

## *The Mother in Shambhala*

Estelle Isaacson

As the vision began I found myself in the center of Shambhala before the Tree of Life, which was shining with a brilliant white light. The Tree of Life lives in Paradise. Its glory defies description, as does the glory of Shambhala. The above is mirrored in the below: I saw the Empyrean above<sup>1</sup> spread out before the Heavenly Father, mirrored below in Shambhala all around the dwelling place of the Mother, and in the very center was the Tree of Life.

Shambhala, the golden heart of the Earth, is the Mother's dominion, where she reigns as Queen of the Earth. In her realm there are sublime beings that ascend and descend. Engaged in a great work, they descend to the Mother and ascend through the realms of the Earth.<sup>2</sup> In Shambhala one can behold their activity of bearing the Mother's love continuously to the kingdoms of nature and to humanity.

The Mother loves us. She is strong and powerful. She has not failed us and will not fail us!

The sap of her love coursed through my bones. The warmth of the Mother and the divine love of the Father coursed through me.

I was hovering before the Mother. Her face, as large and radiant as the Sun, emanates golden warmth. I had never been this close to her before! From her face fell amber drops that shone like dew infused with sunlight. They appeared similar to the Pentecostal flames. One of them fell upon the chakra of my third eye.

The Mother has the most beautiful smile you could ever imagine, the kind of smile that beams directly into the innermost chamber of one's heart. Her face exudes rays of light, and her mantle and train flow behind her like a vast tapestry of light wherein everything she loves, every being, is woven—including the whole Earth and all of its creatures and all of Humanity. The Earth and all of its inhabitants *are* her Glory!

At the very center of her world there seems to be no gravity. She hovers there, and all of her attendants hover around her, spiraling out from her to the periphery of her realm, where there is gravitational force. Out on the periphery is where the workers dwell.<sup>3</sup> For them, the human beings who dwell on the surface of the Earth are just as much a mystery as *they* are to us. The Mother, however, knows all beings.

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<sup>1</sup> In this vision of June 9, 2016, I was seeing the Empyrean—encompassing the entirety of the Milky Way galaxy, at the center of which is the Central Sun (Galactic Center)—the realm of the Heavenly Father.

<sup>2</sup> When one is in Shambhala, however, one has the experience that these beings *ascend* to the Mother and *descend* to the Earth, but from our point of view out on the surface of the Earth, we would say they descend to the Mother.

<sup>3</sup> When I saw this, I was reminded of “worker bees” in a beehive. Indeed, Shambhala can be likened to a great beehive!

Just as there are the heavenly spiritual hierarchies, so also is there a kind of hierarchical order of beings who serve the Mother. There are beings who dwell closest to God and who behold God, and their gnosis and love of God is imparted down through the hierarchies all the way to the Angels. They do all they can to impart God's light and love to their human charges. So, too, are there beings who dwell very close to the Mother and are always in her presence. These beings ray out their knowing to other beings. Human beings most often feel removed from God. They are questing to regain the light and the love and the life of Paradise lost. This is similar to the experience of beings who dwell furthest away from the Mother, out on the periphery. They work for the Mother. They know she exists and can feel the warmth emanating from her, but they too must quest to find her. And there is an unspeakable pleroma of beings, who ascend and descend from the periphery to the very heart of Shambhala, and go out again to the periphery, weaving the Mother's love in the whole realm. If you could only behold this—*the Mother's Love!*

I felt weightless in the Mother's presence, hovering in front of her. Her glance burned from my body the vestiges of earthly shame. Drawing near to the Mother is similar to approaching the Cross! She has the same ability to purify the world and the human being. She can take world's doubt and shame—and all of the fear, the hate, and anger—from one's body. She too bears the crosses of humanity. She revealed them to me. She is the great Alchemist who changes our iron crosses into gold, our dark crosses into light. She is the Holy Begetress of the good in this world. All that is true and good and beautiful, she begets. She *wishes* to bear our crosses, because she loves the work of transformation.

