

THE HOPE OF THE WORLD



MWAN, GOD AND NATURE IN
PRISTINE CO-CREATION

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There was a famous American prophet, seer, clairvoyant named Edgar Cayce who died in 1945. He founded the Association for Research and Enlightenment. I was never into him, but he got one thing right. Twice, twelve years apart, he said “The hope of the world will come out of Russia.”

No one knew what he meant by this. He went into a trance where he felt he channeled his higher self. So there were no explanations. He probably didn't know how this hope would manifest. But his message was valid.

Twenty-five years after he died, a baby girl was born to reclusive parents living in the boreal forest of northern Siberia. Her great grandfather was in long, direct lineage to one of the six priests in ancient, pharaonic Egypt who began to control and manipulate Mwan to the detriment of the many.

Twenty-five years after that, a somewhat clueless but good-hearted entrepreneur encountered her and wrote his first book about her, the eponymous *Anastasia*. Then he wrote nine more. They came to be known as the Ringing Cedars of Russia books. These books and what is happening as a result of them are this hope, magnificently actualizing our race and world.

They're a total game changer. For sixty years, millions of us have been doing the soft, inner work of meditating, healing, self-help, shadow work and all the rest of it combined. This has been the great Step One in creating Heaven on Earth, manifesting ascension, reclaiming our birthright, healing our species or whatever we might call it. And it will continue. Every bit is precious. But it's not

enough. These books introduced the great, concrete, outer Step Two.

On the one hand, they gave us critical, higher order knowledge, wisdom and understanding we didn't get anywhere else. But more importantly, they showed us how to live on Mother Earth from the ground up in heavenly, garden of Eden, fully self-sufficient family homesteads and eco-communities, completing the picture of living Heaven on Earth and ensuring our very survival and the return to well being of Mother Earth. So Step Two is now far more important than Step One.

I would say that with all my teachers, studies, reading and apprenticeships, with my lifelong passion and pursuit of healing, awakening, spiritual growth and understanding, before reading the Ringing Cedars books, I was profoundly ignorant of the most important truth, knowledge, wisdom and information ever available to MWan, that I and the tens of millions who have read and were able to appreciate them no longer are and that those who haven't still are.

Almost no one in the world has a clue about the most important things in life until they've read these books. Because they, alone, spell out what we've all been given but has been purposefully buried, obscured and made unavailable within us for thousands of years. I certainly didn't and I'd devoted fifty-eight of my seventy-five years to healing, evolving and gaining knowledge and wisdom for myself, others and our world.

I had worked very closely for five years with the Beatles' Transcendental Meditation guru, Maharishi Mahesh Yogi, and worked and studied extensively with three other

teachers. And I'd utilized a number of different healing modalities and delved into esoteric Hindu, Vedic, Buddhist, Christian, Jewish, Hawaiian and Native-American practices. I'd also developed several of my own new meditations and healing practices. And I still didn't have a clue nor did Maharishi, any of my other teachers or anyone I had ever read or known about.

I learned numerous precious truths along the way, but nothing I thought was important came close to being as important as to what I received from these books. There could be a million reasons to dismiss this. Don't. Get your hands on a paperback copy of *Anastasia*, by Vladimir Megré, and give it your best, full consciousness, cover-to-cover read. And if you have a knee-jerk reaction to anything within it that makes you want to stop, just set it aside and keep reading.

Many people's first reactions are, "He's a terrible writer," and "She can't be real. This is fantasy." She is not only realer than all the rest of us put together, she is the pinnacle of what we are meant to be and eons ago before the fall, degradation and corruption we've all been dragged through and now live, once were. And he's not the important one.

The lost Truths of Life in these books have transported tens of millions of people to a higher level of functioning and are helping our world ecology more than everything else put together. They have purified and quickened the hearts, souls, minds and evolution of most of us who have read them and reactivated our divine dreams by showing us how to reclaim our lives, reconnect to Mother Earth and our own

family plot of land, optimally set it up so it becomes a super-sustaining, nearly problem-free Edenic paradise, grow our food so that it heals, balances and enriches our bodies and souls like no other food ever has, educate our children in an infinitely better way and live, love and secure the future of our descendants in perpetuity.

First, millions of Russians were given dachas, small plots of holiday land where they cultivated gardens and saved the Russian economy, providing over seventy percent of its produce. Then, tens of thousands of families who had read these books took advantage of a larger land giveaway and secured a hectare of land to reclaim their birthright and radically alter their lifestyle, not to farm a few crops for money, like most of the world does, nor to have a piece of land with a garden, as most people think in terms of, but to take a two-and-a-half acre loved, motherland, kin's domain homestead, surround it with a living fence of trees and bushes, plant a small woods of a variety of trees, dig a pond, plant over three hundred food-bearing perennials, fruit and nut trees and herbs and create an entire, self-sustaining paradise according to the highest intelligent design, immeasurably helping themselves, their loved ones and our planet. And the numbers are increasing, especially in the ex-Soviet countries but also in many others throughout the world.

