



The Mysteries of Pooh

By Noel Joshua Hadley

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PART 1: The Druidic Mysteries of Pooh

YOU didn't think I would do it. Expositions on [Timothy Leary](#), [Eleanor Roosevelt](#), [Tanya Harding](#), and [Vanilla Ice](#) is one thing. But Pooh, never. I wouldn't dare touch Pooh, you said. *Silly old bear*. This time I've gone too far. I can already see the headlines on social media. Read all about it: NOEL HATES POOH. Yeah well, I've happened to read Pooh literature as of late, how about you? Pooh is so soggy to the bottom with occult wisdom that my bookshelf is beginning to smell. Why even be surprised, though? It's not like an author lands his book in every bookstore window across the world, and in the children's department of all places, without knowing at least one initiate or two. By all indications, **A.A. Milne** was Ranked in one **Boys Club** or another, y'all, and I'm not giving Illustrator **E. H. Shepard** the benefit of the doubt on this outing, either. The two were so obviously in on it.

Many clues are given to us which might indicate Pooh bumbled his way through the Mystery religions. I cannot possibly cover them all in the first iteration of this paper. I'd rather just plop you down in Hundred Acre Woods and reveal a thing or two and then send you off down the happy butterfly trail, letting you discover Milne's other Mysteries on your own, but which shall I go with? That one is easy. It took **Walt Disney** something like **20** years to doggedly chase down the rights to Mary Poppins from **P.L. Travers**. He couldn't wait to spoon feed **Theosophy** to children. Of course, that's old News now, given the Saving Mr. Banks movie and all. I brought that up because Disney labored even longer to woo Pooh into his corner. He acquired the film rights in **1961**, though apparently, he was eyeing the property as early as **1938**, right about the time when he was trying to slip into Dorothy's silver slippers as well.

And anyways, Disney's very first Pooh movie was released on **2/4/1966** and it was called 'Winnie-the-Pooh and the Honey Tree', telling us that he couldn't wait to spoon feed honey to children. Mm-hmm, you heard me. **Honey**. It's why, for today's outing in Hundred Acre Woods, we're talking about Pooh and honey. I imagine trees will also come into the discussion, as honey can often be found within them, and isn't it convenient how dedicated to trees the Druids were? Mm-hmm, be prepared to make some connections. Mind blowing Pooh connections, that is. But first, honey.



[UPDATE 5/13/24: In my [Serpent Seed](#) series, I touched on the [Many Lives of Nimrod](#), as well as a Biblical genealogy tracking [Nimrod's Children](#), which then produced a spin-off called [Cham's](#)

[Mystery Children](#). And in that one, you will recall, I was surprised to learn that **Osiris** and **Isis**, the first rulers of Egypt, were not only righteous, but they also happened to be friends with **Melchizedek**, teaching the inhabitants of Canaan the art of irrigation and harvesting.

Note today's update. It has been four years since I published the original iteration of this paper. By now you will have come to realize I've made great strides in my understanding of how the motionless plane spins on its spiritual axis. The **Watchers** may have brought the Mysteries down from heaven, according to Chanoch, but then it would be a case of cognitive dissonance for me to say anything from heaven is bad. Oh, don't get me wrong, the Watchers were most certainly naughty. I suggest reading [Azazel and the Five Satans](#) or [The Watchers Released](#) or [Wastelands of the Seraphiym](#) when you get through here. That is to say, there are students of the heavenly Mysteries who happen to be righteous and then there are those who are not. Separating the wheat from the tares is a matter involving YAHUAHA's instructions in righteous living. I will back that up with honey in a moment.

Well anyways, the Egyptians were all about bees. To the point that they were supposedly the first to design artificial hives for the exclusive purpose of harvesting honey, and we're talking a post-diluvian first. I have already shown you one hieroglyph which depicts the worshipping of **Ra** alongside a swarm of honeybees, and what are the bees offering, hmmm? **Liquid gold**. Apparently, the bee was the emblem of lower Egypt, symbolizing the giving of life, birth, death, and resurrection. It was furthermore said that the tears of Ra transformed into bees.



Making a quick pitstop in Greece, the Homeric Hymn to Hermes has the blind bard acknowledging that **Apollo**'s gift of prophecy first came

to him from three virginal bee-maidens, **Thriae**. Our first tree connection has to do with the Thriae being **nymphs**. They were also a triad, you might even say **Trinitarian**, but who's counting? Bees were especially associated with fertility and the afterlife, being capable of navigating between and carrying messages throughout a plurality of worlds, from the sphere of the dead to that of the living and above to the gods.



Elsewhere, the **Madhu Purnima** is a Buddhist festival which translates to 'Honey Full Moon Festival'. It is celebrated on the 10th full moon of the lunar year and is believed that a monkey brought a honeycomb for Buddha to eat. A decade or so I would have said something like: "*Whoop-de-doo*, impress me with a taco," but I think we all know what's going on. Honey is divine.



Science tells us that honey is bad for babies, and that we are never to feed it to them, LOL. I am not a doctor and am therefore not giving you medical consultation. I am, however, a parent, and last I checked, no license is required to give you parental advice. Nearly every ancient culture on earth offered honey to newborn infants. There, I said it. If

you want that doubly backed up with religious observation, because it is not yet illegal to own a Bible in this country, all cultures derives from Noach, his three sons, and their wives, the original pollinators.

It should not surprise us then to learn that the Egyptians began offering honey to newborns for the purposes of divine energy and also spiritual protection. The Mystery religions would make honey on the lips of a newborn a habit, especially the **Eleusinian Mysteries**. When the **Mithraic Mysteries** regarded honey as divine food, they weren't simply wringing out a honeycomb over their tea. The honey of a neophyte was sacred mead, a recipe which called for fermented honey and mushrooms. *Buzz—buzz*. But then, as far north as ancient Friesland in Germany, smearing honey on the lips of a child is what made it “fully alive.” **Jatakarma** is one of the major samskaras in **Hinduism** wherein honey is placed in the babe's mouth while the name of their god is simultaneously whispered in their ear. Even **Islam** is all about the honey. Ever hear of **Tahnik**? It's a blessing ritual performed on newborns in which a softened date or honey is placed into their mouth. Between this and mask mandates, why must Science ruin everything?

And I haven't even gotten around to Holy Scripture yet. Ever heard of the land of Milk and Honey? The Bible writers were giving us a piece of information. It certainly appears as though beekeeping was practiced in Canaan, and later in Yashar'el just as it was in Mitsriym beforehand, but Biblical texts only ever mention wild bee honey. But then to say the land was divine much as Hundred Acre Woods is a divine realm and then to leave it at that would sell you short.

⁷ The **Torah of YAHUAHA** is perfect, refreshing the soul. The statutes of YAHUAHA are trustworthy, making wise the simple.

⁸ The precepts of YAHUAHA are right, giving joy to the heart. The commands of YAHUAHA are radiant, giving light to the eyes.

⁹The fear of YAHUAHA is pure, enduring forever.
The decrees of YAHUAHA are firm, and all
of them are righteous.

¹⁰They are more precious than gold, than much pure
gold; they are sweeter than honey, than
honey from the honeycomb.

Psalm 19:7-10

The bigger takeaway is that YAHUAHA's very character is honey from the honeycomb, thereby assuring us that honey is divine. His Torah is perfect, capable of bringing **Wisdom** to the simple. This is what I was telling you earlier regarding how far I have come in recognizing the Mysteries of heaven. Every culture has them. They can claim their monopolies and I am not in the least concerned with controlled opposition, knowing that the bulk of them derive from the same source. There are many gods to choose from, and as far as I'm concerned, what it all comes down to is whether or not someone is following YAHUAHA's instructions in righteous living or not.]

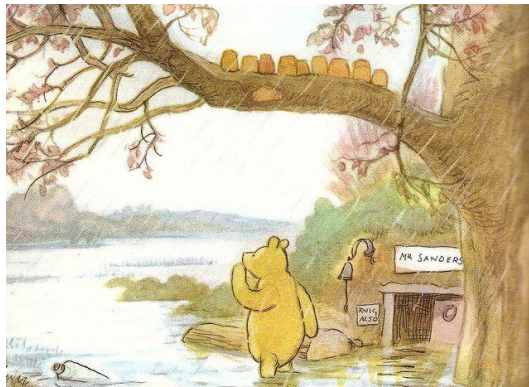


Thus, why should we expect Milne and Disney to introduce us to the Mysteries of Pooh in any other light? In either rendition, book series

or movie series, the pudgy bear is on a quest for what Science has forbidden, honey. His desire is the divine within though, as I hope to prove, he is not yet initiated. In the very first chapter of Winnie-the-Pooh we read:

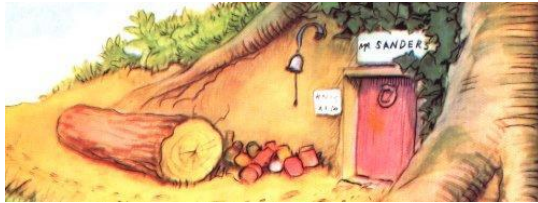
“One day when he was out walking, he came to an open place in the middle of the forest, and in the middle of this place was a large oak.”

