

DARK

MILLENNIUM 3



CHRISTOPHER D. CORRAN

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Christopher D. Corran



Strategic Book Group

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*For Jane,
and The Circles of Why*

Contents

Acknowledgments	vii
Introduction	ix
chapter one	
The Veil	1
chapter two	
Dark	13
chapter three	
Light	29
chapter four	
Angel	69
chapter five	
She	103
chapter six	
Intervention	161

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Also: Elles de Graaf—*Circles of Why*

Introduction

Death, for many people, is a frightening and confusing thought that hangs before them and which they know they cannot evade. Most fear death as an unknown.

The fundamental Doctrine here is Christian. Christians around the world no doubt feel any one of the sectarian dogmas could have done but only one presently provides its membership with a guided path beyond the veil of death. Islamists would protest and Catholics also. This book was not written for the sake of bigots but for those who like to dwell upon what dead people DO.

“As all must pass through the veil, we will show you how it is to be done.” HOLY HOLY HOLY—Holiness to The LORD

The front material in this book, like death itself, is confronting, confusing and seemingly repetitive. It even includes hints of what is to come and reminders of what is behind. It also holds in the center a small key as a reminder that our feet are in paths we forget we can see. Images which appear at the point of death are made manifest beyond—in the realm of the DARK spirit prison.

For those who do not know, the 'spirit prison' is the condition in which the spirit dwells, without a physical body beyond the veil of death, until resurrection. Hence, when Christ rose from death on the third day, “the prisoners were set free” by being resurrected with Him.



Those who were worthy, that is. At the beginning of Millennium One.

We will now pass through the veil, into DARK, at the beginning of Millennium Three.

chapter one
The Veil

Oh I love this
it deserves a whole new chocolate
in the corner
of the room an open fire
burns and illuminates girls
who writhe
and tinkle bells
slowly
far from here danger dwells
the colour is orange and yellow
more than red
in the wizards dreams
dog runs all night along the sandy edge of time
while
a single blade of grass
waits
for the piper
the leaping shadows are not unalive
the flames are not dead
nor is their eagerness to devour
but they are as nothing



when compared to his vision
slowly the twin stars of your eyes turn in the night sky
to gaze in the wizards dream

“I don’t like you anymore
ever
not even here
“now you are dead what you like may not be
what you used to like
“what
do you mean
“just arrived eh
“yes but what do you mean
“now you have time
“now we are dead and there is no time
“no then when did we begin again to speak
“a while ago Oh
“so there is time
“there is forever I suppose
“there always was
but now
it has more meaning
and if you remain stubborn and blind
forever might be all you get
both here
and where
you have been
“speak clearly you



always make riddles
“the answers to questions are like animals
some fawn and beg like family pets
some tear and rend and devour
some are like birds
...wings stilly extended
gliding silently above the water
gazing down at the sky
and you...
and some we never see
others we simply wish would go away
“what do you mean
“look with me

...The veil stretched away out of sight in both directions. Not so much ‘over a horizon’ as ‘distant from view,’ meaning I suppose, beyond a point it could not be seen. I was not alone. There were any number of others in view. Not surprising, really, since it must become obvious quickly that at some time everyone comes here and for some the experience is almost frequent at appropriate times, for themselves and for some others. Some seemed to come and leave again almost without pause. Others sat quietly and waited, like me. At places along the veil I saw small reunions, regatherings, where groups assembled for a brief time before moving back from the veil and out of view. I felt a peculiar compassion for each individual. Both those who waited and those who came through. Wiser, I saw how their expressions were transparent. Knowing, I watched old injuries



heal, old burdens lifted, old shoulders rise and awakening begin in eyes from which the scales began to be removed. The process was not universal, I could see. There was resistance in some while others used blind acceptance as a habitual excuse not to lift their eyes. Avid habits played on tired souls. For some, for a while, there was reluctance. But at last each waiter left, accompanied by each arrivee. In the midst of all this apparent activity it was clear, each moment was solitary until the right individual appeared. It was also plain, while the desire to wait was apparent, not always was the waiter expected or that, those waiting brought with them not just welcome but an element of surprise. Perhaps it was this one or another, who was the last expected to appear. I knew nearby another welcome waited, how well I knew, but here was the crucial pause, a breathing space, a time for respite and to experience that initial shock of arrival. It was not an intrusive act to look upon each communion here. There were no strangers in view. Whether I looked upon the small welcome of one for one or the rousing appreciation of a group or many, it was the same. For each the waiting was a solitary thing. Even in the press of numbers, each waited for only one. Nearby, as I waited, I observed one rise to his feet and greet momentarily the girl who appeared...

