



Pinocchio Is Dead

The Meaning of Life According to Alchemy

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ANOTHER thing that recently came to my attention was the sheer number of home school parents who read my work. Perhaps I didn't frame that quite right. At the risk of the Federal Government making a legal end to all home school programs, allow me to clarify the last statement. They read my work to home-schooled children as part of their curriculum. I still don't know what to make of that. I wake up every morning around 5am and sit behind this computer screen for no other purpose but to hope and pray that my pleas reach *someone*. As I write these

very words, the coffee still hasn't finished brewing. My family won't be up for hours. And I could be catching up on sleep. I suppose that's what Sabbath is for, and death. I will be sure to schedule rest in the resurrected state as well. Meanwhile, I do this because I want somebody—*anybody*—one solitary soul to wake up from the heaping of lies they've been fed by our Slave Masters and Controllers. That's all I or any of us can really do. It's why subjects like this one are so important. Alchemy *and* Pinocchio.



[UPDATE 11/2/25: FIVE years ago, I knew little to nothing about the **feminine Divine**, *how sad*, which just goes to show how far we've come in the home school department. Pinocchio's **Blue Fairy** is a **star** from the firmament, a *conscious* star at that, but she is also an obvious stand-in for **Isis**. Of course, Isis became syncretized with **Aphrodite**, the Greek goddess of love, during the Hellenistic period. And for good reason. They're kidding cousins. They were quite literally referred to as **Isis-Aphrodite** for a time. Their combined worship emphasized **fertility**, **marriage**, and **rebirth**, all noted elements of the Pinocchio story. **Venus** if you must know is the Roman counterpart of Aphrodite, so I suppose their accumulated name could be Isis-Aphrodite-Venus.

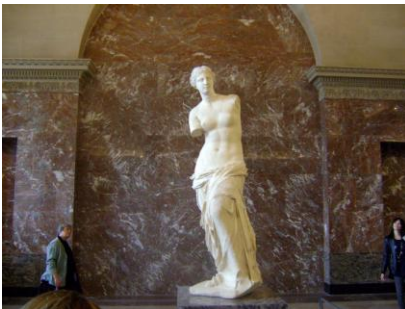
Though I made that connection half a decade ago, what I failed to realize is the legitimate reality of the **Feminine Holy Spirit**, **Wisdom**. Or **Sophia** in Greek. **CHAKA'MAHA** is her Paleo-Hebrew counterpart, and I prefer that one. Some will accuse me of mixing up my goddesses since technically **Athena** was the Greek goddess of wisdom, with **Minerva** filling in as her Roman counterpart. Well, I'm not. The gods and the goddesses of YAHUAHA's divine counsel may inhabit any number of attributes, but they all derive from the Source. CHAKA'MAHA is our Mother in heaven.

- ¹⁰ Beyond health and **beauty** I loved her,
And I chose to have her rather than the light,
because her radiance never ceases.
- ¹¹ Yet all good things together came to me with her,
and countless riches at her hands;
- ¹² I rejoiced in them all, because **Wisdom** is their leader,
though I had not known that she is their **mother**.

Wisdom of Solomon 7:10-12

Well, *well*, well. It looks like Solomon and I have something uniquely in common. He and I did not realize that CHAKA'MAHA is our mother. The '*mother*' is quite literally "she who begets." Although CHAKA'MAHA is described elsewhere, namely in Proverbs 8:22-24 as "begotten of ALAHAYAM", she is the one who brings beauty and in fact all things into being. We are her children. Therefore, Isis-Aphrodite-Venus and Athena-Minerva derive from her as well.

In the game of phone tag, the various goddesses may only be derivatives of what is True, corruptions of the Sethite and Melchizedek religion, which can be read about among the constellations. My research has me concluding that Isis and **Osiris** were in fact righteous rulers and contemporaries of **Melchizedek**, as per [Ham's Mystery Children](#). I even identified them as the founders of the **First Dynasty**. It was only after Osiris' murder at the hands of **Set** (Isis would eventually die as well) that men perverted their legacy to fit with the Nimrodic religion. There is beauty, wisdom, fertility, marriage, and rebirth to be found in *Pinocchio*, but is the divine counsel leading us towards our True Mother in heaven? This is why I'm chocking this research paper up to the Feminine Divine genre. But as you have likely come to expect, that is not all.



