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Number 7 on the Roulette Wheel

I am sitting at the edge of the roulette table, the great wheel of life, wheels within wheels. I am walking around the slot machines watching other students playing when I hear my name called from a list of a hundred students who are in a queue to play. I am a student of Ramtha's School of Enlightenment in nearby Yelm, Washington, USA.

“Amanda ... Come to the table, please!”

I make my way in through a crowd swarming around the tables. We have been sent to practise at a casino. All holy cows out the window. The temple of worship is now numbers, slots and the roulette wheel. As good a worship ground as any for those who are learning to ride with the wind or stand over the fire at the charnel grounds of our personalities to meet the goddess.

I am at Red Wind Casino. All around the casino are forests and forest homes, a gas station, just off of the Yelm highway. The casino is in the Nisqually Valley in Thurston County. It belongs to the Native American Indians who were given land settlements after the

genocide of the Indian people. They built a casino. Quickest revenge.

I visit Yelm, a farming town, twice a year for my training. The town of Forks, featured in the movie *Twilight*, is about three hours north. Portland is three hours south. James Gilliland, star of the movie *Contact has Begun*, lives nearby in Trout Lake, his ECETI (Enlightened Contact with Extra Terrestrial Intelligence) ranch close to the Portland border. I have been there twice. Seen many UFOs. As with any paranormal experience, you have to see it for yourself to believe it. One night we saw an armada of more than fifty.

Ramtha's School of Enlightenment is boot camp, and not for the faint of heart. Set in a Lord-of-the-Rings forest with hobbits, elves and of course Gandalf – although in this story Gandalf is a dark-skinned, ascended male warrior and channels his wisdom through the body of a woman, JZ Knight. White Buffalo Woman. Joan of Arc. After thirteen Black-Rider years, learning to swing a sword with my mind, often with seemingly no results, sometimes I surrender my past and enjoy success.

The school is near a military base. In my mind there are many reasons for the placement. One is anonymity; another is the safety of the land and the people, the quality of water, the fresh air, the forest. A diamond in the rough. Located on JZ Knight's property it is about five miles away from Red Wind. Fifteen minutes' drive.

The casino has not been the only space of our initiations. The initiate brain needs to be put into the alchemical fires of paradigm shifting, state-changing labyrinths, causing deepened and unshackled consciousness to bring a deep state of surrender. Then you can mould. Then you can shape.

As the legend goes, thousands of years ago Ramtha once lead a great army, so perhaps the military base is

a talisman for where we have come from. Hard to think that I was here on earth so long ago, but I have seen it in my dreams. Since history repeats itself, I think I was once an oppressed, shackled, directionless little entity (probably Lemurian) ruled over by the Atlantean elite who focused on technology and not people. I rebelled and joined the warriors on the march for change. As a young boy in Lemurian times Ramtha witnessed atrocities carried out on his family and in a rage marched up a mountain where an angel gave him a sword. The angel spoke: “Conquer yourself.”

In pure revenge, at the age of fourteen, he marched into the city and opened up the food supplies for the people. As he moved out into the world oppressed people followed him and he amassed an army of a million that conquered two-thirds of the known world. The story ended after many adventures in his ascension in northern India.

The Yelm coastline was the ancient coast of Lemuria. The fabled lands. Now alive again. This time to learn the training of mastery. Spiritual warriorship. Enlightenment. This time Ramtha hands us the sword and commands, “Conquer yourself.”

So here I am in a smoky casino in the forest on the coast of Washington state trying out my psychic warrior skills. It’s winter. Not too cold this year. Last year this time saw eight feet of snow. We – a mix of local and international students – are on a field trip at the casino to find out if life is really just a gamble.

February 2013. This is a ten-day event that used to be called Blue College. I have come every year to progress my skills in the foundation practices and disciplines. This casino event has unfolded out of one of the foundation principles of the School.

Our practice is dynamic creation out of the void into form. Now we are putting it into practice at a casino. In my mind, this is a progressive event. We are learning to do a combination of remote viewing, timeline

shifting and creating reality. Is it possible to see the future and bet on it and win? Henry Sugar did it. Ask Roald Dahl.

