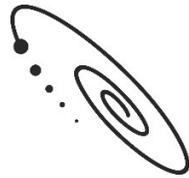


Interview with an Angel



A novel by
Inelia Benz

Also by Inelia Benz

Interview with an Alien
Interview with a Psychic Assassin

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This is a novel.

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Chapter One

Introduction

After the extraordinary success of my first two interviews, "Interview with an Alien" and "Interview with a Psychic Assassin", I received many emails from people around the world claiming to be aliens, alien hybrids, MK Ultra trained soldiers, and other extraordinary beings who wanted to be interviewed by me. Some of their stories were indeed verifiable. This book concerns one particular individual who contacted me to let me know that he was, in fact, an Angel.

I would not have taken any particular notice of this unbelievable claim except that in the email, the man mentioned an incident that had happened to me when I was seven years old, where an angel would come to my bedside, read me bedside stories and tuck me in. He even mentioned to me the first story he had read to me by name. It was one about a little donkey who was too small to carry his load and how he managed to resolve his dilemma. I had never told anyone about this incident except my grandma at the time, and she passed away a long time ago. As an adult I believed my memories of the angel and his visits to have been just the dreams of a child.

I received a few more emails from him, which I must admit took me several months to respond to due to many personal life changes I was going through at the time. I had moved from California to a beautiful little cottage overlooking the ocean in Washington State, gotten engaged and more. Once things had settled down to a more manageable routine, the alleged angel and I agreed to meet at a local eatery in my new home village of Neah Bay. When I walked in for our first meeting, I found him already sitting at my usual table. I recognized him instantly as the angel who had come to me those nights in 1973 when I was just 7 years old. He stood up and walked towards me smiling. Gingery blond short hair, deep golden green eyes, dark skinned, in his 30s or 40s and fit, like someone who works at heavy manual labor.

I smiled to greet him but my eyes welled with tears instead and no words would out. Emotions now well buried overcame my composure. I looked around embarrassed at my crying in such a public place, but no one was staring. He reached out with his arms, I let him hug me. It was like being hugged by a thousand daddies and mommies who made the world beautiful and all the pain go away.

Even writing these words now, months later, fills me with emotion.

Time seemed to stop at that moment as broken pieces from a lifetime here on this Earth came back together and were soothed and healed. When I was finally able to stop sobbing, he cleaned my tears with a napkin and gently led me to my chair. The restaurant sounds started coming back. Conversations nearby, the cook in the kitchen, orders being taken, seagulls and buoys outside, all slowly entered my awareness again and became real. I looked at the man sitting in front of me, wondering if he was going to suddenly vanish as the other reality set in. But he did not. Instead he smiled and told me he had already ordered for us. I looked down to find my usual order was already at the table, waiting for me.

I took my notes, recorder and a pen out of my purse, looked up and asked him if it was ok to record our conversation, he nodded and smiled. I took a sip of my coffee and pressed "record".

The man in this interview introduced himself as Gabriel. The book is presented as a series of questions and answers and although it is called "Interview with an Angel", it can more accurately be described as a mutual discourse and exploration of our own divinity, existence, and meaning within the Universal Superconscious.

And now the disclaimer:

THIS BOOK IS A NOVEL.

First Interview

Inelia Benz: "Why did you contact me via email? Why didn't you just come to me like you did when I was a child?"

Gabriel: "Email is your normal adult form of communication. If I had appeared in your house, you would have probably given me a Taekwondo kick and I would have ended up at the local hospital."

This made me laugh because I was pretty sure that although I probably would have - defended myself - had he suddenly appeared in my house, chances are he would not have needed to go to the ER.

IB: "Ha! I guess you are right, that's probably what I would have done. Tell me, are you really an angel?"

G: "Yes. I am a messenger and helper to human and other beings, working directly from Divine Source. We are known as 'angels', or some might call me an 'archangel'."

IB: "As in "Archangel Gabriel"?"

He nodded and smiled. Images of multiple movies and stories regarding Archangel Gabriel flashed through my mind... not all good. Somehow I knew these movies were anything but accurate.

IB: "How do you like to be called? Archangel? Angel? Gabriel? Or do you have another title you go by personally?"

G: "Gabriel is perfect."

IB: "OK, cool. You mentioned Divine Source. Is that what some people call God?"

