

Chapter 16

Harry (12)

The Prisoner of Azkaban (2)

One of the most powerful effects of *Harry Potter* is that many readers identify strongly with Harry. I certainly felt that immediately when I first started reading it, which happened to be Part 2. I know from comments on Internet that many adults really love Harry almost as much as a living person. The press reports from all over the world tell us that millions of children identify intensely with Harry.

To me that's a sign that the Masters of Compassion, responsible for the salvation of humanity, are engaged in etching the essence of the teachings of liberation deeply into the blood and the subconscious of many millions of people. From there it is a small step for people to realise that Harry can actually be born in them. Every seeker carries Lily in his heart. The realisation that she can give birth to Harry, the true and eternal child of God, is just around the corner. The only condition is the true yearning for that which cannot be obtained in this universe. This yearning is personified by James Potter.

All of us seekers have the potential for a New Soul to be born out of the Divine Thought-spark, which I sometimes call the Little Tao, in the heart. That New Soul will take us on a journey from the vale of suffering, sorrow and death to a New Life that is intensely happy, totally unselfish, imbued with all embracing Love for all creatures and for all of creation, and has no end, but is an eternal growth from one state of ineffable refulgence to the next, which is even more radiant, more fulfilling, with even greater power to bestow goodness on others. The price is small. All we have to do is give up our self-centred consciousness, as we are shown in Part 7.

The journey of the New Soul to attain liberation has seven stages, and we have discussed two. Part 1 shows liberation from the bonds tying us to the physical plane; Part 2 deals with liberation on the etheric plane. Part 3 shows clearly and unequivocally how we can be liberated from the astral plane of this universe.

This book has two main climaxes and therefore two lessons: the defeat of the Dementors and saving Buckbeak and Sirius.

Dementors are discussed in Chapter 73. Let me say for now that Dementors are not totally symbolic. They really do exist, and, as the book says, are invisible to us Muggles.

The activities of the Dementors are described very clearly in the Gnostic Gospel, *Pistis Sophia*. This gospel calls them "the rulers of the aeons". In this scripture Pistis Sophia is constantly weakened by the rulers of the aeons, who "take away her light-power" (Chapter 31). This is exactly the same as when the Dementors suck "happiness" from Harry.

What does this mean in practical terms for you and me? It is in the interest of many "principalities and powers in the heavenly places" (i.e. the astral plane) that people definitely NOT be liberated. As explained in Chapter 4, a microcosm and a cosmos have the same structure. Just as our microcosm has a huge self surrounding our aura, so does the cosmos, i.e. the earth. I have called the microcosmic self "Voldemort". In *Harry Potter*, Voldemort personifies both the microcosmic self AND the cosmic self. Just as our personal Voldemort tries to kill our Harry at any cost, so the cosmic Voldemort is the deadly enemy of all seekers who want to go the Path of Liberation. Just as Harry is bound to defeat Voldemort, so the collective group of seekers who have a New Soul will one day defeat the cosmic Voldemort. This is all described symbolically in *The Revelation of John*, the last chapter of the New Testament in the Bible.

The cosmic Voldemort, more commonly known as Lucifer, is a collective astral force which rules life on earth in the same way as our own microcosmic self does. And just as our microcosmic self has twelve main power centres in the auric ring which surrounds the microcosm, so the earth has twelve immense power centres surrounding it. We call their collective influence the zodiac. *Pistis Sophia* calls these the twelve aeons. Each aeon consists of numerous sub-powers which work for it, and these are called the rulers of the aeons in "Pistis Sophia", and Dementors in *Harry Potter*.

When a seeker has received the incomparable blessing of the birth of the immortal and precious New Soul, he immediately becomes an object of great interest to the rulers of the aeons. The New Soul radiates "light-power". This is astral energy of an extremely high potency. The rulers or Dementors prey around the seeker with the New Soul and try, whenever possible, to "suck out" this energy with two aims: firstly, to absorb the energy themselves, which makes them more powerful, and secondly to weaken and, if possible, suck out the new soul completely. Jo isn't fantasising, friends, she is talking facts!

