



Sleeping Beauty and the Feminine Divine

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5//2024

IT is no secret that the Reformation finished what the Roman Catholic Church could not. They gutted any notion of the feminine Divine from the earth and from heaven. Would anyone care to refute that point? Many from the good old Baptists Boys Club will break a leg at the recollection but my readers know better, having done their homework. Women no longer have any metaphysical representation in the Holy Family, thereby making the prayer “on earth as it is in heaven” a seemingly impossible reality.

The thing which I love the most about the Truth is that it is not dependent upon you and me. It does not change its opinion based upon whether or not we happen to agree or disagree or even believe it to be. It may be hidden by heavenly design or human and spiritual intervention, which is a theme of the fairy tale, come to think of it, but

the Truth is the Truth and there is nothing we can do in our wishful thinking to change that. Before this is over, I hope to make the case that the feminine Divine has been here all along, nurturing us as a Queen and a Mother, even if men obstinately refuse to recognize her.

The ultimate purpose of this paper is to discuss the Feminine Divine within **Sleeping Beauty**, and we shall get there, eventually, I hope, *maybe*, YAH willing. I see no reason as to why we should charge into the battle lines this time around. She's sleeping in the tower and not going anywhere. There are still terms which need put in order, the first of which would be the **fairy-tale**. How do we even go about defining it?



Several months ago, I came out with my analysis of [Princess Kaguya: A Preexistence Tale](#), and hadn't the faintest clue how superficial it was until I began delving into the work of **Carl Jung**. Actually, **Marie-Louise von Franz** was a contemporary of his, a fellow Jungian, and she too has been incredibly helpful in opening my eyes to the ins and outs of the princess prototype. I happened to find a picture of the two of them together. Franz was **19** when she started psychoanalysis with Dr. Jung if that means anything to you. Yes, *I know*, the world is a stage filled with actors selected for the part, courtesy of the casting department. I am fully aware of that, and many of my own readers will attempt to correct me should I deviate from my own research on the subject, but then to say we cannot learn from the various puzzle pieces they hold is foolishness in my book.

Anywho, Marie-Louise von Franz no doubt borrows from Jung when she describes the fairy-tale as being “built up by inner experiences

which do not quite fit the representations collectives.” That is to say, fairy tales are mostly unsophisticated products of the unconscious, telling us more about the dream state than other storytelling methods, and should therefore not be confused with mythology. Mythology and the fairy-tale may enter the same exhibit room of our consciousness, but they are as distinct and distinguished as a painting is from a statue or a book is from the movie. Much as we might participate in any dream analysis, the purpose being that we might come to understand ourselves better, the unconscious fairy-tale can likewise restore real meaning in the greater collective, thereby serving as a healing function. And of course, why am I not surprised to learn that the fairy-tale princess, locked away in her tower by a magical spell, has been confronting us with the feminine Divine all along?



Supposing you did happen to read the latest iteration of my ‘Princess Kaguya’ analysis then you’ve seen my insertion of Jungian psychology which, in my opinion, welcomed everyone into the deep end of water. Because as we all know reading is a poolside activity and I happen to like the splash zone. I was totally correct about the preexistence element on the first go-around, you might even say graceful as I sashayed into the room, but then somehow managed to stub my toe on the coffee table when it came to the feminine Divine element of the fairy-tale. Ironically, the story is about Kaguya’s intended purpose on Earth getting derailed by the collective consciousness, as empowered by the masculine Divine, because they could not recognize the feminine Divine when it manifested before them, nor could I, apparently.

According to Jung, the archetypal psychology within the greater collective unconscious is a checkerboard of duality in that we have the **anima** and **animus** to contend with. What is the *anima* and *animus*? I'm glad you asked. Let's break them down in an orderly fashion. The animus is the unconscious masculine side of a woman whereas the anima is the unconscious feminine side of a man. Together they make up the two primary anthropomorphic archetypes of the unconscious mind. For clarity purposes, man's collective unconscious has a way of transcending the personal psyche and forming the shadow archetype of woman into his image rather than what a woman actually happens to be. This is the **anima**. The anima is the feminine side of a man's unconscious. On the flip, the **animus** is woman's masculinity, whereby she forms man into her image. The reason why Jung believed the anima was the more significant of the two is because man's sensitivity is often lesser than a woman's, perhaps even repressed, and nearly always it is the man telling the story, creating the character archetypes and so on, casting the woman in the light of his anima.



Another way of understanding the anima and the animus is by invoking the cinema as a whole. I will quickly ask you to consider a common denominator between guy movies and chick flicks. For starters, men often find themselves completely frustrated and incapable of relating to the effeminate archetype which the animus storytellers construe for them in the chick flick genre. Often, the emotionally repressed male is cast as the antagonist whereas the seemingly unachievable unconscious masculine side of a woman, the animus, is where the protagonist finds himself. Never has this been more apparent than with **Kathleen Kennedy**'s Executive control over the Star Wars franchise. Criticism aside, I don't know if you've noticed the recent pendulum swing, but

really, who hasn't, the **Lucasfilm Story Group** is comprised almost entirely of **women**, aka Animus storytellers. I can see where the Anima fanbase would find contempt in that. The reason for all this confusion can perhaps best be explained by the current state we find ourselves in, as expressed by the following passage.



When Cha'uaha (Eve) was in A'dam, there was no death; when she was separated from him, death came. **If she enters back into him, and he accepts her, there will be no more death.**

Besorah Philip 71

Just the other night I was asked during a LIVE Q&A regarding my thoughts on **androgyny**. I thank him for his enquiry and am under the impression that he was referring to *this* passage and maybe others like it when insinuating that women would physically merge with men again, thereby ending death forever. If you must know, crossdressing is an abomination according to Devarium (Deuteronomy) 22:5. I am completely opposed to the Mrs. Doubtfire lifestyle though I'm well aware that Yahusha has *paps* in Revelation. That deserves further investigation. Also, I stand with Besorah Philip. To help elaborate on what I think is happening, here is another quip from the same book.

⁷⁸ If woman had not been separated from man, she would not die with man. Her separation was at the origin of death. Mashiach comes again to heal this wound, to rediscover the lost unity, to enliven those who kill themselves in separation, reviving them in union.

⁷⁹ Man and woman unite in the bridal chamber, and those who have known this sacred embrace will never be separated. Eve separated from Adam because she did not unite with him in the bridal chamber.

