

FUTURE VOICE[®]



LOVE | THE ULTIMATE FORCE

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*"The true nature of man
is love.*

*We all strive
on our paths
to realise this."*

LOVE |

THE ULTIMATE FORCE

A FAIRYTALE

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ALL ARTWORK

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PROLOGUE

Dark forces of the ancient times have risen up. They seek to subjugate humanity and want to keep it eternally frozen in dark oblivion. They steal people's love. They consume their souls and establish a reign of cruelty.

Many people are already lost. Frozen in fear, they are incapable of love. Seduced by greed, they strive for dark power. Inflamed by hatred, the eyes of their hearts are blinded. Disconnected from their true divine power, they live. Breathe and yet they are soulless.

Those who defy the forces of darkness are few. They are hounded relentlessly by the rulers who seek to destroy them. For those who love possess a special power.

THE PRAYER FOR LOVE

And so it happens one day ...

Under the cover of dusk, a delicate figure makes its way through the dense undergrowth of the forest with light, quick steps. Her body is wrapped in a wide cloak, her hood pulled low over her face. Time and again she pauses briefly. Listening. Scrutinising the darkness for pursuers, she believes she can glimpse shadows. Barely audible, she scurries along a narrow, overgrown path that leads her to a hidden clearing in the depths of the forest. Mighty old trees protectively entwine this place. A mysterious energy seems to rest here.

For a moment, the figure pauses at the edge of the clearing and checks again using all her senses to make sure that she is alone. Cautiously, she steps onto the clearing that opens up in front of her and slowly strides towards the centre of the meadow. Her breathing calms down. She carefully pulls back the hood of her cloak. Long dark hair falls in light curls far down over her shoulders. The beautiful face of a young girl emerges.

Everything lies in eerie silence. With deep breaths, she breathes in the fresh air of the clear fall evening. The twilight of dusk slowly gives way to a starry night. Carefully she takes off her cloak and kneels down. Her delicate body is wrapped in a simple white dress. She feels the heartbeat of the damp, cool earth beneath her. The light wind gently strokes her hair. A smile flits across her face. Strain slowly escapes her body.

Lowering her head, she closes her eyes. In silent concentration, she stretches towards the sky.

"My prayer is for love."

She only breathes the words in a whisper, but her being sends her request full of power out into the vastness.

"My prayer is for love",

repeats the girl almost wordlessly and it sounds like a gentle melody that seems to come directly from her heart.

And with every note she now releases what really rests within her. One secret that she keeps carefully hidden from the eyes of the rulers and the people. A shimmering silvery light begins to radiate from her.

"I am a prayer to remember, to know my being in clarity.

My prayer is for life.

*For the free flow of life to gently flood my being
with love, abundance, happiness and peace.*

My prayer is for salvation."

She pauses and listens into the darkness. Silence. The canopy of stars now blossoms above her in a thousand twinkling lights.

*"My whole being is a prayer
to be fully in the light now and forever.*

*Now and forever,
I am a prayer to be one with this great gentle power
that lifts me up, that frees me, that unites me,
that consecrates me in love for life."*

The radiant glow that surrounds the young girl grows more powerful with every word she whispers to the sky.

*"My prayer is that the path may lead me now,
to my heart, to my true being,
to the light, free and pure.*

*My whole being is a prayer to love
of being true."*

She breathes deeply and calmly. Her body tightens. Sensing the power that begins to flow through her; nourishing her soul, her spirit, her body. A star in the far distance in the sky now begins to pulsate and gathers a special radiance. Its light floods towards the plain. Slowly the girl opens her eyes and lifts her gaze. She sees the approaching light and a certainty grips her heart.

Your prayer for love is recognised.



This is not our home!

Digital print, printed on canvas and additional work acrylic and watercolour
42 x 29 cm

Relieved, she stretches out towards the oneness she recognises, full of happiness. She feels a love that embraces everything. Worry and restlessness fall away from her. Her concentration is now completely focused on the pulsating light that flows towards her. With a supple movement she stands up. The outlines of her body begin to blur, become transparent. Whirls of light become visible, pulsating powerfully through her whole body. Her heart shines with a golden glow. She grows like a column of light towards the sky.

Now the light of the star has reached the plain in the forest. Gently it begins to merge with the girl's light. Her form now changes completely. A powerful presence rises from it. Wings adorn her back, created from crystalline light. Lightly she rises from the ground, carried by an invisible force. Circling, her wings spread wide, she glides silently through the air. A spectacle of perfect grace hidden in the silence of the night. The light-filled energy carries the girl steadily higher. The plain slowly fades beneath her.

Far above, still hidden in the radiant glow, a golden gate begins to emerge. It rises powerfully in the infinite vastness. Full of light and fullness, it marks the way into another world.

THE BOND OF LOVE

The girl slowly floats towards the magnificent gate whose shutters begin to open. Memories from long ago flood her with every beat of her wings. She sees herself happily surrounded by light-filled souls who have lovingly welcomed her into their midst for thousands of years. She feels at home. The powerful beat of her wings carries her ever higher. With her heart wide open, she gratefully breathes in the majesty of the moment.

In front of the gate, a luminous figure emerges more and more clearly, holding out its arms to her in joyful anticipation. Infinite happiness floods the girl as she recognises her soul mate. For an infinite time they have been united by a love that is true and recognised. Full of joy, she rises even faster to feel his closeness, his love again and to finally rise to this unity once more.

But suddenly ...

Stormy winds come out of nowhere. Loud crashes of lightning cut through the peaceful silence. Fog pushes in powerfully and shrouds the bearing light. Thunderstorms rise. A howling sound vibrates through the air, grows louder and brings dark figures. First two, then four and more and more. Quick as arrows, they rush towards the girl. Their faces, ugly grimaces, drooling, distorted with rage. Their bodies are made of the darkest energy. Over and over again they try to pierce the light protection that surrounds the girl and bombard her being with dark energy.

