

# Journey to Ethereum

An Allegory  
For Our Times

By  
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## **Introduction**

I have known Teacher almost my entire life. I met him shortly after his conversion to Christianity and watched him mature into a fine young man; and then one day he received his calling into the full-time ministry. He was a young man full of fire in the beginning, but over time, due to the nature of the ministry, I watched as his fire slowly began to be snuffed out. Oh, he still loved God and God's people, as well as his written word, and he still enjoyed teaching more than anything. It was not the teaching he loved, but rather seeing the look on people's faces as the truth became evident to them. That was his greatest joy, but

something within him had changed. He told me one day he had been reading the scriptures and suddenly, what he was reading and the way he was seeing it did not line up entirely with what he had been taught or what his leaders had told him to believe. He told me how he would go to his leaders with questions and they would wave him off or tell him it was just that he was misinterpreting the words he was reading. He believed his leaders but still could not shake the feeling. So, in time, he resigned himself to teach as he had been taught and to consider his thoughts as just attacks from Satan. We lost contact for about four years, and one day I received a call from him. Once-again I could hear the fire within his voice, once again I could sense he had purpose and, somehow, all his doubts had been washed away. When I asked him what had happened, he refused to tell me over the phone. Instead he told me that he would rather share it with me in person. So I traveled the miles between us, finally arriving at my friends front door. As soon as I saw him I knew something was different. His countenance had changed. He seemed to be glowing with joy, and as we talked, I understood why. Everything he had ever been taught, though not being exactly wrong, was in many ways not the whole picture. The All Father, as he chose to call God now, had intended for so much life to be imparted to his children through the

scriptures and, somehow, through the traditions of men and the doctrines of denominations much of that had been lost. He told me about his journey to Ethereum and his meetings with Messenger, Lucifer and even Jesus. For a time I believed he had gone mad, but then he showed me something that completely changed my mind. I asked him why he did not want to write it himself and he just laughed.

“If I tell the tale, it will just be a book filled with facts and no one will want to read it, but if you write it my friend,” he said, “ah, then you will write it like a fable; you will be able to interweave the truths throughout the story. I think they call it an allegory. I know many more will read it in that form. And that is what the All Father wants, for many to read it.”

I returned several more times over the next month to make sure I had the facts of his story correct, and then began to write. So, dear reader, I present to you Teacher’s tale, “Journey to Ethereum.” Read it with an open heart, and I believe that in the end, the All Father will touch your heart and set you free.



## **Before the Beginning**

“I have told you from the beginning that I am Messenger,” she began, “but the truth, Teacher, is I am known by another name.” She stood proud and tall as she prepared to reveal that name to Teacher, and his heart was beating with anticipation almost knowing what she was going to say. “I am Gabrielle.”

Teacher felt his heart was going to leap out of his chest. “Oh my prophetic soul!” he exclaimed. “I somehow knew, but was never quite sure, that I was speaking to you.” He bowed in reverence to the All Father’s servant.

“Do not do so, Teacher, for as I told you before I am merely a messenger serving the All Father out of love, the same as you,” She said, placing her hand upon his shoulder raising him to his feet.

“Why is it that only now your true name is being revealed to me?” Teacher asked.

“The All Father forbid me from revealing my true name to you until we came to the end of our time together. He was concerned that you would listen to my words more because of who I was rather than what I had to say.”

Teacher thought to himself how well the All Father knew his children. “Gabrielle, I thought your name was Gabriel.”

“Just one more mistake your kind has made. Oh how they dislike a female having authority or such closeness to the All Father.” She lowered her head in sadness but only for a moment. “Our time together is about at an end. Are you ready to do what must be done,” she asked Teacher, standing before him smiling like an old friend, “regardless of the price you will pay?” She finished and stared into his eyes.

Regardless of the price I will pay. Teacher thought over the words she had said to him. He knew that there would truly be a price to pay. If he wrote and published all that Gabrielle had shared with him he would

lose friends - that would be the first price. The second would be the label he would be labeled with. However, he knew he had to share what he had learned with others. Only then could people be truly set free. Too many were living and thinking from inside a box; it was time to show them the way to life - to life outside the confines of the box. "Yes, Gabrielle, I am ready," he answered bravely, "No matter the price, I will do what must be done. I will do what the All Father has asked of me."

