

CHRIST

Messages
To An Awakening
Humanity

Book 2
“Life Story”

This book is written by Olena Novosvit through the gift of clairaudience in the state of deep faith, prayer, and reverence for the Teacher.

Translated from Russian language by Yelena Vesna.

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“The original language of this book is Russian. So as to preserve the Teacher’s style, the rhythm, and the energy flow of His messages, it was inevitable to make the translation closer to the original Russian language than to a literary English style. Although the translation cannot substitute for the original, I hope English-speaking readers will be able to feel the Teacher’s flow in spite of any grammatical inaccuracies, for which I sincerely apologize.”

Yelena Vesna

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Книга вторая. История жизни.”

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“Everything I am telling you now is not just information, but rather a teaching for a soul, which I’m trying to unveil. I want to provide your Spirit an opportunity to reveal itself and open new opportunities for this. This work is at the level of consciousness. This is much more serious than mere information. This is the removal of the blocks and layerings¹ that prevents you from perceiving life differently and freely feeling the NEW that is coming.”

Christ the Teacher

“I am the one who is designated by the signature. I am Christ. I work with the Creator and, in your language, I am His right hand and therefore, in your understanding, I am the son of God. I speak with you from the first person. I am talking about myself. I am trying as mildly as possible to explain to you the true picture of what has happened. I repeat, I am talking about myself and from the first person.”

“On whose behalf were the multi-volume books, known to you, written? Who can tell, retell, and explain? Is it the one, who went through it himself and keeps it in his memory, or those who compile texts bearing in mind the guidelines and the changes that they need?”

Christ the Teacher

¹ Word ‘layerings’ here designates all different social influences, beliefs and other distortions which prevent a soul’s pure perception of the knowledge coming from the spiritual world.

I will begin my conversation about myself, perhaps starting at my birth. As it is known, I was born in Galilee, in Nazareth. I was considered to be a son of a carpenter and my mother was Mary. I was born, as you would have it, on the fifth of March; the year can be designated for you clearly — six years Before Christmas, or before the new era.

I grew healthy, strong, and sound, but there was something in my development that distinguished me from all the other children. It was, first of all, my conscious understanding of the world. From childhood, I had an insatiable thirst for knowledge that was instantly satisfied, for I felt that I heard the answers to my questions. The answers were simple, but they satisfied my curiosity to the greatest extent and gave me the necessary knowledge about what was happening around me. In the beginning, only those questions had interested me. Afterward, I began to think about many others and one of the main questions I was concerned about was the question of my dissimilarity to other children.

I have felt my separateness since childhood. I felt that my consciousness was working differently, that my aspirations for knowledge went beyond the interests of a small child. I was thinking about many things, I was detaching myself from people, from my peers; I sought solitude. There, in the magnificent gardens, among blossoming trees and all living things enjoying their existence, I comprehended the world. I was asking questions and I heard the answers, and that was how I sought to spend my time. I comprehended the world through contemplation, through communion with the Father, with the Highest Cosmic Entity — the Creator of the Universe.

I saw that my life was carried on differently and asked my mother numerous questions. In the beginning, she only silently smiled and kissed me on the forehead. But afterward, my persistent requests softened her obstinacy and she started to speak. She explained to me that Joseph was not my blood father and that my Father was in Heaven; He was God, and I

resembled Him. Indeed, I felt the differences in appearance. All the children looked similar, swarthy skin, thick, wiry hair, and dark eyes, but I was different. My eyes were the color of the sky, but somewhat different because my mother had similar eyes and hair. But nevertheless, the distinction was visible, and it is difficult for me to explain. The color of my eyes was different, it was a saturated blue with a violet shade, and I had dark blond hair, which in my infancy was so fair that it seemed to be entirely white. Yes, it happens, but in that region — in that area — such people were few and far between and most of them were red-haired. And all these differences raised questions, and I sought to receive answers to them.

My school of learning about the world had lasted for only a few years but that was enough to show my teacher (to whom my parents sent me) knowledge that exceeded his. It was suggested to my parents to show me to the wise men practicing the Talmud and the Torah, and send me to them to study. This did happen. However, my Father, Whose voice I heard, taught me, and it was His great gift, to enter into the information field. So, our lessons were based on the wise men's full interest in receiving answers to their questions.

