

My Isis Revelation

(A Short Story)

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During my spiritual journeys over the years, my path has often crossed with Isis. Due to many conversations with a variety of guides, Isis included, I became fully aware of a confirmed Egyptian lineage. I developed a bitter-sweet type of love-hate opinion of Isis. Love and respect for the complex and wise healing she is capable of and a hate whenever I discovered my beautiful rose-gold Isis pendulum had lied to me.

“Because when you put your faith in toys, that is just what they will be.”

“What? Isis, not now!”

“Well, if you would use your energy in conjunction with both your pendulums correctly, you would know to trust your own intuition and the guidance being channelled through it, and it will work as it's meant to. As you've seen it happen.”

“Noted.”

Now, where was I? Ah yes, Isis. We've always crossed paths, but she became more and more adamant in making her presence known these last six months. As a child, I've always been obsessed with everything Egyptian. These last months I was driven to search for Ankh jewellery in earnest. Nowhere I enquired was it available to purchase in person. No craft shops or jewellers had them in stock. It just didn't seem to be that popular here in South Africa. I was forced to go online, and low and behold, I found the perfect ring and a beautiful necklace online to match the earrings I already had.

And so, barely a fortnight ago, I learned through a spiritual journey that Isis had a sister. Nephthys. During that specific journey, Isis told me how the two of them are the embodiment of Opposites but also of Duality. The one the Sun, the other the Moon, the Light and the Dark, Life and Death. It was also conveyed that Isis, as well as Ma'at and Sekhmet, had much to do with my Egyptian lineage while Nephthys on the other hand, played a big part in my Native American lineage. But that lineage, as well as the Sekhmet bloodline are both stories for another day. Stories that go into bloodlines and lineages far older than this Egyptian one.

But I digress. During that journey, several sacred birds also made their appearance. Falcons, eagles and owls. I once purchased an ornament of an owl because it was the exact replica of the spirit animal I had just met during a journey. I knew her name was Nonna and to this day, Nonna keeps me company when I'm working at my desk from where she is perched on top of my overflowing bookshelf. Until yesterday I could never figure out how I know her or from which lifetime.

The same could be said of my incarnation as a healer in a temple inside a huge pyramid. A pyramid capped by a large clear quartz crystal capstone with gold trim, so large that only the top third of the pyramid could be seen from above ground. I remember having lived in a very spacious cave which led directly into the inner chamber and main temple floor. It overlooked a lush valley adorned with a flowing river, tall reeds and an abundance of wildlife below me, and in the distance to the right, I could see the ocean. Alexandria? Who knows? I remember how beautiful I looked when I saw myself inside my homey cave. With a hairstyle

that was clearly influenced by the Greeks, I was dressed in a flowing, pure white Grecian maxi dress that flowed to my ankles. Around my waist, I had a rainbow-coloured rope belt with an Ankh tied to it. I believe that, besides being a tool, this Ankh not only assisted me with my healing work in the temples but also acted as some sort of “passport” that would grant me access to certain exclusive areas. It was then that I suspected a Greek-Egyptian heritage, and, thanks to Google, I then learned that the Greeks greatly influenced Egyptians, hence the lineage. Suffice it to say that Spirit often enjoys giving me homework on these journeys and, thanks to the internet, I’ve now come to trust that a lot of the info being “downloaded” is not just merely a part of my imagination or subconscious. I say a lot because, as Isis and others have told me much of what they tell me will never be found in our 3D recordkeeping systems such as the internet or libraries. In the secret vaults of the Vatican which holds most of the scrolls and books “destroyed” in the fire in Alexandria yes, but not those available to the public. What Isis said next came as a further confirmation.

Now, to finally get to the report, er...I mean revelation, so let me tell you what Isis told me last night.

In my mind’s eye, I could see Isis had an owl that would hunt at night while she worked in the temple. Isis then came to me, called me Daughter of Isis, and presented me with a gift. A beautiful ornately decorated owl’s egg. I was grateful for the gift and told her that I didn’t have an owl to sit on this egg to hatch it. She proceeded to tell me that I shall do it. Time must have lapsed because the next moment I realised that I had done what she said, and after that I became known as “Mother of the Owl” and that her owl was known as “Owl of the Mother”.

The owl bit may sound a bit bizarre but if you think that’s odd, you better strap yourself in for the next part. Isis started speaking to me and telepathically showed me everything she was talking about.

“I am Isis. I am the Creator of Life. New life.”

“Like the Creator? Or the creator gods I have read about?”

“No, no. I’m not a god. Only the One Infinite Creator can create something out of nothing.”

“I see.” Not really understanding, I waited.

