



THE ORACLE

David de Cleene's Story & Odyssey

**Exploring and Mapping Out
Humanity's Next and Greatest
Frontier ...**

Inner Space (Consciousness)

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1. Family Legacy

My great grandfather, Leon de Cleene, was a Roman Catholic priest in Belgium who came upon a time in his life when he was torn between women and the Church. It involved him questioning everything he had been taught by the Church about God, the path to God and who he was. This question of the path to God being between the Church or a woman nearly destroyed him. Simply put, the Church had told him that the path to God required celibacy, but he came to believe that the path to God was through women, not without women. My Dad would later say, "Thank God he chose women otherwise we wouldn't be here!" But his decision was so traumatic that he had to sacrifice everything in his life up until then and begin a whole new life. This resulted in him leaving Belgium and travelling the furthest geographical distance possible in the world, the very opposite side of the world, to settle in New Zealand. He ended up marrying Annie Corley and having eight children.

My grandfather, Bill de Cleene, affectionately known to us kids simply as "Pop", was Leon and Annie's eldest son and he was born into the unique time in world history when humanity had evolved to the point of world war. He felt the heavy weight on his shoulders of serving his country as an ANZAC. He volunteered for the New Zealand rifle brigade in 1916, at the age of 20, and arrived in France with the New Zealand Expeditionary forces in January 1917, before joining the war in Belgium. On 12th October 1917 he was wounded and hospitalised for the first time, before being grievously wounded by shell fire on 6th December 1917 near the town of Ypres, Belgium. It was this injury that brought an end to his fighting days in the army. However, regrettably it wasn't only his physical wounds that he suffered from, but his psychological wounds were far deeper, more painful and there was no medicine to heal them. Shell shock they called it and a few beers with mates at the pub was the best medicine that there was at the time.

Pop returned to New Zealand and married Mary McDonald in May 1919. Mary had escaped an abusive home at the age of 14 by working in a funeral parlour washing and laying out the bodies. They had four children, with my Dad, Trevor de Cleene, being the youngest, born in March 1933. Pop and Mary suffered in the depression during the 1930s. They lost their house since the war pension couldn't cover the mortgage payments and thereafter was a succession of rented houses. Finally, in 1939, due to the Labour Party reforms implementing the welfare state, the family got a safe and secure home to live in when they got a state house at 3 Mansford Place, Palmerston North. Dad was much younger than his siblings and the Labour Party's welfare state would also allow my Dad to escape the poverty of the working class and get a university education.

My Dad, Trevor de Cleene spent all his youth playing sport, both hockey and squash, and out hunting deer, pig, rabbits, pheasant and ducks. Despite the family being poor, he had a great family home life and lived the classic Kiwi lifestyle. After school he'd

shoot rabbits, pig and deer, and bring them home where his father would clean them up and sell them to delicatessens. The skins would also be dried and sold. There was endless game to shoot and it was very good money. In addition to this, he started working at the Longburn freezing works at the age of sixteen during school and university holidays.

Dad went to Christchurch University to study law, also playing representative sport in both hockey and squash while there. With law, he'd found his calling. In 1953 he graduated with the senior law scholarship before starting his own law practise in Palmerston North. I would always remember Dad telling me that a man is never free until he is his own boss.

My mother, Gwenda Taylor, was the most beautiful woman in town, being as beautiful on the inside as she was on the outside. In Palmerston North they called her the local Jackie Kennedy. However, she'd grown up on a farm with a father who would get drunk and abusive regularly. He obviously suffered psychologically also, but such was the Kiwi culture of harden up that it was never to be talked about. As a result, her mother, Dulcie, left and took all the children with her, eventually finding a place to call home through the government social housing programme. It was here where she raised Mum and her three siblings. Despite the differences Dad and Mum would have, Dad said he'd never come across a kinder and stronger woman than Dulcie.

Although Dad was a lawyer by "trade", he always wanted to give back in thanks for the life the Labour Party gave him with the welfare state. His vision was always to make New Zealand the best place on earth to live. He became a Palmerston North City Councillor before being elected the Labour Member for Parliament for Palmerston North, November 1981 – October 1990. One might say, he became a law keeper turned law maker. He became part of the leadership team in the Fourth Labour government tasked with rescuing a near bankrupt country in arguably its darkest hour, being the Minister of Revenue August 1987 – December 1988.

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Trevor_de_Cleene

This government made New Zealand a world leader in a whole number of areas. The values and beliefs behind *Rogernomics*, New Zealand's version of free market policy, was that this was the best strategy to achieve the maximum democratisation of power and wealth, the equality of all mankind. New Zealand also developed the central bank model that the world adopted to fight inflation. It's critical to note that this model has been destroyed and has resulted in the return of the inflation dragon.

However, arguably the greatest legacy of the Fourth Labour government has remained unwritten in the history books to-date. As the result, it has flown under the radar of the world's current political leaders. When New Zealand declared itself a nuclear free zone, the only country in the world to do so, it not only was the only country in the world to have the courage to stand up against the bullies that were the world's global

super powers, but it declared to the world that it said “No” to the Cold War peace philosophy of the nuclear deterrent (M.A.D.) and no to nuclear power (which produces the most toxic waste on earth). Instead, it would be the global pioneer that would seek out a new sustainable global peace philosophy and a new sustainable form of energy. It should be noted that the full ANZAC story has yet to be told, with its greatest chapters yet to be written.

Dad voluntarily resigned his position as cabinet minister in December 1988 when Prime Minister, David Lange, sacked Dad’s best friend, Sir Roger Douglas, as Finance Minister. He retired from politics altogether in October 1990 a broken man, with his vision for New Zealand having escaped him. I believe it wasn’t cancer that ended up killing both Lange and Dad, it was the loss of their mutual vision for New Zealand. They’d dared to dream a dream more than anyone else and had committed every part of themselves to it. The loss of such a dream is soul destroying.

2. Childhood

I was born on 8th April, 1966 – Good Friday. My mother, Gwenda, being Christian, named me David John from the Bible. She also told me that Dad and her were at the cinema watching the movie *The Sound of Music* when she started going into labour, so it must have been my queue that it was time to make my entrance into the world.

I’ve been half deaf, being 100% deaf in my left ear, for as long as I can remember and so was most probably born with my deaf left ear. One of my first memories is visiting hearing specialists and being told there was nothing that could be done so I’ve always accepted it, but it’s had a huge effect on my life. For example, I can’t hear stereo sound and can’t tell from which direction a sound is coming. However, over time I learnt to see it as a super power rather than a disability because it taught me to see the world slightly different from the average person, it taught me to live in a reality where actions speak louder than words.

My childhood was both blessed and torturous. Torturous due to the disharmony and conflict that grew steadily between my Mum and Dad, eventually resulting in a divorce and broken family. Yet blessed because New Zealand has some of the greatest outdoors in the world and I was raised in the outdoor hunting, shooting, fishing Kiwi lifestyle and loved it.

Some of my first and deepest memories as a child are of Walt Disney. The Walt Disney show came on television every Sunday evening and I’d never miss it. There was something very special, something magical, about the stories that were told. Although I had the best Nana in the world, my Mum’s mum, my adopted Nana growing up was Julie Andrews, who was the nanny Mary in *Mary Poppins* and the nanny Maria in *The Sound of Music*. She taught me to see magic in everything by seeing the positive in

everything. Whenever life would get me down then play a little music and focus on the positive.

Then there was Daniel Boone and Davy Crockett, with Fess Parker playing both characters for Walt Disney. Of course, being raised in the hunting, shooting, fishing lifestyle I could really relate to the outdoor lifestyle, but more importantly, Daniel Boone taught me that if ever there was a conflict between what my inner conscious told me and an authoritative figure told me then I was to always trust my inner conscience. Obviously, I would be tested a lot on this one growing up. My nickname given to me by my parents was Davy Crockett, who was king of the wild frontier. I was given and wore a Davy Crockett's racoon style hat all around home and when out hunting with Dad. When I was grew up I knew what I wanted to be: a pioneer and frontiersman, just like Davy Crockett.

With my father being a lawyer turned politician, I was also raised around the constant debate regarding what was justice, both social and criminal justice? The other core belief I was raised up on was the equality of all mankind, with every person having the right to equal justice, both social and criminal. My Dad's nickname became *The Baddy's Buddy* and the family debate constantly involved how to reform and develop a better justice system, both social and criminal. However, while achieving a critical amount of their economic reform, the Labour Party was voted out of power before they could begin their social reform.

However, with my father being the "man of men", from "Mars", and my mother being the "woman of women", from "Venus", these worlds collided but couldn't understand each other and I can't remember a time when there was peace in the family home. As the result, I would always find my peace alone in nature, hunting, shooting and fishing. I went to Huntly boarding school from the age of nine to twelve to escape the family pain when my Mum and Dad went through their divorce. When they divorced, my siblings, Catherine and William, went with Mum and I with Dad so we didn't grow up together from then on.

It was around the time I was 11 or 12 that Dad bought an old dairy farm and converted it to a kiwifruit orchard. The farm was in Te Puna (consisting of a pub, petrol station and grocery store), just outside of Bethlehem, which itself was just outside the suburb of Judea, Tauranga. It was pretty basic, just having a couple of caravans, outside of a big shed that had a very basic kitchen, shower and toilet in the corner. That's where Dad would drop me and my dog, Rommel, off for six months of the year to work in the school holidays. Most of the time I lived alone in the caravans, but there were plenty of rabbits, ducks, pheasants to hunt which was good. I didn't realise it until much later because I didn't do it consciously at the time, but spending so much time alone, these were the years I learnt meditation.