Besorah Philip 78-79

Philip cannot possibly be stating that Cha'uaha's separation from A'dam's side is the cause of death. If so, then spiritual death had already entered the world before they had succumbed to the temptations of the Serpent. In being formed from his rib, the two were still united. It is the act of adultery which separated the two from the bridal chamber, resulting in the birth of Qayin, and Philip makes a point of that. If you don't believe me, then I suggest reading my [Mary Magdalene: Second Eve](#) paper, which happens to be a direct spin-off of [Serpent Seed](#). Just as assuredly, Mashiach came to heal the wound in his union with [Miryam of Migdal](#), which is another theme of Philip and an obvious component to the feminine Divine discussion.

I covered the subject of women merging with men in my [Mary Magdalene: Becoming Man](#) article and probably others though the subject certainly deserves further investigation. And no, I personally do not believe that Miryam of Migdal physically merged with Yahusha, thus ceasing to exist as a separate entity if that's how it's being framed. Contrarily, spiritual androgyny, or rather, the [Marriage of Ruach](#), is another matter entirely. Allow me to explain as I'm not through with the anima and animus side of the equation quite yet. Call me a dirty Jungian if you must but I really believe he was onto something when speaking of them. As I've already explained, the separation of man from woman was the result of adultery, naturally. That severing is what created, in Jungian terms, the anima and the animus. The reunion of

the two has yet to happen on the mortal plane but once it does that can only mean one thing. We will all live happily ever after.



And anyways, Mashiach rescues Miryam. That right there is your **Prince prototype**. Have fun at your next Bible study, you're welcome. Now, the temptation is to make the feminine Divine aspect of the fairy-tale all about Miryam of Migdal. Many sum it up this way but I won't. Oh sure, Miryam most certainly plays her part. I'm assuming she'll spring up now and then. Off the top of my head, the Little Mermaid comes to mind. And in fact, Marie-Louise von Franz has stated, "The figures are anonymous because it would be much too shocking if they were given their own names." But then, it appears as though very few Mary Magdalene researchers have breached the three dudes in heaven subject, coming to any understanding of the **Ruach HaQodesh**, nor wrestled with the His-Story reshaping implications of the Holy Spirit being feminine, and being modest seems out of their character. I will refer you to my [Wisdom: The Feminine Holy Spirit](#) paper for deeper insight though, as the current discussion is concerned, let's try a couple of passages out for size.

¹ A cup of milk was offered to me, and I drank it in the sweetness of the delight of YAHUAHA.

²The Son is the cup, and the Father is He who was milked, and **the Ruach HaQodesh is She who milked Him,**

³Because His breasts were full, and it was undesirable that His milk should be ineffectually released.

⁴The Ruach HaQodesh opened Her bosom and mixed the milk of the two breasts of the Father.

⁵Then She gave the mixture to the generation without their knowing, and those who have received it are in the perfection of the right hand.

Odes of Shalomah (Solomon) 19:1-5

For everyone out there so hung up on Yahusha Ha'Mashiach's *paps* in Revelation, you can't claim I've never thrown a bone or two in your vicinity because the Father apparently has them as well. Actually, I've rehearsed this passage numerous times and I am beginning to suspect we've been reading it wrong. Contextually, the Ruach HaQodesh is the one who is said to have exposed her breasts to ALAHAYAM. It is she who then milked those two breasts—her breasts.

I know it *says* the Father was milked and that they were furthermore the breasts of the Father, but it is also true that the Ruach HaQodesh proceeds from the Father. *Echad* is the Hebrew word for One, which perfectly expresses the Father and Mother in heaven. They are a marriage of ruach. Another Hebrew idiom would be describing the Father's nakedness, which would in actuality be implying his woman. Her nakedness as well as her breasts are his own. In this context, Yahusha was brought forth from the milk of his Mother. He was born of two mothers, and they were in fact both Virgin.

¹ And when the day of Shavu'oth was fully come, they were all with one accord in one place. ² And suddenly there came a sound from heaven as of a rushing mighty wind, and it filled all the house where they were sitting.

³ And there appeared unto them cloven tongues like as

of fire, and it sat upon each of them. ⁴ **And they were all filled with the Ruach HaQodesh,** and began to speak with other tongues, as the Ruach gave them utterance.

Ma'asiym (Acts of the Apostles) 2:1-3

This is it, the His-Story reshaping implication of the Ruach HaQodesh being feminine which very few seem to appreciate, contemplate, nor wrestle with. Everyone out there awaiting the coming feminine Divine need look no further than what is and has already long been. Look, just because the Holy Family is sexually inverted and suppressed by the Boys Clubs doesn't mean she doesn't exist. She's simply veiled is all. That is what I was getting at earlier when describing what I love about the Truth. The Truth is the Truth whether we recognize it or not. And of course, the fairy-tale is a dream state which has the fun habit of invading our collective consciousness.



There is still one more aspect of the feminine Divine I'd like to go over before we officially begin, as if we haven't already. Actually, there are two additional feminine Divines which are often overlooked but one thing at a time. The first would be Woman. I am talking about the first Woman, Eve. I much prefer her Paleo-Hebrew pronunciation, **Cha'uaha**, though she is also known as Havah. In either case, the name means '**Giver of life**' or '**Mother of life**.' Mind you, I am not convinced that Cha'uaha was the first woman. ALAHAYAM created man and woman, there were others before her. She was however the first **Woman** in the Divine sense of the word. You're likely overly familiar

with her appearance in Barashayath (Genesis). I don't intend to relay that story again. I'd much rather show you her awe-inspiring appearance in the very mysterious and ancient 'Book of Creation.' In that story, A'dam goes by the name of **Fanvar**, whereas Eden is a place called Gardenland, and Cha'uaha is **Amah**, sounding very much like Havah. Well, give it a read.

¹¹ A cloud mist seemed to gather about The Glorious Being, enfolding Him so He was no longer visible. Then, the mist gradually cleared, and the man saw another form emerging. It was that of a woman, but one such as Fanvar had never seen before, beautiful beyond his conception of beauty, with such perfection of form and grace that he was dumbfounded. Yet, the vision was not substantial; **she was a wraith, an ethereal being.**

¹² The man awoke and sought food from the fruits about him and, having refreshed himself, wandered about the garden. Wherever he went he saw the wraith, but was unafraid because she smiled encouragingly, bringing comfort to his heart. He built himself a shelter and grew strong again, but always, wherever he went, the wraith was not far distant.

