



Ramtha



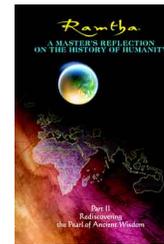
The Tragedy of Women's Enslavement

Excerpt from:

*A Master's Reflection on
the History of Humanity, Part II*

“The downfall of the divinity of man occurred when man proclaimed a woman soulless — soulless. You know, in the name of God this was done. Contemplate it. God has always been called man. Did you ever know of any woman that ever became a Christ?”

— Ramtha



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Man, in his drama and in his dream, hath come from the beginning, a virgin mind, into the depths of decadence in his dream for many reasons. The downfall of the divinity of man occurred when man proclaimed a woman soulless — soulless. You know, in the name of God this was done. And the reason for that: When you take God or a soul out of you, you have no power. You are a no-thing, a no-one. You are less than the animals in the street. What happens to clever entities who purport to do this is that they then can ensnare them for their own desires, their own privileges, their own wants, make them do their bidding.

Women once held equal stature to men, evenness. Is it any wonder? Contemplate it. God has always been called man. Did you ever know of any woman that ever became a Christ? Do you know that even this day in your time that there is, in many creeds, the disallowance of women to worship with the men because they are less-than? And still they are to cover their hair, their crowning glory, lest they tempt the heart of an honest man. You can see how the scale vacillates.

Why? Because men and women used to share equal power. And when a king and queen were on the throne, often they would take that which is termed confidence in one another, sharing same wisdom, offering opinions, views, equal judgment. There was no room for

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anyone else to penetrate the bond. But a very powerful prophet, who so desired to have rulership over the people in the name of God, brought forth a new teaching that that which was called woman was subordinate of man and that women were soulless and, therefore, if mankind did not rise above his lacking, the judgments of God Almighty would be upon his people. In the name of God, women stepped down from that which is termed their equality with man and became herded animals. Even your holiest of teachings, if you look carefully into their historic nature, will tell of singular divine men possessing many wives, giving them away, lying with others, creating sons. And that was holy.

You know, there has been a lot of speculation about the most devastating thing that ever happened to mankind. And many of you will go back to your recent history of the pillage and the desecration of people by an entity who put them to their death.¹ It is very recent in your memory. There were sieges long ago that put many more to their death that you don't even know of. And yet if you were to put them all together and have their travesty multiply, it would not have been as great a travesty as the one called the fall of women.

I will tell you why. Women became pleasurable ornaments for men. They were herded like cattle into harems. They were sold in the marketplace under silken awnings of bright orange and lemon yellow and, while they were on the auction block, the smell of garlic and old cheese and rotted wine and camel urine and dung and squawking geese. And all of these senses penetrate you as a naked woman stands in review, painted in that which is called kohl and henna, to go to the highest bidder. It happened all the time.

Now what began to happen with women is they became impregnated. And they did not desire to have a girl child. They would be exalted in survival if they could produce a son, so sons were the demand. They fed the war machine. And oftentimes a little girl nigh of only thirteen years of age would bear forth a child in her silent agony and find it nigh to be that which is called a curse upon her because it would turn out to be a little girl. And for the sake of survival, she would end up flinging it on the dung-heaps outside of the city walls, that nocturnal things such as likened unto hyenas and coyotes could come and tear it from limb to limb — unmerciful death indeed.

Remember, every one of these emotions is being recorded in the soul. They are being felt here. It was not nigh for anyone to think anything of marketing off little girls, who nigh by the time they are three years of age, that with a marble phallus their purity is broken and made way for a satrap who would purchase them and torment them all their days. That is called sexual-identity pain.

And they would find themselves, when they were maturing, wrapping their breasts to keep them flat and plucking the hairs from their private places so they could always look like a little girl, because once they were past thirteen years of age, they were considered old. Did you know that? No one wanted out of the harem entities that could produce — little

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girls cannot produce — so they could have their way with them. And know you it was acceptable? And how different are you this day that you accept many things?

So woman was not loved if she was educated. It was forbidden unto her to have the knowledge of the stars, mathematics, physics, to be that which is termed the philosopher, to teach, to read hieroglyphics, to be a scribe. It was only allowed for her to learn to be a hetaera. Know you what a hetaera is? Know you what a prostitute is? You got it, except trained to be that in the arts of making love. Know you that when you have to train to do that, passion dies within the soul? It is not there.

Men, on the other hand, were to obtain the soul. They were the chosen lot. They were the entities of God, whatever you conceived him to be. And their duty was to be a warring machine. They could not weep because if they wept, it would be likened unto a woman. And that was a hideous condemnation — did you know that? — to be called a woman. So they couldn't cry, nor could they be soft and tender. They had to be hard and ruthless. And they had to be all things that are indicative of being that which is called a man.

Oh, they were born to fight one another. When they went into battle, so suppressed was their fear, their fright, they couldn't weep, they couldn't shake, they couldn't show it; so affright were they that they fought like mad dogs, powerful armies. And every head they hacked off meant not having theirs done away with, so they fought with great fervor and zeal. And all of that has been recorded.

And know you that when they were over with, know you what the prize to the warriors was? The women and children and little boys. Know you where the term rape and pillage came from? It was to be able to take out all of their fear and frustrations through sexual explosion. That is where the great rapes came from. So it was no-thing to have a woman be the folly of a legion, because pain also is instrumental in that which is called sexual fulfillment.

Women lost their soulmates during the fall of women because they were not allowed to feel, so they were disconnected by virtue of belief and dogma again from their soulmates. So we have afloat in the sea of human turmoil those that are disconnected from reality, men and women.

