

**Knock Knock...Secrets...The Tuatha De Danann...The Lost Journey...The Final Hour...**

A New Year...More of the story unfolds...  
As the missing pieces come together.  
I've spoken of time, history repeating itself and the time  
Line fixing itself, refining itself...  
I'm stunned to say I keep seeing, experiencing  
More details revealing themselves...  
Perhaps the life we've experienced, although imperfect...  
And probably less than desirable...  
Was meant to happen...to fulfill a mystery  
We were all meant to discover and solve...  
To answer questions we've always had.

Recently I was contacted by a descendant of  
The Tuatha...From Ireland...  
I was speechless... Why?  
Not many people may know the story of the Tuatha  
De Danann...But they should. You might just  
Consider them the First Star People. Ancient Celts.

You see, my Ancient Prophecies series holds secrets...  
Apparently even more than I am aware of.  
Ancient Prophecies III, Secrets, Riddles and Lies and the Legacy...  
Was first entitled, The Legend of the Tuatha De Danann...  
But for some reason I was compelled to keep  
The original title a secret...Some hidden instinct...  
So that one day someone who truly recognized  
The secrets could identify with it...

The Tuatha De Danann, in legend, were visitors  
From the stars...came to Earth and shared their  
Secrets...with man...and a bloodline as well.  
Tall and beautiful, fair and magical...or psychic if  
You would rather...They would inspire legends of  
Elves and fairies...They came to impart wisdom, talents  
And skills that would improve our primitive ancestors...

And one day, in a future confused, dark and despair...  
Would save the human race, and be the bearers  
That would usher in a new age...  
With a chosen one...At the right time...  
Who would gather a special group to do this.  
But that was again a secret, to be known only by a few.  
And now with you.  
This chosen one would emerge in a dark hour,  
As a last resort, in an hour of hope...

Big Brother, our unseen overseers, and together with  
Dark Forces have been using all their ritual  
Magic to maintain control over a world that  
Belongs to all of us.  
You might have sensed this over the Holidays...  
Feeling something was 'off', and has been for some time.

Well, they've had their way long enough.  
One way or another 2015 will be known  
As the beginning of our, we the people's, victory...  
And their defeat.

This must happen before a threat of Nibiru  
Comes...  
A meteor shower the warning sign to act...  
It will take something mighty and magical,  
And spiritual to accomplish this.  
If only there were some sort of  
Magical Lines and Light to help this...

The Tuatha De Danann have been aware of  
This for some time  
You might have noticed this with those  
Mysterious Celtic lines... Knots and Twists...  
To understand how to use magical lines  
Takes a special mind...  
Perhaps one touched by an Angel...  
They could use Celtic Knots...  
But you would have to consider what is a knot?  
Or to harness the Mendhi Lines of India...

Whose mysterious origin dates back ages...  
To an age of a Lost Journey... When Celts  
Traveled to Asia to seek out a special someone  
Touched by the stars...  
Whose wayward souls would become the  
Mysterious Red Haired Mummies  
Found in the deserts of Asia.

So many secrets, yes it would take  
A special mind to harness Magical lines...  
To help the Tuatha summon help from  
The stars...  
Maybe some fair-haired or red headed  
Very human-like Aliens from the Seven Sisters.  
So much to think about.

It would take more than one person...one group...  
Maybe even many from ancient lands  
Of Celts and Asia...or even a Lion Man. Hmm.

Again, I would like to add...They weren't on  
The plane, Big Brother. Do you honestly think they  
Would be allowed to travel...at a time like this...  
With you being as you are.  
Do I need to spell it out further for you, Big Brother?

In these difficult hours, there is only one thing to remember...  
The old ways are destined to come to an end.  
A New Age must dawn...and will.

Many have known this...but only a special few  
Have been truly prepared.  
Only a Divine Power could intervene in your  
Dark ways, Big Brother.

The coming of the Lion Men ensured this.  
The Tuatha have waited for this.  
The Rosicrucians have tried to prepare for this...  
Visitors from the stars linger waiting for it...  
Such voyeurs...no fair to just sit and watch, remember...

You've been hounding me for answers...  
To things you think you know...and don't. What a pity.  
Secrets Secrets...I told you I can only say so much.

And now I tell you this.  
There is a doorway...in a Country Church  
Somewhere in the UK...Something special about it...  
Designs...Symbols...An archway...A Portal...  
To which only magical lines and light can open...  
To where...to what...to who...  
Only some know...And only the brave dare find out.  
Yes, that could change things quite a bit.

Can you imagine if someone held a key to that doorway?  
It's all about the timing.  
2015...Tick Tock Tick Tock...Do I hear another clock?

Dear Mr. Spacemen, The Good, The Bad, The Ugly...  
Yes, I mean you Mr. Scalies. You're almost done.  
Better behave, Better be Nice, No More Being Naughty.  
No time to think twice.

That's all for now.