As a reminder, our discourse is about honey, but it is also about trees from which honey, wild honey that is, can be found. **Piglet** lives in a tree. **Kanga** and **Roo** live in a tree. **Rabbit** lives in a burrow underneath a tree. Not sure where **Tigger** lives. Probably nobody knows where he lives, but **Eeyore** is content building a house from sticks fallen from them. In fact, Hundred Acre Wood is only ever visited by **Christopher Robin** when stepping out of a tree, an odd fact which we will soon address. **Owl** lives in a tree until his tree comes crashing down. But even then, he moves into Piglet’s home, which is a tree, by which Piglet has to move into Pooh’s home, also a tree.

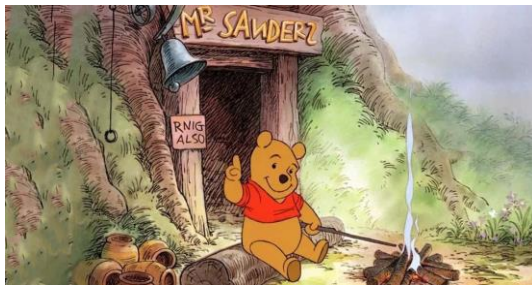


It will be argued by some that Pooh does not live in a tree. The reason being that we have illustrations such as this one, when Pooh plays the part of Noah during the infamous flood of Hundred Acre Woods, preserving honey in the honey jar for generations to come, or perhaps next week’s meal. Fair enough. Much like the Druid—actually, precisely like the Druid—Pooh finds every tree sacred. And besides,

Pooh lives next to a tree, as if that's not suspicious. And he spends a great deal of time eating honey from its tree branches. An oak tree, in fact.



But *a-ha!* Milne's co-conspirator E.H. Shepard illustrates a picture for us, and in that picture, the roots of the oak which Pooh cherishes stretch forward, arching over Pooh's house. Therefore, I am not mistaken in saying that Pooh does indeed live under an oak.



And what is this? If I'm not mistaken, and I rarely am, Pooh lives under the roots of an oak tree in the Disney version as well. Just know that I'm in a good mood and feeling somewhat generous. Choose either Milne illustration for your preferred version of Pooh, the outcome is still the same. In either reality, Pooh plays the part of a Druidic priest, bumbling freely about from oak to oak.

The name **Druid** is a Celtic word which means, "Knowing (or Finding) the Oak Tree," something which Pooh is fully capable of. Actually, the holly oak was sacred to **Holle**, daughter of **Loki**. She was more intimately called Frau Holle, and alternatively known as both the Dunkle Grobmutter (Dark Grandmother), and the Weisse Frau (White Lady), elements which are common in Grimm's fairy tales. Frau Holle's festival lands in the dead center of winter, and it is noted that the

Twelve Days of Christmas were originally the Zwölften ('the Twelve') which, like the same period in the Celtic calendar, were an intercalary period during which the dead were thought to roam abroad. Aside from being linked with **Hel**, the Nordic goddess of the underworld, Holle is the goddess to whom children who died as infants go.

Why did I go down that tangent? Perhaps because the Druidic oak and Hundred Acre Wood is linked. The oak tree symbolizes the Druidic link between heaven and earth, and in fact, the Celtic Tree of Life is often depicted with branches reaching heavenward while its roots spread out into the earth below. Take another look at Pooh's house. Go ahead and tell me the roots of his house are not exaggerated. There most certainly is '*as above, so below*' symbology to be found there.



“The gateway between two trees or two stones will for one person be nothing but an empty space, but for the Druid will be the means whereby they can enter another state of consciousness, another realm of being. The secret ‘oaken door’ figures in the poems of Taliesin—and it is through this door that we encounter faerie beings and inner worlds of beauty and power.”

You’ve just been delivered a quote from **Philip Carr-Gomm** and his book, ‘Druid Mysteries: Ancient Wisdom for the 21st Century.’ He’s essentially saying the Mysteries of Pooh will be lost on nearly everyone but the Druid. For the Druid, you see, understood trees to be a connection to the world of the spirits and that of their ancestors,

doorways to other worlds, higher realms, whereas everyone else saw them as trees. I guess my Holle rant wasn't a complete dead end after all. As happenstance would have it, 'door' just so happens to come from *duir*, a Druid word for **oak**.



Speaking of which, that is precisely how Christopher Robin appears in Hundred Acre Wood. He arrives through a door which leads in and out of a hollowed oak. I'm guessing you've seen Disney's **2018** movie, 'Christopher Robin'? If not, don't sweat it. The door is especially emphasized as the entryway from one plane of existence to our own. The story has Christopher Robin growing up only to abandon the imaginative plane which he once so easily reveled in, thanks in part to boarding school, the death of his father, and the Second World War.

In Theosophical terms, he is chained and grounded to his own Ego. It takes Christopher spilling a dosage of honey all over a picture of Pooh which his daughter had laid out for him for Pooh to awaken in his own house, far away inside a tree—in a higher plane of existence. Pooh then ventures out of the astral realm, daring to use "The Door Through Which Christopher Robin Is Known to Appear," in order that Robin might lose his Ego and Pooh might reclaim his honey.

My viewing of the movie cemented in my mind what I had already suspected. Christopher Robin is the initiate whereas Pooh is the bard, not the other way around. Their symbiotic relationship is with trees and honey. Unless Christopher can find his place in the higher realm,

through the door in the tree, no less, then Truth itself is lost. Pooh is the Master Teacher.



Just look at Pooh. Pooh, sitting on his oaken tree branch, pawing into jars of honey, preserving ancient wisdom from the Hundred Acre Wood Deluge. It is in illustrations such as this one that Shepherd bears to mind another Celtic deity. **Dagda** was the god of the **Oak** though he was also the possessor of the *coire ansic*, which means, ‘the un-dry cauldron’. That is to say, it was the Cauldron of Plenty because it was said to be bottomless and left no man unsatisfied.



Well, getting back to ‘Winnie-the-Pooh and the Honey Tree’, which just so happens to be the very first chapter of the Pooh book, we come to realize that Pooh is a bard, singing precisely as we would expect of one. Milne reports his song as follows.

“Isn’t it funny
How a bear likes honey?
Buzz! Buzz! Buzz!
I wonder why he does?”

Rather than assuming Pooh is merely engaging in surface level bears and bees talk, why not contemplate ‘*why he does*’, precisely as he has asked of us? Remember now, whatever grows upon the oak is a gift from heaven. Did I mention that already? Well, supposing I haven’t, that’s just the way with it. Honey is a divine Truth. We are expected to gaze beyond the word itself to the metaphysical whenever we encounter it. And as I have already shown, the pages of the Bible might as well be sticky to the touch. The tree reminds us of spiritual knowledge. The Tree of Life, but also, the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil, the latter of which invokes the Tower of Babel. As Pooh ascends upwards, the bard thinks up another song.

“It’s a very funny thought that, if Bears were Bees,
They’d build their nests at the *bottom* of trees.
And that being so (if the Bees were Bears),
We shouldn’t have to climb up all these stairs.”

Milne informs us that we are listening to the Complaining Song, which comes as a result of Pooh’s weariness. Why is he weary? Dry honey jars would do that, though I am thinking malpractice is a culprit, with lack of discipline being another. We are only now being introduced to Pooh. He is uninitiated and chapters away from becoming the Grand Master of the party. Pooh’s honey grab represents a neophyte’s attempt at acquiring ancient knowledge and heavenly wisdom, except he is doing it on his own. And like the Tower of Babel, Pooh tumbles. *Crack!*

“If only I hadn’t . . .” Pooh says, bouncing twenty feet on to the next branch. Should Pooh succeed in stealing honey from the bees, he will need to enlist help from “The Door Through Which Christopher Robin Is Known to Appear.” For his next attempt, Pooh and the boy will conspire to deceive the bees into thinking he is a little black rain cloud, another idea concocted by the unenlightened bear. That too will have its problems.



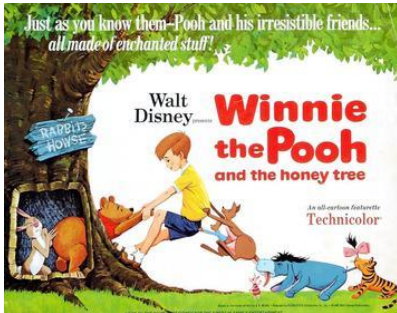
Theft and deception are important to the narrative. In alchemical terms, Pooh is playing the part of the **Trickster**, an archetype which I covered in [The Trickster and Lucille Ball](#), and I suggest you read it. The short of it has **Fool** showing up in the first card of Tarot. The Fool begins the journey. We meet him at the crossroads where boundaries are enlarged. Time and again, it is in chaos that we find order and therein is the creation of the Divine, though more often than not, it is the anti-Divine. And besides, it was **Arthur C. Clarke**, inventor of the **satellite** (*sigh*, I know), who explained: “Any sufficiently analyzed magic is indistinguishable from science!” How ironic, seeing as how **NASA** is the one painting the portrait. Well, anyways, Pooh’s balloon reminds us of the astronomer’s wizardry over nature itself, the magic of satellites or whatever and the imagery it evokes, as he ascends into the aethereal realm for that divine substance.