G: "Indeed it is, but it is not an entity or singular being as a lot of people seem to think it is. I would like to describe God more as being you. Every human being. Your divine source, and you as divine source. Inseparably so, actually"

At this point I felt my eyes fill with tears again as I remembered the first time we met. I looked down at my notes, trying to compose myself, yes, talking about God was super important. I had a ton of questions about that. The tears burst out and I looked outside the window and wiped them clean again.

G: "Maybe we should talk about that first huh?"

IB: "What?"

G: "The first time we met."

IB: "Why did you visit me Gabriel? A small child in the middle of nowhere and nowhen. Why did you visit every night, read books, tuck me in. And then... vanish. Like you never existed?"

G: "Do you remember how I came to be there? Do you remember why you called me?"

IB: "Yes. I would go to sleep crying every night because my parents had been taken prisoners and placed in concentration camps for being Socialists. They

were being tortured so they wouldn't let me tap into them, or visit them astrally. I felt disconnected and alone. My Grandma, whom I was living with at the time, didn't believe in hugs, kisses or story time. But when I couldn't go to sleep one night, and she saw that I was alone and afraid, she gave me a picture of you. She told me you were Gabriel and that it was your job to take care, love and protect all children. That if at any time I felt alone or afraid, I should call you and you would come and stay with me. She then pinned your picture on the wall above my bed.

When she left the room, I took the picture off the wall and looked at every little detail on it. I followed the energy line, the love and light and when I saw you in the Universe, I told you to come to me because I was alone and afraid. I closed my eyes, felt someone sit on the bed, opened my eyes and there you were."

G: "Yes. The way I remember that first day..."

At this point, I saw Gabriel's eyes well with tears too, he looked out the window for a few seconds, then looked back and smiled.

G: "I seem to have gotten something in my eye."

I think he was as shocked as I was by his reaction at the time. For some reason I didn't think Angels could cry very easily or could be overwhelmed by memories and emotions.

G: "What I am, what I have seen and experienced is beyond any words we might find in human language. I have seen the end and beginning of universes. Realities come and go. Yet we persist. We, my species... yes we are a species... have had many jobs, roles, and experiences. Within your realm, the realm of human experience, the angels and archangels who have had the most contact with humanity are categorized, given jobs or roles by humans that bear no actual resemblance to who we are and what we do in reality. Do I protect and look after children? Yes. The birth of children and their survival has been an area that I have taken on, on this planet and others. Some may consider this to be a negative thing. Some will see it as positive. Some cultures and religions picked up on it and teach it broadly. Others have not... Inelia, the times that someone has actually seen me, and not seen a cultural, religious, or sensory projection of their own personality onto me, are few and rare. Why did I come to you in the middle of nowhere and now when you were seven?"

Gabriel became tearful again. I could tell he was shocked at this. He cleared his throat and continued.

G: "I'm sorry. Although I can and do take the shape of man, I am not usually asked to delve so deeply into my own experience of things."

IB: "I find that sometimes yawning, or breathing in slowly and then out super fast helps to stabilize emotions. Are you not familiar with our emotional body, the human emotional body?"

G: "We... our, emotional body is thousands of times stronger and more powerful than that of humans. So yes, this human emotional body is not easily able to contain what I am feeling at the moment."

IB: "What you are feeling?"

Gabriel took a few moments, breathed deeply, exhaled quickly, and then continued.

G: "Existence is possible in an unlimited array of experiences. Unlimited dimensions. Some of these dimensions coexist. Some are accessible to each other. Some are dependent on others. Some are created by the beings who exist in a different one. We, angels, interact with human experience as guardians, guides, debuggers and tweakers. Due to my own roles, I am often sent to Earth to interact with individuals. Yes, to give them messages, to guide them and set them in the right direction. The direction which their own higher self chose for them. It's almost like a glitch is seen and one of us is sent to fix it, guide it back into alignment with the orchestration of experiences on the planet and the person's own choices."

IB: "So, you came to me because there was a glitch in my experience?"