I am learning that there is not just one future, there are infinite futures, each one of them a possible timeline. A mere thought away! So the trick is to create one that I want to be in and deal with the astral rabble of ignorant dead yet passionately opinionated voices of judgement in my head, who seem to still have a say in my reality.

After listening to the fabulous speaker Marshall Barnes, who presented his innovation on warp drive at the school at the beginning of the event and spoke about how he designed his life as a TV show and put in all the things that he wanted to experience, I was inspired.

I designed the scene in my movie. It was a scene of me sitting at the roulette table after a win, the dealer pushing a stack of chips my way. The next image was of me sitting in Vegas at the pool with some gorgeous hunk of a man bringing my drink. Though stereotypical, it worked wonders for my subconscious. So I set the scene with a win, placed it deep into the recording of my subconscious mind. Could I make it happen?

It's taken me thirteen years to reconnect and rewire to sacred laws, put together and take apart reality and understand the sacred technology, science and ethics of how this works. This is my awakening. My enlightenment. Daily.

All alchemists know that inner and outer processes are connected. I have to put the hardened, heavy and fixed metals of my fixed beliefs and limitations into the crucible, the dead body of thought on the funeral pyre and let it turn to ash as I meet my spirit over the roulette table. Believe you me, spirit can take you out. That is why the Aghoris in India (who appear in Robert Svaboda's book, *The Left Hand of God*) drink so much

before they meet the goddess. You need courage because a direct meeting with a deity is terrifying. Timing and temperature of the alchemical burn has to be just right.

Going for the high spin gold, the ORMES, the elixir of gold from my highest mind, the prima materia. The ultimate coagulation. Everything spirit. Everything enlightenment. Numbers. Spin. Mind. Casinos. Money. Conquer yourself is a Technology of Mind matters. Learning to put my flesh in the fire of consciousness to forge my sword, a diamond. With this sword, I can, as Adamas says, 'step into the air'.

The ancient wisdom, as retold in modern times, frees me from having to be vegetarian, wear white, say aum, or even meditate. You can be spiritual in jeans and a baseball cap, eat meat, enjoy sex and money, be irreligious and still be fucking enlightened. No lightning bolt from heaven. No hell and damnation.

It reminds me I am not just a body living in a mechanical world with destiny fixed in some outward and immovable place, determined by some cruel and vengeful God. No, not unless I want to be, which of course I am free to experience. Philosophically and as a path of choice, I can also choose to be consciousness and energy, frequency and information, love and experience pulsing in and out of the void. I can be an awakened being and do what I want to with an understanding of non-duality and entanglement. Cosmic Ubuntu.

As an initiate I must change my destiny, reform it and change its course; drop my masks at will, pick up new ones. Change the script and experience a new outcome. I must learn to do that by moving in the matrix of time with my mind. Reorganise or recalibrate the way I wish it to play out, then engage the actions necessary to get myself there.

The new cosmic game on offer is to remember I am the dreamer, designer and the programmer. Easier

said than done. Often, it's war. The *Mahabharata* had nothing on our casino field trip. Dominion of the old gods of religion and the voices that say 'sinner sinner' versus 'I am the only god in this game.'

'God does not play dice with the universe,' said Einstein when he encountered the entangled nature of reality revealed in quantum physics. Quantum physics has helped remind me that God does play dice, God even plays roulette. God is roulette. In quantum entanglement, my thoughts the ball, my assumptions the number. I am at the casino as a scientist of quantum possibility knowing that what I measure for reality-wise agrees with me. The art of my mastery is to line up the micro with the macro and let it come all the way through. This requires a state change and a baseball cap. Think spin. Think Vegas. Think tornado. Think money moving towards me. Think what I will do with the money. Think Ball on 7. Deeper mind. Hypnosis. I had to hypnotise myself into the win. Be the wish fulfilled. I win. I win. I win. I see the outcome of winning and start planning for it as if it's already done. Deep inside until I have reached coherence on the deeper orders.

So I make my way to the front of the roulette table. There are two tables and two dealers plus an assistant who is organising the list so that each student gets a turn. They look less flustered than on the previous two days. This is the third day that the students have arrived to try their mind on the tables. Today the casino staff are more organised. As organised as you can be in the face of absolute panic. Are we really cracking the codes?

In me a battle rages between doubt and possibility.

