



CHILDREN OF ATLANTIS:
KEEPERS OF THE CRYSTAL SKULL



INTRODUCTION

In 2012, I received a Soul portrait and reading from a gifted psychic artist who channeled the energies of my spiritual guides and images of my energy field. The technique known as Entura Art enables the artist to enter the auric field of a person and channel the energy through color and motion on paper. Beautiful colors and shapes form mirroring the energy field and revealing new insights and information. Many of the scenes in this book and my past lives emerged through this technique taught by Ms. Patricia Hayes, founder and President of Delphi University and Spiritual Center, in McCaysville, Georgia.

My portrait revealed a past life as a high priest during the final cataclysmic destruction of Atlantis, the ancient island-continent that mysteriously disappeared approximately 10,000 years ago. During that life I had led a small contingent of survivors on a migration to South America, settling in the Lake Titicaca region of Peru.

As a high priest, I had been engaged in a life or death struggle in opposition to the threatening Temple of the Sun; a religious order made up of loyal descendants of the Sons of Belial vying for manipulation and enslavement of the Atlantean population to suit their plans for a New World Order.

I was so intrigued with this information that I felt I had to examine the meaning of this mysterious past life in my current one. I knew very little about Atlantis and I had many questions. I reasoned that exploring where I have been and where I come from afforded me an opportunity to better realize who I am and where I just might be able to go. What unfolded was a fascinating journey of self-discovery and exploration culminating in the writing of this book.

The story of the Lost Continent of Atlantis is one of the most exciting mysteries of history, the subject of extensive archeological research as well as popular legend. Atlantis was a magnificent, idyllic world, the stuff of our wildest dreams; an advanced culture in the style of our modern western civilization. It occupied a large land mass between Europe and America, now submerged beneath the Atlantic Ocean. To this day, no one has been able to say with certainty where it was. Nonetheless, many experts believe it influenced ancient civilizations from Egypt to pre-Columbian America.

For thousands of years, this society tried to see if its people could live in a physical body and still keep their connection with God, their creator. Throughout its history, its citizens endured many crises and catastrophic disasters. Each time the cities were destroyed, it became clear that their core values of love, community, and oneness, had been perverted and supplanted by greed, lust for power and materialism moving them further from Source. Yet, in the midst of the shift back and forth, an Atlantean “Golden Era” emerged. Over a period of roughly 1,500 years, the people re-discovered their pure natures and oneness with the creator enjoying some incredible spiritual, psychic, and technological powers. During its “Golden Age”, Atlantis rose to world prominence and heights of intelligence and prosperity rarely seen on Earth.

Yet even this greatest of civilizations could not withstand a prolonged attack, and it slowly rotted from within. Driven by the selfish, manipulative, mystic order known as the Temple of the Sun, Atlantis was torn again by conflict and succumbed to the temptations of the ego: the

unbridled hunger for power, influence, and empire. As these negative elements exerted themselves, the Law of One began to fade.

The great struggle with the Temple of the Sun continued for hundreds of years. Throughout, the generations of the Law of One served as beacons of light. Illuminating the path of unselfish love, they helped the lost find their way home to their spiritual heritage of oneness, harmony, and freedom.

A small cadre of priests of the Law of One rebelled against the Temple of the Sun. They were a small group of believers chosen to be guardians of the wisdom of Atlantis for future generations. This is a story of their struggle and sacrifice.

Today, some of the same events that affected Atlantis are being played out as we move through a time of accelerated evolution into a new Golden Age of Aquarius. One of my goals in this book is to bring a new awareness around the energies at work in the final hours of Atlantis because it directly relates to the duality of the earth field reality we presently inhabit. It manifests in the inner and outer struggles that we face as human beings. I believe that ultimately, the struggle is an inward one and, the key question we must ask is whether or not we can accept and integrate ALL our polar aspects—the good and bad, the light and darkness and strive for more balance and self-acceptance. Do we have the insight and courage to own our own dark side—the shadow to be whole? Can we celebrate the process of our inner transformation with love and honesty and accept that we are truly amazing “star beings” undergoing an “earth” experience in our spiritual growth? Can we really accept and become the magnificence of who we really are? I believe that the answers to these can be learned from the Atlantean experience.

I ask that you read this book with an open heart and mind. I realized as I wrote it that some of it may appear fanciful - subjects like our shadow and darker natures, crystal skulls, energy healing, reincarnation and past lives, dark entities, soul rescue, automatic writing, the horrors of torture, and the enigmatic draw of life purpose are rarely treated in this manner. If you are drawn to this story, then perhaps you too come

from the last generation of Atlantis and are now on your own a voyage of self-discovery to help raise the consciousness of humanity and the planet. Welcome aboard!

