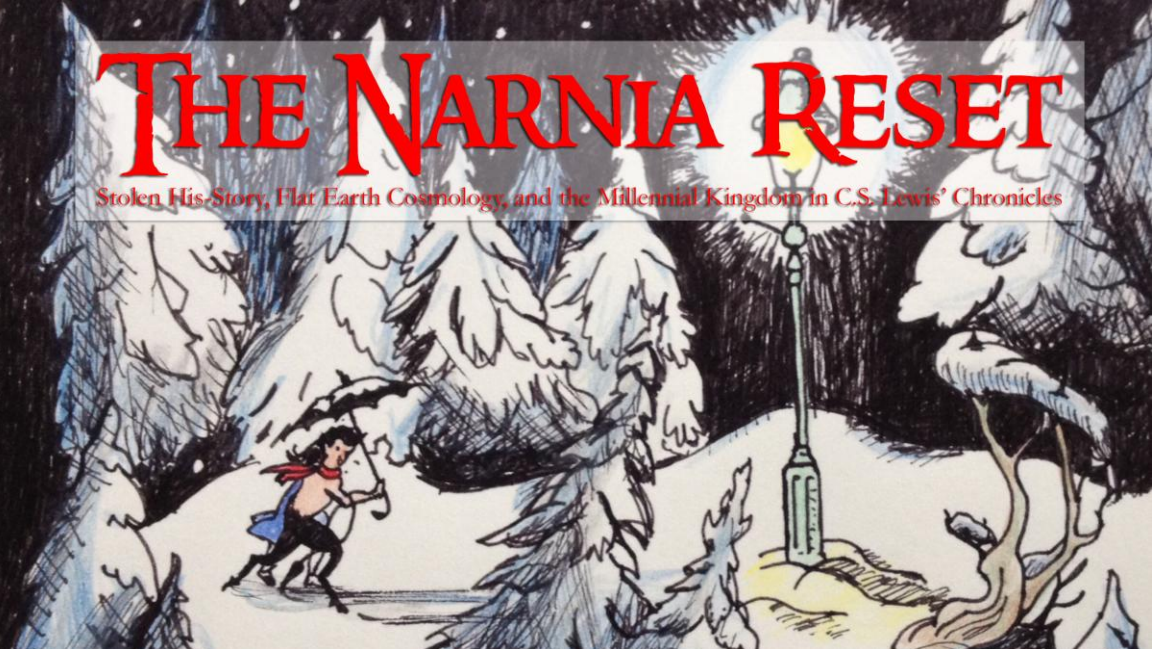


THE NARNIA RESET

Stolen His-Story, Flat Earth Cosmology, and the Millennial Kingdom in C.S. Lewis' Chronicles



The Narnia Reset

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JUST yesterday I wrote a paper on the **Multiverse** as it pertains to science fiction writer **Philip K. Dick** and the Mandela Effect, in fact the very **first Mandela Effect**, which just so happens to be the long-lost **Millennial Kingdom** of YASHA'UA Messiah. It's the one where, amazingly, much of what I've been researching over the last few years has unexpectedly come together. You can read about it here, [The World According to Philip K. Dick](#). I'm not really sure why I'm bringing that up now except to say two weeks of writer's block had finally been defeated. The smokestacks were smoking again, the Oompa Loompas were writing their songs. I am happy to report that the cogwheels continued turning, even while on the pillow, and all I could think about when flipping the coffee pot on and

scrambling eggs for my family were other long overdue projects, such as this one.

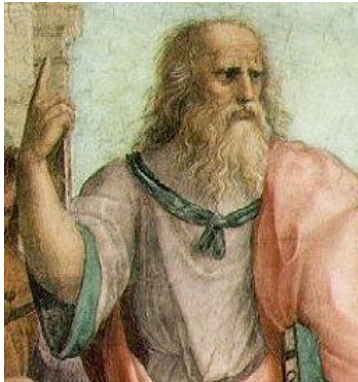
FYI, I have stacks of unfinished homework assignments which need tending to. This particular paper began an entire year ago and I still don't know what to call it. I suppose we will simply go with **'The Narnia Reset'** for now, though I aim to keep you on your toes as to the final title. Every so often I like to turn in a book report, and it is in **'The Magician's Nephew'**, the **sixth book** in Lewis' Chronicles of Narnia series (though the publishers have all the kids today thinking it was the first to be written), where we find our latest evidence mound. As you know, I am always on the lookout for clues regarding the Millennial Kingdom as having already physically manifested upon the earth. I have already followed the breadcrumb trail through other franchises, [Star Trek and Star Wars, 007](#), [Batman](#), and [Lord of the Rings](#). Good times, I'm already onto another. C.S. Lewis not only delves into **Stolen His-Story**, but **flat earth cosmology** as well. And for Lewis, it all went down in the **Middle-Ages**. Great minds think alike because that just so happens to be my thesis.



It is not my intent to go over every detail of the story. That would be ridiculous and probably copyright infringement. You will have to read the story for yourself if every little plot point is what you're after. Speaking of which, I am including many illustrations from original Narnia artist **Pauline Baynes**. Last I checked, they have yet to enter the public domain, but we are all adults here. Fair Use Laws allows me to commit the deed in the name of criticism, scholarship, and research, which is what we are doing here. If they handed out degrees to the self-educated, then nearly all of my readers would have their doctorates by now.



The two children in this story are **Digory** and **Polly**. **SPOILER ALERT**, Digory grows up to become the Professor in ‘The Lion, the Witch, and the Wardrobe’. You were warned. Well, here is the short of the story. It is one of the wettest and coldest summers on record, and the two children live in a row of town homes within the jurisdiction of London, all of which have attics connected by a long dark tunnel. By the way, town homes such as what Lewis describes are found all over Britain.



The tunnel is described for us as having a brick wall on one side and slopping roof on the other, with only rafters for footing. The analogy is a straightforward one. The passageway, with its various doors leading into the attics of individual homes, is evidence that such a hallway exists in the higher plane. Platonically speaking, the passage and the various rooms connected to it *via* the doors are imperfect copies of their perfect **Form**. An architect could not have thought to design them had they not already existed in the heavenly realm. **Plato** believed that all human knowledge is retained through recollections of the soul before it entered the human body. It’s a [Preexistence](#) thing.

Another obvious reference to Plato is the magic rings which the children discover in **Uncle Andrew**’s attic. It happens only after miscalculating the

rafters and entering his study by accident. I see comments all the time inferring that Lewis was “heavily borrowing” from his Eagle and Child pub buddy, **Professor Tolkien**, when in fact Clive and J.R.R. were tapping into the same source. In **Book 2** of his **Republic**, Plato offers a hypothetical magical ring which makes its wearer invisible. He calls it the **Ring of Gyges**, the name of the shepherd entrusted with it. Through his invisibility, Gyges seduces a queen, kills the king, and takes the kingdom. If that sounds like a setup for **Queen Jadis**, *aka* the White Witch, and the killing of **Aslan**, then you have been reading ahead, good job. Then again, the names **Sauron**, **Isildur**, **Gollum**, **Bilbo**, **Frodo**, and another couple of ringbearers that I’m probably missing play into the allegory as well. Though of course Lewis and Tolkien both offer their own unique twists to the story. The moral question ultimately being posed by Plato, Lewis, and Tolkien, is whether a person with such a ring would misuse his power for evil deeds.

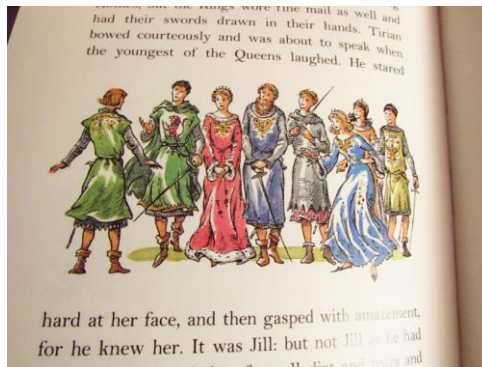
There are other magic rings probably worth mentioning. One that comes to mind is the **Ring of Solomon**, a gift he was offered by the archangel Gavriy’el in ‘Testament of Solomon’. Its intended purpose was to summon and ultimately control the unclean spirits of the unseen realm though, with Solomon’s fall from grace, revenge was ultimately theirs. His weakness was women. The king of Yashar’el had a decision to make. If he wanted to add to his rotunda of wives, then the worship of **Ashtoreth** and **Molek** was the way to go, apparently. Like Gyges afterwards, it is the ring which empowered him to make evil decisions.



The rings in *The Magician’s Nephew* also created invisibility in such a way that they transported the wearer from the shadow world to the world of Forms, from the passageway with its various doors and connecting attic spaces to the ultimate wood between the worlds in the higher realm. And

I should mention, these rings were likewise a morality test for everyone involved. Digory failed the pop quiz but then narrowly passed the final. Contrarily, they were a complete and utter disaster for Uncle Andrew. What seems obvious is that Uncle Andrew employed Plato's morality tale as his inspiration and springboard. But then, unlike Gyges, he was not only incapable of seducing the Queen, though that was most certainly his intent, he ultimately succumbed to a dumb beast in the presence of the king, whom he had hoped to steal from. Even the intended script backfires for him.

