

TSEYOR'S HOLISTIC COURSE

INTRODUCTION TO TSEYOR'S PHILOSOPHY



YOU CAME FROM THE STARS, DO YOU REMEMBER?



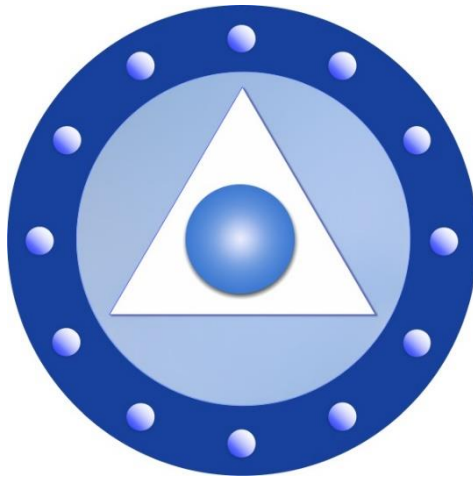
TSEYOR CENTER FOR SOCIAL CULTURAL STUDIES
UNIVERSITY OF GRANADA (UTG)
TSEYOR HARMONIC WORLD

fourth version

TSEYOR'S HOLISTIC COURSE

You came from the stars, do you remember?

Introduction to Tseyor's philosophy



TSEYOR LIBRARY

TSEYOR´S HOLISTIC COURSE (4ª version)

You came from the stars, do you remember?

Introduction to Tseyor´s philosophy

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Therefore, in my group's knowledge and in our philosophy no demand is made, nothing is intended, no objectives are pursued. The only objective that is pursued, if there is any, is to inform. And therein lies the most direct function of our informative process: to inform. And how can we inform properly? Without concealment, without repressive measures, only with words, with the kindness of our actions and with a lot of patience. Additionally, the essential part of all this lies in the simplicity.

Noiwanak (Comm. 1076)

This book can serve as a wildcard for all those who, for various reasons, mainly due to the density of this 3D world, its haste, its crises, its problems, and a long etcetera, do not have or cannot have the necessary time to stop on the way and reflect.

In the past, things went slower, people, stopped on their own way in their own lives to reflect. They enjoyed nature in a very simple way, observing the animals, the birds, the sky, the mountains... and they imaginatively melted into their own world.

And from there they underwent a change, without any doubt they reached the Ich, unconsciously, but they reached it, because they worked on interiority, on internalization of themselves, valuing very much what the world around them meant, that is why they respected it. And that is why nature also respected them.

Rasbek (Comm. August 30th, 2021)

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Prologue

We present below the fourth version of the Tseyor's Holistic Course, a versatile work that adapts to each circumstance and increasingly expands its information.

Now it is a story that consists of stories, that of a cosmic character, Leiv-Lha, and her successive incarnations on the planet Earth, to assist humanity's evolution.

Each chapter is the result of an experience on the self-discovery path, following the 7 steps of the protection Mantra. At the same time, we are going through the circumstances of the development of consciousness in our world.

It is a story in which only the most decisive moments of wandering of this admirable being, always with the longing for his awakening with the aim of being involved in helping others. Although not they always achieved their life's purpose; when this happens, they project a new appearance to fulfill their unfinished work.

The writing has been done under the inspiration of our brother En Paro Creativo La Pm, with the advice

of the team The Twelve of the Course, and the tutelage of our elder brothers Noiwanak and Rasbek.

It is a work that can be read like a novel of transcendental adventures, and it can also serve as for delivering of holistic courses such as a Work Manual.

In a simple and entertaining way the aspects of Tseyor's Philosophy are presented including the wisdom of the perennial, which can be extended with the rest of the works on the Tseyor Library.

Additionally, depending on the situation it can be useful consulting Glosario terminológico de Tseyor and your reading can be further complemented with Our Star Guides that is available in English on Tseyor's Library free of charge. The books Cuentos de Tseyor and Meditaciones y Talleres de los Hermanos Mayores also provide parallel stories and some very interesting exercises that may be useful to contribute to our self-realization.

The whole story begins and ends in the same moment of Leiv-Lha's wanderings on this planet; at a decisive moment in her life experience; a circuit that is projected from the world of causes and it is traversed by going around the inner and outside world.

PRELIMINARY

It was just an instant. A flash of light, a bright white light flooded the whole room. Everything was transparent around me. The furniture little by little faded away, the bed where I was lying down had disappeared. It was then that I realized that I was floating.

The walls were turning into a universe full of stars. I felt a great silence, an inner peace flooded me, something that I had never felt before since in recent years it had been truncated because of my illness.

In the distance I begin to make out several human forms, but there is one that is behind the others and I see it differently.

My body begins to become more visible, but it is not the same one that was resting on that bed, it is younger. It reminds me of those years when my health and my strength were still with me.

It's all gone now...

I see myself immersed in a deep universe full of stars, galaxies, and planets. It is so immense that

feelings of smallness come to me, but at the same time I feel one in that immensity. I am one with all.

Those silhouettes are approaching. I can already recognize my mother and my grandmother who also left years ago, because of their illnesses.

They look radiant, happy. We embrace each other in a fusion, unknown to me until that moment. It is as if our bodies were one. There are no tears in this reunion, there is so much peace and so much joy.

Without even noticing, my surroundings changes and a scene of nature begins to be drawn, surrounded by green valleys and big trees. A radiant sun, birds singing; a gentle breeze that makes me close my eyes and feel the moment that surrounds me.

When I open my eyes, I see that silhouette in front of me that seemed different to me. Now I can see it more clearly.

I am struck by her wide smile. She doesn't move, she stares at me, she seems to be waiting for me to feel ready to come closer. She has very white skin and very short reddish hair, but with small curls. Her face is round, and she has big eyes.

With a small nod I let her know that I am ready. That is when she comes closer.

“Welcome. We have been waiting for you.”

Her voice was soft and conveyed a lot of peace, tranquility and a feeling made me feel that this voice was familiar. I had heard it before.

“Where am I?” I asked her.

Her smile became more accentuated. She was waiting for me to ask her that question.

“You are on Tseyor's Interdimensional Spacecraft.”

Again, there was a strong glow, and in a few seconds, I saw my life passing by as if it were a movie, at high speed. In just a few seconds I remembered a whole life again, I could even feel what I lived in each moment. It was so fast that from me only a sigh, a breath could come out... but there was more.

It really was a movie. I could see how I was playing a role. I was the main character of a movie, the movie of a terrestrial life on a planet called Earth. But that person... was not really me.



My name is Leiv-Lha. I am Muul-Lak, I belong to the Confederation of Inhabited Worlds of the Galaxy. I am a woman, and my planet is in Alpha Centauri, albeit I really reside in a multitude of worlds at the same time, through my replicas. That is why I feel part of everything and nothing at the same time.

It all seems like a dream; a whole life remains in an instant...

Here, on my planet everything remains the same, time has hardly passed. I am now aware of the task I have come to do on the beautiful blue planet, although I was not able to accomplish my goals, I was not able to remember who I really was and I plunged into obscurantism, in belongings, and in attachment.

I was a prisoner in my golden prison with all the comforts that the material world could offer me, but

that really wasn't my goal. I did not know how to straighten out my world and get it to focus on spirituality.

I felt the "call" on several occasions. Something inside myself told me that there was more, that what I was living was not real, but I let it go. That imaginary train left without me.

Now that I am in the real world, I can perceive my replicas. I am aware of the different roles I am playing in different worlds, in different universes, even though everything is taking place in an eternal present... everything is here and now.

Maybe these memories, these experiences that I live, can help others to understand to some extent the reason of our existence in a certain time and place.

Maybe my story can accompany others, in that marvelous journey that is the discovery of oneself, the discovery of Man by Man himself.

1. BEH

In the World of Eternal Youth

It all started the moment I wanted to experience the three-dimensional world, by invitation of little Christian, as we lovingly call him. I felt such a deep call, that doubt had no place inside me.

It was a small step, which marked the beginning of a new path, the Beh. A path that will lead us to forget of ourselves and the reunion with ourselves.

The day had dawned differently, in the atmosphere it felt like something special was going to happen.

We were talking about our experiences under a large chestnut tree. I couldn't stop smiling, as I looked across at a sister who was sitting near me.

On the Tseyor's Interdimensional Spacecraft, that ship that has been created with plasma to house all the Tseyorians, I saw my mother again.

As I fixed my gaze on her, her features gradually changed, her body became more transparent, giving way to her real presence, until I could see that sister.

She had played a role as well. This time, as my mother, so that when we looked at each other, we remembered situations we had experienced in the third dimension, and we couldn't stop smiling. Now, all those situations looked different.

Mary and Magda were telling their adventures, the rest of us smiled as we listened attentively. I felt the gentle breeze on my face, their voices invited me to close my eyes and my imagination flew with their words.

Magda was recounting one of her adventures, when her gaze was lost in the distance, her voice slowed down and her words paused the narration...

We all felt his presence. Little Christian, a being of a great vibration, tremendously powerful, was coming towards us. It was then that he offered us the possibility of living a new adventure. All of us present volunteered.

In the distance we heard a voice, we turned and saw Joseph approaching us. He also volunteered. He was late again; we were all smiling.

They formed a triad, Mary, Magda, and Joseph, and together they lived different "adventures", interpreting different roles that served them to gain experience, and to reach small degrees of vibration.

I knew that it was not going to be easy; that the day would come when I would not remember anything, I would forget my origins and that I was going to play different roles throughout different lives.

But I could not pass up being a part of this Great Cosmic Experiment. An experiment in which it could be verified, with a small breath of spirit, that it would be possible to transcend matter, the detachment from material roots; in short, the awakening of consciousness.

It seems like only yesterday that I was embarking on that great interplanetary spacecraft that would take me to my new home.

We were thousands of Atlantean beings, Beings that think that they think, just as we are recognized throughout the Universe, and we were ready to live some unique moments. The whole Cosmos was

expectant, it was the beginning of a Great Cosmic Adventure.

I remember my first moments on the spacecraft. Everything was taken care of, down to the smallest detail.

Its crew consisted of a multitude of beings from all over the Cosmos. Part of that crew, Atlantis, knew perfectly well what it had to be done, as it was not the first time they had made this kind of trip.