I felt I had something that surprised everyone: my ability to grasp knowledge in the way it was presented and I could remember everything once spoken to me. I did not write, I did not keep records or notes, but I remembered everything. I knew what was written down and where, and who was saying what. I noticed that these abilities were beyond the reach of many people, beyond their comprehension, and therefore, I was treated differently from all the others. Yes, my childhood was a serious school of learning and understanding everything. Thanks to my detachment and dissimilarity, I became closer to the Father, learned to hear what He was saying to me, managed to enter into communication with Mother Nature and feel my unity with her.

I learned a lot, and, at the age of eighteen, I could interpret the Scriptures, write correctly, count, I knew all the prophets, and much about this world and other boundless worlds. I shared

this knowledge with others, those who wished to listen. But it happened that this was not to the wise men's liking because my age embarrassed them and everything was suspicious to them. I had to leave them, and I did so.

In the beginning, I lived with the Essenes. They gave me much because I was close to them. Their worship and reverence for the Father and Invisible Forces were close to me. Their rituals linked to the sun, in which they saw the Father, remained in my heart forever. I loved them; they gave me much. I lacked their conscious reverence for Heavenly Forces coming through the heart. The love of the Father, whom I heard, came to me through them. I had been with them for a couple of years and afterwards, I listened to the decision of the Father to go and search for knowledge around the world and I left.

I was heading northeast. I was traveling by different means; at times on foot and at times joining a caravan, riding or on a cart. I happened to experience and understand everything. I went to learn about the world, I had to know about it all.

I found myself in India and that wonderful area charmed me. The mountains, the sky, blossoming valleys, the sea — all differed from my native land. It was a marvelous garden, an oasis, which I saw as paradise. In the beginning, I felt joy, everything seemed a miracle to me, but afterwards, when I entered into communication with the people, I began to feel many things unacceptable for my soul and me. It was the division of people into groups, into castes, the glorification of some over others. So, I decided to learn and understand more about this world — what had led them to that, and what reasons made them decide to apply such rude laws. In place of paradise in the Garden of Eden, I saw Hell. This made me think about many things and want to speak with those who were considered the wise men. I succeeded; I learned the language, their morals, their customs, and traditions.

It was a new world, different from that where I had grown up, but it was the world of Earth and all people exist here in one single home; one home if we look at this perspective from a cosmic point of view. I've always thought — and still think — that Earth is a single home for all living beings and those who live together cannot and should not be in disagreement because you share everything. Your life flows in one vital moment. This must be thought through and the unity of all people needs to be accepted as the unity of all, as though people are living side by side. You breathe the same air, drink the same water and accept the same gifts of Mother Earth. What are discords, discriminations, and petty grievances for? You are one organism living in the body of Mother Earth and therefore, I have decided to make everything possible to relieve you from distortions and delusions and lead you to the right Path — the true awareness of God — the road leading to the Creator.

Christ the Teacher

September 17, 2001

Today, I will talk about the period when I learned and saw a lot, when I was traveling. Through travel, I grew in wisdom and learned the fundamentals of the world. I was given twelve years to grasp a holistic picture of the world. And that was not in vain because I met many 'keepers' of the world's knowledge. I had amazing teachers to whom I listened and who gave me much.

I previously mentioned 'keepers'; I would like to tell you about one: the Initiate, the Keeper of the sacred knowledge — Vinyasu, as I called him; his full name was Vinakhve Abbas. This wonderful teacher gave me much and our relationship was built on the basis of love and respect. I loved him. He was a humble and honorable old man. When we met, he was over sixty, or even older, for he did not remember the exact date of his birth. He was grey-haired,

had a high forehead, and beautiful and noble features. His eyes looked straight into one's soul. He could see the inner essence of the soul. He knew about emanations from a field. He knew about such things that were beyond people's understanding at that time because he received initiation from the Highest Forces and was communicating with the Spiritual World. He was a conductor of knowledge that was necessary for the world at that time; because a live energy flow was always coming from the Cosmos to the Earth.

There always have been, and currently are, many of those who communicate with other worlds. The most important however is to understand who you are entering into communication with. Who is talking to you? Who is teaching you?

It was the same for me. In the beginning, I observed and learned the language and afterwards, I saw my teacher had a vast knowledge flowing from a pure source. I do not doubt that he — Vinyasu — was sent to me by the Father since he managed to systematize the knowledge that I had. He managed to integrate a holistic picture of this world, and immense worlds. He initiated me into many secrets he had not opened to anyone before. He believed in me, believed that I was the disciple he had been waiting for all his life, and he believed the time would come for him to give away all he had accumulated.