Heart beating. Time slowing down. I hear my thoughts but they are in a distant room. Blood rushing through my ears. It's now. Destiny. Self-created. Did I do it? Reality flows in. I have a few last luck fleeting ghosts, fears of losing in front of at least a hundred of

my peers. But luckily they don't haunt me too long. I manage to turn up the light too bright for them.

I sit down, take out \$20 dollars and throw it on the table to get my chips.

With a lot of practice, I have rebuilt my old models of reality and put in place a more enlightened practice. Still shaky legs. I am learning to become a master. The path is gruelling. Always up against my own doubt. Doubt is the default. In this case when I put \$20 on the table, with no more money to spare, this is my 'precious' and I don't want to let it go.

Suddenly Gollum and astral rabble were talking excitedly again. "Money is the root of all evil. Don't gamble away your last cent. Money doesn't grow on trees. You must save every cent. You are going to lose. You can't see the future. You can't beat the system. It's not possible. There should be no money. This school is a cult. You are being mislead." Whew! Maybe. All things are possible. Every reality exists. Which one do I choose to engage? The initiate walks a dark path at times where every voice that I hear and try and find guidance from, leads me away from the opening.

I see my grandmother putting away her one pea on a plate in the fridge. I am sure she wishes she had a granddaughter and a daughter who would comply with ordinary reality and fit in. People undergoing profound initiation are often hard to be around for those who just want a 'normal' family. This is an impossible order when I am in the middle of overthrowing and breaking the veils between the worlds. It's like trying to stop a tsunami with one hand. If you are not a master, you had better just get out of the way or move to higher ground. Chaos reigns.

Apparently my wild-card great-grandmother was a real gambler. Once, when in hospital, the nurses found her in the nurse's station betting on the horses.

Money. A towering theme in our family. Learning about it. Understanding it. Having it. Not having it.

Controlling. Letting go. Caring about it. Being giving. Being a miser. A martyr. A beggar. Does giving lead to dependence, or does saving lead to meanness of spirit? And now, trying to break free of the fear of losing it although one of my tactics to not losing, is to not have. You can't lose what you don't have.

As stories go, apparently the Macdonalds, who were shipped out of Scotland to Australia, were rumoured to be cattle thieves. The McDonalds (M small c big D) were the deviants, and the Mac small d, Macdonalds, were the 'honest folk'. We were Macdonalds. My grandfather's name. Whose money is whose? Who is the thief in this Robin Hood tale? Spinning in money thoughts.

Here I stand at the table, my altar. I want a new experience of money. Money as the energy and manifestation of my mind in an endless flow and dance of creation and infinite supply, fresh from the press of my mind divine. One day I will be a self-made Infinite Flow of Abundance, Diamond Dakini Warrior-Woman with sacred abilities well mastered, and with that power help make major changes in the world, teach through example. Infinite flow in the mind of a new system. Bringing in the dimensional future. When I say mind, I don't mean intellect. I mean the product of my thoughts and actions in the world.

The 7 generations of money sit in me. I have to complete my past. Perhaps every 7 generations, two witches are born, or perhaps it's a whole line of witches undercover, with more space to come out now. My mother and I.

My mother has funded much of my initiation. "Not worth missing out this initiation in this life with this teacher." Still a painful journey understanding how to receive and not yet feeling strong enough to repay. Have I done the right thing? There is a fine line between recklessness and evolution.

The key here is that as a student undergoing

initiations it's often impossible to discern because all discriminating voices come from a past reference point. As initiates, we, like Carlos Castaneda, need to disassemble our assemblage points, getting freer and freer of judgement. As a master and mystic in training, I have to experience all to know I am all and none. The need to develop wisdom in the face of a teacher who will ask me to let go of everything I know and rebuild who I am, terrify the living daylights out of me to help me change, then love and dazzle me into letting go of my holding patterns of who I think I am, of what I think God is. Perspective comes as wisdom over time. For it's wisdom from an unknown place of future knowingness that I have yet to achieve.

So where am I at now with money? And where have I been?

Refusing to anchor myself in the grid of the old world yet needing to make money in a dawning world has often left me poor. Stripped to zero like an alchemist looking for the final star – the 'ultima materia' from the philosopher's stone. Growing jewelled on the inside. Going through phases of fanaticism, refusing to compromise my truth yet often afraid to speak my truth for fear of being ridiculed or misunderstood.

