

The Great Battle against Lucifer

And the time came to pass that the Son of Man was to strike the mighty blow against Lucifer. Quietly and secluded He lived with Maria and a select few whom He trusted fully. A tremendous combat was afoot, the great battle against Lucifer!

The substantiate beings trembled, Nature lay as if rigidified and silently awaited the hour at which evil was to be fettered in one fell swoop. A tenseness spread across the Earth as it did at the time when men murdered the Son of God. An oppressive silence reigned.

The substantiate guardians in Valhalla called to arms. They set out as if to embark on a hunt. In roaring storms they swept across the Earth, chasing dark spirits across the swamps and the bogs, forcing downward all that was murky, mad and impure.

Coming in like a whirlwind, steeds with valiant horsemen sped through the clouds. Dogs barked, and like storms, unending multitudes chased after witches and goblins which holed up fearfully. They appeared as dark, black, ragged spectres that had risen to a place where they did not belong.

Thus a swept, purified and light path spread out before the Son of Man which was lined by green, fresh meadows. It led Him and Maria downward into a wide, silent and peculiarly bleak and desolate remoteness. It was not dark but nor was it light, and it seemed as if everything around was asleep. The grassy valley narrowed, not one flower bloomed and no bird sang; subtly, almost imperceptibly, the increasingly narrow path led downwards.

Rugged mountains overgrown with dark grass towered in the distance like a cauldron, and above them extended a lead-coloured sky resembling a tough, lifeless cloth. All this pressed down heavily. It became gloomier, and shadows, which solidified imperceptibly, crept out of the depth. A transition from grey to black took place.

And the valley became evermore narrow, the shadows evermore dark, the mountains evermore drear. Mists arose from a well that seeped up blackly, gurglingly forming large bubbles. Out of it a toad-like monstrosity looked on

and attempted to grab Maria's light garment across the edge of the slough with frog-like paws. In so doing it appeared as if out of this creature, too, shadows were rising. Here and there other black wells opened up and converged, seeping, gurgling and forming a stream that flowed along the edge of the trail.

However, when the Son of Man approached the well and looked down at the animal, it opened its formidable jaws and screamed. Then it collapsed in on itself and perished. Like crinkled, black tissue paper it stuck to the surface of the puddle, its well then dried up.

The Son of Man with Maria by His side pressed on further into the narrow, dark valley, and He heard the groaning of the wells adjoining the path which all ran dry as soon as He passed.

The ground droned from the trot of a large herd. Many ugly, large and bristled hogs ran about gruntingly. They intended to dare an attack, but when they neared the Light Which walked toward them they had to fade. It was as if they dissolved, as if they scattered and dissipated.

Thus the Light stood in the deep valley, enveloped by a cloak that had been handed down by light hands. The rocks began to tower; they took on moist darkness, eerily growing to amazing heights. Steep, flat cliffs, which provided no hold whatsoever for any foot aiming to find support, stared down like slabs of slate.

No vegetation, not a blade of grass grew on them, instead newts and amphibians with ugly flies stuck to them. The animals attached themselves with jellyfish-like paws to the flat, even rock, only to again slide down slowly into the depth. Many started to climb up again, others dropped from above, smashing to pieces on the dark plates. Steaming blood splattered about out of which new animals immediately formed.

The light Couple passed through this narrow gulf, too, leaving behind the hideous beings which fell feebly as if decayed or decomposed. With deadly terror in their eyes they clung to the rocks, shrivelling and shrinking in place. Their skin dried out, forming gaping crevices, the flesh dropped off and others devoured it, the bones crumbled and bit by bit fragments plunged into the depth. Woeful groans crept through the chasms like the wind.

A vertiginous and narrow trail led along a steep descent. A handrail was present; however, the slightest touch caused it to collapse and become as chaff. Next to it the yawning abyss opened up in all its dreadful out of which vapours rose that took on form - gestalts; gestalts of a completely different and ghastly kind.

They had prong-like ridges as dragons do and huge jaws like wolves and claws like tigers. Their bearing betrayed a cat-like, humped posture, full of limberness, with tails like crocodiles. Maliciously they stuck out their long tongues. Each tongue had an arrow that sprayed poison; some tongues were forked, shooting off ever new arrows.