Although this book is fiction, sadly, the plight of the “disappeared” from the years of the oppressive military junta during the “Dirty War” (1976-1983) in Argentina is not. It was not my original intent, but somehow the tragedy of the “disappeared” found its way into the narrative. Perhaps it is a message for us to pay attention to this drama in our times and its lessons in the context of the Atlantean drama. I was careful to present this accurately but with respect and compassion for the voices of the victims and their families. I felt that they wanted to be heard, their souls clamoring for a voice. There were also many special moments where I was compelled to do deep meditation work and connect with some of the discarnate souls still on the earth plane from that time period, to help them move into the light. I do not take this responsibility lightly and offered whatever assistance I could.

Finally, in October 2011, I traveled with an international group to Lake Titicaca in Peru. It is a beautiful place and I was struck by the generous hospitality and friendship of the local people, the original descendants of the Incas. I was enthralled and blessed by many memorable experiences during my visit.

Robert Maldonado, February, 2015



PRINCIPLE CAST OF CHARACTERS

PRESENT TIME

Dr. Andres Paredes—Senior Archeologist, Department of Archeology and Anthropology of Bolivia, La Paz, Bolivia.

Oscar Mendoza—Paredes assistant, Department of Archeology and Anthropology of Bolivia, La Paz, Bolivia

Don Julio Carasco—Bolivian shaman and mentor to Paredes.

Dr. Lorenzo Epis--Professor of ancient cultures from the University of Bologna, Italy.

Dr. Edmond Grasser-- Professor emeritus of ancient archeology from UCLA, expedition team chief.

Naval Captain Julian Becerra Marti—retired Argentine naval officer implicated in torture and atrocities committed by military junta during the “Dirty War” in Argentina 1976-1983.

Naval Lieutenant Francisco Paredes—Andres Paredes step-father and former Argentine naval officer.

Elizabeth Paredes—Andres Paredes step-mother.

Sarah Inez Escobedo—Paredes biological mother.

Dr. Enrico Busam—Astronomer, National Aeronautics and Space Agency (NASA) Jet Propulsion Center, California Institute of Technology.

Dr. Shan Simrah-- Astronomer, National Aeronautics and Space Agency (NASA) Jet Propulsion Center, California Institute of Technology.

Captain Enrico Bedoya—police chief, La Paz, Bolivia

ATLANTIS TIME

Alkur—priest & healer of the Law of One. A leader of survivors who fled the destruction of Atlantis to Lake Titicaca. Former officer in the Kings Elite Imperial Palace Guard.

Akaus—a princess who uses her talent in music in the Law of One to pacify conditions between humans and their environment. Friend of Alkur and sound specialist; travels to Lake Titicaca. She develops “music” to counter Sons of Belial sounds. She soothes Alkur’s soul.

Amillius—high priest at the Temple of the Sun in the city of Poseidon who rose to prominence as leader of the Belial Illuminati. He displayed great talents of ambition, deception, and manipulation. He found a great avenue of experience in politics and furtherance of his ultimate goals for himself and Atlantis. He became obsessed by his lust for materialism and power. Became ruler of Atlantis.

Ampero—Alkur’s wife. Priestess of the Law of One.

Am-ee-lee—a high ranking librarian who was afraid that conflict would undermine civilization; organized and dispatched several missions to transfer vital religious, scientific and historical records for safekeeping around the globe. Alkur’s trusted confidant who helped secure skull from Temple of Thoth; travels to Lake Titicaca.

Asa-masa-me—priestess in Law of One religion; language expert and specialist in ancient indigenous practices. Helped with translations and good will ambassador with natives. Travels to Lake Titicaca.

Ax-Tos—humble physician and priest in the Law of One. Argued against the materialist Sons of Belial. Performs medical miracles. Close friend of Alkur who survives and travels to Lake Titicaca.

Caphala—warrior, friend and former member of Kings Guards, travels with Alkur to Lake Titicaca.

Elchi--Atlantean navigator. An expert on transportation/teleportation and movement technologies. Travels with Alkur to Lake Titicaca.

Ellm—Alkur’s father. A former head priest of the Law of One who rose up against Sons of Belial in rebellion. A leader and martyr. Escaped the destruction of Atlantis only to be captured and executed later in a far away land.

