



Cinderella and the Feminine Divine

By Noel Joshua Hadley

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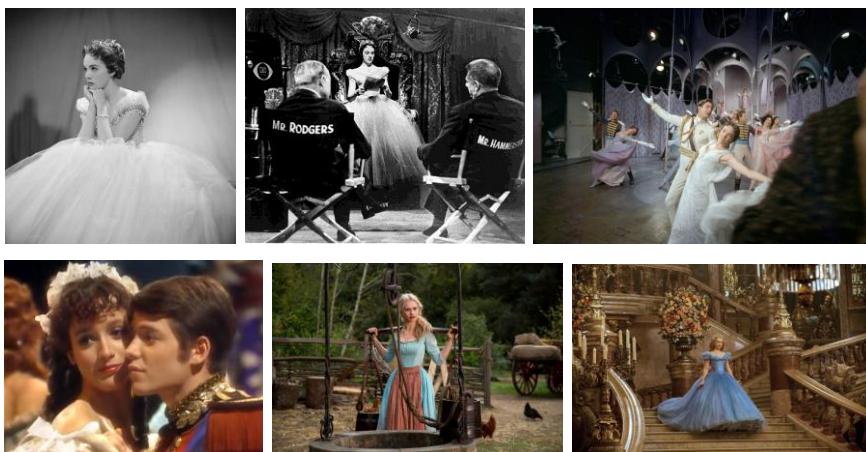
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RARELY a day goes by when I don't ask my daughter if the slipper fits before trying her shoe on. And what do you know, it's a perfect slide every time, but let's not get lost in the exotic. Falling asleep in bed last night, I thought about **Cinderella** and our impending move to Europe, variably, in that order. It was a ping pong affair. This morning I woke up with the same coupled thoughts and the dread associated with them. Firstly, as it concerns our travels across the pond, there is little time and much to do on a shoestring budget. Let's just say we will be living in various homes and doing a lot of kittensitting. To add to that anxiety, the boat casts off in three weeks as of this afternoon. Books are nice and the smell of old pages comfortable, but to quote **Dr. Henry Jones Jr.**, "If you want to be a good archeologist, you gotta get out of the library." Therefore, our temporary move to the UK and EU is intended as a seven-month long

hands-on field trip investigating the various topics that I so often cover. The late Middle Ages, its association with the **feminine divine**, and something which I intimately refer to as the Millennial Kingdom takes up the crux of that focus. And let's not forget about **Mary Magdalene**. Perhaps you will be happy to know that Cinderella finds her home and hearth in all of them. The slipper fits.

Nearly an entire year has passed since turning out [Sleeping Beauty and the Feminine Divine](#), one of my all-time favs. Most recently, I have given the princess archetype another looksy-loo with **Rapunzel** in [Mary Magdalene and the Maiden in the Tower](#). Give them a read, why don't you? I am directing you to them now because *this* is yet another spin-off paper, which means I will be springboarding rather than repeating information. That is to say, I am expecting you to know a thing or two while in pursuit of new discoveries.

The thought of starting up a new research paper is never an easy one. In fact, *beginning* is the most difficult part, though I am told the *finishing* aspect is an obstacle for some, and Cinderella has been put off long enough. I may finally be over my head on this one, as Cinderella involves thousands of literary variants deriving from diverse cultures throughout the ancient world, dating all the way back to the first century in Egypt. We find her in Iran, again in 'Arabians Nights', with clear residue as far east as China, Vietnam, and Korea, telling us of her profound importance in the collective subconscious. In Medieval Europe she was known as the '**Ash Tree Girl**,' courtesy of the very mysterious **Marie de France**, and a little later down the turnpike, in Germany, the **Brothers Grimm** would have offer their own take on her bio.



With so many variants, how does one choose a version for analysis? To complicate matters, and as part of the research process, I reviewed the 1957 Rodgers and Hammerstein television production starring Mary Poppins, *er*, I mean, a young Julie Andrews, as well as the always impressive Faerie Tale Theatre episode put out by Shelley Duvall. That one aired in 1985 and starred Matthew Broderick, one year shy of his turn in Ferris Bueller. Rodgers and Hammerstein usually deliver, but on this outing, their songs were a bore. I also watched the 2015 Disney movie and was pleased with the result. Every production borrowed from different facets of the Cinderella narrative, prompting me to ask, which is the correct narrative? That's just the thing about dreams, isn't it? There isn't one.