“I don’t like you anymore

ever

not even here

“now you are dead what you like may not be

what you used to like



“what
do you mean
“just arrived eh
“yes but what do you mean
“now you have time
“now we are dead and there is no time
“no then when did we begin again to speak
“a while ago Oh
“so there is time
“there is forever I suppose
“there always was
but now
it has more meaning
and if you remain stubborn and blind
forever might be all you get
both here
and where
you have been
“speak clearly you
always make riddles
“the answers to questions are like animals
some fawn and beg like family pets
some tear and rend and devour
some are like birds
...wings stilly extended
gliding silently above the water
gazing down at the sky
and you...



and some we never see
others we simply wish would go away
“what do you mean
“look with me

The burdens we place upon our own shoulders can be lifted. It isn't just a matter of swearing some allegiance. I say nothing about such swearing but the truth is, if we choose we can be bedeviled...

“Do you think I'm possessed?”

“Yes. But since you invited it in, you cast it out.”

...and the blindness that goes with possession is, presumably, a pleasant and self gratifying blindness which enables us to ignore the pain. In the dark we only hear voices and what they say seems obscure...

From birth's veil, we seek our return,
Removing scales of distrust from our eyes.
Hearing The Master's Voice,
Knowing the touch of His Spirit,
We gather an election through his bidding
And by our obedience to His unforced Will
Strive to face the Light.
The Will of our Father is our obedience.
That the elect gather as bidden,
Guided by the touch of His Spirit,
Obedient to His Voice.



By faith, we see our journey's continuation
In death's recall, inevitably, to the veil.

The answers to questions are like animals...

What we ask ourselves depends on what we desire to hear.

If you-Yes, You-desire to hear a rabid want for some otherwise described joy, unnatural to your sweet soul, you should still be able to hear the animal that wants it. I have found one way to name the beast is to describe its desire for speed. Once I know who's desire I am dealing with then the dealing is a far simpler matter...

“Why are you telling me? Yes. Why are you waiting here for me? What do you want?”

Turning he pointed to the steady departure that surrounded them.

“Look about you. You know all of these.”

She looks and catches some nearby, smiling, returning glances.

“Oh. I see! You think it's your job to be here because we're sealed.” Her look is steady and unwelcoming...

What we ask ourselves depends on what we desire to hear.

It was always a matter of really WANTING to go. As it happened there was much to do anyway and it was hardly as if I was EXPECTED. haha...



I was surprised at first to find you there, at my side. I'd grown accustomed to my solitude, I suppose. Haha. Accustomed to laughing at my own jokes. The night was perfect. Away to the north and the south, headlands framed the periphery of the view. Not visible really, it was clear they were there from the constant stream of fire bursting forth in a catenary that arced out to meet at infinity deep in the blackness of space. The sky, withal dark and black, pulsed with an echoing light. Behind, a constant susurrant detonation. The surface of the ocean seemed to throw back hints of light. The senses were somehow overpowered, to detect in front some intimation of the maelstrom behind. The ground vibrated unceasingly beneath our feet. For a moment I glanced back at the majesty of light that played behind us. Intimidating really. Far, far in the distance at some unimaginable height the brightest, whitest light sparkled and coruscated, difficult even at a hundred miles to view without squinting. At this range it was an act almost of faith to believe in its light, knowing with each additional blast more smoke, more detritus, more stifling clouds were produced yet there emitted still that bright and eerie white light. About it hung the ever-changing hues and tones of its diffraction, momentarily now red, blue, green and unbelievably, instances of that incandescent white. Waves of its sound were like wind upon us, at once drawing toward and yet blasting us away. I turned outward and gazed into the darkness above the ocean, for a while dazzled by the flicker of residual nerve stimulation. Against the darkness vast blooms of greens and reds, pulsating light, responded to the unending sound. Slowly I became aware the dazzle had ceased



and what I saw was reflection, from the remaining atmosphere between us and space, which echoed the unseen cataclysmic event behind. Through all, in streams of ejecta that matched and exceeded the twin columns rising from each side into space, major particles of the event blasted past us and out, away. My thought was, while exposed, the likelihood where we stood of a direct hit approached statistical zero. The view was certainly worth the risk.

You sighed. "I never saw it like this before."...

"Couldn't you think of anything else to do?"

It was hardly as if I was expected. I stood up, knowing now was the time for you to appear. I expected you had learned nothing but then, what was it you had been meant to learn? As for your thoughts on finding me there, they hadn't been worthy of much in mortality and, as you would quickly find, they bought a great deal less here...

"I don't like you anymore

ever

not even here

"now you are dead what you like may not be

what you used to like

"what

do you mean

"just arrived eh



“yes but what do you mean
“now you have time
“now we are dead and there is no time
“no then when did we begin again to speak
“a while ago Oh
“so there is time
“there is forever I suppose
“there always was
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it has more meaning
and if you remain stubborn and blind
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in the corner

of the room an open fire

burns and illuminates girls

who writhe

and tinkle bells

slowly

far from here danger dwells

the colour is orange and yellow

more than red...



I stood and turned, extending my hand. It was good to see you again. You looked, at first, confused.

“Hello, You.”

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