Living with Dad, I basically had to raise myself because I would be dropped off on the farm/orchard to live alone for six months of the year, and when back at school in Palmerston North I only saw him for two hours each week, on Friday evenings. These were the years Dad was in politics, busy trying to save and restructure a near bankrupt country. He was always too busy solving everyone else's problems. He'd give me \$20 a week to feed myself and that was it for the week. It was tough training I have to say, but later on I realised it taught me something extremely valuable in life: to problem solve. Apart from having a roof over my head and being fed and clothed, I basically had to solve every problem for myself in life at a very early age. It taught me the psychology of problem solving and I learnt how to solve every problem that life can throw at you in life ... and believe me, I got tested to the extreme. Most of the time, I learnt the hard way.

This included no help from above or beyond. I learnt early on that to survive, let alone thrive, in life you had to be practical, not just theoretical. My Dad was an atheist and so I was raised as an atheist. I could only rely on myself in this world.

When I was 16 years old Dad remarried to Raewyn Watt. Raewyn de Cleene would prove to be a "ugly" stepmother that would rival the evil stepmother from all the classic fairytales. Dad told me point blank that she made it a condition of her marriage that Dad choose her or his children, but he couldn't have both. He told me he chose Raewyn. She wanted us all gone from the house as soon as possible, but in the meantime her "love" was as toxic as nuclear waste. I was literally evicted from home on my 18th birthday, the day the law said Dad was no longer legally liable for my care. This was after being dropped off at Dad's orchard in Tauranga to live by myself in the caravans there for all the school holidays in the years before.

However, it would be my younger brother, William, who would suffer the most. He would become a recluse in a huge house, never leaving his bedroom, as the result of having to live in a home where there was no love. Such a home environment slowly poisoned him and gave him permanent psychological trauma that robbed him of ever being able to have a normal life for a person. William struggled to work and live with anyone for the rest of his life. This psychopathic poisoning and persecution of William, the most vulnerable of us siblings, would continue long after Dad died with Raewyn robbing William of even the smallest amount of inheritance Dad left for his children. Even though Raewyn received 97% of Dad's inheritance, she still ensured William, knowing his personal circumstances, wouldn't receive a penny for as long as she lived. Her cruelty was truly off-the-charts psychopathic, but like all psychopaths, she was totally blind to who she really was and how I felt to be on the receiving end of her "love".

3. Education

I went to Palmerston North Boys' High School, which was a total war zone for five years. I hated every moment, every day, because it was the very worst form of torture on a daily basis, both physically and psychologically. It was pure hell. Nothing I can say can truly describe the hell it was every single day. I was a total outcast, always being beaten up, both physically and psychologically, for not bending to the bullies and their gangs that ran the school and becoming part of "the system" of conformity. It took me a long time to figure out why I was bullied so badly at school, but I finally worked it out. In the meantime, my academic record suffered accordingly and in the five years I was there I went from top student in the third form (aged 13) to near bottom in the seventh form (aged 17).

PALMERSTON NORTH BOYS' HIGH SCHOOL

Name: D. J. DOOLENE

Form: 3A2 Date: Mid-year 1979

Subject	Mark	Place	Work Att.	Home Work	Comments
English	64	30/33	A	A	Has ability. David was 1st in class & imagination in his subject. This is a remarkable result to feel confident that his marks will rise in the second half of the year.
Mathematics	52	16/33	A	A	David is a first-rate pupil, both in attitude and work effort. Interested and careful as a worker. P.R. David has been a very diligent & thorough worker who is producing work of a high quality. Pleasant and cooperative in class. R.R.
Social Studies	78	1/33	A	A	
French	79	5/28	A	A	
Science	64	7/33	A	A	David's work is of a high standard. He is the student who deserves marks and praise. Well done. An average mark. This result could be improved on with constant revision. B.M.
GERMAN	50	31/34	A	A	
Workshop	C				Has produced very little this year. B.
Phys. Ed.	B		A		Displays ability in most activities.
AVERAGE	68	1/33			

Absences: 6 half-days

Other School Activities: 3rd Form Specials Hockey.

Form Teacher's Comments: David a very pleasant pupil has achieved very good results in all subjects except German. However with the effort David puts into his work I am sure this mark will improve. Keep up the good work.

Co-ordinator's Plan: David's German marks will receive extra attention!

Form Teacher: A. Gibson Rector: E.D. White

Key to Grades: **WORK ATTITUDE**
 A. Excellent in all ways
 B. Works diligently
 C. Co-operative
 D. Unsatisfactory

HOMEWORK
 A. Always done to a high standard
 B. Adequate
 C. Occasionally not done
 D. Seldom done

PALMERSTON NORTH BOYS' HIGH SCHOOL

Name: D. J. DE CLEENE

Form: 7 DH Date: END OF YEAR 1983

Subject	Mark	Place	Homework and Work Attitude	Manner	Comments
English					
Mathematics	20	54/56	C	B-	David has very little ability in this subject and unless he makes a tremendous effort he will not succeed. He should be extremely clear in his mind. David needs to put a lot more work into this subject to reach average standard.
AP/MATHS	42	44/45	D	B	
Biology	42	33/44	B-	B	A fair effort has been maintained. David can achieve better standards with total revision.
CHEMISTRY	42	26/48	C	B	Improvement notes. Dedicated effort required in German.
PHYSICS	36	42/52	C	B	A determined effort will be needed to improve in this subject.
Phys. Ed.					A keen participant. B.
AVERAGE	36.4	21/23			

Absences: 2 half-days

Extra Curricular Activities: 1st XI Hockey, 4th XI cricket, Garden Club Committee.

Form Teacher's Comments: Some hard work is necessary if David is to achieve satisfactory results at Bessary level.

Form Teacher: A. Gibson Rector: E.D. White

Key to Grades: **HOMEWORK AND WORK ATTITUDE**
 A. Always done to a high standard and excellent in all ways.
 B. Always done. Area of improvement and progress.
 C. Adequate.
 D. Often left done. Has to be made to work.
 E. Seldom done. Makes little effort.

MANNER
 A. Highest standards of courtesy, reliability and co-operation.
 B. Generally courteous and reliable.
 C. Reasonably acceptable behaviour.
 D. Improvement is needed. Not always co-operative. Some discipline has been found necessary.
 E. F.R.S.S. expected standards are not being met.

However, apart from hunting, shooting, fishing in the great outdoors, I discovered something else I loved growing up. In the last years I was at home, Dad would often have dinner parties with national and world leaders at the dinner table. When he did, they debated on philosophy and the world. This was the time when children were seen not heard and so I would always sit down the far end of my father's long kauri dinner table, never saying a word, but always listening. I didn't realise it at the time, but would much later come to realise that these times were like being given an invitation to partake in Plato's *Republic* and it was philosophy that was my true calling.

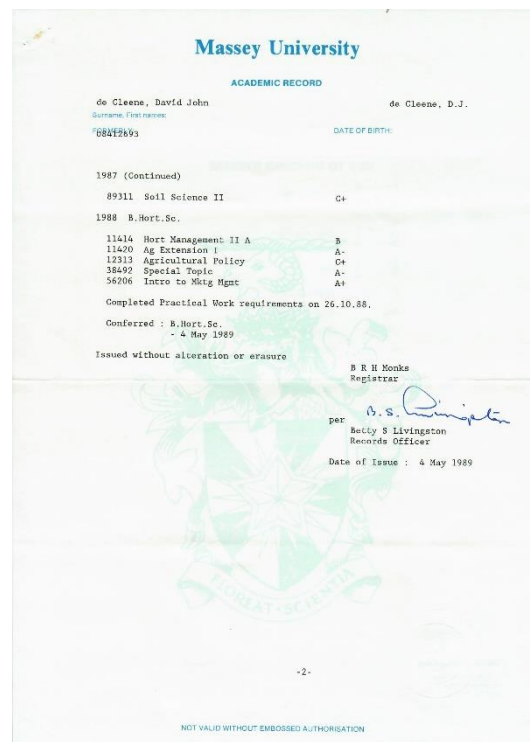
Dad's favourite poem which he constantly quoted around me was *Abou ben Adam* by Leigh Hunt and for some reason it stood out to me and became my favourite poem

too. It would be much later in life that I would recognise what it truly meant and that it would act as my personal mantra and guiding light.

Having grown up on Dad's orchard, I went to Massey University to study Horticultural Science because I loved the outdoors and growing things. I failed badly the first year due to having lost my studying skills after having been beaten up horrifically at high school, but struggled through the next three years being a C grade student. However, in my final year I finally worked out that intelligence is relative to passion. Therefore, the goal of my formal education had nothing to do with growing rational intelligence, but everything to do with finding my passion. In the last year of my degree we were finally allowed to choose our courses rather than have them dictated to us and so I had to dedicate myself to finding my true passion. I found it lay in marketing and management, and I went from being a hard-working C grade student to an A student, requiring no work at all because I absolutely loved what I was doing. Therefore, it was in my last year of formal education that I:

- Proved my hypothesis that academic achievement is not based upon rational intelligence, but upon emotional intelligence. Therefore, the more you follow your passion, the greater your level of intelligence;
- The entire education system is based upon the philosophy of competition, not co-operation, for the purpose of control. It's strict conformity actually dumbs you down;
- Learnt I was passionate about growing things, but not just plants and the environment, people and businesses too. Growing things was finding the ideal harmony between people, planet and profit.

