

The writing of Nicholas White Wolf.

The Time traveller

Ever since I was a small child I have always been fascinated by the concept of time travel. I was more Star Wars than Star Trek, however I was hugely impressed with the beam me up Scotty device. I feel that maybe I was seven years of age when I was able to process how this was to be achieved. The breaking down of the atoms and molecules that then would be restored in perfect synchronicity in another time or place. I recall it was around 1984 and dad and I were watching a BBC television drama called The Flip Side of Dominic Hide. The story involved a time traveller from the year 2130 who was meant to be studying the London transport underground system. Dominic was supposed to purely observe and was forbidden to land his flying saucer. He defies this rule thus sending a chain reaction through his own bloodline. I recall the final scene was of a small boy sitting on a beach wearing a 1984 Los Angeles Olympics t-shirt. This was Dominic's son and great (times four) grandad. I often sensed that I was of duality and in my mind's eye I would wander to various points of my own ancestry. I can vividly recall meeting up with my own father and he was around fourteen years of age. We had a detailed conversation about what the world of 1961 and of 1984 alike. Dad seemed as interested as I were about the duality idea, but I had to get back, back into the world where I did not fit in. I would often see with my spirit eyes both great-grandfathers in energy silhouette, translucent form. I realise now that they were electromagnetic forms with a conscience. The world of everyday living was always a challenge to the nine years old Nicky, although the world of his expansive imagination was at times frightening but exciting in equal measure.

Let's fast forward to October 1999. I am lay in the Amazon rainforest with bunch of would be shamanic sun worshippers. We are gathered in a circle awaiting to ingest the sacred brew Ayahuasca. In turn we were called out of the circle and taken up to be handed the wooden bowl of the brew from the Curandero of the Shipoba, who are an amazonian indigenous tribe. We were based in a retreat that was located along the Ucayali river. I felt at home here and that I was home. When I discuss with people now I openly and honestly state that my body is from England and my soul is from Peru. I would take my morning swim in the river where the piranhas would school together in perfect symmetry. I did not worry whether I was their next feed as my body was rubbed with a fat of sorts to encase my pores. They were not bothered about my being as I was neither a predator or early lunch. I was solely another part of life within a big river. The population of the Shipoba people was then around 20,000. I was sat next to a guy who was my teacher, mentor and friend whom I had met some three years early whilst investigating the enchanting practise of soul retrieval. It was 1996 and I can recall leaving the small village where I lived in north Worcestershire and began, for the first time, travelling onto the M25 Orbital and the North Circular round-a-bout of London. After getting lost numerous times I eventually found myself in a West London, ready for this intriguing spiritual practise. My expectations most definitely matched the reality of the sacred quantum realism in the space that I entered. It was here that I was introduced to the shamanic journey. The hypnotic drum was beating at what I now know to be around 200-220 beats per minute and I was literally falling into a state of rapture. The entire process felt so free and it validated that all of those years I assumed that I had been venturing into my imagination, actually I had been navigating the energetic landscapes of myself. I experienced an urge of calmness, which to the twenty-one years old Nik was a rarity. I recall using a tree as the gateway to the lower world. It is located in a local park that I visit and I still use this same tree to this day. At times I pay it a visit in the physical reality, it hasn't changed at all, but I have lived and died