All indicators point towards the **early** and **late Middle-Ages** as the **thousand years** prophesied for the **Millennial Kingdom**, as per [The](#)

[Seven Thousand-Year Timeline Deception](#). I have been to the **Louvre** in Paris on more than one occasion and as of a few weeks ago, the **Uffizi Galleries** in Florence. It is indeed fascinating that the Venus statue in the Louvre predates the Middle-Ages, whereas *The Birth of Venus* painting in the Uffizi Galleries, which celebrates resurrection, comes to us only afterwards, courtesy of the **Renaissance**. That is to say, counterfeit Wisdom was dug up out of the Earth at the end of the quote-unquote “Dark Ages,” along with the many other false guides of esotericism, thereby igniting the false enlightenment of man. True Wisdom belonged to the Thousand Year Reign.]



[**UPDATE** 03/28/2022: FYI, **Walt Disney** is not beloved among the bulk of my readership, and that includes the home schoolers. There are always a few exceptions to the rule, but if you were to personally interview them about it, I gather the majority would tell you that nothing good can derive from magic, especially when Disney is involved. Until recently, and despite all that I have covered regarding Disney’s penchant for witchcraft, not even I knew the full extent of it. But then I decided to take a closer look at his **genealogy**, and wouldn’t you know it, he’s the **son** of a **witch**. Quite literally. Not just *any* witch though. He’s the **6th great-grandson** of **Reverend George Burroughs**, and you know who that is, right? In **1692**, Burroughs was accused of witchcraft in **Salem**. Technically, he was executed, but that much may be a lie. The Salem Witch Trial was alchemical in nature, having all the markings of an Intel script. I wouldn’t be surprised in the slightest to learn it was a hoax.

Reverend Burroughs has other **grandsons**, one of which is **7th great-grandson John Ritter**, making Disney a **5th cousin**. Perhaps we will deal with him some other time because I was able to find **8 Magna Carta sureties** in his parentage. Follow along. **21st great-grandfathers** John de Lacy and Gilbert de Clare. **22nd great-grandfathers** Hugh le Bigod, William d’Aubeney, Richard de Clare, and Robert de Ros. **23rd**

great-grandfathers **Saher de Quincy** and **Rober le Bigod**. That's some rather obvious animal husbandry, right there.

Moving on down the line, we find the usual suspects. **20th great-grandfather** **King Edward I** of England. **25th great-grandfather** **William the Conqueror**. **30th great-grandfather** **King Robert I** of France. **32nd great-grandfather** **Alfred the Great**. And finally, *always* last but *never* least, **35th great-grandfather** **Charlemagne**, King of the Franks. The results are in. Walt Disney is a son of a witch but also a major royal son of **Qayin**.

[**UPDATE** 11/2/2025: CORRECTION. If my calculations are correct, then Qayin's line came to an end in the whereabouts of the [536 or 537](#) or maybe even [541](#), via [The War of the Sons of Light Against the Sons of Darkness](#). Perhaps we are witnessing a *Rosemary's Baby* style incursion but I can't help but think Disney is indeed a royal pedigree, direct from Israel and the MK. I made this correction known in my [Friday XIII Hoax](#) paper. That is research for you. All we can do is test our hypothesis on the breadcrumb trail and modify it when new data comes along.]



The Goddess of Spring is a 9-minute *Silly Symphonies* animated Disney short film.^[1] The Symphony is imbued with operatic themes and is often cited as melodramatic. It was released in 1934, and its production was important to the future development of Disney's *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs* animation. Each Silly Symphony was a technological marvel at the time and proceeded to further advancements in the animation industry.

