

## The Cycles of Creation

*Christina Pivarnik:* That was fun music, Sanford, so bright and lively. Thank you! It's always a joy to spend this time with all of you, to give collective expression to the tone of life and to build fine substance together in a greater capacity than we may do individually. I'm honored when Larry invites me to share the hour with him—quite humbled in fact. It's a privilege and my deepest pleasure to be able to bring focus to this precious time together.

We are here as incarnate angels, as part of the archangelic body, to encompass, love and share attunement with our world, both on the global level and in our individual worlds with the people that are part of our daily lives.

Everything we do counts. It's an art to live a life of focused expression while being compassionate, joyful and gracious. We are here to give voice to the word of God and extend His blessing into every aspect of our days here on earth. This is living in radiance.

The pandemic continues to rage with a new variant, wildfires are burning closer to home than we would like, people and animals we love may be in pain or have illnesses, and others are struggling with various issues. We see and feel these things with empathy, but here, right here, where we are, where we live, in this holy place of Spirit, all is well. All is well, always. This is where our work is done—in archangelic consciousness—awake, aware, and perceiving the right thing to say and do in every moment.

I've been thinking a lot about cycles and the rhythm in our lives. The natural world comes to mind, like the cycle of the tides of the sea and the rhythm of the waves lapping on the shore. Seasons change and the wildlife adjusts without giving it a thought. We, too, sense the cycles shifting even before we see signs of them.

Sharing attunement is a cycle, much like our hour together here. We breathe deeply, bringing everything into balance and clarity, holding a sacred space of love and agreement. And as the substance intensifies to a finer, more delicate yet powerful level, we allow it to bless and encompass those in our individual worlds as well as our global

world. As the cycle completes, we release this beauty, this light, this divine gift of heaven to the earth and to all who live and breathe here. And with no expectations.

I wrote a poem for today that I'd like to share. I've called it *Tapestry of Beauty*.

Heartbeats resonate in sync with the earth,  
an ancient pulse that sings in our veins.

Creative cycles born on the wind  
as the breath of God gives life  
to a tapestry of beauty  
weaving through space and time,  
spinning into fruition  
a net of all-encompassing light.

We know this ancient pulse—it's the rhythm of our angelic being. And the rhythm in our own worlds complements one another because we're part of this one archangelic body. We are inexorably connected.

Cycles move through our lives and in our relationships, whether personal or professional. We're drawn to certain people and others are drawn to us. We instantly recognize one another when true words are spoken, or clear actions are taken. And with many, we're in their midst to offer our radiance and encompassment, sometimes to offer healing at various levels and always to uplift whatever situation we find ourselves in. That might be a steady voice in a business meeting, a word of appreciation or kindness to the clerk in the grocery store, or a calming comment in an intense situation. From my experience, these are the moments of clear angelic spirit in action.

I find it fascinating that people move in and out of our lives, and sometimes they move back in again. It's not for the human mind to figure out why, but when we intersect with archangelic consciousness in another person, there's a deep recognition, a release of spiritual expression.

I'd like to share an experience of a cycle in my life that had a small, unassuming beginning and blossomed into something very rich and joyful over the decades. Back in the day, when I was in my early twenties and living on Sunrise Ranch, I spent a lot of

time dancing, and often as Sanford's dancing partner. We taught classes to young people and performed *pas de deux* before services and gatherings. As you can imagine, with all the practice we did, we were great friends.

One evening after dinner we went for a walk, and during our conversation he asked me what physical thing I'd like to have in my lifetime. Maybe he was thinking of a house, but I instantly answered, "A white horse to ride on the beach." I've loved and ridden horses all my life.

Not long after that conversation, Sanford gave me a gift of a white porcelain filly and said he hoped that one day she would turn into the real thing. The little filly was carefully packed away for safekeeping.

Years later, my husband and I moved to Hawaii for his work. I began riding again, leasing a horse, and one day when Jim came to pick me up he saw a flyer with a lovely gray 4-year-old mare for sale. When I went to test ride her before the purchase, the owner suggested we go down to the beach. I jumped on her bareback and we walked out into the waves until she was swimming. It was so amazing! After a while we turned around and body surfed (if horses bodysurf!) back to shore. I knew this was my girl! My dream had come true.

We moved back to the mainland and I brought Senorita Polita with me. When I found the sweet little porcelain filly that Sanford gave me so many years ago, carefully packed in my dishes, I put it on the shelf in my tack room where it lives today. It's not far from my beautiful white mare who is now 33 years old and roams the fields in front of our house. She's lived with me for 29 years.