G: "That's the thing. There wasn't. I wasn't sent to you, nor was there any glitch or problem. Yes, I know you were in great pain at the time, but that pain would not have led you to death or the changing of your chosen reality. I was in one part of the multidimensional experience one moment, and then felt a pull, a tug so strong that the next moment I found myself in your house. I looked around expecting to maybe see the creator of existence itself. Instead, I see a tiny human girl sitting on her bed with her eyes closed tight. I tapped into your timeline and saw it had begun seven Earth years earlier. Literally began then. This was new to me. And so I sat next to you. You opened your eyes, looked into mine, asked me to read you a story and handed me your

favorite book like there was nothing extraordinary about what had just happened. I was confused as to what my role was supposed to be or what I was supposed to do. You snuggled into my arms, opened the book and pointed at the first paragraph. I read. You fell asleep, I tucked you into bed and left. Then the same thing happened the next day and for many days after that. Then one day it just stopped. I waited. Then I actively looked for you, but I couldn't find you. Then years went past. Still I waited. I knew it was only a matter of time. Sooner or later, I would see you again."

IB: "I forgot about you, didn't I?"

G: "Yes."

IB: "I'm sorry."

G: "No need to be sorry. Your disappearance from my awareness was meant to happen. Your story here on the planet was not about talking with Angels, but about being yourself."

IB: "I thought you abandoned me. I thought you were the one who disappeared."

When I made that statement, I immediately realized that the thought that he had abandoned me didn't come up for me until I was in my late teens, early twenties. I was going through a very painful patch in my life and wondered why Gabriel hadn't been there to protect me like he was supposed to. Or come in and comforted me like he had done when I was a child. I called him but he didn't come.

IB: "How come you are here now Gabriel? How come you found me now? And how come you didn't come to me when I was going through hell here on Earth as a teen and in my twenties and thirties?"

G: "I don't know. People do call on us all the time when they are having a hard time. And if it's part of the choreography, the plans and decisions that have been taken by those individuals and their co-creators, we answer that call. Sometimes they perceive us, and sometimes they don't. Inelia, I can see your timeline now, and see that things would have been different if I had been able to be by your side when you were a teen, or in your twenties and thirties. But for some reason you were invisible to me. I had a knowing that I would see you again. Not a belief, but a knowing. It wasn't until a few months ago that it happened. That I felt your call, and was able to find you on the planet. You

pulled me in again like the first time. I was some-when else, then I was by your side. Although, like I said before, I could not materialize into human form next to you. This time it had to be a meeting that conformed with a human adult reality. So I sent you an email.”

IB: “I don’t remember calling you... or “pulling you in” as you say.”

G: “When you were reading all those experiences to decide who you should interview next, you scanned them, all those beings, and thought about what other extraordinary being you would like to interview. Then, suddenly, I was next to you.”

IB: “Yes, I remember. I was looking at all those emails and messages, and thought, the person I want to interview next is an Angel. The Angel who came to me when I was a kid. Gabriel. And I remembered your face, and your love, and your laughter, and the stories you would tell me after the books ran out.”

We both laugh out loud at the memory of Gabriel telling me stories of his experiences with creatures large and small, about wars (he seemed to be in a lot of wars), the birth of new realities and the death of abandoned ones.

G: “A moment in “when and where” is like an anchor. Like a portal between dimensions, especially if that “when and where” is shared by beings in different dimensions. When you remembered that moment in time, and scanned for me again from that place of love, you were able to find me, and at the same time I was able to find you.”

IB: “When I was a little girl, my grandma told me I should not call you all the time just to play or read books because you had more important work to do on Earth and in Heaven. That you had God’s work to do. So I stopped. Then I forgot.”

G: “It was all as it should be. Or maybe not. You see, a lot of religions and cultures have shut off direct communication between us and people. That’s a very good example of how. That we are way too important, or doing important work, so not to call on us for the “little” things. Or sometimes it’s the opposite, and a person will feel ok about calling us to find parking spots, but not when they are having a major crisis in their life. This is taught by cultures and religions to cut the person off from their actual support system. A lot of religions also teach people that the only way a person can access us, or God, is through a third party. Not true. If your Grandmother had not said that to

you, then it's likely you would not have forgotten about me. Once you forgot about me, I could not find you."

IB: "How come you couldn't find me Gabriel? I thought you could oversee every human on the planet."

G: "Well, I'm not omnipotent. We are not omnipotent. We are a species, like humans are a species. I think it has something to do with your role here. Like I said, your story was not about talking to angels but simply being yourself and everything is as it should be. Or maybe it would have been much easier for you if I had been there but things got hijacked. It's difficult to say at this point. And even if I did answer your call when you were in trouble later on in your life, chances are that neither of us would have recognized the other anyway."

IB: "You say that from looking at my timeline?"

G: "Yes. It's almost like you were wearing a mask, or armor which didn't let your personal signature out."