I was very struck by these beings from the planet Atlantis. There were no emotions in them, they were practically intellectual. That is why when we tried to make some kind of joke, looking for their reaction, we never got a smile from them.

As I passed by one of the rooms I felt a special presence. It caught my attention, so I didn't hesitate to turn around and peek out.

There she was: with her body of great stature and slender limbs, golden skin, she was moving around the room in an agile and unhurried manner. She was in charge of directing these trips, so she was quite busy finalizing details.

I could not stop looking at her, her energy attracted me. At that moment I was grabbed by the arm to go ahead. By laughing, they reminded me again how curious I was.

Everything was ready for the journey, so we were gathered in a large central hall.

Suspended in the air of the room was a seal of enormous proportions. I don't know how long I spent looking at it, but its light, its colors and its geometric shapes comforted and embraced me; then I realized that it was the same seal that could be seen in the lower part of the spacecraft.

It was then that I felt that presence again. With her appearance, all the rumors that flooded the great hall fell silent.

“Beloved ones: I am Noiwanak.”

With that very special energy, the "Time Traveler" the meaning of her name, gave us a welcoming message; thanking us for the step we were taking, and she insisted on several occasions that we should always remember that we came from the stars.

Although at first, I did not understand her insistence with time I did come to understand it, as I forgot where I really came from.

Next destination: Mesopotamia.

2. SAYAB

My arrival to the Beautiful Blue Planet

In the distance, the interplanetary spacecraft was vanishing on the horizon.

All around us, life was full of life. The nature surrounded us with sounds, smells, and colors.

Within a few hours our new home was suitable for life. Although we were beings that were co-creators, since we could create with our thoughts whatever we needed; we decided to merge with nature itself, adapting ourselves and taking advantage of everything it offered us.

Unlike how life is currently on planet Earth, there was no need to get together to create a work plan, protocols or maintain long discussion meetings to agree on what we were going to do.

Everything flowed through thought, as we were able to "drink" from that source that lies in the world of ideas and to capture, in this three-dimensional world, whatever we needed.

I am talking about a society, the one we were forming at that time, in which there was no pyramidal structure, and in which we were all equal, with the same rights and obligations.

Brotherhood, Humility, Love for all and everything around us, the Unity without fissures, the lack of judgments, detachment, the thoughts set onto others, self-observation from instant to instant... these were our pillars, and our societies were built upon them. I am talking about the so-called Harmonic Societies.

Based on exchange, with the thought set on what I can do for others, everything was revolving around for the benefit of all.

In that way our societies endured, and they endure in other planets, in time. This is one of the aims of the project on this beautiful blue planet, to set-up the so-called Harmonic Societies.

We always knew, the need of any of us because we were taking care of it, so before a brother required it, he was offered what he needed.

Imagine a society where its inhabitants move fluidly, as if they were floating, with an eternal smile drawn on their faces, with no need to use a particular language, since the telepathy is their way of communication; where each one knows what they must do, and everything is done to benefit society and all its members.

It was a time of great development in all senses. But, as time went on many of those who arrived had to leave again to other worlds, to continue their evolution, due to the vibrational change they were experiencing.

Others in spite of knowing this fact decided to stay in order to keep the flame of spirituality alive.

A series of groups were created that would travel around the terrestrial geography, with the purpose of setting different places to the needs of that Great Experiment. I could not miss any of those groups, so I volunteered, and we left for a new location, what is now known as Sinaloa, Mexico. Specifically, Mazatlán.

There were twelve of us in that group, representing the Twelve Spheres of the Universe.

Spheres that make up in the Universe, a holographic multiverse, where the manifestation of everything is created. Each one of us with a certain profile.

Twelve are also the members of the Interdimensional Council of the Twelve.

In time, other civilizations would occupy those lands.

One of them, with a great knowledge in all matters, was known as the Men of Mazatlán, or in Mayan, Los Máak de Mazatlán, they were beings who stood out for their great knowledge in all subjects and for their reluctance to mixing with other cultures.

From my current point of view, in the real world or world of causes, I could see how my different replicas, which were being born and dying throughout the history of this civilization, were losing interest in the spiritual thinking; and the desire for the material was gaining ground.

We are talking about a 3D world, a world of great density, where little by little the Ego was emerging and taking position as its owner and lord.

One night, as a sign of the path that this civilization was taking, one of my replicas had an interesting encounter...



It was a starry night. I had been to Las Labradas, looking at the petroglyphs with my grandfather. His ancestors had participated in this selfless task, without expecting anything in return; leaving a legacy of knowledge that to this day no one has been able to decipher.

I was sitting on the shore watching the stars. My grandfather sat next to me. After a few minutes in silence, he whispered:

“You came from the Stars, do you remember?”

My heart began to pound. A tear streamed down my face.

“No, I don't remember.”

With his finger my grandfather began to draw letters in the sand. And with his serene voice he painted with words the ornaments that surrounded them:

“As a child, my father used to tell me stories that have been passed down from generation to generation, stories that have been forgotten, sometimes because of carelessness, and in other times because they thought they were a fantasy.

Under the light of each full moon our family used to gather on these beaches, and our elders would regale us with stories in the form of tales. Stories of beings from other planets, black race beings that came from the stars and who, at some point, were also living on these lands.

From right here where we are seated I have been able to see how great colored lights were coming in and out of these waters, which has given me the certainty that they are still among us.

Other beings, such as Los Máak de Mazatlán, dedicated themselves to engraving these petroglyphs so that they would last in time, and at a certain time it

would be possible to decipher the knowledge that has been described there.

I have looked up at the sky on many occasions and I have wondered why here, why in Mazatlán. I have tried to leave on many occasions, but something anchors me to this place. A land that was chosen to house an Initiating Temple, where the Council of the Wise resides, and which holds the keys to universal knowledge.

Have I ever closed my eyes and accompanied by the gentle swaying of the waves, I have been able to see silhouettes working these stones, making these engravings... to those Wise Men strolling along these beaches, even other beings from different times and morphologies getting lost in those waters, perhaps on their way to that temple.

He paused for a moment.

“We are not from here; this place does not belong to us.”

Silence surrounded us again, with our gaze and our thoughts absorbed in those waters. My grandfather went on:

“They kept talking to us about an infinite path, an eternal path; a spiral staircase that lifts us towards the recognition of who we really are. Every time I step away from reality, I write these words and remember the stories my father used to tell me.”

Because of that loss of recognition, because of the ego's intrusion into daily life, along with the greed, desire, supremacy, individualism... all this made the Great Logoi of the Universe decided to put planet Earth in a parenthesis, outside the real time of the Universe with one purpose: to make amends for our mistake, the mistake of the Being that Thinks that he Thinks, the Atlantean Error.

There those words were left in the sand, caressed by the gentle waves, and erased by a foam, that like sandcastles, they show us the temporality of everything in this three-dimensional world.

BEH - SAYAB - TSEEK - SUUT - KAT - OKSAH - ICH

That night changed my life. I felt the need to find answers, a "calling". And I threw myself into the search for the Truth.

My grandfather told me about a man who since childhood had a great knowledge about the Universe and our ancestors. He lived alone in a distant region and accepted few visitors... but I had to try!

Nakbé, Guatemala

It took me almost a year to get to that region. The journey had been an experience full of enriching encounters, although the one that surprised me the most was the one I had with myself.

One morning after several hours on the road, I became disoriented. After several minutes trying to find my way, I ended up sitting down in the middle of the road. It wasn't the first time I had done this, and the previous times it had worked.

It was a path lined with vegetation. You could only see that meandering thread of soil winding its way through the lush greenery made up of large trees and tall grasses. It was normal to feel the fluttering of insects and their bites.

Behind me a buzzing sound became persistent. I tried to push it away by moving my arms, but it was still there.

Not with much pleasure I turned around to see what was going on and found in front of me a large dragonfly.

It had a silvery-blue color, and its size was larger than any I had ever seen so far. Its flight was very smooth, it seemed to hover in the air and moved from side to side with little effort.

It flew a little way off; it flew through the dense vegetation and in an instant it reappeared. It was showing me a path.

After all the experiences I have had up to that moment I understood that everything was written and that nothing happened by chance. I remembered my grandfather's words when he told me about the symbolism of the dragonfly and its use as a vehicle for the extrapolation of thought, so I followed it.

It was only a few minutes, but it flew at such a high speed; appearing and disappearing from my sight that it made me feel that time was passing faster. It

accelerated its flight until it was lost behind a huge tree, so I hurriedly quickened my pace.

When I arrived what I found left me paralyzed: a huge spring, and hundreds of dragonflies above, which were of an infinite number of colors and shades. The sun's rays reflected on them and on the crystalline water, creating a spectacular mosaic of light and color. I needed to enjoy this beautiful landscape, so I decided to rest spending a few days there.

During the whole time I stayed there I had the company of the same dragonfly. It was different from the others, perhaps because it seemed to be larger or because of its colors, but it caught my attention much more, and besides, it was always close to me. I felt protected.

The last night I spent there was special. I went to wash my face, but when I saw myself reflected on the water I looked different. I stared at my eyes for a while, and I knew I was on the right path. There was something that had changed in me since I set out on my journey.

In that spring of light, in that Sayab I saw something that was inside me, something deeper. In that reflection I could recognize myself, although I did not really manage to understand the meaning.

The next morning, I set out on the road again. There remained those who were my companions during those days. There remained that spring. I could not explain what had changed in me, but I felt that I was not the same person anymore.

I was close to the end of my journey. From the top of a hill, I could see the city in the distance. Watching the sky, I could make out seven eagles flying around an area that was difficult-to-access, where there was a house. I had reached my destination.

It was a cobblestone mountain and difficult to access whose name is Muul as it is known in Mayan. The road became complicated, but I managed to get into the house and then the hard part began to get the old man whom my grandfather talked to me about, to agree to have a meeting with me.

After several sighs in front of his door, not only because of my nerves, but also because of the tiredness

and the effort made to get there, I approached it and saw that it was ajar. I opened it slowly, but the creaking of an old door has already taken care of giving notice that someone was coming in.

The house was practically empty. At the back there was another door that showed the shadow of a fire dance on the wall. As I entered, next to a small fire in the center, was him. He was sitting with his eyes closed.