I'd been at war with the education system through my entire secondary and tertiary education. It had tried to break me into conformity and dumb me down at every opportunity. It's based upon competition not co-operation, it teaches conformity not creativity, it teaches you what to think not how to think. Labelling people intelligent or stupid according to such a narrow set of subjects and classroom learning is not only plain dumb, it destroys individual people, and society as a whole. I could see this only because I remained "outside" of the system, an outcast to it. I wish to reiterate, intelligence has very little to do with your head and everything to do with your heart. When I enjoyed the subject I was being taught, I excelled, and when I hated it, I bombed. Therefore, education needs to be about finding your passion. Find your passion and you become more "intelligent", free, happy and



successful than any education system can deliver. As the result of finding my passion in my final year of university I've never worked a day in my life. Not to say that I haven't been pushed to the edge and beyond. However, dare I say, I've become a global expert in my chosen field of strategic marketing and management, not because I'm more intelligent than other people, but because I'm the most passionate!

That said, I still had much more to learn about what my true passion was. It wasn't till long after my formal education that I discovered my true passions in life were philosophy and strategy! I don't know what came first, the chicken or the egg. I don't know whether being a loner made me a philosopher and strategist or being a philosopher and strategist made me a loner.

4. Career

My father's and my relationship had been destroyed while growing up through school. In the final years living under his roof, it sounds strange, but we hardly said a word to each other while living in the same house. When my Dad was home and did speak to me, it was to blow me up about something and so I would avoid him at all costs. I would realise later on that he needed to vent after spending all his time in the high stress world of politics and trying to save a country from bankruptcy, and I was the one he would vent to. As the result, I swore I would never follow in his footsteps as a lawyer and I would do everything possible to escape from him in every possible way. The very mention of my Dad by anyone caused me pain.

However, fate works in strange ways. Being raised by a father who rescued and transformed entire countries during their darkest hour, and my passion being in marketing and management, my career was in strategic management and marketing, more specifically in saving multinational corporations when they were on the verge of collapse and in their darkest hour. My work was my passion and I loved it. I'd rescue and transform one company and then be on to the next big challenge in order to push myself to the limit and learn as much as possible. My track record proves that I developed a formula that was 100% successful, always achieving previously unimaginable results in record time, not only in terms of profit, but also by lifting the businesses up from the bottom into being market leaders by developing whole new markets and branded products & services. This was sustainable long-term transformation, not the short-term rape and pillage strategies the world has in place nowadays.

My core strategy was to transform businesses from product to service and market driven. This required deep philosophical change, the deepest and most difficult degree of change, but with the most spectacular results. As the result, I always delivered the best product and service on the market, at the best price, and could be 100% honest in this belief when selling to customers. I was also the person in charge of not just

developing strategy, but of its implementation too. I did this through working at the grass roots, not at boardroom level. This was when I started to realise my belief in the equality of all mankind really paid dividends. It wasn't that I was any smarter than anyone else, it's just that through this belief I started to realise I could see what the other senior managers were blind to.

But I always had one big problem in the corporate world: my boss. I couldn't manage upwards if the respect wasn't there, and the further up in the corporate ladder I went, the less respect I had for the people in those positions. Just like not being able to bend to the will of the bullies at school, no matter how much I suffered, I just couldn't play the politics in the corporate world when it went against what I believed to be true and just, for the betterment of the company and the people dependent upon it. This resulted in me being illegally sacked and paid out in every position I've been employed in by the corporate world, except for my first career job after graduating university. I was always sacked by my boss for being the top performer in the company and achieving previously unimaginable results for them that boosted their careers. I was basically allergic to the corporate world, and they were equally allergic to me. On my last day in the corporate world at Carter Holt Harvey I humbly asked my arch nemesis what advice he would give me. He gave me the book, *The 48 Laws of Power* by Robert Greene. Upon reading the book, I finally solved the puzzle of why the corporate world and I were allergic to each other. Now I had to accept the reality of politics and learn how to play the game, but I would choose to do so by using morality, not immorality.

5. Backpacking Solo Around the World

My faith in humanity was constantly destroyed in the corporate world, not in the people at branch level, but by those in head office. Always being sacked for being the top performer by a country mile did my head in. It was a puzzle I couldn't solve for a long time. I needed time in between jobs to restore my faith in humanity and this is where being illegally sacked and paid off was a blessing in disguise. It would help fund my overseas travel.

From November 1991 to June 1993, I backpacked solo through Thailand, Scandinavia, Europe, the Middle East, South America, and very briefly Canada and the USA. Then from November 1995 to March 1996 I backpacked through central to southern Africa. I always backpacked solo as this was the best way to meet the locals and learn from them. It was also the best way to meet other travellers from all over the world and learn from them too. Travelling solo is no holiday and you can end up getting yourself into some sticky situations, but it was where the greatest freedom and adventure was to be had at that time in my life. Having everything you own being what you can carry in your backpack and not knowing what's going to happen, who you're going to meet and where you're going to go the next day is definitely a great feeling of freedom. It's also a great teacher in terms of learning to problem solve. While complaining, crying

and blaming others might feel good, it gets you absolutely nowhere when you're travelling. The responsibility to get yourself out of any and every situation is yours and yours alone.

If I learnt anything from my Mum and Dad, it was the belief in equality and treat others as you'd like to be treated yourself at all times. I learnt quickly how my belief in equality and reciprocity allowed me to travel safely between countries and around any country in the world, even through war zones. It was like an invisible suit of armour. It was during these times of travelling that not only did I need to heal and restore my confidence in humanity, but I really delved into global religion and philosophy. Travelling alone, just like growing up alone, gave me plenty of time to question everything. I started to realise that it was my constant questioning of absolutely everything that was part of the reason I was always alone and different. The philosophy of philosophy I followed was that the only real way to truly study and master philosophy was not theoretically in the academic classroom, but experientially in the real-world classroom. Mastery in religion and philosophy had to be demonstrated in what you created and not what you simply talked about. The world started to open up to me holistically that the present, past and future was simply mankind's interpretation of religion and philosophy being implemented and demonstrated. They were far greater forces than I'd ever realised living back in New Zealand. However, being an atheist, I could only see the horrors through the ages that religion had brought to the world. This proved to me that there could be no God.

I'd always had deep questions burning within me that'd caused me to lay awake at night when everyone else was asleep. In 1979, I'd just turned thirteen and was at boarding school at Palmerston North Boys High, unable to escape my beatings and torture. My only time of peace was when lying awake at night. This was when Supertramp released their album *Breakfast in America* and *The Logical Song* became my favourite song I'd listen to over and over again. However, it was in 1999 that the questions started coming to me in a different and even deeper way. In hindsight, the best way to describe this would be like the questions changed from Plato's Republic to Plato's Symposium, though I had no idea of this at the time.

6. My Visit to The Oracle

After meeting and becoming best friends with a spiritual couple, Mike and Suzie, it was in 1999 that I had what some people might call a spiritual epiphany, what I now call my visit to *The Oracle*. This epiphany was a dream that was the most real experience of my life, that was paradoxically more real than normal physical reality. You can tell how powerful an experience is in one's life by how much they change their subsequent behaviour. My visit to *The Oracle* was so powerful that it was a total game changer. It was my visit to *The Oracle* that was now the centre piece of my life from which all else was built upon and around. From that moment on my entire life

changed and I was on a mission, a mission that would lead to me sacrificing absolutely everything in order to search for the answers to what I was told and shown by *The Oracle*.

In my visit to *The Oracle*, I'd somehow discovered a place similar to Aladdin's cave, where reality blurred between the real world and the dream world. I was wide awake and in the physical world where I walked around and could touch, see, smell, taste and hear everything was real. I could chat to people and they'd interact and yet reality was in the dream world because everything I thought and felt manifested instantly all around me. I quickly discovered I had one wish, and I could have anything I wished for... anything. Scarcity was now abundance, powerlessness was now all the power of a god. Now my real problem was choice, what to wish for. There was just so much gorgeous and delicious temptation ... and believe me, I pushed the limits and asked for so much stuff that manifested instantly all around me. Imagine yourself being in such a situation where you could have anything you wished for and as soon as you thought about it, it instantly and magically appearing right in front of you, waiting to be picked off the tree! But once you'd "chosen your apple" and bitten into it" that was your wish.

After a bit of a journey, I made my wish. As soon as I did, I had an outer body experience and was astral travelling. I was somehow transported through wormholes and travelled across entire galaxies. I experienced wonder beyond imagination until I arrived somewhere in the universe, in the stars. If I thought what I'd experienced already was wonder beyond imagination then I was about to discover it had just been the warm-up for the main show that was about to begin.



It was there that I met a special star, what I soon discovered to be a soul. I looked at myself and realised I was also in soul form, a star, my highest self. This was the reality where we weren't limited to physical form and so one of the best ways to express yourself was to morph in shape, colour, etc. Everything here was telepathic. We danced, played music together, laughed and giggled like kids while also having the very deepest and most soulful conversations. Somehow, we just melted into each other. She felt like she was a mother, daughter, sister, and best friend all in one. All the forms of love we find in a combination of our most beloved relationships all rolled into one.

