





**A STORY WITH A  
DIVINE MESSAGE**

**Equivalence of the  
male and the female**

**Helmut W. Werner**

ISBN 9789 4021 713 10

\*All rights reserved 2017

\*Text : H.W.Werner, Waalre, NL

\*Cover design:

H.W.Werner, Benno Baatsen,  
Renate Belina; Waalre,  
Wageningen, Maarheeze; NL

## **Acknowledgements**

I wish to thank Marcel Baatsen, Piet Jeuken and last not least my wife for their most welcome support when writing this book: Marcel and Piet for critical reading the manuscript and helpful suggestions to improve the content of the book and my wife for providing the infrastructure essential for an author absorbed in his work.

Without their help, I would not have been able to bring this book to a close.

H.W.Werner

# CONTENTS

PROLOGUE 8

1. THE MEETING 13

1.1 First steps into the lofty  
worlds 19

2. FROM HEAD TO HEART

2.1 The part and the whole 26

2.2 The library 32

Visits to previous  
incarnations 32

Events in time and space 40

The Akasha chronicle 47

The essence of matter 48

2.3 The Cathedral 55

2.4 The white temple 62

En route ..... 62

In search of our  
innermost self 67

On the temple premises 71

A Tsunami of light 76

3. THE ABYSS 78

3.1 The pitch-black  
yawning Abyss 93

4. TRANSPERSONAL  
EXPERIENCES  
THROUGH THE AGES 99
  
5. POLARITY 115
  - 5.1 The birth of polarity 117
  - 5.2 Personified divine  
Entities 118
  - 5.3 Light and shadow 123
  
6. THE NEW ENERGY 128
  - 6.1 A cosmic Mantram 131
  - 6.2 The pulsating,  
knocking heart 135
  - 6.3 The cosmic breath 138
  - 6.4 The nameless TAO 143
  - 6.5 The New Trinity 147
  - 6.6 On the island of the  
blessed ones 151
  - 6.7 The island, temple of the  
Great Mother 154
  
7. ILLUMINATION 159
  
8. EPILOGUE: THE MISSION 168

## **PROLOGUE**

The author, born in Austria in 1931, received his PhD in Physics from the university of Graz, Austria in 1958. In the same year he joined the Philips Research Laboratories in Eindhoven, The Netherlands, where he worked as a material scientist until his retirement in 1991. He was appointed professor for Industrial Semiconductor Analysis at the Technical University Vienna in 1990, where he lectured until 2001.

His task in the research laboratory was to develop a method which might support future, advanced technologies.

In several decades, the focus of interest shifted from incandescent lamps to TV- sets, to



solid-state lasers and finally to materials and devices used for the production of computer chips (silicon wafers).

His method for computer-chips analysis is still in use today by all the big chip-production companies.

In parallel to his activities as a physicist, the author in his leisure hours kept asking himself continuously :

“We have used the most expensive instrumentation – worth one million Euro and up – to get information needed for chip production, but the question remains: what is the essence of matter beyond the limits of physical methods; what is behind its external appearance ?

Therefore he was busy with spirituality both in reading and meditation during many decades,

where spirituality means the concept of an invisible, non-material reality behind and within any manifestation; that is the concept of an all-pervading primary power of BEING.

He felt comfortable, but still had no answer to his nagging question: What is the essence of matter?

After his retirement from material analysis and lecturing he repeatedly had the bliss of unity with the ONE. These and similar experiences are the basis for this book.

Such experiences in higher, non-everyday states of consciousness may lead into regions of the human psyche which slumber in every one of us. Being extraneous to our everyday consciousness, they are unintelligible, however.

These travels in another world, i.e., the direct experience of the unity of all beings, of BEING- itself, and its penetrating energy occurred spontaneously, again and again, without any agency of the author and surely without the use of drugs.

These spiritual experiences, are comparable to states of consciousness in deep meditation. They may occur at any level, from the lowest – when we are swept away, overwhelmed by music or any aesthetic experience. All have the same background, viz. are based on the experience of a reality freed from our limited individual sensory-intellectual impressions. They open the gate to another realm, lifting the tip of the veil so that we may have a glimpse of the immense garden of the all-embracing splendour of BEING.