[**UPDATE** 5/13/24: THE Trickster’s plot is ultimately foiled by the bees themselves. Whatever honey he is capable of loading into his mouth is complicated by an equal if not heavily imbalanced number of

honey producers, stinging him with the same wrath of another Divine being I've covered as of late. For that you'll have to read [Sleeping Beauty and the Feminine Divine](#). I don't want to give too much away, but **Mother Nature** is a woman scorned, not to be trifled with. The bees straight up laugh at him. The balloon is destroyed, Pooh's bottom is bruised, and the situation would have been worse for the both of them had Christopher Robin not thought to bring his umbrella. I'm actually glad I took the time to describe the bee's association with fertility and the death-rebirth cycle, as well as their playing the part of messengers throughout a plurality of worlds, because clearly, Pooh was not an adept at any of it yet.

By now you should be connecting the dots between the Master Builder and why copies of Pooh can probably be found in every bookstore across the English-speaking world, and I've barely gotten started. We have only covered honey and the trees that contain them, and so, I'm willing to bet there is much more to be found in Pooh's honey pot.



PART 2: The Eleusinian Mysteries of Pooh

My twin sons are in the 4th grade and only recently finished reading 'Winnie-the-Pooh' as part of their curriculum, the exact age I was when giving it a first read, which is why we decided to give 'The Many Adventures of Winnie the Pooh' another viewing over the weekend. That one came out in **1977**. It was an anthology collection of the various Pooh shorts produced over the decade, the first of which included 'Winnie the Pooh and the Honey Tree', and OMG, how much I missed, analytically. I went back in and cleaned up my first analysis.

Mostly though, it remained the same. Assuming you've read thus far, then you'll know I rightly judged Pooh's failed attempt at nabbing honey from the tree when describing him as an undisciplined neophyte. The original 'Winnie the Pooh and the Honey Tree' movie doesn't end there. It continues on.

The next segment has Pooh barging in on Rabbit, asking for honey, and we all know what happens. Check out the original movie poster. It depicts Pooh as getting stuck in a **tree** rather than a hole in the ground, emphasizing the importance of trees and the *duir*, not overlooking their relationship with **portals**. The hole in the ground though. That too can be seen as a portal, or quite contrarily, the very rabbit hole which Alice fell down, thereby being dislocated from herself in her former reality. It's so obvious, I'd have to be blind not to see it. Why was I so impervious to it before? Before I tell you what it is, recall the scene.



Pooh asks Rabbit if anyone is home. Rabbit responds that nobody is home or something to that effect. Wait, hold on, I've got a better idea. How about I just quote the entire scene for you? Reading from the Milne book.

Well, he was humming this hum to himself, and walking along gaily, wondering what everybody else was doing, and what it felt like, being somebody else, when suddenly he came to a sandy bank, and in the bank was a large hole.

“Aha!” said Pooh. (*Rum-tum-tiddle-um-tum.*) “If I know anything about anything, that hole means Rabbit,” he said, “and Rabbit means Company,” he said, “and Company means Food and Listening-to-Me-Humming and such like. *Rum-tum-tum-tiddle-um.*”

So, he bent down, put his head into the hole, and called out: “Is anybody at home?”

There was a sudden scuffling noise from inside the hole, and then silence.

“What I said was, ‘Is anybody at home?’” called out Pooh very loudly.

“No!” said a voice; and then added, “You needn’t shout so loud. I heard you quite well the first time.”

“Bother!” said Pooh. “Isn’t there anybody here at all?”

“Nobody.”

Winnie-the-Pooh took his head out of the hole, and thought for a little, and he thought to himself, “There must be somebody there, because somebody must have said ‘Nobody.’” So, he put his head back in the hole, and said:

“Hallo, Rabbit, isn’t that you?”

“No,” said Rabbit, in a different sort of voice this time.

“But isn’t that Rabbit’s voice?”

“I don’t think so,” said Rabbit. “It isn’t meant to be.”

“Oh!” said Pooh.

He took his head out of the hole, and had another think, and then he put it back, and said:

“Well, could you very kindly tell me where Rabbit is?”

“He has gone to see his friend Pooh Bear, who is a great friend of his.”

“But this is Me!” said Bear, very much surprised.

“What sort of Me?”

“Pooh Bear.”

“Are you sure?” said Rabbit, still more surprised.

“Quite, quite sure,” said Pooh.

“Oh, well, then, come in.”

Gaining admission into a secret society involves regurgitating the appropriate response to the Q&A. It is a vigorous process that continues with each ascending degree. And even getting that far, to the initial interview, requires a relationship with the right person. You can't just go knock on the door. Pooh knows Rabbit and vice versa, but also, Pooh understands what is contained within Rabbit's hole—a larger-than-life honey jar collection. The jars of honey invoke an entire library of ancient wisdom which Pooh is desirous for, and Rabbit is the Guardian, subjecting the candidate to a thorough examination before admitting him in. Why would Rabbit ever think to throw pearl before the swine?

As the Interviewer and Guardian, Rabbit is wise enough not to let Pooh enter, and again, we know what happens when he does. Pooh empties out his pantry like a glutton. Anyways, where does the modern candidate go but into a closet or a coffin, or in the most ancient terms, into a cave? That's right, Rabbit's cave is reminiscent of the most famous of all Mystery schools, the **Eleusinian Mysteries**, and I'm highly suspect that Rabbit is more than a Gatekeeper or Guardian. The goal of every Neophyte was to enter the cave and meet their god of choice. Rabbit may very well prove to be a representation of **Hades**.



Clearly, Pooh's initiation process didn't go as well as hoped, which is actually more typical than not. Rabbit was wise in attempting to keep him out. But then, the hole which Pooh finds himself stuck in invokes the birth canal. From beginning to end, the ancient cave experience was symbolic of death and rebirth. Knowledge puffs up and pride is a blinder.

What are the chances that the hole would be in the **northern** most end of Rabbit's home? Milne makes a point of it when stating:

Bear began to sigh, and then found he couldn't because he was so tightly stuck; and a tear rolled down his eye, as he said:

“Then would you read a **Sustaining Book**, such as would help and comfort a Wedged Bear in Great Tightness?”

So, for a week Christopher Robin read that sort of book at **the North end** of Pooh...

The East is an integral part of the Masonic Q&A, likely because Qayin was a wanderer east of Eden, but then what of the North? For the Freemason, the North plays into initiation, often remaining in the dark. Apparently, the question as to why the North is dark is one of the first which a new member will ask when beginning his journey into the Craft, if he is indeed asking the right sort of questions, only to learn, and I quote, “the Temple was situated so far north of the ecliptic that neither the sun nor moon at meridian height could dart its rays into the north part of the building.” It is a riddle. My personal thought is that the uttermost North is where [The Hidden Wilderness](#) is. I’ve given you a link to get you started, but then, here are a couple of others, [Admiral Byrd](#) and [Elysian Fields](#).



Fully emerging from the hole as a new creation requires the help from his friends. And so, having trampled over the Mysteries, Pooh requires further instruction from Christopher Robin, the very individual who

likely put him up to the task. Pooh is not yet capable of navigating the craft on his own, though an added weeks' worth of instruction on the North end, from the Sustaining Book of all books, and a disciplined diet is intended to get him there. Rabbit even sets up a sign, ensuring that nobody comes along to feed the bear, seeing as how he is not responsible enough to receive the substance which he craves.



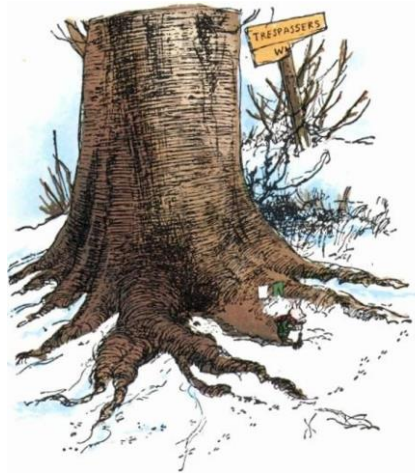
Rabbit also happens to be the player who finally ejects Pooh. Fed up with his sluggish progress, Rabbit manages a running start from behind. When pushed, Pooh isn't simply ejected from the canal. He's launched well into the air, as if taking flight for the heavens. And if that's not enough, he lands headfirst into the hole of another honey tree. Interesting, the bees are no longer a concern. Sure, there were trials along the way, but he overcame them, and his patience has paid off. Pooh has finally arrived at the gnosis which he sought. The honey tree which envelops him is the Divine *within*.]