I'll cast my vote. The best of the bunch was the 1950 Disney animated classic. I watched that one with my daughter, *twice*. It held her interest on both occasions, as well as my own. IT also happens to derive from Charles Perrault, Cinderella's most famous storyteller, and let me tell you, nobody identified Mary Magdalene or the feminine Divine in a police line-up quite like a fleur-de-lis tattooed Frenchman, even if he did arrive a little later on the timeline, namely 1628-1703. Which is why, moving forward, I intend the bulk of this paper to depend upon the Disney classic. If that upsets you, then write to your congressman.



Disney's 'Cinderella' proved to be a loaded barrel, chocked full of esotericism, assaulting my eyes in a dark room from its opening scene. Ward Kimball and his fellow animators knew a thing or two, and they

liked to lay it on thick is all I'll say about that. Modern storytellers are degenerates by comparison. Not even Disney makes Disney like they used to. They likely couldn't if they tried. The haters will hate. Let them.

The movie opens with a chateau. Above that chateau is a **tower**, Cinderella's abode, reminding us of **Miryam of Migdal** and the **Maiden in the Tower**, *via* Migdal prototypes **Rapunzel** and **Asenath**. They just had to go there, didn't they? They didn't even care to hide that fact, though the deniers will keep on denying. The Mouse House wastes no time in bringing out the big guns from the arsenal, either, as the girl is awakened while singing their theme park staple, 'A Dream Is a Wish Your Heart Makes *when you're fast asleep*.' I will remind you that the fairy tale genre exists just below the glassy surface of our collective consciousness, and the title song invokes the personal gnosis of all that is purposefully repressed or hidden. That is precisely how we are introduced to Cinderella, with the awakening dream state. Try to keep up.

From her tower window, Cinderella has a picture-perfect view of the royal castle. *There it is*. We have our **'princess in exile'** story trope. That is to say, the kingdom citizens are oblivious of her, though she is desirous to be made known and loved by them. Like the comings and goings of the feminine Divine throughout His-Story, Cinderella narrows her vision upon the Tower Clock, whom she dubs 'Old Kill Joy,' and proclaims, "Even he orders me around," adding as a side note, "They can't order me to stop dreaming." I haven't gotten around to the *'they-them'* people in this scenario yet. You probably already know who *they* are in the story. Take a mental note of the fact that she is referencing her material as well as spiritual Controllers.

Surrounding her are the fuzzy forest animals, mice and birds and the like, harkening to **Eve**, our first Woman Mother, descending from heaven to inspire earthly Man, and like **Snow White** in her plight, tame the scary forest. Though locked away from the world, she is already in complete unity with nature. We observe the birds braiding her hair, tying an apron around her waist. Mice stitch fabric and polish her shoes, foreshadowing what is to come. While taking a bath, a quick glimpse is offered of Cinderella's naked backside, highlighting her Edenic innocence. Already, Cinderella embodies nearly every facet of the feminine Divine, and we've only just begun.



Everybody and their mother know how Cinderella ended up in her retched predicament. The girl's mother died, prodding her father to eventually remarry **Lady Tremaine**. But then he too departed from the mortal life, leaving Cinderella alone with a cruel step-mother, and her step-sisters, **Anastasia** and **Drizella**, did not fall far from the tree. If there's one thing Disney enjoys, it's an animal sidekick. We get those here as well. Blink and you'll miss it, **Bruno** was gifted to Cinderella by her father as a puppy, whereas **Lucifer** arrived as a kitten with Lady Tremaine. Mm-hmm, **Lucifer**. Disney actually went there. I know, right? They threw us a bone. I'm as shocked as you are.

A stunning name indeed, given Lucifer's supposed meaning, "shining one, light-bearer" in the Latin and the Greek or whatever. I asked **Pamela Glasgow**, my local Paleo-Hebrew expert, about the cat, and she explained that Lucifer in fact denotes the son of morning whose praise has turned to mourning. Get it? More pointedly, she describes him as a **howler**. I will have more to say about him in a little while.

The cat is an avatar and is also our tipoff to Cinderella's connection with the Tower Maiden. Do recall how Rapunzel was held captive by the occult in that one. The same thing is happening here. If you haven't guessed already, Lady Tremaine and her two daughters are Cinderella's Controllers. They might as well be stand-ins for our controlled opposition as well. In the real world, the normies will claim Cinderella could not possibly embody the feminine Divine, or that the Ruach CHAKA'MAHA and Miryam of Migdal cannot possibly be a thing on the basis that Lady Tremaine and her obnoxious daughters hold her in servitude, and nobody worth knowing has come to claim her. That's just the way of it. From the very get-go, we are told that Lady Tremaine is jealous of her charm and beauty, which is why she had her locked up in the Tower. Jealousy is the driving emotion in all of this.