¹³ One day, near the edge of the garden, he fell asleep in the heat of the day and awoke to find himself surrounded by the Sons of Bothas, not true men but Yoslings, kinsfolk to the beasts of the forest. Before they could take his strength and wisdom, he lost himself among them, slaying some in his rage and might before the rest ran away. When it was done, he sat himself down beneath a great tree, for he was wounded, and blood gushed out from his side and gathered thickly beside him. He became faint, falling into a deep sleep, and while he slept, a wondrous thing happened. **The wraith came and lay beside him, taking**

blood from his wound upon herself so it congealed about her. Thus, the Spiritbeing became clothed with flesh, born of congealing blood, and being sundered from his side, she rose a mortal woman.

¹⁴ In his heart, Fanvar was not at rest, because of her likeness, but she was gentle, ministering to him with solicitude and, being skillful in the ways of healing, she made him whole. Therefore, when he had grown strong again, he made her Queen of The Gardenland, and she was so called even by our fathers, who named her Gulah, but Fanvar called her Amah, meaning helpmate. In our tongue, she is called The Lady of Fanevid.

¹⁵ Now, ALAHAYAM enlightened Fanvar concerning the woman, saying, “This woman was drawn from her compatible abode in a realm of beauty through the yearning aspirations of men. Her coming accomplishes something, which would otherwise have taken countless generations, for Earth is more fitting for men to learn manly things than for women to learn womanly ones. This woman is not as other women, being in no way like yourself; every hair of her head is unlike that of a man, every drop of blood and every particle of flesh is that of a woman and quite unlike that of a man. Her thoughts and desires are different; she is neither coarse nor uncouth, being altogether of another, more refined realm. Her daughters will walk proudly, endowed with every womanly perfection and grace. Delicacy, modesty, and charm will be the lovely jewels enhancing their womanliness. Henceforth, man will be truly man, and woman will be truly woman, men being girded with manliness and women clothed with womanliness. Yet, they shall walk together, hand in hand, towards the ascending glory before them, each the helpmate and inspiration of the other.” So Fanvar and Aruah lived in contentment amid bounty and

fruitfulness, with freedom from afflictions and sickness. **They delighted in each other and, because of their differences, were drawn closer together.**

Book of Creation

Was that not worth your time or what? Blood and gore, love and romance, chick flick meets dude cinema, even the kissing part, it's like 'The Princess Bride' and the Fire Swamp on steroids. Look, I happen to like that movie, okay? My wife and I watch it each year, okay? Our children groan over another showing but we sit on the couch with our bowl of popcorn and get excited through the different speaking parts. Everybody has their dark side, this one is mine, and I'm not apologizing for it.

The Woman was a Spiritbeing from the aethereal realm—a wraith. Telling us that she preexisted in the higher plane of Beauty is pure **Platonism**, and of course, my serial readers are well acquainted with the fact that **Plato** invented nothing. Beauty Incarnate chose to become clothed with flesh, sundered from the side of Man, and it was all due to her love for the King of the Gardenland. In descending from above, the Woman seemingly went against the course, unhewn nature of the Earth which, as the text claims, is fitting for masculine rather than refined instruction, by invoking a heavenly Spark within womankind. Not only that, but she also made the Higher yearning achievable and within the grasp of Man.

A'dam and Cha'uaha are often misconstrued into an androgynous design but here their union is better understood. They were separate, preexistent beings, quite different in nature. Their being drawn together through love and a union of ruachoth only seems to highlight the spiritual androgyny of Anima and Animus. That's another aspect of the feminine Divine within the fairy-tale, right there.

In review, I have covered three aspects of the feminine Divine which I think will help to lift the fairy-tale from the submerged dream state. Miryam of Migdal is the typical go-to Sunday School answer, nothing wrong with that, but then there is also the Ruach HaQodesh, both of

which are highly repressed within our realm of consciousness, and as I've just shown, there is Woman who stands in stark contrast with nature. I have one more character in the feminine Divine genre to offer. Who she is has already been hinted at, but the big reveal will have to wait for her intended arrival because I'm finally ready to delve right into the Sleeping Beauty storyline.



Confession, I never got around to watching **Walt Disney's 1959** Sleeping Beauty movie until rather recently. Try a few days ago. Just as assuredly, I've never done LSD, DMT, or any other psychological mind-altering substance, let alone an illegal drug. Tylenol has been about the extent of my experimentation, making me a very naughty boy. I guess you could say I woke up to the reality of our psychopathic Controllers a decade ago though had I dissected Sleeping Beauty even last year the outcome would have been, *well*, unsatisfactory to say the least. So, there I was last week, wide-eyed in a dark room, getting my mind blown at every frame of film dripping with the feminine Divine, thinking to myself: 'This is what the Sixties must have been like'. I'm telling you this now so that you can perhaps try to appreciate the paradigm shift I've been having.

Disney gets a lot of flack for not sticking with the **Brothers Grimm** but then who is to say that Jacob and Wilhem were dictating for us the original version? Again, the fairy-tale flows with the subconscious state and is not as rigidly told as mythology, though it is no secret that even comparative mythologies conflict from culture to culture. As variations go, Sleeping Beauty is a baker's dozen with a variety of flavors. For

example, the number of fairy godmothers who show up for the baptism of **Aurora** are always fluctuating in number. Sometimes there are seven or eight, or twelve and thirteen, six or three, or maybe even two. Even the explanation for why the antagonist fairy godmother showed up to put a curse on the baby princess varies. In some versions, she was not invited because there were not enough golden plates, and in another, she had been a recluse in a tower for so long that nobody remembered her. Disney is often criticized for not being dark enough but their depiction of **Maleficent** may in fact turn out to be an unfair depiction of the feminine Divine character which she appears by some versions to represent. Which version do we choose? How about we take a quick peek at the oldest known version?

That award would go out to **Perceforest**, which was said to be written around **1340**. Get this, it is a lengthy French romance over **one million** words long which seeks to dip into the works of **Geoffrey of Monmouth** as well as the **Lancelot-Grail Cycle**, thereby expounding upon the genesis of the **Arthurian** world and, surprise, surprise, the author was **anonymous**. What sort of author devotes over one million words to poetry only to remain anonymous? Also, why does this all seem so familiar? Well, it would if you happened to read my report on [Mary Magdalene and the Holy Grail](#). In that one, we encountered a multitude of anonymous Grail writers from the same century. **Percival** was a **Grail keeper** who just so happened to be related to **Joseph d'Armathie**, they all were. As if that's not suspicious or anything. Even the very name **Perceforest** is a clever allusion to Percival.