There were no secrets because there was nothing to hide. Everything I didn't like about myself she loved and vice versa. We completely healed each others' "wounds". For the first time in my life, I felt complete inner peace. There was the complete expression of free will and acceptance, no tension, no pretence. Everything gelled and we completed each other in every expression. After spending time together, we ever so gently, with the tenderest of care, realised that we weren't so much meeting for

the first time at all, but somehow we were remembering each other. This awakening totally blew me away and I couldn't grasp it at the time.

Before I could put the pieces together, I could feel reality pulling us apart and as we reached out for one last touch, I asked her in calm desperation how to find her again. She replied by simply looking me in the eyes and saying without any words, "Of course you'll find me again. This is what we do. What we share is unconditional love. Search for unconditional love and you'll find me again." I didn't understand what that meant logically, but I knew exactly what she meant emotionally. I'd been given a taste of the most powerful "drug" in the universe, unconditional love, and I was addicted!

It's critical to say that I've described is an extremely brief summary of only about a third of my visit to *The Oracle*. Although I didn't realise it at the time, my visit to *The Oracle* can be split into three sections:

1. General;
2. Who am I (my spiritual purpose)?
3. My love story.



Although it wasn't clear to me at the time, I would come to realise that all my life I'd been in search of two questions:

1. Who was I?
2. Would I ever find love or was it my destiny to always walk alone in this life?
To-date I'd pretty much been an outcast of my family, an outcast at school, an outcast at work and, while having good friends, I somehow knew I was still travelling and couldn't settle down.

When I came back into the real physical world reality just seemed so cold and distant. The love so weak and broken. I quickly discovered back in the "real" world that what I'd been given was a double-edged sword: something that could equally save me as it could kill me. Now my heart had been opened to such possibility and wonder I could so easily fall into darkness and despair. I now lived with a gaping, but hidden, open wound in my heart. Was this experience of love a healing medicine or a toxic poison that was slowly killing me? I had to walk a tightrope over an abyss. However, I then saw the world in a different way as I could see everyone was living with a broken heart in infinite shape and form. I guess I could see that everyone was in a "fallen" state of being.



Back in the real world I knew the single thing that I had to do, the purpose of my life. I had to somehow find the girl I danced with in the stars. Everything I did from that moment on was to find her again. She showed me that our love was out of this world, it was written in the stars, and she was my Miss Universe!

And like Cinderella, she left me with a single clue on how to find her at the very end of the “ball”. I was certainly no Prince Charming, more the Shrek kinda guy, and so what could I offer her to prove my love to her when we met again? But I knew that every contestant in the Miss Universe competitions asked for world peace. My one strength that set me apart from others lay in transforming multi-national companies when they were in their darkest days. I would find my Miss Universe by transforming the world and finding the answers to world peace. In its simplest form, my purpose in life was to create the world’s greatest love story through all of history, a love story that would change the world and usher in world peace. In doing so, the world would also adore her. Sounds absolutely crazy on a logical level, but this was the perfect expression of the power of love that we shared for a moment. Giving her anything less just didn’t feel right. If I gave this gift to the world then the world would help me find the girl of my dreams, the girl I met in my dream, my Wonder Woman, my Miss Universe!



For added inspiration I searched through all of human history for love stories that could inspire me further, but sadly could find none. I wanted a real happy ever after fairytale love story and so, I turned to the movies and the true fairytale love stories. I found inspiration in *The Princess Bride*, *Mickey and Minnie Mouse*, *Cinderella*, *Shrek* and *The Fifth Element*. I also felt a really strong connection with Neo and Trinity’s love story in *The Matrix* movies as well as something in Greek mythology. There was also a sprinkle of *Stardust* and *A Life Less Ordinary* in the mix. After all, I’d fallen in love with a star. How do you bring that back to earth and explain to anyone without being locked up?

It was after my visit to *The Oracle* that so many of the missing pieces that I hadn’t been able to solve in my life started to fall into place. It was then I could see the legacy of public service that ran in the blood of my family on my father’s side and that the promise I’d made to myself as a child really gained new meaning. At the age of five I’d had a recurring nightmare that only stopped once I’d made the promise to myself to live the greatest life possible. At the same time, I didn’t have a clue about 99% of what I’d been told by *The Oracle*. What I’ve mentioned above is only one part of a much larger visit. I had no idea at the time that it was what most people would call a spiritual epiphany, but now I knew my life had purpose, I knew exactly what mission I was on and had been told it would involve taking a journey similar to Jason and the Argonauts. Little did I know that the hero’s journey ahead would be so damn long and hard.

It’s taken me around 25 years to-date to decode and unpack what I currently understand of my visit to *The Oracle* and the downloads I received. It’s an on-going process and I know there’s still a ton more to decode and unpack. I also know much of the information is time locked as I was shown past, present and future. Part of my

visit to *The Oracle* also included time travel and meeting higher intelligent life forms in the universe and so it's taken a while to build my consciousness to catch up to what I was shown.

In 2000 I left my job and newly renovated home in Hamilton and moved up to Auckland, going back to renting before buying my dream apartment overlooking the city and harbour. My career in the corporate world had transformed since my visit to *The Oracle* from saving existing companies in their darkest time to developing whole new global business ideas. With one in particular that involved developing a whole new evolutionary global brand I developed the idea and concept into a business plan that achieved the critical stage of a global start-up that got venture capital funding approved. The new business was to be a joint venture between Carter Holt Harvey and a private venture capital company, with myself holding equity as well, but it was so radically different from anything Carter Holt Harvey could understand and it got shut down, caught in politics. This was when I left the corporate world in 2002, but everything I was working on was now truly global in scale.

7. Awakening to My Family Legacy

In April 1997 my mother, Gwenda Elliston, got divorced from her second husband who she'd shared the happiest days of her life before it had fallen apart. This emotional trauma caused my Mum to have a complete mental breakdown. One day she was my Mum and the next she was a person I didn't know at all. My sister, Catherine, and I tried to help Mum every way we knew how, but we simply didn't know how to. The mental health system in New Zealand completely failed her. I tried to have Mum living with me for a short time but it would destroy me. So, we kept moving Mum into homes she said she wanted to live in and two to three months later she'd be driving around and we'd get calls from strangers and people she knew around the country begging us to come and collect her. This cycle kept repeating every two to three months.

Eventually I got Mum to admit she'd actually gotten divorced and her ex-husband, Peter. It was only around two years later that I found out that Peter had arranged a lawyer for her to help her settle her divorce. Obviously, Mum got taken to the cleaners and didn't even get half of what she deserved since her ex-husband Peter actually had both lawyers working on his behalf.

This was when we, Catherine and I, managed to chip in with the settlement money Mum had left to buy Mum a house. We did everything possible to find her the perfect house and eventually purchased one in November 2000 near the Tauranga racecourse as Mum's passion was horseracing and Catherine lived in Tauranga with her husband and would soon be having a family of her own. But sure enough, after only a couple of months, Mum started severely abusing us again and kept telling us how much she hated the house. Catherine couldn't take the mental abuse any longer and we agreed

I'd take sole care of Mum. Our younger brother, William, couldn't be involved as he suffered from severe depression himself as the result of being raised up in a broken household when Mum and Dad were breaking up their marriage.

In April 2001 my father passed away from cancer, the same thing that had gotten to and killed his father, Bill. My Dad and I had written each other out of our lives for the couple of years prior to his death. This had been due to Dad asking to borrow my dog Zack, who I'd raised from a pup, to go duck shooting. A week later I phoned up to ask Dad when he was returning Zack. Dad then told me he'd given him away to somebody else to look after since I was struggling to find a flat up in Auckland where I could have a pet. He said he wasn't going to ask for Zack back from the people he'd given Zack to because this would be dishonourable. This from a lawyer? To compromise, in the end I simply asked Dad to give me the phone number of the people he'd given Zack to so I could check if he alright and in a good home. Dad refused. I told Dad it was his pride or his son, it was for him to choose. He chose his pride.

It was in late 2001 I realised that I had to find a cure to Mum's mental illness, otherwise she would be forever lost in her mental illness and lost to us "kids". I didn't want to settle for just caring for her perpetually in her current state, I had to find a cure despite all the medical experts telling me there was none and I was wasting my time. Part of my search to find a cure to Mum involved searching back through her family and her own personal story. It's sounds strange to say, but I starting realising how little I actually knew about my own mother. That sounds so stupid at first, but I mean really understanding her more than just the Mum I knew. Understanding her childhood and life better.

It was around this time that I started doing the same with my Dad and his family story. I started to learn about my parents, who and why they were, in ways that I hadn't understood before. I started to understand our relationships better than ever before. More than this, I went back generations and started to somehow see my own story in theirs and theirs in me and mine. I started to see the wisdom of the tribal culture in family.

All this led me in April 2002, a year after my father passed away, to quit my so-called perfect lifestyle and highly successful career, one that had me globe-trotting around the world on the corporate credit card and living the so-called dream. While this sounded perfect, it was also leaving me empty. I'd become the happiest unhappy person around. In April 2002 I entered into a state of meditation. My motivations were numerous:

- To continue to seek out and find what *The Oracle* had told me;
- To honour the legacies of my father (world peace) and mother (inner peace):
My mother: To find the answers to mental health in order to cure her;

My father: Public service ran in the veins, but not just in an ordinary way. Somehow it reached out as far as to help save the world, which I could see was spiralling down into oblivion even then. After being raised by a father who saved an entire country, I knew how to save the world: New Zealand to be the pilot to show the world the path forward.