Without saying a word, I sat down across from him and closed my eyes. I don't know how much time went by, but the place invited to recollection, to reflection, to inner silence. My body could not resist, I fell asleep. I saw myself lying on the floor next to the small bonfire. He was still sitting there. The colors in of the room were lighter, they were starting to become transparent. Was I dreaming?

As I turned around, the scenery changed and I saw myself in a large room, it was like a huge library. In the distance I could see an old man carrying books. I went over to help him.

“Do you need help?” I asked him.

“Of course, I was waiting for you” he said with a trembling voice.

I was shocked to hear his words.

“Come, take these books and let's put them in their place.”

Suddenly, I found myself in a smaller room full of books. Their titles were in gold color, but I couldn't make out the meaning.

“I'm looking for answers.” I spoke.

The old man began to laugh. “Look around you. You are surrounded by books, there are all the answers.”

“I don't understand those letters,” I replied.

“Ah, then you're not ready to receive answers.”

“I would like to know who I really am.”

The old man stopped, came closer to me and whispered to me in a less trembling voice:

“You are a curious microparticle.”

Everything around me changed again. I cannot clearly explain what happened next. I felt very small and at great speed I was passing from one side of a small point in space to the other. At that moment I seemed to understand everything.

In milliseconds I had at my disposal all the answers, but when I came back to this side, I could not remember anything. I was like that for a few moments, passing from one side to the other. Suddenly, I found myself back in that small room.

“What was that?” I exclaimed.

The old man laughed again. “You have gone looking for answers,” he laughed loudly.

I was very confused because I couldn't quite remember what had happened.

“Can you help me, please?”

The tone of the old man's voice changed again; it was no longer trembling.

“You have gone through the fractal. It is the smallest point that serves as a bridge between the real world and this world of manifestation. On the other

side is the real world, there you can find all the answers you are looking for.”

“How do I get back there?” I asked.

The old man started laughing again, as he picked up some books and left the room.

As I went after him, I suddenly woke up. I was startled on the floor of that room. There was no one, there was no fire. After searching through the inside the house, I could not find anyone.

I went back down the cobblestone mountain and asked the first person I met. A man who was passing by answered me, while trying to hold some kind of plant in his arms:

“It's been a long time since anyone lived in that house, the old man who lived there left this world years ago. I will always remember how much he laughed,” said the man as he walked away.

After thinking about it for a while, I went back to that house and ended up living there until the end of my days. I never saw him, nor did I have those kinds of dreams again if that was really just a dream.

3. TSEEK

Susan and her Quest for the Grail

“Come, follow me”.

The guide turned and entered through a small opening in the wall. The torch he was carrying did not light up enough to appreciate the details that decorated that narrow passageway. He moved with a light step, so I could not stop to observe.

I had spent a lot of time searching for the Holy Grail. Ever since I was a child, I had had recurring dreams and, by following those dreams, I managed to reach a small village, where its inhabitants jealously guarded the secret, protecting and guarding the relic.



I spent several days with them. I knew it was in that place, but they denied it over and over again.

One day, the oldest man in town sat next to us at dinner and listened to my story of how I had gotten there.

After I had finished my story, the attendants began to leave, leaving me alone with the old man and his companion. The next day they would take me to the place, where I could find what I was looking for.

The guide stopped, and with his torch he lit a smaller torch that was next to a wooden door.

“On the other side of this door is what you have come for. You will be alone for the next 21 days, that is when we'll come looking for you. Inside you have everything you need to subsist during this time.”

Without waiting, he turned and disappeared into the darkness of the passageway.

Without hesitation I started to open it. I thought it was going to take longer, because it looked like a heavy, old door, but it moved very smoothly. I did it

little by little to be able to observe the interior and not lose any detail.

The first thing I saw was a kind of blanket. Next to it there were food and water. The walls were made of stone, they were large cobblestones of different shades of gray. It was a small, circular room.

“But what is this?” I exclaimed.

In the center of the room there was only one mirror.

Once inside I closed the door. Then I realized that there was no way to open it from inside.

"21 days with a mirror" I thought.

The room did not have a roof, it was quite a few meters high, and I couldn't see clearly what there was up there. Enough light and air came in, that was enough.

A wooden mirror embedded in the stone floor, where I could reflect myself on both sides.

I started to walk around the mirror to see all the details, although there really wasn't much to see.

The wood had no ornaments, it was sober, there was just a number at the top, on both sides as well.

The number 3 stood out because it was carved on it, the inside was hollow, and you could look through it. There was no more. Disappointment was dawning on me.

The first days passed slowly, very slowly. I walked around the mirror, looked in it, sat down, lay down and wondered again and again what I was doing there.

“Why did they let me in if I was looking for the Grail? Why have I been told me that I would find what I was looking for? What does this mirror have to do with that relic? if there was any connection, of course.”

The questions were piling up in my head and I couldn't find any answers.

A week had passed. Looking at the opening in the roof, I could tell if it was night or daytime. The amount of light in that room was enough, at no time was there complete darkness.

Boredom, anger, despair, frustration, disorientation, fear, hatred, irritation, sadness,

remorse, guilt, insecurity, hostility, incomprehension, helplessness, loneliness, despondency, disappointment, desire... all these feelings had been my companions during these seven days.

I lay down, feeling my strength weakening, because of the emotional tension I had experienced in such a short period of time, so I decided to accept the situation just as it was happening.

I woke up different, no more questions in my head. Now I needed answers, so I sat down in front of the mirror.

Time went by, I was quieting my thoughts trying to leave my mind blank, staring at one point, at my eyes. My breathing was slowing down. I felt very good while sitting there. That was my routine in the following days.

It became easier and easier for me to keep my mind blank. Slow breathing, peace and quiet were now my companions. At certain moments I was surrounded by a smell of roses, which I didn't know where it came from.

Another week, another seven days that were totally different from the first ones. I no longer needed answers; what I felt in those moments filled me completely. I wasn't looking for anything, I had everything. Then, it happened.

Looking at my eyes in the mirror, a little white light fluttered around me. I followed it with my eyes. It stayed for a few seconds until it darted towards me and disappeared.

“Where did you go” I asked.

I was sure it'd be back, so I did not mind after a while.

The next day, sitting in front of the mirror again I could clearly see how that little light came out of my eyebrows. This time it stopped in front of me, it didn't move, it had already caught my attention the day before. This time it darted towards the mirror, as it hit against the glass a great glow was produced.

“But where am I?”

My clothes had changed, I was in an unfamiliar place. There were many people in the streets.

A woman sitting in front of me was staring at me. Smiling, she approached me.

“Are you lost?” she asked.

“Yes, I got a little disoriented,” I answered.

“Let's go for a walk,” she said, while tilting with her head for me to follow her.

I walked behind the woman, watching every detail. Although it was the first time I had been there, I felt it was familiar.

“What did you come for?”

The question took me by surprise.

“To tell you the truth... um, I don't know,” I replied, not really knowing what to answer.

At that moment there was a new glow and I saw myself, once again, sitting in front of the mirror.

“It can't be!” I exclaimed.

After a while of thinking about what could have happened, I understood that doubt entered me when I heard the question, and it was like a disconnection. Next time I would do better.

The small light came out again at great speed, in the direction of the mirror, and again there was the glow.

“What did you come for?”

This time I did not hesitate: "I came to look for the Holy Grail."

The woman kept walking. We passed by small stalls that lined the streets and we stopped at one of them, in front of some small wooden crosses that were hanging down.

“The cross represents the horizontality of a three-dimensional world and the verticality of the world of enlightenment. It is at this intersection that we can find balance and patience" she said as she caressed one of those crosses.

The answer left me thoughtful; a new glare brought me back in front of the mirror.

“What if everything I have believed up so far was a lie?" I wondered.

The next day, after long hours trying to find answers to my questions, I decided to go in search of

them. I sat down in front of the mirror and asked: "I want to know the truth of the Christ."

There was a great flash.

Standing by the bank of a river, I observed several women washing clothes. I approached them and asked which was the nearest town. I introduced myself as a traveler who was looking for rest.

"You are in Bethany, a few kilometers from Jerusalem" one of them answered without raising her head.

I followed the road along the river until I reached the most populated area. A boy who was running came up to me.

He said, "Keep this scroll for me, they want to take it away from me."

He put it in my hand and kept getting lost in the crowd. Several men followed him.

When I was able to get away from the bustle, I looked at the parchment. I opened it and I could read a few words that served as a title: The Last Avatar. There was nothing else written on it.

I decided to stay in a small room, the next day I wanted to go to Jerusalem. Suddenly, out of nowhere, the boy reappeared coming through the window.

“Do you have it?” he asked me hurriedly.

“Yes, here it is”. May I ask about the meaning behind the writing on the scroll?

More calmly, he climbed down from the window and sat down next to me.

“It's the Christ, it's the last avatar,” he said whispering.

My face needed no words to describe my astonishment. The boy continued:

“It's the truth, the untold one. That is why they want to catch me. They think I make up stories.”

“No one believes me,” he continued whispering as he kept nervously looking in all directions. He did not feel safe.

“I'd like to hear them; I'm looking for answers about the Holy Grail.” I told him.

The boy could not believe what he was hearing. Finally someone was interested in his stories!; he didn't hesitate and began his story:

“The Cosmic Christ made one last appearance, to prepare all of us for a reunification, for a twinning, towards the union of mentalities. When I say all of us, I mean to all the human beings of the Universe.

Christ wanted to be present and to participate directly, in that very important moment, so he came into this three-dimensional world as a Man, as the Last Avatar, after a series of previous avatars that shaped human psychology.

It was a great act of humility that the Absolute performed, due to the transcendence of such a moment.”

Voices were heard in the lower part of the house where we were in, so the story remained there. The little boy rushed out the window again.

“Wait,” I said, What's your name? At least let me know your name!”

The little boy got a big smile on his face.

“Call me Christian!”

Another flash. I was lying on the cold stone floor again.

That story was going round and round in my head, there was nothing to look for, it was all inside me.

I spent a couple of days like that, just thinking about those words. I believed his story, something inside me was telling me that it was true.

Peace flooded me, tears flowed without knowing why, I felt free; different. Everything had changed.

There was only one day left for them to come and pick me up. So, with that feeling of deep peace that surrounded me, with that smell of roses that accompanied me, I sat down in front of the mirror.

In a few seconds I found myself in a brightly lit room, everything was white. When I turned around, I saw myself.