"The All Father has chosen well." Gabrielle smiled and took him by the shoulders and placed a kiss upon his forehead. "Farewell, Teacher."

Suddenly Teacher felt like he was falling backward and traveling through the world of Ethereum. Through the heart of the planet out the other side and into the space beyond. He traveled beyond time, past novae witnessing the birth and death of stars. The planets passed him as he traveled closer and closer to his home world. He passed through the rings of Saturn, and past the great red spot of Jupiter. Mars approached and sped by. He began to grow fearful as he saw the Earth approaching quickly and didn't seem to be slowing down. He passed the Moon and marveled at the craters and mountains that abounded upon the dead rock that orbited around his world. The earth grew larger every second he saw the continent of North America and the land mass that was

Florida. He identified the Gulf coast. He passed through the storm clouds that covered his home in Fort Walton Beach and did not know if he was falling up or down or left or right. He emerged through the other side and recognized the white beaches of Pensacola and Panama City. His home would soon draw closer and still he traveled at breakneck speed. He saw the roofs of his neighborhood and let out a scream as he approached his home. He sat up in bed and looked around his room on Melbourne Street. He was still wearing his robe, as he had forgotten to take it off since he had fallen to sleep while reading the book that still lay open next to him on the bed. “A dream? It had felt so real,” he said confused.

“Of course it was a dream. What did you think it was? Did you believe that you had really traveled to a world between worlds?” The voice laughed.

Teacher knew the voice and slowly turned toward his dresser to see the man dressed in black as he had been when he had met him earlier at the entrance to Castle Ethereum. “You being here, Lucifer, proves it was real and not a dream,” Teacher said in confidence.

“Why, just because I am here? I am real, there is no doubt about that. You know that from your readings, Teacher. Just because I am here does not mean Ethereum is real, or that anything you saw or heard or

experienced is real. Teacher, relax. You have nothing to fear from me.

For I have come to help you,” Lucifer said, an evil grin forming.

“How can you help me?” Teacher asked, not really wanting to know an answer.

“I have come to help you separate reality from fiction, fact from your fantasy. Who better than the father of lies, eh?” Lucifer began moving across the room toward the bedroom door. “Let’s discuss it over coffee, shall we?” He pointed down the hall beckoning Teacher to join him.

Teacher slowly got out of bed and wrapped his robe around him tying the robe with its belt. Following behind Lucifer, Teacher made his way into the kitchen and prepared the coffee for brewing.

“Come sit down Teacher, I will fix it once it is ready.” Lucifer put his hands on Teacher's shoulder and he felt a cold chill run down his spine. Lucifer moved him towards the table that sat in the corner; then, taking a seat opposite him, sat down. “You have created such a nice environment in your backyard,” Lucifer complimented Teacher while looking through the window into his sanctuary.

“Thank you, I have tried to create a place of peace, a place I can escape to,” Teacher said.

“Does it work?” Lucifer asked.

“Usually, yes.”

“Well, then congratulations are in order. You have done what so many strive to do,” Lucifer clapped a little as he finished his words. The buzzer went off on the coffee and before Teacher could get up, Lucifer was already pouring their cups of coffee. He set one down in front of Teacher and sat down with his. “You know, Teacher, if you do what you believe the All Father wishes you to do, there will be no peace for you for a very long time.” He brought the cup to his lips and then took a drink.

“What do you mean what I think the All Father wants me to do? Gabrielle told me exactly what He expects of me,” Teacher said emphatically.

“That is only if you hold the belief that what happened to you was real and not just a dream.”

“Why not, why can’t it be real Lucifer?” Teacher held up his hand to interrupt him as he was about to speak. “Realize that I know you; I know you like to manipulate and twist the truth.”

Lucifer smiled and then said, “You judge me too harshly, Teacher. My only real crime has been revealing the truths hidden behind the lies your race chooses to hold, separating the fairy tales and myths from reality. I am simply trying to free your race from believing and holding on to the

antiquated thought processes, the burdens of following an outdated belief system.”