I wanted to share this experience as an example of how we may never know the far-reaching effects of the cycles we set in motion. If I hadn't reconnected with Sanford all these years later through our Tone of Life calls, he would never have known the immense joy his gift brought or how this vision came to life.

Our lives are filled with creative cycles. Sometimes we don't know the beginning or the ending of them, nor do we really need to. But it is why every single moment matters. What are we setting in motion? When our thoughts, words and actions spring forth from the spirit of true angelic being—not distracted by the angst going on around

us—we know these cycles are created by God, beginning and ending in their own time, and we know, without a doubt, that we are here to play our part in this grand divine design.

We are the gardeners sowing seeds of beauty, rich and abundant, rejoicing in the harvest as things come to fruition. John Gray wrote a beautiful book called *Gift of Seeds*. Very apropos! We're constantly being given the gift of seeds in our cycles of life and it's up to us as to how we nurture them to grow into something meaningful.

The invitation to rise up is always being extended to those we meet on any given day, those we work with, socialize with, and share our home with. And here we live, now and in every moment, in the consciousness of this archangelic body, amplifying the tone in this sacred space and giving voice to the word of God. It is sheer joy to share these cycles together and these moments with you. Thank you so much for this lovely opportunity.

**Larry Krantz:** It is said that subatomic particles wink in and out of existence in the tiniest fraction of a second and that galaxies move in patterns that take billions of years. Most creative cycles fall somewhere in between these time frames. Creative cycles are indications that the universe is alive. There are cosmic pulsations, a vibratory dance between male and female energies. These pulsations are the heartbeat of God, the rhythm and song of the spheres.

For a long time, humanity danced with these inner pulsations and expressed them in harmonious living. Somewhere along the way we got off track and True Man the Creator devolved into False Man the Destroyer; the strange and chaotic world we inhabit now is the result of that fall from understanding.

The Book of Revelation, presumably written by the disciple John, is all about cycles and provides a guide to the restoration of divine consciousness. It is written in code, with vivid symbolism. Most people who read this work think the symbols are the thing and fail to see what they represent and thus misunderstand. It describes, in the last section, the restored state of humanity in divine union with Source, where the tree of life is again in its proper place and its leaves are for the healing of the nations.

A common misinterpretation imagines the lake that burns with fire and brimstone, mentioned in Revelation, to be a vision of hell, a place of continual horror to be experienced by the unworthy after death. No such place exists, but religions have used it to scare people into compliance. Islam envisions a hell called *Johannan*, where people are tortured by fire and boiling water and venomous snakes. In the world of human nature, fear is a significant and effective motivator. Churches threaten damnation if followers don't do as they're told, including supporting their church financially. Dictators and rulers of all kinds have used fear of prisons and secret police, and so on, to keep people in line. It is black magic, a corruption of what is right and true, which should be the natural joining together by love for creative, unified action.

For the true state to re-emerge, there will be, according to Revelation, a climactic battle called Armageddon. It speaks of a Camp of the Saints surrounded by the armies of Gog and Magog, which represent the physical and mental planes of expression misused by fallen man; their numbers are said to be like the sand of the sea. On the surface, it seems like a lost cause, but—remarkably—the Camp of the Saints emerges victorious and the true state appears once again.

So, what is the Camp of the Saints? A camp is a place where people gather, sometimes in the woods with cabins and tents, but here it is meant in a broader sense. The term "saints" has been taken up by one of the churches to indicate someone who has done something they deem exceptionally worthy. It usually takes a couple of centuries for them to make that kind of pronouncement, so these "saints" are long dead by then. We are interested in living saints: those who know their true identity and express the reality of spirit accurately into the world. A gathering of people like that would be remarkable and unprecedented in human history, and would not have to be in one physical place.

If there is to be restoration of the divine state on earth, there must be people who express right spirit and are unshakeable in their connection to their true selves. If any buttons can be pushed to sever that connection—such as political persuasion or a set view on vaccinations or any kind of judgment—then they are not dependable, for the unreal world has ahold of them. The Camp of the Saints are those who are so centered

in God and the truth of themselves that nothing can throw them off balance. If this gathering occurs, then there will be a body of people on earth who are immovable—an immovable object. Gog and Magog have no sway over them. From such a Camp comes clear radiation, borne out of right living, which is the irresistible force. It pushes away what does not belong—that same principle is true for the individual as well. Human nature has only two dimensions. A body of people who have ascended in consciousness to the third and higher dimensions cannot be touched by those who have no comprehension of these finer levels of being.