IB: "Yes, that's true. I got into trouble at a mystical level by fighting with people and beings that were way more powerful than me as a teen. So, to survive, I put on a massively heavy shield around me. Something that would not allow my "light" to show. It wasn't an armor that would protect me from others, it was an armor that stopped others from seeing me.

So I guess, yes, if I called you while wearing that armor, there's no way my message, or energy line, would have reached you. An unexpected side effect that I only see now that we are talking about this. But I took that off in the year 2000, surely after that you would have seen me?"

G: "One would think so. There are some oddities about you that I cannot explain. Like I said, we are not omnipotent. We are just another expression of existence. The universes are still filled with mystery to us. For example, even now, when I scan your timeline, it does not go beyond your present incarnation. Why is that? You are a human being, your timeline should be eternal. And even if your soul was not human in origin, it should still register in the history of existence as an eternal Source of experience in other planets or dimensions. Just like every other being in the universes."

IB: "You know Gabriel, now that I really look at it, when I was in that dark place, for all those years, I think I actually only thought of you once if at all. And I didn't actually call you. It just felt to me that you had abandoned me."

I looked at Gabriel wondering if I had perhaps projected way too much authority onto him. That perhaps my experience as a child in need had colored my perception of him to be powerful and limitless in awareness and consciousness, instead of seeing him as he is, a divine eternal singular being who was traveling his own journey of evolution through time and space.

I suddenly felt hungry, took a few fries off the plate and put them in my mouth. They were still hot! I looked at my recorder, only a few seconds had gone by since I pressed record.

IB: "Oh my gosh, are we on a different time measurement? We've been chatting for a while now and it's like time has literally not registered."

G: "Yes. You might find that you will need to slow your recording to be able to hear it properly when you get home. You'll probably need to slow it down quite a lot."

IB: "What about the people around us, what do they see?"

G: "They saw us sit down, then lost interest. Most won't even remember we were here. A bit like when you try to remember something you mean to do, but it disappears from your mind."

IB: "Wow, that's a neat trick. Is that part of your toolkit?"

Gabriel smiled.

G: "Yes, part of an angel's toolkit hehehe. Eat your food, before it gets cold."

I felt the environment coming into my awareness again, almost like I had zoned out and then back in again. I could hear the TV, people, seagulls, and smell the food and coffee.

IB: "That is way too awesome Gabriel. I need to know how you do that."

G: "But first I want to know why it is that you don't exist past your birth. Or into the future past your present incarnation for that matter."

IB: "Oh that. Yes. Well... I don't really know. I can tell you my experience of it and maybe you can figure it out."

G: "I would love to hear that."

IB: "OK, but remember that this is an interview about you. People are reading this book because they want to find out all about you, your species, your experiences, and probably your phone number so they can speed dial you. Most of them have already heard the story of my incarnation here a million times."

G: "Yes, of course."

IB: "OK, so, before I incarnated, I was not an 'I', I was a collective consciousness. I experienced existence as a 'we' where individuals exist but do not experience life, emotions, thoughts and all the other things that beings experience, alone or in separateness. Does that word exist? Separateness?"

G: "Yes, it does. Go ahead?"

IB: "Right. Well. 'We' asked this body if she would allow us to incarnate. She was scheduled to die very soon after birth. The body said no, and resisted, but the 'we' convinced her by pulling on her duty cords. 'It's your duty to do this for humanity and the welfare of the planet' type energy. So the body agreed. When the time of death came, the soul that was incarnated in this body left, and suddenly I was no longer a 'we' but an 'I' in the body... which I did not know how to drive. And the rest you can see yourself."

Gabriel looked into my eyes and held my gaze for what felt like an eternity.

G: "Are the 'we' still present? Do you sometimes stop being the 'I' and become 'we' again?"

At this point I started to feel like I was at the doctor's office and he was looking at my tonsils and asking me to say "aaaaahh".

IB: "Well, not quite. It's more like the 'we' used come in and then I would go out of the body. Then there was a period of integration when the 'we' and the 'I' could co-exist in the body. Then it was that the 'I' and the 'we' were half each other's experience. But the interesting thing is that before 'I' was born 'I' did not exist, 'I' was the 'we'. Then suddenly, from one moment to the next, there 'I' was."

G: "If you think back to the moment before you were singular, can you remember who the 'we' were? Or where they came from?"