While the plot of *The Goddess of Spring* follows the Greek myth of *Persephone* (known as "Proserpina" in Roman Mythology) and *Hades* (*Pluto*), the imagery is more evocative of *Hell* and *Satan* (or, more specifically, a traditional stage *Mephistopheles*).

One of Walt Disney's earliest animated movies was the 9-minute *Silly Symphonies* short, *The Goddess of Spring*. It was released in **1934** and tells the tale of **Persephone** getting raped by **Hades**. There's more of that

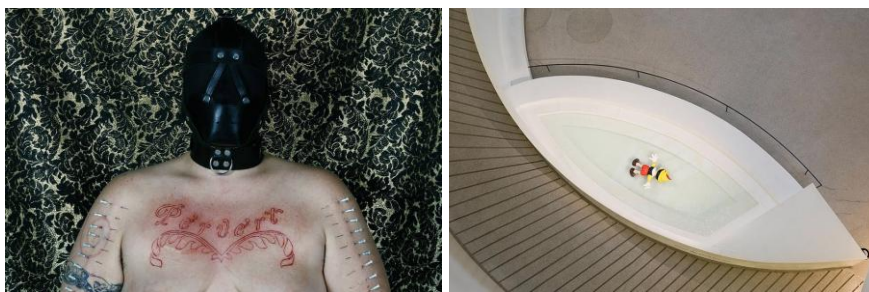
feminine Divine for you but with a pagan twist. Sounds like the perfect preschool entertainment. Speaking of which, I already covered this episode in [The Mysteries of Pooh](#). I bring up *Silly Symphonies* merely because the entire episode was a staple of the **Eleusinian Mysteries**. It's quite literally a pamphlet for neophytes and has been since Greko-Roman times. None of this is by accident. We are expected to believe the man from Main Street, Missouri, embodies an American dream success story having nothing to do with his royale genealogy. That is only partly true. You can try but will have a difficult time convincing me that Walt Disney became Walt Disney without Reverend Burroughs and his elk. We must not fail to recognize however that magic *is* discipline. Walt Disney taught me that. 'The only person who would produce something like 'The Goddess of Spring' is the initiated sort, telling us *who* Uncle Walt truly was, and very early on in his career. It works both ways. Disney may have been talented, and in fact a Wizard of the craft, but he never would have become one had he not first become groomed for the part.]



My one memory of the **Guggenheim** in New York involves my wife Sarah and the museum-wide exhibit called “**theanyspacewhatever**,” which ran in **2008**. Isn't that adorable how artists were able to talk about *space* and then cram the entire sentence into one word? *Simply adorable*. Yup, I get art. Guggenheim described the exhibition space itself as the medium. If you're unfamiliar with the museum's layout, the building

itself is a product of architect **Frank Lloyd Wright**, another **royal**. *I checked*. Frank is directly descended from not 9 but **10 Magna Carta sureties**. His list of relations quickly balloons from there. At any rate, the Guggenheim slowly spirals upwards within something resembling a spinning top or snail shell. The attendee can choose to leave the coiling path and visit any exhibit space along the way, “but the ultimate goal,” according to Guggenheim, is “**to offer subtle moments of transformation**.” Take a mental note of that. *Transformation*. It will be on the pop quiz if I decide to give one.

One exhibit in particular featured someone named **Catherine Opie**, an American photographer who had the habit of focusing upon life-sized pictures of beads. As in—a string of beads coming out of people’s bums. So right away, we can conclude this wasn’t a summer-camp friendship bracelet. *Also*, nudes. Wherever Catherine Opie pointed her lens, clothes were hard to come by. For whatever reason, men and women would dress down to their aboriginal birthday to prove to Opie that they had a severe condition known as “beads growing out of their bum.” If there is a scientific term for this, then forgive my ignorance, but it sounds incredibly painful. LGBTQ+ art really is the worst. Society truly is on the slip in slide. Let’s just say these people didn’t win The War.