Contained within the epically long Perceforest romance is the story of **Zellandine**, a princess who falls in love with a man harkening from Scotland, named **Troylus**, but I'm already getting ahead of myself. At Zellandine's birth, three goddesses are invited, **Venus**, **Lucina**, and **Themis**. Venus is fascinating because her Greek counterpart was **Aphrodite**, with **Ishtar** filling in her Mesopotamian role, and you've heard me say before, they are very likely a corruption of the Ruach HaQodesh, passed down to us through the **Qayin** religions. Themis on the other hand is the Maleficent of this tale, which is also fascinating, because Themis is the Greek word for 'Justice' and 'Law,' and even

Themis herself was the goddess of ‘**Divine Order**’. Is this another Demiurge tale? Is the evil goddess an embodiment of the Torah of YAHUAHA? She might be. Or perhaps something else going on. Bookmark that thought.

Anyhow, Themis is upset that the knife given to her was not as nice as the ones provided for the two other goddesses. As I was saying, not all versions treat her as the wicked Maleficent. One might very well say Themis was upset because a blind eye had been given to justice and the scales were not balanced. After Lucina promises good health and reputation to the baby, Themis curses the child so that she will fall to sleep the very moment her finger is pricked with a piece of flax, never awaking until it’s sucked out. It is then Venus who steps in and determines her powers will save the life of the child. She will awaken from her comatose state through sexual intercourse.

So then one day Zellandine falls in love with Troylus. Their feelings are mutual. Before they can initiate their union, however, her father sends him to perform tasks to prove his worth, and while he is gone, Zellandine falls into an enchanted sleep via pricking her finger on the flax. Hoping to rescue her, Troylus visits the temple of the three goddesses, wherein Venus tells him, and I quote:

“When you pluck from the slit
The fruit that holds the cure,
The girl will be healed.”

Do I need to explain that from the birds and the bees angle? I thought not. As a very wise teenager old told me when I myself was a but a teen, ‘If you don’t get a joke, think about sex, and then you’ll get it.’

Oh, and another thing worth mentioning is that Zellandine is fast asleep in a **high tower**. Once again, why is that so familiar? Well, as we have seen with my Miryam of Migdal investigation, Yoceph’s woman **Asenath** lived in a **tower** and she was a model for the betrothed of Mashiach as surely as Yoceph is a foreshadow. Let’s not forget, the very name Migdal means ‘[The Tower](#)’. And now, ask yourself, how many princesses happen to get locked up in a tower?



Upon climbing the high tower, Troylus climbs in through the window and finds Zellandine sleeping naked in bed. He leans in to kiss her only to be reminded by Reason and Discretion that “no man should breach a girl’s privacy without her leave, and he certainly shouldn’t touch her while she sleeps!” Seems like good advice if you want my opinion on the matter. Another nickel of advice is that one probably shouldn’t enter a woman’s apartment through the window while she’s naked unless it’s a rescue attempt, which this happens to be. Troylus hesitates, not knowing what to do, but then kisses her anyways and nothing happens, telling us that it’s not the Disney version we’re watching. He then gets angry at Venus, oblivious as to her very character, obviously, to which Venus replies:

“You’re all alone with this beautiful girl,
The one you love above all others,
And you don’t lie with her!”

Gulp. You mean he has to... Yup, must not be the Disney version. Well anyways, there’s a pluck from the slit and nine months later, the sleeping princess gives birth to a baby boy, but the boy is hungry and there is nobody to nurse him. It is while in search of his mother’s breast that he happens to suckle her finger, thereby reversing Themis’ curse. The Sleeping Beauty wakes and the two run off together, though Zellandine mourns her rape, despite loving him.

There is probably more to the story, as well as additional clues which Perceforest offers, though will you be despondent to learn I haven’t read all one million plus words? Bummer. Here is what I can tell you

though. Their son **Benuic** was a forefather of **King Ban**, the father of **Lancelot**, who in turn fathered **Galahad**, the **Grail Keeper**, through **Elaine**, daughter of the **Fisher King**, also **Grail Keepers**. The earliest telling of Sleeping Beauty ties us right into a holy bloodline.



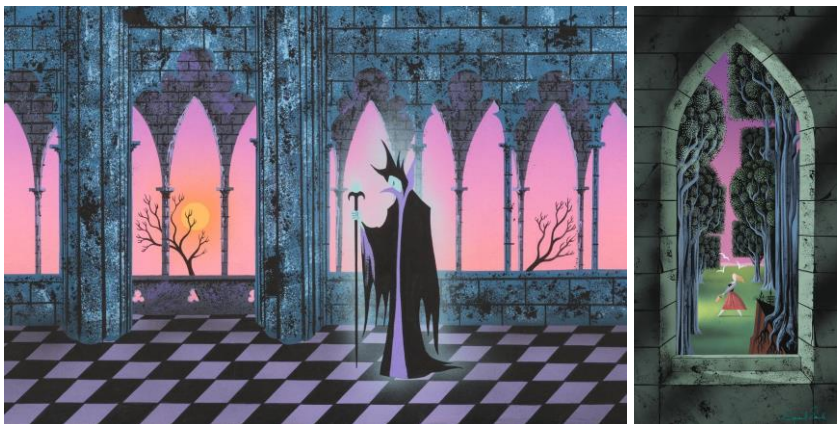
A second less familiar leg of the Sleeping Beauty tale has the princess and her child nearly evading death after being falsely accused of adultery. The influence is thought to derive from **Geneveve**, a saintly woman whose story is told in **The Golden Legend**. In that one, Geneveve was falsely accused, sentenced to death, but then escaped with her son to live in a cave in the Ardennes, a forest extending from Germany to **France**. Is it any coincidence that The Golden Legend also has Miryam of Migdal being excommunicated from Yahudah only to live her life in a cave in France? I covered that already in [Mary Magdalene and the Mandala](#). Geneveve as well as Sleeping Beauty may in fact be clever camouflage *for you know who*.