Yes, we became very close. We felt the affinity that gave us confidence in each other. I took care of him, did all household duties, cleaned and washed everything in the house where we lived together. That house — or better to say a cabin — was near a temple. People gathered there and they all wished to listen to what he was saying. He possessed the great power of speaking in such a way that made people listen and stand charmed. Everyone who heard him remembered that forever. His manner of speaking was calm; his voice was soft, but after he started speaking, or after having heard only the first sound, no one could leave. Those were amazing minutes for me because I was beholding a true miracle. The slim and swarthy old man

with his quiet voice silenced even the birds, for he was prophesying the Truth. He spoke of God, of the Absolute, of Earth's creation, and of far away worlds. He spoke of true human values. He spoke of the Laws of the Cosmos and the Laws of Earth. He spoke of life's essence.

Yes, there were things for me to learn. I learned tranquility and the balance of all feelings. I learned to feel my unity with the Creator in more integral ways. I learned genuinely and correctly to impart knowledge through the imagery perception of the world, through analogies. He showed me that the most accessible explanation of complex notions was carried out through practical stories or parables. Namely, practical stories or parables make it easier to understand what a speaker wants to say. That of course inevitably had an effect on me. I saw the results with my own eyes.

Many kept the memory of those sermons in their souls for the rest of their life; because everything was simple but unforgettable. And so did I. I kept the image of that Great Spirit, Great Initiate, and the Great Teacher in my soul.

I lived with him until his demise; he passed away quietly and peacefully. I closed his eyes, but in my memory he stayed alive. Afterwards, he often came to me in Spirit and I communicated with him after his departure to another world. He was my spirit guide and adviser in everything. He promised to always be with me and he fulfilled his promise. I kept his image in my soul with great gratitude for the gifts I was given, and one of those gifts was the gift of prophecy. I could see ahead. My teacher enabled that; he gave me knowledge unknown to you, for it can be granted only to those who have a different level of consciousness, who do not use what they have heard for the harm of the living, who have only pure thoughts and do not crave fame and wealth. There are very few of them here in this world.

The life of a human being is determined by many criteria that are imperfect. Hence, all ideals are distorted. Who knows what they are here for? Who truly aspires to knowledge? Who knows

the true value of life? Who fulfils all true commandments? Yes, very few. I will tell you that there are too few of those whose hearts are pure, who love God, and who have true faith and love. And all my ministry is now for you, for this purpose. I want your souls to awaken and your memory to open up so that you can see the deepest essence. I want this for you and I wish this to you.

Don't be afraid to learn the new. It's coming to you and for you. Our New Flow is entering into the boundaries of your mind. It will renew and purify your soul. It will provide peace and self-confidence. The hope will come into your souls to give you Love. Let the world start moving. Let the spark light up the flame in your hearts. Let peace and unity be in the world. Let the New World be in real life, not in dreams!

I am Christ and I was given this name by people for my deeds. Therefore, I say this name to you, for only I have this right.

Christ the Teacher

September 24, 2001

After the demise of Vinyasu — my teacher, who was so very near and dear to me — I had to leave and I headed east. I reached Tibet and there one hermit captured my attention. He was living in a Buddhist monastery but not permanently, most of the time he spent in solitude in the mountains. He lived there as a hermit and it was where I met him. He was benevolent to me; I won his favor. He gave me shelter in his cave. And there I happened to learn much and see a lot.

It was a peculiar place. The nature was severe, with little color, but all the outlines of the mountains were telling me that this place wasn't ordinary. There was an opportunity for pure contact with the World of Spirits. The hermit showed me that he received pure answers to his questions in that place. And there he obtained the knowledge that empowered him to heal people with the help of energy. He saw an energy field and had the ability to concentrate energy by thought and make it work in the right direction. That was great science; a secret knowledge once known to earthlings but then lost — the knowledge that allowed the use of the world of energy for the good of earthlings.