Protect the baby with the sword. She is not ready to use it yet. Then times when I face my fears and the work is profound and strong.

My grandmother has come along for the ride at times. She is a revolutionary in her own right. Dancing on gold level in ballroom and winning all the competitions. She is a champion at 82, and still dancing. She is in the air while her friends are on walkers.

The journey of integrating power, ancient and eternal, is what I want. Not just living to avoid or reorganise my guilt.

"Oh please," says Adamas Incendia, the self-styled Dzogchen practitioner, homoeopath and rider of the

apocalypse, a South African and author of *Buddha Brats: A Modern Tale of Enlightenment*, when I explain to him that “Somehow Christian fears still persecute me.” “Come on. Can’t you give me more than that?” he counters as if offering me a new voice to conquer my fear. “Jesus died for your sins pales when compared to the Tibetan Buddhist masters’ abilities of teleportation, instant regeneration of the body and the ability to awaken and raise peoples’ kundalinis,” he says with a certain spiritual arrogance that makes me feel that somehow I need to prove myself to him. “Well, I *have* had a kundalini raising,” I tell him. He rolls his eyes.

This ‘It’ is the mystical power of the flying dakinis and ancient masters. That is my future. See me there. To see a destiny and make it happen. To see a number and bet on it and it comes in. Same law of reality. Just one chip down and that number comes in. I have done it before at Monte Casino and at Silver Star. Teleportation a synch after that.

So learning to spin and carve reality, I place my diamond on my island of 7 and see it done whilst letting go of the outcome. In this way, create a field. A code. A destiny. A map. Harden and polish.

‘Imagine better than the best you know and you will create reality in its march’ says Neville Goddard, philosopher and actor. I had practised this earlier in the day, sitting in the Great Hall, focusing with intent to loud driving warriors on a mission music. A musical genius who has been at the school for 25 years runs the music for the disciplines. She is known as Master of Music and she creates a ride for us on sound so that our consciousness can soar on the frequency and our fixed slot-machine brains can open up and pay out the big bonuses and where roulette doorways to deeper mind can be entered without a gamble.

This is the modern day Master. Energy, intent, vibration used in service of beating the system. The double ‘slot’ experiment where both pay either way you

look at it. We are Riders on the Slots. Torsian Power. The music is rock Didgiredoo, trance, revolution, underworld battle into victory. It's Matrix.

So I am on this quest into Hades, the casino, to see if I will be swallowed alive or emerge maybe a little terrified but stronger.

It's noisy in the casino with the machines playing their songs and waitresses calling, "Cocktails." And now it's my time. At one point in my preparation, to make sure I was holding my focus, I walked outside the back of the casino. Not all that flashy. A parking lot with space for five hundred cars. I am tuning into the morphic field of my win. And getting the download. I look within my super-conductive highway of thought for the number to go with. I see a 7 or was it a 17?

I had spent three days listening to the crucifying opinions of society in my psyche. As I walked the casino and sat before a slot machine while focusing on shifting my state, I could hear the paranoia. "What were they thinking of me? Did they think I was a witch? You can't create reality. You are not allowed to. Only God does that. And you are not God. What will God think? This is the Devil's work. You are the Devil's child."

There's that scene in the *Life of Brian* when Brian, who represents Jesus, says to the crowds following him, "You are all individuals," and the crowd repeats, "We are all individuals," but one lone voice says, "I'm not."

This was the astral garbage that I was clearing out. Lifetimes of religious mania. A process of ignoring, bargaining, swearing loudly, acting unpredictably, or other times presenting them with pure logic. "If God is omnipotent and omnipresent, that means everything and everywhere. Then how is this not God?"

Over thirteen years, I have remodelled myself through this School. Got an upgrade to the new operating system mixed with the latest in

neuroscience, quantum physics and epigenetics plus a downgrade to the ancient one that always was. Source. Void. Primary and Secondary Consciousness. An upgrade in model of window of reality from victim of a vengeful, jealous male God to creating my own reality – a downgrade to the basic fabric of existence, me being an eternal part of that. I understand my origins differently. The ancient wisdom revived brings books like *Forbidden Archaeology* by Michael Cremo.