⁷ For in the time of my youth I was jealous of many things of Yoceph, because my father loved him beyond all.

⁸ And I set my mind against him to destroy him because the prince of deceit sent forth the spirit of jealousy and blinded my mind, so that I regarded him not as a brother, nor did I spare even Ya'aqov my father.

⁹ But his Alahayam and the Alahayam of his father's sent forth His angel and delivered him out of my hands.

The Testament of Shim'on 1:7-9

Is it just me or does the Testament of Shim'on perfectly embody the plot to Cinderella? **Shim'on** was one of Yoceph's eleven brothers, making **twelve** in all. By this point in our relationship, you have already been made aware of my personal conclusion; that the story of **Yoceph** and **Asenath** foreshadows YASHA'UA and his betrothed, Miryam. The spirit of jealousy is what prodded **Ya'aqov**'s sons to murder **Yoceph**. Or rather, cast him into a pit. Though clearly, their murderous heart is what brought about his 'Prince in Exile' story arch. It's not like Asenath wasn't experiencing a 'Princess in Exile' plot of her own. Jealousy is a powerful thing. I haven't gotten around to an analysis of Snow White quite yet, but when I do, you will have to act surprised at the **Evil Queen**'s murderous heart. Indeed, jealousy is what drives the beautiful young German girl into her exile state.



It is probably no coincidence that we first encounter Cinderella's dog Bruno in the dream state, happily occupied in his own Disney theme song moment. Cinderella quickly wakes the hound only to advise him against lucid fantasies of chasing Lucifer or else risk losing his bed, an interesting and sad request when one stops to think about it. Cinderella is blindsided by her slave masters, protective of them even, but we know it must be that way until she too is truly awakened to her task at hand. Even her

father was groggy-eyed by the woman he married, even if marrying her was initially deemed the chivalrous thing to do. Already, Cinderella has warned the mice of a worse fate. The cat is an enforcer, always on the prowl, actively engaged in cutting off Cinderella's connection with Paradise.



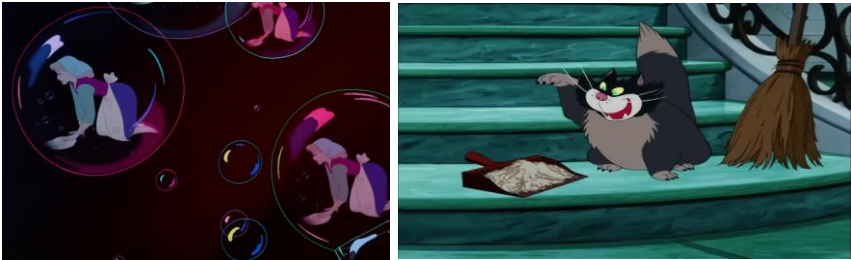
One brilliantly animated scene in particular has Cinderella entering the bedroom of Lady Tremaine and Lucifer. The casting of shadows, long and menacing, pronounces his role on the checkerboard of duality. Lucifer's counterpart is Lady Tremaine almost as assuredly as Bruno's is Cinderella's repressed father.



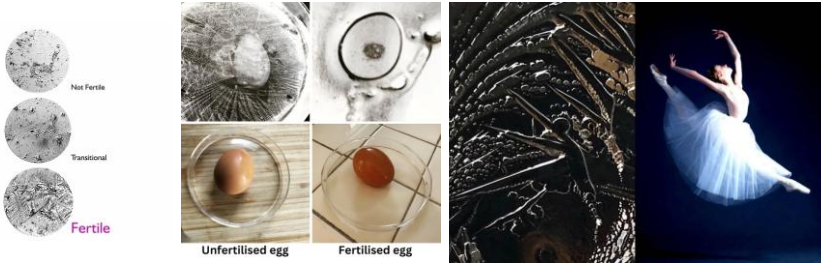
Cinderella's role as the Tower Maiden and the ['Second Eye'](#) we've been looking for is further heightened when Lady Tremaine attempts to lead her daughters in a refined rendition of 'Oh, Sing Sweet Nightingale.' In short, Drizella can't sing, and Anastasia can't, *ab-bum*, blow a flute, inciting Lucifer to cover his ears with a pillow and wince, being the howler that he is. The counterfeit Woman in the fullest platonic sense of the word is abundantly evident. HaSatan can forge, though he cannot create. The vulgar however will not be able to tell the difference.

