

The Message of the Crystal Skull

In Merida, for the 2003 Spring Equinox, some of the Mystery School directors were activating, scrying, and meditating on crystal skulls at the various sacred sites. Some of these skulls were small (6 lbs) and others, very large (12 to 15 lbs). I had ignored the skull phenomena up until that point, although I had been in the presence of a number of ancient skulls a few years before. In fact, even before that, a psychic/photographer friend of mine, in 1978, made a visit to the Mitchell-Hedges skull and came back with photos and quite a few interesting stories. He enlarged one of the photos to an 11x14 print and gave it to me as a gift.

What was so interesting was that when he reproduced photos from the negative, no two photos developed the same; the lights in the crystal skull were always changing formation and intensity from photo to photo. I kept that photo and framed it. For whatever reason, I always had that photo up on my wall, usually facing my bed in my bedroom. To date, that is still true, as the photo is currently above my bedroom dresser mirror, directly facing my bed.

When I returned from Merida, I felt haunted by the skulls and suddenly I was compelled to start looking for a skull(s). The first one I found, was a 4.5 lb opaque smoky quartz skull. For whatever reason, I am drawn to smoky quartz and obsidian. Both stones were used by shamans for very deep cosmic work.

When I got the quartz skull home, I meditated on it to get an indication of how I should work with it and with other skulls I might come into contact with. When I closed my eyes that night and nights following, I would see crystal skulls floating about me. Three nights later I had a vivid dream.

I am in France and I'm looking for an apartment that I am supposed to move into. I walk toward an area less trafficked than the busy street I am on. I approach a river crossing. To the right of the crossing is a large house. I notice a closed receptacle in the frame of the house -- somewhat similar to a window.

Very suddenly a life-sized crystal skull floats out of the receptacle toward me. It is crystal clear and across its forehead it is branded with the following numbers "#9885". It strikes me odd as it almost looks like a label that might be used on inmates in a captive setting.

As the skull approaches me, I run to grab it but as soon as I get hold of it, a strong invisible force counters my action by pulling it in the opposite direction out of my grasp, back toward the house. It retreats into a second receptacle to the left of the one in which it originally appeared. I move toward the receptacles and notice that they are now behind security bars and upon approaching them an alarm goes off.

I retreat and walk across the bridge, noticing how the house stands above the water by only about 6 feet, and only about 6 yards from the edge of the river's retaining wall. A security fence now appears around the entire property and there is suddenly an ominous feeling about the house and what it is hiding within. It almost has a "skull and cross-bones" effect, in that whatever the energy was within, it did not want me in.

I cross the bridge and about one-quarter of a mile away I reach a park with differing sized boulders to climb on. It is quiet; only a few adults and children are present. As I climb onto a boulder, the people leave. From the boulder I watch the water of the river rising. I decide to walk back across the bridge to find the place I'm supposed to be living in.

As I approach the bridge, I notice that the water has risen over the bridge on the park side, and is advancing similar to an ocean's surf. I lay down on the bridge to catch some of the rising tides, and watch the water now encircle the boulders in the distance. I have no fear of the rising water, but a stranger suddenly appears. I ask him what he wants but he doesn't answer. He just stares at me and keeps moving toward me. Then as I get up to distance myself from him, he tells me that it is not safe to stay there anymore. So after he retreats a distance, I cross the bridge back to the house side, watching the tide roll in, slowly making its way toward the house side. As I pass the house, I suddenly notice a cottage on the grounds behind it. It is dry there. A woman comes out and waves to me. I realize I have found the apartment that I am supposed to be staying in.

I awoke remembering the dream very vividly. The first thing I did was try to decipher the numbers "9885". Numerologically, they form the number "3", the trinity. But when I correlated them to letters, they spelled IHHE. I spent an afternoon looking for references to IHHE. I didn't get too far, but I did find one reference that correlated "IHHE" to one of the 980 names of God, as generated by a computer program. I thought about God and the God concept being held captive and submerged by people's precepts and fears, on one hemisphere, or side, of the galactic river and plane. I also thought about how one must bridge and create balance between both sides of the river plane to successfully surf the rising waters.

Last, I thought that maybe, somewhere near a river in France, there may be a house imprisoning a sacred crystal skull that wants to get out. There are still a number of ancient skulls that have yet to be found, and this may be one of them. Supposedly there are 12 skulls and one master skull. The master skull could be IHHE.