The Lord continued on His way through the gorge of slander. Evil cowered and hid itself away. It was as dangerous as it was cowardly, as untrue as it was ugly, as contemptible as it was loathsome.

And so the Lord swung His sword over the gulf of evil. Fumes rose as if monsters were being burned alive. Instead, however, evil birds descended from above that covered the entire chasm with the width of their wings. Their whirring was like the bluster of a hurricane.

They held their beaks open like wide maws and curved like Turkish sabres. The eyes glowed large and round akin to golden coals and the feathers appeared as if metallic. They meant to attack. Gigantic, sharp claws were brought to bear against the Light. With tremendous clutches they intended to grab, but the claws were consumed by fire.

With a wild screech the birds scattered as one claw plunged into the depths having been severed by the sword. Red, hot, thick blood gushed forth from the wound. The beasts flew into a rage. With loud flaps of their wings and much shrieking they filled the gorge that led into the never-ending depth.

It became ever darker; the gorges became ever taller, the path became ever tighter, ever narrower, and ever deeper could the stream be heard that rushed from below. Screeching loudly the animals plunged into the abyss. From above a radiantly light countenance looked down to the Son of Man.

It seemed as if calm had now come over the ugly world. The darkness and the denseness remained, but nothing could be heard other than the quiet procession of the light Couple across the stone slab path of the gorge.

Suddenly it widened, stairs led downward to a spot that was in deeper darkness still. Momentarily unable to move Her foot, Maria recoiled. It was as if She had to wrestle with a terrible decision. Then, however, She, too, placed Her foot onto the first step.

Quickly the Pair descended, deeper and ever deeper, but the further They progressed the more the stairs widened. Dread rose from below. There was bellowing from side corridors like from cages of wild apes. This was now the region that possessed enough tenacity to prevail. Bourns gushed from above. It was suffocatingly hot. White-grey spectres clung to the cliffs and the chasms.

An island with tall trees came into view in the middle of the widening river. From each dangled souls that had been hung. Akin to shredded veils they flapped in the balmy wind. A stench of terrible decomposition permeated the air. As the Lord passed they dropped from the trees and plunged into the river. But immediately others hung from the trees, they literally clustered around, desperate not to miss the opportunity to kill themselves.

In a nearby ravine shots rang out. Red fire flared up, it smelled of gunpowder. Murderous facial features spied through the vapours and then quickly concealed themselves. It was as if all of them were in the grip of utter terror.

At the same time it became even hotter. Vapours flowed down the walls. The smell of gunpowder and blood merged into rank intolerableness.

Hideous naked arms stretched out from rock crevices, trying to get near Maria. Beastly faces came very close and then melted away; they became increasingly humanlike and with this ever uglier, malicious and evil. A particular trait predominated which betrayed the nature of Darkness and its vices. Horridly it raged within the individual beings. They were in the throes of disgust at themselves; all the worse was the bottomless hatred when they sensed the approaching Light.

An armed band rose from the depths of a bog; menacingly they stood on the far side of a dark lake embattled like an army. Arrows swarmed across but they bounced off as if repelled by invisible shields. Screaming, the Darkness swallowed Lucifer's armies and they were seen no longer.

Silently and steadily the light Pair continued under the heavy, protective cover. It appeared as if a lamp moved through the black endlessness. Boundless, everlasting, bleak.

And the Darkness was so menacing, so foreboding and attracted evermore homogeneity. It marched against the Light. It threatened with all its horrors. Dreadful, tremendous, formidable was the sense of forlornness, depth, terror and sin.

Menacingly it howled underground. A rocky cauldron opened up. A red blaze crept up the walls; a slimy, mucoid, miry brood. With long tentacles it grabbed for Maria who had fallen behind slightly. The Son of Man was striking a blow at a monstrosity when a fearful scream rang out: Maria's cloak had opened and the light illuminated faces distorted with rage; a large beast clawed at her. Swiftly the Son of Man came to Her aid, but from above a light appeared. Wide as a white cloak a light-cloud spread itself. Out of it white, radiating countenances looked on.

Maria felt as if something drew Her aloft. With great speed She ascended into high, light and free realms.

A Holy Voice spoke from above "It is enough!" - Well-protected She lay on a soft, green lawn abundant with flowers. Then Maria ceased knowing ...

