



## Lilith's P.O.V.

by Marilyn Power Scott

When the One finally grew bored with the quietude and gentleness of the created universe and thought to separate into two constellations of qualities (pardon the pun), it was of course without having the least notion of the upheaval, liveliness, creativity and trouble it would cause. But you know how it is; once such a thought takes hold, there's no stopping it.

And so We separated, He into the loose pattern of traits that have come to be called masculine and Me into the complementary set commonly known as feminine. And then the fireworks began. Of course, it was love at first sight, and the lovemaking was spectacular and grand, beyond the telling. We still knew that we were One, just arranged so that We could take a closer look at these attributes and explore them more closely. It was a marvelous time.

However, evolution is evolution even for Us, and in time, this marvel of discovery and pleasure lost its sheen. We decided to manifest into mobile form, into all manner of living shapes and consciousnesses. As this particular telling is meant for the understanding of earth people, I'll cut to the chase, since you'll be curious to know about your part, not the great progression of fabulous living forms that appeared before you.

Up to this point, We were acting and creating in harmony, engrossed in the process, watching how each new form interacted with the others, how it developed and began its own cycle of evolution, interacting with the evolution of the planet itself. Let me tell you, it was fascinating. We were well pleased.

And then We cast about for the next new thing to try—perhaps a form not so complete, a form created without the innate understanding of being an integral part of Us, as all the others had been. This was a bold and perhaps foolish move, but We would have Our way.

And so Adam was created. I still don't remember how or why We decided to bring only half of the whole into form at first, but that's what We did. And that's when We ran into big trouble.

I fell so in love with this poor imperfect child. My heart went out to him immediately, in a way that every mother will recognize. Consequently, I immediately manifested Myself in a similar form, to be close to Adam and protect and teach him, since there was so much he didn't know. But He couldn't share this subtle overwhelming flood of emotion, much as He, too, loved this new childform. And this development brought our two sets of sensibilities into much sharper contrast—and conflict. The capitol *We* went into hiding; we became just *we*.

One of the unexpected side effects was that I could now experience the astonishing delights of physical embodiment, so of course I did. With Adam; who else? At which point He blossomed a new and terrible emotion: jealousy. He felt abandoned by Me, which in a small, partial sense, He had been. He also felt betrayed, which was silliness at its highest. Had He thought for a moment, He would have remembered our Unity. But He had forgotten, and we are all still dealing with the fallout. He threw such a tantrum. He demanded that I come back at once—as if He had power over Me! That got My back up, so I of course refused.

When He suggested that we come up with a feminine version even closer in form to Adam to be his true and proper mate, it made sense to Me. I didn't want to stay forever in this form, after all. And she certainly was lovely, Eve, and I fell as deeply and protectively in love with her as with Adam. But I had no opportunity to let her know directly.

I thought we were still operating as a team, He and I. But the depth of forgetfulness into which He had fallen became terribly clear. He wouldn't or perhaps couldn't open to receive Me returning to our Oneness. He went further and banished Me from the company of people, threatening hideous punishment—and the poor grass-green stupes believed him.

So I've been hanging out here on the edges ever since, appearing to women and children and men whose receptors are open, often to men in their dreams, especially the ones who live without the company of women for whatever reason. And they long and have longed for Me, the Holy Feminine, not realizing clearly Who they long for. To the early ones in the Judeo-Christian stream, I was known as Lilith and was held to have so much power at odds with His that out of fear (and respect), the stories of Me have been all but wiped out of their books, though a vestige of love and honor remains in the entity known as Shekinah.

Since then, I have come to be imagined, imaged and revered in many ways and by many names, according to the various cultures into which people have grouped themselves. Or imaged and feared and shunned. And I have waited, knowing that the time of reconciliation will come. This has been a rich growing time for Us, if painful.

In the fullness of the spiraling cycles, He will remember and welcome Me, and We will be One once more. I'm pleased to see that more and more people are aware of and acknowledge Me. I take it as a reflection of His evolution. The time of reUnion is drawing near. And then, what wonders will come forth.