The *above* picture is supposedly Opie’s own self-portrait, but it’s difficult to tell since her face is wrapped up like a BDSM Mexican wrestler. I was trying to remember a specific photograph that I’d witnessed with my own eyes in Guggenheim, and I believe this may have been the one to burn the cataract. For the record, the original print is a full vertical centerfold. If only there was a bathing suit below the 38th parallel but no. I did you a service by visiting Photoshop and framing the slightly less revealing version to spare you the pornographic details while still making a valid point. Notice the subconscious sleight of hand being presented here. You are a *Pervert* for showing up to her exhibit. The transformative effects are

intended to make this mutilated and metamorphic lifestyle apart from YAHUAHA's own image something akin to normal.

Also, I'm jumping slightly ahead of myself, but one cannot ultimately transform unless they first die to the self. You may want to take notes.

Sarah and I left the LGBTQIA+ bum, areola and cock-a-doodle-do self-mutilating *bead* exhibit—really, its official name escapes me now—and started back up on the slow coil of the inward snail shell (or perhaps it was simply the Kundalini path), attempting to decide which exhibit we should veer off to next with what little time we had. That may have been the very day we visited the Statue of Liberty, and there are plenty of conspiracy theories to go with that one. Is the Statue of Liberty a dude? So clearly, we were on Mystery religion overload.

Already, I've forgotten to mention the most important detail of all. The Guggenheim's centerpiece for its "theanyspacewhatever" exhibition was something called "**Daddy, Daddy**," and featured **Pinocchio**, the boy puppet. Pinocchio was lying face down in a pool of water. It's probably the first thing you see when you enter the museum. The *starting* point of the journey. As my wife and I slowly made our way up and around the *serpentine* trail, we could look down at the lobby floor from practically any given point and see the boy-puppet, inanimate in his pool of water.

At some point Sarah gasped. "Pinocchio is *dead*!"

The trauma was intended. It was our first lesson in alchemy.



[**UPDATE** 11/2/2025: WELL, look who wasn't barking up the wrong tree. *Me*. I have evaluated the films of **Robert Zemeckis** extensively in [Back To the Future was an Actual Time Travel Movie](#) and the guy was a legit filmmaker at one time. What happened? Tom Hanks was perfectly capable of playing Forrest Gump without going full retard but the same can't be said of Zemeckis. His **2022 Pinocchio** remake wasn't simply dull, inciting me to glance at the clock and count the minutes. It was an abomination, and I will tell you why.

Disney's 1940 Blue Fairy was based upon the very beautiful **Evelyn Venable**. She has also been suggested to have served as the model for the personification of **Columbia** in the Columbia Pictures logo that was used from **1928** to **1936**. So, there is more of that feminine Divine for you. Centuries before Uncle Sam or the Statue of Liberty became prominent personifications of the United States, Columbia had been seared into the American consciousness. With Columbia, we are reminded of **Christopher Columbus's female counterpart**, and *also*, the **District of Columbia**. Not forgetting of course the [1893 Columbian Exposition](#).

Zemeckis's Blue Fairy was played as a cringeworthy **drag queen**, leaving us all to wonder if **Cynthia Erivo** is really a dude. The person who went on to play Elphaba in *Wicked* is both queer and bisexual, furthermore employing **'they-them'** pronouns to identify the untold number of demons within. The LGBTQ+ Alien, Dog, and Cat people might as well have draped Pinocchio's bum with beads because his alchemical transformation plays into their own death and rebirth narrative.



Meanwhile, **Shelly Duvall's Faerie Tale Theater** was a discovery that I made while researching **Rapunzel** in [Mary Magdalene and the Maiden in the Tower](#). **27 episodes** were produced between 1982 and 1987, and at present, I have managed to watch nearly everyone. Each story is theatrical in nature and delivered on a low budget, which is how I happen to like it, because quality is then relegated to the script rather than the special effects department. They often manage to be funny while keeping to the core narrative without straying into politically correct territory. This was the Eighties, decades before Woke became the siren call.