So how does the body of mankind return to the restored state? It is not a mystery. We experience that process every day. It comes by remembrance. When we awaken from our jumbled dreams, we recall who we are and then our bodies awaken, so we can get on with the day. The dream world fades away. The Camp of the Saints is like the focus of awareness in our heads that awakens first. It is a central core within the body of humankind that sets in motion what the rest of the body should do. Then the entire body remembers and awakens, for it is one body. This process moves out from a sacred core; it can happen quickly once that essential focus is in place. When divine identity is remembered, the false dream-state drops away, for it was nothing real to begin with.

Many cycles need to work out before the Camp of the Saints can put in an appearance. Revelation tells of cycles that must come to pass, or have already done so. All actions have consequences. There have been, and are, innumerable distorted and corrupt cycles of fallen man. It is said that not one jot or tittle shall pass from the law until all is fulfilled. There is mention of riders of horses of different colors and vials that need to be opened, and of beasts in Revelation. We don't need to get lost in the details, just trust that cycles necessary are working out as they should. After the Master was rejected, there were dire consequences for humanity, including a thousand years of darkness and suffering. Then the mental plane re-opened, perhaps for another thousand years. We have had centuries of inventions and clever manipulation of the earth by fallen humankind, which spirit can use creatively. Today it gives us space where we are not exhausted from trying to find food and shelter, so other matters may

be considered. In the current cycle of time, there has been a loosening of governmental control—particularly in democracies—and of religion's hold over people's lives.

Mention is made in Revelation of a woman ready to give birth, clothed with the sun, with a crown of stars on her head and the moon under her feet, about to bring forth a man child, which is the positive expression of God on earth through men and women. The great red dragon of corrupt human nature is ready to snatch it up, but the woman is taken to a place apart for a cycle of time. We are in that cycle now. We are in a place apart, where we can consider the things of God. We have the space in consciousness to remember our purpose and for some to join the Camp of the Saints. For this cause came we into the earth; it is why we incarnated at this crucial time. As a core awakens, the rest of the body of humankind, in season, awakens.

Nearly a hundred years ago, a spark of spiritual understanding emerged in the darkness of the human state through one man. He showed the way to spiritual expression, an approach from a level above the mental and physical plane. He called to those who would compose the Camp of the Saints. Today, there are many who have heard that call, and modern travel and communication—such as with this video conference—make it easier and quicker for those who understand to come together in oneness of purpose.

Let's consider the lake that burns with fire and brimstone. It represents the descending part of the creative cycle, where what is no longer needed is consumed and broken down into smaller parts that may be reassembled into structures needed at a later time. It is where what is untrue is burned up. When a form is no longer useful in a creative cycle, it is broken down into its component parts. This maintains a cosmic balance—some things ascend and others descend. Both are essential and natural. When we eat, for example, some nutrients enter the body and are uplifted, and some are left behind as refuse. The corrupt human nature state, when faced with reality, will break apart and be burned in the lake of fire, for such forms have no place in the divine state. The old state simply passes away, and those who are part of the awakened body need not shed a tear. But woe to those who lament the passing of the unreal state, for they will feel as if they are being torn apart, and I suppose that is a kind of hell.

Our concern is to take responsibility for our lives, to be resolute, to no longer be pushed around by the human state, so it has no hold over us and to join those who are also awakening, each in his or her own way. As we rise up in consciousness we perceive the rhythms of God, and move with them gracefully. This requires a kind of perception above the usual five senses and is part of divine function on earth. Not having this type of inner perception is akin to someone driving a car with hands over his eyes—there is bound to be a wreck. This is what happens to those who live in spiritual darkness, and for humanity in the fallen state. One wreck after another comes along: wars and pandemics and a dying climate, for example.

When we sense the rhythms of Life emerging from within, we move gracefully with these divine pulsations in our lives. The formation of the Camp of the Saints is happening. The call has gone out and there is response. All previous cycles have led to this day. For the armies of fallen man it may look like a battle looms ahead. But for those who are in the Camp, there is no battle, for why should we fight something that is unreal and not even there? The true state will appear when the body of humankind awakens and remembers. The disturbed dream state will fade from view, as dreams do. So it is in this day. May we each play our part in the cycles of creation now unfolding.

*August 1, 2021*

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### **Introductory Music**

*I Don't Care*

Written by Justin Bieber & Ed Sheeran and performed by 2CELLOS

### **Concluding Music**

*I Dream A World*

Composed by Jolyon Thomas & performed by Lara Downes & Tonality