“I created life outside the womb and beyond the way of nature. With the assistance of others, I created life by taking my own healthy eggs, and with advanced technological manipulations, we impregnated barren women.”

“Like what is known to us now as “The Gift”?”

“Yes, quite an appropriate name isn’t it? We had other ways too and called it the Isis Life Programme. You see, to be barren doesn’t necessarily mean you are incapable of being a healthy incubator to unborn children. Our women often had infertile eggs but a healthy womb. To be unable to bear children

was deeply misunderstood and women, the divine feminine beings that they were, were often shunned. Often their conditions were caused by poverty and poor diets, abuse or hard labour and such.

“Nephthys and I helped women to be implanted with either fertilized eggs or just our unfertilized own, whereafter they could fertilize it naturally with the assistance of a man of their choosing. With our care and assistance, these previously barren women would then give birth to a healthy child and earn the title of Creator. The men who fertilized the eggs became known as Co-Creators. The barren woman would become a surrogate mother, as you call it nowadays, but would keep and raise the children as her own. In all essence, they would become her and her Co-Creator’s offspring and descendants.

“That child, born a healthy and fertile being, was then capable of creating new life naturally and would create a lineage. All barren women had the opportunity to join the Isis Life Programme during their childbearing years. Each barren woman who bore a child became, not only known as a Creator but also as the first Ancestor of a new lineage. The Isis Lineage. And you were the first Ancestor.”

“Me?” How come?”

“Well, I loved once, and I loved hard. He was my Achilles...my Horus...my Tanus. I thank Wilbur Smith for his very apt description of this Tanus in his novels for he truly embodied the multifaceted essence of a man who had the heart of a warrior, the soul of a lover, and the charisma of a leader. I had two of my own biological children. You and a boy. You were beautiful, precious and perfect in every way. With your dedication to healing, you also entered the Isis Life Programme of your own free will. You were the first woman to become a Creator and an Ancestor.

“The Ankh was given to those of sacred higher learnings. You earned your Ankh with the healing work you performed but also because you learned to do what Nephthys and I did, to create life outside the womb.”

I was rather floored at this point, but Isis had one or two more revelations up her sleeve.

“Many curious beings from Sirius and the likes, incarnated with the specific intention to experience this awe-inspiring Isis Life Programme for themselves. This technology was not new to them of course but, on this 3D planet, it sure was a marvel and a life-changing experience. Some came and enjoyed quite a good portion of this 3D life experience while others chose to depart or cross over into another vibration, which you call death, as soon as they made their contribution to the programme; their experience completed. One such example is the story of Jesus. His mother, Mary? Immaculate conception? Not quite. Jesus’ legacy lived on and so does his bloodline, or shall I say Isis’?”

“I can confirm that we were also the inventors of the first crude condoms. After having our children, Nephthys and I preserved our own eggs for the programme but continued to have healthy sexual relations. Herbal elixirs and potions could do the same job, but people were fallible, they would forget to take them. Condoms became a failsafe for all who wanted to be a part of this Life Programme but also have their own genetic bloodline.

“Also, many impotent men could still experience pleasure, as given by other healthy Co-Creators, which led to the current gay bloodlines. Eventually, the genetics of a healthy, gay, Co-Creator would become blended into the bloodlines with the result that gay men didn’t necessarily have to be childless, and they too could be acknowledged as Co-Creators, if they so chose. Women who were deemed unattractive or shunned for whatever reason, often found love and companionship in the arms of another woman and so, these gay women too were able to experience being a Creator while choosing to stay in an intimate relationship with another woman. They seemed to be less targeted by the public thereafter.

“And so, beloved, the Isis bloodline has spread around the world. Billions of you are now my sons and daughters.”

“But Isis, I am now a barren woman myself. I have no children of my own although I have raised and love many other people’s children as my own. My bloodline doesn’t continue.”

“Yes, that is correct. You are a born nurturer and mother and have born many children during your lifetimes. Bearing and raising your own child in this lifetime would have distracted you from your purpose, which is great indeed.”

“What am I meant to do then?”

“You were meant to create differently now. Instead of creating downwards like with birthing, you are meant to create upwards and out, into infinity and beyond. The beyond is vast. It’s where we’re one with the One Infinite Creator. It’s no coincidence that you fell in love with the word “Beyond” when Tina Turner sang that song for the first time, rest her soul. Nor when you made it a part of the unalome tattoo on your back. Now, go forth and continue creating as you do for yourself and the masses. Continue to write, dream, heal and be grateful for the abundance in your life. But most of all, speak it into existence. Upwards and outwards. Beyond.”