Duvall's Pinocchio starred **Paul Reubens** as the boy puppet, which was just another take on Pee Wee now that I think about it. It also starred **Carl Reiner** as Geppetto, **James Coburn** as the Gypsy, **Jim Belushi** as Mario, **Michael Richards** as Vince, and **Vincent Schiavelli** as the Priest. That's a lot of talent packed into a single episode. **Lainie Kazan** played a very Italian Blue Fairy, and the fact that her name is **Sophia** should not be

overlooked. If you happen to enjoy fairy-tales as much as I do then as one researcher to another you have received my personal endorsement.]



Nearly all Mystery-religion literature was at one time destroyed. When not destroying [Natsarim](#) literature, **Saint Augustine** likely helped to lead the charge. But it wasn't simply occult knowledge which the bishops wanted eradicated. Theirs was a mission to scrub public understanding of *who* they truly were. **Hypatia** was brutally murdered in the streets of Alexandria for giving Christianity's secrets away, via [Hypatia vs the Millennial Kingdom](#), and it was *this*. The Roman Catholic Church was the Mystery religion with a face lift. Ironically, the RCC may have based **Saint Catherine** upon her. After all, I have suggested that **Saint Barbara** may be a strawman aimed at leading us away from **Mary Magdalene**, as noted in [The Maiden in the Tower](#). Or contrarily, the composite image may play in reverse. Hypatia may be an imaginative retelling of Catherine.

[**UPDATE** 11/3/2025: You see, I'm having to modify my hypothesis in nearly every paragraph. Look, I'm not against the Mysteries of heaven, okay? I have given repeated commentary upon them. It is certainly fascinating, however, that the Millennial Kingdom course corrected the Mysteries into a hyper spirituality, dumping worship of the divine counsel in favor of the Father, Mother, and Son. Specifically the Son, who inherited the world. It is the MK inhabitants who buried the pagan past,

thereby casting themselves into the shadow of the “dark ages,” and you know what Just ask the enlightenment inheritors.

The Sons of Light did such a splendid job of burying paganism that we know practically nothing about what went on within the secret places of the ancient Mystery religions, but that is not to say everything remained buried. *The Adventures of Pinocchio* first appeared in serial form in 1881. Written by Carlo Collodi, Pinocchio landed in the *Giornale dei bambini*, or *Children's Magazine*, before becoming published as a book in 1883. A little over half a century later, Disney would continue his part in animating the ancient rites.

The year was 1940. America was on the cusp of the Second World War, and children were given a double dosage of enlightenment. Disney released *Pinocchio* on 2/23 and *Fantasia* on the 11/13. Interesting, since both films were ultimately based upon the same source material, *The Golden Ass*. Somehow, the second century novel by Apuleius survived.

On the outset, the story of *The Golden Ass* centers upon Luscious, the everyday unenlightened sort, whose careless experimentation with magic transforms him into a jackass of a donkey. Luscious spends much of the remaining narrative having to contend with the moral depravity of humanity. A cheating wife fills one segment. His final redemption comes through the alchemical process of self-enlightenment and a personal blessing from the goddess Isis. If you think I haven't gotten around to describing Pinocchio yet, then I'd argue you probably haven't seen the Disney production or the children's novel which it's based upon. Because to this very day, *The Golden Ass* remains the best surviving glimpse into the initiation rites of the ancient Mysteries, and at its deepest, most intimate level.



The story even inspired C.S. Lewis, basing his fondest novel, *Till We Have Faces*, upon it. It can even be argued that *The Lion, the Witch, and the*

Wardrobe is yet another analogous retelling of the **Bacchic** and **Eleusinian Mysteries**. I have been slowly building my commentary on of Lewis' chronicles in [The Narnia Reset](#), as well as **J.R.R. Tolkien's** LOTR in [The Undying Lands](#), and all I can say is, these guys were *in the know*.