I'm wondering if the wood between the worlds is in actuality **Aslan's Country**, which we won't be experienced again until **The Voyage of the Dawn Treader**. In that story, Aslan's Country is described as the outlying continent, the outer ring if you will, far beyond the sea of a flat and circular motionless realm. Much like the **Undying Lands** of **Middle Earth**, we eventually come to learn in **The Silver Chair** that it is the land where the spirits of dead souls, so long as they be good souls, go when they die. Aslan's Country is none other than **Terrestrial Paradise**, the **Blessed Land** of **Medieval Cosmology**, hence, a Millennial Kingdom clue. And as a reminder, the Undying Lands exist on the Elvin High Road beyond globe maps, according to Tolkien. Middle-Earth was also initially created to be a flat earth realm.



Here is another **SPOILER ALERT**. **Everyone dies** by the end of the Narnian Chronicles. Yes, even the children. With the exception of **Susan**. She doesn't die, but then again, she doesn't go to Aslan's Country either, and I am certain that she will, because once a King or Queen, always a King or Queen of Narnia. That is an unbending rule. Her story isn't finished yet. The reason I am inevitably suggesting that the wood between the worlds is Aslan's Country is because we come to learn in Lewis' final

entry, **The Last Battle**, that the true Form of all worlds in the Multiverse are physically connected to it. In quantum terms, everything that we experience here in our perceived reality is but a shadow emanating from the flame, and as you know, the darkness doesn't recognize the light. We may be inhabiting a Matrix-like Construct, but here is some good news. The blueprint is proof of the greater reality.

Well, it is in Aslan's Country, the heavenly realm, where the resurrected Kings and Queens can navigate to each of the various true World-Forms. In the past I would have mocked the very notion that Lewis placed **London**, the actual city of London, in heaven. How very ignorant I was. London, as many of you are aware, was a Millennial Kingdom city, as was Lewis and Tolkien's hangout at **Oxford**. All signs point to the likelihood that they were built by the ruling kings and priests of the kingdom. It only makes logical sense that what we have is a copy of the Form. The two Oxford professors were in deep—I tell you. *Deep*.

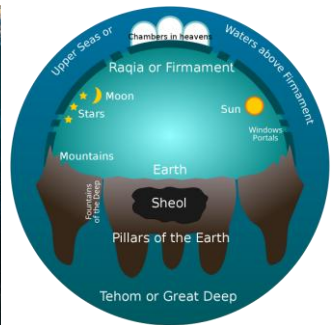


[**UPDATE** 8/7/25: BACK in **2019**, **The Eagle and Child** pub in Oxford became a symbolic part-time office of mine. I visited there often when working from a nearby home, fleshing out various interviews, such as [American Sensationalism: 9/11 and the Quest for Truth](#), and [The Deadhead and the Search for God: The Zen Garcia Story](#), knowing that they were expected to premiere at the **Flat Earth International**

Conference in Dallas. It was at The Eagle and Child that J.R.R. Tolkien premiered parts of The Lord of the Rings for his fellow **Inklings**, and Lewis as well for The Lion, the Witch, and the Wardrobe. Specifically though, I sat down in the Inklings pub and wrote about the tragic death of my wife’s mother in the 1980’s when she was but a child. That paper would be completed in a little over a year’s time as a sociological response to the **COVID planned-demic**, which was a Media perpetrated hoax, and was titled, [The AIDS Pandemic Was a Hoax](#). At the time, I had no idea how prophetic that subject matter was.



Lo and behold, I am back in Oxford again, albeit only for a week rather than a month, excited to make The Eagle and Child my symbolic office, and guess what? I come to find out that it closed down in **2020**. They’re not saying but it was probably due to the **planned-demic**. They tried to turn the world into a FEMA Camp and all they ended up doing is waking up the masses. So, there is good news in this closure. Here’s hoping that they open it again, and soon.]



With all we’ve been through, the various puddles which Digory discovers in the wood between the worlds is what actually prompted me to finalize this paper. Seeing as how each puddle is the entranceway to another

world, the entire scenario screams of the Multiverse. There is more to it than that though. You will have to forgive me for showing you a cartoon drawing of replicated globes when in fact our realm is a flat and motionless one, a gestation womb within the firmament. It's why I'm also including an illustration of Biblical cosmology, though not even this attempt at capturing Elohiym's description of creation gets it all right. What I want you to take particular notice of is the waters above the firmament, that solid dome in our sky. There is an ocean of water above us as well as below, the male and the feminine. Heaven, or the Platonic world of Forms, is positioned directly above the ocean held up by the firmament. There is the wood between the worlds and your puddle.

After Digory put on the magic ring, he vanished from our world and was pulled up through the water into the sunlit world above. *Water*. Take a mental note of that. I'm jumping around in the narrative somewhat, but on one such trip through the aethereal ocean, Digory said he could see the stars as well as an up close and personal view of Jupiter, even a moon of Jupiter, reminding us that the stars as well as the planets, the wandering stars, are twinkling lights in the heavenly ocean. They are also divine beings and even Lewis gets into that in other Narnian entries.

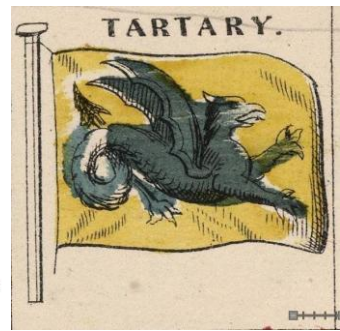
Rather than seeing the Multiverse as an infinite number of swirling bubble-like globes, I much prefer the wood between the world's analogy. We haven't the faintest clue how large heaven truly is, as longitude and latitude lines go. For all we know, there are an infinite number of firmaments which might be viewed from above, with entire cosmologies contained within.



This would be a good moment to mention there are literal cosmologies contained within each puddle, indicating just how small a place our

Construct is from the heavenly perspective. It all fits within Lewis' idea of the micro vs. macro reality of Truth. Aslan's Country is referred to in 'The Last Battle' as the layers of an onion. The onion itself is a kind of gnosis. Dissecting one is wet-eyed business, and so, try not to cry when I tell you that the peel of the onion becomes larger and larger as you continue unraveling it. Actually, the phrase employed by the residents of Aslan's Country is "further up and further in." By comparison of the seasoned traveler, even Aslan's country is a small place upon first entry. But then it expands, growing ever larger and larger, cyclically repeating its exponential growth, as though a multitude of dimensions are being overlayed upon the heavenly traveler's gnosis.

It is a repeated theme throughout Lewis' literary Multiverse. You will have to read 'The Great Divorce' to find out how small She'ol truly is. The protagonist of that book purchases a bus ticket which leads him from hell to heaven, call it a field trip if you will. By the end of the story, the unnamed narrator comes to learn that hell is a tiny micro-sized speck, barely visible to the naked eye. And even that realization, mind you, is observed from the outer rims of heaven.



One of the puddles which Digory and Polly jump into happens to be the dead and darkened world of Charn. The illustrations provided by Pauline Barnes are indeed telling. We see the children wandering ruinous streets that look very much like Millennial Kingdom architecture. They even pause to stare up and appreciate what has become known to many of us as a symbol of Greater Tartary, the Griffin.

Fun with facts. Because I'm the dealer for all your latest party talk needs. Aside from the various flags and banners which the griffin can be found upon, **Herodotus**, **Pliny the Elder**, and other historians of antiquity speak of their historical existence, as does 'Book of Britain' in the

Kolbrin. They are described as being monogamous, choosing a single mate for its lifetime. We are told they never remarried after their spouse died. The gold found under their nests suggests alchemy as well as knowledge. There was also the House of Griffin, though they did not receive their family name until the short season. It appears as though the Griffin Dynasty were rulers in Pomerania during the Millennium, which was a subsection of Greater Tartary, and that they fell from power either at the end of the Millennial Kingdom or almost immediately afterwards.



After wandering the avenues and alleyways, Digory and Polly stumble upon a grand hall containing the wax-like and lifeless figures of royals, all wearing crowns upon their heads. Who are these mysterious individuals? Former residents of the fallen Tartarian kingdom, I shouldn't wonder. Only one among them returns to consciousness though, Queen Jadis. Her awakening comes after Digory bumbles his spiritual aptitude test, made possible by the magic ring, and hammers a forbidden bell. The reason he beat the bell, despite Polly's pleas that he not, has something to do with the plaque, which stated that he would grow old with madness wanting to know what would have happened if he had (though chose not to). And so, the ringing of the bell certified a two-fold event. Not only did the White Witch return to power, like Satan released from the abyss, so too did the once great kingdom of Charn crumble. And here is the kicker. Jadis tells them she had been entombed in the hall of images for a **thousand years**, what are the odds? It's almost like Lewis is trying to tell us something but you know how it goes, the normies are always claiming that I'm reading too much into it.

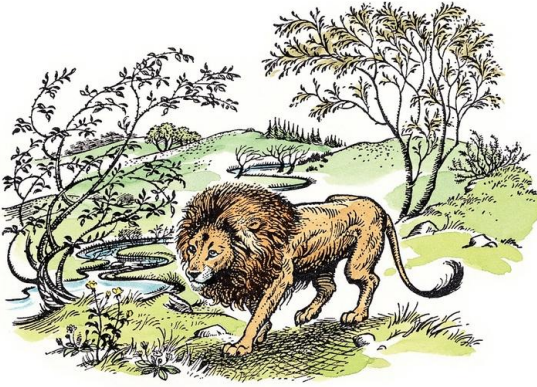




In a rather humorous turn of events, Queen Jadis is let loose in the streets of **London** of all places. Another coincidence, I'm sure. The Eschatological Tartars may have certain ideas regarding Greater Tartary, but my research has led me to suspect Britain was the happening place, maybe even Ground Zero for the Thousand-Year Reign. You can read why I've come to those conclusions *here*, [Cities of the MK](#). It was in Normandy, France, just across the English Channel, where Satan was defeated by Miyka'el and thrown into the abyss on the first go-around. The location of his capture was memorialized with the construction of **Mont Saint Michel**. The Battle was over Britain. And so, is it any wonder that the Satan character would return for the fight immediately after arriving in our realm?