Part 3: The Forgotten Mysteries of Pooh

[UPDATE 5/29/24: The Disney movie gets it wrong, which is why I am showing you a Shepard illustration from the book. Pooh and Piglet should be walking in a circular clockwise rather than in a counterclockwise direction. How did Disney animators manage to botch that one? The segment happens to be the third chapter of the book, which immediately follows the second one, and is called: ‘In Which Pooh and Piglet Go Hunting and Nearly Catch a Woozle’. The first two chapters we have already covered, and as you will recall, Pooh was initiated, then reborn, in that order. And so, we shouldn’t be surprised to learn that Pooh’s hunt for the Woozle happens to coincide with a sudden accumulation of hidden knowledge, particularly as he learns to properly interpret his newfound wealth. The Woozle is a stealer of honey, and we all know what honey is, but look at me, I’m already getting ahead of myself.

It is in the third chapter that we are immediately introduced to Piglet, who is said to live in a very grand house in the middle of a beech-tree, which just so happens to grow in the middle of the forest, by which Piglet lives in the middle of the beech-tree house. There is our first clue that directions are involved, and that we are dealing with magnetic north and a compass.



Next to Piglet's house is a broken board which has "TRESPASSERS W" scribbled upon it. When Christopher Robin asks Piglet what it could possibly mean, Piglet replies that it has been in his family for many years, and that it refers to his grandfather, **Trespassers Will**, which is short for **Trespassers William**, our second clue. Directions are being given, directions which are now lost to us. What may have been intended by the ancients as a dire warning has either become the victim of neglect or the scrubbing of Scribes, thereby giving rise to error and misinterpretation. Proceed with Caution.

One find **winter**'s day, Piglet stands out front of his beech-tree home brushing the snow away when he happens to spot the freshly reborn Pooh, walking round in a circle. Pooh is hunting. Piglet asks if it is the dreaded Woozle, to which Pooh replies: "Sometimes it is, and sometimes it isn't. You never can tell with pawmarks." I'm wondering if that's Milne's way of saying appearances can be deceiving. Woozles

steal honey—that Divine substance—as you already know, though Disney once again slips up in allowing them to manifest when in fact Milne never allows them to leave Pooh or Piglet’s imagination.

Explaining a Woozle is easy though their meaning has become multifaceted over the last century. They are **demons**, disembodied spirits of **Nephilym giants**, offspring of the **Anunnaki-Watchers**, who were in turn the original dispensers of Worthless Mysteries. And though the Nephilym giants have been scrubbed from His-Story, thanks in part to our Controller sponsors, they still exist as spiritual agents, pulling the strings from above the sound stage. Often, their tracks are indistinguishable from Piglet and Pooh’s—or men.



The most common understanding is that they are based upon the **Wulver** from the Shetland islands of Ireland. What is a Wulver but a benevolent creature, haunting the hillsides in Medieval times? Sounds like Nephilim-hybrids if you want my opinion on the matter. **Jessia Saxby**, writing in **1932**, described them as such.

The Wulver was a creature like a man with a wolf’s head. He had short brown hair all over him. His home was a cave dug out of the side of a steep knowe, half-way up a hill. He didn’t molest folk if folk didn’t molest him. He was fond of catching and eating fish and had a small rock in the deep water which is known to this day as the “Wulver’s Stane”. There he would sit fishing sillaks and piltaks for hour after hour. He was reported

to have frequently left a few fish on the windowsill of some poor body.

Shetland Traditional Lore

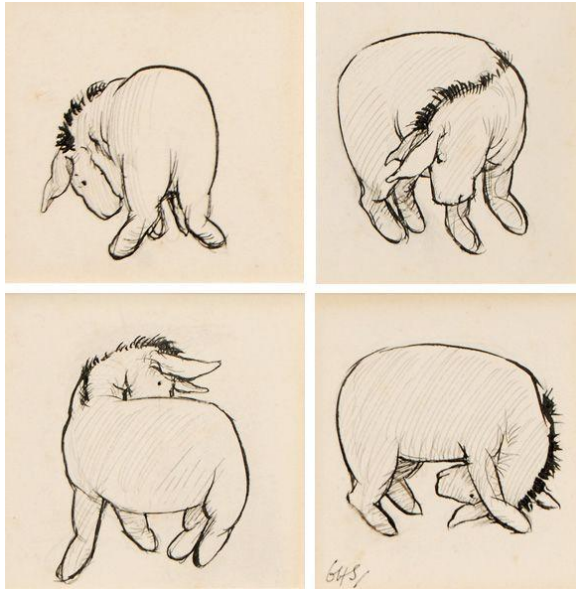
Likewise, the Wulver is perhaps not so dissimilar from the Irish **werewolf**, shapeshifters who at times were described as **protectors of children** and, interestingly enough, **lost persons**. Is that what is going on here? Contrarily, the **faoladh** were vicious werewolf warriors, also shapeshifters, who served as mercenary soldiers, willing to fight for any king willing to pay their hire. Their price was not gold, but the **flesh of newborns**. Happy times in Hundred Acre Woods.

The joke of course is that Pooh and Piglet go round in circles, never really putting together the obvious part; the tracks are theirs. That in itself is misdirection though, because ironically, misreading the signs is the underlying current of the entire episode. Woozles steal honey, and clearly, like Piglet's TRESPASSER'S W sign, much of their Divine knowledge has been lost or stolen. They are doing the best they can with it anyways.

Getting back to the circle. Piglet is afraid of what might happen should they actually find a Woozle. What do demons feed on but fear, another clue, but I digress. It is ancient knowledge which they are after, the honey which has been stolen from them, and so, it only seems natural that they would walk the path of the ancients, going further and further back into the archives to time, where the wisest of men have chosen to leave their print, and the path was clearer rather than muddied.

The other picture being formed for us is our clock in the sky, which not even our Controllers can change—the **Zodiac**. This is why I had stated earlier that Disney botched everything in having them go in a counterclockwise direction. Pooh may very well be the sun, with Piglet filling in for the moon, passing over the motionless plane, seeking out the luminaries and the constellations as well as the signs of the seasons. One needn't even read between the lines on this one. Piglet, ever afraid of the ever-growing traffic in the archives before him, asks Pooh what time of the day it was. Pooh looks to the sun and declares it to be about

twelve, by which Piglet declares it is the wrong time of the day for Woozle hunting. He trots off for the comfort of his home, content with his misunderstanding of the “TRESPASSERS W” sign.]



Part 4: The Gnostic Mysteries of Pooh

[**UPDATE** 6/10/24: BECAUSE you know the Mysteries could not be declared without one or two showing face, I propose to you **Eeyore** as the **Gnostic** in all of this. Oh *sure*, ‘Pin the Tail on the Donkey’ is simply adorable, as party games and explanations go. Milne sets the trap knowing that the vulgar and uninitiated will gladly take the bait. It’s misdirection. Eeyore is introduced to us in the fourth chapter, and read the title for yourself, why don’t you? ‘In Which Eeyore Loses a Tail and Pooh Finds One.’ Exactly, it’s all there in the heading. The Gnostic is someone who has lost and relocated himself again by way of an internal experience which can only be felt rather than expressed, though he often cannot do it alone. He needs a Master to show him the Way, which is where Pooh steps in.

Assuming you know anything about gnosis or the Gnostics which bore the name, then I probably don't even need to spell this out for you. Open up chapter 4 of Pooh and discover it for yourself. It's a simple premise. Acknowledging that Eeyore is indeed a Gnostic, or that, in the very least, gnosis is about to be discovered, the hidden meaning unravels easily enough. I will break down the chapter anyways.



Eeyore is introduced to us standing alone in the **thistly** part of the forest. What I just explained just so happens to be the opening sentence, wherein Milne slaps those of us who are paying attention in class with clues. A raise of hands, what do thistles remind you of? *Nobody*? Well then, I propose a little extra-curricular reading, starting with this passage right here.

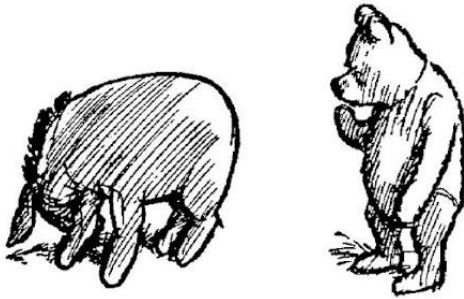
¹⁷ And to A'dam He said:

“Because you have listened to the voice of your wife
and have eaten from the tree
of which I commanded you not to eat,
cursed is the ground because of you;
through toil you will eat of it
all the days of your life.

¹⁸ **Both thorns and thistles it will yield for you,
and you will eat the plants of the field.**

Barashayath (Genesis) 3:17-18

Thistles are the curse of man being the answer I was looking for. We are dealing with gnosis and Gnosticism and thistles are ‘par for the course’. Mind you, thorns and thistles did not crop up in Paradise. No, A’dam and his woman had to be tossed out of Paradise due to their rebellion, and in order to rediscover what they had lost. It is therefore no coincidence that Eeyore is not discovered in Hundred Acre Wood. He stands alone beyond the border, asking himself such philosophical questions as ‘Why?’ and ‘Wherefore?’ and ‘Inasmuch as which?’ always pondering in a gloomy manner. Mm-hmm, exactly. I’ve met plenty of Gnostics as well as gnosis seekers in my lifetime. He’s one of them, alright.



