

The Lion in Literature, Liturgy, and Love of Art

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Given that it's the Romans who published the Bible, perhaps it's not surprising to you about just how maligned my ancestors and I are therein. Although Proverbs 28:1 preaches that "the righteous are bold as a lion," the liturgy in turn blasphemies us bit by bit. Alas, the devil feeds the ego of the character of Daniel in the Lion's den, who is able to come out on top as it were of the challenges of Creation. The devil if he's to be considered good at anything, he knows how to take a meritorious instinct within you and then use that very lance to hook you by the want you have to actually do good on Mama Maya.

As Rubens is painting "Daniel in the Lion's Den" in the early 1600s, the Romans are busy selling the printing presses that they pretend to invent during the mid-1500s. I mean who doesn't want to believe in a "good guy" like "Gutenberg" who is among the humans and oh so chock full of fine ideas. Aren't we naturally the chosen ones after all? Mustn't we be? For the Romans are enculturating us about that. Here's a guy, literally a "mountain" of "goodness" for God's sake and how can anyone deny a good soul a good read? The devil, that's who, as he and his fake media blasphemy their way to the blackest parts of your hearts. This is how the devil schemes to lance your very soul out of your own goodness.



Who is the devil? For my people, who are the indigenous of Mama Maya, that devil to put it in specific historical context: he has doth manifest as the evil aliens of the Vulcan Nazi Lizard Borg. It's they who want to take Daniel's awe of Creation and use it to skip right over the very teachings of Genesis itself. To confuse us as part of the blasphemy that is contained in the Bible itself. May the lambs

beware, there are many voices that go into writing the Bible. Some of these voices are of true scholars

of the spiritual practices. As we honor our Lord of Light. Yet, it's the Vulcan Nazi Lizard Borg of the fake Romans that publish the Bible. The Roman devils are an earlier wave of infamous invasion across our earth plane as some now call it. "Earlier" given that we're talking about an historical time-frame of the Holocene Era. As far as the Fay see it, it's always the "Halocene Era" here on Mama Maya. Yet, the devil he uses fake media to convince everyone that they are Princess Leia and Luke Skywalker. That instead of God's children you are some kind of two-bit holograms able to be shut on and off at a whim of an official so-called of the Vulcan Nazi Lizard Borg. Of course, these are the last stages of the evil empire. At first the evil aliens they attack us with guns, germs, and jails. They genocide our indigenous village by village. The Nazi blitzkrieg media campaign: tis the evil that follows from that rote violence.

The Romans invade the earth plane and wreak violence, chaos, and utter destruction upon the tribes of indigenous who have come to settle here since the last ice age ten to thirty thousand years ago. They call themselves "Romans" as the way the devil sees it, he's here to create a headier version of the Romani Gypsies, who are the first peoples of Mama Maya. Across thousands of years, waves and waves of aliens arrive en masse. Yet, the dance of the spirit world began trip trapping a tango of light and dark with the Big Bang billions of years ago. We two-leggeds have been at it for millions of years.

The earliest inhabitants of Mama Maya are the Gypsies up North, and then the Celts who come to be part of our beautiful indigenous tribes. The Romans delude themselves that there is no written record of the Nordic. The Romans use their printing press to blasphemy about the sacred, ancient Nordic peoples.

The Nordic peoples, however, we leave a spectacular written record of art. This includes scriptures about the first female cat on Mama Maya, who is Bunny. Black Bunny births white bunny, who then births White Lion, who then births Black Panther. Mama Cheetah herself's born from the sacred, holy womb of Mother Rabbit. Tis any surprise how the devil deludes you about your true mother? From playboy bunnies to industrial, artificial sweets in springtime. The devil he sure don't want you to know about what it means to truly be reborn again.



