

## A Time Traveler in Tibet

By Dr. Raymond A. Keller, a.k.a. the “Cosmic Ray”

We are all travelers through time. We pass from one incarnation to another until such an appointed time that we arrive at the fulfillment of our purpose for being here on this sad globe, and passing onto the next, more exalted sphere of existence. Thanks to my friendship with our celestial brothers and sisters from the paradisiacal orb of the planet widely known among the inhabitants of the Earth as Venus, access has been graciously granted for me to review the records of my past lives from the great Hall of History adjacent to the Cyther Dome in the temple city of Azure, situated on the second planet and connected through a mental bi-location signal to the crystal ice caves beneath the frigid, windswept surface of Uranus, nearly at the fringes of our solar system, of which facility an account has been provided you in the pages of my *Venus Rising* trilogy of books.

Come journey with me now in one of my past lives, a previous incarnation in the eighteenth century. It is the winter of 1775, *Anno Domini*, as we pass through a land of honest, yet simple people. Together we enjoy a brief duration of happiness in the remote mountains of the fabled Kingdom of Tibet. To the best of my knowledge, we are the only Europeans to enter this forbidden land since the time of Alexander the Great, and his incessant push eastward in his expansion of the Greek Empire in the second half of the fourth century, *Ante Christum Natum*. In the security of these valleys surrounded on all sides by the citadels of granite constituting the mountains of these towering Himalayas, we rest assured in the vast distances that we have put between ourselves and the competitive world of men, so subsumed as they are in the endless pursuits of ambition and avarice. We have left that all behind. Now we live in contentment, peace and splendor. And we know no wants, but those of nature.

Allow me to properly introduce myself. In this incarnation, I go by the name of George Bogel, an employee of the East India Company, headquartered in Calcutta, the capital of the tropical Bengal region. At your service; it is a great pleasure to meet you and share your company on this memorable journey. Normally, we would be turned back at the gates of this fairy dreamland; but as the

winter has already begun to set in, the Ming appointed successor to the Shunyi, the spiritual leader of these people known as the Dalai Lama, has delivered us to the custody of his second in command, the individual responsible for the material welfare of all his charges, the Panchen Lama. We have been removed from Lhasa and transported by a caravan of *sherpas* back to the palace of the Panchen Lama at the monastery fortress of Tashilunpo, located at Shigatse, a city that we have come to understand is the second largest in both geographic size and population in this mountain kingdom. It is located due west of Lhasa, perhaps at a distance of some one hundred miles, but also bordering on the River Tsangpo, that meanders throughout this vast country. Already eight months in these northern climes, we take diligent notes of all in our prevue. To the world outside, this region consists of nothing but barren mountains. But we know different.

The Panchen Lama advised us to remain in Tashilunpo. We are not prisoners; but he fears that we should perish in the mountain passes should we head south for Darjeeling before the spring has arrived and the snows begin to melt. When that time of safe passage has arrived, the Panchen Lama has assured us that he will appoint mountain guides to lead us safely up to the nearest but most convenient of the southern passes. This high-ranking lama is no tyrant. He has bestowed upon us a royal pass to travel about the city and the surrounding valley on both sides of the river. The Panchen Lama and his subjects are not fearful of the knowledge we should obtain to in this location, as it is so remote and difficult to get to, that ne'er the might of the British Empire should be able to penetrate it.

Of the Chinese and other Asians, there is apparently knowledge of this kingdom, at least insofar as abundant trade has been noted. We can chalk that up to the Oriental mind being able to keep a secret, an admirable quality that can be well imitated in the Occidental world. But insofar as the Panchen Lama does not concern himself with the Europeans gaining some knowledge of their kingdom, he has, nevertheless, ordered that our chronometers, pocket compasses, folding sextants and boiling-point thermometers, that we have long carried with us, be confiscated, not to be returned until we reach the peaks of the last southern range encountered before our descent to Darjeeling.

The Tibetans are in possession of a wonderful *gnosis*. From time-to-time, mysterious fires and lights are seen materializing, as it were, above their temples and

shrines. Luminous beings of an angelic sort are seen disembarking from these sky ships of light, whence they immediately strike up conversations with the lamas of more esteemed rank. Perhaps they hold the keys to a greater spiritual understanding of the cosmos, hitherto unattained in Europe. We are wishing for more time to learn of these celestial marvels; but alas, time will not permit, even though permission might possibly be granted by the ecclesiastical authorities here. One surmises, from all outward appearances, that the Kingdom of Tibet is some kind of theocratic society, in the traditional sense of what we might perceive such, something on the order of the Church of England or the Roman Catholic Church, with all of their appointed priests and prelates. I dare say that while Europe and America are now caught up in the throes of revolution inspired by the dawning age of rational illumination, Tibet still remains a land of spiritual mysteries. The new, materialist age has not yet caught up with the subjects of the Dalai Lama. Perchance this might be a good thing, for the angels that appear among them may discontinue their visitations whence the inhabitants of these parts dismiss them as mere ghostly apparitions or figments of their wild imaginations.



*Ad maiorem Dei gloriam/For the Greater Glory of God*

*The Panchen Lama talked about Jesus and his message.*

The Panchen Lama, albeit one given charge for the material well being of the Tibetan people, nevertheless has not hesitated to discuss with me, through a

Mandarin translator, the Mahayanist doctrines of the Buddhist philosophy adhered to by the devotees of the highest lama enthroned in Lhasa. Surprisingly, the Panchen Lama exhibited knowledge of our own sacred scriptures. He elucidated on the parable of the earthen jars in the book of Jeremiah, Chapter 18, Verses 1-12 (KJV) and informed us that we are symbolically represented by the misshapen vessels that are thrown back into the pile of clay adjacent to the potter's wheel, until such a time as they come out in their perfect form and shape, ready to be transferred to the kiln. He also pointed to some verses in the Gospel of Saint Matthew indicating that Saint John, the Baptist, was really Elijah, the Old Testament prophet, returned to Earth to complete his mission of announcing the arrival of Jesus, the Anointed One, to our world.

*Matthew 11:11-15 (KJV): Verily I say unto you, Among them that are born of women there hath not risen a greater than John the Baptist: notwithstanding, he that is least in the kingdom of heaven is greater than he.*

*And from the days of John the Baptist until now the kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force.*

*For all the prophets and the law prophesied until John.*

*And if ye will receive it, this is Elijah, which was for to come.*

*He that hath ears to hear, let him hear.*

The Panchen informed me that everyone experiences such rebirth, not just the holy ones sent among us, and that getting to know of our past lives was one of the instructing duties of a lama.

I asked this high-ranking lama how he came to know of our Holy Bible. He replied that back in the second half of sixteenth century, as it is reckoned in our calendar, some French priests of the Society of Jesus had cross over the Himalayas at Rishikesh, whereupon they sighted the rising of Venus as a new evening star in the west. They took this as a providential sign and followed said orb until they arrived in these valleys bringing a message of their god as delivered to them by their commander, a Basque priest from the Pyrenees Mountains of Spain. The priests stayed in the valleys of Tibet and provided the Dalai Lama with a translation of the Bible into their native language. They explained that their spiritual leader back in

Spain was once a nobleman, who gave up all of his wealth, like the Buddha, in order to acquire the kind of *gnosis* that does not perish from moth or flame, but leads to eternal life. As such, they recognize Jesus as one of their divine avatars and manifestations of the Divine Presence.

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(Note: Stay tuned to this website for Part II of *A Time Traveler in Tibet*, by Dr. Raymond A. Keller, II, the author of the *Venus Rising Trilogy* of books, available while supplies last on amazon.com.)