However, the New Soul has a mighty weapon: the Patronus! Essentially the seeker is totally safe. Although he may have moments of weakness when his

focus on the Path of Liberation diminishes, for example through being absorbed by the problems of life, or by lapsing into negative emotions, he has a weapon against which not even 100 Dementors have the slightest chance of winning.

We are discussing the astral plane, the plane of desires and emotions. Every desire results in the attraction of astral forces of a certain vibration. We as creatures of the universe of Lucifer can attract only the forces from this universe. However as soon as Harry is born, there is a living being within us who is not from this universe. Tao has brought forth Te. Jesus is born in the heart. The Prince of Peace has arrived to reclaim His Kingdom. This means that in the astral body of the seeker there is a New Soul which can desire something that is not obtainable anywhere in this universe: the Living Water. This is a symbol for the life-force of the Kingdom of Heaven. It is the astral substance of the Sixth Cosmic Plane.

Invoking the Patronus means concentrating oneself on the yearning of the soul for "the Blood of Christ", the elixir of life, for Tao, for God. This longing is best described by Psalm 42:

As a hart longs for flowing streams,
so longs my soul for thee, O God.
My soul thirst for God, for the living
God.
When shall I come and behold the face of God?

Among those who read this there will be those who know this experience, but they will not be able to explain or describe it to those who don't. When Harry is born in your heart you have a new sense organ. You are no longer a Muggle and a new world opens up to you. Trying to explain this deep yearning, this hankering for manna, is like trying to explain the view of a mountain range to a blind person or a symphony to a deaf one. The nearest we can get to describing this longing is to compare it to the intense craving for air one feels when one's head is being held under water for a few minutes. Imagine almost suffocating and then suddenly being able to breathe fresh, fragrant, oxygen rich air. Only the relief isn't felt by the lungs but by the heart. When the little Tao in the heart meets the big universal Tao there is an intense joy, a spiritual ecstasy. Perhaps the best way to describe it is to compare it to the joy of being reunited with a person, whom we love with utter intensity, and who we thought was dead.

When a person focuses on this supernal longing, he is invoking the Patronus. Patronus comes from Pater, father. Invoking the Patronus is in fact a cry from the New Soul for its Father. God loves His creatures with an intensity far

beyond our understanding, and when one of them cries out to Him He reacts immediately with an abundance of Holy Light. This Holy Light has a vibration rate far above anything possible in this universe. When a seeker invokes the Patronus, when his soul, Harry, calls for the Light, there is an answer from Heaven. The New Soul is immediately linked to a ray of Light from another universe. In *The Chymical Wedding of Christian Rosycross* this is symbolised by a cord being let down into a deep pit. This takes place in his dream, and Christian Rosycross is able to grab the rope and be liberated from the pit.

Harry invokes the Patronus and the light appears out of his wand. He is linked to his father at that moment. If all the hordes of demons and devils in hell, and all the rulers of the aeons, and Lucifer himself all were to try to attack us in one united thrust, they could do nothing to us if we invoke the Patronus. The Celestial Light of the Father will protect us and drive them all away. That is the victory promised to us in *Harry Potter*.

The number 100 in liberating stories signifies an infinite number, or "all".

Let me assert with all my strength: There is nothing in the whole universe more beautiful than the story of Liberation. *Harry Potter* tells the universal story of that struggle and the victory, as do many other books and stories. Here is a quote which reflects this.

And then Harry saw them. Dementors, at least a hundred of them, gliding in a black mass around the lake toward them. He spun around, the familiar, icy cold penetrating his insides, fog starting to obscure his vision; more were appearing out of the darkness on every side; they were encircling them....

"Hermione, think of something happy!" Harry yelled, raising his wand, blinking furiously to try and clear his vision, shaking his head to rid it of the faint screaming that had started inside it –

I'm going to live with my godfather. I'm leaving the Dursleys. He forced himself to think of Black, and only Black, and began to chant: "Expecto patronum! Expecto patronum!"

Black gave a shudder, rolled over, and lay motionless on the ground, pale as death.

He'll be all right. I'm going to go and live with him.

"Expecto patronum! Hermione, help me! Expecto patronum!"

"Expecto --" Hermione whispered, "expecto – expecto --"

But she couldn't do it. The Dementors were closing in, barely ten feet from them. They formed a solid wall around Harry and Hermione, and were getting closer....