When Pooh happens along, asking Eeyore, “And how are you?” Eeyore’s response is equally as telling.

Eeyore shook his head from side to side.

“Not very *how*,” he said. “**I don’t seem to have felt at all how for a long time.**”

By his own confession, the gloomy Eeyore whom we have all come to know is not the donkey whom he once knew himself to be. There is an unexplained emptiness, a void needing filled, but *where* and *how*? If we pause to ponder materiality in the Preexistence game, perhaps he could not even remember the heights from which he had fallen into the thistles, the ‘*why*,’ ‘*wherefore*,’ and ‘*inasmuch as which*’ of his existence. Evident is that Eeyore has lost a vital part of himself though he hasn’t

the consciousness to discern what it is exactly or where it might even be found for that matter.

Now, you may have noticed my careful separation between *gnosis* and Gnostic. **Gnosis** is a feminine Greek noun which means ‘knowledge’ or ‘awareness.’ It is often intended for **personal knowledge** which can only be felt but cannot be expressed in **intellectual knowledge**. Contrarily, a Gnostic is someone who puts a great emphasis on gnosis. It’s in the title. Look, I hold some shared beliefs with the Gnostics whereas many other bullet points of doctrine causes me to recoil, such as the world being created by an evil or careless Demiurge. But then to say gnosis *is* Gnostic is like saying everyone who is baptized is a Baptist or that everyone who celebrates Pentecost is Pentecostal or that everyone who believes in one universal body of Mashiach is Catholic, don’t be ridiculous. I happen to agree with some of the heavenly Mysteries put forward by Milne but certainly not all of them, and likely never by the angle which he is viewing them. So, check yourself before you wreck yourself.

To claim one doesn’t experience gnosis is akin to being agnostic, and who wants that? No, everyone experiences gnosis to some extent, and if they haven’t then *bummer*, they should. Ever claim you’ve received the Ruach HaQodesh (Holy Spirit)? How about those of you who insist your heart is circumcised and that the Torah is written upon it, as per Yirmiyahu (Jeremiah) 31? Or here is another one. How about the Mothers out there attempting to explain the birthing process to those women who have never even been pregnant? If so, then gnosis is the word of the day. You are a butterfly attempting to describe yourself to a caterpillar when in fact **metamorphosis** cannot be explained by intellectual knowledge but only felt. *Speaking of which.*

I do not teach abstinence from evil for some purposeless end, but **to bring to men the recognition of their heritage. All men were once sons of Elohiym, but they became bastards of Elohiym without heritage. I come to men so they may re-inherit and become true sons of Elohiym.**

Book of the Illuminators 19:43

The person doing the speaking is **Yahusha Ha'Mashiach**, or Jesus Christus as he is known to many, and I totally recommend purchasing [the book](#) if you haven't already. FYI, that was a word from your commercial sponsor. What I'm about to say can best be explained in my [Preexistence](#) paper but I will have a go at it in a few short sentences anyhow. In our former existence we were Sons of ALAHAYAM until we forsook that inheritance by way of transgression and fell, and like A'dam, right into the thistles. Our only hope, as bastards without heritage, is to abstain from evil and reclaim what was lost. Mashiach came as our Master to die on our behalf but also just as importantly to show us The Way.

We are all Eeyore. Or were at one time. Some are further along The Way than others though most will be contented to remain on the wide road of existence, lost in the thistles of their ignorance. Well anyways, along comes Pooh, like a High-Priest leaving the Camp of the Set-Apart to examine the sick and diagnose his condition. In this instance, tell him what was lost—his tail. No, I am not comparing Pooh to Yahusha Ha'Mashiach in case that is what you are thinking. If anything, I am seeing comparisons between Pooh and a **Millennial Kingdom** saint, co-ruling Priest and King, who was in turn a representation of the Melchizedek High-Priest and King, Yahusha Ha'Mashiach. You'll see what I mean in a moment.

Returning to the story, Pooh's claim is that Eeyore must have left his tail somewhere. Eeyore, however, fails to take responsibility for his missing tail and insists somebody else must have taken it, adding, after a long silence, "How Like Them." When Pooh declares, "I, Winnie-the-Pooh, will find your tail for you," the ever-jaded, glass-half-empty, you might even say *bitter* Eeyore then declares Pooh a real friend, "Not like Some." The Truth is that Eeyore did lose his tail in the thickets, that his negligence as well as his ignorance was certifiable malpractice and no one's responsibility but his own. Though it is also True that somebody else indeed happened to take it. How one perceives the tail-taker (or was he a tail thief?), once identified, will probably have

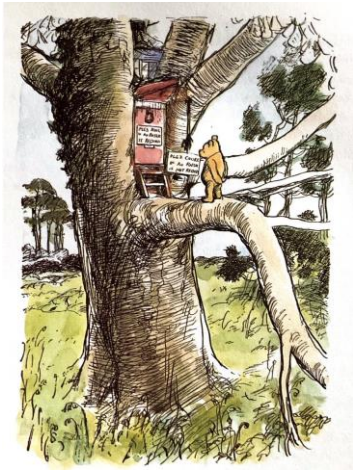
something to do and in fact more to do if not everything to do with how they perceive their own fallen nature in light of their current circumstances among the thistles.

Isn't it interesting how Pooh does not think to look in the whereabouts of Eeyore's present circumstances, that being the thickets and the thistles? I'll speak for myself, I guess. Supposing this were merely an exoteric exercise, then Eeyore's current location is exactly where I would begin my investigation. Pooh knows better. Pooh has already acquired a honey jar or two of ancient Wisdom, being reborn and all, and has only one destination in mind.

It was a fine **spring** morning in the forest as he started out. Little soft clouds played happily in a blue sky, skipping from time to time in front of the sun as if they had come to put it out, and then sliding away suddenly so that the next might have his turn. Through them and between them the sun shone bravely; and a copse which had worn its firs all the year round seemed old and dowdy now beside the new green lace which the beeches had put on so prettily. Through copse and spinney marched Bear; down open slopes of gorse and heather, over rocky beds of streams, up steep banks of sandstone into the heather again; and so, at last, tired and hungry, to the **Hundred Acre Wood. For it was in the Hundred Acre Wood that Owl lived.**

We come to learn that it was a fine **spring** morning when Pooh began his journey, probably a clue. The autumn and the winter months we have already encountered in the first three chapters. Spring speaks of infancy and the beginning of one's awakening to the summer solstice, by which the soul enters the full greening months of adulthood. Milne thinks to mention the trees which had worn their firs all throughout the winter months. How very interesting, as anyone who has studied the Mysteries would think to mention them. His journey is a long one. Pooh must travel down slopes of yellow gorse and the purplish hue of heather over rocky streams, up steep banks of sandstone and into the

heather again, perhaps telling us of how very far Eeyore’s ignorance has caused him to wander.



Pooh’s only destination is Owl’s house. Not Christopher Robin, not Piglet, nor Rabbit—just Owl’s house. I’m guessing that is because Hundred Acre Wood can double at times for **Paradise**, certainly in this instance, with Owl’s house serving as a stand-in for the **Tree of Life**, and Owl being a representative of **Wisdom**, naturally. Owl’s home is even described as an “**old world residence**,” another clue. It is there where, not surprisingly, Pooh happens to find the very item which he sought for. Eeyore’s tail is hung as a bell rope. Near to the bell rope there is a knocker, and underneath the knocker Pooh reads a sign with words misspelled by Christopher Robin, which states:

PLES RING IF AN RNSER IS REQIRD.

Underneath the bellpull another notice reads:

PLEZ CNOKE IF AN RNSR IS NOT REQID.

The instructions are somewhat disorienting but only because their wires are crossed, as Milne intended them to be. If I’m understanding Owl’s instructions correctly, his visitors should refrain from yanking on the bellpull, aka Eeyore’s tail, if no answer is required. But then, on the contrary, the same can be said of the knocker. They are to refrain

from knocking if an answer is what they're after. Therefore, the person who arrives seeking answers needs to work the bellpull, ironically, the very material-item which Eeyore has lost, and which Pooh has come to find. How in the world has this insight been lost on so many readers for so long? Imagine a scenario wherein Eeyore might journey to Owl's tree without Pooh's intervention. One might claim Eeyore would recover what was lost but why assume? He might arrive without seeking answers as to his present circumstances, thereby botching the entire operation. But then, we should also ask, Why did Eeyore not join Pooh on the quest for his missing tail? He remained where he was. Perhaps that is because he could not visit the Tree of Life even if he wanted to. Had I continued quoting from Barashayath another two or three verses, we would have learned exactly why YAHAUAHA cast A'dam and his woman out of Paradise.

And YAHAUAHA Alahayam said, "Behold, the man has now become like one of us, knowing good and evil.