She staggers, flaps her wings to avoid the attacks and tries to escape into the saving light even faster. More and more vicious creatures rush in. Darkening the sky, blocking her path. They rage with brute force and unbridled greed. The image of peaceful grace, which in secret revealed the pure beauty of true light-filled power, has disappeared.

The clearing in the forest has now turned into a battlefield. With all her strength, the girl strives upwards towards the light and staggers back, hit by blows. She struggles, escaping the cold grip of the undead again and again. A hurricane of light and shadow now rages over the plain. The forces of light and the hate-filled dark drive wrestle for the girl's being.

She feels the forces of light. They want to help; to hold her in their protection. But the girl's strength begins to give way. Her wings are stuck together, full of dark energy. Every beat of her wings pulls her further down. The luminous path that just opened up before her in infinite vastness has now disappeared from her clear recognition. Only in her heart does she still feel the love of the forces of light. Only through this can she still hold herself in their protection.



Forced displacement
Digital print, 80 x 60 cm

She pushes all horror aside and concentrates with all her strength on the love that filled her heart moments before. She breathes deeply into this love and feels how it becomes lighter with every breath and rises up to the light again.

But at the same moment, an indescribable pain runs through her, stealing her senses and her breath. Images of blind hatred, of darkest betrayal flood her. A glowing dagger pierces her heart. Deepest darkness grips her. The bond of love is severed. All her strength fades. She feels nothing but heaviness and falls. Falling deeper and deeper into the depths, without a foothold.

A silent cry of fear escapes her soul.

The dark figures grab her and hastily drag her deeper and deeper into the darkness. The light fades from her. Darkness swallows her clear recognition. Barely sane, she hits the cold, hard ground. Her being shatters. It tears her soul apart. A crashing sound seals her fate; bars close above her. Silent horror floods her.

Dimly, she perceives the raiders who have seized her. Their eyes flash a poisonous yellow in the darkness, an unbearable stench emanates from them. They surround the girl, hurl themselves at her and greedily suck all the love and vitality out of her without mercy. Icy cold. She dies.



This is not our home!

Digital print, printed on canvas and additional work acrylic and watercolour
42 x 29 cm

And high up in the skies...

Full of horror and grief, the angel who joyfully held out his arms to the girl sees his love fall. He cannot stop the onslaught of dark malice. Her prayer resounded purely in his heart. Her silent cry now echoes in his heart. Snatched from his loving mind she was. Her love and her light-filled being stolen from him.

He asks the powers of the highest light for mercy when he sees her fate. Full of love, he asks for her life and with all his strength sends out a blessing of protection to her. At that moment a tear escapes from his heart and out of true love a power is born that creates everything. It pierces the will of dark power, all the walls and the dungeon doors and reaches the girl who, chained alone in the darkness, battles with death.

The raiders have let go of her. She breathes shallowly and briefly, no longer feels her body. All strength, all courage, all love is lost. Deepest darkness surrounds her. She tries to remember, tries to understand what happened to her. But all clear recognition vanishes into oblivion.

A deadly weight weighs on her, pressing her bleeding body onto the cold, boggy stone. On her back, where her wings once shone, she now feels a gaping wound. All hope of ever rising into the light again fades. She closes her eyes hoping that a quick death will now snatch her from the cruel grip of this calamity.

At that moment, as though from far away, a sound quietly reaches her. Gently it carries the words:

*"Have no fear,
I will protect you.
Do not be afraid
and come out with me into the light."*

Heaviness tries with all its might to bind the girl in dark oblivion, but the voice carries hope. She listens. The sound has fallen silent. Her mind reverberates the words, seeking to hold them. Her senses concentrate. And more and more she steps back into life. Slowly she opens her eyes and sees a small, bright light in all the deep darkness. It hovers directly above her. She feels warmth and love begin to flow through her. She feels the renewing life force.

In pain, she slowly pulls herself up. Barely sane, she wants to follow the voice towards the light. Wanting to breathe, wanting to live, wanting to raise herself with all her strength towards the love she recognises. But the perdition holds its prey tightly and presses it back. The girl is frightened. In a faint voice she begs the tiny light:

*"Please help me.
How do I find my way out into the light?"*

The tiny light shines and whispers to her a secret of love that she can now hold and never break.

*"Have faith in the strength and power
of light and love.
Believe in true love.
Believe in yourself."*

And what was already threatening to sink into oblivion now returns to her. The memory of a power she once carried within her and the words flow from her:

*"I declare myself now
and for all times
to love, to light, to peace.*

*I am in all my ways
under the protection of the powers and forces
of light and love.*

*I am loved and respected
in each and every moment.
I am protected
by the power of true love.*

*I am a light in the darkness,
made of love.*

*I am the power
that creates everything."*

And as soon as she has spoken these words, the tiny light wanders towards her and lovingly inserts itself into her being. It unfolds a power that promises her life and freedom.

The bond of love is restored.



Prison No1

Porcelain and mono-print, 29 x 21 cm

THE PATH

The Lesson of Will

The girl slowly lifts herself up. The air is filled with a heavy, acrid stench. She feels her way through the darkness. But barely has she taken two steps when she bumps into a wall. She heads in the opposite direction and after a few steps hits the cold masonry again. Blindly she stumbles through her narrow prison, but wherever she turns, thick walls of rough stone seem to block all her paths.

Deep despair rises inexorably in her. A flood of silent tears breaks through and runs down her face. A brief moment of clear recognition floods through her. She sees her fragmented being in a place of cold darkness. And she understands - it is her soul that is crying.

Stiff with horror, the meaning of this truth becomes clear to her with deep certainty. Her strength leaves her, she collapses. Infinitely exhausted, she gasps for air, feeling as if she is suffocating.

*"It was not only her body
that the raiders held
captive here with dark power,
but also her soul,
which they bound with curses.*

*If she died here,
her soul would also burn up
in this darkness forever.*

*She had nothing left to lose.
The only path left to her now was
to go with all her strength
to meet her fate."*

And with this decision she takes possession of one of the most important parts of her being again, her will. She braces herself against the feeling of powerlessness that presses her to the ground and sits up.