The Sumerian tablets hold evidence of forgotten history. It links to current reality. New life in labs, stem cells, the genome project, biological manipulated technology, new species, new organs. This is not a sin. This is science. We are hybrids of our own belief systems.

The casino staff has resorted to telling the casino clients that a group from Yelm is here for a couple of hours before their meeting. It was obviously unusual to have two hundred or more people between 4 and 7pm around the roulette table.

Everyone watching each other's knowingness, watching for the magical analogical state, that oneness ... that Henry Sugar moment. It reminds me a little bit of some of those scenes in movies where a group of rebel outsiders arrive in a town, unannounced. Those from the town who don't want to upset or scare the locals make some arbitrary comment to try and sweep the possible dangers under the carpet. The danger is of course the unknown.

As the ball rolls around that Great Wheel, the wheel spinning one way and the ball spinning the other, the spectator interest is high. Do we know our numbers? Have we indeed put our fingerprint of mind into the void? Are we able to create a resonant field of our own making? Can we code reality or decode it?

I am thankful for the quantum physicists and epigeneticists who are pointing to how we rewire and recode every day with our quality and frequency of

thought to a desired state. I am not fixed in destiny other than the one that I decide on. I choose my philosophy and engage it, then, as a lens of forever, I get the lessons downloaded into me from the database of the void. I chose my lessons and my main focus for this life and then incarnated into a genetic resonance match, my parents, to fit my soul's lessons and frequency signature.

All fine and well in theory. So I cash in \$20 on the table. They have just put up the odds to \$10 minimum.

The old science talks about our DNA being fixed and that we inherit genetic propensities from our parents. However, the new quantum biology suggests the opposite. The DNA is like a musical instrument. I, as a musician, must learn to play new songs. Those songs create waves, interference patterns, creating my experience of reality. Two spins and I was out.

I am not leaving. Tonight I am winning. I have created a win in my reality and that is what I am going for. I am fate. That is it. So I am not leaving the roulette table. But I don't have much time. There are others in the line who also want to play. I send out a telepathic call to my mother who is somewhere in the casino.

In his book *The Seventh Sense*, Lyn Buchanan (remote viewer and trainer in the US Army) suggests we have this amazing link to the subconscious mind, really the super-conscious mind, which is like Google – a quantum database with all information available on it. (Ramtha taught this in a recent teaching.) Our conscious mind and subconscious mind are like neighbours who never talk and who speak different languages, but the one's life is dependent on the other without realising it. However, they can be introduced and trained to speak each other's language and, with practice, any and all information can be accessed through the subconscious mind and given to the

conscious mind. Not just past events and memories but so-called future events too.

People who focus their mind on these abilities are psychic warriors. They understand that time only exists as an experience for the body to stop everything happening all at once. All things exist simultaneously.

Within two minutes, or less, my mother, who is also training at the school, appears at the edge of the crowd at the roulette tables.

“Jenny, I need more money.” The irony of this in my money story is not lost. She gives me \$50.

“What number should I play?” She responds, without a blink, “Number 7.”

Okay, 7 it is. Not 17. She has been focusing on 777 at the slots.

I put the \$50 on the table and the dealer gives me my stack. A tower of chips rises on number 7.

I have everything in place to be jumping down the rabbit holes and playing with reality. I am the void manifesting itself into endless new experiences. I am the many mansions of God. I am the faces and the masks of infinite play and adventure. I am the slot machine, the dealer, the player, the win, the loose, the bonus, the lessons. Enlightenment technology, but in order for me to play in the left-hand path of *maya*, I gotta have focus. I have to learn to shoot my arrows straight.

However I still have a default operating system. One that is slick and sadistic keeping me terrified, obedient and wanting to sleep. Oh, it’s so warm in bed. If I dare think for myself or out of the box, I will burn for an eternity. What kind of cruel and vengeful God would put that programme in place? I am betting against you tonight. Gonna unsplit my brain. Gonna unjunk my DNA.

Destiny is stacked Eiffel-Tower high. So obvious really.

So I add our \$10 chips on number 7. Seven. The

number of the mystic. Number of days in the week. Number of levels in the triad. Seven main chakras. The great 7 seals. Seven notes in an octave. The truth is that there is nothing more or less important about 7. Each number has its place and importance. It's just a number with a frequency and its own sacred geometry.