IB: "It feels like a stepping stone into existence. Like I did not exist. Then my awareness was everything, and nothing. It was pure eternal potentiality. Then I became all that is and isn't. Then there was I and other, me and environment, which apparently I created. Then there were other beings in that reality, which apparently I was also. I was all things, all beings, all times and no time. Then I became just a group of those beings, separate from environment and from other groups and individuals. That group, the one that my awareness became, came to Earth, found a body, and then my awareness went from 'we' to 'I'. If I look, I find myself still existing in various awareness points at different levels of existence in that journey. Almost like I have anchor points that go from the start, the non-existent state, to me here in this body on planet Earth. The awareness points are in different densities and levels of experience. Although I may not have a 'history' through eternity, I am anchored there as long as 'I' exist. And when that existence ends, so too do the anchor points of awareness end."

Gabriel nodded, his eyes frowning in deep thought. Then he looked away, still thinking.

Outside the cafe window, above the hills, a large cloud of birds moved through the air. The cloud moved quickly, shifting shape, speed and direction smoothly and effortlessly. As I observed it, it felt like I was all those single birds and one consciousness at the same time.

G: "Do you see those birds?"

IB: "Yes, it always fills me with wonder when I see a bird cloud like that one. How it moves and changes shape, hundreds, or probably thousands of tiny birds moving together, never crashing into each other."

G: "Some beings exist in collective consciousness. Some in singular consciousness. There are elemental consciousness and soul consciousness too. Those birds are singular, but can step in and out of a larger mind. Their collective mind. There are creatures in the Universes that are only material consciousness. They exist as one mind, one consciousness with trillions of singular particles that are their body. A bit like the cells in your body. Each cell is individual and separate but also unable to live outside of the body unless artificially kept alive.

Humans are very much like that. They belong to this collective consciousness, can move in and out of it. A lot of humans have souls from different planets and dimensions, yet, when they enter the human collective, they are very much a human. When they resist the integration into the human collective, it creates a separation not only from humanity, but also from their original soul collective. It gets very lonely and they often don't survive long. It is almost like, by connecting to whom they came here to be, the human collective, they keep their connection to their original collective and their higher self, their divine consciousness, open and healthy. The problem is that most people think that connecting to the human collective means buying into social, cultural and religious programs, devotions and teachings. Not so. It really is about a connection from the heart. It is difficult to do, but worth it. Most species can only tap in and out of their own collectives. Rarely have I seen a being or species that can jump in and out of collectives and minds at will. Or become them. Yet, the human species is able to do just that. Although we have worked with humanity for... well, as long as there has been a human species, there are many dimensions, mysteries and capacities that the human species possesses that are beyond our comprehension.

When you looked at those birds, you became their collective consciousness as well as jumping in and out of different singular selves in that collective."

I thought back to when he asked if I could see the birds, and sure enough, I had indeed done that.

G: "You didn't imagine what it would be like, or borrow into their collective mind, or hear their experiential communication empathically. You became that collective and those individuals."

IB: "Yes, it felt as though I had feathers, and could feel the air in my wings and bugs in my mouth. They are eating bugs by the way, that's why they are moving like that at the moment. And it felt like I had this huge intelligence, and a kind of song with many chirps, that made sense. How did you know? I hadn't even noticed."

G: "It was interesting. It was like seeing a fold in reality. You were no longer here just in human form, but also as them. It was like a double exposure in photography. You were here and being you, but you were also there and being them."

Gabriel looked back at me and smiled.

IB: "That's interesting but I fail to see how it is related to our conversation."

G: "Well, I don't know either actually. But it feels connected to your experience of having come into existence firstly as a collective and then as a singular being. And it feels to me that this is something each person, human person, is stepping into. The capacity to be singularly them, unique and powerful, and whenever they choose, be part of the larger consciousness which is the human collective. Not only that, but maybe also then part of the planetary collective which includes all species on Earth.

In my species, we move through time, can access every known form of time. But we cannot access everywhere, or all locations. Those are hard for us. We can exist in many different forms of time, as well as different points of time, simultaneously. Yet, we cannot exist in different locations. Because you live in a linear time reality, you might think that time and space are intricately connected, that you cannot have one without the other. But that's not exactly accurate.

As a human person, you have déjà vu, you will perceive the future as well as remember the past. Some of you will even have very strong memories of a future that then comes to pass. In that sense, humans have the capacity to move in and out of linear time, as well as to look way ahead or behind the present moment. When a human enters the astral realms, they are then also no longer restricted by location. They can be in one place one moment and in another place the next moment."