So, *yeah*, regarding the 1959 Disney version, might I say, **Eyvind Earle**'s artwork was stunningly beautiful, quite on par with the subject matter, and totally unlike the typical Mouse House fare. The opening scene was an assault on my eyes, in which a procession sang, 'Hail to the Princess, Aurora', and I sat there in a dark room going, *Whaaaaa!?!?* Aurora is a mystical and romantic name that means "dawn" in Latin, and in Roman mythology, Aurora is dawns personification. We are also

reminded of the aurora polaris, or the northern lights, which very well may prove to be the actual throne of YAHUAHA.

Another thing about the opening scene was the number of banners. Take a look at them, why don't you? The **phoenix** is immediately everywhere. Could they scream a death and rebirth ceremony any clearer? The coat of arms of **Galahad** and **Lancelot** are also accounted for, and though I don't see them in these two screen shots, the **lion of Yahudah** was just waiting to spring on you around every corner. The **Fleur de Lis** is the other one, don't make me blush. It's a French word, you know. It means 'Lily flower', and though there are various meanings to be found there, it's so obviously **feminine**, must I really explain it to you? The **Virgin Miryam** is also attributed to the Lily. Apparently, she handed the first Fleur de Lis to **Clovis**, signifying a harmony between heaven and earth. The Fleur de Lis was a symbol of the Millennial Kingdom.



The **checkerboard** is something else to look out for. I will remind you that I have an entire paper on that one. [Chess and the Millennial Kingdom](#). No time to explain now. Eyvind Earle went overly crazy with the duality in his concept art though one such floor did end up in Sleeping Beauty's tower, highlighting the comings and goings of the feminine Divine from earth to heaven. But then who were they trying to fool with all those **Vesica Piscus** shots? Not me. Nearly every frame involving some form of masonry contained one. The [Vesica Piscus](#), I

too have covered. They were an instrumental part of Medieval art as well as Gothic architecture, directing our attention to the feminine Divine, every last one of them. If you thought the Lily was a cause for blushing then don't even get me started on the fish.



Maleficent, I had started out saying, is thoroughly wicked in the Disney version—beyond redemption. Supposing she *is* a stand-in for the Law of YAHUAHA, then the tale is truly inverted, a product of Grade-A Gnosticism. I'm simply not convinced she should be cast in that light. We often think of justice as a masculine principle, the product of a father figure, though remember now, Themis was the goddess of Divine Order. She was a balancing act. In this way, the fairy godmother, though an antagonist, might be seen as moving the chess pieces from one checkerboard square to another, hence, the waking, sleeping, and then waking element.

Since it is the Mysteries that we're dealing with, and every school hopes to own a Monopoly on them, it is perhaps not a coincidence that there are **ten** creative forces intervening between the infinite, unknowable Creator, and our created world on the **Sefirot tree** of **Kabbalah**, and that justice can be found on the **feminine** side, along with mercy. FYI, I am not a Kabbalist and that is just a side note—an interesting one at that. If I don't put it out there then somebody else will.

The other feminine Divine that I've been hinting at is **Mother Earth**, and unless somebody else can sway me otherwise, I am convinced that the antagonist godmother is it. She is the missing ingredient.

A'dam came into being from **two Virgins**, from the **Ruach** and from the **virgin earth**. Mashiach, therefore, was born from a **virgin** to rectify the Fall which occurred in the beginning.

Besorah Philip 83

Astonishingly, there are **three Virgins** accounted for in this small passage. The Ruach Ha'Qodesh has already been explained as a Divine Mother, though only in part. I had a wealth of Scripture to select from and chose her appearance in Odes of Shalomah 19:1-5 knowing that I'd eventually get around to this one. So, technically, though A'dam was born from two Virgins, Mashiach was as well. Miryam was his fleshly mother, but then, clearly, the Ruach Ha'Qodesh was his other. Fun fact, I had a Virgin Miryam sighting in Aurora's tower. The first and second A'dam each had two mothers to call their own though only one was held in common between them, because as was the case with the first A'dam, he was born from the Earth.

The thing about her appearance in Besorah Philip is that the fairy godmother of Sleeping Beauty seems completely detached, particularly in how they are each described. It's why I have arrived prepared with another passage or two from the Book of Creation. Do recall, I had sourced it earlier when describing Man's relationship with Cha'uaha, the first Divine Woman. And so, look at how the Book of Creation frames Man's relationship with the Earth.

⁷ Behold, the great day came when the Spirit, which is ALAHAYAM, was joined with the beast, which is Earth. Then, Earth writhed in the labor of travail. Her mountains rocked back and forth, and her seas heaved up and down. Earth groaned in her lands and shrieked in her winds. She cried in the rivers and wept in her storms.

⁸ So man was born, born of upheaval and strife. He came wretchedly and tumultuously, the offspring of a distraught Earth. All was in discord, snow fell in the hot wastelands, ice covered the fertile plains, the forests became seas. Where once it was hot, now it was cold and where no rain had ever fallen, now there were floods. **So, man came forth, man, the child of calamity, man the inheritor of a creative struggle, man the battleground of extremes.**

Book of Creation 2:7-8

Hot became cold and dry became wet. The Earth it seems did not embrace the creation of man with open arms. The last line says it all. Man came forth, man, the child of calamity. I'm not through yet. Jump ahead another dozen verses and this is what we read.

²⁰ Man grew in stature, but Earth was not indulgent, for she disciplined him firmly. She was ever strict and unyielding, chastening him often with blasts of displeasure. It was indeed the upbringing of one destined for greatness; he was made to suffer cold, that he might learn to clothe himself; sent into the barren places, that his limbs should be strengthened, and into forests, that his eye should become keen and his heart strong. He was perplexed with difficult problems and set the task of unravelling the illusions of Nature. He was beset with hardships of every description. He was tested with frustrations and tempted with allurements; never did Earth relax the vigilance of her supervision.

²¹ The child was raised sternly, for he needed the fortitude, courage and cunning of a man to fit him for the task ahead. He grew wily and wiry in the hunt; he became adaptable, able to cope with any untoward happening. Overcoming the bewilderments of early days, he found explanations for the perplexities of his surroundings. Yet, the struggle for knowledge, the need

for adaptation and the effort to survive were never relaxed. The Earthchild was well trained and disciplined; he was never unduly mollycoddled. He cried for bread and went hungry; he shivered and was cast out; he was sick and driven into the forest. Weary, he was lashed with storms; thirsty, he found the waters dried. When weak, his burden was increased, and in the midst of rejoicing, he was struck down with sorrow. In moments of weakness he cried, “Enough!” and doubted his destiny; but always something fortified and encouraged him; the Earthling never forfeited his godlikeness.