But then, leaving the room in protest, Lucifer hears an even more deplorable sound. It is the exact same song, sung sweetly and with the heavenly grace of Cinderella, the Woman. Astonishingly, she is on her

hands and knees, dirtied and dressed in rags, scrubbing the floor, a servant to all, still attuned to the spiritual realm. If there is anything that Lucifer cannot stand more than the counterfeit, it is that which he is counterfeiting. Which is also why he purposefully dirties his paws in a dustpan and begins prancing about the floor, thereby frustrating the work of the righteous. Does HaSatan not do the same? Does he not plant tares in the field of wheat by night? The heaven-bound Man inspiring woman to be Woman, and the heaven-bound Woman inspiring man to be Man, both walking hand-in-hand, have their work cut out for them.



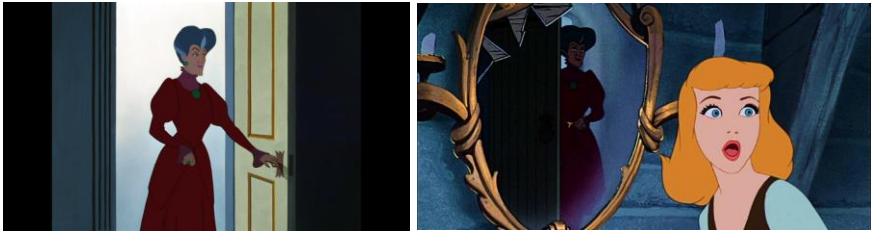
The same sequence becomes even more dazzling when soapy bubbles rise from Cinderella’s floor, capturing her Form and then duplicating it, much as a fruit bearing tree cannot help but to replicate its own fruit. In this way, her good works are a complete reversal of the shallow mirror images attributed to narcissism. Though it is true that the outside world is not yet acquainted with the Tower Maiden, the Tower is better off for having contained the Maiden, even if the counterfeit and their enforcer are contemptuous of that fact.



More pointedly, the rising bubbles present a stunning tribute to [Water Consciousness](#) in that nature is materializing Cinderella’s energy. I have covered the research of [Dr. Masaru Emoto](#) as it relates to [Star Cities](#) and [Fountains of Living Water](#), but then [Veda Austin](#) took it to another level entirely. I dare you to read my report. Indeed, water does store information. As little creators, we hold the power to think and speak and

therefore manifest good or evil into the world around us. That is quite the responsibility. Nobody is given an easy out.

Stop and think about it, the idea that water stores and relays information is nothing new. Spit samples are capable of telling a woman when she is most fertile. The most fertile days of a woman's monthly cycle are announced by her own saliva up to three days beforehand. Just prior to ovulation, women experience an estrogen surge. These sudden hormonal changes result in a fern-like pattern within their spit samples. But then consider the sheer amount of water upon this earth. Water is always listening, always materializing our desires, and in turn communicating, though we are not so entuned with nature to notice. Water will replicate a dancing ballerina on a whim or tell you whether an egg is fertilized or not before we can crack it open and find out for ourselves. *Incredible.*



In light of Water Consciousness, you will perhaps recall how I went along with the Jungians in my analysis of Sleeping Beauty and declared **Maleficent** to be an embodiment of **Mother Earth**. I still stand by that. We are offered **three mommies**, CHAKA'MAHA, First Cha'uaha, but it's not like Yashar'AL didn't have **four mommies** in **La'a'ha** (Leah), **Rachal** (Rachel), **Balahaha**, and **Zalaphaha**. With Lady Tremaine and her two daughters, however, I am going a different route. Keeping with the theme of the Tower Maiden and Rapunzel's illegitimate mother, the witch, I offer you the *following* passage of Scripture.

¹³Who is wise and understanding among you? By his good conduct let him show his works in the meekness of wisdom. ¹⁴But if you have bitter jealousy and selfish ambition in your hearts, do not boast and be false to the truth. ¹⁵This is not the wisdom that comes down from above, but is earthly, unspiritual, demonic. ¹⁶For where jealousy and selfish ambition exist, there will be disorder and every vile practice. ¹⁷But the wisdom from above is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, open to reason, full of mercy and good

fruits, impartial and sincere. ¹⁸ And a harvest of righteousness is sown in peace by those who make peace.

Ya'aqov (James) 3:13-18

Did you hear that? That was the sound of your mind getting blown. I'll speak for myself I guess. *Blown*. Ya'aqov the brother of YASHA'UA has just outlined the Cinderella storyline. It's as I've been saying all along, jealousy is an enemy of CHAKA'MAHA. True Wisdom comes down from above, and the earthly will hate her for it. Jealousy has a murderous heart. She too is a wisdom spirit and will attempt to dethrone CHAKA'MAHA whenever possible. Surely, Cinderella is an embodiment of all that is described. And so, we have just identified our fourth member of the feminine divine monarchy. There are **two wisdoms**. Lady Tremaine is her demonic counterpart.