“Who are you? or rather, who am I?” I asked.

People began to appear in the form of holograms throughout the room: men, women, children, old people, all of them with different appearances,

different attires. It was like watching a representation of the entire history of mankind in front of me.

I could see the boy with the scroll, the woman washing the clothes, the guide, the woman of the cross, the old man... they were all there.

I decided to walk among them, so that I could see them all, since there were hundreds, probably thousands of people in that room, although I could not see them all.

One of them caught my attention. It was a blonde, very beautiful girl. I reached out my hand to caress her face, and as I touched her something shook me. In tenths of a second I could remember her whole life.

But that girl was me!

I turned and approached a woman dressed in a white tunic, typical of ancient Greece. I felt the jolt again when I touched her hand... It was also me!

I started touching them all. One by one I was touching their hand, their hair, one of their arms... there were many of them and I did it quickly; until there

was a very strong final jolt, and I appeared in front of the mirror, falling backwards.

They were all me, or I was all of them!

Now I could remember all their experiences, their feelings, their misfortunes their joys, absolutely everything, they were replicas of myself in different roles and now all of them had unified into one.

The knowledge that I harbored in me at that time was overflowing. I couldn't put all the ideas in order, so I decided to lay down to rest, letting everything settle down properly.

I fell asleep, I didn't really know whether I was male or female, young or old. I had lost my identity, at least the identity I thought I had. To regain it, I sat down in front of the mirror.

To my surprise, when I looked in the mirror, I could not see anything. Nothing was visible, it did not reflect those images, it had become dark.

I turned it around several times, and I could see that the number 3, on each side, let the light pass completely through, forming the number 8. Through

that number 8 I could see some letters on the wall. They were not there, or I had not noticed them before. You could read: "Tseek".

At that moment I understood that it was about the sublimation of the energy of the 3, the one formed by Beh, Sayab, Tseek: the wine, the bread, and the fish. They were the three steps of the spiritual path.

I felt as if I were floating, subtle, fragile, I felt very small, humble.

I am a manifestation of the Absolute which has divided itself an infinite number of times in order to experience everything.

I am the good and the bad, the truth and the lie, the light and darkness.

I am all that is and all that can be in the manifested world.

The past and the future live in me, in an eternal present.

I am Love replicated in a multitude of human lives, who have come to live what they needed for their evolution and for the feedback with the Absolute.

That which I went to search was within me
and in that search I was able to recognize the Cosmic
Christ in myself.

4. SUUT

Llulian and The Stone

I was trapped on the side of the gorge, there was little left for impact. Although I was sure that I was going to get out of this situation, I didn't know exactly how I was going to do it.

My hands gripped tightly gripping some grasses that were sticking out of them to keep me from falling, while with my feet I stood on my tiptoes in the little space that protruded from the ground.

I felt the vibration of the meteorite, which was getting closer and closer; though it would pass hundreds of miles away, it seemed to be right on top of me.

With the vibration everything was falling apart. It was not the first one, others had already impacted our planet and the ground was depleted and fragile.

The crunching sound was heard as it penetrated the atmosphere. The sky became a little redder and the tremor was getting stronger and stronger. I did not know how long I could stand it in this situation.

The impact occurred. The whistling sound that preceded the shock wave could already be felt. It was a matter of seconds.

At that moment I released one of my hands, and from my pocket I was able to take out a stone. I squeezed it tightly in my hand, as if asking for help, and appeared out of nowhere a sphere that enveloped me. The silence was absolute.

Meanwhile, I could see through the sphere how everything was being destroyed. The expansive wave swept away everything in its path.

I was floating several meters above the ground, oblivious, inside that sphere, to what was actually happening in that place. I stayed there for several hours, watching how, little by little, the effects of the impact faded away.

I observed a safe area, and the sphere gently led me towards it. It seemed that it could understand what I was thinking. Once I put my feet on the ground, the sphere disappeared at high speed towards the sky.

I looked around me. Everything was desolate, only I could hear a distant noise, like the sound of a big

wave after breaking and returning to the sea. I was there for a while looking around, not quite knowing what to do. Then I realized what I was still holding in my hand.

I opened it and there was the stone, the one that saved my life. It was heart shaped, black in color, and on it was engraved my name, Llulian, which I carved sometime after it came into my hands. Even though I had had it for a long time, I never imagined it to be so special.

Since I found it a long time ago, I have not left its side. It has always been with me, as my companion, to whom I told my sorrows and my joys. It had become my confidant. Although rather than finding it, it seemed that it was waiting for me.

I could feel how my mind, or my intuition made me change the course I was taking, and I headed down in a different path to a small pond where it was, along with a strange note that I kept somewhere in my saddlebag.

I kept walking and the landscape did not improve. I spent several days walking, not really knowing where I was headed.

I did not find anyone, just the remains of villages, forests and roads that had been obliterated by the shock wave.

I used to seek shelter for the night in some small cave or protected by thick branches. I lit a small fire and next to it I would lie down to rest. I didn't sleep much, but I slept enough to keep me going the next day.

That night I slept more than usual. When I woke up, I opened my eyes and stared up at the blue sky and the small clouds that were streaking across it.



“Nice day, isn't it?”

I jumped at the sound of the voice; I wasn't expecting anyone. Sitting there, next to the campfire that was still burning, was a grayish color, long-haired woman. She was dressed in a long, tunic shaped outfit, and introduced herself as Kál-Hibir.

“Hello, I wasn't expecting anyone. I haven't met anyone for quite some time”. I answered.

Between introductions we talked for a few hours, recounting a little of what our lives had been like and how we had come to this place. That is when I took the stone out of my pocket to show it to her.

“This stone saved my life.”

I told him what I had experienced days before during the last meteorite fall. She smiled.

“Yes, it is an energized stone," she said.

“Do you know this stone?” I asked rather surprised.

She, with an increasingly pronounced smile, clarified:

“Of course, I was the one who left it in that pond. I knew it was going to help someone at some point.”

The sphere that enveloped you, is what we call the testo. It is used to protect us, to move us, and even to extrapolate our thinking and go to other places; let's say far away in the Universe.

With much enthusiasm for what I was hearing, I asked her to continue explaining.

She continued: "Both the energized stone and the testo are tools that we use in the Tseyor group."

Currently, there are several of us on this planet brothers and sisters who have come to collaborate in your process, although we all come from a planet called Earth, which a few hundred years ago was relocated to the real time of the Universe, with the arrival of the Synchronizing Ray.

We decided to come here — just as we were there — to lend our help as volunteers, although at that time we were less conscious of who we really were.

Through workshops, tools such as the stone and the testo, meditations, mantras and the places where

we had to perform our tasks, such as the Tseyor Houses and most especially the Muulasteries, we were able to reach a few more levels of vibration and to help the autochthonous of the planet Earth, thus they could achieve the leap towards the new humanity, which was given with the arrival of the Synchronizing Ray.

She stopped her story as she looked at my hands. They were in pain and had numerous cuts, due to the effort I made in that gorge. She took out a small handkerchief and a jar of water, with which she moistened it. She gently wiped them off.

"You'd need more than water to cure them." I commented.

"It's not just any water, it's Tseyorian water." She replied. This water has healing and regenerative properties. We use it for healing, as well as to purify the water we consume or with which we water our gardens. We use it as well in the food we eat.

"You look tired, we could ask our brothers of the Healing Pulsar of Tseyor to help you to recover your strength, only if you want to."

“Yes, of course. Any help would come in handy at this time.” I said as I slowly laying down.

I closed my eyes and felt a drop hit my forehead.

She whispered words that I could not hear, but I could understand her when she uttered three times the words Healing Pulsar of Tseyor.

She was performing the ceremony of the Healing Pulsar of Tseyor, as she later told me. I felt how my body was transported to another place, at least it seemed to me.

Next to her, I noticed that there were two more people accompanying her in this ceremony.

When I opened my eyes it was getting dark, I had been sleeping most of the day.

“How are you feeling?” she asked.

“Right now, I'm a little tired. I think I'll spend the night here, again, and I'll get back on the road tomorrow,” I replied, barely moving.

I turned to one side and slept like I have not slept in a long time.

The next morning, I felt more vital. I really noticed that my body had more energy.

“Little by little you'll feel better, until you get your strength back,” said my new companion as she finished gathering her belongings.

I was surprised by what she had told me so far and what she had experienced.

I had heard stories of that planet, why it was in a parenthesis, the process that took place, and the happy ending that many of its inhabitants had. But finding someone who would have lived there, that I could not imagine, so I asked her to tell me everything, I wanted to know more. She laughed but agreed.

It was a long road we walked together, so the information she gave me was quite extensive, as well as the experiences I was able to live.

Every once in a while, I had to find a way to refill some small bottles of water that I was carrying with me. The quantities had to be dosed very well, since water was scarce and the road was long, accompanied by high temperatures due to the warming that the planet was undergoing.

After a few days of walking, I commented that I had little water left. She looked at me, stopped, grabbed one of the energized stones she was carrying and asked me to do the same.

“With the stone in your hand, pronounce with me, Healing Pulsar of Tseyor, three times. They will help us.”

Several hours later, we found a small natural spring from which a little water was gushing out. It was muddy, so I placed the bottles underneath to fill them up while we rested.

When I went to drink from that water, she stopped me.

“Wait.” She spoke.

She took out the little jar again and threw a drop in each bottle and another in the water coming out of the fountain.

“Now you can drink, remember that with Tseyorian water we can purify the water we drink, we just need to put a drop.”

This is a short summary; in broad strokes this is what she told me:

It all started as a small group of brothers and sisters receiving messages from the stars. Those messages were obtained by external telepathic channeling, through our brother Chac Mool, Puente, who read them on his mental screen.

Over the years we received workshops, meditations, and more tools to help us in our wandering.

After taking a Holistic Course, as an introduction to Tseyor's philosophy, we would get a symbolic name that our genuine replica provided us, which would help us to work on specific parts of ourselves.

We were really asleep, detachment, introspection, self-observation, helping others, humility, loving all human beings in the same way, and so forth was hard for us.

In spite of everything, little by little we grew. Tseyor Houses and Muulasteries were established, places where their members and representatives worked side by side.