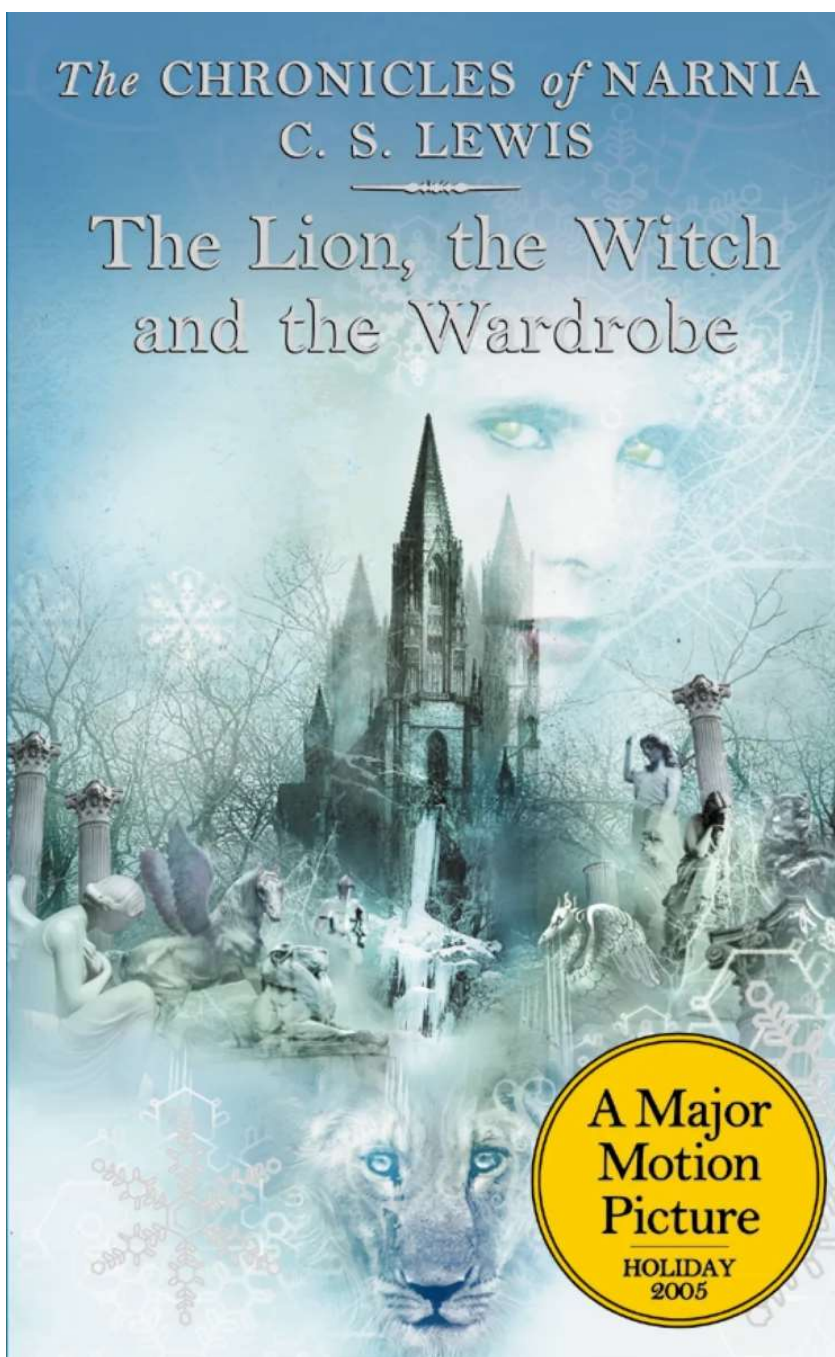
Well, Einstein meet Unut and Unut meet Einstein. For we both come from the One. Yet, why do we two-leggeds never talk about our actual, sacred Mother no more? Even as of the late Ptolemaic period, Bastet, who is a sacred Goddess of our Gypsy people is seen in indigenous art with ears long as a bunny's. Any longer than that and the bunny ears will flop down over your very own shoulders. As they used to sing to me when I'm a kid in their Nazi schools: "Do your ears hang low, do they wobble to and fro, can you tie them in a knot, can you tie them in a bow, do they warble over your forehead like some cotton-tangled bow. Do your ears hang low." Even after a lifetime in which I'm a victim of Nazi propaganda, I can and do proudly say: "my holy ears, they hang, not to mention in this land of gravity that is Mama Maya, my ears hang such that I hear the voices of God."