IB: "I still don't see the link."

G: "When you remembered, or told me about your birth and about your recollection of the collective consciousness that you were before you became you, I thought I recognized it. The collective. It was a fleeting moment, or time, but I am pretty sure I have had contact with that collective in the past. It is like a memory that refuses to fully surface, yet feels interesting."

At this point, I took my pen and made a note that whatever Gabriel was trying to figure out, although interesting, was not going to be included in the book. I could not see how this was in any way relevant to his own personal story or reason for being here, with us, on the planet.

G: "I would prefer it if you didn't censor me."

IB: "Are you reading my notes?"

G: "You are thinking very loudly, that's all. Still. I would prefer you not censor what I am saying. I understand that you feel this is not interesting or important, and perhaps to you it is not. But to me, and probably your readers, it is. You will be dead and gone one day, and the chance we have to see, explore and map to whatever you are, and whomever the 'we' are, as well as the skills and ways in which you experience reality, will be gone. Yes, I can perceive that you will cease to exist once your body dies, and yes, I can see that that in particular is not really common to other humans. But it feels to me that everything else about you, is where other people can go or do. The more you explore beyond your personal limitations, or limitations you feel humans have, the more you discover what this amazing species, the human species, can do. We, like humans, learn through mapping to other beings and energies. So, even if this is not important to you, or you feel it is boring or common, please let me explore."

IB: "I don't want to have to change the name of the book to "Interview with Inelia". I already told thousands of people it's called, "Interview with an Angel.""

G: "What is the resistance? Why are you hiding who and what you are when the request you received in 2010 was very clear? "Become public. Be yourself.""

I was more than a bit stunned by Gabriel's words. There was a charge behind them, like a passion or very strong request. But still, it felt like I was being told off or made accountable for some sort of crime. I felt like I was being pushed past my comfort zone, and I don't really like being pushed at all.

IB: "I don't see the relevance Gabriel. I have a rule that if something cannot be replicated, or I can't teach people how to do it, then I don't share it. Who or what I am, can or cannot do, is not really relevant. If I can't teach people how to become the bird, and the bird cloud, then talking about it is a waste of time."

G: "If you don't mind me saying, I think that is somewhat shortsighted and... well, patronizing."

IB: "Excuse me?"

G: "You are limiting what others can pick up by your own shortcomings. If you can't figure it out at a mechanical level, you don't share it. Humans, and we, learn by mapping. That means we can tap into an experience while being told of it, and our own... well, operating system one might say, figures out how to do it. Instructions and methodologies are good, but for most things, those can be bypassed with a simple sharing of a story. That is why in every single human culture there are storytellers. In the olden days, storytellers were highly regarded and valued by societies. In my own society, we meet on a regular basis and share our experiences."

IB: "Well, I don't know about that. What I have seen is that there is no point talking about something that cannot be replicated. If I could explain the method or the way in which something like that is done, then sure, it's interesting and worth exploring."

G: "However, humans learn best not through mechanical means or exercise, but through mapping. And the sharing of our experience is the best map a person, or angel, can have to tap into information and capacities. So don't limit people. Don't think that because you have not seen other human beings doing or having skills that you do, that they can't do or learn those skills simply by observing them on you. Even if they insist they cannot do certain things that you can do, because they are human and they think that you are not, share it anyway. They will learn it. It will enter the human collective, and they will expand. Plus, this is my book right? And my own curiosity and exploration is part of it. Yes, we can sit down and have a list of questions that I can answer, but aren't my own questions and discoveries also valuable? What if we explore together and this leads us to answer the big questions together? What if due to your origin, you are a human being that is unlimited by the programs and implants which others have been subjected to, and by expressing who and what you really are, other individuals can free themselves from those programs and implants? You are 100% human while you are in human form. The conclusion then would be that mapping to someone with less limits, makes a life with less limits real."

I wanted to be upset or angry at him. But it didn't come. In a few hours, he had been able to spot and empower me in how to truly empower others. Stop hiding stuff and give individuals the benefit of the doubt. It had always been about expressing things from a different viewpoint anyway. It wasn't like I had ever said anything that hadn't been said before. Well, maybe a few times I had. But who was I to limit human beings when I knew they were limitless? I had a total facepalm moment.

G: "I am not lecturing you. I am exploring, brainstorming. Trying to figure things out."