Despite dropping the ball and completely snubbing Disney's staple song (why—just why?), the 2015 film was visually stunning in its own right. Plot points differed at times from their 1950 parent but why make a fuss about that when they always seemed to connect with one genetic heritage or another. This is a good time to note what it did exceptionally well, and that is to tell how one enters slavery. Which is to say, little by little. Cinderella did not end up without a bed overnight. Nor did she succumb to servitude without first agreeing to it. That is the human experience. It is also Yashar'AL's experience. That is how you pronounce Israel in the paleo. Every Sunday school teacher knows the Hebrews ended up in bondage in Egypt, but how many of them can tell you the why? [Yashar](#) tells.

²⁹ And when some of the men of Yashar'AL refused to work on account of the wages not being given to them, then the exactors and the servants of Pharaoh oppressed them and smote them with heavy blows, and made them return by force, to labor with

their brethren; thus did all the Matsarayam unto the children of Yashar'AL all the days.

³⁰ And all the children of Yashar'AL were greatly afraid of the Matsarayam in this matter, and all the children of Yashar'AL returned and worked alone without pay.

³¹ And the children of Yashar'AL built Pithom and Rameses, and all the children of Yashar'AL did the work, some making bricks, and some building, and the children of Yashar'AL built and fortified all the land of Matsarayam and its walls, and the children of Yashar'AL were engaged in work for many years, until the time came when YAHAUAHA remembered them and brought them out of Matsarayam.

³² **But the children of La'ua'ya were not employed in the work with their brethren of Yashar'AL, from the beginning unto the day of their going forth from Matsarayam.**

³³ **For all the children of La'ua'ya knew that the Matsarayam had spoken all these words with deceit to the Yashar'AL, therefore the children of La'ua'ya refrained from approaching to the work with their brethren.**

³⁴ And the Matsarayam did not direct their attention to make the children of La'ua'ya work afterward, since they had not been with their brethren at the beginning, therefore the Matsarayam left them alone.

Yashar 65

Did you read the passage or are you just skipping ahead hoping I won't notice? It's okay, I'll explain to you what happened. Yashar'AL was tricked into slavery, but the Levites, or La'ua'ya in the paleo, never bought into their schemes. It's why Mashaha (Moses) and Aharan (Aaron) were capable of walking around in Pharaoh's court, plaguing his ass. They were Levites. In the Exodus account, not even Pharaoh could force them into the slime pits. Now, go and look up your Sunday School teacher in the phone book and explain it to them.



[**UPDATE** 6/13/25: IN the opening paragraph, I bemoaned my anxiety regarding the coming two-week journey across the Atlantic by way of boat. As it now stands, we have been in the UK for **5 weeks**, how time flies when you're running about investigating the realm. While on the boat, I wrote a little ditty called [Tomorrowland](#). Let's just call it a movie review. Sure, let's go with that. What had started out as a one-day research paper according to initial estimates ballooned into a several days affair, and I was seasick for the whole of it. That was a very unpleasant experience, one which I hope not to repeat on the return trip home, but it probably will.

I bring up [Tomorrowland](#) (you have been linked again) only because of a hidden concept that I uncovered within which, in turn, got me thinking about Cinderella and the feminine Divine again. There is a scene in the **2015** version where the prince crosses path with Cinderella while hunting in the woods. It is not quite unlike the Cha'uaha prototype in that man encounters heaven incarnate here to tame the nature of man and inspire him to reach towards a higher spiritual purpose. We have seen that play out in Sleeping Beauty, as well as the Princess in Exile prototype, doubled here as well, except on this occasion there is a catch. Cinderella implores the prince whom she's just met to refrain from hunting because it is mean to animals. Yeah, um, okay. I was annoyed by that overt bombardment of wokeness as well. But then the thing about being **Woke** is that they sometimes have correct observations about the state of the world even if their forward-thinking politics drive an ever-deepening wedge between reality and their emotions.



Despite its modern sentiments, the 2015 Cinderella hunting scene just so happens to line up with another element of the feminine Divine. **Athena** and the **Centaur**. It is certainly no coincidence that Cinderella and the prince meet on horseback because that is a tip-off to his Centaur component. If only we could tell which end was his face and rear end—just kidding. He's quite the looker.