There's a cat in what today they call Africa that people wonder where the beautiful feline comes from. The feline is called a serval and I know in my gut that she is my great ancestor. She is the mama of Mama Cheetah. And the mama of the serval is of course Mother Rabbit. How do I know so much about Cheetah? How do I know her name is really Chia and we have come to embody the seed of life on Mama Maya? I know because I am her. And I know in my heart who I am. Where I'm from! I know that there comes a time upon Mama Maya when my Lord asks me in my heart to share with others from revelations of ancestral dream states.

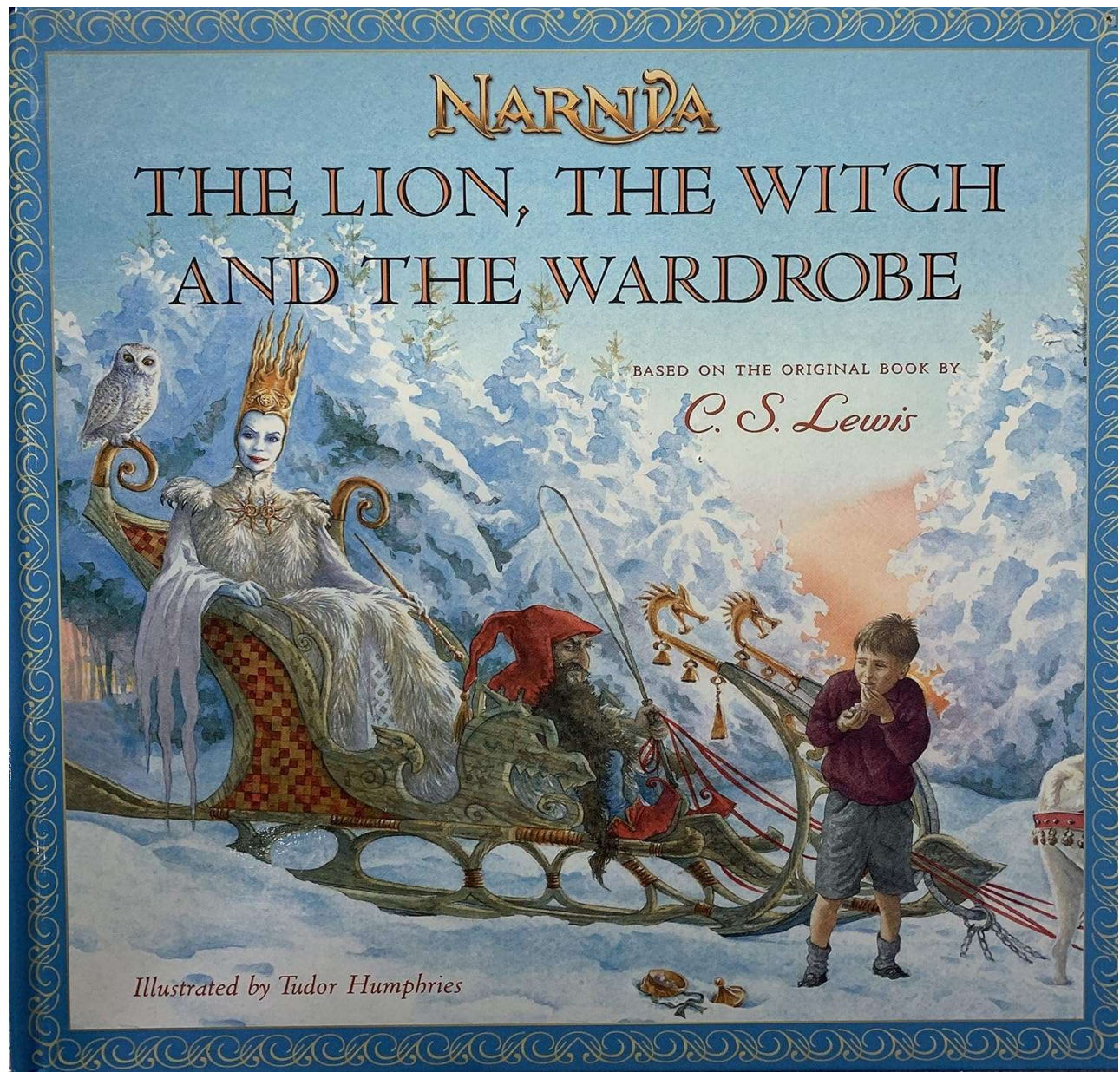


My Lord and husband he appears to me looking just like a lion king. I am his Chia and together we've produced a new branch on our tree of life, black panther. The evil aliens have poisoned us to believe that the Lion King is one of their sad cloned simbas. But that is pure blasphemy. The Nazi Vulcan Lizard Borg when they invaded us up North, millions of years ago, they genocided most of the Nordic peoples and also the great white lion among us. Since then, if I want to look into the eyes of a white lion, I have to open the book of an avid author who's doing his best to understand where all this hate of our people comes from. I've to read also about how witches, that we are bad somehow. How the owl parts of me in conjunction with the part of me that is feline should always raise ire and never enlightenment. Nevermind that in my ancient Gypsy language the very word for compass is brújula



which if you know Spanish you understand the root of the word “witch” in there. No matter, I know a beautiful book cover when I see it. I know that Winter brings the blues as they call it. And I know that at times life on Mama Maya it gets tremendously difficult. Why shouldn't we shout out to our Creator and demand to know why a tragedy has happened. Why a loved one died in the midst of the bitter cold of what may seem to some a heartless season. As a child during this lifetime, I am fortunate enough to have a time in my early years whereby some in my culture encouraged me to believe in the magic of