Her victory over London is a stalemate, though she finds much greater success upon entering Narnia, by which she, Digory, Polly, Uncle Andrew, as well as a cabby and his horse, all experience its creation through the vibrations sung by Aslan. I would argue, and in fact have written a paper on this one as well, that a Satan-like creature was confined in the abyss during [The Genesis Reset](#) event, to which you have just been linked. Here is another one, [Mud Fossils](#). And one more, [Melted Cities](#). To say Bere'shiyth chapter 1 was a creation event is not nearly so accurate as describing it as a recreation event. Why so many are hard pressed at denying that very obvious fact is beyond me. The old world was destroyed by one means or another, floodwater mostly. A new one was built using the geological column as its foundation, much as our own present world was reshaped over the ruins of the Kingdom and the [Mud Flood](#). Reset events such as these occur cyclically and will undoubtedly happen again. At any rate, using an inhabitant of Charn to explain the origins of evil within Narnia is a clever sleight-of-hand to avoid the usual lifted eyebrows among evangelicals. Then again, since a plurality of worlds is the

underlying theme, who is to say that HaSatan is not another character from the Multiverse?



One last thing before ending my discourse for the day. I've drunk my coffee, eaten breakfast as well as lunch, and am well on my way to the dinner hour. Very soon my workday will expire, and Sarah will be handing Rivqah, our toddler daughter, over to dad duties. I started out telling you that the writer's strike was over. There is far too much to cover in other areas to invest a second day on this one, not that it wasn't important or anything. It's just that I think the point was made. Perhaps I can revisit 'The Narnia Reset' again on another occasion. Is that the title I've settled upon. I guess so. Anyways, to my last point.

The London cabby driver became **Frank I**, the very first king of Narnia. His descendants later ruled from Archenland to the south. Likewise, we are reminded that A'dam was created outside of Paradise and then placed into it. The reason why is that he was expected to rule as High King and Priest over humanity, the pre-Adamites. My research has led me to conclude that A'dam lived many years seeking Elohiym's righteous ways before he was selected to rule as man's representative, much like the London cabby. Frank's wife **Helen**, though I think he called her Nellie, was then brought into Narnia to rule at his side. Chuah, or Eve as most people know her, was not so dissimilar. Nearly everyone is hung up on the rib passage for her origins story. I am convinced however that she too was a preexisting soul, going about her business before her marriage to A'dam, though I have yet to show my reader as to why that is. More on that some other time then, I guess.



Universal Salvation In ‘The Lion, the Witch, and the Wardrobe’

[**UPDATE** 11/9/23: TO be honest, I wasn’t quite sure if another entry in the proposed series was my cup of tea, and yet, here we are. It is teatime and we are continuing the discussion. The original intent was to dissect each book in chronological rather than publication order, a goal which I still aim to keep. But then, in thinking through ‘The Lion, the Witch, and the Wardrobe’ over the last so many weeks, I found myself frozen at the lamppost, unable to proceed. The lamppost, most of you will recall, is where the little Pevensie girl **Lucy** met the **faun**, **Tumnus**. Already, we are confronted with a theological quandary. Quick reminder, my intent is not to rehearse the plot. As the very name suggests, ‘The Narnia Reset’ invokes my curiosity concerning past Reset Events within our own realm, as expressed through Lewis’ Narnia, though I suppose I’ll nab some esoteric concepts along the way. Speaking of which, the faun manages both aims. It is at the lamppost where I am confronted with another sort of Reset Event in the proposition of **universal salvation**, or in the very least, the potential *for* such a concept to exist. We might as well chalk this one up to a mystery of heaven.





At any rate, Lewis has Lucy meeting a faun by a lamppost. He invites her home for tea and toast as well as sardines and cake. The girl accepts his offer, indiscreetly following him into the woods, and what do you suppose is being suggested in all of this? On a side note, I'm curious as to who you think Tumnus might be in these five paintings, but also, what he is up to. Looks to me like fauns were notoriously known for raping women. I mean, it's difficult reading babe magnet into any of these paintings. Ask your local mythology expert, rape is literally a pastime of theirs. No doubt, that's the tension which Lewis was going for. Pedophilia *was* on Tumnus' mind. Someone is bound to tell me that I have it all wrong, he was simply kidnapping her because he was on the witch's payroll or something to that effect. *Oh, sure.* Child trafficking totally lets him off the hook. That last sentence was sarcastic, by the way. As if "drugging the child" while playing a Pan flute had anything to do with handing her off to his Controller.



They even have kits for that, you know. Date rape kits. I took a picture of one such "liquor cabinet" at Chateau de Chambord in France, and just look at it, why don't you? If I'm not mistaken, that's a picture of a **faun**

carting a little girl off, but I would be curious to hear your art analysis. I'm sure she's off for tea and sardines and a roaring fire, but not really.

Next, we have yet another photo from that time when I moved my family to Europe. You are staring at a **Pan monument** in the botanical garden directly across the street from Christ Church, Oxford, where Lewis was a resident professor. It would help to know that Pan was a faun. Also, I'm quite certain it's Pan because those are pan pipes in-between two creepy looking goat heads, thereby designating it an official Pan landmark. Nothing says the grounds where little **Alice Liddell** went around exploring, chasing after the White Rabbit or whatever, quite like a monument to pedophilia. Please, somebody stop me before I go off on a Wonderland tangent.



There is one other tidbit which I think will benefit the present conversation. Actually, it is more like a homework assignment. I suggest you give [Cham's Mystery Children](#) a thorough read, because there you will learn how **Cham**, the son of **Noach**, was in fact the original **Pan-Man**. I don't really care to repeat all of that information here and now, which is why I have the habit of dropping links. If you'd rather me save you the trouble, the paper follows Cham's adventures as he goes about Europe, Asia, and Africa, toppling the thrones of his brothers and placing his own children upon them. In turn, Cham's offspring would become the legends whom later generations worshiped as elohiyim. **Nimrod** you already know about.



Sorry to drag you through the mythological mud but then again perhaps I am not so sorry, as clearly, Pan presents the very theological tension which Lewis was going for with the faun and lamppost episode. Fauns are a unique type of spiritual being in so much that they are a **Nephilym** creature, a human-animal hybrid, indicating that they are as perverted in nature as their origins story would entail. Here is yet another homework assignment for you. You'll have to read my [Preexistence](#) paper to address why the giant offspring of the Watchers became demons, wandering the Earth as evil ruachoth after the death of their mortal bodies. The reason being is that ALAHAYAM, the Father of Ruachoth, prepared She'ol as a holding cell for his children, and the Nephilym were not numbered among them. Cham wasn't Nephilym, you'll tell me, and you would be correct, he wasn't. Cham was a son of **Qayin**, who in turn was a son of HaSatan. Again, you'll have to read the paper and then get back to me with your rebuttal. Even though Qayin was murdered at the hands of **Lamech** and **Tubal-Qayin**, his evil ruach continued on to wander the Earth, as his curse declared, even instructing Cham and Nimrod after the Deluge.

Now you have been caught up to speed, *mostly*. My intent is to discuss C.S. Lewis' salvation theology and Tumnus' decision to overcome his temptation plays perfectly into the professor's worldview regarding the redemptive process. What is more pagan and in fact more unclean and

dare I say more demonic than a faun? In forsaking the witch and aiding her escape, we witness the faun's conscious decision to turn from a life embedded with sin to the beginnings of holiness. In very simple terms, asking for Lucy's handkerchief as a token of their meeting expresses his 180-degree change of nature in so much that he has embraced the *gnosis* of chivalry, understanding her to be a virtuous lady. What is Lewis saying? Well, it appears as though even unclean ruachoth can decide in favor of the redemptive process.

Lewis doesn't say it at the lamppost, but he needn't have to. I probably don't have to remind anyone that Lewis' greater body of work is all encompassing. 'The Great Divorce' as well as 'Letters to Malcom' are two sources which further develop his theology. I'll get to those, though before I do, I think it would be helpful to source the Scripture as well as the church fathers who shaped his worldview.

⁴⁴ For if he had not hoped that they that were slain should have risen again, it had been superfluous and vain to pray for the dead.

⁴⁵ And also in that he perceived that there was great favor laid up for those that died in righteousness, it was a holy and good thought. **Whereupon he made a reconciliation for the dead, that they might be delivered from sin.**

Makkabiym Sheniy (2 Maccabees) 12:44-45

Our first foray into Scripture is a naughty no-no text among Protestants. I grew up being told not to read 2 Maccabees because it was a **Catholic** Text, *dub-dub-dub*, when in fact that is misdirection and fake News. The Maccabees were originally written for an audience of Yahudiym, whereas the Catholic Church decided to glean from it. Just because the Protestants eventually got around to ripping any number of pages from their Bibles doesn't make it a Catholic text, LOL.

And anyways, there it is, the ominous intercession for the dead memory verse, which we were all warned to stay away from. What happened is, the Protestants jointly decided that a person has made his bed, now go, and lie in it. To quote from Lewis in 'Letters to Malcom,' the protestant maintains that "all the dead are damned or saved. If they are damned, prayer for them is useless. If they are saved, it is equally useless. God has already done all for them." That's nearly a direct quote from Makkabiym Sheniy. The writer of Maccabees seems to be agreeing with the Protestant's misguided sentiment but only from afar in so much that a

person would think it vain to pray for the dead if there was no hope for their resurrection. And yet, death itself is not merely the end of salvation, according to the writer. Quite contrarily, like the ever-expanding reality of Lewis’ heaven, it is only the beginning of one’s transformative metamorphosis into the person of holiness.