That first triad of Muulasterios, La Libélula, Tegoyo and Los Máak de Mazatlán, gave way, over time, to be replicated all over the world, giving rise to the Tseyor Towns and implanting the so- called Harmonic Societies.

But focusing on our tools, we had, and still have on this planet, the energetic stone, the mantra of protection, the testo and the Tseyorian water.

All of them were increasing in vibration, with the energizations that our beloved master, Aium Om, performed in the energizing ceremonies that took place mostly in gatherings, where the energy of the Little Christian was present and surrounded us.

With this energy, we were able to overcome illnesses, maintain balance in the worst moments to awaken consciousness, to be able to help others in their journey through example; since first we had to live the experiences personally, as well as to be able to help others to understand their living situations.

The Healing Pulsar of Tseyor, a group of Elder Brothers of the Cosmos, doctors belonging to the Confederation of Inhabited Worlds of the Galaxy that

help us in times of need, when we name three times the mantra Healing Pulsar of Tseyor have all these tools under their wing.

We also have at our disposal the help of the GTIs, the Guardians of the Interdimensional Temples, who assist us when needed.

Their names form a litany that we use as a mantra and with which we achieve unification. With it we strengthen the links with the adimensionality.

All of this is part of the mantle of protection that we know as Suut, which protects us on this path of internalization.

This is a brief description of all that she related, until we parted ways again. They were days when I quenched my thirst for knowledge with her words, though my path was different.

On the last day, when I woke up and gathered my few belongings to set out on my journey again I saw that note I found next to the stone. A note that this time had stuck to the small blanket I was wearing and that I used to lie down. I did not remember it. I picked

it up, and to my great surprise I was able to read the following:

Noiwanak's protection mantra



5. KAT

Leo's Sandals



I felt the cold creeping up my legs. The light began to break through, and some cats were purring all around me.

The cardboards that covered me had endured the night, but the blanket had left my feet at the weather, because the felines had taken possession of it. Seeing them curled up, I smiled.

As I did every morning when I woke up, I was thankful for the opportunity to be alive one more day. I gave thanks for breathing and for how little or how much I had at this moment.

I had spent years without a fixed home, going around the world, traveling on foot and lending my help to anyone who needed it. In return I received food,

shelter, a bath or whatever I needed at the time. Engraved in my mind were the words that my father taught to me at a very young age: To give without expecting nothing in return.

Today I was on my way to visit a family who needed help in their land, it seemed that part of its house had collapsed due to the heavy rains of the last weeks.

All my belongings fit in a small backpack, so I packed them and set off on my way. Some unpatched socks, a small blanket with my name, Leo, and thirty coins.

The house was somewhat separated from the nearest town and its inhabitants were totally self-sustainable. They used small windmills to supply the house with water and electricity, taking advantage of the fact that there was a river nearby, as well as small devices that used sunlight for their operation.

At the end of the road Joseph was waiting for me with a big smile and with open arms waiting for a hug. We didn't know each other and had never met before.

That welcome filled me with joy, I sensed that I was going to spend a very special time with them.

I got to know the rest of the family. His wife, Mary, was very fond of painting and also spent hours reading books and would take long walks in the land. Their daughter, Magda, was a great cook and took care of the housework, because she wanted to. She liked order and cleanliness.

The youngest child in the house, Christian, was very special. He was Magda's son, he hardly spoke, but the few times he did, he left me speechless.

It was a close-knit family, for whom dialogue was basic. When there was a problem, they would get together and talk about it, looking for a solution in accordance with their way of seeing life, and considering everyone's opinions.

Every week, people from other towns would come and hold meetings, to listen and they debated on communiqués, held workshops and meditations. They also worked on humanitarian aid projects, such as how to be self-sustainable, and they even had their own currency which they called Muular.

Another topic I found very interesting, were the working groups: health, diffusion of knowledge, transcriptions, documentation, bibliography, water, HYS (High Yielding Seeds), experiences and so on.

These meetings were of total happiness, with long hugs and smiling faces. It really caught my attention, because it seemed that the problems of everyday life were outside that house, which they called Tseyor House.

I had seen everything in my wandering, but here there was something different.

It was time for dinner, and we were ready to sit down. The table was round, at that time it was more common to see rectangular tables, where the father, as the head of the family presided over the occasion. Everyone helped to bring the food and to arrange the necessary things for dinner.

Once seated and with everything on the table, Little Christian raised his hands and, with his palms directed towards the people and the food, he pronounced a few words that spoke of wine, bread, and the reality of the worlds. They did this before every

meal, even in situations where they needed a little help or clarity in their minds.

We had a pleasant chat about our lives and, as we retired to rest, we all were hugging each other.

Joseph would stretch his arms out with his palms downwards, with a big smile on his face, he would look into each one's eyes and they would melt in an embrace that seemed to take them to the ends of the Universe. They called it the Tseyorian embrace.

That night I had a very lucid dream. I had never dreamed with such clarity, and I could remember it the next morning. It was as if I had really lived it. A melody kept repeating over and over in my head; it was classical music, but I had never heard it before.

While I was working on the collapsed part of the house, I had to fetch water from a nearby well fed by the river.

I was absorbed in my thoughts, trying to explain the dream, when I hear a voice saying:

“That is the music of Peer Gynt, by Edvard Grieg.”

As I looked around, I saw Christian standing nearby playing with some wooden cars. I approached him and asked if it was him, but he kept his head down, immersed in his game.

I told Joseph what had happened and the vivid dream I had had. He showed a lot of interest to help me understand it.

“We could do something to try to get back to that dream,” said Joseph.

“Well, I'd love to know more about it, because I was pretty amazed by it.” I said, not really knowing what he meant by “doing something.”

Joseph continued. “We can do an adimensional rescue. It's going back to that moment but experiencing it from another perspective. That way you'll see the scene differently and notice details that you might have missed.”

It aroused a great interest in me, so I had no choice but to agree, even though deep down I was more interested in how the rescue was done than the dream itself.

As I had no experience in meditations, Joseph explained to me a little about what it was all about. He would take me to that place.

The little boy was with us in the room and Joseph, seeing my nervousness about his presence, asked me not to worry. The little one was already used to it.

I could not focus and I started to get more and more nervous. Joseph, with a calm voice, tried to keep me going with my deep breathing.

Christian's body swaying stopped. I could notice it because the creaking of the wood on the floor stopped. At that moment, the little boy grabbed my hand and there was a great glow. I was back inside my dream.

I was in a very bright room. In front of me there were three doors: Past, Present and Future.

I hesitated which one to go through. I decided on Future door. At through the door, I found myself back in the same room with the doors in front of me, so I decided to go through the Past door, the same thing happened again; I was in the same room again.

I only had the Present door left, so I continued through that door. As I passed, I saw Christian sitting on the floor, playing with his wooden dolls. He raised his head, and I heard inside me his words, "Everything is given in an eternal present."

I enter a brightly lit circular room, and in the background, I was accompanied by that melody. In the center of the room was a large table, also in the shape of a circle. I could see a multitude of symbols that appeared and disappeared as I walked through the room.

Out of nowhere, a door appeared through which a person dressed in white entered. They gave off a great light. From their posture they appeared to be of advanced age.

"What is this place?" I asked.

"It is the place where your concerns can be answered." His voice echoed throughout the room and surrounded me. He continued:

"Now is time to start a new path, the path of the awakening of consciousness. Soon you will receive what you need to embark on this new journey. An

anchor to remind you who you really are, and where you should direct your steps.”

Again, I asked about the place where I was, to which he replied:

“You are in the place where the names are guarded.”

A new glow brought me back to Joseph and the Little One. Now I have understood the words that I did not hear in my dream. Although the dream had been much longer, that was really the part that I did not quite understand, since I had received a message, but I could not clearly hear anything he said.

I was telling Joseph all the details of what had happened. Speaking of the place where I had been, Little Christian, immersed in his game, said:

“You have been to Mazatlán, at the Council of Wise Men and they talk about your symbolic name.”

Joseph excitedly looked at me, we stood up and we melted into a big Tseyorian embrace. During the days I spent with them, I got a lot of information about

the Tseyor Group. In those moments I knew that that was my place.

The next day we would go to another house nearby, where they also held meetings and gatherings.

This house was called Muulasterio. We gathered there because several brothers were going to receive the Initiation of some workshops called interiorization workshops. Although I could not participate, I would take the opportunity to fix some breakdowns.

At the entrance, as a welcoming sign, a large poster of the NGO Mundo Armónico Tseyor and next to it, another one with the Tseyor seal.

After several hours inside the Muulastery, I had the feeling that this was my home. It seemed as if I had lived in it all my life. I could almost remember where the rooms were located. That sensation, together with the brotherhood that existed among all the attendees, made me feel as I had never felt before.

One of the arrangements I made was to place a small wood engraving, which had been unhooked, and was on the entrance door of one of the rooms. On it

you could read the word KAT. Every time I passed in front of that door; it attracted my attention.

Night had fallen and I stayed again looking at the engraving.

“It is the creative clay. It corresponds to the fifth way, the sandals.” I heard a voice.

“I turned around and there was the prioress of the Muulastery. We took a seat outside the building, in the courtyard, overlooking the mountains and adorned by a spectacular starry sky.

After a few minutes in silence, contemplating the beautiful sight before us, I asked:

“What is a Muulastery?”

“It is a meeting place, a place of refreshment for the Eagle Muul of Tseyor. Here they come for the time they need to return later to their places of origin and continue their outreach work. Very special energies can be perceived here.”

“And being a Prioress?”

“I am in charge of maintaining the Muulastery, so that people who come to develop an inner work feel at

home and can receive the energy and impetus needed for such work. I try to prepare them and make their stay as pleasant as possible.”

Although in our group we are all equals, each one assumes a role, and in this case the commitment to serve the Energy.

“That also means an important personal work, doesn't it?” I asked.

“That is right. I do my best to work on my recognition, to disclose by example and to become a clear, transparent, and balanced mirror where other brothers and sisters can recognize themselves as well.”

“You are called Prioress, but Joseph is called by another name that I can't quite remember at the moment,” I kept saying.

“Yes, the brother or sister who is in charge of a Tseyor House is called Belankil,” he answered.

We stood for a while longer watching the horizon, without a word, the prioress got up and went to rest.