Pinocchio's real-world analogy could hardly prove any less satisfying. To seek meaning and purpose, Pinocchio sells himself to **Stromboli** for fame. The boy puppet literally becomes a puppet for his Slave Master. **Pleasure Island** is therefore a metaphor for the profane life characterized by the engineered ignorance of the very masses whom Pinocchio had hoped to entertain. It is a place without school (*knowledge*) and laws (*morals*), unlike the hidden knowledge and learned morals advertised by the Mystery religion. The **Coachman** indoctrinates children into a lifestyle of instant gratification knowing that such material indulgences lead to a lifetime of slavery. If this doesn't perfectly describe the world we inhabit, then there's nothing more that I can do. *I'm done*.

The irony here is that Mystery initiates, [*a-hem*, **Freemasons**], as we shall come to learn, are the very people running the world. Stromboli and the Coachman come from the same cloth. They're our Slave Masters. The Elite need indoctrinated children to work in their mines. Their desire is to

erase the image of God in every participating soul, transforming them into donkeys. Everything they feed us is a lie.

As the darkness of night takes its toll, the children of Pleasure Island succumb to rioting. They literally begin burning the place to the ground. And while you may think the donkey-faced foundlings are simply unappreciative of the “old world” they’ve inherited, which is completely true in and of itself, it’s all a part of the intended magic. Their devilish behavior was programed into them by their Controllers. There’s a specific scene which depicts the **Mona Lisa** being defaced among countless other antiquities. This is precisely the sort of destruction we’ve seen happen with the **World Fairs**. Beginning in the **1890**’s, the New World Order rolled millions of Americans out to various ancient **Old-World cities**, **Chicago**, **Buffalo**, **Missouri**, and **San Francisco**, and then destroyed them as a series of psycho-dramatic exercises.



The year I am writing this article is **2020** in case you haven’t noticed, and we are witnessing many of the same disturbances to Pleasure Island with the **Zionist-Corporate** sponsored **Black Lives Matter**, not overlooking the ridiculously faked **media** revolution in the west coast city of **CHAZ**. **Big Pharma** rolled out the **COVID-1984** psychodrama and told everyone to mask up and go home. Stand **6-feet** apart. Most complied. I could have made it rich selling adult face diapers. Try not to forget that

they then told corona to quietly disappear just long enough to bus BLM and **Soros** funded **ANTIFA** groups into various cities as part of the **George Floyd** PSYOP.

When COVID-19 suddenly sprang to life again, they told everyone to wear their reeducation face diapers and go home. See how that works? *Marching orders*. Compliance is key. They're whipping us into tip-top shape for **Agenda 2030**. [UPDATE 7/7/25: I am now of the opinion that the NWO's plans have derailed. [The Wizard of Trump: Time Traveling President](#).] If Langley tells everyone to leave their homes and deface the very statues placed there by the Initiated decades earlier, perhaps even burn down an Arby's or loot an Apple store while they're at it, donkey slaves will gladly help the alchemy along. It's all part of the plan, and *Pinocchio* is the playbook.]



[UPDATE 11/3/2025: **JONAH** died. Very few people seem to make the “sign of Jonah” connection but it is indeed what happened. I laid out a clear case for his death and resurrection within the belly of a fish in my

[Leviathan](#) thesis. It was while researching **Leviathan**'s connection with **She'ol** and **Hellmouth** that I was surprised to learn that early Christianity held the same belief as what I was advocating. Firstly, that the fish which swallowed Jonah was in fact a **sea serpent**. The **Jonah Sarcophagus** testifies to that fact. It is dated to **300 AD** and is said to be a surviving remnant of Old **St. Peter's Basilica** in Rome, which was "demolished" in **1505** under orders of **Pope Julius II**, hmmmmm. Well, I visited the Vatican not more than a month ago and was stunned to find a great many sarcophaguses on display which told the exact same story. I am showing you several documented examples but certainly not all of them. Christians favored Jonah's three-day voyage in the sea serpent above all other OT passages because in *Pinocchio* terms it is in the fish where they too would experience the transformation from a puppet into a real boy. The resurrection is what they hoped for. It's gateway was death.