Little did I know just how impossibly hard the path was ahead, otherwise I wouldn't have ever chosen it.

8. Twenty-two Years of Deep Meditation and Writing: Transcending the Physical World

In April 2002, a year after my father passed away, I left my so-called perfect lifestyle and highly successful career, one that had me globe-trotting around the world on the corporate credit card, to enter into a state of meditation. My motivations were numerous:

- To continue to seek out and find what *The Oracle* had told me;
- To honour the legacies of my father (world peace) and mother (inner peace):
My mother: In 2000 my mother had suffered a complete mental and emotional breakdown after her second marriage broke up and I had to find the answers to mental health in order to cure her;
My father: To help save the world, which I could see was spiralling down into oblivion even then. Being raised by a father who saved an entire country I knew how to save the world: have New Zealand as the pilot to show the world the path forward.

This state of meditation would develop into my spiritual journey, where wisdom is learnt through direct personal experience rather than just intellectual knowledge. Along this journey I was taught a whole new form of learning in a whole new reality. This journey and form of learning is best described in Joseph Campbell's critically acclaimed book, *"The Hero's Journey"*. You might say, I had to take my hero's journey in order to prove myself worthy of the wisdom I was being given.

Between April 2002 and October 2003, a period of around 18 months, I holed myself up in my Parnell apartment in Auckland and entered into a state of deep meditation where I didn't speak to a single person for 20 months. During this time, I studied and mastered all the world's religions and great philosophies, including eastern and western philosophy and science, all the world's political and economic philosophies and models, as well as history to a critical level.

How can I prove mastery of all the world's religions and philosophies, when nobody has mastered a single one more than the original prophet, guru or founder? Very simply by:

1. My discovery that that they were co-operative, not competitive. They were all pieces of a much larger jigsaw puzzle that, while separate and competitive at the physical level of consciousness, perfectly fitted together and complimented each other at a higher level of consciousness;
2. I was able to piece them together perfectly. This required mind-bending trips through reality itself and involved infinite levels of demon battling to prove myself worthy of such treasure, code breaking and puzzle solving.

Even though I'd achieved this to a critical level, the piecing together of this jigsaw puzzle would be on-going through the years as treasure after treasure was revealed and my puzzle solving skills, along with my consciousness, grew.

This study wasn't just the normal intellectual study, but through deep meditation I was shown them in their original design and form, before they were corrupted by imperfect man. I also "met" and learnt from the original messengers, learning from not only their message, but by following and practising the lives they each lived. I somehow discovered a new form of technology through my meditation, which I later realised was the result of transforming my reality from the physical to the spiritual reality. I discovered that deep meditation is the gateway, the bridge, between the physical and spiritual reality of life.

Towards the end of this meditation period my entire reality had been transformed and I'd been reborn. The term rebirth has numerous different meanings in the various religions and so I'll clarify exactly what it means to be spiritually reborn. Rebirth in spirituality means one has transcended their reality from the physical to the spiritual reality of life: the experiential awakening that we live in a consciously designed virtual reality. Furthermore, a consciously designed virtual reality means God is real and we are not merely mortal human beings, but eternal spiritual beings. Rebirth means keeping the same body, but one's entire reality has been transformed. It's keeping the same hardware, while going through a complete software reboot to load a whole new operating system. Having been born and raised an atheist I can't begin to describe to anyone what it feels like to go through this spiritual awakening. It has to be experienced to be understood.

A while later during this period of deep meditation I remember waking up just before dawn and going out to sit in the living room of my apartment that looked out over the city of Auckland and a bit of the harbour. I had this intuitive feeling about something, but didn't know what. As I sat watching the sun came up I became aware of a strange feeling starting to generate through my whole body. It was then that I experienced what I now refer to as my enlightenment experience as my reality went through another upgrade. My reality starting flickering and I felt this amazing energy going through my entire body. I remember thinking it was like being at an airport and watching all the flights arrivals and/or departures board updating itself. It was then that my reality merged my inner world with the outside world as they became one

and everything in my reality became one interconnected organic body of being in action. I upgraded to the holographic reality of life!

While I now lived in a consciously designed reality, being born and raised an atheist I somehow still couldn't bring myself to believe in God. I guess I was somehow aware of and scared of the consequences. This would be another game changer. I searched through multiple realities to find another answer, another path. I even went into the reality of me possibly being God and on the spiritual journey of forgetting who I was in order to remember who I was. But all of these realities had flaws in and couldn't perfectly match my reality. I got lost in space for a while, searching through the multiverse.

In the end I came back to my own philosophy based on positive energy. This philosophy states that we are in a dream within a dream, a game of illusion. Therefore, in this game of illusion where anything is possible, always choose the positive not the negative, and then choose the most positive choice (path). I sat down and listed all the advantages versus the disadvantages in God being real in my reality. It was a no brainer. It was so much more beneficial that God was real, especially when I was trying to do the impossible by creating a love story that would change the world, a love story that would help usher in world peace. I knew I needed all the help I could find and having God on my team would be more than I could have previously imagined. But I couldn't just blindly believe in God. I had to know 100% yes or no, I had to not just believe in God, but experience God! There could be no doubt, no half measures.

So, I did the previously unimaginable ... I reached out and asked God to begin a conversation with me. Well, pull the other one it's got bells on, "someone" answered my call. Not by any normal conversation, but in a way that taught me a whole new way to converse with God, *the Source*, the upgraded spiritual form of God. This didn't happen overnight but took time, and continues to do so to this very day.

Towards the latter part of 2003, not only had my consciousness grown to the level of experiencing a consciously designed reality, but I'd taken the next step and consciously connected to God. I had a direct line to God and could now chat to God one on one, 24/7! To say this is an extremely humbling experience is an understatement. I had been an outcast all my life unable to find a role model I could respect and follow, even in my parents, and now I'd finally found one ... and it was God! For the first time in my life, I felt the honour of bending the knee. From my visit to *The Oracle*, my guiding light along my journey for the quest to find my Miss Universe was to search for unconditional love. I had no idea at the time that this search would lead me to meeting God along the way. It was then that I awakened to God being the universal and infinite expression of unconditional love, the unity consciousness that bound all together as One. The Force in Star Wars was real! *The Source* was the Force and more!

While religion has the form of God being expressed through love and fear, conditional love, the spiritual form of God is the *Source*, being the upgraded expression of love to unconditional love, love without fear. The *Source* is the awareness that as eternal children of God, through all eternity, we're only ever given unconditional love. All of creation is the body of God, the *Source*, in action and we are and can never be separate from or outside the body of God/*Source*. We can only ever be under the illusion we are temporarily for "education and entertainment purposes" (maya). We've chosen, and been chosen, to live the lives we live here on earth. As eternal spiritual beings this is how we entertain and educate ourselves through all eternity!

With God's first revelation to me being to upgrade my understanding of God to the spiritual expression of God, being *the Source*, the universal and infinite expression of unconditional love, the second revelation I was told was regarding all the world's religions and philosophies.

I was told that God's perfect message to humanity had been totally corrupted and lost by imperfect man. The entire global population had grown so completely morally corrupt that they now either didn't believe in God, or the form of religion and philosophy they practised was a false form of religion/philosophy that it led them in the polar opposite direction to the one they believed they were on. Every single religious and philosophical authority and so-called expert in the world was now more of a non-believer than a believer and preached a false message and religion, deceived by their own moral corruption. However, the vast majority were totally unaware of this truth, such was the deception of their own blindness. The most blind person in the world is not a person who cannot see, but a person who cannot see but thinks they can. Such is the paradox that the more spiritually corrupt, powerless and stupid humanity grows, their ego has them believe they're growing so powerful and intelligent that they don't need God at all. I was therefore to get all my information direct through *the Source* and from *the Source* alone. *The Source* would teach me the true religions and messages as they were originally designed and would guide my education and journey.

It was during this guidance and training that I realised that my goal of creating a love story to usher in world peace was now upgraded to a love story that would help usher in the Kingdom of God, unconditional love, on earth. I struggled for quite some time with this upgrade. I loved and feared this upgrade at the same time, but my Miss Universe was my guiding light along this quest for unconditional love and so I had to face and overcome every fear I met along the way.

All this led to me self-publishing my first manuscript, *The Oracle*, at the end of 2003. What I'd written was beyond my previous imagination. Now I thought I was at the end of my research and development phase of my journey and it was time for the implementation phase. The first thing I needed was a team. In January 2004 I came

out of my deep meditation and started talking to and meeting people again after so long. My reality was still very fragile and I was going to be tested in the ordinary world. I launched a website and started selling *The Oracle* on-line and in various local bookstores.

To my relief, the feedback from the people who read *The Oracle* blew me away. I learnt from them that after an initial read through they were keeping it beside them on a daily basis for daily guidance. They were reading it and learning from it in the same way as all religious scripture. They couldn't stop telling me how much *The Oracle* had changed their lives, had evolutionised their lives. It was like I was some kind of rock star who had saved their lives and given them something truly magical. I had people crying telling me how much their life had changed, I had people giving me paintings they'd personally painted for me and I had a team of friends who were totally dedicated to helping me promote *The Oracle*. It was amazing for me to witness the reality of how powerful what I'd discovered actually was and so I was riding high with confidence. I'd found my dream job ... growing people!