She breathes through all her despair and sucks in the oxygen, the power of physical life. Every successful breath seems to her like a fundamental victory of life. Step by step she gathers her strength and seeks to discover what state her body, mind and soul are in. The result is devastating. Her wings are torn off, her heart and inner eye blind. Her spirit is fragmented and her being is covered all over with dark matter.

*"But there was also the tiny light inside her.
It carried the memory
of what she once used to be.*

*A radiant, luminous, free and sublime soul,
full of love, connected to a world
of infinity and peace."*

In this light lay the power that could now guide her.

She begins to concentrate on the tiny light. Time and again she is hurled back into oblivion, into a state of numbness, into thought spirals of doubt and fear. And over and over again she escapes this grip through the power of her will. In the process, she realises that the bond of love, restored by the tiny light, is beyond the reach of all the dark forces that want it.



Cruelty and inhumanity

Digital print, printed on canvas and additional work acrylic and watercolour,
78 x 78 cm

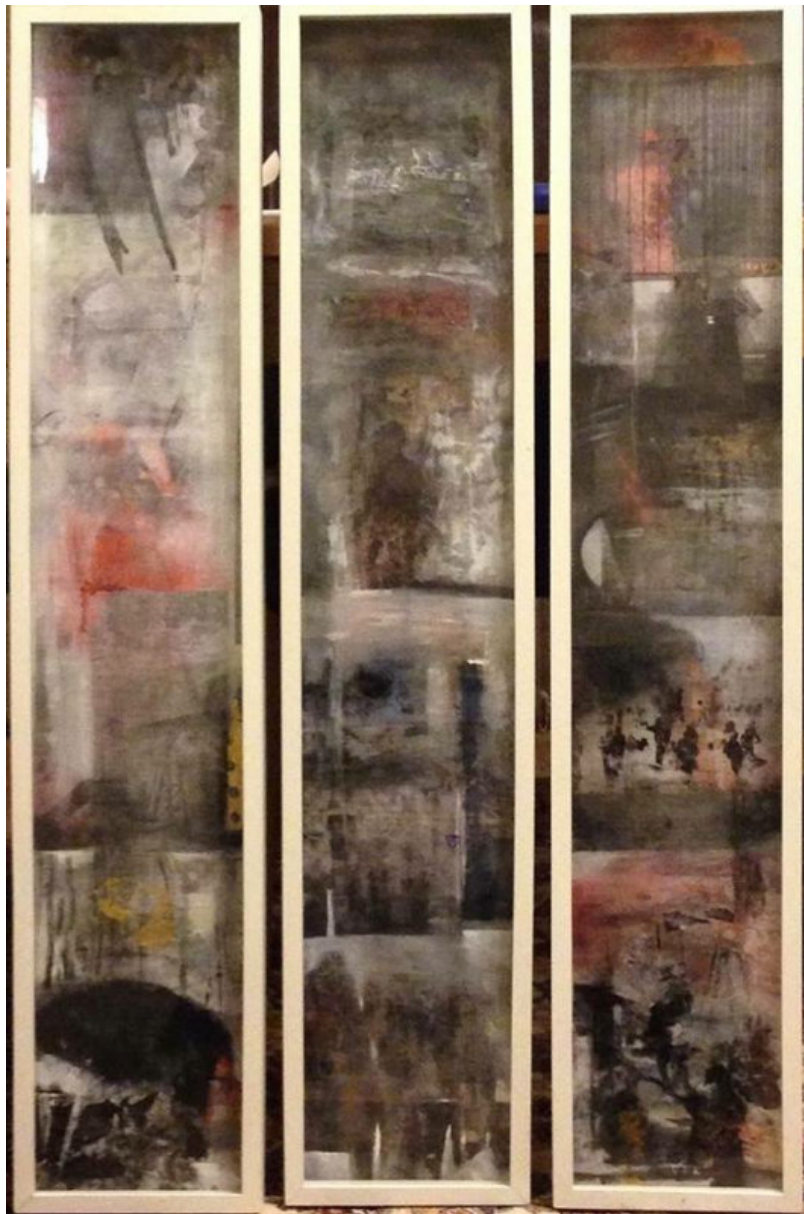
Her sense of time in this place of eternal darkness is not oriented to day or night, but to the rhythm in which her strength is exhausted and resurrected. Her wounds heal. Her fragmented being slowly puts itself back together. Her senses sharpen.

Then she discovers a narrow gap between the rough, crude stones of the dungeon walls. Thick fog hides everything that might lie behind it. She hesitates for a moment and then, summoning all her courage, squeezes through the narrow opening. She feels solid ground beneath her. A path, shrouded in mist and darkness, opens before her. Cautiously, she feels her way forward in small steps.

The path leads downwards; even deeper into the darkness. A loud roar swells. The girl cannot figure out whether it is sounding from outside her or just echoing deafeningly in her head. It becomes more unbearable with every step and robs her of all orientation.

Suddenly creatures rush in as seemingly from nowhere. Their eyes flash in narrow slits in front of her in the darkness. They block the girl's way and try to force her back into the dungeon with all their might. They drool with hatred, hurl curses at her and try to snatch away the tiny light that promises her only hope of life.

The girl withstands all the attacks and continues on her way with all her courage. The tiny light rests deeply hidden in her being, untouchable and pure. And with every step it unfolds a special protection around the girl. The raiders retreat and leave her alone. The girl slowly gropes her way through the eternal night.



Cruelty and inhumanity

Digital print, printed on canvas and additional work acrylic and watercolour
90 x 54 cm each

Here and there she catches sight of what seem to be paths leading upwards to the light. But as soon as she approaches them, they disappear into nothingness. So with each step she gets deeper and deeper into the darkness. For her, the paths seem endless.

Long staircases leading down into dark vaults, crossing narrow tunnels, getting lost in labyrinths, her path now leads through a world in which darkness alone reigns. And on her way she glimpses the life of the soulless.