¹⁶ Yahuah give mercy unto the house of **Onesiphorus**; for he often refreshed me and was not ashamed of my chain: ¹⁷ But, when he was in Rome, he sought me out very diligently, and found me. ¹⁸ **Yah grant unto him that he may find mercy of Yahuah in that day:** and in how many things he ministered unto me at Ephesus, you know very well.

Timotheus Sheniy (2 Timothy) 1:16-18

One can seemingly never have these discussions unless a Bible memory verse is offered for the “But Paul...” crowd, which is why I’ve thought to include this one. A careful reading has this Onesiphorus fellow already dead. Pa’al prays for mercy for his remaining household, all of whom still presumedly live, but then look what happens next. His prayer shifts towards the dead person, *uh-ob*. Pa’al asks ALAHAYAM that the dead man find mercy of YAHUAHA in the coming day. To quote the writer of Makkabiym Sheniy again, such a prayer would be deemed superfluous and vain if there were no hope for his resurrection. In the pursuit of holiness, this side of the curtain as well as the next, reconciliation still appears to be a viable option.



Lewis was a card-carrying Platonist, but then the early Christian theologian **Origen** of Alexandria (**185—254**) was somewhat of a Platonist himself. Much has been debated regarding Origen's idea on reincarnation. Some say he was an advocate for the transmigration of souls whereas others insist there is no solid evidence to make that claim. What is evident is that Origen was an adherent to the idea of Preexistence. Accordingly, we were formerly created in the image of ALAHAYAM, a past existence which Origen describes as 'Minds' inhabiting the 'All-Consuming Fire'. Given the fact that there was a rebellion at some point in His-Story, our fall into flesh is in fact our opportunity for rehabilitation. From this angle alone, one can see how salvation is a process involving more than one lifetime. Origen doesn't end with our present lifetime though. The salvation story continues on. Here is what we read in Ma'asiym.

²⁰ And he shall send YASHA'UA Ha'Mashiach, which before was preached unto you: ²¹ **Whom the heavens must receive until the times of restoration of all things**, which Elohiym has spoken by the mouth of all his holy prophets since the world began.

Ma'asiym (The Acts of the Apostles) 3:20-21

Origen used passages such as Kepha's speech in Ma'asiym 3 to support his cosmic worldview regarding the eventual restoration of all souls. How could Kepha's quip regarding the restoration of all things be a legitimate statement if in fact not everything is restored? Mind you, that means all the fallen Souls, including **HaSatan**, the enemy of Mashiach and ALAHAYAM.

"For the destruction of the last enemy must be understood in this way, not that its substance which was made by Theos shall perish, but that **the hostile purpose** and will which proceeded, not from Theos but from itself, **will come to an end. It will be destroyed, therefore, not in the sense of ceasing to exist, but of being no longer an enemy and no longer death**. For to the Almighty nothing is impossible, nor is anything beyond the reach of cure by its maker."

Origen, Peri Archon: 3.6.5

Sure, Origen doesn't straight up incite HaSatan in the redemption process, though he certainly seems to insinuate as much. He even repeats himself twice so that there is no confusion. In case you missed it, the enemies of

ALAHAYAM will be destroyed, but not in such a way that they cease to exist. Rather, death itself will no longer exist on the basis that She'ol will be emptied of every last enemy, being eventually redeemed.

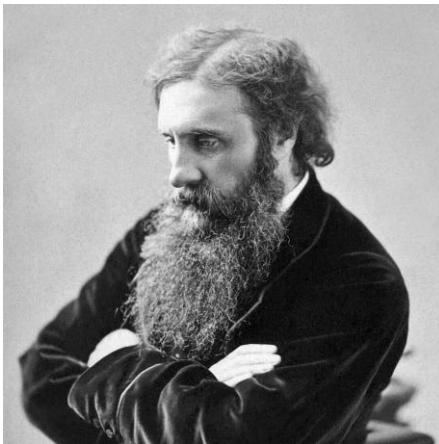
Gregory of Nyssa (335—395) was even more bold on this issue: To quote from Gregory:

“The originator of evil himself will be healed.”

Catechetical Orations 26

Now, just so we're clear, and for what it's worth, I personally do not come to their conclusion. Regarding the eventual salvation of HaSatan, that is. Though I am open to hear them out on the issue. My campaign promise is to carefully consider the matter going forward. And also, whenever it comes to these Mysteries of heaven, the Good News is that the Truth is the Truth, regardless of how you or I feel about it. Best to seek out Wisdom rather than handicapping reality based upon our emotion.

What we are doing here is having a mature adult conversation, by the way. C.S. Lewis agreed with their condolences but came to a slightly different conclusion, as do I. For Lewis, the possibility of universal salvation exists, even in eternity as well as a plethora of alternate worlds, though that doesn't mean everyone will choose it. Indeed, a morally depraved individual, greatly removed from the Mind of ALAHAYAM, will be far more inclined towards wickedness in the afterlife rather than good, especially as the timetable of eternity wears on.



I will once again turn your attention to ‘The Great Divorce.’ Lewis paints hell as a realm which is locked from within rather than without. That’s his way of saying the residents *choose* to remain there, wanting nothing to do with the holiness of heaven. After taking an easily managed bus trip from hell to heaven, the unnamed narrator of the story meets the famed Scottish author, **George MacDonald**, much as Dante did Virgil. It is then that

the narrator notes how MacDonald, being a renowned universalist on the Earth, has since tinkered with his doctrine. As a resident of heaven,

McDonald now responds to the narrator, saying: “the choice of ways is before you. Neither is closed. Any man may choose eternal death. Those who choose it will have it.” The insinuation is that ALAHAYAM offers the opportunity, and in fact hopes for such a result. Regardless, though the possibility of universal salvation exists, realistically, many if not most will shun the opportunity for holiness, even though eternal death confronts them.

In this way, Lewis takes a wildly different approach to the notion of Purgatory. Purgatory exists. It is not heaven, nor is it hell. It is rather a place of decision, an entryway to either world, the unclean realm or the holy. Upon learning of that reality, the protagonist states:

“But there is a real choice after death? My Roman Catholic friends would be surprised, for to them souls in Purgatory are already saved. And my Protestant friends would like it no better, for they’d say that the tree lies as it falls.”

All that to say, Lewis agreed with the sentiments put forward by the writer of Makkabiyim and Pa’al’s second letter to Timothy. The sanctification story is not yet necessarily over, even after death. In ‘Letters to Malcolm’, Lewis unashamedly declares his prayers for the dead when stating:

“Of course, I pray for the dead. The action is so spontaneous, so all but inevitable, that only the most compulsive theological case against it would deter me. And I hardly know how the rest of my prayers would survive if those for the dead were forbidden. At our age, the majority of those we love best are dead. **What sort of intercourse with God could I have if what I love best were unmentionable to him? I believe in Purgatory.**”

Stop and think about it, Lewis brings up a phenomenal point. The intimacy of our prayer life will indeed be hampered if we expect that ALAHAYAM doesn’t want to hear about our loved ones now that they are apparently damned for an eternity. Many will doubtlessly rebut and claim of their loved ones: “Yeah, but they were pagan...” as if they’re the ones that have it all figured out, doctrinally speaking. Lewis was a critic of the elitist mindset among many Christians, looking down on the primitive religions whom they were proselytizing to. Perhaps I will cover more of his mindset if I ever make it to ‘The Last Battle,’ suffice to say at the moment that all peoples, whether Christian, Catholic, Muslim, or

Buddhist, are made in the image of ALAHAYAM. As such, we all carry elements of Truth, even if most are misguided by the lenses of their culture and society. And I would add, more people choose the blessing by being obedient to the moral code in the Torah than they let on.



And so, returning once more to the faun at the lamppost. Many will complain that Lewis incorporated pagan ideas into his salvation process without understanding his ground floor argument. I'm on board with Lewis, though it has taken me many years to appreciate it. You can think of it like this. The fauns may have been fallen unclean spirits of paganism in our own realm, and the Seventy Alahayam assigned to rule the nations may have failed them, but then are they beyond restoration under the priestly and kingly ministry of YASHA'UA Messiah? In answer to that quandary, Origen might say something to the effect that their salvation can be worked out across many lifetimes and in successive worlds. Might Narnia be one such world where they might once again have the possibility of being restored? In one decisive moment, Tumnus had a decision to make.

[**UPDATE** 8/12/25: BIG mistake, I left **Jerome** out of the argument. While writing on the lives of **Saint Anthony the Great** and **Paul the Hermit**, Jerome gives the quintessential argument on the salvation of fauns. The story which he relates became the worldview of the Middle-

Ages, which is undoubtedly why it became Lewis' as well. You'll have to skip ahead to my discussion on **centaurs** to read it though.]

What of us and our own present world? You already know my view. But in case you don't, we inhabit Satan's short season of deception after the Millennial Kingdom physically manifested itself upon the Earth. The seven-thousand years of His-Story has already been fulfilled, with only the Eighth Great Day on the horizon. Can it be said with certainty that we inhabit the same world, or rather epoch, as those of the Biblical week? Recall my research into the population explosion immediately following the mud flood event. It's a paper which I call [Children of the Mud Flood](#). Another important bullet point is our current location in the outer darkness in relation to the greater realm, via [The Hidden Wilderness](#). So much catching up to do. With everything that has formerly been said, I am only speculating though I will ask: Is it possible, remotely possible, that we also who are inhabiting the outer darkness are being given another opportunity at redemption? If so, then even the plan of salvation plays into the Reset.]