He must not be allowed to reach out his hand and take also from the tree of life and eat and live forever."

Barashayath (Genesis) 3:22

A'dam and Cha'uaha his woman were removed from Paradise because access to the Tree of Life was denied. Had they remained then A'dam would have reached out his hand and eaten from the fruit of the Tree, thereby living forever. That would be a major concern given his fallen state. Which is why reclaiming our status as Sons of ELOHIYM-ALAHAYAM is so vital, and the very reason for our current existence.

And *now* you know what Eeyore has lost. His missing tail reflects his divine Soul. Astonishingly, he didn't even know that he'd lost it. Is it any different with humanity though? When Pooh inquires of Owl where he'd found it, Owl says the bellpull was laying over a bush. He tugged on the bellpull seeking the resident of that bush, but nobody was home. If you're paying attention, Owl is recounting Eeyore's story. The very story which not even Eeyore can seem to recall. He is clueing us into the lost habitation that Eeyore the Gnostic always seems to be

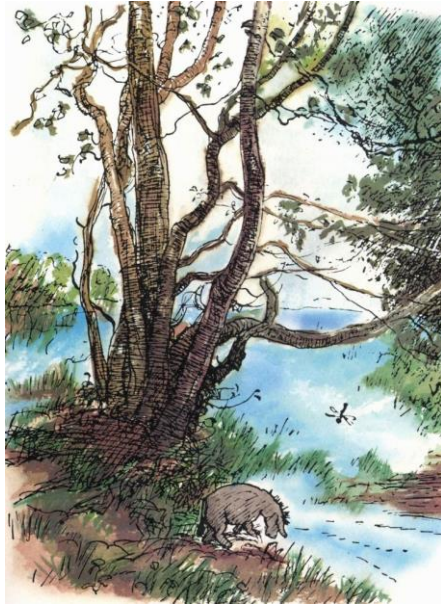
seeking out, never really feeling at home. In Owl's Wisdom, he hung the bellpull on his own home knowing that the right person would come along seeking answers. None of this is a coincidence. Again, why Pooh though and not Eeyore? I happen to think that answer can be found in the pages of Scripture as well.

² And among the plains, even besides the stream, there grew up all kinds of fruit trees – on both sides of its banks – namely, the **trees of life**. And on them were twelve kinds of fruit, and their fruit was for food, and **their foliage for healing**.

Hebrew Revelation 22:2

The Tree of Life, or Trees of Life, *plural*, according to Revelation in Hebrew, can be found in Renewed Yerushalayim, a remote city which can only be accessed by the Kings and Priests of the Kingdom. Sinners cannot go there, a claim which has already been put forward in Barashayath. The stated practice of the Kings and Priests is to heal the nations of their infirmity. They can point The Way by personal example, but until death is defeated and the sinner has personally experienced resurrection, a co-ruling King or Priest can only work to heal lost souls with the leaves of the Tree, which they can access. In other Biblical terms, the Tree of Life is the **Menorah**. It is **Wisdom**. It is the **Torah**. Mashiach came to point The Way but getting people to want the medicine he offers is the near impossible part.]





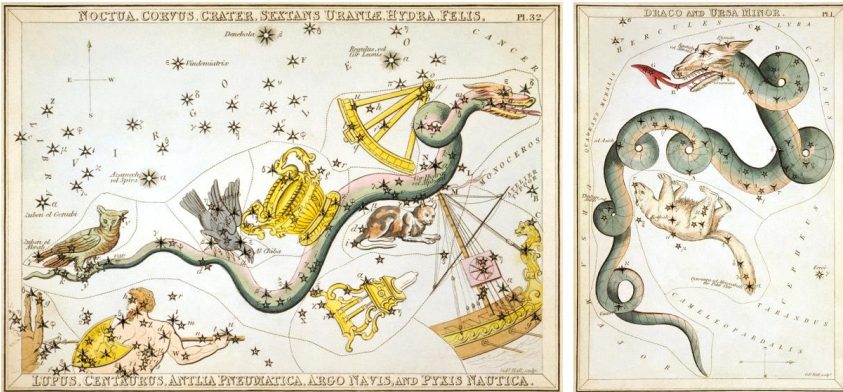
Part 5: The Birthday Mysteries of Pooh

[**UPDATE** 6/11/24: IF my memories of yesterday's outing are correct, then you've already been made aware of Eeyore the Gnostic. And so, what are the chances that the one **birthday** to be celebrated would land in his honor? None whatsoever. That is how we come upon Eeyore again in chapter six, 'In Which Eeyore Has a Birthday and Gets Two Presents.' He is staring at his reflection by the edge of a river, exhibiting signs of a midlife crisis, miserable as ever.

Birthdays are self-absorbing and a total bore. No wonder he's depressed. Back when I was a **Copernican**, birthdays still *sort of* meant something. It was like: "Whoa! I just managed another complete orbital and spinning revolution around the sun at **Mach 90** speeds, and all I managed for collateral damage was five extra pounds, thanks gravity! That was a total trip, dude!" I mean, **92 million miles** and no cosmic collisions, what an accomplishment! Bring out the presents and the cake! But now I totally get it. Saying, "Yay for the motionless plane!

Another rotation of the Zodiac and I'm back underneath my astrological sign!" just doesn't have the same ring to it.

So much going on with Eeyore anyways, esoterically speaking, where to even begin? Is that a dragonfly I spy? Yup, Shepard had the nerve to include a **dragonfly** thinking we wouldn't notice. Well, I did. Why would he do that except to secure Eeyore's portrait as a Gnostic?



Birthdays remind us of the wheel in the sky with its many luminaries, fixed and rotating around **Polaris**. Polaris of course is a star in the northern circumpolar constellation of **Ursa Minor**, though most of us refer to it as the **Little Bear**. And *who* does the Little Dipper remind us of, hmmm? Pooh, naturally. In turn, the Little Dipper reminds us of the Big Dipper, **Ursa Major**, though it is also known as the **Great Bear**. Correction, the Great Pooh Bear. When dancing together around the **North Pole**, a location which Milne was obsessed by, Little Bear and Great Bear make up a nightly as well as a seasonal **Swastika** in the sky but that's probably unimportant. But then, placed between the two Pooh's, gliding along in the manner of a river with sinuous windings is **Draco** the **Dragon**, the dragonfly we were looking for. And what does Draco remind us of?

¹ And a great sign appeared in heaven: a woman clothed in the sun, with the moon under her feet and a crown

of twelve stars on her head. ² She was pregnant and crying out in the pain and agony of giving birth.

³ **Then another sign appeared in heaven: a huge red dragon** with seven heads, ten horns, and seven royal crowns on his heads. ⁴ **His tail swept a third of the stars from the sky, tossing them to the earth.** And the dragon stood before the woman who was about to give birth, ready to devour her child as soon as she gave birth.

Revelation 12:1-4

When the **Virgo** Constellation prepares to give birth, Draco attempts to devour her child. We also read that his tail sweeps a **third** of the **stars** from the sky, tossing them to the earth. Stars falling from the sky is indicative of their having lost authority. They may have been set apart and walking The Way but now they have become like a planet, a wandering star, and have fallen from grace. Excuse me for a moment, that's a lot of stars. How many are we talking about?

Many have stamped their two cents onto this passage though allow me to give you the nickel tour of Scripture and point you in the direction of Barashayath. [The Genesis Reset](#) may be of interest. I am giving you the Cliffs Notes and am of the opinion that chapter one is being rehearsed, though a repeated event is also possible. When YAHUAHA the Son of ALAHAYAM was brought forth with the Light and announced as the heir of Creation, we immediately read of the creature from the Black Lagoon emerging from the Abyss, eager to challenge him. The Ruach Ha'Qodesh then glides over the water and violently suppresses him so as to defend her Son. Immediately afterwards, the darkness is separated from the light, though only the light is called good. It is my personal conclusion that the darkness refers to the Sons of ALAHAYAM who, as we have already read in Book of the Illuminators, have become bastard Sons, and must now reclaim their worth upon the Earth through obedience to the Commands.

Yes, I admit to having pulled all of that from the illustration of a dragonfly, mixing and matching with Eeyore's depression over his birthday, but I'm not through yet. There is also the matter of the river which Eeyore obsessively stares into. Chapter six begins with the following description, and I quote:

Eeyore, the old grey Donkey, stood by the side of the stream, and looked at himself in the water.

"Pathetic," he said. "That's what it is. Pathetic."

He turned and walked slowly down the stream for twenty yards, splashed across it, and walked slowly back on the other side. Then he looked at himself in the water again.

"As I thought," he said. "No better from this side. But nobody minds. Nobody cares. Pathetic, that's what it is."