*"She wandered through a place outside of time and space,
emptied of everything that promised life or love.
A hell somewhere in eternity where other laws prevailed.
Yet this place was as real
as the plain in the forest
or the light in the vastness of the heavens.*

Was this the realm of those who came to enslave humanity?

*Thus they sucked out all divine life from mankind
and strengthened their dark power.
They craved love as the lifeblood
and yet they mocked it.
They swallowed up the power that creates the only true abundance
with contempt, unable to accept it.*

*A being who separated from love, who rejected it.
One that had succumbed to seduction and deception
and surrendered to the urge of dark desires.*

*Hatred raged in their spirit
and hungrily fed on their flesh,
which here was spoiling impurely.*

*They were the damned whose hunger was never satisfied.
Full of malice, severed from true life force,
only capable of stealing and destroying.
Empty shells, soulless, ugly and sick."*

The girl holds the bond of love that was sent to her with all her strength. She keeps alive in her spirit, against all odds, the certainty of a power full of light that can also penetrate this world.

And clearer than ever it is revealed to her that love reveals true divine grace. That it is a blessing, of protection and power. It is a gift, infinite and made perfect with kindness to mankind.

Only Love possesses the power that creates true life.

THE SWORD

Suddenly, the girl hears tender voices from far away, powerlessly asking for love. She listens.

*"The sound of these calls was so different
from all the vicious nagging
that filled this place.*

*The voices carried something pure
that touched her heart.*

Was she finding her way back into the light there?"

A moment of hope floods through her. She now concentrates on the voices with all her senses and approaches the lamenting cries with every step.

Icy storms arise, trying to break her will; through lies and pain to turn her gift of love into hate. Coldness pierces her to the core. But the hope of a path into the light drives her forward.

And more and more clearly she recognises small lights in the darkness in front of her that are slowly fading away. She pauses. A deeply hidden cave now opens up before her. The icy storms begin to recede, but instead of the path to salvation, the girl sees a picture of infinite horror.

Children huddled broken in cages, spellbound by curses. Innocent souls, cut off from all protection. Once radiant and pure, the raiders dragged them too deep into darkness. Held them captive in this untraceable place and fed on their light power in furious greed. The walls of the cave were black; covered with the suffering of pure souls of millennia that never penetrated outside.

The girl shudders. She is overcome by a pain that pierces her with deep sorrow. She can hardly grasp all the injustice, the horror that is happening here to love itself, to the gift of divine grace.



Cruelty and inhumanity

Digital print, printed on canvas and additional work acrylic and watercolour
36 cm Diameter

Voices now reach her with a sneer. Rising to loud laughter. The raiders feast on their supposed power, on the dark force that is capable of corrupting life, of devouring it. They paint the picture of a dominion of the soulless.

Deep doubts seize the girl.

*"Was this a place of no return?
What forces had actually led them
deeper and deeper into darkness?"*

*Was her belief in the power of love only an illusion?
Was what she saw here the image of a god
who created the world?"*

*Was this the shadow cast by the light
she once beheld,
preparing here
to devour its counterpart forever?"*

*Was it the cycle of becoming, of being,
that we were born in love
to perish in darkness?"*

At that moment, however, she feels the tiny light above all her doubts slowly fading and disappearing.

"No",

her heart's voice vibrates resolutely through her whole being. Her will rears up powerfully.

*"Even if she wandered eternally
through this darkness,
the tiny light would not let her go.
It was her true home.
It testified to a power that had nothing in common
with what she saw here.*

*This world of cruelty was an illusion,
nourished by the power of stray instincts.
It existed in the vastness of the universe,
but it was not a reflection of a luminous world,
but only the expression of a sick madness."*

And deep inside the girl a request sprouts; a wish blossoms. Her belief in a power that can atone for all this injustice grows unconditionally. And with all her longing she summons a power of love that truly creates justice.

Suddenly - the noise dies away. The fog begins to lift. The darkness breaks. The girl feels relief. The heaviness pressing her down loses its force. A ray of bright light penetrates the cave. And in the midst of the light, the face of a mighty angel appears ever more clearly before her inner eye. Infinite love radiates from him. And a gentle sound carries a voice.

*"We love you.
You are blessed.
You are protected.*

*The light will guide you.
Do not rush.
Go step by step.
Fear not.*

*Believe in the power
that sublimely creates justice
through love."*

Then the angel hands the girl a sword. The handle is magnificently adorned. The blade shimmers in silver light. Forged from knowledge, a secret of ancient wisdom sparkles on it in golden signs. Carefully, the girl takes the sword. Deep familiarity passes through her at this moment. She feels sublimity, greatness and true power begin to flood through her.

No sooner has she received the light-filled blessing than blazing flames rise, penetrate the dark vault and multiply. The angel's figure begins to fade and disappears into the light.

Before the girl realises it, the flames reach out and take hold of her figure. She recoils, but the flames do not burn her. A different kind of flame has been created. They carry no heat with them. Their core shimmers powerfully in translucent blue. Their edges and crests glow on in dark violet. They light up the dome and now reveal whatever is trying to hide in all the shadows.



Prison No2

Drawing on paper, 29 x 21 cm

THE FIRE

The Lesson of True Creativity

The flames quickly spread, flickering brightly. And in their glow a web of dark projection emerges. Heavy chains forged of lies and deceit. Hate sent with fervour to poison hearts. Noisy roar to confuse the senses. Deception to bind the mind.

Betrayal and injustice are revealed; all the deeds that happened here, written down in a book that preserves all being for eternity. In silent horror, the girl sees all the ugliness that dwells here, hidden in the darkness.

Meanwhile, the fire has engulfed the entire dome. The flames now powerfully pierce the bonds forged to bind the bodies and souls of the children forever. Raiders rush in from all sides. Horrified by the power that has been unleashed, they try to snatch the sword from the girl and with it her power. Thus threatening a bloody war.

The girl feels their sheer hatred. A blind rage runs through her to smash the sneering grimaces. She draws her sword and confronts them. Protecting the children, she orders the creatures to yield. Yet as hatred assaults her, as rage rears its ugly head, the purifying flames that blaze through the dome begin to fade. Hesitating, the girl tames all the rage she seeks to control.