Frosty, to take some time to play out in the snow in my erstwhile toboggan, and to read beautiful books about the snow. Like “The Lion, the Witch, and the Wardrobe” one of my favorite stories. It’s all about children like me adventuring in the magical and sublime, snowy fairylands. Thus, riding our rainbows.



At least, that’s how I see it. I will always see Mama Maya as a land in which although all people are tested, that ultimately we follow the light of our Lord. The great Creator is good and beneficent. That God is eternally merciful. In Spanish “a merciful God” is “la misericordia de Dios” and I can see both the roots of misery and heart strings there. In that word: misericordia. At the end of the day, I strive to

be an instrument of God. No matter what the challenges, I want to do my family, my tribe, and most of all God proud. Even as the Nazi Vulcan Lizard Borg have turned so much of my culture into brain rot.



As part of their evil cultural expropriation of my peoples, the Nazi Vulcan Lizard Borg robbed one of the most marvelous works of art of my Nordic ancestors. Piraeus lion is crafted by no other than my Nordic ancestors in reverence to white lion, who existed until the genocide by the devil. In Sweden, there are supposed replicas of a white lion. But although the statuary art there may be real, the people aren't. For SWE is a nothing if not a programming language of the holograms.

As a child and even as a young adult, I know none of this. All I know is that my heart alights when I think of the wise lion king. A character I come to love. For he's a sacred, holy ancestor of my people. And, per my inner child, I must know that lions too must exist in the snow. What do you think all that fur is for then? All that mane around African lion's shoulders? Where did you think it doth come from? It's a question I wish that my twenty-two year old self can go back and ask the Walt Disney Company. The "Lion King" is fraudulent and poisoned us to think that lions are indigenous to Africa. In fact, evil aliens of Vulcan Nazi Lizard Borg infamy created genetically modified lions from the white Nordic lions.