The ancients perceived a mirror image as a reflection of the inner Divine, a gnosis which Eeyore the Gnostic is always on the quest for, and with little success, apparently. Throw in the added ingredient of the river itself, which ebbs and flows as a life-giving spirit—quickening and slowing down just as it is with the current of time. Every river has a source, likely unknown to the observer, as well as a mouth which, like the end of our journey upon the earth, can also be deemed uncertain. Of course, any Pooh aficionado will immediately recall that Eeyore is obsessed with rivers and can often be found floating down them. Important to this discussion however is what can be found below the surface of the river. Our subconscious can. It is from our subconscious that the Sun glinted illusion of our reflection emerges.

Well, for whatever reason, Eeyore is not happy with what he sees. He stares at himself in the water, turns and walks down the stream, splashes across it, and then studies himself on the opposite side. The result is the same. Every reflection which emerges from his subconscious is a pathetic one, and what does that remind you of?



Narcissus, from which we get the term **Narcissist**, did the same thing. The son of the **river god Cephissus** and the **nymph Liriope** fell in love with his own reflection and to the point that he did not even pay attention to the beautiful woman who longed for him. His reflection eventually drew him into the pool, to which he drowned, but not before crying out to his beautiful reflection who had forsaken him. I'm not seeing a redemptive quality to this tale. Maybe narcissism is a bad thing?

I am no psychologist but hear me out when I tell you that Eeyore is a covert narcissist. He's soggy to the bone with pessimism. Gloom and depression is his cup of tea. The guy revels in it. He exhibits low energy, constantly eggs on about how undervalued and overlooked he is, how he hasn't any true friend in the world, and he is always expecting the worst. If that's not a cry for attention, then I don't know what is. Those with narcissistic tendencies adopt an extremely fragile **Ego**-system which often manifests in paper-thin personalities that can be spotted with over-confident behavior and arrogance, all of which masks a deep need for validation and praise. On the swing of the pendulum, Eeyore demonstrates narcissistic behaviors with emotional dysregulated views of the Self. In either case, narcissists are destructive to the self as well as to those around them, and nearly always drown in the illusion in the

end without having ever penetrated the subconscious, which is the True purpose of the reflection.

Eeyore may be a bad Gnostic, a wannabe Gnostic—we all know one or two of them—but he is still very much a stand-in for the Gnostic. Or in the very least, as I explained earlier, the *gnosis* experience. For the Gnostic as well as the gnosis seeker, the death of the Ego is everything. It is a phase of self-surrender and transition, a fundamental transformation of the Inner Being which results in a complete loss of subjective self-identity. The **Demiurge** is therefore the Ego, the lower divine nature and, in Platonic terms, only an illusion emanating from the greater World of Forms. To quote from the ancient British Book of Wisdom:

⁷ The body of man is perishable and only a speck of dust in the great scheme of things; yet men believe that the mighty universe was created solely to serve it. **Man, the mortal, sadly deludes himself by presuming to think he can bend all Nature to serve his bodily wellbeing. As the fool, seeing trees and mountains shimmering in the waters, thinks their images are dancing for his pleasure,** so man, while Nature follows her destined course, believes all her activity is only to gladden his eye and give him pleasure.

⁸ Nature, like man, is intended to serve an end and purpose, which far exceed any conceivable by mortal flesh alone. **Yet it can be said with truth that the eternal universe and boundless Nature exist only to serve man, the greater being.** Therefore, this being so, **each man has a duty to recognize himself for what he really is and to do all that is required of him.** He should strive to improve life, to supply something it lacks, and to leave the world a better place for having passed through it.

Book of Wisdom 12:7-8

The mortal man remains mortal and a fool if he believes the reflections arising from the surface of water is there for his amusement. Ironically, Nature, and in fact the entire Cosmology, is intended to serve man but only in such a way that man may be awakened to who he truly is. In turn, that gnosis he attains will inform him of his duty to the service of mankind rather than the self, something I talked about in [Mary Magdalene and the Mandala](#) and [The Interior Castle In the Matrix](#). Throwing another applicable quote your way.

²³ It is not through the Divine Will that man suffers. **The Divine Will is that man fulfil the Divine Plan through learning to overcome the restrictions and illusions of a material existence by rising above them.** The troubles and trials are there to goad man on, to stimulate him, to rouse him out of material lethargy and urge him towards the development of spirituality and wisdom. If man suffers unduly, it is because of his own heedlessness and waywardness, his ignorance of the true meaning and purpose of life.

The Book of Wisdom 1:23

And another.

¹⁸ The defects of character are many and varied, but before they can be overcome, they must be discovered. The words written here can be no more than a mirror, which is handed to you. **Whether you look at the mere reflection of yourself, or whether you look with deeper insight and understanding, does itself depend upon the nature of your own character.** The defects of a defective character may conceal its own deficiencies from itself, but they cannot remain hidden if sought in the light of Wisdom and Truth.

Book of Wisdom 4:18

The reflection staring back at us truly is wonderful, isn't it? But only if we understand its design. Eeyore suffered a suffering of self-affliction.

His problem is that he never could rise above the illusion of his material existence by penetrating the surface and discovering the subconscious. Among his reflective gazing, he never discovered the Self. His defects of character were never transformed. In becoming trapped in the ignorance of his own image, he lost all true meaning, as well as his intended purpose in life.

Now, as a reminder, I have no problem with the Demiurge when played simply as an antagonist character, especially where the Ego is concerned. Where I part ways with Gnosticism is in the Gnostic creation story, among many other tenants of the Gnostic faith, which insists the material world was a mistake rather than a purposefully designed ecosystem of personal instruction and that its creator was the Alahayam of Barashayath. But seeing as how this is an analysis of the Pooh Mysteries, it is at least worth mentioning that the Gnostics had the Father create **Barbelo**, the Mother, his female counterpart, after spotting his reflection in the water. Likewise, the **archons** were said to create mankind after spotting their Divine image in the water.



Switching gears, but not really, we turn now to the ever flamboyant and ridiculous bad boy **Intel** spook, **Anton LaVey**. Because one can never have the birthday talk among Truth seekers without his name being inserted into the discussion. For all the newbies out there, this is what he happens to say about them.

“The highest of all holidays in the Satanic religion is the date of one’s own birthday. This is in direct contradiction to the holy of holy days of other religions,

which deify a particular god who has been created in an anthropomorphic form of their own image, thereby showing that the ego is not really buried. The Satanist feels: ‘Why not really be honest and if you are going to create a god in your image, why not create that god as yourself.’ Every man is a god if he chooses to recognize himself as one. **So, the Satanist celebrates his own birthday as the most important holiday of the year.**

After all, aren't you happier about the fact that you were born than you are about the birth of someone you have never even met? Or for that matter, aside from religious holidays, why pay higher tribute to the birthday of a president or to a date in history than we do to the day we were brought into this greatest of all worlds? Despite the fact that some of us may not have been wanted, or at least were not particularly planned, we're glad, even if no one else is, that we're here! You should give yourself a pat on the back, buy yourself whatever you want, **treat yourself like the king (or god) that you are**, and generally celebrate your birthday with as much pomp and ceremony as possible.”

The Satanic Bible

Anton LaVey's vision for Satanism was decidedly atheistic. No Biblical creator meant Satan was merely a symbol of rebellion against religious dogma, which LaVey deplored. What he happened to get right is the reality of the celebration. The first few centuries of Christians were decidedly against it, even up to the time of **Origen**. Do me a favor and commit to a Bible study on the birthday. There are two noted references and in both of them heads will roll. Anton LaVey encourages the birthday boy to treat himself like a king or a god because in ancient Egypt, Greece, Rome, and Persia, it is the birthday of **kings** and **gods** which were celebrated. And lest we forget, many of those kings were gods.



Call me jaded, but it is difficult reading Milne's account of Eeyore's birthday without spotting an air cynicism. Criticism, even. After learning that it was Eeyore's birthday and that he required special attention, Pooh and Piglet set out to find him the perfect gift. Pooh nabs a pot of honey, Piglet a balloon. The honey reminds us of the Divine, the balloon of the method which Pooh had attempted to attain it before his initiation process. On their return trip, Pooh eats the honey, thereby depriving Eeyore of Wisdom. Piglet straight up trips and falls, popping the balloon. Eeyore is then gifted with an empty pot and a popped balloon, which he gleefully indulges in. Pooh and Piglet walk away while Eeyore can be seen dropping the popped balloon into the pot and then pulling it out again, repeatedly.

It all ties in with the theme of what has already been spoken. In becoming trapped in the ignorance of his own image, Eeyore has lost all true meaning, as well as his intended purpose in life. Milne makes that clear at the beginning and then again at the end of the chapter. Up until this point, personal gnosis is nowhere to be found. Eeyore has yet to rise above the material illusion. He is after all a donkey, and a donkey is a fool.]