\*\*\*\*\*

The experience of the Absolute Being, the Primordial Energy, the unity of All-Being, out of which emanates our Universe and Polarity – was an experience that profoundly touched the author.

This book is written :

- to share the authors delight with the reader,
- to assure the many people who have beginners experience – still fuzzy, uncommon and sometimes scary to them – that the spiritual world is another reality behind and above our everyday-life and
- to point out the equivalence of the male and female attributes in all planes of existence.

These various experiences of the author and his reflections thereupon are presented in this book as the dialogue between two women with different levels of consciousness.

## 1. THE MEETING

Shit, Jenny said, it's gone. She had tried to get money from the cash machine with her pin card but had used the wrong code several times in a row. So the machine had finally retained her card.

Jenny was a young girl, 25 years old, with a comely and intelligent countenance. She had dark-blond hair falling on her shoulders in flattering, soft waves. She wore a short, turquoise fine-leather jacket and underneath a black shirt which fell over black leggings just a bit over her knees. Flaming-red sneakers completed her outfit.

There was a slightly arrogant look in her eyes, bored and not content, indicating her way of life: fluttering from party to party without any goal. That was just the reason for her discontent,

because deep in herself, in occasional quiet moments she intuitively felt that there was more in her and above her than just a party life.

Then a drive swelled up in her to cast off the shackles of a solely hedonistic life and to enter the realm of another, yet an invisible lofty reality.

"Can I help you ?", It came from a warm, friendly voice behind her. Jenny turned around and looked into a pair of dark-brown eyes. They belonged to Anishtar, a woman in her thirties.

Her head was covered with a blue silk scarf out of which brunette hair was allowed to protrude. The scarf was further wound around her neck and from there fell over her left shoulder along a dark blue caftan right to the ground. Two embroidered

silver stripes on both sides of the middle line ran from top to the toes, making the caftan an elegant piece of garment.

Jenny looked up and down on Anishtar. "How can you help me," she said, "and after all why do you wear such a crazy garment? You are a Muslim-woman do you?" Jenny on purpose avoided calling her Muslima to provoke Anishtar.

"I am neither a Muslima," Anishtar calmly answered, "nor am I a follower of one of the other two intolerant desert religions, nor am I a Buddhist or Hindu or what else. I only follow my heart.

I am above all religions because to me all religions are equivalent, they lead to the same goal in different ways. No religion is higher than the universal,

all-pervading, all-embracing power of BEING.

The basis of all religions is the same: spiritual experience of their respective founders, where spirituality is the concept of an invisible, non-material reality behind and within every kind of manifestation. Their founders gave strict and simple rules to make acceptable to their followers the vastness of spiritual experience. Religion is frozen spirituality.

Access to the higher, sublime, divine spheres cannot be obtained by reading books only. The sublime spheres must be experienced by every individual him/herself.

Spirituality, in which there are no boundaries of any kind, unites. Religion on the other hand, with narrow, suffocating rules, separates “.



The garment I wear, Anishtar continues, is the one, best suited for the climate in the region of the Caucasus where I used to live. The headscarf I dress has nothing to do with religion. It is not a symbol of Islamic identity. It is worn in hot regions by women working in the fields to protect them from the strong rays of the sun. Loosely bound it is also dressed in northern Mediterranean areas even up to Slovenia and southern parts of Catholic Austria.

Where do you come from and what are you doing here?" Jenny continues her query.

I come from a wild region high-up in the Caucasian mountains, Anishtar replies, where the monastery of the order "Great Mother Ishtar" is situated. In its neighbourhood there are intolerant tribes, dominated by

macho cultures, pronouncing the superiority of the “male”.

These tribes are hostile against us, because of our fundamental doctrine – revealed to our members in deep trance – that the equivalence of man and woman is a divine concept.

On the long run, everyone will have this experience with him/herself. The gates open at the predestined times.

I am a member of this order of the Great Mother Ishtar. My name refers to this concept of equivalence. It is a merger from Ananda, the name for the (male) favourite disciple of Buddha and Ishtar the female divine principle. We use the name Ishtar instead of the usual names Isis, Astarte or Venus/Aphrodite.