That old hermit allowed me to stay with him. He taught me and I humbly listened to him, for he unveiled many mysteries to me and opened many techniques of healing he had found. He was a well-known man in the region. Whenever he returned to the monastery, a crowd of parishioners hurried to see him. They all looked to him for advice and to heal their ailments. And when the time came for him to go to the monastery, I went with him. He took me to the Buddhist monastery where I stayed. There I learned the fundamentals of that teaching. I met many amazing people there, who gave me much. I saw another life that differed from the life I had observed before. That was a rough, ascetic life in a similar natural environment. The morals and customs of that land however were not so categorical. People living in harsh conditions were struggling to survive and learned to value any manifestation of life. Certainly, it was far from high spiritual morality but nevertheless, there was a certain harmony in the relationships, there was no neglect or oppression of a human being.

I lived in a tiny room devoid of furniture and the things required for life. I slept on the bare floor but I was grateful even for that shelter, for there came a time of severe cold, rain, and wind. I was there at the same level as those who were studying the primary foundations, since everything was for the first time for me. Yes, life in the monastery was severe. We awakened

long before sunrise and firstly conducted a ceremony, or a ritual of ministry, lasting for a long time. And afterwards, we did some work and had a light breakfast consisting of a hot drink. After that, we learned the language and studied ancient manuscripts, philosophy, and how to correctly express thoughts. Next, a short rest and then again, the gong called for the ceremony in Buddha's honor. And thus, we continued day after day.

Studying the sciences and obtaining new knowledge are given only through hard work and diligence. I had a strong aspiration to learn everything and my persistence in achieving this had a result — I learned a lot and obtained quite a bit. Life was revealed to me in all its variety. I had gained much knowledge; I learned the language, the history of Buddhism, and its foundation. I learned the ancient art of healing through energy and Nature's forces.

The time of my studies was for my own good and when the summer came, I left the monastery with gratitude. I headed further east, I wanted to see the entire Buddhist world. I was quite interested in it. I gained experience in everything, but I always remembered; often recalled that land and its severe nature. Everyone could raise themselves there. There were the mountains, the sky, the monotonous voice — they all were teachers which I learned from.

Learning about the world — it comes through aspiration. It comes to those who work hard, by learning the nature of their soul and experiencing many deprivations. Those who obtained it all, without hard work, tell lies.

I wish you a new cognition, and I wish you to recognize me. Here is the essence. A new awareness will open its gateways for you. I want you gradually, grain by grain, to gain what I would like to give you. And let your life be filled with particles of learning and herein, I see the main essence of devoted service.

Christ the Teacher

October 1, 2001

I left Tibet and headed further east. The distant lands drew my attention, the desire to know and see many nations, their ways of life, their history and their customs. All of this interested me and I hurried to satisfy my first need for knowledge.

So, I traveled onward. At first, I walked through the mountain passes and was lucky to find travelers and wayfarers. They were crossing over and there was a guide among them who knew by heart all mountain paths and roads. He was leading us. I should say the crossing was not easy. The road was very rough but, in the words of our guide, the shortest. Afterwards, the people I traveled with rendered me a favor — they helped me to find a dwelling that provided me shelter.

I remember that road, that journey as one of the most challenging tests of hardship that I have encountered. It was a test of courage and will, since that road was for those who overcame the fear. Peculiar discharged air, specific scent, and the taste of food — everything was surprising and unusual. I had no special opportunity to observe natural phenomena since we were walking fast, very fast, and I did not dare to lag behind. But yet, I memorized the peculiar contrasts of the sky and earth. And it was there that the distinction became obvious — the shining in the sky of amazingly saturated color and a very severe, dark view of the earth.

We spent the nights in caves our guide knew, and in the daytime we walked with a heavy load without stopping. I helped them where I could and finally, we were out of the highland and saw a settlement that was quite different from those I saw in Tibet. The people were alike but of a different type, hospitable, and there was another language, a different dialect, which caused some difficulties in communication, but yet, I'll remember that these people were hard-

working, like bees. I stayed with them for a short time and headed onward yet again. There I was walking through green valleys, small mountains, and towns and everywhere I made a stop, I became acquainted with an unknown world. Of course, I wanted to see wise men and teachers. And I did meet them.

