

The Altai Chronicles

OUT *of* TIME



by Carol Hiltner

ALTAI BOOKS



The journey so far ...

I first went to Russia in 1986 as part of the citizen diplomacy movement to end the Cold War. I carried numerous peace quilts made by American schoolchildren.

As the USSR painfully morphed into Russia, I was invited back repeatedly as part of an international humanitarian effort. I had writing, graphics, and business skills that were useful. That was when I first heard the name Altai whispered; I could learn only that it was a revered place of power.

In 1999, a dream invitation from the “Brotherhood of Light” got my attention! I was to “open a door” and translate the mysterious Tablets of Light. It led me all the way around the world, to trek in beautiful but rugged mountain wilderness.

That trip marked my emergence as a full-fledged, if uncertain, mystic. I opened the door, found the Tablets, received a miraculous healing, and recorded my inner and outer experience in *The Altai Chronicles: Tablets of Light*. I learned that the world is much more than it appears to be.

But Altai continued to call. In *The Altai Chronicles: Out of Time*, I set out with two beloved “brothers” to reconcile the sacred masculine and feminine, but instead, a life-long effort to clear my father’s stormy emotional lineage reached a harrowing climax, and I was reborn. I learned that the wreckage must be cleared away for new consciousness to emerge.



Since then, I have been called back to Altai every year, traveling with various partners, receiving the soul healing that pours through Altai, and finding ways to give something back. Previous lessons have been reinforced: life force is instantaneously, infinitely everywhere; and we can access it to the extent that we have been able to make ourselves whole.

I was informed by Spirit at the beginning that there would be four *Altai Chronicles*. The third is *Off the Map*, about integrating the re-emerging sacred feminine energy, and the fourth book, *Home Again*, is about the birth of the noosphere: humanity as a single Self-aware being.






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INTRODUCTION

Even my intimate knowledge of the mechanics of it, even my most forceful self-control, even decades of practice with powerful psychological tools, even my love and forgiveness could not stop the juggernaut that was triggered.

Everyone whom I have loved deeply has worn my father's face at some point, and then, without warning, I would go wild with terror. And I would *become* him, in all his brilliant, wounded, fiercely passionate power. I would lose myself. I could only watch from the sidelines as the drama he never finished played and replayed through me. It was not the actions, nor even the words, but the horrific emotional intensity that was so devastating.

And I could apologize when it was over, or not apologize because I couldn't even go there without the risk of losing myself again. And I would agonize over the damage done to those I loved—the grief spilling out of me.

Finally, I just couldn't bear the pain of it, and I decided in desperation not to allow anyone close to me until something shifted enough to give me hope that I could be in a healthy relationship.

I have now lived longer than my father. I was fifteen when he died suddenly of a heart attack. I didn't feel grief. I felt only huge relief to be free of him. It was not that I didn't love him—I did. And I have since learned in many ways how much he loved me.

But he cast a long shadow, as did his father before him, and as do his children and grandchildren, and possibly great-grandchildren. Because, it turned out, I was not free of his pain—I carried it inside me in a huge ball of anguish that has dogged me my entire adult life until now, spilling out destructively onto my most precious relationships.

In 1998, something began to shift: I was invited in a dream to make a sacred quest to the Altai Mountains of Siberia. It seemed so straightforward at the outset. This was something I knew how to do—my whole life had been in preparation, it seemed. And I had some specific tasks to accomplish, so for the first couple years I was distracted—protected from seeing that the real quest was to *reclaim myself*.

I didn't see it coming.

PREFACE

This is a drama about healing the most fundamental human relationships—parent/child and man/woman—but underneath, healing those is a function of healing oneself—of re-creating oneself as whole. To get to the healing, though, one must first find the wound. A wound can be defined, negatively, as a destructive trauma, but the destructive trauma is only half the story. Destruction is the flip side of *growth*: only with destruction of the old is there room for the new. I would re-define a wound to be uncompleted destruction—which thwarts growth. The accumulation of wounds eventually leads to death of the organism, be it a cell or a planet. Accessing wounds to complete the process is generally painful, but always rewarding, because the nature of wounds is that, when covered, they fester; and when exposed, they heal spontaneously—whether they are physical, mental, emotional, or spiritual.