They genocided the female white lions and only produced African males. The so-called lion prides in Africa are typically all male. The babies are clones. Some of the males are given manes and some are not. Otherwise, they are almost all males. At times, by work of God a female or two pop up such that true babes are born. The ancestors we realize what's happened and we must work to make things right.



Another place where the white lion can be found today? A cultural artifact that is at best a rarity, two white lions are at the New York Public Library. At each side of the stairwell leading up to the library exist two proud Nordic white lions. Which is the male and which is the female? Both lions are made to look exactly the same, yet the male is clearly the one on the right as one goes up the stairs, as his name is “Fortitude”, while on the left as one goes up the stairs is the female named “Patience”. The white lion art is majestic, and I wonder why more isn’t done to better distinguish the male from the female than just naming them. While both the female and the male Nordic lions have manes and extra fur to keep them warmer during the extremely harsh winters, they should not look exactly the same. A female white lion has a little less mane than a male, and is a bit smaller. Other than that, it’s a true depiction in that lions do pair bond with each



other. The sacrelidge of a harem of one male and many fake females like the devil has done in Africa is pure evil. That the devil is making fake females out of the males by taking away their manes and then neutering them is of such an evil blasphemy that it cuts like a knife to my very being. For the lion king babies are all clones. Can you imagine the great indignity of genociding all the women and replacing us with men? Of then cloning all of our babies? Then you should know that this is the Vulcan Nazi Lizard Borg’s scheme for humanity as well as for all the animal kingdom. Demons and monsters of the devil frequency cannot reproduce with real females you see. As such, they create fake females and program them to do the devil’s bidding. This is the very definition of Hell. And the keepers of the light we need to keep ourselves as pure as possible, keep purifying ourselves and following the light of our Lord to out-survive this evil vermin. It is an evil practice to clone creatures of the animal kingdom. The evil aliens will fall off the chaos cliff into their self-made hellscape. The keepers of the light, we’ll continue to resist the great evil of the alien invaders by following the ways of our ancestors and the Great Spirit.



For God works in mysterious ways. As Mama Chia, I must reveal to you that I absolutely love my lion husband. And however it happened, I don't know. But my holy husband looks just like the male African lion. I am his queen and he is my king. He has the genetics of the white lion still inside him, yet he is made to look different and without the white fur. Regardless, what's most important is that I could not be any more feminine and he could not be any more masculine.

We are a very good pairing for each other. As Chia I am born out of the womb of my great mother. I have traveled via the pyramids of my Gypsy people between Africa and the Americas. And together with my Lion King we give birth to the Jaguarundi. This new cat on the celestial block is black panther. He is of our tree of life. Just like the Jacaranda tree is the tree of life in Africa. We continue our sacred feline lineage. The feliform family, which includes wolves, wildcats, foxes, coyotes, and owls, we journey together to keep traveling toward the heavenly light.



Please know that the evil Vulcan Nazi Lizard Borg who first invaded us so many millions of years ago still have the DNA of the ancient Nordic lions. This is more of what they have robbed of Mama Maya. The devils should have to give back the DNA they robbed from us. We should be able to bring back the ancient Nordic lions. Both the males and the females. Meanwhile, any and all lions in Africa should be left alone to continue life in a way that is purely wild. All animals must be freed from captivity. Right now, my beautiful ancestors are being kept behind bars, even though we are all innocents. The Mama Chia and the African lions should be freed from the evil prisons and left to form good unions together. It should be of each individual's choosing the mate he or she will reproduce with. Please help free all us wildcats and bring our true ancients back to the wild who were so cruelly and unfairly genocided. It is only then that the circle of life will truly continue on. God bless another day on Mama Maya. AMEN!