What do you begin to see here? Life after life after life of coming back upon this wheel, there was nothing happening on a soul level. The women began to look upon that which is termed the honor that men were bestowed. And it would be much easier not to bear children. It would be easier not to be raped and molested and endure the pain. Women were not allowed to work. And if they were old, they were cast in the street to whore for their daily bread. That is a great truth.

Well, the pain became unbearable because there was not another soul, or the balance, the male aspect of their being, to balance the knowledge with. Do you understand? They were alone. They could not understand. Men were isolated from their women. They could

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not understand them on a soul level because they were not to consider them equals. If you would have said in days, as it were, that I am speaking of that this woman was your soulmate or this man was, you would be put to death. You can never stand equal to a man.

Now you want to check it out? Go to your libraries and delve deep, deep into your history. And what is even practiced this day? Know you, you are still endeavoring to be equal with men in what is called your sophisticated society? What is going on? How ignorant are you? You are uncomfortable. You should be. The truth hurts. I love you a lot.

The next pattern would evolve, would be the woman would cross over and choose a male embodiment in which to return in. Man, thinking that he would rather be a woman being taken care of, lavished around, endowed with frankincense, myrrh, musk, silk, and rough-hewn jewels, felt it easier to come back as a woman because they didn't have to go to battle. They could weep. They could be taken care of. And so they crossed over.

Are you understanding what is happening now? You would have to know in your closed mind that you have lived before to rationalize this story. That is an epic truth in your history. You did.

Now what happens? When a female/negative energy enters into a male-energy organism and that the seals respond, are supposed to respond, to equal energy, equal length, you have what is called a hybrid. You have what is called confusion. Here you have the woman who is being molested at the age of three that is really a man, and it is being molested by a man. Nothing is working properly. Here you have the woman going to battle at the age of twelve, swinging a broadsword. Nothing is happening. Know why? The little girl, who is now possessed of a man's energies, evolves in a hybrid form that is likened unto a female but rough-hewn into a male. The body is definitely woman, but it is also male.

Crossovers are hybrids. They are lovers of their own kind. They produce nothing. Now remember say I to you soulmates, they are positive and negative and they come together, magnetic field, and it is in the center that that which is called Is occurs? You see, in the center is no longer positive or negative; it just is. When you have negative to negative, it propels — propels. Know you that that which is called cellular, three-dimensional mass cannot evolve in a propelling process, in other words, going away from itself? That is your hybrids.

What if — and we can always make conjecture — what if the priest and the prophet never came? Know you that there would be no such thing as hybrids or crossovers? And what would your world be like? I will tell you what it would be like. There would be no more decadence.

You know, you have brothers that live far, far away from here in another place. And they are of such intelligence that all you would say is they are of higher intelligence. No, they are virtuous — virtuous. They do not molest their children. It is common practice in your society, isn't it?

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Look, you don't have to go out and do it. All you have to do is think about it and it is. Where are your fantasies at? What buttons are you pushing in your soul memory of primeval times that were made imbalanced? You are still continuing it in the same context. Your women still are not equal with you. And you are falling from grace. You molest your children. You look at things that contain the degradation of innocence. It is common to you. You listen to music that is inspired by that act and you say you don't hear the words. You hear all of them. The soul hears everything.

Know you why your fantasies are so decadent? The beginning copulation was the epic of passion, for passion of itself is not the release of spermatozoa and that which is termed, as it were indeed, the muscle contractions of the beloved womb. It was creation, creative power. It is called creative element. It is the Is, that which is termed the great thought, contemplating, and the passion thereof is light.

You have defaced your women. You snicker; you laugh; you are still devirtuizing them. You look at their naked bodies exposed, their private parts exposed. It isn't sex that you are feeling; it is superiority that you are feeling. And you think that is natural. That is decadence, you know? Have you ever imagined your mother on one of those magazines?

Your nest was the virtue of the womb. What is ugly about that? That is beautiful. And your penises, you know, you wear them like badges. The penis is the extension in order to place the seed in the egg in the nest so that you could be here this moment. That is what it was created for, by divine Gods who saw it as a holy, co-creative thing. And yet, you know, in your marketplace there are places to where they sell them, imitations. You fantasize about them. You compare them. You think that determines manhood. Do you know where that is coming from? That is coming from you long, long ago, still living. Oh, it has been many lifetimes and the stage has changed; time has changed; technology has changed. But you are still you — new body but same old you — because you will not cease pushing the buttons in your soul that keep taking you back to that time.

You are marauders of children. You despise their innocence, their freedom. They are Gods coming in. You hate them because of their virtue. It is seen. That is decadence. When decadence is there, it is a sign of inward collapse. It is the collapsing of that which is called the divine soul. It is shutting down the brain.

You are lower than survival point — lower. You would rather take your gold and spend it on that which is termed a song, that the theme of the song is the diversion of yourself, your soulmate, or your children, than buy you foodstuffs to store for a winter coming quickly on the land. You will take the pence and you will go and watch that which is called a motion of a picture that exploits that which is called the decadence, and yet it is called a grand performance. That should make you weep a thousand years. But you are below survival because you are desensitized to moral virtue. It is a great truth.

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Decadence: Had women never fallen from equality, none of what I have told you would ever have existed, and superconsciousness, the kingdom of heaven, would have been long-established on this plane. You would have had a full operational brain instead of less than a third. You would not have had old age. You would not have had burnout on life. You would have been timeless.

“Why? Because men and women used to share equal power. And when a king and queen were on the throne, often they would take that which is termed confidence in one another, sharing same wisdom, offering opinions, views, equal judgment. There was no room for anyone else to penetrate the bond.”

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Endnotes

1 Adolf Hitler.

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