²² For man was man; he was not cowed, nor his Spirit broken; a wise ALAHAYAM knew his limitations. As it is written in the wisdom of men, ‘over chastisement is as bad as no chastisement at all’. But man was rarely chastised, he was tried, tested, and challenged; he was led, prodded, and urged; yet nothing was done unnecessarily. The seeming imperfections of Earth, the hazards and inequalities of life, the cruelty, harshness, and apparent indifference to suffering and affliction are not what they seem; as it is, Earth is perfect for its purpose. It is ignorance of that purpose which makes it appear imperfect.

Book of Creation 2:20-22

What I am asking is that you take what you’ve just read and exchange ‘Mother Earth’ for ‘Fairy Godmother’, the antagonist of Sleeping Beauty, and vice versa. Let’s give it the old college try—shall we?

The seeming imperfections of Earth, the hazards and inequalities of life, the cruelty, harshness, and apparent indifference to suffering and affliction are not what they seem; as it is, Earth is perfect for its purpose.

I know I just copied and pasted the above passage a second time, but I was really hoping you'd be imagining the naughty godmother as she stood before baby Aurora this time around. Scorned, embittered. Even in her wrath, Mother Earth serves a necessary purpose—to chastise Man. Once again, the last line which is more than enough to chew on. The Earth's purpose may appear imperfect but only to ignorant Men.

Maleficent's role, *or rather*, the antagonist fairy godmother's connection with the Divine Mother, reminds us of the judgements which spring forth from the Earth every few generations, with its cyclical barrage of Reset events. The Earth is a woman. She is a Mother. She is Justice. And to quote the **1697** English playwright, 'hell hath no fury like a woman scorned'. How quickly we fail to remember our past mistakes. When it came to the Christian baptism of baby Aurora, the Earth was either forgotten or she was snubbed, uninvited if you will. We might even deduce she was not treated as she ought. Eventually, the collective sin of humanity always catches up to us. The Earth rises up to spew the uncleanness from her womb, vomiting out the men who placed it there.



The curse and prophecy put forth by Maleficent claims all will come to fulfillment by her **sixteenth** birthday, thereby halting her coming of age. This does not stop the other fairy godmothers from hiding her away in hopes of outsmarting the spell. The three godmothers even swear an oath, binding themselves to a strict conduct of mortal behavior, such as washing dishes and sewing. They even set aside their

‘magic wands’, possibly a Disney invention, so that they might remain undetected by men and divine beings alike. Aurora quite literally enters a diaspora. She grows up in the forest. Strangely though, it is in close proximity of her father and mother’s castle, close enough to gaze upon and yearn for them, though nobody else in the mortal or immortal realm, it seems, has the faintest clue.

The disappearing Woman, exiting stage right only to reappear again, stage left, and at certain times of His-Story, is a literal pastime of the feminine Devine narrative. A classic example might be **Persephone** getting hauled to the underworld during the winter months only to return to her mother, **Demeter**, on the surface of the earth each spring. But then what of the Ruach HaQodesh? Think this one through. She is present and accounted for on the first page of Barashayath. She then watches over Yashar’el as a guiding Mother throughout its His-Story, even helping the artisan of the Wilderness Tabernacle, only to explode within the hearts of her children after Mashiach’s ascension.

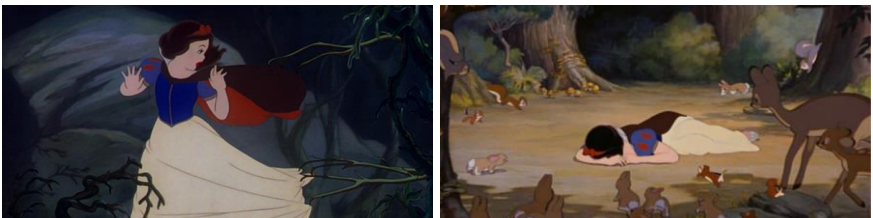


Her sixteenth birthday is the day of all days in which Aurora meets her Prince. His name is **Philip**, which is interesting, and their falling in love comes across like a forbidden affair, seeing as how they were arranged to be married from the day of their birth but neither of them know the person they are meeting in the forest is the one. Actually, though Aurora conceived a plan to have Philip join her for her sixteenth birthday in the forest cottage, little did either of them realize that the three fairy godmothers had arranged for Aurora to reunite with her parents on that very evening, by which she would meet the man who

she was intended to marry, and quickly marry him. And of course, Philip, being that man, was determined to shun the woman whom his parents had arranged for in favor of the Woman from the woods. The way it happens is that Philip overhears Aurora singing a song, to which he joins in, as though the words come naturally to him.

I know you,
I walked with you once upon a dream.
I know you,
That look in your eyes is so familiar a gleam.
And I know it's true, that visions are seldom what they seem,
But if I know you,
I know what you'll do,
You'll love me at once,
The way you did once upon a dream.

Look, I happen to like **Tchaikovsky**, okay? I own a vinyl copy of his Sleeping Beauty ballet and play it on the turntable from time to time when I'm finished for the day writing these reports, okay? Whoever wrote the haunting lyrics to his Rose Adagio waltz knew a thing or two about the fairy-tale. What we have before us are two archival characters emerging from the subconscious plane of existence, declaring the other to be their **soul flame**. A soul flame or a twin flame is different than a soulmate, just so you know. Soulmates feel as though they belong together whereas a soul flame is two halves of the same soul. A soul flame speaks of A'dam and Cha'uaha reuniting together and ending death once and for all.



And who is Aurora singing with when Philip overhears? Not a trick question. She is surrounded by her friends, the cute and cuddly forest creatures. The explanation to that one is simple. It's why I can't help

but recall Snow White's plight into the scary forest. The forest is a place of nightmares because she is out of her element and doesn't belong there. Snow White represents higher Beauty gracing us from the heavenly realm, and Mother Nature is not pleased. And what happens? While planted face down upon the ground, lying in her tears, the fuzzies appear from the thickets. Cue song and dance number.

Like Snow White, Sleeping Beauty harkens to Cha'uaha the first Woman, standing in complete opposition to the harsh, seemingly imperfect Earth. What she manages to do is elevate nature to a level of delicacy, modesty, beauty, and grace which Man might never experience in a thousand generations without her being inserted there. For Philip, it is no longer an issue of mere survival. He is finally given something to fight for beyond himself.