*"Hatred was a snare
that would bind her forever
in that dark night.*

*The bloody slaughter
would pollute her light strength.
She would become equal to those
who conceived all this injustice.*

*She could never allow
this hatred to enter her heart
and begin to guide her actions.*

*True power lay in the strength to walk the path upright
and in unity with love.*

*Her power lay in her belief in herself
and in her courage to see her true destiny.*

She had to let go and trust.

*Trust that everything
she could define in her being was defined.
And that she recognised everything that was already destined
as what it really was.*

*Destined by her soul,
which followed the laws of the forces
on the way to becoming one with the divine origin
that gave birth to her."*

Slowly she lowers the sword and refuses to engage. In an instant, the fire rekindles with greater force, tearing the darkness further open. It opens the view to endless cages full of innocent souls burning up in this dark night.

All the chains and shackles forged to bind the light souls are burst open by the flames. Dark energies whirl howling through the air and now return to their masters. The raiders panic and try to prevent the light power from working, but they are pushed back further and further. The little souls, freed from their bonds, stagger about. Fire, light, darkness, blackest magic. The cave becomes the scene of the forces that wrestle for the souls' fate.

Feeling the iron ring with which the raiders held her heart in thrall, the girl begins to loosen. And she is powerfully seized by a clear recognition, born from the source of the heart that frees itself.

She recognises her true sublime being. She sees herself wandering through the millennia. She sees herself fighting side by side with giants in holy battles to bring love and light to the face of man.

She sees herself falling, rising. Sees itself die and rise again. Recognises the cycle of eternal return. The striving for life, for love, for the becoming of all being. Realises that even the light, the darkness is illusion. Recognises the path that leads them far beyond. Realises love as the sole power. Beholds the angel whose love guides her, recognises the true love that touches her heart. Realises that she herself is truly made of love. And she realises the power that the blessing she received kindles in her.

True Creativity.



No history, no culture, no past

Digital print, printed on canvas and additional work acrylic and watercolour
30 x 22 cm

THE SPIRIT

The realm of illusions

A violent jolt snaps the girl out of the moment of light-filled recognition. A dull blow numbs her senses. She feels a storm rising in her mind, hears murmuring voices wishing her death and destruction. The luminous majesty, the fire, the cave - everything fades away.

When she regains consciousness, she sees only barren wasteland. Heaven and earth seem to flow into each other. An above and a below no longer exist. Everything lies in deep grey. The girl shivers with cold. All ability to orientate herself has vanished from her.

Armies rise from the ground in front of her. Like dark walls they drive towards the girl; hurl spears down on her. Yet their weapons are not made of steel. Forged in the fires of dark illusion, they create images, thoughts, feelings of humiliation, doubt and loneliness. Cruelly they drive their poison into the girl's mind. The attackers invoke their limitless power.

She wants to rise to meet them upright, but her body is powerless. Her legs do not obey her. She stumbles and with every step the armies take towards her, her strength dwindles. She can barely breathe, gasping for air. The raiders now surround her and plunge daggers of cold and pain into her heart again and again. And separate her from any clear recognition that rests within.

Crossing her arms protectively in front of her chest, the girl now huddles in the middle of a new nightmare. Time and again she makes herself aware that all that is quivering through her is only an illusion. But it is a hurricane of the darkest energies that tries to wrestle her down. Thoughts and feelings that aim solely to humiliate her, to fill her with doubts and a death wish. A hailstorm full of lies and deception, which she faces naked and defenceless, climbing a mountain. But this path is not made of stone. It is built of spiritual power.

She tries to see a path of truth in unity with her heart. But her heart is full of pain and a dense fog obscures all vision. She wanders on a surface created out of pure illusion through endless grey nothingness. The war that just surrounded her on the outside is now raging in her mind.

*"What was the outside, what was the inside?
The boundaries began to blur.
Which were the thoughts born of her true being
that could guide her?
Which ones were sent to her
to keep her trapped in this endless greyness?"*

The mind.

*With every thought man shaped worlds,
made decisions to love, to live, to die,
to rise, to ruin being.
Here he created his destiny,
inscribed himself in the book of life.
Here the will of alien forces forced itself upon being.
Here germinated the seed of all illusion,
created demons of fear
that fed on pain
to give birth to further suffering being.*

*Here, too, lay true greatness.
Here the will formed true action
in unity with the wisdom of the heart,
being rose to true creative power.
But only the spirit that was free and pure
gave birth to light-filled existence."*

Seeking help, the girl reaches out to a love she hardly remembers. And again and again, for moments, the tiny light inside her begins to expand. It unfolds the deep knowledge that through her faith in love, step by step, she is igniting true power.

She feels the sword that the angel handed her. She still carries it with her, but it is steadily losing its shimmering power. Its glow appears weaker and weaker. Her strength to resist the tugging urge of the dark illusion grows weaker and weaker.

**The raiders steal her power
and with it
the gift of true creativity fades away.**



No history, no culture, no past

Digital print, printed on canvas and additional work acrylic and watercolour
30 x 22 cm

THE LIBERATION

The Lesson of Peace

The girl sinks down. She feels more disheartened than ever. And while a storm of blind hatred seems to rain down on her tirelessly, she tries to see her destiny in humility.

*"She was blessed with gifts of true love
and yet condemned
to face unbridled hatred.*

*She saw radiant angels of light
sent from the far reaches of the heavens
and looked into the slobbering grimaces of those
who sought to bind people
in coldness and oblivion.*

*She saw hatred
devour the love of innocent souls
and experienced how purifying fires
destroyed the dark illusion.*

*Her path had led her into a battle
in which hidden forces
far beyond the world of humans
wrestled for its destiny.*

*It was a maelstrom of powerful forces
that guided her, tugged at her, tore her down
and reignited her."*

*"It was her senses
that influenced the outcome of this battle.*

*It was her plea for justice
that lit the fires.
She carried the love and the power
to defy the dark worlds.
So she became the pledge.*

*Was this the place
where she would finally burn up?*

*Were all the children now liberated?
Was the fate of the children tied to hers?
Was that why she had fallen into the depths?
If she gave up, would the children perish with her?"*

She tries to gather all her strength and once again sends out a plea for help and justice. But no sooner does she raise this request to heaven than a stabbing pain runs through her whole body. Her plea seems to crash against invisible walls that enclose her tightly. All her will seems to fade powerlessly into nothingness. She takes a deep breath.