I have never encountered anything remotely as wonderful as these books. I have respected the few great Eastern teachers who were never drawn to and corrupted by the west and who lived in seclusion for decades. But for providing the most important knowledge, understanding and

wisdom in the world, they don't hold a candle to her. Only Anastasia who was raised by Nature Herself with almost no human intervention or acculturation and with an ancient lineage of the wisest of forbears, could attain the pristine origins of MWan in our highest manifestation as she has. And to me and millions of others, her words and transmissions are light-years beyond anything else we've known, though they really reawaken the eternal truths we've had buried in the deepest recesses of our Being all along.

Her parents bore her in the wilds near a very rare ringing cedar and were killed by its power before she could walk. And her wise grandfather and great grandfather left her there to grow with the help of animals, pollen, the native grasses and plants that could sustain her and a powerful, benevolent manifestation of divine energy that looked over and protected her. They also periodically visited and judiciously supplemented her education.

She has access to what the Indian traditions call ritambhara pragya or the Akashic records, the eternal field of universal and world knowledge, the cosmic data-bank of all information. And with what she calls her ray, she can see and influence any area or person. She spends her time helping others and the world. And her words are unparalleled in bringing the breakthroughs in awakening and understanding I have been seeking all my life.

For me, she has raised the bar to where it truly belongs, clarified the goal and filled in the gaps like no other, and is helping more people and our challenged planet more than everyone else put together. Only she has modeled for me what we are truly meant to be. I can't tell you how grateful I

am and how humble it has made me. It really is something to be given the information she has to give and to see what she is so beautifully living. I feel I've connected with her and that sacred tree and I simply want to offer the possibility to you. Please let me know if you've read these books or if you do so as a result of this.

Her love, champion and conduit to the world, Vladimir Megré, has valiantly brought her to us, though he can be frustrating, clueless and often unable to fully value her. But he does have a good soul and has rendered the world an invaluable service in faithfully conveying most of her words and transmissions so they come through pure, unsullied and in their potency. It is not recommended that you read them digitally, so please make the effort to secure the paperbacks.

They are available here ringingcedars.com/store/. The most inexpensive ways to get them are through used bookstores, libraries and inter-library loan.

In Russian, her name is pronounced ah-nah-stah-SEE-yuh and his vlah DEE meer mi GREH.

Here are two videos that can't begin to convey the potency of these books. The first is six minutes and portrays her food growing/healing protocol found in the first book.

youtube.com/watch?v=YenjM_65CHM

The second is an hour and shows one of the many Kin's Domain Eco-Settlements proliferating around the world and their new, stupendous way of educating children.

youtube.com/watch?v=bzcekql6coM

May these books be as great a gift to you as they are to so many.

With my limited means, I grew some food following Anastasia's protocol for programming it to produce what will most nourish and heal the unique body and health of the grower. Though the situation was far from ideal, I had stunning results.

Thanks to a friend, I had four plastic bins on my tiny back cement patio with burlap bags filled with dirt. We put chicken wire around each to deter the rabbits.

My first ingestible, one ripe cucumber, was overwhelming. I can't remember the name of the type, but it was a long, slender, Japanese variety and the eating of it was one of the most gastronomically incredible experiences of my life.

It certainly was the most delicious and perfectly proportioned balance of crunchy skin and firm, softer meat cucumber I've ever had but the overall experience of being nourished by it was more powerful than from anything I've ever eaten, enough to almost make me swoon and feel dizzy with repletion. It made my body and digestive system happier and more fulfilled than I can ever remember it being along with altering my consciousness to a state of joyful satiation.

I definitely attribute this to the manner in which I germinated the seed and grew it, but I also can well imagine that some would dismiss this and call it nothing but psychological fabrication. I couldn't, though, begin to agree with them. It's like it was tailor made for my unique physiological and gastronomic needs, which I've never come close to experiencing before.

Unfortunately, the squirrels got all my *ronde de nice* squash. But I then deterred them with SquirrelMace, a

hanging dummy owl and going after one with a baseball bat.

After my third cucumber, I realized that the best results accrued when I ate the whole thing by itself and held off on anything else for about half-an-hour. Then, the eating was revelatory, but the aftermath was most stunning. It gave my body the happiest feeling of nourished, fulfilled well-being it's ever had.

While the desert summer heat was so great it disallowed much of the plants' potential productivity, the cucumbers, tomatoes and parsnips I did get were not only the best I've ever had of their kind, but I count them the best food I've ever had in my life.

I coined the word MWan to combine Woman and Man to designate Humankind at our very best.

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