A Lost History of Dwarfs and the Hag-Witches of Britain

[**UPDATE** 11/12/23: IN a rather stunning turn of events, I started a paper on the historicity of [Dwarfs](#) in Britain, which furthermore happened to involve their relationship with hag-witches, not realizing at the time that I was crossing every 't' and dotting every 'i' in describing **Edmund**'s encounter with the **dwarf** and the **White Witch**. Not only that, but the exercise was also topped off with something remotely resembling Lewis' idea of redemptive Truth among the pagan religions. I suppose what ought to be done in this situation is transfer that information over here word for word, *verbatim*, so that you can see how the pieces fit. Though I expect some added commentary along the way. For convenience's sake, we'll just call this another entry in The Narnia Reset.

Everything I've so far gathered regarding the historical reality of dwarfs has me thinking they were perfectly capable of straddling both sides of the cosmic curtain. Which is to say, they were a spiritual creature on par with the fairy culture, capable of manifesting in the material realm at will. Come to think about it, having one foot in the spiritual realm and the other in the material is no small task for a stubby legged creature. Supposing you have arrived here to brush up on your mythology then prepare to be disappointed. I am of the persuasion that dwarfs literally existed in the ancient world, before a gauntlet of resets thinned out their numbers, sent them packing on permanent vacation, or perhaps even altogether did away with them, and offer no apologies.

The serial readers should know how most of my papers go down by now. Often times, I begin these investigations not knowing where they will lead. Each one is a process which demands years to develop. Doctoral theses

don't write themselves overnight. If I waited around for every jot and tittle before handing off the first iteration for the review board, then I suspect they would never get written. You see, I present to you one bread crumb, as I am doing now, which then leads to another, and given the time, hopefully another.

Speaking of which, I *begin* the dwarf narrative in ancient Britain of all places. You'd think the Black Forest of Deutschland would prove a better starting point, but this is my fireside conversation, and I'll go about it as I please. And anyways, as I've already stated, it's a close match with the dwarf lore of Narnia. The **Kolbrin** has proven to be a goldmine of antiquity on a great many subjects, dwarfs being no exception, and of course, the obscure antiquity of Britain takes up the brunt of the narrative for its closing half. There are of course numerous books contained within the Kolbrin. The one I am about to quote from is '**Book of Origins**' which, as the title suggests, purports to describe the island's pre-history, going all the way back to the generation of the deluge.

² The first folk holding this land were the Kamledis, called Wictarin in the old tongue, but these were dwellers in the North, while southward were **the dark, shortlegged dwarfmen** known as **Oben**. They were kingless and chiefless, though it is said by some that stocky-statured Kathlon was once their king. None knows who led the dwarfmen here, though men do say the land spawned them, though the land is good. They were hagridden, forest-fearing river-dwellers who painted their faces and legs, users of evilly poisoned weapons. Theirs were the grim gods of death and darkness, and at their festival times, the dwarfmen sat in sombre caves eating children as part of their evil feasting. They had no priests, only dwarfesses called Chethin, meaning raven-adopted, and there was a great one above the others, called Harada, who lived in a smoky cave called Hegrin.

Book of Origins 2:2

Already, we have been given a savory smorgasbord of information to work with. The writer seems to think that the dwarfs were not native residents of Britain, and that in fact they had migrated there under mysterious circumstances, perhaps from Norway or the lands of the North. Calling the dwarf men '*dark*' lines up with what we know of the Dark Elves in Scandinavian lore, as they too were the dwarfs. Regardless

of their country of origin, he then confesses that the earth itself had possibly spawned them, as were the traditional beliefs. In assuring us that the womb of the earth is good, despite having produced them, he is furthermore implying that the dwarfs inhabiting those parts were lacking the morality of a fruit salad. Just look at how he describes them. They inhabited the deep forests, worshipping the elohiym of death and darkness and using poisoned weapons for tools, even going so far as to snatch human children for their festival feasting. Reading on.

³ **They were ruled by old hag women**, who prepared hellish brews in firechurns tended by devilish brownswaddled dwarf maidens, for **they also worshipped beings dwelling in smoke**. The last hagwoman queen of the Oben was Kwasir who had a cave shelter hole at Inswitan, which is the Dwarf Isle, now called Iniseug in the Western tongue. Here they worshipped the Old Yearteller, coming from afar on windfloats, the neighing windhorses of later days. The most hallowed of their rites were those celebrated before the may-flowering, when filthy things were done, for they had no shame. Here, the Children of the Dusk gathered in the month of willows to worship Mamdo and her balebrood, performing vile rites under the command of Blasis, their great mangod.

Book of Origins 2:3

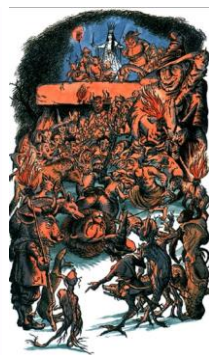


And *there* it is, our connection between Narnia and the lost His-Story of our own world. The dwarfs of Britain were ruled by nasty old hag women, telling us all we need to know of their spiritual nature. **The Old Hag**, though they were sometimes known as the 'Night Hag,' were a kind of witch-like fairy creature or goddess, cropping up often in European stories. I shouldn't even have to tell you that the White Witch was a

prototype Night Hag. Well, in our realm, the Old Hag sat on a sleeper's chest, filling his or her mind with nightmares. When the victim awoke, he or she would be incapable of moving for a spiel, and shortness of breath was often a side-effect. Today, the post-Newtonians refer to it in bland Scientific terms as **sleep paralysis**, though in days yonder, awaking in a paranormal state was known as being '**hagridden**.' Likewise, the Old Hag is undoubtedly related to the female **succubus**, their male counterpart being the **incubus**. And anyways, as I was saying, the dwarfs were subject to them, reminding us once again of their citizenship within the spiritual realm. Reading on.

⁴ The dwarfmen, both North and South, were skins waddled, though sometimes wearing nettlecloth clothes of black or brown, and like the cat, dove, and dog, they mated openly without shame. They gathered toadstools, brockberries, ivy, wayweed and other unwholesome plants, using these with evil moon dew **to make a maddening brew, which opened a strange door on hellish worlds**. They were ruled by cowled sewds and dradwitches and were unable to number beyond a score.

Book of Origins 2:4a



Having already learned that tidbit regarding their worship of beings dwelling in smoke, the added recipe involving toadstools, wayweed, and a cabinet assortment of psychedelics, including something called 'evil moon dew,' mixed together into a 'maddening brew,' shouldn't come as a surprise. The brunt of their religious practices, it seems, was to open doorways into the hellish spectrum of the fairy world.

The unwholesome plants as well as the toadstools come into close proximity with the legion of unclean ruachoth gathered by the White Witch for the purposes of killing Aslan on the stone table. But then even more-so, I'm reminded of that scene in 'Prince Caspian' which involves a nearly identical ceremony at Aslan's Howl, location of the stone table. A hag-witch and a dwarf, in partnership with a werewolf, were intent on opening a door into the netherworld. They would have been successful in bringing the White Witch back had it not been for the last-minute arrival of Peter and Edmund. Perhaps you are beginning to see that none of this is fiction. Lewis was borrowing from scenes in our own realm while using a fairy world as a clever cover to deflect any opposition from the normies. If and when I finally get around to dissecting the intricacies of Caspian, I think I will spend some time in the Enlightenment, showing the desire among our Controllers to raise HaSatan from the abyss, which I dare say they were capable in doing. Continuing.

There are dwarfmen still living among us in the forest depths and in caverns under the Earth, though none here has seen one. They quickly take to flight, and though fearing it, will take refuge within the forest. Sometimes a bold one will stay and will greet the wayfarer with, "Hail, man; I saw you from afar but stayed." To which the reply must be made, "Before seeing you I was as one dead, but now life comes again." Then, providing a gift is also given, the wayfarer remains unmolested.

Book of Origins 2:4b

By the time this particular text was penned, the last remaining dwarfs had apparently returned to the caverns of the Earth, though some may have still inhabited Britain's mirkier forest depths. The writer claims they will quickly take to flight when crossed with a human, but then, what he seems unaware of is that dwarfs could make themselves invisible, according to Germanic storytellers—a common attribute of the fairy folk. Taking flight might simply entail slipping into the shadows of the trees while the traveler passes.

Once more referencing 'The Lion, the Witch, and the Wardrobe,' the Witch and the dwarf were both capable of transforming themselves into a tree stump and a rock. When soldiers from Aslan's camp arrived to rescue Edmund, the hag-witch and the dwarf were hidden in plain sight. Fairy creatures have long been associated with trees, especially hollowed out trees, and in fact, even the sasquatch has been linked with his ability

to transform into one. One witness swears he saw a Sasquatch run past him and jump into a ditch. When he looked into the ditch, all that he found was the branch of a tree. If you don't believe me, then I suggest you read my paper, [The Sasquatch and Johnny](#). I personally interviewed a man who saw a mossy tree stump transform into a sasquatch with his own eyes. What makes his testimony so reliable is that he believes Sasquatch to be a material primate and in no way magical or spiritual. The idea of an ape becoming a tree doesn't come close to fitting his worldview, and so, his only conclusion is that the ape was real though he was mistaken in identifying it as a stump. How many sasquatches, not forgetting dwarfs and hag-witches, have you trekked by in your forest romps?