Hulos—Indian chieftain’s daughter; name means “running water.” Rescued by Alkur at Lake Titicaca and later becomes his wife.

Ilix—“princess of fire” in the Law of One; Priestess and shaman; lost her power when she took the wrong side. Advisor to Alkur—travels to Lake Titicaca. She represents the divine feminine who trains Alkur in the “force” of love.

Rariru—native chief--instrumental in blending newly arrived Atlanteans into prehistoric Peruvian society; instituted worship of the sun and solar forces; later became Inti-Rai-Mi, the most important Andean Sun god ceremony.

Saail—defrocked priest who used the temples of Law of One for “sin”; traitor who turned to Sons of Belial in active rebellion against his former flock. Father of Salkuzzar who becomes evil ruler in Lake Titicaca.

Salkuzzar—High priest in Temple of the Sun; architect of plan to destroy Temple of the Law of One and to bring Atlantis under his control.

Zonar--High priest in Law of One; betrayed and conspired against his order and joined Belial Illuminati.



PART 1: BEGINNINGS

For it is related in our records how once upon a time your State stayed the course of a mighty host, which, starting from a distant point in the Atlantic Ocean, was insolently advancing to attack the whole of Europe, and Asia to boot. For the ocean there was at that time navigable; for in front of the mouth which you Greeks call, as you say, ‘the pillars of Heracles,’ there lay an island which was larger than Libya and Asia together; and it was possible for the travelers of that time to cross from it to the other islands, and from the islands to the whole of the continent over against them which encompasses that veritable ocean. For all that we have here, lying within the mouth of which we speak, is evidently a haven having a narrow entrance; but that yonder is a real ocean, and the land surrounding it may most rightly be called, in the fullest and truest sense, a continent. Now in this island of Atlantis there existed a confederation of kings, of great and marvelous power, which held sway over all the island, and many other islands also and parts of the continent...

PLATO’S TIMAEUS

*A hero ventures forth from the world of common day
into a region of supernatural wonder: fabulous forces
are there encountered and a decisive victory is won:
the hero comes back from this mysterious adventure
with the power to bestow boons on his fellow man.*

JOSEPH CAMPBELL



PROLOGUE

What I describe here may seem unbelievable, yet it happened. I made a choice that changed everything and found myself facing the gravest dangers of my life.

I am an archeologist. I was born in Argentina during the “Dirty War”, where the repressive military regime kidnapped, imprisoned, tortured and killed tens of thousands. My family escaped to Bolivia.

I’ve always been a quiet, academic sort of guy, not the sort to rush to the spotlight for glory, fame or fortune, just an ordinary guy. History, ancient history fascinates me. When I can, I’m an avid reader, scuba diver and hiker. I love to watch futbol, especially Club Bolivar, although they’ve been doing poorly lately. I also meditate. It started when a college girlfriend dragged me to a class; lost the girlfriend, but kept the practice. Although not married, I’ve been in a couple of long-term relationships that teetered on the marital brink. I love my work.

But now, somehow, I’ve fallen, no – been thrust in to a completely strange, but true, adventure. It all began when I made the discovery of an ancient crystal skull in a cave at the bottom of Lake Titicaca. What happened next I cannot explain: that the skull would have mysterious powers and induce trance states which somehow compelled me to write about a past life in ancient Atlantis.

I am on a quest armed with a new purpose; to walk in service to the planet using the energies of unconditional love channeled through the crystal skull to open ancient energy portals and strengthen a new crystalline grid, for the ascension of the earth and humanity.

I now know what I am up against, and they know who I am, too. Forces of darkness are after me. They do not want the change. My task is clear. One day the light will triumph, must triumph. I fear for all humanity if the dark succeeds.

This journal, really an extract of notes I've kept, is meant for others should my quest prove fatal. At least someone will understand; someone who will continue the fight.

This is my story...

Chapter 1



JUNE 6, 2013

AMAZON JUNGLE

I'm in a remote and unforgiving part of the Peruvian Amazon near the ancient Inca city of Vilcabamba where I conducted a ceremony yesterday to open an ancestral portal, closed for thousands of years.

The ceremony was held in a cave, tucked back in the hillside. Afterwards, with tired smiles, we retired back to our camp, happy and pleased with the outcome. Stories and jokes, missing for the past few days, came back as we relaxed and even the native helpers were laughing and at ease for a change. But the cave never left my mind.