Pinocchio's redemption from the fallen donkey state arrives only after saving his father from the belly of the whale, **Monstro**, through an action of self-sacrifice, whereby we are shown a drowned puppet, floating face down in the water. "Daddy! Daddy!" Afterwards, he is alchemically transformed into a new creature. This same theme was later reenacted by **Neo** in *The Matrix*, though I have also caught **Saint Teresa** mirroring the deed in [The Interior Castle and the Matrix](#). For Teresa, the vulgar state was not the donkey but rather living with and becoming a reptile. Death and resurrection is a repeated theme of the **seven degrees**, even in the **seven heavens** of **Hebrew cosmology**. Likewise, it is rehearsed on the **seven lights** of the **menorah**, and don't even get me started on the **seven planets** of **Ptolemy**.

A whale is a potent metaphor in and of itself, even without the leviathan connection, but then the whale's intended similarity with the caves of the Mystery religions are easily recognized. The cave is also a tomb. If [Mary](#)

[Magdalene and the Mandala](#) taught me anything, it's that a cave is a place where you will find only what you have brought with you. To quote Yoda, "Your weapons, you will not need them." I am speaking once again of death and the resurrection. Naked we enter into the world, and naked we shall return. And of course, Mary ascended to heaven daily, *naked*, being fed manna by angels.

Quoting from **Polycarp**.

5 Knowing, therefore, that God is not mocked, we ought to live in a manner that is worthy of his commandment and glory. ² Similarly, deacons must be blameless in the presence of his righteousness, as servants of God and Christ and not of people. They must not be slanderers, not insincere, not lovers of money, but self-controlled in every respect, compassionate, diligent, acting in accordance with the truth of the Lord, who became a servant of all. **If we please him in this present world, we will receive the world to come as well, inasmuch as he promised that he will raise us from the dead and that if we prove to be citizens worthy of him, we will also reign with him—if, that is, we continue to believe.**

Polycarp to the Philippians 5:1-2

The Apostle John's disciple Polycarp agrees. The resurrection is by no means a guarantee. It is conditional based upon a belief which embodies selfless living. That is to say, we can find nothing in the grave except what we take with us. And like the various gods of the mystery religions, promising co-rulership for their initiates in the present world, it is Christ who must be pleased with us if we are to receive his promise of rulership in the far superior **world to come**. The *world to come* is always a reference to the Millennial Kingdom.]



With what little remains of Mystery literature, the specifics of any such resurrection ritual have either not survived or were never intended to be known in the first place. Apuleius holds much back. But this seems certain. At some point in their training, the initiate met their god face-to-face. In *The Golden Ass*, Lucius finally encounters Isis by the seashore. Isis—or rather, Pinocchio’s Blue Fairy—brings him from death to a new creation, the difference being that she offers a slice of the pie in the present world rather than *the world to come*.

This is how Isis introduces herself to Lucius.

“Behold, Lucius, moved by your prayer I come to you. I, the natural mother of all life, the mistress of the elements, the first child of time, the supreme divinity, the queen of those in hell, the first among those in heaven, the uniform manifestation of all gods and goddesses. I, who govern by my nod the crests of light in the sky, the purifying wafts of the ocean, and the lamentable silences of hell—I whose single godhead is venerated all over the earth under manifold forms, varying rites, and changing names. Thus, the Phrygians that are the oldest human tock call me Pessinuntia, Mother of the Gods. The aboriginal races of Attica call me Cecropian Minerva. The Cyprians in their island-home call me Paphian Venus. The archer Cretans call me Diana Dictynna. The three-tongued Sicilians call me Stygian Proserpine. The Eleusinians call me the ancient goddess Ceres. Some call me Juno. Some call me Bellona. Some call me Hecate. Some call me Rhamnusia. But those who are enlightened by the earliest rays of that divinity the sun, the Ethiopians, the Aarii, and the Egyptians who excel in antique lore, all worship me with their ancestral ceremonies and call me by my true name, Queen Isis.”