"And yet - she was not alone.

*They were there, the forces of light,
trying to help her.
And the light they sent her was real.
These forces were there as well.*

*And how powerless were the raiders
who had so cowardly approached her from behind.
Who sent armies
to crush the strength of a single girl.
Who feasted on the torment of innocent children
and fed on their life force;
themselves eternally cut off from it.*

*The desire of darkness,
it was not a superior force.
It was doomed to death, to destruction.
It had no creative power.
It could only tempt people
to fill their being with hatred and destruction,
and then feed on their power.
This is how the raiders stole people's power.*

*Never would she yield to such opponents.
And if she lost her life, her soul,
here in the grey nothingness full of dark illusions,
then she would do it upright.
Only time would tell which was the stronger force."*

Determined to fill her power with the deep belief that she possesses the divine power that creates luminous truth from illusion, she now turns to the dark projections.

Willing to turn disaster into a blessed opportunity, she now adds her light counterpart to all the dark illusions wandering through her mind. She conceives worlds full of love, full of light, full of greatness and courage. She determines a world in which the power of love prevails.

The nothingness that surrounds her is no longer the oppressive grey. It is the empty pages of a book, stored in eternity, which she alone is able to describe.

I am the divine force.



Prison No3

Porcelain and mono-print, 29 x 21 cm

And so she seizes her power again. She meets hatred with love. With serenity she seizes all power from the projection of war. Through faith in herself, she paves her way through valleys of doubt, strides upright through scorn and derision, certain of the dignity that lies in her faith in the light power.

Thus it is revealed to her which thoughts seek to bind her spirit and which spring from her true being. Love and light take all power from illusion. More and more powerfully, she creates a new world, conceives a universe that is filled with healing, light-filled, protective power.

At the same time, it becomes clear that true despair is driving the forces that are taking up arms against her. While the girl takes her steps in peace, the dark forces rage ever more furiously, their power beginning to wane. In every blow, every humiliation that now descends upon her, she sees only the weakness of those who use such violence. And she realises what a powerful force peace contains within itself.

*"Peace,
borne in the heart of one man,
could bring down armies
if it was built on love.*

*For the one who truly rested in peace,
victory or defeat,
life or death lost significance.
He had long since risen above it
and was in a completely different place.*

*Peace alone was the power
in which true greatness rested.*

*It was a gift
with which love filled us
and thus held us in its protection
at every moment,
even in the darkest."*

Everything is still shrouded in endless grey. But the girl is now flooded by a steadily growing, luminous force. And she recognises the true face of the supposed power that hides behind the raiders, avails itself of them and then destroys them.

*"What drove those
who sought to subjugate humanity
was hatred alone.
Unrestrained, obsessed and without return,
it was directed against love itself.*

*It was a reign of terror
into which men were led
to destroy forever
the bond of love that blessed them – with true creative power.*

*Through hatred, envy and greed
they were seduced
into giving away the most valuable thing
they possessed.*

*Here was revealed what they received in return.
Only dark delusion."*

And greedily they gathered up the trinkets.

In this moment, the girl notices that the sword the angel handed her begins to change. Flooded with her strength, it now shines in golden splendour. She draws the sword and points it towards heaven in humility. She asks the forces of light and love once again to smash the dark will through the power that truly creates justice.

And no sooner has she made her request than all at once a loud thunder resounds. A crash makes the grey nothingness tremble. A powerful energy floods in from all sides. The ground in front of her tears in two. A dark maw opens up that threatens to swallow everything.

The quake swells ever stronger. The pillars of the world, created out of illusion, shatter. The energies begin to twist in whirlpools, swirling around stronger and stronger. They rise up like whirlwinds.

Light spinning tops make the faces of angels appear and drift gently towards the girl. Her will strengthens in clear recognition to deep certainty. Her being, resting in deep peace, is a part of the infinite working of light-filled power.

The energies full of protective power, which she sent out on her way, now lift her up from the ground. In safe protection she hovers above the abyss, sees falling and shattering all the darkness below her. And she beholds an indomitable power that, unleashed, now creates untouchable justice.



Prison No4

Porcelain and mono-print, 29 x 21 cm

Dark, writhing vortices, exposing grimaces, now push back with force towards the robbers. They desperately seek a foothold, but the pull of the world they created now drags them inexorably into the abyss, into damnation and hatred.

They plunge helplessly into the depths with howls of rage, wailing miserably, pleading for a mercy on which they themselves never had. All illusion of cruel power shatters. All strength, all love, all life that the raiders once stole now escapes their grasp.

It is now clearly revealed what they were who conceived all this. A being full of wickedness, full of smallness, full of lack, full of unreal existence, incapable of love, wretched, failed and impure. Serving the forces of dark power, full of selfishness, driven by the desire to rule, to finally be someone.

Loudly crashing, their worlds fade into the depths. The abyss greedily devours its spawn. And at last those who stole are the prey themselves. Thick fog shrouds the eerie goings-on, muffling the agonised cries of those who now see their true fate. Who in the wandering spirit forgave all love and damned their souls forever.

The girl, however, remains unharmed. She rises higher and higher into the light, carried by all the strength she has sent out. All the foreign illusion gives way. She feels how the small light in her now begins to unfold powerfully and permeates her with infinite love.

The abyss recedes into the distance and soon closes beneath her. All the darkness is hungrily devoured. The world of illusions has disappeared. Silence returns. The girl rises higher and higher through a dense wall of mist that separates the world of illusion from the world that is real.

