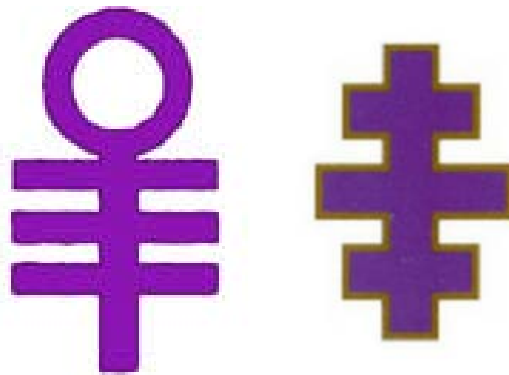




Jean de Cabalis - Guardian Orders Paper

For Members of the Following Orders



Channeling Darkness: a persona encounter with Evil

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Channelling Darkness: A personal encounter with Evil

By Shomer Diarmuidh

"...It is spoken of the sephiroth and the paths of spirits and conjurations of gods, spheres, planes and many other things which may or may not exist. It Is Immaterial whether they exist or not. By doing certain things certain results follow; students are most earnestly warned against attributing objective reality or philosophical validity to any of them." - Aleister Crowley

Very recently, I held the opinion that Evil did not exist Roman programming had filled my impress young mind with all sorts of nonsensical ideas about

Evil, most of which we variations on this one basic theme: 'most everything anyone does or thinks or says is bound to be Evil and the only way to dean such grimy souls is with true original patented Catholic Confession, Absolution and Penance (accept no imitations).

My god-given logical mind would not accept the notion that an all-powerful, all-knowing and benevolent deity would create an entire universe configured in such a way as to benefit nobody but the Roman Catholic Church - (which was by now looking less like a religion and more like a multinational, multi-billion dollar business trading on ignorance, shame and misery.

Stupidity and Ignorance

It seemed much more used to substitute the notions of Stupidity, Ignorance and Insanity for Evil. People were not Evil their actions were not Evil. The murderer, the molester, the slumlord, the profiteer, the despoiler of the environment, the torturer, the dictator, the slave-owner; to me none of them evil but desperate. My belief was that like the rest of us, were simply doing the best that knew how to, within the limits of their genetic and cultural endowments. Now I'm not so sure.

A personal encounter

Very recently I personally encountered Evil. No special effects, no horned beasts, blood didn't drip from the wells, the room did not become unnaturally chill, there was neither the rank odour of decay nor a faint smell of fried onions.

I was sitting in the front room of my last flat, talking with my partner and discussing an occasion when I had taken part in an antinuclear march down Auckland's Queen Street, some years ago. I had been dressed as Death, wearing a home-made death-mask, cowl and shroud. I had lost control of the role I had been playing. You might say I just got carried away. In any case, the role began to play me. I was really getting off on spooking the unwary pedestrians. As Death, I knew that they were all mine and it was with great relish that I took every opportunity to remind them of this fact I still recall with shame the infant shuddering with terror in her pram when confronted eyeball to eyeball with the grim visage of Death. As I recounted this tale of stupidity and needless cruelty, I thought that it might liven the story up a little if I allowed myself to reconnect with the feelings I had experienced is

Death.

Dumb move, although not yet evil

A source of Darkness

I felt myself filling with unaccustomed power. I seemed to become a source of darkness and its power was absolutely seductive. I felt invincible, all-powerful, and possessed of an ancient cunning and ruthlessness.

What happened next was unthinkable and certainly unacceptable to my rational mind. I began to psychically attack my partner. I am a healer by trade and have experienced the phenomenon of channelling light into a client during what is commonly known as faith-healing or the laying on of hands. Now I was experiencing something new the channelling of darkness.

Darkness is not in itself evil however Darkness does not belong within the human energy field. To knowingly channel darkness into some body's aura, to witness the pain and terror on the victims face and to continue the channelling of darkness, enjoying the power of devastating another human being, now this was Evil, and it was precisely this that I found myself doing. Perhaps at this point the angels intervened perhaps there was still some vestige of loving-kindness untainted by the Evil which possessed me. I know not how I managed to regain control from the Evil I had become. When I came back to my senses, I was faced by my partner pale, trembling, and possibly in physiological shock, certainly traumatised by her experience on the receiving end of this malevolence.

Although not usually clairvoyant, I seemed to see her aura, hanging in tatters as it were. It was as if someone had taken to it with the psychic equivalent of a machete or a baseball bat, even though there had been no physical or verbal violence. Throughout the attack I had remained absolutely silent and still.

I felt deeply ashamed and remorseful and we spoke of what I had done, or allowed to be done through me. She said that she felt as though I had somehow reduced her down to nothing. Although my partner forgave me, I knew that it was not enough to simply recognise the folly of my actions, apologise and feel profound remorse. Suddenly I realised that I knew what had to be done.

I know how to fix this,' I said, 'I need you to trust me.' Somehow I knew that I could reverse the process, that I could channel the darkness out of her energy field and send it back into the light. Such was the power of my partner's forgiveness that I was given the trust and permission I needed to attempt to undo the damage I had done.

An intention for healing

I allowed myself to re-enter that state when the darkness came upon me, only this time I had a powerful intention for healing and restoration. Somehow I began to draw the darkness out of my beloved's aura and back into myself. As it entered my body I recognised it, blessed it and let it go. After several minutes had elapsed there remained only a small patch of darkness near my partner's right shoulder which I seemed unable to dislodge. With permission I placed my hands in this area and managed to draw away this last remnant of the darkness.

Returning to 'normal' I checked with my partner to find out whether the damage had indeed been undone. Her reply indicated that the healing had been effective, although she expressed great pity and concern for my well-being. Apparently throughout the healing I had looked grief-stricken; very, very sad and very, very old.

A conscious choke

I have thought long and hard about my encounter with Evil. I believe that I became Evil only in that moment when I consciously and wilfully chose to damage another living being for my own sport. I believe now that there are destructive energies or entities that I have the ability to contact and express. I have no reason to believe that I am the only human being susceptible to this Evil.

I believe we are all endowed to greater or lesser extent with the ability to channel light or channel darkness. I firmly believe that the power I contacted that day unremittingly destructive and I believe that it was inevitably destroys all who would use it. Perhaps I was being tested? Had I chosen to continue down the destructive path, I would have been broken down back into whatever raw materials I sprang from in the first place. Had I proven myself to be a type who would serve destruction rather than

participate in the much needed work of healing and creation I might have been recycled into something more useful.

A personal footnote by Jean de Cabilis.

The above is a true story of Shomer Diarmuidh experience with evil around 1992/93. Shomer Diarmuidh was appointed to become the Senior Guardian of the Order replacing Michael Freedman SG. However this transmission never took place and Michael became the last Senior Guardian.

Regrettably soon after, Diarmuidh got involved with LSD and Ecstasy; and as expected this further opened a channel in his aura for darkness to attack or use him for its purpose, in its chosen time; and basically destroying any healing that Diarmuidh had received. After Diarmuidh was later charged on a class 'A' drug conviction, he and his partner (spoken of above) separated.

This footnote is meant to give the member with some knowledge of the later history of the Guardians, additional insight as to contributory reasons to Diarmuidh's actions which lead to the destruction of the Sanctuary of the Holy Angels after Shomer Michael's death. [See history of the Guardians paper] Once evil has used a person as a channel, that person will always be weakened and vulnerable for evil to use such a person again at its leisure. This is regrettable.

Diarmuidh now lives the quiet country life with his new partner and children - without involvement in magick.