I wait. I think of the many theories and legends reborn that I have encountered in my training. One theory is that 'the gods' created human hybrids called Lulus as a slave race to mine gold for them. Their brains were specifically split and the DNA scrambled to not let them access their own divine 'knowingness'. One of the main programmes on the planet that has disabled humanity from thinking for itself and creating our own reality? Religion. Just like politics. Rule the people through ignorance and terror.

In his book *Slave Species of god*, Michael Tellinger outlines some of these ideas. He proposes a moneyless system in the future. I don't think a life without money is the answer although I do think the abuse of the banking systems must stop. I think teaching people that we are reality-creating beings is the key to freedom. But perhaps both need to happen. I am bringing down the banks right here in this casino.

Two rolls, the destiny of 7 tower grows in front of me. Me against Jehovah.

Religion taught me that reality is out there, or God is in the sky, not within. This is the greatest apartheid. Separated from God. Separated even in the definition. I was trapped in the reflection thinking that something outside of me will save me – it's a deeply embedded pattern. Walking on my razor's edge. This was not the original intent of any of the Masters who offered their enlightenment for the planet, but often as in the case with Christianity, the message got remodelled by the likes of Constantine at the Council of Nicea. Half of the story was edited out and most of the truth lost in order to unify the people and use Christianity as a tool for

obedience instead of one that brought about a revolution. Its always tempting to edit. Especially to gain greater acceptance.

Moments later, 7 hits.

'Ye are Gods. What I have done, you will do, and greater', said Jesus. This is a new age. The evolution of this time is to go beyond the era of self-sacrifice into the age of the Ram. Pure power. Creator gods. Dynamic. Active. Creation. It's almost diametrically opposite to what the Buddhists say, which is nothing to see here. Meditation on the Void. If this is a space for infinite creation, understand it all. Do it all. If it calls you. Find out what would be your cutting edge to break open your old, used and tired programme of past philosophies already experienced. Bust open your paradigm.

Apparently Jesus was never on the cross. The Gospels of *Mary Magdalene* and *Thomas* tell a story of Y'shua Ben Joseph who was married to Mary Magdalene and they had children. He also had a twin brother – Thomas. There were 7 children. There is that number, 7. The Holy Grail. What is the Holy Grail? It's our DNA. It's the wisdom encoded, DNA of initiates with sacred knowledge and practices. If you are initiated into this knowledge, you also have the Holy Grail in you. Your DNA morphs as you learn. A da Vinci Code adventure. It is us.

We are all divine beings. Each one of us God.

I win. Such a high. Winning 36 x what we had bet and getting this huge stack of chips pushed over to me at the side of the table ... \$360 in 17 minutes. The journey of taking down the veils. It's a journey of unravelling. Of doubt coming undone. That of active and dynamic creation.

I turn to my mom in the crowd. "We won, Jenny!" I give her a high five. I return to the table, beaming. I wait for that moment of the self-fulfilled movie scene to come towards me.

The dealer pushes a stack of 360 chips towards me, just like I had imagined. And we cash out. “This is a shared win. A co-creation.” Mom agrees. We would share the glory on stage later, telling our story in front of our peers.

I had slayed the thousand-headed beast and the three-headed dog, thrown the ring into the great fires of Mount Doom, found the secret password, conquered myself. Awakening or enlightenment is ongoing and it can be earned in increments of conquering.

Time to go.

Roald Dahl wrote a story, *The Wonderful Story of Henry Sugar*, about a man who was trained to see without eyes. He sat at all the casinos and won millions. He spent all of his money on building orphanages all around the world.

We have 7 bodies that correspond to the great 7 seals that the Tibetan Buddhists talk about. These bodies are inside of this physical body almost like those Russian Babushka dolls that slide inside each other, each one opening to the next one within. With training, like Jesus in the 9 Faces of Christ and the Buddha mind-training, each body can be trained to act separately and also gain connection to the others. Your infra-red astral body can send you information from that realm and frequency before it lands in the physical realm. We shift to another body or frequency site. This is how we can ‘know the future.’

This was one of my Henry Sugar moments.

Short story by Amanda Gifford from *Decoding the Stone Road* edited by Dorian Haarhoff. Copyright. 2013.