Bearing her heart in her hands, she extended it towards me. It appeared as a luminous crystal dodecahedron. She told me that in the far distant future, she will dwell at the center of every human being's heart. The chambers of the human heart shall become her temple.

Through Christ's second coming, it will become possible for some human beings, after departing from the physical realm, to find the Mother in Shambhala. And indeed a few saints have found her there. I could see them! They are working for her. I could see their dwelling places. They were surrounded by ineffable beauty, dwelling in what appeared to be hovering islands in an atmosphere of her love—a rosy, golden atmosphere.

I was only able to behold the Mother and her world by the power of an eye that was given to me, an eye that is comprised of the sacred wounds of Christ. It is an eye that is only in use for the Glory of God and his purposes.

Paradise, the Tree of Life, and the Mother retreated into the heart of the Earth when Abel's blood was spilled, and a Cherubim sacrificed itself to guard the Tree of Life and to accompany the Mother on her path of descent. Abel, as the first departed human being, saw all of this in spirit, beholding the Cherubim's sacrifice.<sup>4</sup> Abel's spirit followed the descending Mother and the corresponding descent, with her, of her realm of Paradise—together with the Tree of Life and the Cherubim—until he could no longer see them.

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<sup>4</sup> The first human family had been separated from the Tree of Life when Adam and Eve fell. Abel, after his death, when he was in the realm of spirit, was able to see the Tree of Life and the Cherubim that guarded it.

They were swallowed up on the path of descent into an ephemeral horizon. For some time he wandered homeless in clouds of mist as the first (and only) departed one—while his brother wandered homeless on the Earth in a dark fog. There was a chasm dividing the brothers. They wanted each other, but could not find one another. And now Cain was lost from the Father and Abel was lost from the Mother. They were lost from each other! It was at that time that all the evil layers of the Earth came into being, separating Abel from the Mother. Cain's deed set all of this in motion. *O, Paradise!—Paradise lost!*

The good gods from the ranks of the spiritual hierarchies provided a place to which departed souls could ascend, a place which was hidden from those in the physical realm. And Abel was taken up there to rest in peace. He was held by the Angels in the cradle of this newly-born spirit realm of the Moon sphere, the lowest of the planetary spheres created by the spiritual hierarchies to enable them to “administer” the just rewards of human karma brought about through human deeds enacted upon the Earth. He was like a newborn babe in this realm. Meanwhile evil—i.e., fallen—spiritual beings took hold of the Earth and brought into existence noxious weeds and vile creatures. Animals began to kill and eat other animals. They also tempted nature beings to violate their ordained boundaries, to become the tormentors of human beings. And subsequent to Cain's deed, human beings now knew that they too could kill one another—not yet grasping, however, the karmic consequences of such terrible misdeeds.

But there is a great Hope, which was always a part of the divine plan. This Hope was inscribed in the universal destiny of the world from the very beginning—and was transmitted to every human being. The Earth shall never be left without this great Hope—which is Christ, the Redeemer of Cain and Abel and of humanity: through his sacrifice on the Cross at the Mystery of Golgotha two thousand years ago; and now, through his further sacrifice in his Second Coming, as Redeemer of the whole world—that is, his Second Coming is for the Redemption of the Earth Mother, entailing his confrontation with the evil indwelling the sub-earthly spheres.

Christ is opening the path to the Mother in Shambhala—her sacred realm in the heart of the Earth. Shambhala, the lost Paradise, will become the new Paradise, referred to by Christ in his words from the Cross: “Today you shall be with me in Paradise.” The new Paradise is a world wherein every Cain shall be reconciled with every Abel.

Christ—who is the unity of the All—has just now passed through the portal of the eighth sub-earthly layer of the Earth, where the evil of divisiveness is generated. He who bears all beings, circumscribed into a great whole within his unfathomable being, brings the fire of unification into that divisive layer of the Earth. He has appeared differently in every sub-earthly layer of the Earth, and in this eighth layer he appears as a *unifying fire*. And this fire shall eventually fuse everything into one. This is the fire that I have felt burning in my bones.