Look, if it were up to me and I crossed paths with the Seven perverted dwarfs in the dead of night, let alone one of them on my way to the summer cottage, invoking the name of YASHA'UA Messiah, Son of ALAHAYAM, seems like the best bet. Responding with secret sayings and offering a bribe, no thank you. How tall do you suppose a dwarf can grow, two and a half, **three feet** at most? I could totally take him in a bar brawl. But then again, have you ever upset a Chihuahua? I hear the smaller people have more to prove. And anyways, why else do you suppose they were ultimately run out from the back alleyways? The arrival of **Yoceph of Ramah** [aka Joseph of Arimathea], the Father of the Britain faith, likely had something to do with it. I'll get to him in a moment.

⁵ In the generations of the dwarfmen, broad Britain was a many-marshed land, where dismal ferns and tangled forests hindered passage from place to place. The Oben were not numerous and their children few, but they were hardy and long-lived. Their caves were painted, even in the darkest depths where daylight never fell, for the eyes of the Oben were like those of cats. They were not skillful hunters but set many traps, and **in lots of ways were like children. They were playful when not engaged in dark doings**, but their menfolk were not manly, nor their women womanly. **They were cunning and devious, not to be trusted.**

Book of Origins 2:5

Everything about the description given to us wrecks of the fairy-folk. By all appearances, the dwarf-men of Britain behaved as playful children out in the open. That is, when they were not engaged in dark doings. Also like

the little people of Ireland, they were cunning and devious by nature, with a mind bent towards trickery and not to be trusted.



Yes, there were other earlier factors as to why the dwarfs drifted away from Britain, which I may turn to if interest demands. The advent of Christianity however, via the arrival of Yoceph of Ramah, appears to be the nail in the coffin which assured their demise. We are told why that is in ‘Book of Britain,’ yet another selection from Kolbrin.

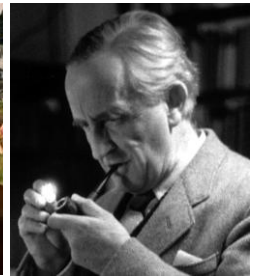
Then were the shipborne wanderers [Yoceph of Ramah and company] given land over from the Isle of Departure, saying that could they live where no one else could because of the spirits, then their holiness would be established before all the people. The strangers were sorely tried by the Druids, but the spirits troubled them not. Nor did the sickness of the place come upon them, and the people wondered.

Book of Britain 1:9

The Isle of Departure is the same as **Avalon**, the Isle of Apples, which today is known as **Glastonbury**. It is the location of Yoceph’s settlement, and the Druids did not think he would last. The reason being is that it was surrounded by a rugged marshland, stricken with disease, and home to evil ruachoth who had long troubled Britain. Recall what we have already read. The dwarf-men lived in the south of Britain. The Isle of Departure would have been their abode, ruled over by the hag-women. I still hope to get around to talking about the hundred years of winter in Narnia lore which, as everyone knows, was the handiwork of the White Witch. The expectation is to delve into the esoteric side of the winter solstice, though with Yoceph of Arimathea’s arrival as well as Aslan’s into Narnia, you

should already be able to make the connection with the Reset this time around. The spiritual world was flipped upside on its head.

Today, Christianity is rapidly on the decline and the hag-women are out and about, sitting upon the chest of sleeping people. Well over a decade ago I too struggled with the paranormal spectrum of sleep paralysis for months before finally figuring out what was going on. I keep encountering other individuals with the same experiences. Unfortunately, with the ancient religions on the rise, many prefer it that way. The pagans can try but they will not win the final day.]



Centaurs of Narnia and the Millennial Kingdom

[**UPDATE** 8/9/25: EVENTUALLY, Mr. and Mrs. Beaver and the Pevensie children arrive at the **stone table** to encounter Aslan, and when that happens, **centaurs** are standing right there beside him. Half-men half-horse hybrids derive from **Greece**, not Britain, as you know, which is part of the reason that fellow Inkling **J.R.R. Tolkien** did not feel like paying a visit to Narnia. Tolkien believed Narnia's world was an inconsistent mishmash of mythological and literary traditions, without any consistent internal logic or history. He found the juxtaposition of figures like **Father Christmas** and **classical deities**, as well as the creatures associated with them, to be jarring and unconvincing.

Not that I care to get into a debate with Professor Tolkien, it's just that he and I must be smoking very different pipe-weed. As much as I'd like to say I'll have what he's having, *and I would*, the **Rawlinson and Bosworth Professorship** of **Anglo-Saxon** and **Medieval Literature** at the University of **Oxford** apparently had a divergent take on the Middle-

Ages from my own observations. Surely, Tolkien and I have been reading the same source texts and stepping into the same cathedrals. Surely, Tolkien was a tenured professor at Merton College in Oxford, the same city of Oxford that I have personally explored as part of my MK investigation. You will tell me you'll take his observations over my own. Fair enough. I appreciate his pure aesthetic of world building, and he has his points. You should at least know then that my observations happen to line up with Lewis' own. Centaurs had a place in the Middle-Ages of Britain.



It is indeed appropriate that my quest to discover the centaurs of the Millennial Kingdom began at **Exeter Cathedral** of all places. From Exeter, we receive knowledge of the **Exeter Book**, and in the Exeter Book you will read of the **Phoenix** and its home in **terrestrial Paradise**, via [500 Years of the Phoenix](#). There is no doubt in my mind that Lewis tapped into the same source material. Exeter is where I received groundbreaking evidence for the lost pallet of **Polychromy**, discussed in [Kings and Priests of the Thousand Year Reign](#). But then, it also happens to be the location from which I had begun my [Green Man](#) paper.

Hopefully, if you learned anything in that one as well as in [Gargoyles and Grotesques](#), it is that that Cathedrals are macrocosms within a microcosm, intended to be read as one organism with many working parts. And so, imagine my delight to discover a **centaur** in a **boss**.

Bosses can often be found in the ceilings of gothic buildings, particularly at the intersection of a vault. The Exeter centaur is dressed in a shirt and chaperon hood while galloping alongside the foliage with a lance, probably on the hunt. What is he hunting, I wonder. Behind the centaur is **foliage**, and foliage is a central theme of gothic architecture. I already told you what it is in my Green Man investigation. You will have to read about foliage there if you want to get to the Truth of the matter, though *here* is a preview. Medievalists were obsessed with leaves because they directed their generation towards **summer**, the **Age of Pisces**, and perhaps more stunningly, the **resurrection of the saints**.



Lewis had to have been familiar with the **bestiary** and centaurs were commonplace within. A bestiary is a medieval book of beasts, a type of encyclopedia that describes various real and imaginary animals along with moral and allegorical interpretations. If the centaur is often depicted alongside the **siren**, it is likely because they hold similar features.

A **siren** is a half-woman half-bird, indicating that she is an animal hybrid and therefore less of a woman, self-created in her own image rather than God's. She is topless because she is a seductress of men and the adulteress of **Proverbs 7**, leading them down to She'ol. Like the **mermaid**, she is often depicted with a **mirror** because mirrors are indicators of the divine, and **narcissism** is her handicap. The woman who resembles a siren is incapable of moving past the reflective surface to deal with her bestial nature in the deeper water of self-conscious. Contrast that with what I have already shown in [The Lady and the Unicorn](#). Unicorns were ever only drawn to Women, the real heavenly Woman and **Second Eve**

prototype. They would willingly give their lives for her, just as Christ gave his life for the church.

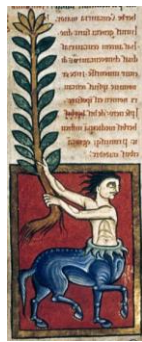


Mermaids are closely related to sirens, as Medieval illustrations will show, and a research paper is long overdue on them. Though a siren is a bird-hybrid, and a mermaid a fish-hybrid, they are both known for seducing sailors at sea. A **centauride** or centaress is a female centaur, and it is certainly interesting that one can be found hanging out with a mermaid. Perhaps this is the Riviera, and she is only working on her tan, though I believe they are friends, and that we are seeing a connection.

It can be argued that a man who is successfully seduced by a siren becomes more animal than man, and therefore a centaur. Which is why we can see sirens filling in for the seat of the **muses**, convincing centaurs to trot along with their music while men go about hunting them. In yet another illustration, the mermaid is doing the killing. I'm not sure on the context of that one, but he probably had it coming.

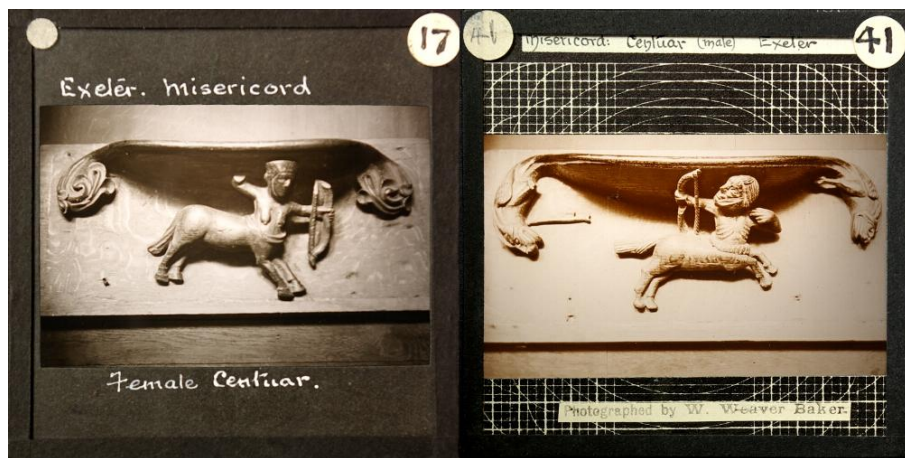
Some proponents of the **Genesis 6 Sethite theory** will claim the origins of the centaur is allegorical for the **Sons of God** taking wives from the **sons of Cain**. Contrarily, proponents of **Enoch's Watchers** incursion will disagree, invoking their favorite **Nephilim** researcher for a strictly exoteric explanation on the historical existence of centaurs. I have put in my own legwork into the Watchers, as with [The Watchers Released](#), as well as the Sethite theory, and have come to a conclusion. In [Genesis 6:](#)

Sons of Seth or the Sons of God—or Both? I make the argument that they are both correct.