Athena was the **Greek goddess** associated with **wisdom**, **warfare**, and **handicraft**. She was given the title *Athena Parthenos* which, when translated, means “**Athena the Virgin**”, a common trait for Queen of heaven contenders. Her Roman counterpart was **Minerva**, the **Roman goddess** of **wisdom**, **justice**, **law**, **victory**, and the **sponsor of arts, trade**, and **strategy**, of which, I think it is safe to say, are qualities befitting of Cinderella.

As it happens, the Centaur, being more beastly than man, fell lustroously in love with the Greek goddess. To satisfy his lust, the half-man half-horse hunted nymphs in the forest only to be caught by the goddess and chastised for it. So right there, we have the story perfectly laid out for us when the prince gets reprimanded for hunting animals. Ultimately, Athena tamed the centaur. I take that to mean he became more human than beast. And that is the point of CHAKA'MAHA, as well as Cha'uaha perfected. I've said this in other places, and I'll say it again, the purpose of a Woman is to inspire man to become Man, whereas the purpose of Man is to inspire woman to the same end.]



Well anyways, the king wants to secure a bride for his son, and a ball is announced in which every eligible maiden in the kingdom is invited. **DAUGHTER OF ZION ALERT**. The spirit of jealousy is especially inflamed at the thought of Cinderella attending, naturally, as the princess in exile would finally be revealed to the world. Counterfeit Wisdom can't have that. Its why Lady Tremaine assigns Cinderella an unprecedented task load, giving her the usual disadvantage. In addition to her heavy-handed assignment, Cinderella is promised admission to the ball if she can find something to wear, which seems unlikely.

To complete this task, Cinderella settles comfortably into her role as the First and Second Cha'uaha princess archetype, in which the forest animals, or birds and mice in this particular instance, go about with the housework, mending her dress, whipping the chateau into tiptop shape. And lest I forget, Cinderella digs up her dress in the **Tower**. It belonged to her **Mother**. Indeed, Cinderella is clothed in CHAKA'MAHA.

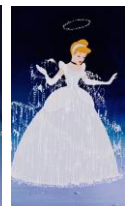


Suffice to say, Cinderella descends the staircase dressed for the ball, having completed her obligatory tasks with a little help from her friends, ready to receive her prince. Lady Tremaine is not pleased. Nor are her daughters. Finally, the spirit of jealousy reveals her murderous heart when

the necklace is promptly torn from Cinderella's neck, and her mother's dress is ripped to shreds. I had asked you to ponder in [The Only Begotten Daughter](#) what YASHA'UA's murderers might do to a beloved, and this is but a glimpse of it. But then, I might as well point out the elephant in the room. Is it just me or are women the majority suppressers of Women in the fairy-tale world? The Patriarchy gets a bad rap. Modern feminists would rather create Mary Sue heroines completely independent of the Prince and his salvation kiss when it is the other hens in the henhouse which they should be on the lookout for. They come with sharpened talons.

You can probably imagine my pleasant astonishment to learn that Cinderella takes on the mantle of the **Mourning Woman**, deprived of her lover, as she runs into a **garden**. Yes, a garden, ring any bells? Miryam of Migdal managed the same plot point, only she encountered an **angel**. 2015 Disney has Cinderella's dying mother explain that a **guardian angel** would watch over her, by the way. Some artwork even depicts her as one. And though 1950 Disney has taken Frenchman Charles Perrault's path, assigning Cinderella a fairy godmother, the Brothers Grimm claimed it was a white bird that grew from the tree which Cinderella planted over her mother's grave, and that furthermore, the bird was the spirit of her **Mother**. If we accept the Brothers Grimm version of events, then we are given clearer indications as to who Cinderella is. Think about it like this. The Ruach CHAKA'MAHA didn't marry a prince, but Miryam of Migdal did.

It is in the garden that her **fairy godmother** arrives into the story of her life, but then look at how Disney animators depicted her appearance, why don't you? It wasn't simply a stone bench which Cinderella knelt over for comfort. She was crying into the lap of her fairy godmother all along. On the flip, we never see the spiritual manifestation of Lucifer, although it is safe to assume dark spiritual forces were present throughout the narrative. Clearly, Cinderella's friendship with the animals paid off.