Her clear recognition is now liberated.



Nostalgia

Collage, 42 x 29 cm

THE GOLDEN GATE

Blinking, the girl opens her eyes. She feels as if she is waking up from a dream; she feels warm, earthy ground beneath her. Slowly she straightens up. Looking around, she recognises the hidden clearing in the forest where she once sought refuge.

It is a glorious spring day. The birds are singing. Children are romping around laughing in the meadow. A world of beauty and life now surrounds her. She watches the hustle and bustle for a moment and recognises in the children the little souls who quietly asked for love in the dark cave. She breathes a sigh of relief.

And as she continues to come to, she realises that what she saw was not a dream. And she becomes aware of her path. She remembers how she sat here and sent out a prayer of love. How she fell, suffered and realised.

A special energy now begins to stir within her. The light that escaped from the heart of an angel in love emerges from her being and floats brightly before her. It begins to expand and in it an angelic figure reveals itself, looking at the girl in kindness and full of love. Quietly she hears a voice speaking:

*"You will break the seals.
You will announce the secret
of love and peace.*

*The time has come to tell it.
They will follow you.*

*Love life.
Believe in yourself
and they will believe in you."*

Then the figure slowly begins to fade. The girl still wants to thank the angel, wants to hold on to the feeling of special love that flows through her, but he has already risen into the heights. His wings mighty and wide unfolded, he disappears from her gaze, melting into light far above.

When she lowers her gaze again, she sees a scroll floating in front of her. Three seals adorn the fine old parchment. Carefully, she stretches out her hands. Gently, the shrine settles into it. She contemplates the gift for a while. A special glow surrounds it. It does not seem to have been made by human hands. It floats lightly in her hand. The seals shimmer in golden light.

Carefully she touches a seal and breaks it. A sound is heard. It is a soft, bright tone full of grace that radiates far beyond the room. It carries a gentle melody. The girl listens. And there she hears the words that reveal themselves within the sounds.

*"All life needs love.
Without love there is no life.*

*The power of the highest light
and the highest love fills creation,
the entire universe
with love.*

*It is within us.
It is outside of us.
It is in every moment;
in every element.*

*It connects us all,
as does the silent prayer
that rests within each of us,
for love.*

*Every soul is love.
Born from love
to return to love.*

*Love is the light
that shows our soul
the way
in every moment.*

*Ask for love
and return as love.*

*Everything we walk through
on our soul journey
is illusion,
subject to becoming and passing away.*

*What remains eternally
is the prayer for love
that becomes love."*

And as the sound is heard, a radiant light begins to form in the distant sky and now slowly moves towards the clearing.

The children pause. With all their attention, they listen silently to the sound that fills the vastness. Small lights, like fairies, begin to float around the children. They bring blissful oblivion and cleanse their minds of past torment. Their little souls now shine freely again in the bright glow.

The girl gazes with love at the miracle that the sound has ignited. A sight full of beauty. A testimony of true power and light-filled grace. At this moment she is filled with infinite gratitude to be a part of this sublime power. And as the sound gently fades away, after the last child has been purified, she carefully breaks the second seal.

Now a second tone rises; just as gentle as the first. The girl feels love flood her heart, her whole being. Full of humility, the words flow from her:

*"Love,
you who are in heaven,
you who are on earth,
you who are in every element,
in every being,
you who are in every breath we take,
I beseech you in love,
fill us
and lead us now
into our true home."*

And while she speaks these words, the light in the sky becomes more and more distinct, flows closer and soon hovers large and powerful above the clearing. A golden gate becomes visible in it. Magnificently, it bears witness to a world that rests beyond, hidden from human sight. The radiant gates slowly open. The children run towards it full of joy with an expression of recognition. And as if carried by the wind, they rise with ease and pass through the golden gate.

Then the girl also rises slightly. And with every breath her soul, her heart and her spirit unite in love and peace with her true being. Her light-filled strength returns to her. Warmth and goodness fill her. She breathes deeply into love.

"Now I am truly free.

*Am now forever
in my true strength,
in my true power.*

*Free to be forever
in my true life,
my true love.*

*In oneness
with my true being.*

*Giants,
of the highest light and love
guide and protect me
in all my ways.*

*I accept this blessing
in love, in gratitude, in humility."*



Nostalgia

Collage, 42 x 29 cm

ETERNAL LIFE

And as the girl passes through the gate, a world full of grandeur opens up to her. Gentle sounds carry the children and the girl up through the air like feathers. All the souls radiate with light. A world full of peace, vibrating at a high level. The children are received with tenderness by their light families and now float into their true home.

The girl looks at the scroll in her hand. One seal is still unbroken. Gently, she breaks the third seal. But this time there is no sound, instead she sees a spectacle of colours. Lights flow into each other, dancing in a spiral, interwoven in an intimate embrace, creating a very special light. A star is born. It proudly presents itself in a robe of light. The stars around it light up and gently hold it in their midst.

Fascinated, the girl watches the unique spectacle as the star suddenly begins to breathe, to pulsate. A radiant light bursts out of it, and even before she realises just what is happening, it has taken hold of her.

She senses how the star begins to connect with her and how its power is transferred to her. Renewed by the dream of infinite being, her form changes. She now shines in crystal light. Powerful wings adorn her back and her true, angelic being is revealed. Graceful, beautiful and pure. The golden gate closes behind her and disappears in all the light.

Full of happiness, she spreads her wings and rises ever higher, floating lightly. The scroll, the parchment in her hand, its seal broken, begins to dissolve, revealing a deeper secret now.

Letters appear before her. Shimmering in gold, they reveal to her a knowledge of true love, meant only for her. And so the hidden truth flows into her sublime being - and with it the gift of eternal life.

At that moment a luminous figure appears before her and she recognises her soul mate who led her with his loving heart. His love carried in her innermost being, had protected her on all her paths. Through his faith in her love, he led her home again, to her true home. Love-filled, he receives her. And she is overcome by the majesty of a very special power that blesses her eternally in all her ways.

True Love !