what I recall to be eleven times. On eleven separate occasions throughout this life I have been admitted to hospital wards and have been told by a consultant in some capacity that my life is in danger. It was the eleventh of the eleventh time (11-11) that I finally learnt what I had to do in order to reconcile a huge part of my soul's essence. 11-11 is incidentally the numerical code of my angel calling that has so very closely monitored this life that I live right now, in this vessel as Nicholas James Foxall. As I was guided into the lower world of the shamanic journey I very quickly stumbled across a man lay on a stone tablet. He seemed quite relaxed and had an expression on his face that felt as though he was not the least bit interested if he acknowledged me or not. I now know that he originates from the 2nd century of the Roman Empire, and I also know that he too is me. A particle in the grand story of my soul compilation. People interested in spiritual regression may call it a previous life, but I do not feel comfortable with that description. My LFTL mandala has expanding circular lines and this is how I perceive all of our living experiences, both of energy and matter too. All working in unison with one another, and all in perfect synchronicity. He briefly looked at me and said that I need to learn how to breathe and then turned away. That was it I in the tunnel, the drum beating frantically and then back into the healing room in west London. Within the boundaries of linear time I had been journeying for around a half an hour, however to me it felt like a micro second. I can still see myself today there holding the energy of this small bit of information. As in the words of a Rinpoche taken from the Tibetan book of the dead, enlightenment is the western minds greatest spiritual anti-climax. In retrospect I feel that I were on that trail of thought. I was expecting the answers to the burning questions that I thought were going to change my life forever. I relayed the information back to the Shaman in every detail that I could remember. He then shifted his awareness to look into my solar plex chakra and diagnosed that it was full of heavy, parasitical energy. He proceeded to bring healing light from the divine and extracted these intrusions. I continued to study with this man for another five years and we have remained friends ever since. He currently divides his time between Peru and Romania teaching Shamanism. He is also the person that I am sat next to in the rain forest when we are about to ingest the powerful brew, ayahuasca. I was still experiencing the heavy manifestation in my thorax. These days I trust in the universe and listen very closely to the messages I receive in all the chambers of my mind, body, soul and divine. I shall fast forward to February 1999. I am sat in the ICU ward in the Heartlands hospital in Birmingham which specialises in thoracic surgery. After being nil by mouth for virtually a whole day I was wheeled into the theatre and administered propofol. In an instant I awoke dazed, lucid and thanks to morphine not in any pain, although minus two lobes of my right lung and various other pleurectomy type tissues and membranes. As a young, vibrant twenty-three years old man this was hard to rationalise. What instantly sprang to my being was the message that I had received from the 2nd century Roman person within the shamanic journey; now I truly did need to learn how to breathe. As always, my satire approach to life was extended to this operation and its general situation. Eight months after surgery I was embarking on another adventure, this time flying to Peru and learning how to adjust to the Andean mountain's altitude of 10,000 feet and above. If I can recall the highest we climbed was the Inka citadel of Huayna Picchu. This is commonly known as Machu Picchu and is set in the mountains within the eastern Cordillera. I have been blessed to visit the sacred site on two occasions. The second time allowed me the privilege of staying at the hotel at the summit, the Sanctuary Lodge. This is one of Belmond's luxury hotels and we had a room which was at the top with a terrace looking out to this marvel. At night we would sit drinking sparkling wine and beer respectively viewing this beautiful landscape. At dusk we were allowed to venture into the five hundred years old terraces and enjoy the splendour of it all whilst it was lit up. On average 10,000 people visited here per day and on this specific night we were there alone. I have been back to this moment on countless times in my spiritual journeys and have breathed into the sheer gravity and gratitude of its being. Thankyou to the Apus for your infinite love and support, now and forever.