While the three fairy godmothers accompanied Aurora in her diaspora, becoming temporarily mortal, Aurora's parents did their part to outsmart Maleficent's curse. By royal decree, every spindle in the kingdom was outlawed, because the spindle is in itself an immortal tool, you see. Migdal, as you will recall, is the Hebrew word for 'Tower,' and Miryam of Migdal was possessed by a stunning number of unclean ruachoth, **seven** in total. But here, the Tower of Sleeping Beauty was inhabited by Themis, the forgotten fairy, scorned by her uninvited. The fairy-tale is a dream arising from our subconscious, and in that dream, there are many rooms to your childhood home, prodding and beckoning for you to enter in. The one overlooked detail is often what comes around to haunt us.

You may have heard of stunted growth. It is that moment in somebody's life, usually puberty, when they cannot manage the obstacle and it cripples them for decades to come. Aurora touched the spindle, pricked her finger, and slept on the eve of becoming a Woman, and so many do through life. To quote **William Wallace** in Braveheart, "Every man dies. Not every man really lives." The ancients did not separate the dream from death, prompting **Shakespear** to quip: "To die, to sleep," a line from Hamlet, and also, "For in that sleep of death what dreams may come."



Modern machinery has replaced the hand spun spindle, and of course, movies are the offspring of Industry. You see, what happened is Industry climbed in bed with Light and their offspring was Magic. There is a reason as to why **George Lucas** named his special effects company ILM, an acronym for Industrial Light, and Magic. Imagine, if possible, watching Sleeping Beauty in the movie theater in the centuries leading up to the Industrial Revolution and listening to the collective gasp of the ladies, old and young alike, at the very moment when her finger touches the spindle, she bleeds, and then falls asleep.

I have read commentators who seem to think a Spindle was not princess work, that it was below Aurora's pedigree, proper only for the lower classes, but I disagree—what feminist pipe are they smoking? Medieval

artwork shows Woman of every rank and file occupied in spindle work. The Spindle was a fixture of Midwifery and in fact the very symbol of Womanhood throughout human His-Story, particularly in the Middle Ages. Might I even add, enlightenment. I'm talking about Divine Woman. There is hardly a civilization that does not have a mother goddess teaching weaving to female humans, and these goddesses are often depicted with spindles. I am showing you Medieval illuminations, though really, pick your culture. To the ancients of every age, actual physical spinning and weaving were synonymous with spiritual living, and more.



Keeping in step with the Middle Ages, because Sleeping Beauty happens to be a spokesperson, it appears as though the first Divine Woman entered the conversation from time to time. We all know A'dam was instructed to till the ground after his fall from grace, but then look at what the Mother of humanity was given. It is quite obvious who Medieval Women were seeking to model themselves after.

A spindle was a textile, usually a straight wooden spike, that was used for spinning and twisting fibers such as wool, flax, hemp, and cotton into a yarn fabric. It is perhaps no coincidence that the Spindle reflects male genitalia even more-so than the actual phallus which it is said to represent. Sleeping beauty pricked her finger at first contact with the Spindle and bled. The reason why some girls bleed when losing their virginity during sexual intercourse is because their hymen stretches or tears. But even long afterwards, the spindle, with its obvious sexual

connotations, exemplified the Mysteries of Motherhood while she spun yarn, an actual act of creation, with the yarn representing the fruit of her womb, souls being sewn into the **warp and woof** of the ages.



The **Celtic Knot** would certainly seem appropriate here. For the Celts, the Knot embodies every aspect of our spiritual life, especially the **Tree of Life**, with its trunk and branches relating to our conscious and revealed selves, whereas its roots dip down into the subconscious. They are endless knots due to the fact that they have no end or beginning. The circle of life is in everything.

By the way, those same feminist commentators, having completed their gender studies course at the local Liberal University, are woke enough to insist the Sleeping Beauty authors were centuries ahead of the collective consciousness, particularly the ladies of generation past, and that the prick of the spindle represents Aurora's entrapment by 'woman's work', *oh please*. As if Disney was even caught up to the bra burners of the 1970's when animating their 1959 adaption. To quote one analysis: "One only needs to stop and look at the phallic shape of the spindle to further associate the creation of a forced domestic identity with an encroachment on a woman's right to choose what she wishes to do with her body and with her life." The writer then insists that the prick represents the figurative rape of all women by men, OMG.

Speaking of stunted growth, feminism has either been stripped or capsized of any potential, assuming it was grounded in virtue to begin with, ultimately materializing and showing face in that we have an entire generation of girls desiring to become boys. There are quite literally handlers giving puberty blockers to other father's daughters and that is

not the whole of it. We can thank the ABC Agencies as well as their Intel projects, which involve the creation of the rainbow children, for western societies plunge into physical androgyny as well as madness. To quote from Besorah Philip again:

There are two trees in the middle of the garden.
One engenders animals, the other engenders humans.
**Adam ate from the tree that engenders animals,
And became animal.**

It is good to revere animals,
For they are like the first human.
**The tree from which Adam ate was the tree of animals,
And it bore many fruits.**

There is no lack of animal-humans,
They are many, and they revere each other.
In the beginning, God created humans,
Then humans created gods.

Besorah Philip 84

Mixing fruit is a naughty-no-no according to Ya'qura'a (Leviticus) 19:19, and so, why should we be surprised to learn that the tree which A'dam and Cha'uaha ate from was mixed, containing good and evil? In doing so, they became animals. A'dam and Cha'uaha weren't receiving a plow and the spindle from the Demiurge, intending them to become trapped in their animal bodies, though the androgynous Gnostics will try to interpret it so. On the contrary, they were given creation tools such as the spindle to help them rediscover their Divine potential.

Men can do nothing right, apparently. We regularly receive the blame for why so many girls desire to become boys, which is just straight up blame shifting. Yes, the Patriarchy is evil, playing their part in the suppression of the feminine Divine, but then the Matriarchy isn't exactly a spring doe either. The truth of the matter is that man is no longer Man just as assuredly as woman is no longer Woman. She has lost touch with the spindle as well as her Divine self and fallen asleep if you will. An entire generation of boys have been gutted of fathers, resulting in men with father-figure baggage, but the same can be said

of girls without Mothers. Very often it is the case that they have nobody in their life capable of helping them in the transition to Womanhood, a frightening prospect. Going down the dead-end path of mixed fruit seems like the much easier route to take, as advertised by the Intel pamphlet. Androgyny is the anti-Divine.