PART 6: The Feminine Mysteries of Pooh

[**UPDATE** 5/14/24: EARLIER this week, I published my analysis of the fairy-tale and the Princess Archetype in a little ditty I like to call [Sleeping Beauty and the Feminine Divine](#). That came only after touching up a thing or two in my [Princess Kaguya](#) paper. As part of the perfect storm, my twin sons read Milne's Winnie-the-Pooh for school. I told you about that yesterday, but for contextual purposes, it deserves repeating. We were commenting upon Rabbit's frustration with Tigger in the Disney movie when one son, Eric, added: "Rabbit kidnapped Roo in the book." I immediately tried to recall my own reading nearly 35 years ago if you can believe that, and was like, *huh?* He then added: "Afterwards, Roo visited Rabbit every Tuesday." And I was like, *Wait, what!?* It was that comment alone which prompted me to pull the 'Mysteries of Pooh' from the shelf, even going so far as to invest a day or two with the polish and duster before finally getting around to today's commentary.

Remember when I told you Rabbit may very well prove to be a representation of **Hades**? I also insisted that Rabbit's home invoked the **Eleusinian Mysteries**. Those two connections were thoroughly

glued together with my son's comment. *Out of the mouth of babes.* That's not nearly the whole of it though. After picking up Milne's 'Winnie-the-Pooh' for another read, I was immediately convinced of *who* Kanga represents. Care to guess? I've already given you plenty of hints. Rather than outright telling you, I'm thinking another quotation from the book is in order so that you can see with your own eyes what I saw.

Nobody seemed to know where they came from, but there they were in the Forest: Kanga and Baby Roo. When Pooh asked Christopher Robin, "How did they come here?" Christopher Robin said, "In the Usual Way, if you know what I mean, Pooh," and Pooh, who didn't, said "Oh!" Then he nodded his head twice and said, "In the Usual Way. Ah!" Then he went to call upon his friend Piglet to see what he thought about it. And at Piglet's house he found Rabbit. So, they all talked about it together.

"What I don't like about it is this," said Rabbit. "Here are we—you, Pooh, and you, Piglet, and Me—and suddenly—"

"And Eeyore," said Pooh.

"And Eeyore--and then suddenly—"

"And Owl," said Pooh.

"And Owl—and then all of a sudden—"

"Oh, and Eeyore," said Pooh. "I was forgetting him."

"Here—we—are," said Rabbit very slowly and carefully, "all—of—us, and then, suddenly, we wake up one morning and, what do we find? We find a Strange Animal among us. An animal of whom we have never even heard before! An animal who carries her family about with her in her pocket! Suppose I carried my family about with me in my pocket, how many pockets should I want?"

“Sixteen,” said Piglet.

“Seventeen, isn’t it?” said Rabbit. “And one more for a handkerchief—that’s eighteen. Eighteen pockets in one suit! I haven’t time.”

Do you see it? I was so snug in the couch and propped up with pillows when making the discovery that there was little concern over my falling out of it. Roll maybe. I hope you are doing well and in a safe location when telling you that **Kanga** is the **feminine Divine**. Think about it. I have just given you the first couple of pages from the Seventh Chapter and nobody has the faintest clue where Kanga has arrived from. She was absent until she wasn’t, and upon finally being made known, she was an obstruction to the Boys Club in Hundred Acre Woods.

When Pooh asks Christopher Robin how they arrived there, Christopher Robin replied: “In the Usual Way, if you know what I mean, Pooh.” Pooh hasn’t the faintest clue what is Usual about her arrival or what he means in insisting so but says ‘Oh’ anyways, being ever desirous to learn. Milne appears to capitalize words that he wants you to pay careful attention to. The ‘U’ and ‘W’ in Usual Way are capped. What do you suppose that means? I would suggest there is nothing unusual about the feminine Divine. She comes to us in the naturally Usual and perfectly truthful Way. It is only the patriarchy, sitting around and comparing the size of their obelisks, who feel threatened by the Woman. Or a “check in their spirit” as they so often call it. I’m speaking of the Divine Woman rather than the anima. Supposing you’ve read my report on ‘Sleeping Beauty’ then you will recall that the anima is man’s feminine side of the brain, and therefore his perception of the feminine, which explains why he may feel threatened by the real Woman when confronted by her. Of course, it’s a two-way street.

Rabbit’s objections are just as equally telling if not more-so. Kanga, he insists, is a “Strange Animal” whom they had never heard of before. There is the emphasis on capitalization again. Perhaps Kanga will prove to be more in line with an **Aphrodite** prototype rather than the **Ruach Ha’Qodesh**, though I’m thinking she is something akin to **Mother**

Earth, and I will tell you why. Rabbit's objection has to do with the fact that she carries her child in her pouch, reminding us that [The Earth Is a Womb](#), *conscious*, motherly, and intimately involved in her upkeep, as well as the development of souls, whether we want to recognize that fact or not.

Those of you still holding out on accepting Kanga's role as the feminine Divine, specifically Mother Earth, will have to keep up and explain away Rabbit's suggestion as to what needed to be done about her, which is the most shocking part of all.

"The question is, What are we to do about Kanga?"

"Oh, I see," said Pooh.

"The best way," said Rabbit, "would be this. **The best way would be to steal Baby Roo and hide him**, and then when Kanga says, 'Where's Baby Roo?' we say, 'Aha!'"

"Aha!" said Pooh, practicing. "Aha! Aha! ... Of course," he went on, "we could say 'Aha!' even if we hadn't stolen Baby Roo."

"Pooh," said Rabbit kindly, "you haven't any brain."

"I know," said Pooh humbly.

"We say 'Aha!' so that Kanga knows that we know where Baby Roo is. **'Aha!' means 'We'll tell you where Baby Roo is, if you promise to go away from the Forest and never come back.'** Now don't talk while I think."

Rabbit straight up concocts a plot to kidnap baby Roo, holding him hostage and giving away his whereabouts, via ransom note, but only after Kanga agrees to leave their realm forever. Chock it up to fun times in Hundred Acre Woods, I guess. The following pages are equally traumatizing, as Rabbit's co-conspirators, Piglet and Pooh, attempt to divert Kanga's attention with another one of Pooh's bard poems so

that Rabbit can nab Roo in the sandbox and run, making sure to swap him out with Piglet first ...*what... the... She'ol...*



How am I not supposed to unsee the **Eleusinian Mysteries** in the latest Pooh adventure? One barely needs to read between the lines. Unlike modern Boy Clubs of the Patriarchy, the Mysteries of Eleusis was a girl hangout, as secret societies go, though men were granted admission, *tee-hee-hee*. As the most popular of all Roman-era Mystery Schools, or in the very least the main competitor for the Mysteries of Bacchus and Isis, its ultimate focus was upon granting the initiate a blissful afterlife. You know, you're usual 'happily ever after' moment at the end of the chick flick.

The story goes that **Persephone** became the queen of the underworld after her abduction and rape by Uncle **Hades**. Do recall that Hel was the Nordic goddess of the underworld. Persephone's mother **Demeter** happened to be an Olympian goddess of the **harvest** and **agriculture**. The fact that she presided over crops, grains, food, and the fertility of the earth tells us all we need to know regarding her stand-in for **Mother Earth**.

With Persephone's departure, the world fell into the throws of winter. Demeter therefore pleaded with the Olympians and was able to work out a sweet deal for her release. There was, however, a slight hiccup. While in the underworld, Persephone had eaten of the forbidden fruit, six pomegranate seeds. Consequently, Persephone was liberated from the underworld on one condition. She must return in Hades company every year for six consecutive months. Though Demeter undoubtedly delighted in her daughters' presence throughout the remaining year, her

annual sojourn resulted in inconsolable mourning. The harvest was plentiful, but come autumn, the earth once again fell into neglect.



Well, getting back to the Pooh book, Kanga takes Piglet home in the absence of Roo and gives him a bath, OMG. That's precisely what happened in the Eleusinian Mysteries. All initiates **bathed** communally to purify themselves and then dirtied themselves all over again with the **sacrifice of a pig**. Offing the pig was intended to symbolize the disappearance of Persephone into the bowels of the earth, perhaps even appease Hades so that it might be spring again.

Some of you are still protesting on the basis that Roo is a boy rather than a girl. Wow, that's great detective work. Persephone is being camouflaged is all. Milne doesn't have loose lips, nor is he outing his sources, and it worked up to the point that we woke up to their schemes. Kanga + Roo spells Kangaroo, giving us another interesting aspect of the Feminine Divine relationship, **A'dam** + **Cha'uaha** but also **Miryam** the Virgin Mother + **Yahusha** the Son. And of course, Yahusha went down to She'ol to retrieve A'dam and [return him to Paradise](#). Why isn't anyone concerned with the whereabouts of Roo's father, by the way? He has no father of note. At least Persephone had a father in **Zeus**. Roo however has a Mother and a pouch for comfort, and also, his kidnapper, because look at how the chapter ends.

So, Kanga and Roo stayed in the Forest. And every Tuesday Roo spent the day with his great friend Rabbit.

Kanga receives her child again with the exception of one day of the week, when his kidnapper is to cyclically receive him. Obviously, Tuesday is another clever disguise for the winter months when Roo must visit [~~Hades~~] Rabbit in [~~the underworld~~] his hole under the earth. Am I going too far in suggesting the ‘Pedophilia’ word? It’s not like Milne was using the choicest role model when comparing Rabbit with Hades, nor does his being a rabbit help his case much.]