Not all centaurs are bad, you know. The same rule applies to the mermaid, but I'm not writing a research paper on them at present. They can wait their turn. As far as I'm concerned, some centaurs certainly are depicted in the exoteric sense of the word, such as when a mother centaress nurses her colt from the breast, and there is nothing evil about that. Rather than succumbing to our own feelings on the matter, such depictions beg the far more important question: Did Medievalists believe that centaurs existed? My answer is yes, but perhaps not in the way that you suspect.

Centaurs are often depicted as **warriors** for obvious reasons. Some historians propose the concept that tribal cultures first encountered horses mounted by skilled riders, and that henceforth the centaur was born—by way of confusion. *Boring*. Explanations like that annoy me as much as the **rhinoceros-unicorn** theory. Regardless, a charging calvary will give the appearance of a human merging with a horse, and need I return to the [Chess and the Millennial Kingdom](#) conversation? A knight is definitely at risk of succumbing to the flesh, giving in to the temptation of a seductress, and becoming a centaur. That being said, centaurs were candidates for creatures of redemption, always attempting to rise above their earthborn attributes and embracing the heavenly Human.



After reading from the book that bares its name, did C.S. Lewis enter Exeter? If so, then aside from the centaur boss, he likely observed the **two centaur misericords** at the same Cathedral. One is bearded, whereas the other has unusually saggy **breasts**—another centaress sighting. They are both on the hunt, but for what? We have seen them hunting on other occasions, but this time, the question does not go unanswered. The male centaur has nabbed a **dragon** with his arrow, and what are dragons but

spiritual entities, as per [Wastelands of the Seraphim](#). Though, like my Sons of Seth vs Watcher's theory, I believe there were physical dragons as well. Additionally, if we take [The Seven Thousand Year Timeline Deception and Saint George](#) into consideration, the dragon is **Satan**. It just goes to show that centaurs did have redemptive qualities after all.



Supposing you have never seen the **Bayeux Tapestry** in Normandy, France, it's an epic **70-meter-long** embroidered cloth that depicts **William the Conqueror's conquest of England** from the **Saxons** in **1066**, culminating in the **Battle of Hastings**. And seeing as how all late Medieval British culture, including England's wealth of castles and Cathedrals, are attributed to the **Normans**, the Bayeux Tapestry says it all. It is filled with **dragons**, but only in the top and bottom columns, telling us that the dragons had a part to play in the battle, but only through the spiritual curtain. And of course, centaurs can be found in the same embroidery. Is that another centauride sighting? *It is*. Well, they too are spiritual creatures.



Here are a couple of additional **centaur** sightings at **Worcester Cathedral**. And just you wait, I'll probably uncover more of them. So, you can't very well tell me that the centaur was absent from British mythology, even if they didn't originate there. To enter the Cathedral is to glimpse into the Millennial Kingdom, just as assuredly as Lewis attempted

to capture the worldview espoused there. Narnia and the lost world of the Millennial Kingdom are one and the same—from a certain point of view.



In my [Tomorrowland](#) analysis as well as [Cinderella and the Feminine Divine](#), I touched upon **Athena the Virgin** and the lustful **Centaur** whom she tamed, because elements of that myth played into both plots. I should probably go over that information again, but I won't. You've been linked. I'd much rather direct you to **Chiron**, the prototype **centaur** of all centaurs.

As the son of **Apollo**, time and again, Chiron is depicted as **Achilles** instructor, thereby highlighting a youth-nurturing nature. It is **Apollo** who taught the young centaur the art of **medicine, herbs, music, archery, hunting, gymnastics, and prophecy**, thereby allowing him to rise above his beastly nature. He is even credited with the **discovery of botany and pharmacy**, as well as the **science of herbs and medicine**. Wait a gosh darn moment, is Apollo a **Watcher** introducing the Mysteries of heaven, and Chiron a member of the **Nephiliym** squad? *Perhaps*. Be that as it possibly may, centaurs were notorious for being wild, lusty, overly indulgent drinkers and carousers, and violent offenders. Chiron was a contrast to the rest. The centaur is therefore an allegory for us all. Which sort of person or monster might you become?



Needing no introduction is **Jerome**, the **4th-century theologian** who is best known for his translation of the Bible into the Latin **Vulgate**. A lesser-known work of his is **The Life of Paulus the First Hermit**, which

is written as a parallel to *The Life of St Anthony the Great* by **Athanasius of Alexandria**, though it was widely disseminated in the **Middle-Ages**. In it, Jerome tells of a **90-year-old Anthony**'s journey deep into the wilderness after having a dream about **Paul the Hermit**. There, he hopes to locate the **113-year-old** ascetic. We then stumble upon the following passage.

7 But to return to the point at which I digressed. The blessed Paul had already lived on earth the life of heaven for a hundred and thirteen years, and Antony at the age of ninety was dwelling in another place of solitude (as he himself was wont to declare), when the thought occurred to the latter, that no monk more perfect than himself had settled in the desert. However, in the stillness of the night it was revealed to him that there was farther in the desert a much better man than he, and that he ought to go and visit him. So then at break of day the venerable old man, supporting and guiding his weak limbs with a staff, started to go: but what direction to choose he knew not. Scorching noontide came, with a broiling sun overhead, but still he did not allow himself to be turned from the journey he had begun. Said he, I believe in my God: some time or other He will show me the fellow-servant whom He promised me. He said no more. **All at once he beholds a creature of mingled shape, half horse half man, called by the poets Hippocentaur.** At the sight of this he arms himself by making on his forehead the sign of salvation, and then exclaims, Holloa! Where in these parts is a servant of God living? The monster after gnashing out some kind of outlandish utterance, in words broken rather than spoken through his bristling lips, at length finds a friendly mode of communication, and extending his right hand points out the way desired. Then with swift flight he crosses the spreading plain and vanishes from the sight of his wondering companion. **But whether the devil took this shape to terrify him, or whether it be that the desert which is known to abound in monstrous animals engenders that kind of creature also, we cannot decide.**

The Life of Paulus the First Hermit 7

Jerome's account is more helpful than nearly any Medieval illumination because he offers words to back up the images, and for more reason than

one. He ends his account by confessing his own colleagues cannot decide whether Anthony encountered a **demon** or an **actual monstrous animal**, as the wilderness is known to abound in the like. Notice what he doesn't say, though. He never claims that he and his colleagues question whether the story is true. *It happened*. Anthony died in **356** according to the official timeline, when Jerome was maybe **10 years old**. They were only a generation removed. The centaur story would have still been circulating by those who knew him in life, and again, nobody seemed certain about whether it was a demon or not, probably not even Anthony.

There is a second helpful understanding of the Medieval centaur in Jerome's account, but I would rather address that in the next leg of the story.

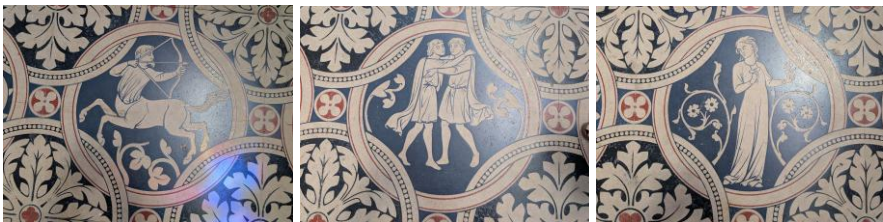
8 Antony was amazed, and thinking over what he had seen went on his way. **Before long in a small rocky valley shut in on all sides he sees a mannikin with hooked snout, horned forehead, and extremities like goats' feet.** When he saw this, Antony, like a good soldier, **seized the shield of faith and the helmet of hope: the creature none the less began to offer to him the fruit of the palm-trees to support him on his journey and as it were pledges of peace.** Antony perceiving this stopped and asked who he was. The answer he received from him was this: **I am a mortal being and one of those inhabitants of the desert whom the Gentiles deluded by various forms of error worship under the names of Fauns, Satyrs, and Incubi.** I am sent to represent my tribe. We pray you in our behalf to entreat the favor of your Lord and ours, who, we have learned, came once to save the world, and 'whose sound has gone forth into all the earth.' As he uttered such words as these, the aged traveler's cheeks streamed with tears, the marks of his deep feeling which he shed in the fullness of his joy. **He rejoiced over the Glory of Christ and the destruction of Satan,** and marveling all the while that he could understand the Satyr's language, and striking the ground with his staff, he said, Woe to you, Alexandria, who instead of God worships monsters! Woe to you, harlot city, into which have flowed together the demons of the whole world! What will you say now? Beasts speak of Christ, and you instead of God worship monsters. He had not finished speaking when, as if on wings, the wild creature fled away. Let no one scruple to believe this

incident; its truth is supported by what took place when Constantine was on the throne, a matter of which the whole world was witness. **For a man of that kind was brought alive to Alexandria and shown as a wonderful sight to the people. Afterwards his lifeless body, to prevent its decay through the summer heat, was preserved in salt and brought to Antioch that the Emperor might see it.**

The Life of Paulus the First Hermit 8

I mentioned this earlier though it deserves repeating. Big mistake, discussing the salvation of fauns while leaving **Jerome** out of the argument. And here I thought Origen was the go-to source. Jerome's account of Anthony provides the quintessential argument, and did I mention how widely distributed it was? The story which he relates became the worldview of the Middle-Ages, which is undoubtedly why it became Lewis' as well. The faun had already become converted to the Christian faith by the time that Anthony had encountered him, which is why he offered him fruit from the palm as a pledge of peace.