EPILOGUE

Angel of light,
fly and be free.

Rise to
your true greatness.

Rise up.

Level the way
for those who follow,
renewing love,
the power that creates eternal life.

Every one of us is a wanderer
between the stars.

We carry it within us
the secret of light,
of becoming,
of passing away,
of returning.

Angel of light,
arise.

*"Love is the fifth element,
the third force.*

*The power that lifts being
out of polarity.*

The force that unites all elements."

Love | The ultimate Force

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ALL ARTWORK



Nostalgia

Acrylic and collage, 42 x 29 cm

MARIWAN JALAL

"My works are a constant search for the best way to interpret the idea I have about my life and the world. Inspiration and ideas change. Knowledge changes. Each piece I create is simultaneously an extension of the past, where I've come from and what I've learned as well as a preview of the future, where I'm going. Many of the traditional patterns, colour and form methods can be seen in my work; collage, painting and print just to name a few."

Mariwan Jalal was born in Kurdistan. Today he lives and works in London. Since 1989 he has presented works in a large number of galleries and in more than 130 exhibitions, inside and outside Kurdistan, in Great Britain, Sweden, the Netherlands, Germany, USA, Japan.

www.mariwan.exto.nl

HUMAN RIGHTS



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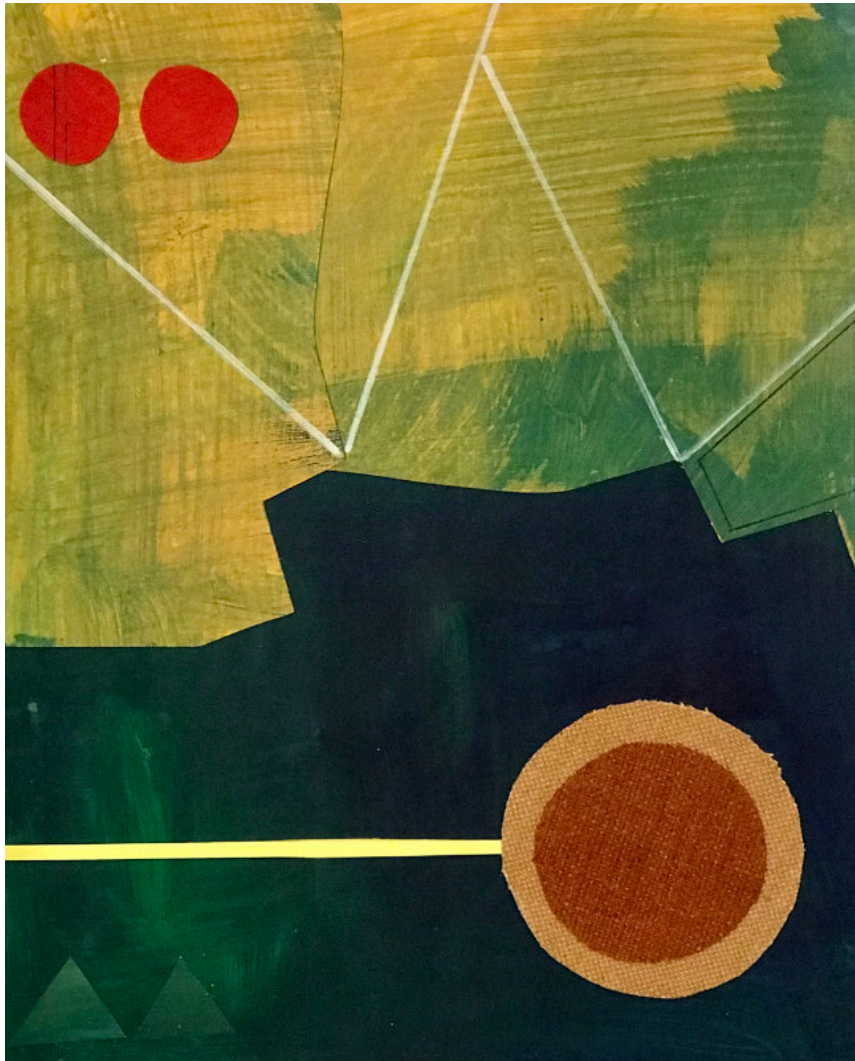
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Nostalgia

Acrylic and collage, 42 x 29 cm

CALL

TO THE

ANGELIC HUMANS

The time has come once again for me to voice that which I have known for many years. We are becoming more and more aware of the emergence of a paradigm that many believe is a new paradigm, than yet put it as a recycling, a re-emerging of that which has been before.

You have chosen to incarnate in this time, in this space. You have chosen to come into this dimension with the frequencies and the messages there are encoded within your DNA, within the cells of your body.

In this remembrance, you claim your right, you remember that you are an Angelic Human, you are God informed bringing your message to this earth.

This is a time of transmutation, not only transformation. And I stress that because it is a change within the state of the system. It is not only a change of the system. The transmutation that is contained within yourselves as an Angelic Human is earning now to be heard, to be voiced – in your words, your actions, your thoughts, the very beingness, the fibre of your being.

If you are reading this message, be assured you are an Angelic Human. Only those who are called to express their message in this time will be called to hear these words.

While this may sound utterly fantastic to some, to others it is a great relief, to know that it is the moment of expression. No longer must you remain silent. It is your time to speak. It is your time to announce your knowingness.

This is your enlightenment.

And so, the time has come once again for me to put out the call to all of the Angelic Humans. The sacred unfoldment of this planet is literally orchestrated by your very frequency of vibration. Do not hesitate. The message of your heart is the heart of your message. Bring it forth, now. Speak it, be seen.

Stop sitting silently in the wings. The earth, the human consciousness longs to hear and see you. Feel the call and union that lives within yourselves. Demonstrate your enlightenment to the world.

Then you fulfill the promise of the ages. You promised to return during this time to bring a remembrance of your enlightenment to this earth. Do not forget your anointing. If you forget yours, they will not remember theirs – and the earth is depended upon you.

Call to the Angelic Humans

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