IB: "I do understand. But I'm not sure I want to be seen, felt or mapped to to that degree. I am much more comfortable being the Observer. Observing rather than being Observed. Plus, most of the time I don't even see the differences between, well anything. But especially between what I think is normal and what others think is normal."

G: "That in itself is interesting because if you don't realize that something is normal, then the only way to share it is if there's a witness. Tell you what, why don't we see where this path of exploration leads us, and then we can tackle one of the questions from your list and see where that leads us? I want to understand "why" you are now. Maybe we will figure it out, and maybe we won't. But the looking and exploring will allow others to map into an experience of being which is probably different to what they have had until now. As you know, humans are unlimited and are creators so, let's move the limitations we have placed on them during this conversation out of the way, and let's see what comes up instead? What do you say?"

IB: "OK, fine. I've always suspected that humans are the original architects of physical experience, and that even those who are here from different planets and dimensions are in fact the original architects who wandered off to other planets for a while. Or maybe they created the entire thing, all the dimensions, physical realities of different densities, different dimensions and the like. It feels like humans created all of physicality."

G: "I remember a time when some species became jealous of humans. I think in part it was because humans expand and grow through witnessing. And this growth does not end with just the human species itself, but expands to every single species that become related to them through DNA or incarnation."

IB: "When you say that other species became jealous of humans, do you mean the myths and religions that talk about Gods becoming jealous? Or Angels becoming jealous? There's even a new mythology talking about the Anunnaki becoming jealous of humans. That was real?"

G: "In a way, yes. Many cultures talk about a war in heaven which was directly related to different factions of a certain species fighting over whether to allow humans to continue to exist."

IB: "You told me about wars in heaven when I was a kid."

G: "Yes. The whole war thing was strange. There were several species that had a huge interest on Earth. They were highly limited themselves, but were very skilled at matter manipulation and the manipulation of DNA. Because Earth was left open, as in genetically modifiable, these species descended onto the Earth to both collect samples and material, and create new creatures that might serve their goals and aspirations."

IB: "Would that be the Anunnaki?"

G: "One of those species was the Anunnaki, yes. There were others too. What was interesting was that when they mixed their own DNA with that of humans, their own species started to transform and change. It was almost like by mixing their DNA with that of humans, a two way ultra-dimensional door was opened. Some of the members of the species were fascinated and pleased about this. But others, the puritans, could not believe this was happening and were not able to know why they could not do that themselves. They first became jealous and tried to isolate the DNA sequence that made that happen, so they could own it. When they could not find it, they became horrified and tried to stop it. But it could not be stopped. They then thought that if they killed all humans, it would go away. The war had two sides, which were made of different species. One side defending the Earth and humans within it, and the other trying to kill everything here. Of course, we took the defensive side. Although we did not take part in the harvesting, seeding or manipulation of DNA, we have always had the role of guides, support and protectors of humans. The human collective did not agree to being eliminated, we heard that decision and we answered by keeping the war outside of the planet and the dimensions where humans exist."

IB: "A certain religion, and maybe more, will teach that the war in heaven was between angels. That some angels became bad, and that the good angels defended heaven against them."

G: "In times gone by, anything that happened in the sky was thought to be about angels. I can tell you now that we are not a divided species. We are very clear in what we do and how we do it. Fear and oppression, or answering the wrath of some heavenly lord is not in our reality."

IB: "Yes. It's almost like everyone really does know that, but we are taught something else. Like, for example, in every country I have lived in, and that's a lot of countries, when someone says, 'oh, look at that child, he's like an angel', or 'you are such an angel', they mean the epitome of goodness and

innocence. They don't mean a person or child who is about to commit genocide on an entire population or city."

G: "That's actually quite funny."

I was going to ask another question. But thought perhaps we should call it a day because even though only a few minutes had passed in our human timeline, my reality was that I had been sitting there discussing these very emotionally charged topics for several hours.

IB: "Gabriel? I'm emotionally exhausted right now. What do you say we pick up on our conversation tomorrow?"

G: "Yes, of course. Same time?"

IB: "Yes, this time is perfect. I mean same time tomorrow, not this time over again."

Gabriel laughed.

As I drove to the cabin Larry and I were staying at, it felt like tomorrow could not come fast enough. But I was also relieved for the time I would have to review the recording and my notes as well as soothe my physical and emotional bodies with a long hot shower and a nap.

Read the rest of the book:

<https://ineliabenz.com/book-interview-angel>