'*Bibbidi-Bobbidi-Boo*' is that song which we all tried to sing along with as children. It is also intended as an *abracadabra* spell and referred to as 'The Magic Song'. Therein lies the problem which most people in my camp have with Disney, particularly any review like this one. Disney is magical, and magic is bad. On this point, I agree. The way in which Cinderella is transformed is quite naughty but knowing that is not to say the subconscious dream state of the fairy tale is an unredeemable one. Let's face it, whenever it comes to theology, Disney has a shake n' bake recipe. Calvinism? *Magic*. Docetism? *Magic*. Yom Kippur? *Magic*. Sola Fide? *Magic*. Gnosticism? *Magic*. Baptism and the Eucharist? *More of that Disney Magic*. I think that just about covers the depth of the Disney doctrine. Whenever it comes to the crossroads of the spiritual and material realm, Disney does not know what to do unless someone is handed a wand to wave around.

Blink and you'll miss it, a **halo** is pronounced above Cinderella's head the moment her mother's raggedy dress is given a *Bibbidi-Bobbidi-Boo Boutique* makeover. I'm sure that's unimportant. I'm sure that's just a meaningless detail and connects us with nothing of meaning. The pumpkin is turned into a carriage, but you knew that already, whereas the mice which aided Cinderella with the housework are transformed into horses. The old horse **Major** as well as the bloodhound Bruno, both of whom have ties to her father, are transformed into a coachman and a footman. All this does in my opinion is emphasize the spiritual reality behind the material imprint.

Oh, and isn't it interesting that it all transpires in a garden of all places? I was hoping you wouldn't forget that part. Like Miryam of Migdal, confronted with the reversal of death of an innocent offender when judged by the Universal Law, Cinderella's own transformation is made known. I'm sure it is another meaningless coincidence when Cinderella collapses onto the invisible lap of her godmother and cries, "I can't believe—not anymore. There's nothing left to believe in." It is as though she is inciting the very words of Miryam of Migdal before the angel appears to her. One might go so far as to say Cinderella has not transgressed, thereby directing us to the Second Eve role. It is therefore not another coincidence that Lucifer is foiled at his attempts to disrupt the transformation of the mice, nor promptly chased out of the garden by way of pixie dust when in fact we should be reminded of the Genesis 3 prophecy.

I will also cause antagonism between you and the woman, and between your progeny and her progeny. He shall wound your head, and you shall wound His heel.

Barashayath (Genesis) 3 [Paleo]

The antagonism between he and the woman has already been made known. But now, though the heel is wounded, his head has been crushed. Or in watered down Disney terms, *Bibbidi-Bobbidi-Boo*.



Let me tell you something else which 1950 Disney did better than its successors. Other versions have Cinderella descending the ballroom stairs only to be absorbed by an awestruck room, as if Wisdom prefers this method of entry. No, here she arrives at the king's castle and then wanders the halls alone, unnoticed by everyone except the prince. That is the Proverbs 1 CHAKA'MAHA that I know.

²⁰ **CHAKA'MAHA** [*Wisdom*] **cries without; she utters her voice in the streets:**

²¹ She cries in the chief place of concourse, in the openings of the gates: in the city she utters her words, saying,

²²How long, ye simple ones, will ye love simplicity? and the scorners delight in their scorning, and fools hate knowledge?

²³Turn you at my reproof: behold, **I will pour out my Ruach unto you**, I will make known my words unto you.

Mishlei (Proverbs) 1:20-23

The CHAKA'MAHA of Scripture goes unnoticed by the simpleton majority. She can be found in the markets and the city gates—the populated areas. She cries out, desirous to enter in and beautify the soul, and yet, her voice is unheard. People are too busy to notice or care, or perhaps completely oblivious to true beauty when in fact counterfeit wisdom, the demonic step-mothers and step-sisters of the world, make up the norm. In any 'Princess Archetype' fairy-tale, the character qualifications for Prince Charming depend largely upon his desiring CHAKA'MAHA above all else, even though his yearning desire is initially deemed foolishness to his contemporaries. The prince is pressed to marry a princess, you see, but to his father's chagrin, he is bored of every woman presented to him. They are but simpletons, lacking the divine spark of Woman. Ironically, it is when the prince sets his eyes upon Cinderella, to whom he is immediately drawn, that the king's advisor quips with a heavy air of sarcasm, and I quote:

“There she stands, the girl of his dreams. Who she is or where she came, he knows not. Nor does he care. For his heart tells him that here—**here is the maid predestined to be his bride.** A pretty plot for fairy tales, sire, but in real life, oh, no.”

It is irony because the king's advisor speaks the truth in defining the fairy tale though he doesn't believe a lick of it. In essence, he is saying the dream which we have woken from is not reality, that it cannot possibly point to our preexistent state or our intended destiny, and that the subconscious, the unseen realm from where CHAKA'MAHA cries out, residing below the glassy surface of counterfeit wisdom, Ego and narcissism and all that, is to be ignored. It is a complete reversal of what Proverbs 1 calls for. Conclusively, the Prince Charming archetype is Messianic though he is also Shalahah, asking YAHUAHA for the Ruach CHAKA'MAHA rather than all the riches in the world.