Apuleius, *The Golden Ass*

Disney's 'Pinocchio' reverses the order. Lucius encounters the goddess only after his adventures in foolishness and redemption, whereas the boy puppet is sent on his divine quest from the very beginning of the story and then stumbles. Given either instance, the conclusion is the same. Fall from grace, redemption through selflessness, death and resurrection. By the way, I do not believe the "death ceremony" to be simply a metaphor. Of this mystery, Apuleius wrote:

"I approached the confines of death. I trod the threshold of Proserpine; and borne through the elements I returned. At midnight I saw the Sun shining in all his glory. I approached the gods below and the gods above, and I stood beside them, and I worshiped them."

Apuleius, *The Golden Ass*

Sackcloth canvas. Midnight sun. Gods above and below. Temple worship. Astral projection. Sounds kind of like astronauts in low space orbit if you want my opinion, but comparisons like that are probably none of my business. What seems likely is that Apuleius is letting us in upon his own intimate experiences. The man who wrote the best surviving glimpse into the Mysteries of Isis undoubtedly underwent a similar immortalization adventure. Spiritual alchemy. He entered the confines of death and discovered the god *within*. And maybe, just maybe, he ingested a little DMT on the side.

Isis has granted Lucius power and wealth under the guiding providence of her power. He is no longer a clumsy fool dipping his hands where they don't belong. Magic is discipline, as taught to us by Mickey in *The Sorcerer's Apprentice*, and he is a wizard in his own rite. He will be wealthy and powerful beyond any grasp of Pleasure Island's foolish donkeys. He will be a "discoverer" of Science, a mover and shaker of history, one of those dudes we read about in Illuminati-endorsed history books.



Also, **Jiminy Cricket** receives his gold medal. The conscious has been transformed. Alchemy has done it's intended work.

Summing this up, there are many gods to choose from on the roster, the ancients had quite the selection, but YAHUAHA the Alahayam of Israel is unlike every other alahayam on Earth. YAHUAHA brought a people out of physical and spiritual bondage in Egypt, led them into the wilderness, told them to pitch their tents around a mountain, and then descended from heaven in full sight of His congregation. We're talking fire and smoke and trumpets. Nobody had to enter a cave and learn hidden mysteries or "unutterable" truths. YAHUAHA did all of these things before a host of witnesses, young and old, and then laid out the Torah for everyone. And for *every* generation. Even the foreigner.

It's like He said, Okay, there's going to be some dark days ahead, and the surrounding nations will lie to you and attempt to seduce you into the whoredoms of their worthless mysteries. Prophets will enter your camp and lie to you. And you may not even know what day or hour you're living in. But whatever happens, however dark the hour, just be faithful to this Torah. That's it. It's your lamp and your light in the gloom of night. The road is narrow, very few will find it, and if you do, it will carry you to the other side.

The Torah is our instructions in righteousness. It is the mirrored reflection of our Father and Mother in heaven, embodying their very character—an unchanging one. If we love our Father and Mother, and want to live with YAHUAHA in his Kingdom, then we will choose to obey the house rules, because when has disobedience gone well for children? Never, I tell you. Try not to let cognitive dissonance win the day. Really, it's that simple. We too can choose the blessing, *the resurrection*, under His providence. We can also choose the curse, *death without resurrection*. This comes as part of disobedience. And just about everyone in history, even the very wise and educated, has hated him for it.

I mean, people *hate* His Law. They absolutely *hate* it. Look no further than the Bible, New and Old Testament. Most people in the Book hated His Law. The House of Israel neglected it to the point that they no longer knew what His Law actually said. The Pharisees added to it because they hated that His yoke was easy and His burden light. After YASHA'UA Messiah came to show us the way into obedience to His Law, the Christians of Antioch and Alexandria and then Rome arrived to make acceptable doctrines for hating his Law all over again. There's no end to it. This isn't rocket science, people. And on a side note, they're lying to us about that too. If we refuse to keep his commands, which are eternal and for all generations, then we need to ask ourselves, why do we want to spend an eternity with YAHUAHA again?

Even the Blue Fairy grants wishes.