Legend has it that the cave was the place where the Incas, fleeing from the Spanish, hid their Empire's treasures. The treasures were never seen again. The native legend says that the cave is the burial site of a tall, red haired, fair skinned man, believed to be a culture bearer, and their leader. The story is that he arrived by ship, leading survivors from a catastrophe in their homeland, faraway in the East. Could this be a Spanish explorer or what the natives call the White Barbarians or Atlantean survivors, I wondered? Sometimes there are little nuggets of truth in the old legends.

It's unreal here, we feel like we've being transported back into some timeless dimension devoid of civilization. My small party of six, mostly native helpers and guides, are at the mercy of the suffocating heat and humidity. By the third day of our trek in, we were miserable and exhausted. We got lost for a while. Then two of my friends slipped on the bank and were swept up by the fast running river and, although we quickly pulled them out, both were injured by the logs and branches that lurk beneath water. One of the natives is ill from snakebite; but thanks to the local curadero or medicine man, he'll recover.

We're still hobbling along. But after the monsoon-like rains typical of this area and an attack by Indians armed with poison-tipped arrows we're lucky to be alive. And, it's not over. Our translator says that our native workers are unhappy with the pay and hazards; we may have trouble with them.

But I didn't start this journal to complain about our hardships. I started it to tell the world about our discoveries.

We will be leaving soon on our way back to Cuzco. I pulled my dirty boots back over my swollen feet and left the group who were all still sleeping in the tents, to explore. I could not sleep. It was the cave. I had this strange feeling of being called to it once again.

I didn't see anyone on the trail. Back in the cave, I flashed my torchlight around for a better view. Then I saw it. A door, made of a reddish native wood, fit neatly into the rock to the left. I hadn't noticed it before. I pushed, then pulled it, but it wouldn't budge. I tried again and it suddenly gave way with a shudder, releasing pieces of rock and dust. I shoved it open slowly and peered into the darkness. The damp, musty odor of decay hit my palate and filled my throat. I pulled my bandana up to cover my nose and mouth.

The opening behind the door was about two meters high and a meter and one half wide; the edges were irregular. The damp earth was alive with the frantic writhing of worms, centipedes and other insects exposed suddenly to the light. As my eyes adjusted to the dark, I could see a long, narrow tunnel-like cavern ahead.

Taking a deep breath, I stepped into the passageway careful not to brush against the walls. I hesitated for a moment, a small warning that ahead lurked something that was better left undisturbed. But the dark drew me in. My flashlight scattered shadows off the jagged walls and I could make out the size and shape of the cavern. It was small, about 12 meters long and perhaps three meters tall, clearly fashioned by men rather than by nature alone.

Moving ahead, the footing was loose, the dirt less firm beneath me. Suddenly, I lost my balance as my right leg dropped into a small hole and I fell forward. Pointing the light, I saw that I was in a shallow hole. As I lay there I noticed that I was lying on a piece of yellowed cloth, covered in dirt. As I brushed the dirt away and pulled back the cloth I noticed a human skeleton, its bones carefully wrapped in the cloth, eroded by time but intact. I was in a shallow dug-out grave. Someone took the trouble to lay this person out neatly, respectfully. Lying next to it were dusty gold and silver cups and flasks encrusted with rubies, emeralds, diamonds and unknown stones.

I was already sure that this was a major find and then I saw the quartz dagger by the skeleton's feet. Jesus what a treasure, I thought. The discovery of this burial alone, in fact against all odds of time and nature, would have put this expedition on the map, but the dagger was unlike anything I've ever seen.

Even in the dim light, it was beautiful. It appeared ceremonial, made of bronze, gold, silver, or copper. I wasn't sure. It was three hand lengths long and the handle was made of a green-blueish stone, perhaps lapis, and embedded in it were an assortment of colorful stones and crystals.

I pulled my eyes from the treasures and crouched down to examine the skeleton, careful not to disturb anything. The right frontal area of the cranium appeared crushed perhaps from a blunt impact, maybe a sword or rock. There was more evidence of violence on the right hand, a missing little finger, and several broken ribs. It was a common practice in the days of the Incas for elaborate burials to prepare their royalty for the next life. This person must have been very important.

Then something shifted within me. As I stared at the skeleton, I had the odd sensation of being in the presence of someone extraordinary, of knowing him, of being at home here. It was if I was looking at myself.

If you're going to understand anything that follows I feel like I need to tell you how we found ourselves here in the Amazon in the first place. I've reconstructed the following from notes that I kept in my datebook.