"EXPECTO PATRONUM!" Harry yelled, trying to blot the screaming from his ears. "EXPECTO PATRONUM!"

A thin wisp of silver escaped his wand and hovered like mist before him. At the same moment, Harry felt Hermione collapse next to him. He was alone... completely alone.... "Expecto -- expecto patronum --" Harry felt his knees hit the cold grass. Fog was clouding his eyes. With a huge effort, he fought to remember -- Sirius was innocent -- innocent -- We'll be okay -- I'm going to live with him --

"Expecto patronum!" he gasped. By the feeble light of his formless Patronus, He saw a Dementor halt, very close to him. It couldn't walk through the cloud of silver mist Harry had conjured. A dead, slimy hand slid out from under the cloak. It made a gesture as though to sweep the Patronus aside.

"No -- no --" Harry gasped. "He's innocent... expecto expecto patronum --"

He could feel them watching him, hear their rattling breath like an evil wind around him. The nearest Dementor seemed to be considering him. Then it raised both its rotting hands -- and lowered its hood. Where there should have been eyes, there was only thin, grey scabbed skin, stretched blankly over empty sockets. But there was a mouth... a gaping, shapeless hole, sucking the air with the sound of a death rattle. A paralyzing terror filled Harry so that he couldn't move or speak. His Patronus flickered and died.

White fog was blinding him. He had to fight... expecto patronum ... he couldn't see... and in the distance, he heard the familiar screaming... expecto patronum... he groped in the mist for Sirius, and found his arm... they weren't going to take him....

But a pair of strong, clammy hands suddenly attached themselves around Harry's neck. They were forcing his face upward.... He could feel its breath.... It was going to get rid of him first.... He could feel its putrid breath.... His mother was screaming in his ears.... She was going to be the last thing he ever heard --

And then, through the fog that was drowning him, he thought he saw a silvery light growing brighter and brighter... He felt himself fall forward onto the grass....

Face down, too weak to move, sick and shaking, Harry opened his eyes. The Dementor must have released him. The blinding light was illuminating the grass around him.... The screaming had stopped, the cold was ebbing away...

Something was driving the Dementors back.... It was circling around him and Black and Hermione.... They were leaving.... The air was warm again....

With every ounce of strength he could muster, Harry raised his head a few inches and saw an animal amid the light, galloping away across the lake.... Eyes blurred with sweat, Harry tried to make out what it was.... It was as bright as a unicorn.... Fighting to stay conscious, Harry watched it canter to a halt as it reached the opposite shore. For a

moment, Harry saw, by its brightness, somebody welcoming it back...raising his hand to pat it... someone who looked strangely familiar ... but it couldn't be...

[...]

[Later, after time travelling back three hours sees the scene again from across the lake – H.A.]

There was a bush at the very edge of the water. Harry threw himself behind it, peering desperately through the leaves. On the opposite bank, the glimmers of silver were suddenly extinguished. A terrified excitement shot through him -- any moment now --

"Come on!" he muttered, staring about. "Where are you? Dad, come on -- "But no one came. Harry raised his head to look at the circle of Dementors across the lake. One of them was lowering its hood. It was time for the rescuer to appear -- but no one was coming to help this time --

And then it hit him -- he understood. He hadn't seen his father -- he had seen himself --

Harry flung himself out from behind the bush and pulled out his wand.

"EXPECTO PATRONUM!" he yelled.

And out of the end of his wand burst, not a shapeless cloud of mist, but a blinding, dazzling, silver animal. He screwed up his eyes, trying to see what it was. It looked like a horse. It was galloping silently away from him, across the black surface of the lake. He saw it lower its head and charge at the swarming Dementors.... Now it was galloping around and around the black shapes on the ground, and the Dementors were falling back, scattering, retreating into the darkness.... they were gone. The Patronus turned. It was cantering back toward Harry across the still surface of the water. It wasn't a horse. It wasn't a unicorn, either. It was a stag. It was shining brightly as the moon above ... it was coming back to him....

It stopped on the bank. Its hooves made no mark on the soft ground as it stared at Harry with its large, silver eyes. Slowly, it bowed its antlered head. And Harry realized...

"Prongs," he whispered.

But as his trembling fingertips stretched toward the creature, it vanished.