I decided to stay a while longer, contemplating the night scenery and clarifying my head a little of everything I had experienced in the last few days. A few minutes later shooting stars began to appear, leaving behind them a luminous trail.

After a few moments, Joseph sat down next to me.

“It's quite a sight to see this meteor shower fleeting, don't you think? I spoke.

“Do you think they're shooting stars?” replied Joseph.

I did not quite know how to react; I didn't dare to utter a word. At that moment, just above our heads, a huge spacecraft came into view. On its lower part we could see the seal of Tseyor, I could not tell its actual size, but it hid the entire starry sky.

The seal was right above us. A golden thread emerged from its center and penetrated my head; something inside me changed. It was like an internal jolt that swept away thoughts and sensations.

In a blink of an eye the spacecraft had disappeared. I looked at Joseph and his face reflected the excitement and joy of having lived that moment.

“You have just received the golden thread which is given when the symbolic name is bestowed. Tomorrow, during the open house session, which will be held to introduce the Tseyor group we will ask for your name,” commented Joseph.

“I feel strange,” I spoke.

“It's a rebirth, you are born again.”

We stood up, hugged each other, and the tears could not hold back, they streamed down our faces. The next day, as Joseph said, I received my symbolic name. These were moments of great joy and emotion. I had found my home.

We went back to the Tseyor House. I spent a couple of days more, finishing up what had been left pending.

The day came when I had to leave again. I had arranged a few visits beforehand, although this time I knew I would see them again.

I grabbed my backpack and said goodbye to everyone. I felt the need to give Little Christian a big hug, so I knelt down beside him and hugged him.

He whispered in my ear: "Now what?"

To which I replied, "I'll be back soon."

I had been walking for a few hours, thinking about everything that had happened and with a great enthusiasm for this new path I was embarking on. Then I noticed that my backpack was a little heavier than usual. I opened it and from it I could take out some sandals. A humble pair of sandals that marked the beginning of a new stage in my life and with which I was going to turn my world around.

6. OKSAH

Leiv-Lha and the Cosmic Plan for the Earth

Even though time and space do not exist, I did not want to be late for the talk that our beloved sister Sili-Nur was going to give in one of the main halls of the university.

I had lingered in Agguniom while I would pay a visit and arrive at the UTU (University of Tseyor Uommo), just in time to attend Sister Sili-Nur's lecture on Transpersonal Psychology.

This topic is one of my favorites and would be used as a base in the Tseyor group, as an extraterrestrial contact group, focused on transpersonal psychology.

Although I did not have time to say hello, because of the rush, I could see familiar faces in the room, such as my dear Mo and Rhaum who were a couple of rows ahead and with whom I greeted from a distance.

It was a very interesting talk in which our sister from Venus talked about the experiences during her evolutionary process.

Once the talk was over, I had the opportunity to go up and greet her and share impressions with other colleagues. It was going to be a very intense few days at the university.

The next appointment on my agenda was the presentation of the Cosmic Plan, for the Earth, in which the details of the project would be presented.

This activity was divided into different stages, and I was able to see the contributions of brothers who would be actively involved in the project, such as Melinus and Ostracite.

A project based on helping in the awareness process of the autochthonous of planet Earth, through the dissemination of the cosmic Christic message, using self-knowledge tools, based on this Transpersonal Psychology.

During one of the breaks, while strolling through the gardens, I approached one of the activities that was not planned, but which arose among attendees as a

kind of pastime. It was about recreating, with plasma, funny scenes that the attendees had experienced.

We laughed a lot when Olión showed us some of the mishaps he had in his incursions on the planet Earth, because of his liking for the food there.

Just as with Ostracita, when her spacecraft broke down in the middle of space and had to ask for a rescue.

While strolling through the gardens, one could observe scale replicas, such as that of the asteroid Vesta, where Seiph, a computer created to assist those who would participate in the project, was located, the spacecraft of our beloved Noiwanak as well as tools and other facilities.

What caught my attention the most was located in the very center of the gardens; its colorfulness, its grandeur, accompanied by its simplicity, enraptured all of us who approached to contemplate how it came to life. This was the Quantum Holographic Puzzle.

We could observe how new pieces were being created and assembled perfectly, forming a great mosaic of symbolic names. It was a living puzzle; I am still amazed when I remember it.

Before continuing with the next exhibition, I was able to have some quiet time to internalize what I was living, to give thanks and review what I had experienced during the day, as a compilation, in order to observe myself and get to know myself a bit better, seeing my reactions to what was happening around me.

“Do you mind if I join you?” I heard a voice.

When I opened my eyes I could see Melcor with his unmistakable smile.

“Of course not, it's my pleasure,” I replied.

He sat down next to me, and we were commenting about the activities that were going on. As member of the Healing Pulsar of Tseyor, he had to leave because of a request that required urgency.

In the main hall of the UTU came the moment that many of us had been waiting for, the exposition of our master Aumnor, as the opening of the presentation of the Project.

Dressed in his gala Mayan style costume, he delighted us with all kinds of details about the project, as well as other activities he was carrying out in

different worlds. It was today's appointment I had marked as "You can't miss it."

He showed us a very detailed chronogram, marking the times made up of cycles of 33 Earth years, during which the Confederation of the Inhabited Worlds of the Galaxy would intervene on planet Earth to help the autochthonous in the quantum leap that was going to take place, as a species, with the arrival of the Synchronizing Ray.

The project would begin in Earth year 1914 and would be divided into two parts.

The first part, up to the year 2054, in which the presence of the volunteers and "the forced ones", brothers and sisters, coming from the future, who, through an incursion into the past, would carry out disclosure work to help the autochthonous of the planet to the evolutionary leap.

And the second part, until the year 2112, in which the Confederation would complete its work of helping to planet Earth.

He also told us about the creation of the different Muulasteries and Tseyor Houses, their locations, priors,

belankils, as well as of all the vicissitudes that would happen in their creation and subsequent development.

The Muular, the monographs, the NGO Tseyor Harmonic World, the Muuls, the Holistic Courses, the Triad, the Tseyor Commission, the Agora of the Junantal, the Council of the Twelve, the Guardians of the Interdimensional Temples (GIT), the Healing Pulsar of Tseyor and its Chair, the Tseyor University of Granada (UTG, by its initials in Spanish), the Tseyor Center for Sociocultural Studies, the High Yielding Seeds (HYS), the Xamans, the Tseyor Towns and a long etcetera.

We were able to take a virtual tour of the different laboratories that were located in the underground Montevives subway base, Granada (Spain), where work was being done on High Yield Seeds (HYS), which were going to play a very important role in times of food scarcity, and they would provide everything necessary for subsistence.

The enthusiasm in the room was palpable, the project was not to be underestimated. Aumnor's words showed a total conviction that the project would have

a happy ending. He ended his speech with “We shall overcome, you will overcome.”

After a well-deserved rest — there was a lot of information and had to be assimilated — the second part of the Project’s presentation would be presented.

The room had been set up differently. The seating arrangement was now circular, facing the center.

It was the turn of Brother Shilcars, from Agguniom, who was greeted with a resounding "Hu, Hu, Hu!", something that was not foreseen.

He is black, his physical constitution is very similar to that of the inhabitants of planet Earth and H2 level. He belongs to that race of Atlanteans that lived on planet Earth thousands of years ago, and who migrated to continue their evolution.

Through him, the genuine replicas would grant the symbolic names. He would also act as a channel for the intervention of the master Aium Om and he would be also one of the tutors of the Tseyor Group since 2004 as the Stellar Symbolic Time of the Self in Feedback.

He was presenting and giving small references, in broad strokes, to the brothers and sisters who would participate as Stellar Guides of those volunteers and "forced ones" who would make up the Tseyor Group and who would be in charge of carrying out the first part of the project, based on disclosure.

In addition to those already mentioned above, the following brothers and sisters were added: Alux-Pen, Icotrem, Exael, Orsil, Melcor, Mo and Rhaum, Eanur-Om, Sili-Nur and Noiwanak. He also introduced some of those in charge and the coordinators of the submarine and terrestrial bases, such as Orjain, Rasbek and Jalied.

Reference was made to a monograph that would be made in the group in which the information from these Star Guides would be compiled.

In addition to this, all the information received would be compiled in other books and monographs by departments of the Tseyor University of Granada. A university that would serve as a base for the different work teams from very different disciplines that would focus on humanitarian aid.

This was followed by the presentation of the volunteers, “the forced ones” and autochthonous that would make up that group. Brothers and sisters who would incarnate on planet Earth, to carry out the disclosure process to others, through their own experimentation.

In the center of the room appeared the Quantum Holographic Puzzle the same one that I had seen earlier in the gardens.

Its movement was smooth, you were captivated by its beauty as you watched how the pieces were taking positions and being assembled, forming a sphere.

Accompanying each piece, we could observe the symbolic name that his or her replica would bestow upon him or her, its origin, its real presence, its role, and the moment of the "call", among other information.

Everyone is important, everyone deserved this recognition by the Confederation of Inhabited Worlds of the Galaxy, as well as the entire Cosmos.

Once they were introduced, we remained in silence, as a token of our appreciation for the work they were going to carry out.

The light in the room grew dimmer. We all began to close our eyes. In the center of the room, the Council of the Twelve Sages of the Galaxy, in the form of a hologram.

After a few moments, we could hear:

“My beloved children, I am Aium Om.”

The energy generated through Beh, Sayab and Tseek, was getting stronger and stronger, the presence of the Cosmic Christ surrounded us all, the feeling of Love was very deep, we felt His embrace.

His words continued:

ATSUM, BENIM, ARHAM ¹

“Beloved brothers and sisters, receive my blessing, but not before humbly kissing your feet. Love: Aium Om.”

There was no more dialogue, and the presentation finished.



¹ This mantra is used by our beloved master Aium Om in the energizations, delegating to the priors or belankils the pronunciation of these words in order to bring the energization to completion. Should not be used outside of this context or by persons who are not appointed to do so.

7. ICH

Angela, towards the Reality of Worlds

On the Tseyor interdimensional spacecraft...

“I thought that because I belonged to the Tseyor group I was protected, that nothing could happen to me, that I would not suffer from diseases, that the awakening of the consciousness would be a fact and that I could be with my brothers until the end,” I said.