Teacher reminded himself that Lucifer was a liar; he had even said so in the beginning of their meeting. Teacher told himself again and again in his mind, “I did take a journey to Ethereum and travel to the city of Ethereum, I met Gabrielle and spoke with the Son. The All Father has given me a work to do, and I will not be misled by Lucifer or anyone else from accomplishing my mission.”

Lucifer began to laugh, almost spitting out the coffee he had just drunk. “You really believe that? You really believe the All Father has a special mission for you, that you are the newest liberator like, like Martin Luther?”

Teacher hid his face in his coffee cup embarrassed that Lucifer was laughing at him, but even more so that he would compare him to Martin Luther, a man that had changed the face of Christendom for all time. “Y-yes, I do.”

“Oh Teacher, Teacher. You simple wonderful fool. You are one of the reasons I chose to dwell here rather than the boring realms with the All Father. Your kind amuses me so.”

“Weren’t you exiled here for your rebellion?” Teacher asked.

“No. True, I was exiled as to a fashion, but I chose my exile. You know I tried to convince the All Father that you and your kind would rebel against him, that you would choose a dark path rather than the one he prepared for you. He wouldn’t listen to me though. Pity.” Lucifer took another drink.

Teacher knew part of what Lucifer said was true. The children of God, a vast majority of them anyway, chose to follow a dark path rather than the path of truth.

“You know, I can read you like a book. How delightful that you know I speak the truth. You will discover soon, Teacher, that I am speaking the truth about many things.”

“One thing I know you are not right about is my experience in Ethereum.”

“How do you, Teacher, tell me that?”

“I have faith.”

Lucifer slapped the table, “I knew it! You and your kind are so predictable. That is your answer for everything you cannot explain. For every challenge it is always the same. Faith.”

“What’s wrong with that?”

“Because it’s blind, Teacher. Blind faith keeps you from seeing the truth. You have nothing to stand upon but empty words.”

“They’re not empty words, Lucifer. The words have stood for thousands of years.” Teacher began raising his voice as he defended not only his experience but his faith as well. “The sacred writings have withstood every challenge thrown at them when interpreted correctly.”

“Maybe, but you would think after a thousand years the debate would be over, wouldn’t you?” Lucifer asked.

“No.” Teacher began, “Every generation must ask the same questions and find out the answers for themselves. It is not good enough for someone just to give them the answers. They must make it theirs.”

“Very good Teacher.” Lucifer licked his lips and closed his eyes. After a moment he opened them again and continued. “ I wonder, will faith be enough to carry you through the dark times that will come if you do what the All Father has asked of you?”

“It will have to be,” Teacher answered, growing tired of his uninvited guest.

“There is a way out you know.”

“What way is that?” Teacher asked, already knowing what Lucifer would say.

“Admit it was all just a dream, and you can get back to your humdrum life teaching people what you have always taught.” Lucifer placed his hands together on the table resting his lower lip upon his outstretched forefingers. He smiled up at Teacher and waited.

“No, I cannot,” Teacher answered. “I cannot deny my heart.”

Lucifer pushed himself up out of his chair and stood before Teacher. “In the end, Teacher, you will wish you had listened to me. Thank you for the coffee.” Then, flashing an evil grin, he vanished.

Teacher picked up the cups from the table and placed them in the sink. “I’ll clean later. I need to lie down.” Teacher then placed his hand into the pocket of the robe and felt something there. Slowly pulling it out of his pocket, he hoped beyond hope it was what he thought it was. “Oh,” was all he got out of his mouth as he gazed upon the silver leaf. Everything had been real. He slumped to the floor, his mind replaying everything that had happened, everything he had seen, everything he had heard. Lying on the floor, he placed his head into his hands and wept.

## **Arrival**

Teacher awoke from his sleep in a place he had never seen before except in a dream, and for a time Teacher believed that was what this was, was nothing but a dream. He found himself laying in a field of green grass and colorful wildflowers, colors beyond anything he had ever seen before. He opened one eye and was startled to find that he was no longer lying in his bed under his covers in his bedroom. Night had turned to

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