The rest of the story you know. The Tower Clock, 'Old Kill Joy' himself, crashes the party and ruins the romance when the long and shorthand

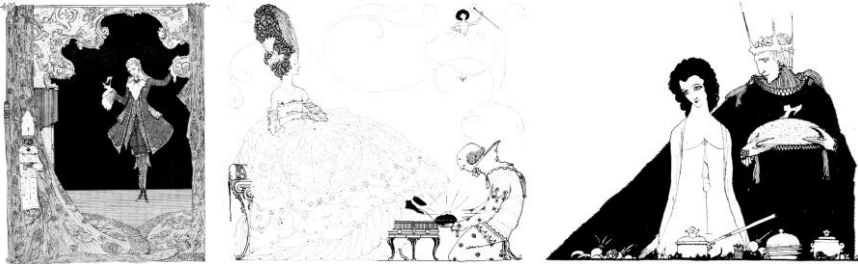
converge at the 12, prompting Cinderella to hurry off or else be exposed as a servant girl. And though the king's men pursue her, she remains unrecognized on the side of the road, having already been transformed back to her former state. Had they truly been attracted to CHAKA'MAHA rather than superficial beauty then they would have known how to identify her. Cinderella never would have returned to her cruel step-mother and step-sisters that night. The End. *Bummer.*



To quote the **fairy godmother**, “**Like all dreams, they can’t last forever.**” Is that how we are to take the feminine Divine narrative, she comes and goes and there is nothing that can be done about it? But *ab-ha*, that is where she purposefully gets it wrong. To also quote from **Obi-Wan Kenobi**, “So, what I said is true from a certain point of view.” *A certain point of view?* Though one cannot remain in the dream state forever, that much is true, the dream state is only ever intended to motivate us towards a greater Reality.

What I neglected to tell you a little earlier on is that the godmother fills the role of the **donor** character. A donor can be found throughout the fairy-tale genre and arrives to test the protagonist, providing magical, though I much prefer *supernatural* assistance so as to give them a leg up. To quote **Gandalf**: “A wizard is never late, nor is he early, he arrives precisely when he means to.” A Calvinist can say the same, isn’t that adorable? We are pressed to believe that the most important character in ‘Cinderella’ is Cinderella, but I disagree. The test was never intended for her. To the rest of the world, Cinderella was but a passing dream, and therefore, not worth pursuing. Not that they noticed her anyways. The fairy godmother’s intervention was ultimately aimed at the prince. As I have stated in other places, the purpose of Woman is to inspire man to

become Man, and in the case of 'Cinderella', it is only the prince who passed the Prince Charming test. He also is a true Man, inspiring Cinderella to the crowning achievement of Womanhood.



Evidence of the fairy godmother's master plan is provided and in fact proven with the mere existence of the **glass slipper**, Cinderella's MacGuffin. There shouldn't be one. I mean, I *thought* Cinderella was a rags to riches and back to rags story. The godmother's spell was broken at the midnight hour. Therefore, having the horses and the coachmen return to mice and Cinderella's sparkling dress to a filthy apron while insisting that a sparkly trinket remains in the prince's possession is a plot hole large enough to drive a pumpkin carriage through. Unless the leg up was truly intended for the prince all along, as I have stated. Indeed, the slipper was preordained as a means by which he might weed out the counterfeit.

It is worth noting that the glass slipper is unique to Charles Perrault's version of events. The Brothers Grimm describe a shoe of gold and, in their usual dark turn of events, have the step-sisters cutting off their toes so as to make it fit. Let's speak of that no more. Still, other storytellers describe an ankle bracelet or a ring, some sort of identifying item that only fits one woman.



1950 Disney manages to up the ante by having Lady Tremaine break the glass slipper before Cinderella is capable of trying it on, to which she is able to produce her other, thereby proving her identity in spectacular fashion. This twist to the story is indeed profound, as Cinderella is only capable of marrying the prince because she has a shoe in her possession, and what does that remind you of? I couldn't be sure. I'll tell you what it reminds me of though. The wise and the foolish virgins with their jars of oil. I'll let you turn there for yourself in Matthew 25. And what is the oil but the Ruach CHAKA'MAHA? In an even darker turn of events, the Brothers Grimm have the stepsisters' eyes pecked out by birds. That's some Revelation 19 material right there. And I'll tell you what else I think. Both passages describe the same event.