The Altai Chronicles series is about awakening our consciousness. I use a specific resource—the extraordinary healing energy that spirals onto the planet through a powerful vortex in the remote Altai Mountains of Central Asia—that is available to all of us simply by becoming aware of it and making the intention to use it. The coherent resonance of this energy field entrains and aligns the lesser fields of all who come in contact with it, and our energy blockages—our wounds—are accessed. The local energy field, there in Altai is so powerful that deepest access is spontaneous, and the release can be explosive, resulting in the intense dramas that are usual there. However, the nature of this energy is that it is instantaneously available anywhere on the planet, and at a distance the healing release that it precipitates can be more readily modulated.

Although the first wish of the awakening consciousness might be for respite and bliss, the first *recognition* is of our need to heal ourselves—to gain access to those parts of ourselves that pain and fear have shut down and locked away.

Those who are awakening are proverbially rolling up their sleeves and starting to work on themselves. And, as we are all

part of the shared human energy field, there is a lot to do—we must do nothing less than heal the entire ancestral bloodlines that we are heir to, because they are all inside our cellular memory. In the process of true healing, taboos and judgments must be set aside. Eventually, everything that is wounded must be accessed with compassionate intention to heal—simply through such accessing, it is all transmuted into the light-filled “Is.”

There is now substantial scientific evidence that all human disease and dysfunction are the result of energy blockages, and that these energy blockages are actually frequencies of our own personal energy fields that we have shut down in response to overwhelming trauma. Healing involves re-accessing these traumatized frequencies—which is currently most effectively done with the help of a skilled therapist or coach. The trauma can be revisited from the relative safety of an altered state, using techniques such as hypnosis or meditation, which allow the “healer” to take the role of observer of him/herself. Once the original limiting decision or assumption is discovered, its previous value as a survival mechanism can be acknowledged, and its current value assessed. Usually, the limitation rapidly dissolves at this point. If it doesn’t, it can be assumed that some related or prior decisions/assumptions are still in force, and those can be sought out.¹

But it seems to be basic human nature that these past traumas spontaneously replay in each of us, to a greater or lesser degree, as our day-to-day personal hassles and physical disabilities, as we recreate similar circumstances that could give us the opportunity to heal the wound. I have observed that most of us operate on these emotionally charged and often long forgotten decisions most of the time, almost always unconsciously.

Frequently, these replays are explosive and out-of-control—truly “healing crises”—as the traumas are recycled with increasing frustration and distance from the original wound, and without a safety net or the understanding of those

¹ See Valerie Hunt and EFT in Appendix 2

around us. Still, to heal, the precipitating wounds must be found and released. The effect of true release is commonly a startling, almost miraculous relief from all types of distress.

The purpose of this book is to shed light on this process through the examination of one such spontaneous “healing crisis.” The most difficult situations can be re-framed as opportunities for healing, and followed through with insight and release, rather than further trauma. In fact, the most miraculous transformations rise from the worst situations, because the difference between pain and grace is so great, yet can be transmuted instantly, in a moment of insight.

Appendix B lists some phenomenally effective tools and resources for dealing with such healing crises. Those that are not mentioned in the text were discovered after the events described in this book, and appear to offer much more direct access to self than I had at the time.

I have come to realize that my drama is actually a fundamentally human situation, which is why I am sharing it as frankly as I am able. When I have an explanation for what was happening, I give it. But with your different life experiences, you may have different explanations, which are just as valid. If, as you read this book, you pay attention to your own emotional responses to the events, you might be able to use them as a bridge to access and release your own pain/fear. So, I invite you to *feel* this story, rather than to just read it; in resonating with it, you could find a route toward your own wholeness.