The Son of Man, however, continued the lonely journey into the depths. Seething, evermore Darkness rose from below. The space in which the Son of Man roamed widened into an expansive, black slab of rock that shone like ore. It was smooth and plain, slippery from the blood and slime of monsters, behemoths and hideous creatures which in sheer desperation shattered their heads ever again on the rocks in an effort to escape the torment that ever anew awaited them in the deepest regions.

Chasms opened up which the Son of Man's Will crossed. With the blistering, fiery tip of His sword He blazed the trail through a brood of the most wicked entities that continuously and unceasingly rose from below. Not one form ever repeated itself, ever again it was a new spawn of hell that grinned brazenly, maliciously, villainously, yet also full of cowardly fear.

But they were unable to come near the Light-Manifestation Which was surrounded by luminous rings and shone increasingly brightly. Evermore

powerfully the intensity and force of the radiation thrust out of the Son of Man the sooner the final battle was to commence.

He paid no mind to the awful happenings occurring in the rock vaults and grottos. With His sword raised He stormed ahead evermore swiftly, past the cesspools, the black lakes and the dreadful dens of oblivion. The horrific screams that rang out echoed through His Spirit; shudderingly cry after cry resonated through the vaults and from the pillars of the lowest halls.

Fiery flames flared up red-hot. Savage and ferocious beasts with ogreish claws and fangs and horns guarded the entrances to formidable dominions of malice, of sin. But wherever the Envoy from God set foot silence fell. Rigidity akin to petrification seized the vast advancing armies which surged upwards in myriads from the depths like vermin.

Reverberations of working, hammering, whistling and howling whooshed through the air. Light-circles whirled around the Envoy of God at fantastic speeds. A bright, blinding luminescence appeared above Him and the city of Darkness roared shrilly like a furious, injured bull. The Darkness retreated ever deeper, ever further, and evermore vehement the Son of Light pursued it.

Then, rising from below menacingly, surrounded by an incandescent glow, Lucifer's face suddenly appeared; infuriated, enraged, encircled by darting flashes, swathed in whirring, hissing red spray and foam, enveloped in vapours and poison. His breath sprayed fire and fumes.

The dichotomy brought about a harrowing, terrifying tension. In deepest darkness, the Son of Man faced the most abominable and dreadful moment. Lucifer laughed shrilly, retreated to even greater depths, and his hordes rose, spreading terror in even greater numbers.

Suddenly, a whistling whirring through the air! All cowered. Formidably erect stood Lucifer. He had hurled the spear at the Light!

But the Light had caught it with Its mighty hand. The draping cloak had come undone, fell back, and in Its blinding Purity the Cross stood radiating amidst the Darkness. The searing rays struck evil like arrows!

Crying out with utter terror Lucifer's minions ducked. Lucifer himself furiously howled and lunged at the Son of Man to fight Him. It was a brief

battle, the sword struck Lucifer's head! He collapsed and seething with rage his ice-cold eyes gazed up at the Victor.

The Son of Man placed His foot on Lucifer's neck, with His Will He bound him to the depths of the Darkness, and a tremendous storm whooshed and howled. Rumbling thunder boomed, rocks plunged roaringly. But Lucifer no longer stirred. He lay shackled on the ground. His grim and dark-minded underlings, too, his loyal helpers, fell as if turned to stone and lay fettered.

The Son of Man, however, ascended. Light, freed from the burdening cloak that had enveloped Him in the darkness and luminous as if transfigured. After a long, earnest time, in which the battle with Lucifer had taken place, the Son of Man awoke again to earthly being. On His side Maria.

Jubilant bells tolled, light was the world, substantiate beings adorned Nature for their Lord. Peace spread across the Earth; for the Darkness had been bound.

Only rigidified mankind was unable to notice any of this. Humanity did not know of the great and momentous Event that had already been fulfilled and which was of inconceivable decisiveness for the Cosmos.

Indeed all outgrowths of the Darkness were still able to remain active on Earth, but the Lord had set a goal to Lucifer's volition. Now, all that was left was for all Darkness on Earth and among men to be destroyed.

The Eternal Ones were filled with joy. Light streamed from the heavens in wide and mighty pencils; it invigorated, and the Lord's Will called for His servants in the World of Matter. -