I had an opportunity to see many well-known, wise philosophers of that time. I learned a lot from them. Their view of the world was different but there was wisdom in it; all of their knowledge was wonderfully systemized. Their world was deep and profound, but the feeling of the Creator was different, as if coming from far away and not from the heart. They, however, had a certain feeling that there was One Single Divine Intelligence who created everything and arranged it in order, I felt this understanding in our conversations. These people, of course, revered Buddha as the Supreme Source. In every settlement, not to mention towns, I saw stupas and multi-colored clothing being swayed back and forth by the wind. And every stupa had many worshippers, who spent their time there being detached from the world. The state of meditation and detachment from the world was familiar to everybody who lived there. But there were also those who spent most of their time in that state hoping to achieve nirvana. I was observing and studying them, the state of meditation was already familiar to me. But I used that state for silent communication with the Father. In that state, He was close to me and I felt my connection with Him. I asked Him for advice and heard the answer coming straight into my heart and telling me a lot.

I was learning the fundamentals of the Tao and, having comprehended all of its essence, I moved onward again. I was going to Japan. I had heard a lot about it. I had been dreaming of seeing it and I fulfilled the dream. I sailed across the sea thanks to the peculiar group of pilgrims who were hurrying to reach home and accepted me as a brother.

All my travels revealed much to me. They opened a different vision to me; expanded my outlook. They enabled me to contemplate a lot about the world, about the variety of its gifts. All ancient science and knowledge are not in vain here, and all have their goal: the goal is to raise one's consciousness — leave this world to a higher level than one has come from. Everything wise and pure deserves respect. It came here as Heaven's gift. Everywhere you see knowledge, do not reject it. Extract the grains of essence from it — and this will be the Way.

I have decided to tell you about myself so that you can understand how I lived my earthly life, how I traveled, and how I acquired great knowledge.

Christ the Teacher

October 4, 2001

So, we crossed the sea and I found myself in Japan, which had an amazing impact on me. Everything was calm and harmonious there. Life was flowing slowly and according to its laws. The people were of amazing temper; friendly, and hospitable. I was a foreigner to them, whom they treated kindly. They were notable for the particular warm-heartedness inherent only in that nation. I observed their way of life and studied their behavior and moral standards. I visited all known places at that time that were revered as holy: all peaks, stupas, and temples.

I remembered one of those places most of all, for that was the place where I felt an extraordinary power, a beneficial flow of energy. The mountain or hill is known to you as Fujiyama. There I saw a place of power, a place of concentration of cosmic energy flowing from the Creator. In that flow, I was in a special state. A lot of things were revealed to me about the world of Earth and the cosmic worlds. It is an amazing process of the transfiguration of an

earthly Spirit into a cosmic one. It is the opening of the memory, which is closed for earthlings. It is the state when a cosmic Spirit starts to control the earthly soul, and when life starts to unfold from a cosmic scale, and when awareness comes of the role, the mission on Earth. It is a moment of inclusion into work and the permission to fulfill the planned mission. And that happened to me, on the spot that had a special meaning for Earth, the spot of the direct connection with many worlds and hierarchies.

Having become aware of my life's purpose, I decided that it was time to go back home. I stayed for a little longer in Japan to study everything that came my way. Those were, of course, wonderful schools where the calligraphy and sciences known to them were studied. It was interesting for me to observe everything and I learned a lot. I noted everything; everything was unusual.

I spent my nights in different homes — some wealthy and some poor. I was so grateful; everywhere I was offered a roof over my head. But I remembered one house, or rather a shack, where a poor widow lived. She was so poor and tired of life that she feared nothing and opened her door to let a wayfarer in, knowing nothing about him. But I decided that her look, which kept the memory of a past grief, should change and the joy that she had been granted in life should awaken in her. Of course, that was not easy, yet I started to retell about distant lands, about other worlds, and love that had to be in the heart, no matter what happens. Let many changes happen, let life change but this feeling is primarily for you, for it maintains the living fire of the Creator's energy in the heart. And with this feeling expressed towards all living beings in this world, you will not be embarrassed by misfortunes.

I had an occasion to tell the widow about that in her poor house where I was sleeping in the corner on the floor. But there I understood that I would go to such people who happened to know all about a hard life. Oh, yes, in that, I saw the Mission — my ministry. And that was the

goal — all that I realized and understood in my thoughts to give to people, to help them see the world through love and flowing kindness. Yes, that awareness of everything I should accomplish came to me on the road, when I was traveling.

And that is why I am now calling you to do the same. Now we will go the other way. Now we will have another direction. We will be building a New World. It will eliminate the old and outworn so that a new age can come. Let a new Way be revealed! Let a new road be visible to you! Let changes come to you soon. And let all plans and deeds be realized!

Christ the Teacher

October 7, 2001