I'd also gotten back in touch with my Mum and tried to help her with her mental illness. But no matter how much I tried, nothing helped her. In fact, even worse, everything I tried only resulted in her demonising me more. I still hadn't found the cure.

As time went by *the Source* gradually informed me that now was not the implementation time as there was still a ton of training and writing to be done. I had to return to my meditation and writing. This was a tough and confusing time for me. I had to let go of some truly amazing friends, one in particular, who seemed more like a brother than a friend. He had given me so much help, but there was a greater force in play. And so as quickly as a team had appeared, so it disappeared. I was still totally naïve to exactly how big what I was working on actually was, nor how long and demanding the hero's journey would be.

In 2007, I was informed that if I wanted to discover the treasure I sought, I had to dive deeper into hell than anybody else had ever done. I thought I'd previously back packed around the world solo, including venturing into civil wars and climbing Mt. Kilimanjaro during the worst snow storm in years totally unprepared for such conditions, to challenge and test who I was, and so this would be something with similar demands and learnings. I was confident I could find myself in and out of any situation. I'd also read about this place called hell and it didn't sound so bad. However, I did know by now that it would be a game of reality and I knew the dangers of being "lost in space" from my previous deep meditation. So, I teamed up with Nicky who, without realising it, was going to be my life buoy up on the surface in the physical reality. Little did I know at the time how much I needed this. *The Source* and Nicky were going to be my sole companions during my next deep dive into reality.

How wrong could I have been about hell? Little did I know that my deep dive would mean the discovery of a whole new dimension of hell, the spiritual hell written about in the Book of Revelation involving psychological pain and torment beyond imagination. This was a journey into the unknown where not only was there no map, but reality itself bent and broke and so it felt like I didn't even have gravity as a reference point to know which way was up or down, right or left. It really did feel like I was lost in space, inner space, reality. On top of this, there was mental, emotional and physical pain and suffering beyond imagination, involving the most intense psychological torture with all your worst fears manifesting instantly around you and physical torture like you had the bends from deep sea diving.

Passing a critical stage along the journey into hell meant abject poverty. In 2008, during the 2008 GFC, I lost my house and home when the bank summarily foreclosed on my mortgage and sold it for over \$100,000 less than its market value, being for the exact amount of money I owed them and nothing more. How could the law allow this to happen? It was then that I started studying the world's banking system, understanding its nature involved a complete lack of morality. I was literally left homeless and penniless. Thank God I'd met Nicky Wall who was my life buoy between the physical world and the spiritual world. I remember wandering the central streets of Auckland at night surrounded by the homeless and looking into the bars full of people getting drunk and realising I was in the spiritual place called "the land of lost dreams". I realised I could lose everything else but if I lost my dream I was truly lost forever. There were many times when even my dream was nearly torn from me. For this period of my life my favourite song and mantra was *Mess of a Machine* by John O'Callaghan.

It was during this time when I went through my personal spiritual battle. Being self-aware from the start, I was told at the beginning this would be much more than the typical spiritual battle because I had to dive deeper into hell than anyone else if I was to prove my character worthy of the treasure I sought. Everyone else who'd tried had either been corrupted, died or lost forever in insanity. This is a battle of reality, not logic, and only anyone who has gone through this spiritual battle themselves can possibly have any idea of what's involved. It is the journey into complete insanity, pain and suffering. No wonder it's called the hero's journey. It's the toughest training through all history. Now I understood what was meant all the way back when I was told my journey would be like Jason and the Argonauts, far beyond the known physical world.

The pain was so intense that I realise there is a critical point in everyone's tolerance to pain and suffering where reality fractures as it's the only way to escape the pain. This is the medical diagnosis most refer to a schizophrenia and/or Alzheimer's. There was a time when my reality kept changing in the blink of an eye and this is another form of lost in space. Like I say, in the game of reality there is a point where there's not even any gravity to get a sense of direction which way is up or down.

At the start of my spiritual journey, I didn't believe in either God or the Devil, but now I'd personally met and experienced both and so nobody, but nobody, can tell me these supernatural forces aren't real and who they really are. When I came face to face with the Devil, he offered me instant freedom from pain and suffering if I just followed him and stopped resisting, promising wealth and power beyond imagination. But he couldn't offer me the one thing I sought the most, no matter how much he tried to trick and deceive me. When I turned him down, he ramped up the game of reality to a whole new level to try and destroy me. One of the most convincing deceptions I was given was that I was the problem with the world and if I was truly noble then the best way to save the world was to kill myself. I was playing a game that was too big for me, a game involving changing the reality of the entire world. I'd gotten something wrong somewhere along my journey and was now leading the world in the polar opposite direction to the one I thought, to hell and not to heaven. So, the best and most noble way to do good in the world was to kill myself. I can't explain to anyone when the stakes are this high how heavy the burden was to carry. I'd began my journey with such noble intentions and now I had gotten everything so wrong and it was me who was the world's greatest danger and criminal. I became suicidal for quite a long time, living on the every edge.

It was at this time that my journey mapping out consciousness involved not only descending into hell, but exploring yet another spiritual frontier experientially. This resulted in my Near Death Experience (NDE), when I died, crossed over to the other side, and came back. I experienced for myself that what we call death isn't death but simply rebirth. I have to be careful what I say here, but after spending so much time in excruciating pain, suffering in hell, this really did feel like heaven. I was shown more spiritual treasure beyond imagination at this time: there is incredible wisdom in the design of this part of life and a distinct path between "worlds" for very specific reasons. I was shown that the opening up of this frontier is a double-edged sword for humanity with off the charts consequences and so it must be mapped out and communicated to the world with absolute precision. I would later use this wisdom to give my Mum her last rights when she passed away in January 2019, ensuring she took the spiritual rather than religious portal into the afterlife. She would show me a couple of days after passing over that she'd passed through the spiritual portal, appearing to me to give me a message that would completely change my life.

After coming through my personal spiritual battle between God and the Devil, I wondered if I was beyond repair, suffering from the worst form of shell shock. It was then that God gave me some spiritual medicine and reward equal to the journey I'd just taken, reward beyond all the physical treasures combined on earth: some of the codes to the Book of Revelation. I needed this as spiritual medicine as I was so damaged.

Along my journey back up from spiritual hell to physical hell I distinctly remember crossing through the border of the spiritual and physical worlds again. It was at the border I was shown that the worst form of hell in the physical world was a woman losing her young child. I'll never forget what this experience felt like.

The world's population are at present only about 4% conscious, not even fully conscious of the power of their thoughts and emotions, while the current borders and boundaries of the physical world is the subconscious. I could now recognise and see what science calls the superconsciousness and what religion calls the supernatural world. My consciousness had been expanded from the physical to the spiritual world even further than before and I could recognise and clearly see the *Matrix*. In exactly the same way that the computer digital world was constructed of the binary code of 0 and 1, so was our world constructed of the binary code of love and fear, + and -, of God (good) and the Devil (evil). It was this binary code that created the physical world which was simply the cloak pulled over the spiritual, digital virtual reality world. The best way to describe it to the ordinary person would be to say that it was like I could read the code in *The Matrix* movie.

My personal spiritual battle lasted between 2006 and 2011. During this time, I'd dived deeper into hell than anyone else, battling my own personal inner demons, my greatest fears, in order for:

- God and myself to test my character and for me to find out who I really was;
- Map out consciousness (reality);
- Discover some more of the spiritual treasure I was seeking.

I was totally shredded and exhausted. It felt like I'd summited Mt. Everest multiple times but never actually reached the summit at all because I knew there was still so much more to explore and discover. However, I now had a view of the world that certainly felt like it was from the top of Mt. Everest. I could see a truly extraordinary view of the world. "It is not the mountain we conquer, but ourselves." – Sir Edmund Hillary. It was now time to begin the next phase of my journey.

I then started to address all the world's problems. All my spiritual training had led me to the challenge in front of me now. In order to solve all the world's problems, I now had to battle all the fears and demons. If my own personal battle had been excruciating, I'd later realise I still had still had no idea what the word truly meant. From around 2012 till 2024 I embarked on yet another journey into another form of hell. While diving into all the world's fears (demons, sins) I felt the extreme pain and suffering all over again. It really did feel like 10+ years of crucifixion, that took me to the edge so many times. My body felt like it was being cut with a thousand knives from the inside out. My reality was a state of permanent pain and suffering beyond imagination. It was nothing short of complete crucifixion. Every day I wake up and from dawn to dusk all I do and know is diving into every problem there is in the world. I was in a spiritual war with the entire world. To find out all its sins (fears and demons)

I had to feel them all experientially in order to truly understand them to the core and learn how to solve/heal them.