In this layer, the endeavor of evil beings is to try to steal the one true Name<sup>5</sup> from human

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<sup>5</sup> See Revelations 2:17.

beings. They cloud our vision so that we humans cannot see each other clearly. They come between our human hearts, gripping and contracting them in an attempt to keep us from knowing one another. They spawn discord and anger, fueling the flames of anger with fear.

Christ is entering into that layer of the Earth to reclaim the powers of the one true Name. I speak of this in a kind of mythological way because the reality is that no one can take away the powers of the one true Name. These evil ones, however, want us to believe that illusion. As we heal division, Christ will make it possible for us to know our true Name and we will each come to know the other.

We may offer ourselves to Christ and to his work of healing division and restoring harmony. He waits for us. He needs us to be with him in his great work of unifying all by way of the fire of his unfathomable love and mercy, thus overcoming the divisiveness of the eighth sub-earthly realm through the divine love issuing from his sacred wounds, above all from his Sacred Heart.

*Note added by the editor (RP):* In this connection, the following words from volume 2 of Estelle Isaacson's trilogy *Through the Eyes of Mary Magdalene* are relevant. She describes how, on the day before the Last Supper, Mary Magdalene fulfilled the anointing of Jesus as the Messiah, the "Anointed One." The anointing was the moment when Judas made the decision to betray Jesus. This decision led to his crucifixion and death.

Through the anointing Christ Jesus was prepared for the time immediately *after* his death on the cross, for the descent he would then make to the center of the Earth, where one must journey to receive the resurrection body. Magdalene was preparing him to descend to the center of the Earth, where he would lay gifts at the feet of the Mother, and where the Mother would cloak him in the resurrection body. I was taken then in vision to the center of the Earth, to the golden realm of the Mother. I saw the Holy Mother like a Sun at the center of the Earth. Her head was crowned with a headdress like a Sun. She glowed in an effulgence of warm, golden light. Countless beings, whom I can scarcely describe, lined a path leading to Her. They were thus arrayed to greet the Christ at his triumphant entry into Shambhala. They emanated golden light also. I saw Christ descend into their midst as they sang in ethereal voices that resonated throughout the Earth. This took place just after Christ Jesus died upon the cross. When he reached the realm of the Mother, these beings were present to greet him and touch him as he passed by, praising him and rejoicing in triumph. I could feel that this was the most important moment of all time! Never before had Christ penetrated into the fallen Earth to visit the Mother! I could hardly fathom that by anointing him, Magdalene—a human being—had prepared him for this moment! As he reached the Mother, She "cloaked" him in his resurrection body. The light streaming from him was astonishingly brilliant! There at the center of the Earth he became a luminous star.

Above upon the Earth at the entrance to the holy sepulcher, a great fiery face appeared at the tomb door, flickering and ever-changing. A heavenly choir broke into harmonies so strikingly beautiful that I could scarcely contain the sounds

within me! I was lifted up and taken into the chorus, surrounded by it, witnessing manifold forms—and also many beings—created by the tones. These things defy my powers of description. The choral voices were weaving forms, and the forms were becoming Christ's resurrection body, as though this body were being sung into existence. This singing was the Word, and the Word *is* Christ's form. It was as though the chorus were somehow assembling Christ's resurrection body. It was not a matter of creating it, but of some sort of preparation. This new body was so expansive that it filled all space. So many forms—layer upon layer in multitudinous dimensions—were woven into this body. *Numberless* forms were within his wounds, placed there for the benefit of those able to touch them. Each one who witnesses or touches his wounds receives a different gift—a gift implanted in the wounds by the spiritual hierarchies, by the Angels given stewardship over his sacred wounds. This is how he can appear in so many ways and grant such varied gifts. Each one who approaches him can have an individual experience of him, for the individual suffering of each of us is in his wounds. *I saw this!* We are all somehow contained within his resurrection body. We are like cells of this body. And his wounds are bleeding still. *His blood is the light of love.* Great drops of love fall from his heavenly hands. His Sacred Heart, radiating at the center of his Being, is vast like unto a world in itself.