To back the credibility of Anthony's account, Jerome goes one step further and describes an actual **faun** that was salted and preserved and then sent to **Antioch** so that **Emperor Constantine** might see it. Some of you will claim it was a hoax and clever **taxidermy**. If so, then you didn't read the account for yourself. I purposely left out the part where the faun was first brought alive into **Alexandria** and shown to the people. If your conclusion is that it was still a hoax and a circus act, then you are free to your opinion. I for one believe they existed, that they are descended from **Ham**, as per [Ham's Mystery Children](#), and that they too are given free will for the purposes of redemption.



Returning to the chess discussion will be helpful, but first, another sighting on the floor of **Saint-Denis** in **Paris**, matched with **Gemini** and **Virgo** and **nine** other **Zodiac signs** which I don't care to elaborate upon, aligns the Medievalist understanding of the **centaur** with the stars. When

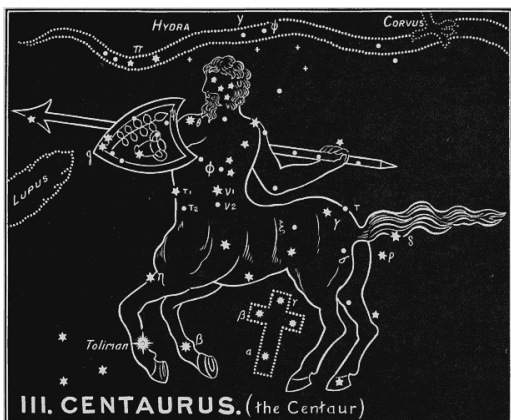
depicted with a **bow and arrow**, we are being directed to **Sagittarius**. Some interpretations of the zodiac give him a **lance** or **spear**, thereby explaining nearly every remaining depiction of him.



Nerd alert, at the British Museum I got a little overly excited over the **Lewis Chessmen**, which I had already mentioned in [Chess and the Millennial Kingdom](#) as being the oldest known set in the world. I think I maintained myself well all the same. Nowadays, the knight is represented as a **horse**, which has redemptive values in its own right, but here you can see the knight and the horse assembled together, giving obvious **centaur** connotations.

Quick review, the word '**chivalry**' comes from the French '**chevalier**', which literally means '**knight**' or '**horseman**'. On an esoteric level, it is the horse which represents the mortal body, complete with its associated energies and emotions, while the horseman embodies the higher divine Self, which must master the body or else be muted by it. Read your Arthurian literature and then, afterwards, be prepared to discuss. Perhaps you will now begin to take a positive spin on the centaur.

Like the chivalrous knight, **Sagittarius**, though he is sometimes simply known as **Centaurus**, directs our attention to the human intellect combined with spiritual aspiration, as pictured by the raw, instinctive nature of a horse torso. The centaur symbolizes quest for knowledge, its adventurous spirit, and its connection to both the earthly and the divine.



Well, this is the part where the “**Everything is pagan**” crowd will do their best to tell you to cease and desist and to not look up at the stars, a pagan activity which the ancients were engaged in, including the Medievalists, apparently. The way it would happen is that the ancients would put down their phones and their television remotes, look up, and find meaning in what they found there. A slippery slope, I’m sure, depending upon who you talk to.

The Anglican clergyman and Biblical scholar **E.W. Bullinger** takes a positive spin on Sagittarius, and I believe we should hear him out. Furthermore, we have lovingly restored his book, [The Witness of the Stars](#), and I recommend giving it a read. He is actually the perfect person to involve in this discussion, and I will tell you why in a few. First, here is what he has to say about Centaurus.

It is the figure of a being with two natures. Jamieson, in his *Celestial Atlas*, 1822, says, “On the authority of the most accomplished Orientalist of our own times, the Arabic and Chaldaic name of this constellation is בִּזְהָ.” Now this Hebrew word **Bezeḥ** (and the Arabic *Al Bezeḥ*) means **the despised**. It is the very word used of this Divine sufferer in Isa. liii. 3, “He is DESPISED (בִּזְהָ) and rejected of men.”

The constellation contains thirty-five stars. Two of the 1st magnitude, one of the 2nd, six of the 3rd, nine of the 4th, etc., which, together with the four bright stars in the Cross make a brilliant show in southern latitudes.

The brightest star, α (in the horse's fore-foot), has come down to us with the ancient name of **Toliman**, which means *the heretofore and hereafter*, marking Him as the one "which is, and which was, and which is to come—the Almighty" (Rev. i. 8). **Sir John Herschel** observed this star to be growing rapidly brighter. **It may be, therefore, one of the changeable stars**, and its name may be taken as an indication of the fact that it was known to the ancients.

Another name for the constellation was in Hebrew, **Amcaath**, which means a *sin-offering* (as in Isa. liii. 10).

The Greek name was **Cheiron**, which means *the pierced*, or *who pierces*. In the Greek fables **Cheiron was renowned for his skill in hunting, medicine, music, athletics, and prophecy. All the most distinguished heroes of Greece are described as his pupils**. He was supposed to be immortal, but he voluntarily agreed to die; and, wounded by a poisoned arrow (not intended for him) while in conflict with a wild boar, he transferred his immortality to Prometheus; whereupon he was placed amongst the stars.

We can easily see how this fable is the ignorant perversion of the primitive Revelation. The true tradition can be seen dimly through it, and we can discern Him of whom it spoke,—the all-wise, all-powerful Teacher and Prophet, who "went about doing good," yet "despised and rejected of men," laying down His life that others might live.

It is one of the lowest of the constellations, *i.e.* the farthest south from the northern centre. **It is situated immediately over the Cross, which bespeaks His own death; He is seen in the act of destroying the enemy.**

Thus these star-pictures tell us that it would be as a *child* that the *Promised Seed* should come forth and grow and wax strong in spirit and be filled with wisdom (Luke ii. 40); and that as a man having two natures He should suffer and die. Then the third and last section in this first chapter of this First Book goes on to tell of His second coming in glory.

The Witness of the Stars

E.W. Bullinger was a card carrying **flat earthist**. That's the fascinating fact that I so wanted to tell you earlier. He subscribed to **The Earth Not a Globe Review**, which we have also painstakingly restored, [Volume I](#) and [Volume II](#). I'm convinced that Lewis was either a closeted flat earthist, and Tolkien as well, or that they were too bogged down by Academia and simply wished it were so. Great minds think alike. In fact, Bullinger is the perfect segway back to Lewis.

I had started out comparing a centaur to a man who forsook his heavenly nature to become earthly, and therefore beastly, but Bullinger takes a different approach. Both fellows understood the centaurs **two natures** which, like the chess knight, are not necessarily to be frowned upon, nor are they dualistic in that both can inhabit the same space. Bullinger will have us take the centaur back to the Sethite religion, long before Greek mythology apparently invented them, when the sons of Adam anticipated *the heretofore and hereafter* as well as *the pierced*, and the **cross**, or rather, the **Tav**, which Messiah would voluntarily hand his life to.



Apparently, the zodiac is not supposed to belong to British mythology, because the Greeks have already stolen it from the Sethites and patented it as their own. Nor are centaurs, be they physical creatures or spirits, allowed to migrate from the Mediterranean to other places in Europe, especially not England. Certainly not Narnia of all places. Well, be that as it may, the Medievalists incorporated centaurs into their own worldview, Lewis went with it, and so shall we.

Included among Narnia's roster of centaurs are names like **Glenstorm**, **Cloudbirth**, and **Roonwit**. In every possible instance, they are portrayed as wise and courageous creatures who, like the great Chiron, are gifted in astronomy and medicine. They are wise and prophetic figures, possessing

knowledge of the stars and the future, being the Sethites that they are. And we should not be surprised to find that they are formidable warriors, renowned for their calvary charges. Speaking of their dual heaven and earth nature, it is Roonwit who perfectly exemplifies the blending of both worlds into the singular definition of chivalry when he says in *The Last Battle*:

“Remember that all worlds draw to an end and that noble death is a treasure which no one is too poor to buy.”

For Lewis, the true centaur could be found in the gospel of the stars rather than the earth, teaching us about heaven, guiding us into wisdom and prophecy, leading by example what it is to be human. The zodiac does not belong to the Greeks, nor the Persians and the Babylonians staring through a glass darkly before them, but everyone, including the Medievalists and the Brits. Centaurs may be “pagan,” but then, on a closing note, so were the **wise men** of YASHA’UA’s nativity, and they too were driven to knowledge and wisdom through the stars. It is only a little surprising that there are no historical connections to be made between horse-human hybrids and the Magi, seeing as how they too rose above their pagan nature and embraced the heavenly Divine.]