Well let's get back to the rainforest. Our group from the United Kingdom consisted of approximately thirty people. We were all pretty despondent at this time because a few days early we had a similar ceremony, but on that occasion the brew was watered down considerably. This was both out of respect for the teacher plants and the shaman's perception of us westerners merely wishing for a DMT thrill seekers experience. She can be a very dangerous medicine if not respected and taken within the scope of her context. People have been known to never return from their journeys and in essence lose their minds. They were not aware that we had been studying shamanism and prior to this ceremony had engaged in fasting and prayers. Our mind, body and soul felt ready for this transcendental, educational journey. It is my belief that as we did not have any pre-conceived expectations or assumptions the transition into the trance like state was ever so more powerful. Our ethereal chamber was just not ready for what we were about to experience. The brew was much more potent and thus surprised me how quickly I was in the non-ordinary dream landscape. I can recall lying back and making some sort of deep, long grown. As I put it, I just slipped through the vortex of time into a multitude of happenings of this life and many others too. As my mind was not in a position to control the experience, I instantly shifted into my energy chamber, thus allowing a fluidic, beautiful horrifying journey. I am not ready to share what I was shown, as the information took me around twenty years to process and digest. I have now been able to incorporate the knowledge and wisdom into every being of my chambers and are able to live a life of true love, peace and gratitude. I recall watching a scene in the rainforest when the tribe had brought back an animal it had recently sacrificed. It was tied to what looked like long wooden poles and carried by many people. It was a ceremony and they were invoking the rain forest spirits. I am not sure what the animal was, but it was some sort of dark cat. I shall not speculate any further than that. I was then transported back to my late teens. I saw myself lay in bed, not knowing whether I was depressed or suppressed as I could not untangle these energetic manifestations. Sat on my bed is a man whom now I have seen many times throughout my life. His back is turned from me and he has long, dark hair. I now know him to be a Peruvian Indian Pakos from the Inka era of around 1450. A Pakos is a medicine man, and he is another me, and is part of my soul compilation. His cheek bones are high, and we have met before. I am told now that the moment shall be here soon whereby we can meet and interact again. Not for the first time whilst in Peru, I felt at home. I then slipped through another portal and into another life, this time it was the one that I am currently living of Nik. These portals look like huge circles or bubbles, and I somehow have the knowledge and understanding to be able to commute between each one. What I know now is the complexity of this ancestral spiritual curse and its manifest burdens. I have read the scroll and are aware of its binding and ultimately its unbinding. Whilst I was navigating these portals I was taken to various times within my own life and also that of ancestors too. I was a fly on the wall watching how this heavy (dark) polarity was able to manipulate the males. Their weak attributes would be exposed and they would in return for manifested dark intent would be rewarded with what they thought that they desired, notably money and power. It would pull father's and son's apart in deep anger and resentment whilst utilising the stored energy like a generator. Upon reflection it seemed utter madness, but whilst I was under the powerful influence of this teacher plant it all seemed so logical. I then returned to my consciousness, into my body frozen still with paralysis. I now knew why and had to search for a reason to be able to reconcile this obligation that so cruelly ran through my family. As I document this it is now twenty-three years since this experience and I am glad to share that we have done it. I now have a son and I am confident that when I pass on the baton of our family lineage to him I do so with love, light and gratitude. Within numerology the numbers seven and four are very powerful and important. I am the fourth generation Foxall to receive the spiritual contract or curse, and it shall end by the seventh. As I have not projected any darkness onto my son Alfie, it's power shall slowly diminish. My aim was to transform its cords into love and light, which I have played my part and now shall leave it to the fifth generation. This may not be Alfie, as if he chooses not to

have children then the nearest recipients are my cousin's children. They are still very young; therefore, it gives me ample time to continue my quest for light. We have all played our part, both spirit and human. It is beautiful that I am now able to have a loving relationship with my dad whilst he is still alive physically. We both sense the freedom that we now hold and the flow of love that is between us. I look at my son with the knowledge that he has not got to go through what I had to. It fills me with immense love and satisfaction. It shall take time for the binds to slowly unravel and dissipate, but the end is nigh. Through generation to generation the love shall prevail releasing all of the ancestors too. I have a vision whereby we all seven generations hold hands and walk each other home.

I became aware that I was back in the circle with the others in the rain forest. As I was now able to move my head I looked up and noticed that there was a man crouched in front of my singing me a power song. I can recall the melody to being soft and loving. I felt a surge of totality and oneness. I lay there for a timeless moment looking at the stars in this clear, beautiful night. It resembled a Disney movie as all of the fire flies were merging together in a translucent configuration. I got myself back to my cabin and realised that I had been away for around six hours. Like many situations I have experienced in the laws of spirit, time really has its own order.

It is now 2022 and I understand more now regarding this sacred ritual. What they were showing me is that I can track myself and others through the energy parameters of the soul. This is to reconcile the wounded parts of the many selves, thus creating totality from chaos. When you step away from linear time you are also able to do the same for future lives. This would be advantageous for creating the story in your life that you wish to dream, walking the dream awake. Please be conscious that intention is key, so before you even visualise this happening please ensure it is right for you. It is only now that I can undertake these sacred rites with a whole heart and soul. It has taken me twenty-six human years. I asked a question recently regarding the soul essence's story and they explained to me that we have around twenty or so lives within this field to contend with. Remember these are current, past and future lives.

To conclude with we have stepped into the linear time of past, present and future to reconcile our big now. Time is only one moment, but humans are not ready to embrace this aspect yet, including the knowledge of their nature and potential. It's not too far away as our evolution is accelerating at a hefty pace so that we will be ready to return home to the stars when recalled. The past one hundred thousand years have been a wonderful social experiment, in which we have ascertained much data to return home with. Well it is time to move onto our next job. Just for the record we are the aliens that we so much wanted to meet. They are a future us and are returning to this moment to ensure their own survival by keeping us on track.