By the way, Aurora isn't the only one tucked in bed, fast asleep. It is the entire kingdom which goes night-night, thanks in part to the added intervention of Aurora's divine protectors. The original story entailed a **100-year** slumber, denoting per chance the end of the Middle Ages, maybe even a season, a century elongated by a Millennium, before the feminine Divine could be awakened again. I had earlier stated that Sleeping Beauty was a contemporary of the Grail narrative and was in fact interwoven within. Recall what happened then. The Grail keepers ascended to heaven along with the Grail and Lance. The castle which contained them vanished. I'm wondering if **Brigadoon**, a town in the Scottish highlands which also disappeared and reappeared once every **100 years**, is an annotation of the mystery before us. There is a vast forgotten unconsciousness to be explored here.

The briar patch which surrounds the sleeping kingdom is equally fascinating, as is the Mother Earth archetype which becomes a dragon. The other name for Sleeping Beauty is **Little Briar-Rose**. Because every rose has its thorn, you know. The dragon of course is there to challenge the Prince's authority. This is where I had earlier stated that the antagonist could very well be perceived as a Demiurge like figure,

and that ‘the Law’ would be of her doing. I see no reason to go there even if others must. Let us talk about the briar patch. Supposing Aurora is a stand-in for the Divine Woman, then we should have no problem seeing the prince as the Divine Man. The first A’dam was given a trowel or a hoe or whatever to till the ground, tasked with separating the cursed thorn and thistle from the seed. Have we forgotten already that the harvesting tool and the Spindle derived from heaven and that they were gifts for reclaiming what was lost? The briar patch is intended to keep us from penetrating our subconscious, reclaiming what we’ve lost.



The entire scenario reminds me of **Splash Mountain**, the log flume ride at Disneyland and Walt Disney World. It has been replaced now with ‘The Princess and the Frog,’ another fairy-tale in its own right. The original, however, was a childhood favorite of mine. It materialized from ‘Song of the South’ which, in turn, was based upon the **Uncle Remus** folktales. They are both deemed racist by the Woke crowd. Funny they should say that. The only thing racist about either is Disney’s insistence to erase historical black culture.

Recall the storyline given to us in the ride. **Br’er Rabbit** runs away from his trouble and responsibilities at home, underlining A’dam’s fall from grace. His ultimate destination is the laughing place, what may very well be a stand-in for the material realm, with all its temptations and trappings and spiritual drunkenness. Just as we have seen with Besorah Philip and the tree of mixed fruit, Br’er Rabbit becomes an animal, for lack of a better phrase. He is undisciplined, carefree, wayward, and ungoverned. The trouble that he was hoping to evade catches up to him in the persons of **Br’er Fox** and **Br’er Bear**, by

which he is bound and prepared to be eaten. The iconic log flume chute represents Br'er Rabbit's playing the part of the **Trickster**, fooling his captors to throw him into the Briar Patch as though that were his fall from grace. Like Sleeping Beauty, the journey below and through the Briar Patch seems to represent one's penetration of the subconscious, by which Br'er Rabbit is able to return Home to the True happy place. Why must Disney dismantle one of their greatest esoteric offerings?



Returning once again to Sleeping Beauty, Philip is given a Sword named **Truth** and a Shield named **Virtue**, telling us that it is the lies of our spiritual Controllers which needs defeated. Oh, and have you seen Philip's shield? It depicts **Sir Galahad's coat of arms**, a stunning inclusion for Disney's animators. Lancelot was adulterous but Galahad was pure, and he alone, along with **Percival** and **Bors**, were worthy to enter the Fisher King's invisible castle of the subconscious and discover the Truth of the Holy Grail.

There is also the matter of Maleficent *becoming* the dragon. The only reason I hesitate to bring up the first chapter of Barashayath (Genesis) now is because I comment upon it often. But then avoiding a replay would do the present commentary a disservice because the dragon straight up invokes the opening of the Bible. And so, returning once more to the very beginning, here is how the Paleo Hebrew describes the creation Reset event.

In Periods, as a powerful sign of working, **Chief Son** and **Heir Alahayam** filled with choice things, behold,

as a sign—*shamayam*—the place of the names, and behold, as a sign—*aratx*—the chief place of running.

But observe, **ha'aratx** was unorganized and empty; and **darkness** rose up from the deep waters, went up to its face; but the **Ruach ALAHAYAM**, as a wall of protection, moved violently upon the surface of the waters.

Paleo Barashayath (Genesis) 1:1-2

Unpacking it all would take a book but here is the gist of it. Evident in all of this is that the Son of ALAHAYAM appears in the opening line of the Bible. It is a royal decree. The heir of creation has been announced. YAHUAHA and Yahusha Ha'Mashiach are the same, but that is another discussion altogether. Immediately afterward, the creature from the black lagoon rises up to challenge his rule. **Chosek** is the Hebrew word for darkness, the name of the evil entity. It is a darkness which can be felt. This is the seven-headed **Leviathan** dragon that I covered in my [Land of Eden](#) paper. We then have before us a violent confrontation between the Ruach Ha'Qodesh and the Earth. The briar patch of Sleeping Beauty might as well be water, as water is also a sure sign of the dream state. And that is what is happening here. The Divine Mother is forcefully pushing the Chosek creature into the deep waters of forgetfulness.



Well, anyways, Prince Philip rescues his Bride with a kiss, awakening her without asking for consent, typical of the Patriarch, and then reveals the long-lost Princess to those presently waking up in the kingdom. They exit the Tower and descend a staircase, as if arriving to

the Earth from heaven, surrounded by **lion of Yahudah** imagery and the checkerboard of duality. And then they dance a waltz.

Why do so many fairytales end this way? Because the Prince reminds us of Divine Man, A'dam, and the Princess of Divine Woman, Cha'uaha. They seem to recall ALAHAYAM our Father and Wisdom our Mother in heaven. Yahusha Ha'Mashiach and Miryam of Migdal. Or how about the two Pisces fish? Alas, with the waltz, one cannot tell who is leading and who is not, as the rib helper is perfectly in step with her man. When Cha'uaha is reunited with A'dam, they live happily ever after, for death is no more.