



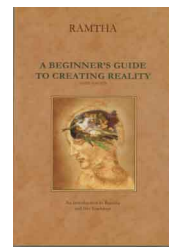
# Ramtha



## Battle against the Unknown God

Excerpt from:

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*“My lineage worshiped and loved that which was beyond the stars, beyond your moon. They loved what could not be identified. It was called the Unknown God.”*

— Ramtha

In my life, a little boy, I watched my mother being taken into the streets and her sweetness taken from her. I watched in my life, as it were, of where we lived and the despise that was around me. And I watched when my mother was taken. I watched the child grow inside of her belly and knew who it was. And I watched my mother weep. Why? That was very obvious. Would there be another sibling in the street to suffer as she had suffered in this promised land? I watched and helped my mother bring forth that which have been termed a little sistren in your language to life. I helped my mother because she was too weak to bear the child herself. And the little girl came forth yelling into the world. It wasn't happy. It was very obvious. But grave upon my being was that of my motheren's being, for weakened so was she that to the infant that sucked at her tender breast there was no milk, for she had starved, as it were indeed. And my sistren that was suckling at my mother's breast grew very weak.

Why, say you, we have this in our life, for we are the peasants, we are the nonessentials, we are the no-entities of a governed land? Who governed this land? Those of means, who had all of us live about their lands and run their fields and say they would not grant us even a stalk for our own bidding. And what, say you, did they with these things? They locked them into granaries and, lo, they fed themselves, their fastidious fingers upon their fastidious faces. I say unto you this was injustice. And who be this God they have spoken of? I am angered, for my mother weeps for there is no milk in her breast.

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I scrounged in the street and slayed dogs and wildfowl and stole that which is termed, as it were indeed, the grain from the proprietors late in the evening, for I was very deft on my feet. And I fed my mother, who in turn suckled my little sister.

I did not blame my little sister for the death that would soon follow of my beloved mother, for the little girl suckled from my mother all of her strength. It was all given to new life, that new life could continue forth. And my mother perished with the babe at her breast. There was nothing; there was no more. And the little girl, as it were, became that which is termed diarrhetic. She could not hold what was coming into her body and passed it quickly from her body and lost all of the life in her body. So they were gone.

And as a little boy I gathered up that which is termed, as it were indeed, timbers and I laid them together. And I laid the timbers on top of my motheren and then stole away in the night and gathered that which is termed fire. And I brought it and coddled it, and I said a great prayer to my motheren and little sistren, and I loved them greatly. And I lit that which is termed the timbers, for if I did not do so swiftly, the stench from them would cause agitation in the area to which they lived and they would fling them into the desert, that the hyenas could prey upon them and tear them apart so that they are not bothered. I set them to fire and burned them.

My hate for the red peoples — they are called Atlatians — was increased into my being like a great viper only as a little boy. And there was nothing left, for my brothren was taken into subserviency into another city at the prey of a man, as it were indeed, and his needs for what is called loin gratification.

My lineage worshiped and loved that which was beyond the stars, beyond your moon. They loved what could not be identified. It was called the Unknown God. As a little boy I did not blame the Unknown God for his inability to love myself and my peoples and my motheren and little sistren. I did not blame him. I hated him.

And in my times no one died nobly of my peoples. There was no such thing as nobleness, virtuous, indeed. So I found a great mountain that loomed in the distance, a very mysterious place, for if I could climb there I would get in touch with the Unknown God out here and proclaim my hatred for him at his unfairness. So I began my journey.

I run from that of my hovel and there be a great mountain in a distance I barely see. And my journey, as it were indeed, hath been of ninety days — of ninety days, as it were indeed, of devouring locusts and roots and urnments of ants — did I find this mountain, for if there be a God, he would live there above all of us, as those who governed our land lived above us. And, lo, I sought him out, yet he was not there, except for the great cold. And I wept heartily until the whiteness, as it were indeed, iced itself from my tears. “I am a man. Why hath I not the dignity of one?”

And, behold, there came unto me a sweet maiden as you have not seen, whose gilded hairs, as it were indeed, danced about her. And the crown that be upon her hair was not of lilies or of rosebuds or of irises but an unknown flower. And of her drapery, indeed her gowns were translucent and mellow and free. Behold, she came unto me and, behold, she

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gave unto me a great sword. It sang. It sang. Yet it took nigh, as it were indeed, nine hands to hold its handle it was so great. And she gave it unto me.

This is what she said. “O Ram, O Ram, I beseech you who have learned — and woken of Spirit of the pity of our beings — the truth. There must be a truth that lingers in the land. Thus your prayers have been heard. And you are a man of means and conviction. Take you this sword and wear it well.” And she was gone with herself. And I was blinded in my madness and my illusions in what I had seen. And no longer have I shivered against the great cold, but I found warmth there. And thus when I looked again where my tears had iced themselves, there grew a flower of such sweet refrain and color that I knew the flower, as it were indeed, would be that of what is termed hope.

The sword Crosham, the Winged Carrier, it was the Isness formulated itself into an apparition of the most beautiful sort, that gave me a sword and told me, “Go and conquer yourself.” And the rest is history, so to speak. There is no entity that is in that which is termed a singular form that exists that gave me that sword. It is the harmony of the Isness that produced the Winged Carrier.

I came down from the mount with my great sword to the hovel of my mother, who had perished. Who was the suckling upon my mother’s breast? It was you, for you are of my kingdom and my house and my dream. And you, as it were indeed, were saved, as it were, by the famine, for they opened their doors when I entered therein, and no longer weak of bodily movement or frail, that I was a Ram in all the sense of the word.

For that which is termed the rest of the story, there are a lot of you that know it well. But what drove me to conquer and to master, which was a part of my soul emotion, was the desire to make it even. I created war, indeed, for there were no warring factions against the arrogance of the Atlatians, none. I created it. I came from the great mountain, intimidated by the Unknown God, given a sword, and told then to conquer myself. I could not turn the blade around and hack my head off; it was too long. My arms would not reach, as it were indeed, to that which is called the stifle of the sword. But I wept a great deal. But I got honor in my sword, and when I returned I laid siege to Onai.

*“And, behold, there came unto me a sweet maiden as you have not seen, whose gilded hairs, as it were indeed, danced about her. Behold, she came unto me and, behold, she gave unto me a great sword. This is what she said. ‘Go and conquer yourself.’ ”*

— Ramtha

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