the Human, both circumstances disappeared from his memory without leaving a trace. Everything was absorbed by a reality where not a shade of mirage could be found.

Those endless trails towards the stairway of the Light ended disappearing from cities and villages with the same naturalness as they had formed. Those who remained on the Earth forgot that they ever existed. The vast majority wasn't even aware of their disappearance. Everything continued as twisted and complicated as usual. Politicians shaking hands, and the Stock Markets rising and falling. The ice melting and everybody fighting.

Only the Hell's Angels stayed alert. That pandemonium of Tucson that became reality before the sparkling eyes of Mara. A long-awaited crucial moment. When the last humans ascended to the Light, they took off their studded leather jackets, boots and hats, sunglasses, beards, and moustaches with diligence, and appeared as what they had always been: the authentic Princes of Evil, their Distinguished Luciferian Majesties dressed for war. That magnificent stairway vanished with the same delicacy as ascended the angels, the choirs extinguished, and of everything only a circular opening was left where filtered the last beams of light.

It was the moment.

Without losing sight of the last lights, Lucifer gave the sign with a flash of wrath in his eyes. Lances ready, they flew off as a compact squadron that goes straight to present combat. On their passing they were leaving a trail of sparks of hatred which fell on the Earth like drops of lead melted in a sulfurous magma. Such was the passion, and such the accumulated hatred, that they had neither plans nor strategies. Fly with the only purpose to enter and destroy everything on their way. Quench the thirst for revenge concentrated for as long as had lasted the Darkness. The rays of light crystallized as transparent lances of Titanium and impacted violently into the invisible swords of Light. They were trapped by the thousand. As soon as they were pierced, they vanished without leaving a trace. They disappeared howling hate and curses. It was an authentic slaughter. Something horrible.

Mara and some of the laggards renounced their condition in the last second. One instant of Light can do more than millennia of iniquity. They became whiter than white and triumphant crossed the gate of Immortality. Mara discovered the origin of all her fantasies, her love for Alfred was the argument to reveal her limitless nature: the desire for Immensity converts you into the Immensity itself.

It is still a desire, but it is the last one.

Those who followed her abandoned the Darkness because the authenticity of that final made them aware of the enormous fiction they had been living. They were the last: The Gate of the Light closed forever. That attempt of aggression passed completely unnoticed. In reality, it never existed. It was another fantasy obliged by the illusory power of the Darkness. For the demons it was a true fact, but for nobody else. Those who entered were too busy being Love. Everything was Bliss. The Infinitude fills everything.

They were the last to enter.

The gates of Heaven closed forever.

It happened without anybody drawing the sword, they were too busy welcoming the humans with the Divine Love.

When the ascension to the Realm of the Light had concluded, the music of organ and violins faded from the Earth. The sky of Montana was again as always: intense and emotive blue waiting for the first rays of the Sun.

Whether Lucifer opted for the Light, like Mara did in the last moment, or disappeared with his folks, is something nobody could tell, or really mattered to anybody.

That day a gigantic Sun rose.

The sky disappeared engulfed in an intense red sea. The Sun became a Red Giant, a luminosity thousand times brighter than it ever had. In a few hours atmosphere and oceans evaporated, as did life on the face of the Earth. The planet Earth turned into an enormous ball of fire that burned for some time lost in space. Also burned Mercury, Venus, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, Neptune, and Pluto. The entire solar system. Nobody knew how long it lasted. The humans disappeared and those who ascended would never remember that they had been humans at all. It was as if the Darkness never had existed. The space remained as mute witness of the event, undeterred. With time it had witnessed impassive the orbits of many balls of fire, water, and ice.

Even some of amorous honey.