“Of course you are protected. You are protected to be able to perform and carry out what you have come for to fulfill; a commitment you have made. Observe the effects that your departure has produced, and the processes experienced during the illness. You have carried out a humanitarian aid, a sacrifice for humanity.”

“Perhaps you thought that humanitarian aid was to bring food to the hungry, to give a drink to the thirsty — which actually it is — but I'm talking about a sacrifice for humanity, about a humanitarian aid that is given through understanding and that expands itself through morphogenetic fields among the like-minded.”

“Each one has a role, based on that commitment previously acquired in the adimensionality and based on it, a life designed to carry it out. Everything is causal, there is nothing casual,” he answered to me.

I had just left the earthly world, and that being with the big smile and curly reddish hair was accompanying me in those moments.

From that perspective I was able to observe that my life had not been properly focused on the spiritual path. My will had failed, my attachment was evident, and the environment managed to keep me distracted. It had been a pitiful waste of time.



Since I was a little girl I always had a great interest in extraterrestrial life and ancient civilizations.

I always thought I had been part of them. Something was beating inside me and told me that there was much more than what my eyes could see and what I could find in books.

I remember one trip... I was not driving that day. We were silent, each of us wrapped up in our own thoughts. It was a sunny day, with an immaculate blue sky not a trace of a small cloud or mist. In the distance, I see a tubular shape metal object. The person driving keeps his gaze absorbed in the road.

I look at the position of the sun, "could it be the shadow of something?", though there was nothing else in the sky.

Little by little, the object begins to disappear from the edges inwards, getting smaller and smaller. It did not move at any time. Then, after a long time an airplane appeared in the sky, it was not what I saw. As I compared the sizes, I realized that this object had larger dimensions.

Because of my job —I traveled a lot — I had been around the world on several occasions. Always with a suitcase ready for the trip.

My time with the Tseyor group was fleeting. I took the Holistic Course, I got the symbolic name, even I actively participated in meetings of the Junantal Agora, as a delegate.

After my passage through the Council of Twelve, I was filled with enthusiasm. I got the necessary endorsements or votes to become Muul. I accepted the code of ethics, and I was ratified by the Commission. The icing on the cake was the proposal to become a GIT, which I did not hesitate to accept.

Over time my participation diminished. I was immersed in my work, in my personal life with its problems and I only listened, from time to time some communiqué of the Elder Brothers.

One morning, in a cold hospital room, my life stopped...

I remember I was talking on the phone, packing my suitcase for a new trip, waiting at home for my companion to come and pick me up.

When I opened my eyes, I was in a hospital room. I had fainted. The faces of the people who came to see

me denoted that something was happening, but no one dared to comment on it.

A few days later, the doctor confirmed my suspicion: I was given seven to twelve months to live.

It was then that I wanted to turn my world upside down. I turned my attention to catching up on Tseyor and I demanded —that was the word I used — to the brothers of the Healing Pulsar of Tseyor to get me out of that situation.

In the readings the communiqués I found the answers, although I did not want to assume them. I could not be in that situation; I did not deserve it. Not me.

Little by little I realized that this situation was what I had to live.

For the first time I enjoyed my family, my friends, reading, watching a film. I appreciated the strolls in the park, the birds singing, even the rainy and stormy days. I learned to savor Transcendental COFFEE¹, that is to say, to experience from a less earthly perspective

¹ COFFEE is the translation into English of the word *café*, whose letters, as an acronym, mean Science, Art, Philosophy and Spirituality.

Science, Art, Philosophy and Spirituality. I found beauty in everything around me.

More and more my space was shrinking. From the city to my neighborhood, from the neighborhood to my residential area, from there to my house and from my house to my room. My body no longer had the strength to move, and I needed the help of someone for everything.

It was there, in that small space, when I felt the freest. I was able to fly, to travel through universes, through parallel worlds, even visit my brothers and sisters in get-togethers. The environment no longer imprisoned me; my chains were gone.

Such an extreme situation helped me to make self-observation easier, since I was not interacting with anyone. Through it, I was able to understand this process little by little, leading me to a detachment from all material things. I was not going to take away anything I had. This was my sacrifice for humanity, my humanitarian aid process.

In this state, extrapolations were continuous. In this way I was able to understand my role in this three-dimensional life, the purpose I had come to fulfill.

This illness I was suffering was going to help people around me, to become aware of the important things in life. It was going to be a shock for my little sister, but eventually her life would change, giving priority to spirituality.

I could clearly see the effects it was going to have. That reassured me in a way, it was the best thing that could happen to them. It was what their replicas had asked for their advancement, it was what they needed to experience.

Through my transmutation, they would transmute as well. That is when I understood the meaning of sacrifice for humanity.

One morning I decided to extrapolate my thinking to Tseyor's interdimensional spacecraft, I wanted to meet my replica. I arrived in a very bright room in which there was nothing. There she was who introduced herself as Leiv-Lha.

Behind her, as if playing hide-and-seek, there was a green-eyed little girl with long golden blond hair.

I looked at the little girl and waved at her.

“It's you as well. It is the replica of your next life on planet Earth that will arrive as Xaman,” said Leiv-Lha.

My intention, in this encounter with my replica, was to find out if this was the end of me and what awaited me next.

Of course, my replica already knew what I was going for, so it didn't need to say anything.

It took my hands gently. In an instant I could see different parallel lives going on that were part of myself: the arrival on planet Earth, the trip to Nakbé, the encounter with the mirror, the Planet of Meteorites, the sandals, and my trip to the UTU, among many other things.

It only took a few seconds, but the journey through those lives was incredible. My face of amazement and joy said it all. The little girl and Leiv-Lha were smiling.

“Come, come with me,” said the little girl.

A door opened in front of her, and she stared at me, waiting for me to approach.

When I passed through it I saw myself in a park, she was already sitting on a wooden bench next to a colorful enclosure with swings and other playground equipment.

After sitting for a while, she asked me: “What do you see?”

“A playground,” I answer.

“Do you see anything strange?”

“I don't know, it's a pretty well-equipped playground for children to...”

At that moment I noticed, I looked at her and continued in a more subdued tone, “the children, the children are missing.”

The setting changed and we were in a large movie theater. I looked around; we were alone.

“Are we going to watch a movie? I asked.

The little girl started laughing...

“Of course not, we are in Seiph, that big plasma computer created by Shilcars. I want you to see something.”

Images and scenes from different parts of the world began to be projected on the big screen.

“Look and tell me what you see,” she said again.

After a few seconds, I answered:

“I see people of all ages and races, they are serious, they don't smile, even the children don't look like children. Most of them are looking at the screen of a cell phone, a watch, a tablet, they don't even realize who they are passing on, they look like robots.”

After a few moments of silence, the little girl grabbed my hand and said:

"This is my world, it's the world where I will live in a few years. The vast majority of people have almost no feelings anymore, they are immersed in a virtual world laid down by social networks and technology. Many have already become cyborgs and many others are on their way. It is something that has been planned

for a long time, a plan to turn us all into robots, cyborgs.”

“People used to connect with nature, observed their environment and enjoyed it. Now, in this not-too distant future time not too far away in years from the one you live in now, there is no time for that, everyone lives glued to a screen, consuming a lot of information that they are not able to assume.”

“They live in the illusion of a fictitious life, largely due to virtual reality, and controlled like a large herd through chips, cell phones and an endless number of electronic networked devices.”

“Many humans wear implants that override their creativity and their feelings, they connect their mind to that same network, so they don't need effort to learn how to play a certain musical instrument, for example. More and more people are using such implants, and more and more are turning into cyborgs.”

These images made me see how I had lived my last years. All day long with a cell phone in my hands, a laptop, or a tablet, skipping from one page to the other

on the Internet, reading news, that I honestly do not know why I read them.

Maybe all I wanted to do was to distract my mind, I just wanted to keep myself distracted so that I would not have to face the reality of a world that was declining. I did not want to face my reality, myself, my shadows. I wanted to look away.

The scenes on the big screen changed from gray and black to a great mosaic of colors.

The people who appeared were now smiling, living in humble houses, working the fields, meeting constantly and they were clear about the direction in which their lives were headed. Also, they used technology but as a mere help for necessary cases.

The little girl felt the change in emotions that these images were provoking in me. She pressed my hand a little tighter and said:

“And this will be my Tseyor Town.”

At that moment a great brightness came and led us there. The little girl was not so little anymore, she

was a full-fledged woman. We looked at each other, smiled and we melted in a big hug.

We strolled through a central square, everyone looked at me and greeted me with a small bow head. Their faces showed a great happiness that I could feel as well. I could not believe that I was in a Tseyor town.

“They greet me as if they know me,” I whispered to the woman who was now accompanying me. She smiled and replied:

“Everyone knows who you are, where you come from, and what you are doing here, right now. Remember that we are able to live in both worlds at the same time. Your presence here was already agreed upon, there is nothing that is produced at random, everything is already written. Therefore, everything is relative.”

It was a small walk, a great experimentation that gave me a great feeling of hope.

There were going to be very difficult times ahead, true; but there would be people who would serve as a light in the darkness, groups of people who

would come together for said purpose, such as the Tseyor Group.

A great "spacecraft" in which brothers and sisters would travel, ready for humanitarian aid. Brothers and sisters, ready to be beacons of light in times of shadows, with the purpose of revealing the path towards the reality of the worlds.

Back to my three-dimensional life, the joy and enthusiasm could not be greater. I needed no more answers. Life on this planet Earth was just one more of the many stories and lives I was leading out.

Why should I be sad? My role in this play was coming to an end, but there would be more to come, I would return to this planet to continue helping the autochthonous in the awakening of consciousness, in this evolutionary leap that was about to take place.

That same afternoon my little sister came to visit me. She was not coping well with my illness and it was difficult for her to come to see me.

"You look happier than usual," she said as she entered into the room.

“Why shouldn't I be?” I replied.

She sat down in the chair next to the bed, wiped some sweat from my forehead and stared into my eyes.

“I'm going to tell you a secret,” I whispered.

She looked to the side to make sure no one was listening, moving a little closer to me so that I would tell her quietly.

You're going to be the mother of a beautiful green-eyed girl; she will show you the true path.

She sat down again without saying a word. She grabbed my hand, and we remained like that for a couple of hours, in silence. I sent her thoughts and I know that she received them in some way.