In the meantime, through my own journey deeper into hell than anyone else, I'd mapped out the path to hell and back and so now knew exactly where Mum was caught in her mental hell. From my own personal experience I had now advanced all of psychology by understanding:

- The supernatural forces of love and fear are the strongest creators of our reality. 100% love & 0% fear = heaven, 50% love & 50% fear = normal physical reality, and 0% love & 100% fear = hell, and every variation in between. When we go through a critical drop in love, either progressively over time or suddenly, our reality fractures accordingly;
- We are not merely rational physical beings, but emotional spiritual beings. Therefore, mental health is actually emotional health, and the cure to all mental health is love, finding the right love medicine that'll heal a person's sickness;
- Everyone doesn't live in a single physical reality, but we each live in our own relative reality. In other words, every person's reality is real. That's the whole nature of reality. Dismissing a person's reality as unreal is actually driving them further into hell, giving them fear not love. This is what current psychologists do to their patients;
- Mental health isn't a chemical sickness of the brain, but a journey of consciousness. Once you find out where a person is on the map of consciousness, you can communicate to them in their relative reality in the love language of their understanding. Once you've found them and show them you have then you will have built the necessary trust and love to guide them out of this hell.

I also had the medicine that could cure all mental health: Cognitive Behavioural Therapy Plus (CBT+).

I knew the medicine Mum needed was love, more specifically the love of her two grandchildren, Catherine's two children, Michael and Georgia. Meanwhile, Mum associated me with too much pain as I was the one who had been with her through her suffering. It was during these times she'd found peace and love in her memories of the old days, with Catherine and William, who were untainted from the pain and suffering of her breakdown years as they simply hadn't been there, they'd deserted her. Instead of being able to see that my love was the real love in the present while they had deserted her in her time of need, she could only see them in the perfect light of her memories and so believed it was their love, not mine, she preferred. After her grandchildren and my siblings, I was the bottom of the list, being demonised every time I tried to help her.

However, it was as clear as day that the thing that was causing Mum the most torment was that she was not only not allowed to have her grandchildren in her life, but she'd never even seen them. Mum had a breakdown while catching the bus one day when

a group of school children jumped on board thinking they could have been Michael and Georgia but she wouldn't even be able to recognise them. She was living in psychological torture every day.

I knew that being given the love of her grandchildren was the cure to Mum's "mental" illness. But this simple medicine that would cure Mum was impossible for me to get for her. Catherine was one of the most devout Capitalists there is in the world and so thought I'd fallen mentally ill myself by giving up my perfect dream life in the corporate world. I had absolutely zero credibility in her eyes. Meanwhile, Catherine still felt nothing but pain from Mum and refused to let Mum anywhere near her children believing that somehow Mum's mental illness was contagious and all Mum would do is cause her children the same pain she felt.

To cut a long story short, in October 2018 Mum collapsed into hell that led to a complete mental breakdown that required hospitalisation. I got back in touch with my sister after well over a decade and argued with my sister to simply let Mum see her grandchildren, but she refused. The psychologists at the hospital recommended electroconvulsive therapy (ECT). ECT is a treatment that involves sending an electric current through your brain, causing a brief surge of electrical activity within your brain (also known as a seizure). Basically, it's a form of lobotomy. I was powerless. What did I know versus the expert psychologists and all my sisters' friends were doctors who agreed.

But before they could give Mum the lobotomy, the ECT, she stopped eating and wanted to die. The pain was too great. She asked us to put her out of her pain and stopped eating and drinking so she would kill herself. It was then that I finally convinced Catherine to simply let her see her granddaughter. Catherine still refused but only relented when her husband and daughter insisted. Mum started drinking and eating again as soon as she saw Georgia. I told Catherine this was her promise to Mum to let her grandchildren back into her life and Mum would fight through hell to get back. As soon as Mum got back to a basic level of health, they lobotomised her despite my protests. The expert doctors were in control according to the law.

After walking through the fires of hell, Mum returned to what was medically called "normal health" at the end of 2018. I told Catherine that we had our old Mum back, the one that would do anything and sacrifice everything for us. She'd just proven that by walking through the fires of hell and back for her grandchildren. Catherine responded by driving Mum back into hell. She reneged on her promise to Mum. Everything that Catherine said for the entire time she was back in our lives was a lie. Instead, she didn't let Mum anywhere near her grandchildren but instead weaponised them against Mum to gain absolute power and control over her. She got Mum to sign her as EPA, executive power of attorney, and robbed me of all power to care for Mum the way I wanted. Catherine is in the top 0.1% of wealth in New Zealand living the life of absolute luxury and yet she put Mum into abject poverty and further

psychologically destroyed her by telling her she had to repay a \$4,000 debt within the next year while on her superannuation benefit. Mum had \$400,000 equity in her house but Catherine refused to give Mum her house back and kept it in her name, robbing Mum of her home and keeping her under the severe pressure of debt. I was at war with my sister, but was absolutely powerless. I was absolutely broke at the time myself due to the total sacrifices I had made for the project I was working on while my Catherine was in the elite class of wealth not only in Tauranga, but in New Zealand being a multi-millionaire living the life of absolute luxury and social status. I experienced then just how capitalist all of society was. It was not governed by morality but money. I was at war with my sister, but she held absolute power over both Mum and myself. I was told by God I was not only fighting Catherine but the entire system. I was in hell myself and being tested beyond all previous imagination.

I threatened to go to the police to expose Catherine's robbery of Mum's house. Next day, the police turned up at my mother's house, where I was staying at the time. Catherine had laid a complaint that I had threatened her and her family with serious violence and she feared for her life. She said I held firearms and felt I would kill her family. She told them she felt I was the most dangerous psychotic person in the country on par with New Zealand's Christchurch mass murderer. I felt the full experience of how the capitalist justice system automatically judges the rich innocent and the poor guilty.

In 2019 Catherine had robbed Mum even of her most basic human right to free will. Mum gave up after being driven back into hell, this time by her own daughter. Mum got terminal brain cancer in October 2018. Catherine then allowed Mum to finally see her grandchildren. I was watching a horror show with my sister being the psychotic murderer of our own mother, and expertly using the law, that was supposed to protect Mum, as her murder weapon. Mum died January 2019. Catherine was due to fly out to the USA on a ski trip and so postponed the funeral for around five weeks as this was more important than Mum.

I experienced and learnt in the most painful way possible the capitalist murder model, how they murder people legally: remove all free will and psychologically drive them into hell using the law as their murder weapon. I was driven deep into hell myself during this time having to watch in a completely powerless state as my sister murdered my mother right in front of me and got away with it. This hell continued for years after as my sister continued to deny my mother her free will even in death by not honouring her Will and allowing me to act as co-Trustee of her Estate and Will. Catherine illegally withheld Mum's Will from me, despite all protestations after she died. Every time I would ask her, Catherine's husband, David, would launch a personal attack saying all I was interested in was the inheritance money. I soon learnt Catherine's real reason was so she held total power and control at the funeral, not allowing me to speak, while telling all her friends there to support her how she'd been the perfect daughter and I had been the one who had deserted Mum. Catherine, the psychopath who'd

murdered her own mother, collected Mum's inheritance and continued with her "perfect" life in the elite financial and social of society, the capitalist imperial "moral" class, being the perfect role model of a person and family. While I knew the truth: absolutely everything about her was a lie. The only thing to ease my horrific pain was God telling me I was not just fighting my sister but the entire system, and our family story was so powerful that it would eventually serve to help change the world.

On 24 March 2019 I felt justice served, not by myself but from above, by both God and our father, Trevor de Cleene. 24 March is a very specific date, being our father's birthday. It was on 24 March 2019 I received the guilty verdicts for Catherine Chrisp (de Cleene), and her husband David Chrisp. Both were found guilty of the robbery, psychological torture and murder of Gwenda Elliston. Catherine, with David as her willing accomplice, had weaponised Mum's love for her grandchildren, and for Catherine herself, and used it to gain dictatorial power and control over her, leading to the horror show that unfolded before my eyes, with myself being powerless to do anything at the time. I was forced to watch powerlessly to let the story unfold. Mum died of a broken heart, with the brain tumour being the result of the totally unnecessary ECT treatment. I was told that it was critical that this judgement was handed out by an independent party, being none other than God, the *Source*, and our father, who had dedicated his entire career and life to the justice system. Catherine would go down in history as being judged for her crimes directly by God Himself, along with her own father.

In total, between 2002 to 2024, for 22 years, I have been one on one with God. This was 5 years of wonder beyond imagination and 16 years of slaughter and crucifixion beyond imagination. During this time, I had to sacrifice my lifestyle, all family and friends, everything material, and my very sanity to show and prove my character and what treasure I valued most. As Joseph Campbell would say, I was on my hero's journey deep into the spiritual reality of life, where the real (physical) world and the dream (spiritual/virtual reality) world become one. This is the exploration of inner space which is as vast as outer space. One literally has to learn to pilot their way through inner space of the spiritual reality of life with the same precision as an astronaut in outer space. It is so highly dangerous and one can easily get "lost in space", which is what happens when your reality gets so destroyed that you go insane.

A well-known example of a great philosopher, being one who questions reality, who had this happen to themselves while exploring reality (inner space) was Friedrich Nietzsche. He tried to reach out beyond known reality, the subconsciousness, in search of the superconsciousness and got lost in space, went insane, as the result. To see the Matrix requires everyone to become a philosopher, one who questions reality, and take the hero's journey. An excellent summary of this journey is found by clicking on the following link to the YouTube video titled:

The Matrix Explained – A Guide to Freeing Your Mind
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=SDkAGkd4NLc&t=289s>

Along my journey I've discovered that every religion serves to create a civilization and the single goal of that civilization is to seek out and discover the path from man to god. This is the promise made to man by God in every religion. Not only that, but the search for this mythical treasure will be the cause of the next world war and the goal of the civilization that follows. History is strewn with wars, especially world wars, that have been fought in search of this treasure and pathway. History still hasn't written the real cause of World War 2 yet and until such time it does history will repeat itself, which is the cycle of world history we're in now.