She got up, hugged me and it was the first time she didn't cry. There was also a big smile on her face, even though she knew we would not see each other again. At least, that is what she thought.

After that meeting, the visits became fewer and fewer. There was a pandemic caused by an "invisible friend" and the displacements were forbidden. When I

saw the news on TV, I started laughing like never before. I could not stop.

The person who accompanied me, a nurse who was my hands and feet, started laughing infectiously. There we were both laughing; it took several minutes in which we were like this.

“What are we laughing at?” she asked.

With tears in my eyes from laughing so much, I answered as best I could:

“Isn't it wonderful? I had to experience loneliness to find myself. Everything is planned, it's... Ugh!

At that moment the girl stopped laughing. She didn't understand me.

“What is happening in the world are the effects of a cause. There are no coincidences. And we all have an aliquot share of that "guilt", in quotation marks, of the origin of all this,” I said more serenely.

Now I really understood my life, my circumstances, the reason for everything I went through. That smile that always accompanied me and

that I did not know where it came from, was slowly drawn on my face.

“I can tell you are exhausted. It seems that it is a matter of hours,” the nurse said. To which I replied:

“Hours? I have a whole eternity ahead of me.”

I closed my eyes and...

REFERENCES

- This simple and short story is very well complemented with the work Los Guías Estelares, published in English (2023).
- Consult our on-line Library. Our Stellar Guides, Tseyor Library.
- It will also be very useful to consult Glosario Terminológico de Tseyor (49th Edition, 2021) to clarify matters.
- The Tseyor Library has more than 300 works that can be downloaded free of charge from the Tseyor Group website: tseyor.org

Team that has worked on the realization of this work

Interdimensional tutors: Noiwanak and Rasbek

Editor: En Paro Creativo La Pm

Portraits of the characters: No Siempre es La Pm

The Twelve of the Course: Canal Radial Pm, Capitel Pi Pm, Castaño, Claro Apresúrate Pm, Corazón, Cosmos, Dadora de Paz Pm, Escampada Libre La Pm, Liceo, Pigmalión, Puente, Sala.

We are grateful for the suggestions received from the Agora del Junantal



**May the wine and bread of this Earth,
lead us to recognize the Cosmic Christ within us,
and with his protection,
be able to reach the path of freedom,
to guard all the replicas
towards the reality of the worlds**

Tseyor, Tseyor, Tseyor

BEH – SAYAB – TSEK – SUUT – KAT – OKSAH – ICH

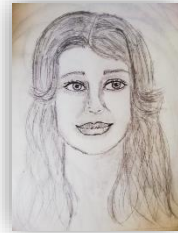
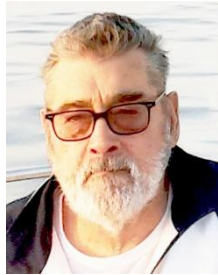


PHOTO GALLERY OF THE MUUL OS TSEYOR

We present here the portraits of some the Tseyor members scattered around the world, who are committed to deepen the message of Tseyor and its philosophy. As “Muul”, they are both disseminators of this message and learners at the same time.



Acero La Pm



**Ahora Es El
Momento La Pm**



Al Norte La Pm



Amando La Pm



Andando Pm



**Anillo para Siempre
La Pm**



Apuesta Atlante Pm



Aran Valles Pm



**Árbol Frondoso
La Pm**



Aúpate La Pm



**Avanza
Progresivamente
La Pm**



Ayala



Benéfica Amor Pm



**Buen Renombre
La Pm**



Cálculo Tolteca Pm



Canal Radial Pm



Capitel Pi Pm



Caporal La Pm



**Capricho Sublime
La Pm**



Carambola La Pm



Castaño



Claire La Pm



**Claro Apresúrate
La Pm**



Colorea



Con Fuerza La Pm



Con Vapor La Pm



Coordinador Pm



Corazón



Corazón Blanco Pm



**Corresponsal Azul
La Pm**



Cosmos



Cronología



**Cuadrando Cuentas
La Pm**



**Cumbres Nevadas
La Pm**



Dadora de Paz Pm



Des-Esperes La Pm



El Amasador La Pm



El Bastón La Pm



El Martillo La Pm



El Mensajero La Pm



**El Piano, Tu Amigo
La PM**



**Empieza de Nuevo
La Pm**



**Empieza La Unión
La PM**



**En Buenas Manos
La Pm**



En Camino Voy La Pm



En el Mar La Pm



**En Paro Creativo
La Pm**



En Sí la Luz La Pm



En Su Busca La Pm



**Envuelta Nube
La Pm**



**Escampada Libre
La Pm**



Esfera Musical Pm



**Especial de Luz
La Pm**



**Espera Tu Turno
La Pm**



Está Aquí La Pm



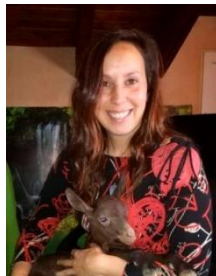
Estado Pleno Pm



Estupendo Es La Pm



Exacta La Pm



Junto A Ti La Pm



La Reentrada La Pm



**Labios Expresivos
Pm**



Levedad



Liceo



**Lo Tienes Todo
La Pm**



**Lo Vas a Resolver
La Pm**



Logaritmo La Pm



Lucero La Pm



Luz Estelar La Pm



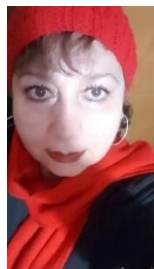
Magda La Pm



**Manantial Inagotable
La Pm**



Mejor Ver La Pm



Nepal



**Ni Te Lo Pienses
La Pm**



Nija



**No a la Tun Tun
La Pm**



**No Calles, Habla
La Pm**



No Siempre Es La Pm



No Te Olvides La Pm



Noventa Pm



Oca



Om



Orden La Pm



Oro en Polvo La Pm



Ovillo Rosa La Pm



Papa



Paseo Dulce La Pm



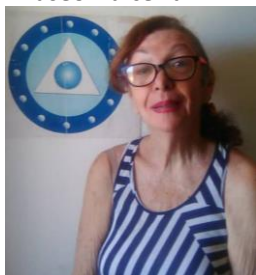
Performance La Pm



Pigmalión



Pinto



Plenitud



Pon Orden La Pm



Prensa La Pm



**Presta Atención
La Pm**



Puente



Punto Sur La Pm



**Qué Más Puedes
Pedir La Pm**



Raudo Pm



**Referencia
Tseyor Pm**



Renuévate La Pm



**Resplandor Otoñal
La Pm**



Retransmite La Pm



Sala



**Seguro que
Es Así La Pm**



Siempre Hay



Síntesis La Pm



Soldevila Pm



**Sublime Decisión
La Pm**



**Un Buen Momento
La Pm**



**Un Futuro Encuentro
La Pm**



**Un Gran Suspiro
La Pm**



**Un Lugar al Sol
La Pm**



**Un Mejor Resultado
La Pm**



**Un Poco de Paciencia
La Pm**



**Un Simple
Movimiento La Pm**



**Una Pica en
Barcelona La Pm**



**Vale el Esfuerzo
La Pm**



Ven Conmigo La Pm



Vuelve La Pm



Ya Eres Libre La Pm

Excerpt Interdimensional Conversation TAP No. 26 dated April 4th, 2015.
Gathering in Pachuca-Mexico:

Shilcars: Just to emphasize once again the unity of thought and the common goal of this great Tseyor family, which has consolidated a good number of symbolic names, that in one way or another, are part of this great spiritual asset that unites and transforms us.

We may think that the thousands of brothers and sisters who make up this holistic conglomerate, even if they are not present or because of the fact that they are not present, cease to keep alive this relationship with all of us, but it is not true. Each element that in turn has received the symbolic name is united in planes other than this one, the three-dimensional one, and collaborates in the unification, and also in the reunification of thoughts and actions.

As of communiqué 1125 on November 7th, 2021, the Tseyor Holographic Puzzle consists of 6944 symbolic names, whose members are distributed among the following countries:

Alemania, Andorra, Argentina, Australia, Austria, Belice, Bolivia, Brasil, Canadá, Chile, China, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Ecuador, El Salvador, España, Francia, Guatemala, Holanda, Honduras, Hungría, Irlanda, Israel, Italia, Japón, Malasia, Marruecos, México, Mozambique, Nicaragua, Panamá, Paraguay, Perú, Polonia, Portugal, Puerto Rico, Reino Unido, República Dominicana, Rumania, Suiza, Taiwán, Uruguay, USA, Venezuela...

After more than 40 years of interdimensional research with human being and metaphysics among other topics, our non-profit association TSEYOR CENTER FOR SOCIOCULTURAL STUDIES, offers an extensive library whose content focuses exclusively on the countless decoded messages coming from living human beings belonging to the Confederation of Inhabited Worlds of the Galaxy.

We have been eyewitnesses of the evolution and exact conformation of their spacecrafts both from outside and inside them and we have no doubts about the veracity of the communications we receive.

The conceptual simplicity of the messages is striking, contrasting, however with their depth. In these messages we are basically told about the need to know ourselves in all dimensions and the need also of a joint work in brotherhood.

The message focuses especially on self-realization. with its depth in them we are basically talking about the need to know ourselves in all dimensions and the need also of a joint work in brotherhood.

The message focuses especially on self-realization, the validity of ancestral thoughts, notions of health and nutrition, the relationship we establish with other human beings who are our brothers, etc.

Lately we have been told about preparing for the change that is coming. The scientific world as well as many others speak of it. Hence this message of love and brotherhood totally necessary to face the challenges that lie ahead.

TSEYOR GROUP



ONG Mundo Armónico Tseyor
Granada (España)
Asociación núm. 603004
NIF G19530831



TSEYOR Centro de Estudios Socioculturales
Barcelona (España)
Asociación núm. 26478
NIF G62991112



Universidad Tseyor de Granada (UTG)
Granada (España)

Tseyor group has members in:

Andorra, Argentina, Australia, Austria, Belize, Bolivia, Brazil, Canada, Chile, China, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, France, Germany, Guatemala, Holland, Honduras, Hungary, Ireland, Israel, Italy, Japan, Malaysia, Mexico, Morocco, Mozambique, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Poland, Portugal, Puerto Rico, Romania, Spain, Switzerland, Taiwan, United Kingdom, Uruguay, USA, Venezuela....