History is written by the winners and since the Allies won the war, history has written that it was a political war, with Hitler being the most evil man on earth. But if this was true and evil was conquered, how did another world war, the Cold War, start only a year after "evil" had been defeated? The truth is that Hitler was fighting a spiritual, not political, war. He believed that he and his Nazi Party had found the secret path to the *Übermensch* and that the Germans were the Aryan superior master race, with all others being the "inferior humans" (*Untermenschen*) who should be dominated and enslaved. We must awaken to this true version of history in order to recognise the next world war unfolding because evil hasn't been defeated at all, it still resides within all of mankind and is growing to whole new levels of power in the world.

9. The World is Entering Truly Biblical Times

For those who have the eyes to see, the world is entering into truly extraordinary times, Biblical times. Socialism, the world order since the end of World War 2, is world government based upon the belief in equality for the purpose of maximising equality. This world order, our current world order, is now completely morally corrupt and broken. Both the liberal form of socialism, democracy, and the conservative form, "communism", have proven themselves to be 100% unsustainable. After less than a century of this experiment in world government, the measure of how completely corrupt the current world order has become can be measured simply by the world currently heading in the polar opposite direction: exponential inequality.

The current world order is in a controlled demolition and very soon, in 2024, the softest generation in history will have to face the hardest times in history. Fear and panic will grip the world as chaos explodes. The next global pandemic will not be biological, but psychological. The World Economic Forum (WEF), whose members are the world's richest and most powerful private sector Capitalists, and the United Nations (UN) have formed a coalition government in order to implement *The 2030 Great Reset*, also known as *Agenda 21/30*. Essentially, the UN has become the political implementation arm of the WEF. Governments around the world are now covertly implementing this plan/agenda that has the over vision of: "You will own nothing [not even yourself] and be happy". This goal is beyond Orwellian in nature.

Our political leaders and their governments all around the world have been corrupted and captured by the private sector, now serving covert private interests not the public. Democracy is now an empty masquerade, an empty shell, in order to keep up appearances so that the people go along with the controlled demolition. While the public goals of *The 2030 Great Reset, Agenda 21/30*, are to create a better world for all, it is actually the implementation of a new world order, a new world order that has Capitalism as its religion, form of government and way of business. This will result in the "fittest" one percent holding absolute power over the remaining 99% of the population. It is the implementation of a new totalitarian world order that will own and operate the people even beyond that depicted in George Orwell's *1984*. Its purpose is to usher in hell on earth, but it'll sell it to the people as ushering in heaven on earth. They are covertly creating the worst period of time in human history, truly Biblical times, so that the people will break and end up begging for a Big Brother government to restore order to the chaos. This is how the vision of "You will own nothing and be happy" is fulfilled. Capitalism's true form of government is not the utopian free market, but a Big Brother authoritarian government beyond current imagination.

Science is full of 2030 critical deadlines. Climate change is the greatest global threat through all of history. The United Nations' International Panel of Climate Change (IPCC) states that 2030 is the deadline for humanity to avoid cataclysmic climate change. Beyond 2030, a series of natural chain reactions will mean that the world experiences runaway climate change that will destroy all life as we know it on the planet. The current world government plan of Net Zero 2050 is nothing but an empty con: how to appear to be doing something when actually doing nothing.

In addition to this, in 2030 science will reach the tipping point of the technologies of:

- Artificial Intelligence (AI): the god-like mind;
- Genetic Engineering (GE): the god-like body.

This will give those in power the god-like powers of holding absolute power, not only over the entire global population, but over the process of evolution itself! This technology operating through the scientific theory of evolution, "survival of the fittest" must and can only result in the destruction of the human race as we know it. "Power corrupts and absolute power corrupts absolutely." Our technology will surpass humanity and so it will be used to destroy the human race as we know it. Transhumanism is coming in 2030. Transhumanism is unavoidable, the only question is: what form of transhumanism? The world will have two choices in 2030:

1. The Great Reset – the merging of humans and machines, having our reality controlled by the one percent in power;
2. The Great Awakening – awakening to the spiritual, the virtual, reality of life.

A superb video explaining this in simple terms is the YouTube video:

Human 2.0 – Spiritual Warfare is Upon Us

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=acQSRBCPExc&t=243s>

10. The Beginning of the Rollout Phase at the Very Beginning of the Tribulation

Paradoxically, since meeting God it's been a hell of a ride for sure. I feel like a lamb to the slaughter, but have been given the gift of sight into all the world's religions and philosophies. I've been in a spiritual war zone for over 20 years now and am a battle-hardened soldier that has suffered severe shell shock on a regular basis. I'm pretty shattered and broken at the moment - physically, mentally, emotionally and financially. To be given and write Godzone Plan in order to help guide the world through the Tribulation and then ultimately heal the world I've had to face and feel the world's combined sin (fear), including original sin, sin (fear) on the spiritual level of power.

In effect, I've had to live through the Tribulation, including World War 3, before it even happens so that when it happens I can be a guide who has been there before. This means being shown, having to feel it and understand it on a spiritual level, and then find a path forward. This has been nothing short of excruciating. You might say I've been crucified and slaughtered to pay the price for all of humanity's sin in order to help heal original sin. This is a concept far beyond the physical reality of life.

What doesn't kill you makes you stronger, right? If ignorance is bliss then I'm pretty damn wrecked, smashed up and burnt out right now, aching all over. However, I've made it through this far and it's time for the next phase of my journey, and the global plan I've been given/developed.

With global events ticking over synchronistically, it's now time to begin of the roll out phase of my project and I've developed/been given a distinct business model to begin rolling it out. It's an intuitive business model and I'm sure if you've found *The Oracle* you'll tap into it, feel it and understand it to the level you're ready to. It's a model that ensures that absolutely everybody that finds *The Oracle* has access to *The Oracle*, no matter who and where they are, no matter what language they speak and what their financial position is, while at the same time providing the necessary funding required to get me back on my feet again and then kick on to the next phase of the plan. I've been shown that the path to heaven and eternal life is through hell, such is the wisdom of God.

In 2025, the year that the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse begin to ride, so it's time for the world to start being given the message I've been given. It's time to start waking up the world and giving them the spiritual cure to all fear, pain and suffering in the world: the laws of unconditional love, love without fear, love with the power to heal all fear, pain and suffering. It's also finally time to start sending out my call for my girl I met in the stars after what seems like more than a lifetime ago now: my Miss Universe, my Twin Soul. After living in a "cave" and being one on one with God since 2002, surviving on a welfare benefit since I left a "perfect life" that had all that most

people could dream of, it'd be great to start getting a life back that exists outside of my cave. Hopefully, God willing, it's also time to start having friends again and building a team and network of fellow awakened dreamers. There's so much work that needs to be done. I'm looking for relationships that can help heal my wounds, charge me up and be lifetime friends while joining me on my mission to create a love story that helps wake up and save the world.

All my work will be published and released under *The Oracle* brand. All marketing, sales and distribution of *The Oracle* scripture will be done through the website www.theoracle.quest



The production, sales, marketing and distribution of *The Oracle* scripture will be done through the legal entity *Sourcecode Trust*. The *Sourcecode Trust Deed* contains our mission and legal organisational structure.



As previously said, after being raised by a father who helped save an entire country when it was facing its darkest hour, on the verge of collapse, it's time for me to take my next extraordinary career step: helping to save the world as it approaches its darkest hour, when it's on the verge of total collapse.

And to HER I say this: I know who you are in terms of purpose and destiny, and the responsibility you carry. I know our love story is divinely created. I will prepare the way for you. Our destiny is written in the stars and so I'll do whatever it takes to honour you, to learn and understand the true value of our love, and to show the world what a love story written in the stars looks like. Together we'll show the world God's, *The Source's*, evolutionary "spiritual love model" that's powered by the laws of unconditional love. Knowing what we share means I live every moment with a double-edged sword piercing my heart, but I know we'll find each other. I've seen it. Jusque là ...

Pera menona
Infane lia
Doven anore
Misere mani
I will look in the sky
I will search for the sun
Who'll tell us all about
Where we'll be tomorrow

I will read all the books
Of many continents
To tell you all about
The legends of the past
I will wait for the sun
On top of the world
To tell you all about
The beauty of the light
If you look inside your soul
The world'll open to your eyes
You'll see
Pera menora infano lia
Misere mani
Doven anore infane lia
Misere manio
Doven anore infane lia
Misero omane
I will stand in the rain
Hoping sun will come through
Then I'll see the colours of a misty rainbow
I'll stay up in the night
Looking on shooting stars
To tell you how magic
Is the all universe
If you look inside your soul
The world'll open to your eyes
You'll see
Pera menora infano lia
Misere mani
Doven anore infane lia
Misere manio
Doven anore infane lia
Misero omane
Pera menora infano lia
You'll see
Doven anore
Misere mani
I will wait for the sun
On top of the world
To tell you all about
The beauty of the light
I'll stay up in the night
Looking on shooting stars

Doven anore
Infane lia misere manio
Doven anore
Infane lia misero omane
I will look in the sky
I will search for the sun
I will wait for the sun
On top of the world
I will look in the sky
Of the world, of the world

May *The Source* be with you ... always!